

O LIVING FLAME OF LOVE

O living flame of love
Tenderly wound my soul
To its deepest inner heart
Without oppression

Come consummate our love
Tear through the veil of our union
If it be your will come and rend
The veil of the Temple

O lamps of fire in deep caverns
Of feeling once obscured and blind
Are now leading in the warmth and the passion
Of your love.

Yet gently your hand does wound
As you rend through the veil of my Temple
Come and take this life that I give
So that I might come to live
In this our dying.

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To its deepest inner heart
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Luke 10:23ff

Then turning to his disciples he spoke to them by themselves, "Blessed are the eyes that see what you see, for I tell you that many prophets and kings wanted to see what you see and never saw it; to hear what you hear, and never heard it.

And now a lawyer stood up and, to test him, asked him, "Master, what must I do to inherit eternal life?" He said to him, "What is written in the Law? What is your reading of it?" He replied, "You must love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your strength, and with all your mind, and your neighbour as yourself." Jesus said to him, "You have answered right, do this and life is yours."

But the man was anxious to justify himself and said to Jesus, "And who is my neighbour?"

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In the course of their journey he came to a village, and a woman named Martha welcomed him into her house....

The Lawyer and the Great Commandment

Luke 10

The neighbours
Who don't live next door
But in someone else's neighbourhood
Are your neighbours,
Jesus says.
And their neighbours
With mosques and minarets
Reflected in dark eyes,
Each gush of hair constrained
Beneath veil or turban,
Who too pray and bow,
Worship and give thanks,
They are your neighbours as well.
And now these neighbours pray
That Allah may shield them from you
And from your Christian country
And you pray for safety
For your bombers.

-- Sr. Patricia Schnapp, RSM

