

Love your
neighbor as
yourself

-Jesus



I want to
accustom
all the
inhabitants
...to look on me
as their brother

-Br. Charles de
Foucauld

April 2011

To my brothers and sisters in Christ,

My prayers are with you, and I ask the same from you. There is much unrest and tension in the world, but Jesus never said things would be easy. Over 1500 years ago, John Cassian spent time with the monks in the deserts of Egypt. One of his conversations concerned the slaughter of some of the monks by Saracens (a nomadic group of raiders). In such a frightful situation, many of the monks had their faith shaken. Yet, as the conversation shows, the only true evil for each of us is sin and the loss of God that is the rotten fruit of sin. All else is the raw material with which we craft our glory.

God in His mercy has decided that, for reasons only known to Him, my work in Biloxi should yield good fruit. My former spiritual directors asked me to be open to giving spiritual direction, and I have begun giving the little guidance that I can to souls who have sought help. Also, the playful designs of providence have brought me into close contact with people I have met in years past, and they have been a blessing to me. God be praised that this is exactly what my vocation demands—that I be a brother to all, not just the poor or the homeless.

If I have been unable to keep in touch with you as frequently as I should, I ask your forgiveness. My life has gotten quite full, and I must always give the greatest amount of my free time to the One who has enraptured my soul. If there is one thing I might beg you to keep in mind as Easter approaches, know that this life is wrapped with tissue paper of such thinness that the glory of God needs only the slightest touch to come bursting through in all its radiance. Seek Him and find all you've been looking for.

In peace and love,

Matthew

Please send all
correspondence to: Matthew Manint
325 Hiller Dr.
Biloxi, MS 39531



Prayers are needed and appreciated!
(no postal fee required)



Meditation

April 2011

“Deep calls to deep” – Psalm 42:7

“Make of yourself a capacity, and I will make of Myself a torrent” —Jesus to a saint

In the heart of God, a fire burns of infinite purity, infinite yearning. The inferno of love that the Father and the Son embrace in each Other rises into the Flame of Living Love (to borrow from St. John of the Cross), the Holy Spirit. Completely satisfied and lacking nothing, the Three Persons love for all eternity. There is no need for anything else. Yet, here we are.

I am a creature that groans at the sound of the alarm clock. I chafe against the slightest contradictions. I find my heart drawn to things beneath me. I become hungry, I become dirty, I become weary. Yet, here I am.

Could such a Flame have desired me to exist? Could this self-sufficient torrent of Love call me into being? If so, to what purpose? Even more incredible, could this One have become hungry? Become dirty? Become weary? To what purpose?

In the silences, I find a depth of my soul that I cannot sound. There is no return echo, no floor on which to rest. I have cast everything my mind and my body could find into this void, but I hear no impact. Could my soul be a bottomless depth that swallows all attempts to fill it? Oh God, should you have cast me upon this earth to find no lasting happiness among creation? Am I cursed to grasp, to possess, and to hurl all things into the ravenous depths of my soul, finding no peace? I have possessed and have tried to fill, and it makes no difference. I despair that I will only seek and not find, ask and hear nothing. Finally, You put Your pierced hand upon the latch of the door to my soul, beckoning me to come forth to life. “I came to you as a man of sorrows, despised in every way. Though innocent, I overcame all that might keep you away. I blazed the path for you, so simply walk behind me and live. Turn yourself from all that does not fill, and look upon me.”

I shudder at such a bold request to open. In darkest faith, I pull open the door. All I have built, all I have treasured, collapses under His Gaze and takes its proper place. I watch as what I thought was important quails and is reduced, while the overlooked and the insignificant rise to tower forth.

The infinite depths of Your love sound the bottom of my being, finding and filling the spaces that have been empty and turned inward for so long. Your love finds room to dwell, pouring forth Yourself to me and I to You, yet neither of us is ever emptied. Deep calls to deep and the rivers find their banks, flowing to the Sea.