

**Martin de Porres House of Hospitality
225 Potrero Ave
San Francisco, CA 94103**

Do not say, "It is morning" and dismiss it with a name of yesterday.
See it for the first time as a new-born child that has no name.

Raindranath Tagore

Spring, 1997

Dear Friends,

Fall and winter are the tests of our faith. In the dark of each night, our anxieties, loneliness and grief come to the surface. We wrestle each moment, trying to assure ourselves that morning will come, the sun will rise, our faith will be restored.

In the coming of spring, we see that those seeds of terror, alienation, and hopelessness haven't taken root, and along with many of the winter's storms have blown away. What is left, deep in the earth's soul, are the seeds of a greater strength.

Life is one continual test. This test requires us to believe in the presence of the divine at all times. We must know the miracle of all creation; in darkness and light, in the harshness of winter and in the beauty of spring, in life as in death.

In winter there comes a stillness that allows our seeds to gather strength to grow. What seems like death is just our own natural dormant season. We watch the tree in Love's Garden looking dead in winter. We look at a guest and see only their suffering. As the seeds of rebirth start to come alive, we see the buds of green, resurrecting the tree once again. The same guest with our coming renewal, becomes a teacher of patience and wisdom.

Our faith restored by the new dawn, the light floods our darkness. Our spirits renewed, the possibility of our own resurrection comes to us. We see a glimpse of our own divinity. We have been given a gift; the challenge to sing the joys of life, embrace the blessings of our world, the perfection of each moment.

We at Martins share with you our tests of faith over time. We also share with you our renewal of faith in each individual's rebirth and resurrection. The winds of despair might tear apart a certain fabric of our lives, but the everlasting thread of divine love can never be torn apart. Let us begin again, with the innocence of a newborn child.

In God's Light,



Barbara Collier

for the Martin De Porres Community