

Martin de Porres House of Hospitality
225 Potrero Avenue • San Francisco, CA 94103

Thanksgiving, 1994

Dear Friends,

Is there anything more frightening than finding ourselves alone in a dark place, unable to see anything in front of us, the darkness around us as black as the sea? What might have been familiar to us in the light of day now become overshadowed by foreboding and danger. Perhaps this is the human condition at this time. We feel lost as children in the darkness. More than this is the feeling we are standing alone.

We are entering the time of year of its greatest darkness, the night force much longer than the day. What are we supposed to learn each year at this time? Is it that our primordial fears are the strongest? Will the light ever return? Will we be plunged into darkness for eternity? Can we, the human species, see our way out of this darkness that seems to have descended on our daily lives? Surely it is arrogant for us as human beings to think that we are alone. Only an elevation of our egos and rational mind allows us to think that at any moment, during any season, we are alone, alone in the dark.

If our faith is tested at these times in our lives, perhaps the greatest test is that of our humanness. Humanness is inherently a state of imperfection. It is a state of brokenness, longing for wholeness, hoping for communion, when the wholeness we are longing for is God. It is at this stage of the thought of aloneness, that lets us know we are connected, we are not alone in the dark.

If we did not feel fear, separateness, how could we perceive this state of blessedness we call Faith. Separateness is the illusion we spend most of our lives in. Interconnectedness is the grace of living in God.

Like a young child crying in the dark, we are each others night light, casting a small glow of light to push back the darkness. A nightlight is small compared to the light of the sun, but by being there over and over again for each other, we return to the true light of God, reminding ourselves again that we are never alone.

Let each of us bless this feeling of aloneness. Let each of us bless our fears of the dark. For only in crying into the night can we come to each others comfort, and only in calling out to God can God flood our souls with the oneness of light called LOVE.

In Gods Light,

Barbara

Barbara Collier

For the Martin de Porres Community