

Prayer for the Road Ahead

Ilia Delio's poem-prayer, The Christic

I am looking at a tree, but I see such astounding beauty
and graciousness, the tree must be You, O God,

I look at the wild weeds playing across the fields, and their
wild joyful freedom speaks to me of You, O God.

Yesterday, I saw a child crying alone on a busy corner, and
the tears were real, and I thought, you must be crying, O God.

God, you are the mystery within every leaf and grain of sand,
in every face, young and old, you are the light and beauty
of every person.
You are Love itself.

Will we ever learn our true meaning, our true identity?
Will we ever really know that we humans are created for love?

For it is love alone that moves the sun and stars
and everything in between.