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“May I never flutter again close to the ground”

My Lord Jesus, grant that I may feel your grace and second it in such a way that I empty my heart, so that you, my Friend, my Brother, my King, my God, my Love... may fill it! (The Forge, 913)

April 30

I see myself like a poor little bird, accustomed only to making short flights from tree to tree, or, at most,

up to a third floor balcony. One day in its life it succeeded in reaching the roof of a modest building, that you could hardly call a skyscraper. And lo and behold, our little bird is snatched up by an eagle, who mistakes the bird for one of its own brood. In its powerful talons the bird is borne higher and higher, above the mountains of the earth and the snow-capped peaks, above the white, blue and rose-pink clouds, and higher and higher until it can look right into the sun. And then the eagle lets go of the little bird and says: Off you go. Fly! Lord, may I never flutter again close to the ground. May I always be enlightened by the rays of the divine sun -- Christ --in the Eucharist. May my flight never be interrupted until I find repose in your Heart. (The Forge,39)

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