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## “Off you go. Fly!”

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.

April 16

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)

Our heart now needs to distinguish and adore each one of the divine Persons. The soul is, as it were, making a discovery in the supernatural life, like a little child opening his eyes to the world about him. The soul spends time lovingly with the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, and readily submits to the work of the life-giving Paraclete, who gives himself to us with no

merit on our part, bestowing his gifts and the supernatural virtues!

We have run 'like the deer, longing for flowing streams'; thirsting, our lips parched and dry. We want to drink at this source of living water. All day long, without doing anything strange, we move in this abundant, clear spring of fresh waters that leap up to eternal life. Words are not needed, because the tongue cannot express itself. The intellect grows calm. One does not reason; one looks! And the soul breaks out once more into song, a new song, because it feels and knows it is under the loving gaze of God, all day long.

I am not talking about extraordinary situations. These are, they may very well be, ordinary happenings within our soul: a loving craziness which, without any fuss or extravagance, teaches us how to suffer and how to live, because God grants us his

wisdom. What calm, what peace is ours once we have embarked upon 'the narrow road that leads on to life'! (Friends of God, 306-307)

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