

Christmas 2001

a different Christmas this year

I look again at
vanishing toys
fleeting stuff

I seek again
the man I love
the lady I love
the child of my future
the talent of my hands

I think again of
arrogant lords
vulnerable us

I shudder again at
power and might . . .
smothering
a child in a crib

I wonder again at
Ramadan
Kwanza
Chanukah
Christmas
is one better

is my god
better than your god
did he say so
did she

are we one
even titanic Molly Brown
knew
the passengers are
in one boat
only together
unsinkable, they
I and they
I am they

spirit incarnate
not bodies enquickened
we
bodies go
stuff flees
spirit stays

who is my neighbor
who is my friend
who cares for me
who sings my song with me

what lasts
after all is dust

how real is my life
how real the life of those I
touch
how real the life of those I
know
how real the life of my
fellow

rich here
poor there

the eyes of September
open my heart
I look again. . . .

Blessings from
our Community of St. Francis.
Fr. Tom Composto
Ch

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Christmas Greetings From St. Francis