

The bread which you do not use
Is the bread of the hungry.

The garment hanging in your wardrobe
Is the garment of him who is naked.

The shoes that you do not wear
Are the shoes of the one who is barefoot.

The money you keep locked away
Is the money of the poor.

The acts of charity you do not perform
Are so many injustices you commit.

St. Basil the Great (330-378 AD)

Christ has no body now but yours,

No hands but yours,

No feet but yours.

Yours are the eyes through which

Christ's compassion must look out on the world.

Yours are the feet with which

He is to go about doing good.

Yours are the hands with which

He is to bless us now.

St. Teresa of Avila

An Irish Blessing

I wish you not a path devoid of clouds,
Nor a life on a bed of roses,
Not that you might never need regret,
nor that you should never feel pain.

My wish for you is:

That you might be brave in times of trial,
when others lay crosses on your shoulders,
When mountains must be climbed and chasms are to be crossed,
when hope scarce can shine through.
That every gift God gave you might grow along with you,
and let you give the gift of joy to all who care for you.
That you might always have a friend who is worth that name,
whom you can trust, and who helps you in times of sadness,
who will defy the storms of daily life at your side.

One more wish I have for you:

That in every hour of joy or pain, you may feel God close to you.
This is my wish for you and those you carry in your heart.
This is my hope for you, now and forever.