

Mother Theresa....



You have to read that beautiful passage in Isaiah where God speaks and says:
“I have called you by name. You are mine.”
We are precious to him.
That man dying in the street – precious to him,
that millionaire – precious to him,
that sinner – precious to him.
Because he loves us.

Children long for somebody to accept them, to love them, to praise them, to be proud of them.

If they do not have this, they will go to the streets where there are plenty of people ready to accept them. The child can be lost. Much hatred and destruction is caused when a child is lost to the family.

Like our Lady and St. Joseph we must go and search for the child. When Jesus was lost they went and searched. They did not sit and wait. They did not rest until they found him.

We must bring the child back, make the child feel wanted.

Without the child, there is no hope.

Love begins at home.

If we do not love one another who we see 24 hours, how can we love those we see only once?

We show love by thoughtfulness,
by kindness, by sharing a joy, by sharing a smile...

Through the little things.

Maybe our children, our husband, our wife are not hungry, are not naked, are not homeless.

But are you sure there is no one there who feels unwanted, unloved?

Let us look straight into our own families.

For love begins at home.

We don't have to think of numbers. We can love one person at a time, serve one person at a time.

I've discovered that besides being hungry and naked and homeless, the people of today are suffering from a much greater poverty – the poverty of the spirit that comes from being unwanted, unloved, un-cared for... from having no one in the world.

At the end of life we will not be judge by how many diplomas we have received, how much money we have made, how many great things we have done.
We will be judged by “I was hungry and you gave me to eat. I was naked and you clothed me. I was homeless and you took me in..”
Hungry not only for bread – but hungry for love.
Naked not only for clothing – but naked of human dignity and respect.
Homeless not only for want of a room of bricks –but homeless because of rejection.
This is Christ in distressing disguise.

I never look at the masses as my responsibility.
I look at the individual. I can love only one person at a time. I can feed only one person at a time. Just one, just one.
You get closer to Christ by coming closer to each other. As Jesus said, “Whatever you do to the least of my brethren, you do to me.”
So you being.... I begin.
I picked up one person – maybe if I didn’t pick up that one person I wouldn’t have picked up 42,000.
The whole work is only a drop in the ocean. But if I didn’t put the drop in, the ocean would be one drop less.
Same for you, same thing in your family, same thing in the church where you go – just begin... one, one, one.

We are supposed to preach without preaching.
Not by words, but by our example, by our actions.
All works of love are works of peace.

This is the true reason for our existence – to be the sunshine of God’s love – to be the hope of eternal happiness.
That’s all.

We all long for heaven where God is, but we have it in our power to be in heaven with him right now – to be happy with him at this very moment. But being happy with him now means:
loving as he loves,
helping as he helps,
giving as he gives,
serving as he serves...

Be kind and merciful. Let no one ever come to you without coming away better and happier. Be the living expression of God’s kindness: kindness in your face, kindness in your eyes, kindness in your smile, kindness in your warm greeting. In the slums we are the light of God’s kindness to the poor. To children, to the poor, to all who suffer or are lonely, give always a happy smile. Give them not only your care, but also your heart.

The same loving hand that has created you has created me. If he is your Father he must be my Father also. We all belong to the same family. Hindus, Muslims and all people are our brothers and sisters. They too are the children of God.

Our work among the Hindus proclaims that God loves them. God has created them – they are my brothers and sisters.

Naturally I would like to give them the joy of what I believe, but that I cannot do; only God can. Faith is a gift of God, but God does not force himself.

Christians, Muslims, Hindus, believers & nonbelievers, have the same opportunity with us to do works of love, have the same opportunity to share the joy of loving and come to realize God's presence.

Hindus become better Hindus. Catholics become better Catholics. Muslims become better Muslims.

Dear Jesus, Help us to spread your fragrance everywhere we go. Flood our souls with your spirit and life. Penetrate and possess our whole being so utterly that our lives may only be a radiance of yours.

Shine through us and in us so that everyone we come in contact with may feel your presence in our soul. Stay with us and then we shall begin to shine as you shine, so as to be the light to others.

The light, O Jesus, will be all from you. It will be you shining on others through us. Let us thus praise you in the way you love best, by shining on those around us.

Amen.