

The Toilet Paper

Odd fact and obscure thought to read...*as you have time*

Fasting and Feasting in Lent

FAST from judging others; FEAST on the Christ within them.
FAST from emphasis on differences; FEAST on the unity of life.
FAST from apparent darkness; FEAST on the reality of lights.
FAST from thoughts of illness; FEAST on the healing power of God.
FAST from words that pollute; FEAST on phrases that purify.
FAST from discontent; FEAST on gratitude.
FAST from anger; FEAST on patience.
FAST from pessimism; FEAST on optimism.
FAST from worry; FEAST on divine-order. Trust in God.
FAST from complaining; FEAST on appreciation.
FAST from negatives; FEAST on affirmatives.
FAST from unrelenting pressures; FEAST on unceasing prayer.
FAST from hostility; FEAST on nonresistance.
FAST from bitterness; FEAST on forgiveness.
FAST from self-concern; FEAST on compassion for others.
FAST from personal anxiety; FEAST on eternal Truth.
FAST from discouragement; FEAST on hope.
FAST from facts that depress; FEAST on verities that uplift.
FAST from lethargy; FEAST on enthusiasm.
FAST from suspicion; FEAST on truth.
FAST from thoughts that weaken; FEAST on promises that inspire.
FAST from shadows of sorrow; FEAST on the sunlight of serenity.
FAST from idle gossip; FEAST on purposeful silence.
FAST from problems that overwhelm; FEAST on prayer
that under girds.

—*anonymous*

God will give you peace

A certain monk came to his spiritual director and said, "What ought I to do, Father? I am in great sadness."

The elder said to him, "Never despise anybody, never condemn anybody, never speak evil of anyone, and the Lord will give you peace.

—*The Wisdom of the Desert*

Peace I give to you. My peace I leave with you. —*Jesus Christ*



Not addressing you

While serving as President Lyndon Johnson's press secretary, Bill Moyers was asked to say grace. While praying, the President shouted, "Speak up, Bill. I can't hear a thing you are saying." Moyers replied, "I wasn't addressing you, Mr. President." ☞

None But Yours

Christ has no body but yours,
no hands but yours,
no feet but yours.

Yours are the eyes through which God's compassion looks out on the world. Yours are the feet with which he goes about doing good. And yours are the hands with which he is to bless us now.

—*St. Teresa of Avila*