Dear Friends,

What a joy it is to write you all again. Thank you so much for all your support and prayers this past year. When I began my inward voyage last spring to care for my soul the first thing I did was lay before God all my secret griefs. Taking time to take the mourner’s path, I cried my unshed tears.

Listening to the music in the silence, feeling the rhythm in prayer, I went through the seasons accepting God’s friendship. Watching the intimacy of the relationship grow, parts of myself were healed that I had been afraid to look at.

Finally, surrendering to the gift of God and the gifts from God, I saw my journey was my destination. Where I thought I had been so lost, I found deep roots of faith no winter storm blew over.

With God’s encouragement, I watched the daily rituals of Martin’s. The endless bowls of food served with such tenderness it would reduce me to tears. The angels that volunteer year after year to make and serve these bowls brought strength. The hundreds of blankets given to make up for the lack of adequate shelter, a strange kind of justice. The hugs shared with the grieving and dying made the mystery of suffering easier to embrace.

To embrace the mystery is a miracle. The miracle of knowing the unseen, hearing the unspoken, recognizing the invisible, we know God. We are all part of God. God wants us to know the miracles of love and that we are one of those miracles.

Believe in the miracle that you are, for each miracle believed is a miracle. As we join together in our faith, we can live with our sufferings, reminding each other how much we are loved.

Each aspect of spring assures us of rebirth and life. In the eternal spring of our souls, blooms love. The perfume of this heavenly bouquet brought me home today, to where I have always been and hope to always be, with God at Martins.

Thank you for the miracle of Martin’s...

In God’s Love,

Barbara Collier
for the Martin De Porres Community