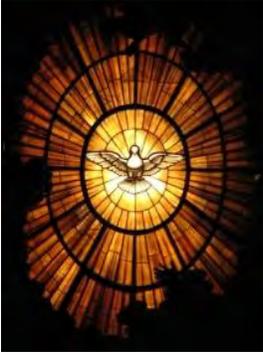


CHRIST IS OUR LIGHT



I am not a fan of Daylight Savings Time, at least for the first month. I welcome a morning of light and possibility. I am a morning person. I appreciate a sunrise over a sunset. I prefer working out in the light of the morning. My attitude improves when I wake up to the melodic songbird, when I walk out into a neighborhood of blossoming crocuses, camellias, and daffodils.

Darkness has never been my friend. I have always needed a bit more light by which to read. When the evening roads aren't well lit, the lines poorly marked, I would rather be a passenger than the driver.

Christ is our light. When we are guided by the light of Jesus we do not stumble. We may be taken on a path different from our choosing but we will not fall. When we let Christ be our light we see not with our eyes but with our heart. True wisdom lies not in knowing in the sense of knowledge and intellect. True wisdom springs from spiritual maturity, a gift of the Holy Spirit that lives in the heart. We recognize the difference between "knowing" and "Knowing" when two men speak, but only one speaks from the heart.

"Knowing", then, is spiritual maturity, wisdom, a Christian love that is from the heart.

In *Caritas in Veritate* Pope Benedict XVI writes that "Love is God's greatest gift to humanity, it is his promise and our hope"

"To love someone is to desire that person's good and to take effective steps to secure it. Besides the good of the individual, there is the good that is linked to living in society: the common good. [...] To desire the common good and strive towards it is a requirement of justice and charity."

"If we love others with charity, then first of all we are just towards them. [C]harity demands justice: recognition and respect for the legitimate rights of individuals and peoples. [C]harity [also] transcends justice and completes it in the logic of giving and forgiving."

A month from now (Easter Sunday!), with the passing of the morning dawn into early morning before most people rise, I will step outside and admire the crocuses, camellias, and daffodils that color my yard. It is by the light of Christ, however, that I am able to admire the flowers of society: the homeless, the hungry, the immigrant.

Darkness has never been my friend.

(Readings for 4th Sunday of Lent)



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