"Whether men discover one truth or one fact more or less, whether or not they make beautiful music or beautiful pictures, whether their organisation of the world is more or less successful - all that has no direct importance for the future life. None if these discoveries will become one of the stones of the New Jerusalem."

24.

God obviously has no need of the products of your busy industry, since he could give himself everything without you. The only thing that concerns him, the only thing that he desires intensely, is your faithful use of your freedom, and the preference you accord to the things around you."

p.24

By our very desire to experience God passively we find ourselves brought to the lovable duty of growth.

Teach me to treat my death as an act of communion.

Every priest...conscious of the dignity of his office, should no longer live for himself, but for the world...I want to be the first to seek, to sympathise and suffer; the first to open myself out and sacrifice myself. To become more widely human and more nobly of the earth than any of the world's servants.

88(footnote)

What must I do to gather up and answer that universal and enveloping embrace? I can only answer by total acceptance. I shall therefore react with the entire effort of my life - my life today and my life of tomorrow, my personal life and my life linked to all other lives. Living and dying, I shall never at any moment cease to move forward in You, my life must become an unlimited and endless contact with You, this sacrament of my life received, of my life lived, and my life surrendered.

116.

...on certain days the world seems a terrifying thing; huge, blind and brutal. It buffets us about and kills us with complete indifference. Heroically it may be truly said, man has contrived to create a more or less habitable zone of light and warmth in the midst of the great, cold black waters - a zone where people have eyes to see, hands to help, and hearts to love. But how precarious that habitation is! At any moment the vast and horrible thing may break through the cracks - the thing that we try and forget is always there, separated from us by a flimsy partition; fire, pestilence, storms, earthquakes, or the unleashing of dark moral forces - these callously sweep away in one moment what we had laboriously built up and beautified with all our intelligence and all our love.

The things in our life which terrify us, the things that were thrown at Jesus in the Garden, are, ultimately the matters of one and the same thing.

128.

You should not set store by the coarse outer covering of your human actions, this can be burnt like straw or smashed like china. Think, rather, that into each of these humble vessels you can pour, like sap of a precious liquor, the spirit of obedience and of union with God. If worldly aims have no value in themselves, you can love them for the opportunity they can give you to prove your faithfulness to God.
Like an (sculptor), who is able to make use of a fault in the stone he is sculpting or the bronze he is casting so as to produce more exquisite lines, or a more beautiful tone, so God can transfigure them by integrating them in a better plan, providing we lovingly have trust in Him. Not only our unavoidable ills, but our faults can be embraced in that transformation, providing we repent of them. Not everything is immediately good to those who seek God; but everything is capable of becoming good.

...Your deep inspiration which commands me to be I shall take care never to stifle nor distort nor waste my power to love and do. Next, to your all-embracing Providence that shows me at each moment, by the day's events, the next step to take and the next rung to climb. I shall respond by my care never to miss an opportunity of rising towards the level of Spirit.

O God, that at all times You may find me as You desire me and where You would have me to be, that You may lay hold on me fully, both by the within and without of myself. Grant that I may never break this double thread of my life.

The external passivities of diminishment are all our bits of ill fortune. We have only to look back on our lives to see them springing up on all sides: the barrier that blocks our way, the wall that hems us in, the stone which throws us from our path, the obstacle that breaks us, the invisible microbe that kills the body, the little word that infects the mind, all the incidents and accidents of importance and varying kinds, the tragic interferences (upsets, shocks and deaths) which come between the world of 'other' things and the world that radiates out from us. Yet when fire and thieves have taken everything from us then as was said of Job: "Put forth thy hand and touch his bone and his flesh, then thou shalt see he will bless thee to thy face...the loss of things means little to us. What is terrible for us is to be cut off from things (of the spirit) through some inward diminishment.

God has already transfigured our suffering by making them serve our conscious fulfilment...it becomes the tool by which it cuts, carves and polishes the stone which is destined to occupy a particular place in the heavenly Jerusalem.

Uniting oneself means, in every case, migrating and dying partially in what one loves. But if, as we are sure, this being reduced to nothing, then in the other spiritual life we must then be all the more complete the more we give attachment to the One who is greater than ourselves, then we can set no limits to the tearing up of roots that is involved in our journey to God.