

My Dear Kolbe Brothers in Christ,

What a wonderful God our God is, don't you think? In our sadness, He brings us joy. In our doubt, He brings us trust. In our loneliness, He brings us comfort. But most of all, in our deepest despair, He brings us love! I have read all the letters you have given to me for the third time since the Kolbe retreat. It gives me a shot of God's grace when I am fighting a battle with the 'shining darkness', the 'great deceiver', the 'father of lies'.

It is very seldom that one encounters a 'Heavenly Body', a 'Human Angel' in ones lifetime. I have been truly blessed in that I have known one in my lifetime. That is until I stepped (or rather rolled) into the world of a Kolbe Retreat into a world of heavenly angels disguised as mortal men! If ever I imagined what it would be like entering heaven, it would be the joyful and loving reception I and my brother inmates received from all of you throughout those four days. What an AWESOME God our God is, isn't he! He makes my soul laugh and I want to shout out to the world "MY GOD IS GREAT!!"

In this 'den of iniquity' you brought four days of 'heavenly reprise', that is so often forgotten. For four days we walked, talked, laughed, and shared our souls as 'free men'! What a wonderful gift from God you are! Did you know that? You are the modern day Apostles of Christ, evangelizing His "Good News", and sharing His Agape. I wish it were possible to go to each one of you to hug you, thank you, and tell you how much I love you. But since I cannot do that, perhaps the following words can do it for me.

Your Kolbe Brother in Christ,

Dennis M.

Dennis M.

Soli Deo Gloria

A Simple Wish

I love you!
Such a simply phrase to show the depth of one's soul.
How can it be explained?
What tangible sights and sounds
Can be composed to glorify its fullness?
If I could but find that one quality,
That one act, that one expression.
What impregnable walls of hate,
Mistrust, and insecurity I would destroy.
What great coalescence my very being would
Experience with those I but chance to meet.
Could but a kiss, a softly spoken word,
Or a tender sweet embrace be the locksmiths
Of that treasured emotion?
I think, perhaps they are merely keys to outside chambers.
Yet they are the spokesmen we use for every living creature!
The trumpeters of our innermost feelings.
No Solomon born has yet to elucidate or
Control the act of loving one,
When no one is there,
Emitting love,
Only to hear it echoing in empty corridors!
Storing emotions of cosmic proportions
Crying to burst forth on everyman,
Only to see faces retreat in uncertainty
When but a sliver seeps forth.
I love you!
Can I explain it?
Not with the wisdom of all the prophets or scholars of old.
But what eternal joy and happiness
I would possess
If to everyman I chance to meet,
Friend, enemy, stranger,
I would but say, "I Love You".
And they would but answer . . .
"And I you".