

WOE TO US WHEN CHRIST DOES NOT DWELL THEREIN

Excerpts from a sermon of St. Macarius

Reflections on how much We need Christ to dwell in our hearts

Intent of these Jottings.

- *Let Christ dwelling in our minds and hearts.*
- *Without Him, life is ruinous*
- *Without Him, life is death..*
- *Without Him, day is night.*

St. Macarius' Thoughts

Woe to the house where no master dwells,

it becomes dark, vile and contemptible, choked with filth and disgusting refuse. So too, it is with us when we lose our .Master, our Lord Jesus Christ.

Then, our hearts are darkened with sin, our desires turned vile, and we know nothing but shame.

Woe to the path that is not walked on, or along which the voices of men are not heard, for then it becomes the haunt of wild animals. That path is no path but a haunting trail

Woe to the field where no farmer works,

full of thorns and thistles, a hiding place for snakes and venomous creeping creatures....

Woe to the pilot-less ship, storm-tossed, drifting and sinking in faraway waters

Woe to the soul where Christ does not walk in it to banish with his voice the spiritual beasts of sin.

Woe to the soul without Christ as its true pilot; drifting in the darkness, buffeted by the waves of passion, storm-tossed at the mercy of evil spirits, heading for shipwreck..

Woe to the soul that does not have Christ to cultivate it with care to produce the good fruit of the Holy Spirit. Left to itself, it is choked with thorns and thistles; producing only straw for burning.

Woe to the soul that does not have Christ dwelling in it; deserted and foul with the filth of the passions, a haven for all the vices.

EPILOGUE

When a farmer prepares to till the soil he must put on clothing and use tools that are suitable.

So, when Christ, our heavenly king, came to till the soil of mankind devastated by sin. assumed a body and, using the cross as his ploughshare, cultivated the barren souls of men. He removed the thorns and thistles which are the evil spirits and pulled up the weeds of sin into the fire and cast away the straw of our wickedness.

And after he had ploughed the soul with the wood of the cross, he planted in it a most lovely garden of the Holy Spirit that could produce for our Heavenly Father the sweetest and most pleasant fruits of every kind.

I NEED THEE, JESUS`!

I need Thee precious Jesus
I need a friend like thee;
A friend to cheer and sympathize,
A friend to care for me.

I need Thy heart, good Jesus,
To feel each anxious care;
Thy Heart to sooth my ever ache,
And all my sorrows share.

I need Thy Blood, sweet Jesus,
To wash each sinful stain;
To cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
And make it pure again.

I need Thy Wounds, kind Jesus,
To fly from perils near;
To shelter in these hallowed clefts,
From every risk and fear.

I need, O dearest Jesus,
Thy sacrament of love,
Thou nourish this poor soul of mine,
With treasures of Thy love.

I'll need Thee, loving Jesus,
When death's dread hour draws nigh.
To hide Thy Sacred Heart,
Till wafted safe on high.
O, Jesus, I love Thee with all my heart.

