



Fr. Peter Mermier

Spiritual Moments



St. Francis de Sales

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Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales

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*'Be Your Best
Give Your Best
Do Your Best
and
Leave the Rest
to the Lord.'*

Fr. Gus

Wellspring

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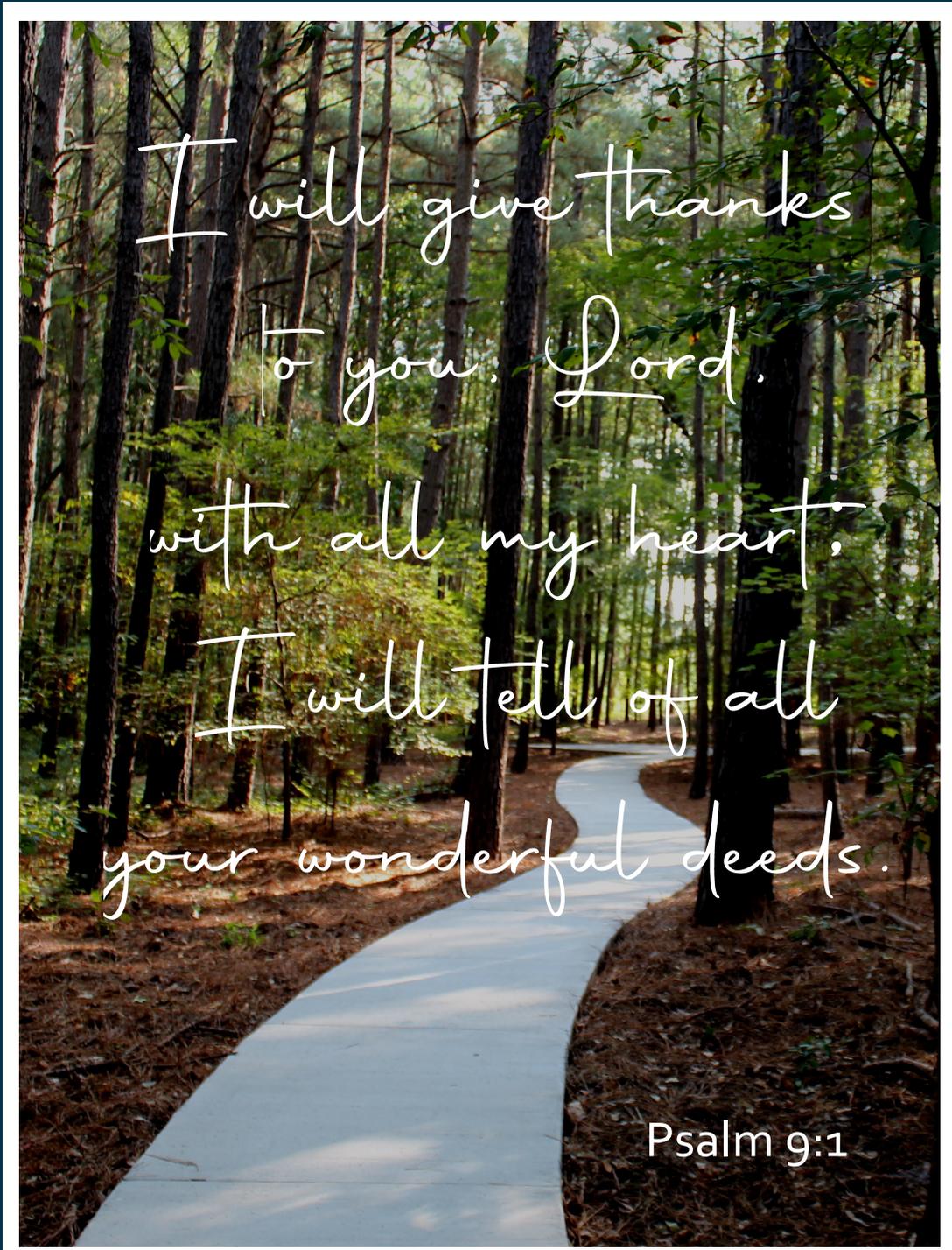
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*I will give thanks
to you, Lord,
with all my heart;
I will tell of all
your wonderful deeds.*

Psalm 9:1

EDITORIAL

"The heavens proclaim the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of his hands...no speech or word...their message goes to the ends of the world." (Psalm 19:1-5) How amazing! The whole universe proclaims "glory" without word or speech. In a few days, we will be in the fall season. The temperature has already begun to cool off bringing comfort and warmth to our days and nights. Falling leaves, shorter days and colder nights will be with us soon. Fall is a time for gratitude. Take time to celebrate the change in the weather as the heat and light of summer recede, leaving us with cooler days and nights. Be grateful for the blessings that fall brings.

Life will soon speed up; our days will begin to get busier; work will begin to accumulate and anxieties, doubts, fears and tensions begin to come our way, especially now with the pandemic and political, racial, and social conflicts meddling in our affairs. Bless yourself and give yourself permission to stop to take a few deep breaths and calm your being and be still. "Be still and know that I am God." (Psalm 46:10)

When you are burdened with much work, hectic activities, becoming totally absorbed in work and when you fail to care for yourself, your family and those you work with, take "minute vacations." Slow down just as the earth slows down in the fall season and allows her soil to rest. Slow down, still your mind, listen to the music of nature amid the confusion of the day and allow the fall season to bless you. Listen to the joyful music of creation, "the heavens proclaiming the glory of God" without word or speech.

When you encounter mean, unfriendly, ugly people and situations, take that "minute vacation", quietly and gently look at the beautiful and amazing colors of the fall season and allow them to bless you with joy. Let them challenge you to stay focused on the decent, friendly, beautiful people and situations in your life. Surround yourself with decent, friendly, good, and noble people and be blessed by their presence in your life. Be grateful for all the blessings of the world around you.

When your days are not that great, when you have messed up a few things, when you fall short of ideals, when you meet with failures, take that "minute vacation." Walk quietly among the fallen leaves, allow the fallen leaves to bless you and teach you about the power and value they hold. They will soon decompose and nurture the earth and become food for the trees and plants that they came from. In a similar fashion, your "falls", the fallen leaves of your life and activities carry energy, power, and value. Allow them to teach you and bless you and energize you. Never go under them, quietly walk among them just as you walk among the fallen leaves.

Bless the fall season and may the fall season bless you. Happy Fall. Happy September.

Fr. Gus Tharappel, msfs

GRATITUDE IS A RECOGNITION AND APPRECIATION OF THE GOODNESS OF THE UNIVERSE AND THE GENEROSITY OF THE GOD OF CREATION. GRATITUDE IS THE WAY WE RECOGNIZE THAT THE SOURCES OF BLESSINGS ARE OUTSIDE OF OURSELVES AND EVEN BEYOND US – OTHER PEOPLE AND OUR GOD.

GRATITUDE TO MEN AND WOMEN OF HOLINESS

This year, Wellspring community has been reflecting on the virtue of gratitude. This article is a reflection and an invitation to gratefully remember men and women of holiness in the spiritual tradition of our Church. From the first centuries after Jesus, Christians who died a martyr's death were considered saints who live in God's presence forever. Every year, on the anniversary of the martyrs' deaths, Christians would visit their tombs and celebrate the Eucharist. This practice grew throughout the centuries to include remembering other outstanding Christians on the days they died. Soon the entire calendar was filled with memorials of the saints. In the ninth century, Pope Gregory IV designated November 1 as the day to remember all the saints living in God's presence.

When we learn about the saints, we must remember that they were ordinary people just like us. Like us, the saints had to figure out who they were in the eyes of God and then live out that vision. They are our models and inspiration. Learning from them, we can figure out how to dedicate our lives to God, each in his or her own way.

Abraham was 175 years old when he died; Moses died at the age of 120; Jesus was 30 when he was crucified; Agnes and Maria Goretti were only 12 years old when they were martyred; Antony of the desert died at the age of 105. Saints of God come in every age, size, shape and color. Some are remembered by name but many are unknown to us. Known or unknown, honored or forgotten, they have one thing in common: during their lives they helped proclaim the presence and love of God, the kingdom of God and they hoped to be with God forever. Bernard of Clairvaux said, "Calling to mind the saints arouses in us, above all else, a longing to enjoy their company."

Their communion is our hope. It's more than just remembrance of good and holy people. We rejoice in the communion of saints. We are part of this communion. All creation is united and is in harmony in the spirit. We connect and commune with all people of every time and place. We look forward to the day when all creation will be transformed and brought into communion, holiness and perfection.

Saints are men and women who lived and moved in faith. Their faith carried them through life and enabled them to fulfill their mission. They lived and moved in hope. Their hope carried them through doubts, fears, anxieties, and other similar realities and enabled them to be steadfast, to press forward, to keep going toward the fulfillment of their ultimate hope – to see the face of God and dwell in His presence.

Saints are men and women who lived and moved in love. Their love carried them through sin and selfishness, through trying and testing times, through failures and disappointments, through pain and suffering to the one love that really mattered - the Love of God.

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Pure faith, pure hope and pure love, those that really matter, are rooted in the heart, not in the head and not in any doctrine. Saints are men and women who were alive in faith, hope and love and in whom faith, hope and love were alive.

The psalmist prayed and the saints shared his prayer:

*One thing I ask of the Lord; this I seek:
To dwell in the Lord's house, all the days of my life,
To gaze on the Lord's beauty, to visit his temple. (Psalm 27:4)*

*For God will hide me in his shelter, in time of trouble,
He will conceal me in the cover of his tent; and set me high upon a rock. (Psalm 27:5)*

*"Come," says my heart, "seek his face";
your face, Lord, do I seek! (Psalm 27:8)*



Saints are men and women whose desire and passion have become reality. They now dwell in the Lord's house and behold his face.

I invite you now to spend some time with some of the men and women whom I met many years ago. Perhaps, this will enable you to remember some of those whom you met. I have never met them in person, that is, in the flesh... but I met them in their stories and welcomed them into my life and my life changed because of their witness and I am deeply grateful to them for their witness.

They were strangers who became friends forever. I have come to know them personally. Their stories have enabled me to trust the mystery within, trust myself, trust God and trust others. Their coming into my life enriched my faith, helped me to be more optimistic, enriched my prayer life and kept me faithful on my journey of faith. They helped me find and re-find Christ in my life; they helped me find and re-find Christ in others; they helped me find and re-find Christ in disappointing, trying and testing times; they helped me center and re-center my life in Christ.

I often wonder what would have happened if I had not met them and welcomed them home. What would have happened if I had let them remain strangers? I am more amazed at what has happened and what continues to happen in my life because they are no more strangers and guests. I have come to know them, personally and intimately. They are home to stay, and they have become friends forever.

Allow me to tell you a few things about a few of the saints who have become my friends forever. I am telling you about them to encourage you to remember the saints who have come into your life, to welcome them home and to let them become friends forever.

I remember meeting Abraham and Sarah, seeing them leave familiar territories and people and moving into the mystery of the unknown and untried...waiting and trusting...called to be a blessing for the nations. What a challenge, to be a blessing for others. They continue to call me to trust and be unafraid of the unknown and the impossible, to move in hope even when things don't make sense, to keep seeking God and God's way. Thanks to Abraham and Sarah.

I remember Moses, investigating a strange phenomenon, a bush on fire, not knowing that he was going to be on fire. I remember him overwhelmed with divine experience, feeling his feet on holy ground, begging the Lord to send someone else. With fear and trembling he took up the mission given to him by the Lord. How blessed I am to know him. He calls me to be unafraid, to remember that I am on holy ground and to be vigilant. Thanks to Moses.

I met Ruth and Naomi who are women of strength and devotion, attentive and loyal to each other and models of fidelity on the journey. They call me to be faithful, steadfast and loyal on the journey. Thanks to Ruth and Naomi.

I remember, many years ago, learning about John the Baptist. He was not only a stranger, but he was strange in so many ways. He came with great passion, with fire and with a simplicity and honesty that was attractive, challenging and demanding. He kept pointing to Christ; he continues to call forth conversion of life; he continues to inspire simplicity, honesty, integrity and passion. He stepped aside when Christ came, and he calls me to step aside and let Christ be the center. Thanks to John the Baptist.

I remember meeting the crippled woman in Luke's gospel. (Luke 13:10-17) She was held in bondage for eighteen years. Welcoming Christ enabled her to stand straight and praise God. She continues to challenge me to stand and walk straight and invite others to stand their ground and never give up. Thanks to the nameless crippled woman.

I remember meeting Bartimaeus, the blind man in Mark's gospel. (Mark 10:46-52) Nothing stopped him from crying out, "I want to see." He continues to call me to desire to see more, search for a clearer and deeper vision... there is more to see. Thanks to Bartimaeus.

I remember meeting Francis de Sales. He taught me about gentleness, simplicity, optimism, hospitality, loving kindness, compassion and contemplation. These virtues have become real and have become moving forces in my life. He challenges me to strive to live a noble and virtuous life. Thanks to Francis de Sales.

I remember meeting Camillus de Lellis. He was not a likely candidate for sainthood. His mother died when he was a child and his father neglected him. He grew up with an excessive love for gambling. At 17, he was afflicted with a disease of his leg that remained with him for life. In Rome he entered the San Giacomo Hospital for incurables as both patient and servant, but was dismissed for quarrelsome behavior. He served in the army for three years. When he was 24, Camillus gambled away everything he had—savings, weapons, literally down to his shirt. He accepted work at the Capuchin friary and was one day so moved by a sermon of the superior that he began a conversion that changed his life. He entered the Capuchin novitiate, but was dismissed because of the apparently incurable sore on his leg. He came back to the Capuchins, only to be dismissed again, for the same reason.

Again, back at San Giacomo Hospital, Camillus devoted the rest of his life to the care of the sick. He studied for the priesthood and was ordained. Camillus left San Giacomo Hospital and founded a congregation of his own and took care of the sick. Camillus' life is a story of perseverance, of trying again and never giving up. He inspires hope. He inspires patient waiting. He challenges me to never give up. Thanks to Camillus.

This story remains incomplete for you to complete whenever you have a moment. Remember the saints who came into your life. Name them. Reflect on how you have welcomed them and how they have become your friends and how they continue to walk with you, bless you and keep challenging you.

Fr. Gus Tharappel, msfs

GRATITUDE TO MEN AND WOMEN ON THE ROAD

This year, Wellspring Community has been reflecting on the virtue of gratitude. This article is a reflection and an invitation to gratefully remember men and women who give outstanding witness of their faith on their journey of life as they go about doing their daily chores and fulfilling their responsibilities. I want to tell you about some of these amazing men and women whom I met on my journey. The people I mention are real though the names are not.

I met Jack on my return journey from Dubai to Dallas. He wanted to know if Dallas was my final destination and I told him that it was Tyler, Texas. He assumed that it was my first trip to the USA. He told me all about East Texas—the pine curtain, the Bible Belt, culture, tradition, the accent and the lakes. Then, he pulled out coins from his pocket and showed me the different types of coins and their value and gave them to me along with a few dollar bills. I thanked him and returned the money. But he insisted that I keep them and use them for whatever I needed. We were two strangers, passengers in a plane on a journey with no common goals and no family or social connections. We landed in Dallas. He went on to Midland and I to Tyler, fifteen years ago. His name is hospitality, generosity, kindness, and thoughtfulness, but I just call him Jack. I don't know where he is now. But I see his face and he is real. Wherever you are, thank you Jack. I remember and cherish what you taught me. Blessings are on your way.

“AT TIMES OUR OWN LIGHT GOES OUT AND IS REKINDLED BY A SPARK FROM ANOTHER PERSON. EACH OF US HAS CAUSE TO THINK WITH DEEP GRATITUDE OF THOSE WHO HAVE LIGHTED THE FLAME WITHIN US.”
ALBERT SCHWEITZER

One day, I was at my desk in my office. A young girl walked into my office and gave me a piggy bank. She had just graduated from high school and was getting ready for college. She had been saving money in that piggy bank from the time she was in the fourth grade, and it was full. I asked her what she wanted me to do with it. Her response was that I could do whatever I wanted and that she knew I would do some good with it. I encouraged her to take it and use it as she would need money when she got to college. But she insisted that I should keep it. I asked her if she knew how much was in it. She didn't want to know. The whole bank, as it was, was going to be mine and I was free to do what I wanted with it. And she knew I would do something good with it. Her name was amazing kindness, generosity, and sacrificial giving. I call her Catherine and I know her face. Thank you, Catherine. I remember and cherish what you taught me. Blessings are on your way wherever you may be.

Once I was giving a talk to a group of women. During the break, an elderly woman in her eighties wanted to visit with me. She told me the long story of her life. Her children were grown and out of town living their own kind of lives. Her husband was very abusive and left her alone without any real support. She was trying to live a healthy life, taking care of her needs and striving to live a meaningful spiritual life. She told me about her struggle to forgive her husband who was very cruel to her and how she was able to finally forgive him to become free. I was amazed at the sacrifices that she made for her family. A few years later, her ex-husband became very ill with no money, no place to go and no one to care for him. There she was, with very limited resources, taking care of the needs of a man who was cruel and abusive. Finally when he died, she took care of all the funeral arrangements and expenses. Her name was sacrificial love, compassion, generosity, forgiveness and purity of spirit. She is no longer with us. But I know her face. I call her Mary Grace. Thank you, Mary Grace. I remember and cherish what you taught me. Rejoice with the Lord and celebrate the fullness of your life.

In a third world country, at a construction site, there were lots of poor people at work, and their small children used

to hold on to one another's shirts and play "train-train." Someone would become the engine and others would become the train cars. Every day, these children used to take turns being the engine and the train cars. But there was one small boy wearing only shorts who used to hold one small green cloth in his hand and become the guard at the very end of the train, every day. One day, someone asked him, "Don't you wish to become an engine or a train car some time?"

He softly replied, "Sir, I don't have a shirt to wear so how will the other children hold on to me to form the train? He had no shirt and so he couldn't play as the other children did. But he found a way to be part of the play and have fun. The boy could have cried and sat at home and begrudged his parents that they could not afford to buy him a shirt. But instead, he chose another way to play and have fun with the other children. In life, we don't always get all things we desire or need. We need to learn to make the best use of whatever is available to us. The boy's name was humility, acceptance, freedom, and joy. I call him Innocent, and I know his face. Thank you, Innocent. I remember and cherish what you taught me. Blessings are on your way wherever you may be.

Bob was in his late sixties. He called me one day and asked for the last sacrament. He was suffering from lung cancer and had only a few more months to live. I made an appointment to visit him before giving him the sacrament as he requested. The next day, I went to his house and had a long conversation about the sacrament. I told him that it was not the last sacrament. It was the sacrament of anointing, and it was a sacrament of healing. I took time to explain the theology and spirituality of the sacrament. He sat very respectfully and listened. I was feeling good about my discourse and his receptivity. When I finished, Bob got up, looked at me and said, "Fr. Gus, I still want the last sacrament." He gently challenged me, and I responded that I would come back the next day. I told him that I would bring a couple of people with me so that we could have a community to celebrate the sacrament. I requested that his family be present.

The next day, I went with a few people from the parish. His wife and nephew were also present. We had a very quiet, prayerful, spiritual, and sacred celebration of the last sacrament, as he called it. It was very emotional for his wife and nephew. When the ceremony was over, Bob got up, looked at me and said, "Fr. Gus, thank you. Now I have an umbrella over my head." Bob was overwhelmed by a feeling of gratitude and a profound sense of being protected and safe. I have not forgotten the image of the umbrella and I carry that image in my heart. Bob was safe and secure, knowing that the Holy Spirit hovered over him. I remember Bob. I see his face. I cherish what he taught me. He is no longer with us. But his umbrella is still with me, and I am grateful for his umbrella.

When I was a seminarian, my superiors sent me to a remote village for a mission experience. It was also to help a wonderful missionary priest who was recuperating from surgery. One night, a group of men from the nearby village came to the rectory and asked the priest to go to their village and bless and exorcise a woman who was under the influence of an evil spirit. The loud and scary screams of the woman could be heard from where we were. Fr. Sebastian could not be moved. He had to be in bed. The men told him that they would carry him to the village and bring him back. But it was dangerous to carry the priest in his condition. The men could not understand. They wanted him to free the woman and the village from this terrible situation from the evil spirit.

Fr. Sebastian asked me to go. For the simple men from the village, it was enough that I was a missionary and that I was willing to go and face the evil spirit. I refused to go.

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In ordinary life
we hardly realize
that we receive
a great deal
more than we give,
—
and that it is only
with gratitude
that life
becomes rich."
- Dietrich Bonhoeffer

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I gave all the excuses. I was young; I was just a seminarian; I didn't know enough language of the villagers to communicate. Fr. Sebastian told me to go, and I refused. He told me that I was afraid, and I told him that I was definitely not afraid. Then he said, "In that case, you must go. If you don't go these simple men will think that you are afraid, and they will become more afraid." I couldn't let that happen. So I went with the men from the village. Fr. Sebastian asked me to go and pray and take the Holy water with me.

When I got to the village and saw the situation of the woman and heard her screams, I was afraid. But I had no choice—I couldn't run or walk away. I was in the middle of a crowd of almost 100 people. I began to pray every prayer that came to my mind and the people joined in. In the middle of the creed, I remembered the Holy water and I sprinkled it and the woman stopped screaming, sat up on the cot that she was lying on, began to smile and there was utter silence. Something sacred just happened. There was an intense experience of a divine presence. A few moments of silence and the woman began to speak, and the people began to laugh and sing and praise the Lord. The men brought me back to the rectory in the middle of the night and thanked Fr. Sebastian for sending me to their village.

The names of these men were faith, hope, confidence, trust, and I called them men of faith who taught me to trust and walk with God. They taught me to sing with the psalmist, "Even when I walk into the darkest valley, I will not be afraid." (Psalm 23) I see their faces and the face of Fr. Sebastian who is no longer with us. Thank you, Fr. Sebastian, and thank you men of faith. I cherish what you taught me.

This story remains incomplete for you to complete whenever you have a moment. Remember the "saints" who came into your life. Name them. Reflect on how you have welcomed them and how they have become your friends and how they continue to walk with you, bless you and keep challenging you.

Fr. Gus Tharappel, msfs

WORDS OF WISDOM

Gratitude is the beginning of humility because it recognizes that all we have are gifts from a loving and generous God.

St. Francis de Sales

Gratitude is a discipline that involves a conscious choice. I can choose to be grateful even when my emotions are still steeped in hurt and resentment.

Henri Nouwen

If the only prayer you said was thank you, that would be enough.

Meister Eckhart

If you see no reason for giving thanks, the fault lies only in yourself.

Tecumseh

Gratitude is a divine emotion: it fills the heart, but not to bursting. It warms it, but not to fever.

Charlotte Bronte

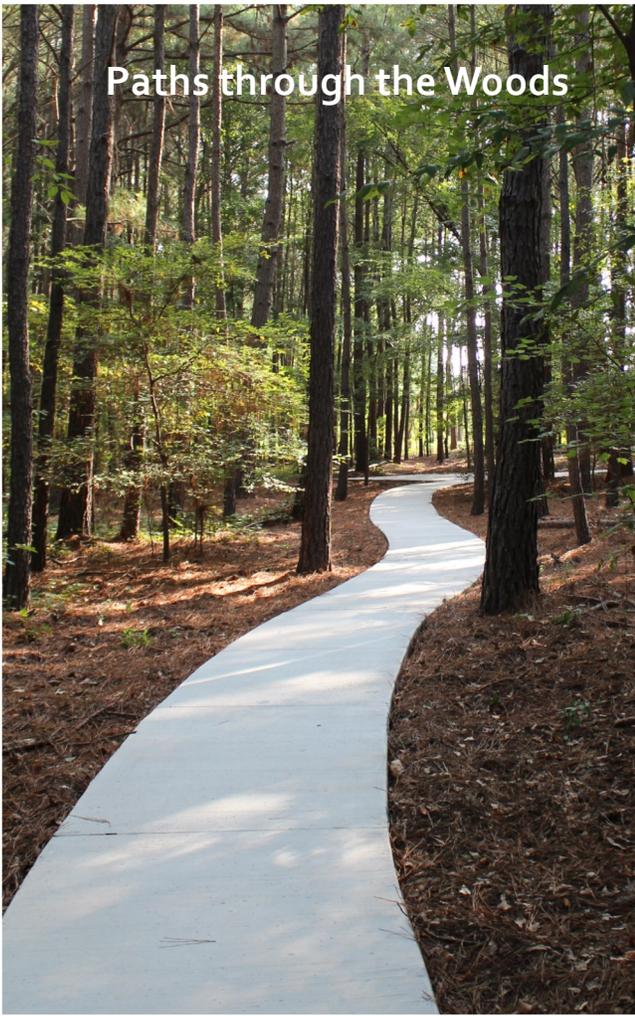
Gratitude is not only the greatest of virtues, but the parent of all others.

Cicero



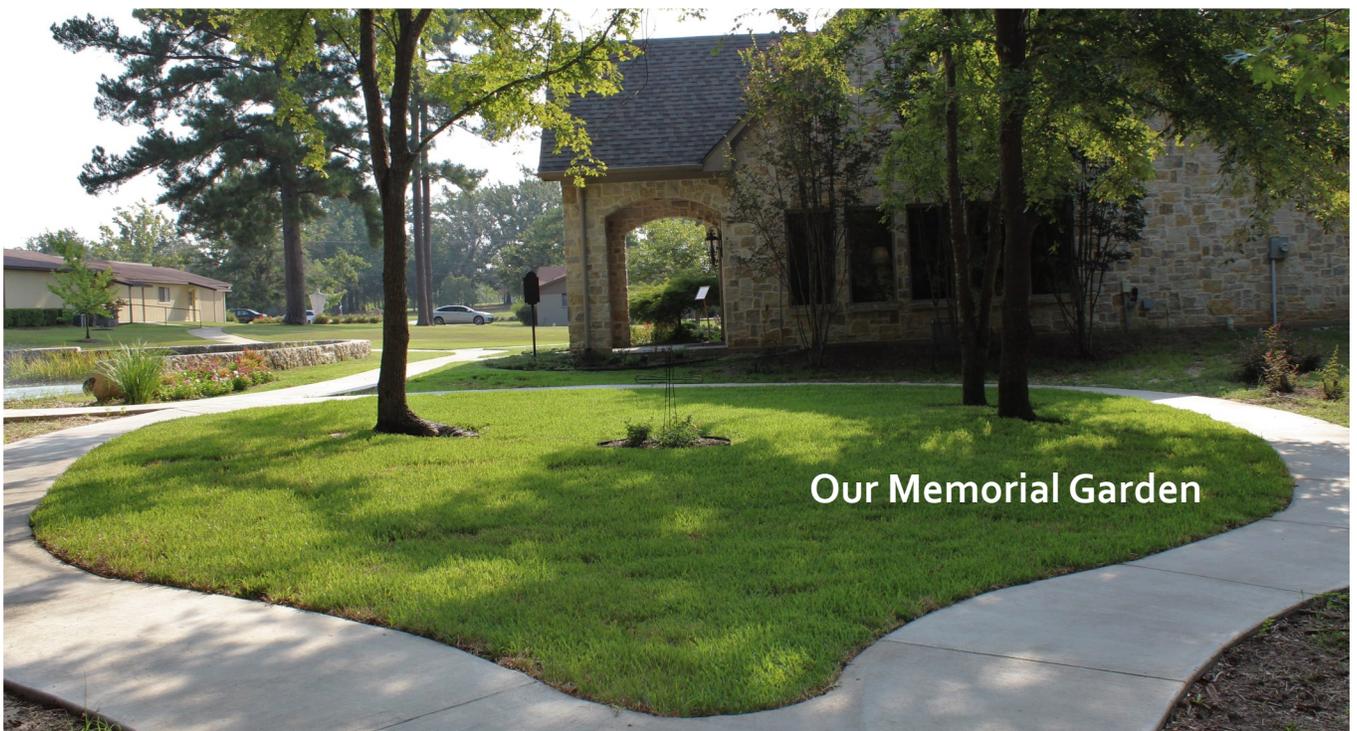
CHANGES AT WELLSRING

Paths through the Woods



In the past few months, we have made wonderful additions to our grounds...beautiful paths through the woods, traditional Stations of the Cross, and a Memorial Garden to the west side of our Shrine. The construction of a sanctuary for meditation in the woods in honor of St. Joseph is in progress. We hope that our visitors will find their walk through our grounds refreshing and inspiring.

Stations of the Cross



Our Memorial Garden

MEETING ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

When I reflect on all I have to be grateful for, one of the things that stands out to me is the gift of Wellspring and St. Francis de Sales. I am so grateful that Bishop Carmody invited Fr. Gus to come to Tyler to open the Fransalian Spirituality Center. How fortunate for all of us that Wellspring is in the middle of East Texas. I am so grateful for all I have experienced by coming to Wellspring and learned by studying with Fr. Gus through the years. It is through Wellspring and Fr. Gus that I met St. Francis de Sales. I had never even heard of him before coming to Wellspring.

Often when people come to Wellspring for the first time, I give them a tour of our facilities. As I am showing people around our campus, I always ask if they are familiar with St. Francis de Sales. If they are not familiar with St. Francis, they usually get an enthusiastic response from me about how great St. Francis de Sales is. I tell them all about him and how optimistic his spirituality is. I want everyone I meet to know how life-giving his spirituality is. Before I befriended St. Francis de Sales, I was hard on myself and hard on others. St. Francis de Sales has taught me to be gentle and patient with myself. I want others to know of his gentle and kind approach to spirituality.

I believe the teachings of St. Francis de Sales have truly changed me. Along with learning to be gentle with myself, I have learned to give people the benefit of the doubt, to think well of others, to look on the bright side of things and to trust in God's care. Years ago, in one of his classes, Fr. Gus shared a thought about being gentle with yourself. He said something like, "Don't beat yourself up if you said something unkind today. You probably said ten kind things today. Why do you want to focus on the one unkind thing you said?" I have recalled that thought often when I have fallen short of how I want to live. I remind myself that I must strive to do better but that it is better to move forward than to dwell on my shortcomings.

St. Francis de Sales has also taught me to trust in the providence of God. As a young mother, I used to worry so much about my children and what would happen to them. If one of them was struggling to make good grades or make good choices, I would get so worried about their future. I would become so fearful of the future. The following thoughts by St. Francis de Sales gave me such peace during those times and continues to bring me peace during testing times when thinking about the future worries me.



Do not look forward to the changes and chances of this life with fear. Rather, look to them with full confidence as they arise. God has guided you thus far in life. If you hold fast to God's hand, you will be led safely through all trials. Whenever you cannot stand, God will carry you lovingly in his arms.

Do not look forward to what may happen tomorrow. The same eternal father who takes care of you today will take care of you tomorrow, and every day of your life. Either God will shield you from suffering or will give you unfailing strength to bear it.

I am so grateful for my journey of faith. I am grateful to my parents and the priests and nuns who helped inspire my faith along the way. I am grateful to have found St. Francis de Sales. I have a deeper, more confident faith in God because of his teachings. I am thankful for his wisdom and how my faith has matured because of what I have learned from him.

Bari Walker



WHATEVER IS GOOD

"The Last Day" is a documentary about five Hungarian Jews who survived the Holocaust in a place called Dachau. Dachau was a Nazi concentration camp that was opened in March 1933 for political prisoners. It was located in southern Germany. In the mid-forties the camp eventually became a place for the imprisonment and extermination of thousands of Jews. The documentary focused on the horrors of daily life in the Nazi concentration camp. The five survivors in this documentary returned to the abandoned camp decades later to tell their stories.

On April 29, 1945, the U.S. Army marched into the camp and liberated the prisoners in the Dachau camp. The prisoners at first thought they were going to be executed but they soon realized that the U.S. soldiers were there to free them. The American soldiers found the prisoners to be emaciated and almost like walking skeletons. The soldiers gave them food and medicine and kindness.

Many years later after the war, a retired U.S. soldier had a knock at his front door one Sunday morning. He answered the door to see three men standing there. The men asked if he was Paul Parks. He said that he was. One of the men was holding a package wrapped in newspaper under his arm. The men said they had been trying to find him for a long time. Their friend, who had been in the Dachau concentration camp when it had been liberated, had passed away a few years ago. Upon his death, he asked for the package to be delivered to Paul Parks.

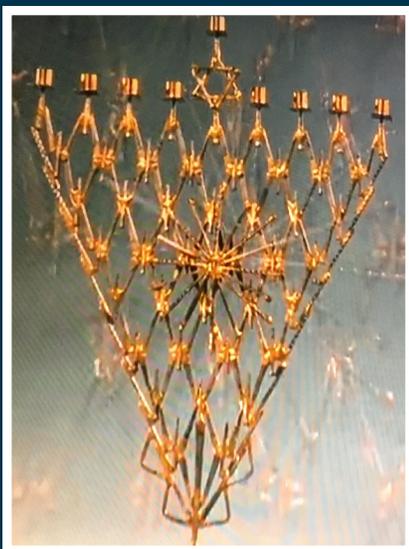
**No act of kindness,
no matter how small,
is ever wasted.**

AESOP

Mr. Parks opened the package and inside was a beautiful gold-like Menorah. Their friend had been assigned to work in the camp as a welder. In secret he had taken concrete nails and welded them together. He had welded, then braided the nails and formed them to create a beautiful Menorah. While in the concentration camp he longed for his Jewish traditions, the honoring of the Sabbath, the community prayers, the Menorah. So, in secret he began with small pieces of concrete nails, and with much fear he began making a piece of art that would survive the Holocaust. He also survived and was befriended by a U.S. Soldier named Paul Parks.

After the camp was freed, the Jewish prisoners were taken to a resettlement camp. The man later found his way to America. After the war, the soldier, Mr. Parks, also returned home to America. Mr. Parks carried with him the memories of horror he had seen in Dachau. The Jewish man had his memories too, but he also remembered the name of a soldier who restored his faith in the kindness of mankind.

The Jewish man's name was not revealed in the documentary, but the beautiful menorah was shown. The menorah is a special candleholder that holds seven or nine candles. It is used to celebrate the Jewish holiday of Hanukkah, also known as the "festival of lights." It is an example of how a man imprisoned in the worst place, looked at a concrete nail and saw in it a way to keep his faith alive. He focused on his faith and used the skills he had to make something beautiful while he was living a life of sheer horror. He had a great desire to survive. This man was able to find good in an unbelievably bad situation. His soul was nurtured by this gratitude.



"If you concentrate on finding whatever is good in every situation, you will discover that your life will suddenly be filled with gratitude, a feeling that nurtures the soul."

Rabbi Harold Kushner

Help me Lord, to find whatever is good in every situation I find myself in.

Patricia Cussen

OUR FAVORITE QUOTES ON

Gratitude

BE GRATEFUL FOR ALL THE RELIABLE AND DEPENDABLE PEOPLE WHO SERVE YOU DAILY.

“

Do not spoil what you have by desiring what you have not. Just be grateful for what you have and let it bless you with joy.

WHEN IT COMES TO LIFE THE CRITICAL THING IS WHETHER YOU TAKE THINGS FOR GRANTED OR TAKE THEM WITH GRATITUDE.

Gilbert K. Chesterton

THERE ARE ONLY TWO WAYS TO LIVE YOUR LIFE. ONE IS AS THOUGH NOTHING IS A MIRACLE. THE OTHER IS AS THOUGH EVERYTHING IS A MIRACLE.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

"When we focus on our gratitude, the tide of disappointment goes out and the tide of love rushes in."

Kristin Armstrong

Rejoice always, pray continually, give thanks in all circumstances; for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus.

1 Thessalonians 5:16-18

Gratitude has the power to forge and maintain friendships and relationships
-Seneca

Do not spoil what you have by desiring what you have not; remember that what you now have was once among the things you only hoped for.

Epicurus

LIKE HUMILITY, GENEROSITY COMES FROM SEEING THAT EVERYTHING WE HAVE AND EVERYTHING WE ACCOMPLISH COMES FROM GOD'S GRACE AND GOD'S LOVE FOR US...CERTAINLY IT IS FROM EXPERIENCING THIS GENEROSITY OF GOD AND THE GENEROSITY OF THOSE IN OUR LIFE THAT WE LEARN GRATITUDE AND TO BE GENEROUS TO OTHERS.

DESMOND TUTU

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