

## **IGNATIAN THEMES 2<sup>ND</sup> WEEK**

### **MEDITATION ON DEATH**

#### **IN THE SIGHT OF DEATH**

My God of death and of life.  
“God of the living”.  
Infinitely, yet intensely personal and real.  
I am very near to you now.  
Soon I shall see you face to face.  
What can anything else matter?

I am coming in the sight of the end.  
And therefore of the beginning.  
It is well to prepare to go.  
Leaving all betimes  
Not minding.  
Living each little day.  
Selflessly,  
Alone,  
Unknown,  
Already dead,  
Giving everything away  
Keeping nothing at all.

Dead to all else, living to you.  
Living for you, longing for you.  
In peace,  
Which the world cannot give.  
Which this life cannot give.  
In charity,  
That love which alone can die  
In zeal  
Faithful over these few things.  
That I may enter into your joy.  
Unto the end,  
Amen.

#### **THE CLOCK OF LIFE**

The clock of life is wound but once  
And no man has the power

To tell just where the hands will stop  
At late or early hour.

To lose ones wealth is sad indeed  
To lose ones health is more;  
To lose ones soul is such a loss  
As no man can restore.

The present only is our own  
Live, love, toil with a will  
Place no faith in tomorrow for  
The clock may then be still.

### **CREED ON DEATH**

I believe in death.  
I believe death is a part of life.  
A part of every day life.

I believe that we were born to die..  
That we may live more fully.  
Born to die a little each day.  
To selfishness,  
To Pretence,  
To sin.

I believe that every time we pass.  
From one stage of life to another  
Something in us dies  
The innocence and spontaneity  
Of childhood dies  
To the daring of youth,  
To the reasoning of maturity.

I believe that death is the way of nature in  
A flower that fades  
A leaf that falls  
A rain drop that evaporates,  
A breeze that passes by.

I Believe that I taste death.  
In moments of loneliness,  
And of unlove,  
Sorrow, and disappointment,  
When I am afraid,  
Lose courage and give up.  
See my broken dreams  
And every time I say goodbye.

I believe that I am dying.  
Before my time when I live.  
In bitterness,  
Hatred,

And isolation.

I believe that I create my own death.  
By the way I live.

I believe that life and death are one.  
That in the one same moment,  
I can say that I am living,  
And I am dying.

I believed that Jesus walked-  
Towards His death out of love,  
And that He invites me  
To do the same  
Amen so may it be.

*(By Sister Maria Gertrude Mlodsik O.P)*