The Recipient

He comes to us in all manners of ways,
In Word and Host, in the poor and needy.
In candle lights and sacred songs,
In wonders of the world around.

Yet too often we’re only open to receive
In the quiet of a church, or dark of night
On certain days or hours of great need.
When convenient, no chance of embarrassment.

But should he come when we least expect,
Call our name, reach out a grubby hand,
As we dine with friends or shop in the mall,
How likely are we to reach for Him, take Him in?

No more likely than we are to build an ark
As others jeer, making fun of such work,
Or stop to listen and then respond
When grabbing, gaining worldly wealth.

Unless, of course, we begin to brace this day
As for work’s success, or a football game,
By quiet listening, practice, trial and error,
Living in preparation to receive.

Paul Rothermich