

I remember once walking out in the winter  
to greet our father as he returned from work.  
He was a little late that night  
and I waited by the corner near our house

The cold can enliven thanks, you know.  
Thus my wool coat became a sacred robe ...  
How happy I felt to be alive that night.

I waited there in a world of all the things I loved,  
the smell of good food,  
the quiet gleam of the street lamps,  
smoke curling from every chimney,  
the candles burning so hopefully in our windows  
as if all were waiting for some important arrival.  
And the snow,  
the holy and immaculate snow.

It fills my heart with thankfulness.  
It makes me think that angels feasted  
as I did that night  
on the truth of our existence,  
that God keeps saying to us,  
like the most loving father:

"Have more of what I made for you.  
Have more. Have more!"

I saw him coming, our father  
I saw him coming with arms outstretched.  
We ran to meet each other  
and he lifted me as he so often had --  
twirled me through the air,  
his hands beneath my arms,  
holding me aloft.

And you know this is the nature of truth.  
This is how truth behaves  
Truth never frightens, it seeks only to love us  
It lifts us high and lets us fly  
Like birds in formation on the starriest night  
It lifts us up and lets us know  
How loved we are by God.

## Truth Never Frightens

CATHERINE OF SIENA  
(1347-1380)