

(Transcription)

June 24, 1958

### **Thrust towards the infinite**

The saints are great men and women  
who, having seen their greatness in the Lord,  
risk for God, as his children,  
everything that is theirs.  
They give, demanding nothing.  
They give their life, their soul, their joy,  
every earthly bond, every richness.  
Free and alone  
thrust towards the infinite,  
they wait for Love to bring them  
into the eternal kingdom; but, already in this life,  
they feel their hearts fill with love,  
true love, the only love  
that satisfies, that consoles,  
that love which shatters  
the eyelids of the soul and gives  
new tears.  
Ah, no one knows who a saint is!  
He or she has given and now receives,  
and an endless flow  
passes between heaven and earth,  
joins earth to heaven,  
and filters from the depths  
rare ecstasy, celestial sap  
that does not stop at the saint,  
but flows over the tired, the mortal,  
the blind and paralysed in soul,  
and breaks through and refreshes,  
comforts and attracts and saves.  
If you want to know about love, ask a saint.

(taken from *Meditations*, New City, London 2005, p.76)