

From *The Portal of the Mystery of Hope*

By Charles Péguy

The faith that I love the best, says God, is hope.

Faith doesn't surprise me.

It's not surprising.

I am so resplendent in my creation.

In the sun and the moon and in the stars.

In all of my creatures....

Upon the face of the mountains and on the face of the plains.

In bread and in wine and in the man who tills and in the man who sows and in the harvest of grain and in the harvest of grapes....

In the stone of the threshold and in the stone of the hearth and in the stone of the altar.

In prayer and in sacraments.

In men's houses and in the church that is my house on earth....

In the conception, in the birth and in the life and in the death of my son.

And in the holy sacrifice of Mass.

In every birth and in every life.

And in every death.

And in eternal life that will never end.

That will overcome all death.

I am so resplendent in my creation.

That in order really not to see me these poor people would have to be blind.

Charity, says God, that doesn't surprise me.

It's not surprising.

These poor creatures are so miserable that unless they had a heart of stone, how could they not have love for each other.

How could they not love their brothers.

How could they not take the bread from their own mouth, their daily bread, in order to give it to the unhappy children who pass by.

And my son had such a love for them.

My son their brother.

Such a great love.

But hope, says God, that is something that surprises me.

Even me....

What must my grace, and the strength of my grace, be so that this little hope, vacillating at the breath of sin, trembling with every wind, anxious at the slightest breath,
be as constant, remain as faithful, as righteous, as pure; and invincible, and immortal, and impossible to extinguish; as that little flame in the sanctuary.

That burns eternally, in the faithful lamp.

One trembling flame has endured the weight of worlds.

One vacillating flame has endured the weight of time.

One anxious flame has endured the weight of nights.

Since the first time my grace flowed for the creation of the world.

Since my grace has been flowing forever for the preservation of the world.

Since the time that the blood of my son flowed for the salvation of the world.

A flame impossible to reach, impossible to extinguish with the breath of death.

What surprises me, says God, is hope.