

NATIONAL PRAYER BREAKFAST

Conventioneers from thirty-seven
countries throng the banquet
hall to hear the message.

A clergyman tells God to bless
the fruit and rolls.

The President
speaks up for Reagan, Martin
Luther King, and having faith
in faith.

Love is the common
theme, most of it touching,
all of it frank, unburdening
and lengthy.

If faith is saying so,
then this is faith.

The problem is
that I must be the problem.
I've always thought that faith
declaimed too publicly destroys
the mystery.

Years back,
when Brother Antoninus yelled
at listeners to hear the voice
of Jesus in them, Maura whispered,
"The Jesus in me doesn't talk
that way."

Later, when I saw
a placard bannering, "Honk,
if you love Jesus," I thought

of Maura's words and passed
in silence...

Jesus in fact
spoke Aramaic in Jerusalem,
foretold uninterrupted life
and sealed it with a resurrection.

If He asked me to honk
in praise of that, I'd honk
all day.

But rising from the dead
for me seems honk enough
since no one's done it since,
and no one did it earlier or ever.

Others might disagree, and that's
their right.

But there's an inner
voice I hear that's one
on one and never out of date.

It's strongest when it's most subdued.

I'll take my Jesus straight.