

Red Jello

I have a friend who had very serious surgery – the kind you might not come home from. They took out a lot of her insides, so she was in the hospital for a long time. She ate nothing or ice chips until one afternoon they brought her a bowl of red jello. The sheer joy of it made her cry.

That story reminds me of St. Francis. He enjoyed small, everyday things, too, and he enjoyed them far, far more than most people do. He said, “Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall enjoy everything.”

He reminds me of Mina. She enjoys ordinary, everyday things, like storybooks and sips of coffee and dog faces, as the little feasts that they are. She doesn't think very much about what she deserves or what other people should do for her, so she's free to enjoy what comes her way a lot more than most people do. Her prayers sound like St. Francis' prayer. I think they would've enjoyed each other.

St. Francis' Prayer

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
where there is injury, pardon;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
where there is darkness, light;
and where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive;
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.