

Listen Christian

I was hungry

And you formed a humanities club
and discussed my hunger.

Thank you.

I was imprisoned

And you crept off quietly to your
chapel in the cellar and prayed for
my release.

I was naked

And in your mind you debated the
morality of my appearance.

I was sick

And you knelt and thanked God for
your health.

I was homeless

And you preached to me of the
spiritual shelter of the love of God.

I was lonely

And you left me alone to pray for
me.

You seem so holy, so close to God.

But I'm still very hungry

And lonely

And cold.

Listen....Listen....

In the depth of silence.

No words are needed,

No language is required.

*In the depth of silence I am called
to listen*

Listen to the beating of your heart.

Listen to the blowing of the wind.

The movement of the Spirit.

Be silent-said the Lord and know
that I am God

Listen to the cry of the voiceless,

Listen to the groaning of the
hungry.

Listen to the pain of the homeless.

Listen to the sight of the oppressed
and to the laughter of children

For that is authentic communication;

Listening to people

Living with people

Dying for people.

(Anon. Indonesian author—"In the Depths of
Silence")