



Catholic tabernacle, The Eucharist is at the heart of our Catholic faith. That means it should also be at the heart of our lives. In the seminary we try to make this a reality in a very tangible way. There are small chapels on every floor. That means you are never more than down the hall from his presence in the Blessed Sacrament. What a blessing to be able to walk past and just drop in to say hello to the King of Kings. It's so real and personal. Yet how humble God is to come down to dwell with us in our simple oratories: small, quiet, simple. Think of all he has done from the beginning of time: before the beginning of time, creation, the history of salvation, redemption, the Church. Think of all the glorious demonstrations of the power of God, and yet, here he is in this little room, here to console me. What a loving and humble God. This reality should make our hearts sing. I tried to express this in some simple way with the following verses.

No trumpet blast to hail the King,

No lyres or harps or gongs that ring,

Only silent angels sing.

No trysting beacon burning bright,

No servants dance with all their might,

The crimson lamp is only light.

No entourage to flatter oft,

No banners hanging from aloft,

Just elegance in stillness soft.

No choicest fruits, nor sweetest wine,

No goblets filled with gems that shine,

But tranquil in His love divine.

So Christ in Eucharist does dwell,

No kingly trait of Him to tell,

Yet there abundant graces swell.

Though hid behind this guileless shroud,

Ignored by most, no cheering crowd,

No fanfare great, no praises loud,

Our loving God so shames the proud.