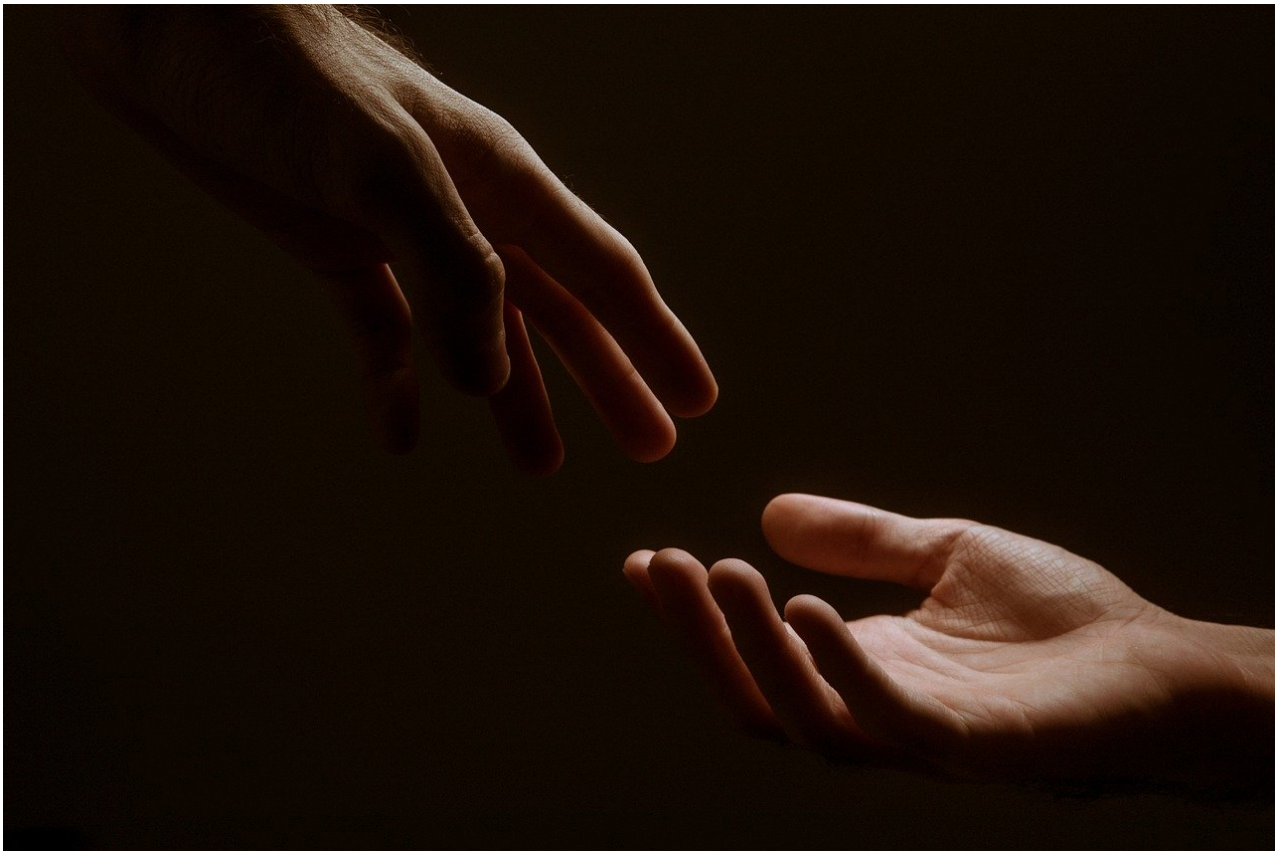


# As We Might

[wccm.org/weekly-readings/as-we-might](http://wccm.org/weekly-readings/as-we-might)

26 February 2022



All sorts of things and situations can breed fear and form crippling patterns that imprison us and reduce our freedom to love. Fear may be aroused by love itself as we fear the terror of loss or of being possessed. . . . Essentially fear, not hate, is the contradiction of love; it paralyzes love and undermines faith. [ . . . ]

If fear opposes love, attention cultivates it. In fact the pure attention that is prayer is itself a manifestation of love. Christian mystical wisdom says that the work of contemplation is a work of love, not primarily a moral or intellectual work; not a platonic kind of knowledge or an extraterrestrial kind of wisdom; but love. Love is personal, relational; it is embodied in the present. And when it is strong enough, it casts out fear.

After Meditation: “The Lamb” by Linda Gregg in *CHOSEN BY THE LION* (Minneapolis: Graywolf Press) 1994, cited in *The Writer’s Almanac* 2.19.2022 [twagarrisonkeillor.com](mailto:twagarrisonkeillor.com).

## The Lamb

It was a picture I had after the war.  
A bombed English church. I was too young  
to know the word English or war,  
but I knew the picture.  
The ruined city still seemed noble.

The cathedral with its roof blown off  
was not less godly. The church was the same  
plus rain and sky. Birds flew in and out  
of the holes God's fist made in the walls.  
All our desire for love or children  
is treated like rags by the enemy.  
I knew so much and sang anyway.  
Like a bird who will sing until  
it is brought down. When they take  
away the trees, the child picks up a stick  
and says, this is a tree, this the house  
and the family. As we might. Through a door  
of what had been a house, into the field  
of rubble, walks a single lamb, tilting  
its head, curious, unafraid, hungry.

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*Image by **JacksonDavidd**, [Pixabay](#).*