

It shouldn't! It can't! Because Christ is risen and so is hope, so is love, so is faith. Let us then do the seemingly impossible, remembering that Jesus is the Master of the impossible! Let us return to become childlike, as He has asked us to be. Let us cry out with a loud voice: "*Give me the heart of a child and the incredible courage to live it out as an adult.*" Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen!

— From an article in *Restoration*, April 1975

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### Re-entry Into Faith "Courage—Be Not Afraid!"

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PASS IT ON

## The Faith that Resurrects Hope

*As our life unfolds, hope becomes elusive. We are almost afraid to believe in it...to hold it close...to use it as a compass of our life.*

by Catherine Doherty

Hope...a word we use often. A word which is very little understood even while used often. A theological and cardinal virtue of hope (the expectation of a future possible good; an art or state whereby man tests with unhesitating confidence to obtain all that God has promised him) that we have learned in various religious classes that were offered us through our life.



Yet, as our life unfolds, hope becomes elusive. We are almost afraid to believe in it, to hold it close, to use it as a compass of our life.

It gets dimmed with years and then when we need it most in time of sickness, in time of pain, of sorrow, of old age, it seems to vanish perhaps because we have forgotten how to hope like children do, with the exciting anticipation of things as yet un-

seen which in the simplicity of childlike hearts we knew were going to come, and walk with us, and share their gentle or vivid brilliancy with us.

Sometimes it seems as if the heart of man has become a punching bag for strange boxers to punch it in a thousand directions. Man's inhumanity to man that punches faith and tortures love, is reducing hope to a tiny pin-point, barely visible in the hearts of man.

Amongst those who have, avarice and greed, the blatant disregard of one's fellow brothers and citizens, is like a devastating epidemic that brings poverty amidst plenty in an ever wider and wider circle. Yes, hope seems to shrink to almost a pin-point in the hearts of men! But it needn't! For we must remember that faith has been punched before. Love has been crucified, tortured, imprisoned, beaten down, but both have risen, risen with the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, and so has Hope.

Yes, so has hope. Let us who believe in the Resurrection stop being afraid. Stop worrying about the tomorrow which seems to shrink our hopes into nothingness. The tomorrow is ours, as is today! If we fill it with faith that resurrects hope and explodes love as the resurrection of Christ has truly done, then what is there to fear except our lack of courage?

This is the hour for us to truly arise and bring hope to the hope-

less, enkindle faith in those who hear so many voices against it. And above all, allow our hearts to explode with that love that fills the Gospel with its deep, constant, invitation.



This is the hour for the Christian to remember that he is “one who is sent,” even as the apostles were, for it is to all the laity in the world from the day Christ spoke and told them—the multitudes—to “Go and preach the gospel and baptize in His name,” to the end of times that into our ordinary working simple hands has been given the answer to hopelessness, to loss of faith, to loss of love!

Yes, all we have to do is to implement the words of the Lord—“Go forth and preach the gospel!” Men are hungry for the Gospel. They are waiting for it to be preached to them without compromise, so that hope might grow once more in their hearts, so

that they too might begin to love the way Christ wanted them to love, so that their faith grows until it truly rests in God's heart, and hence become a totality of surrender to Him.

Tomorrow, the day after, we may perhaps hear the breakup of our civilization, of our era. All kinds of dislocations, social, political, financial, may confront us. But let us not forget that each one of us, each Christian, is a wedge that has been commissioned to enter into this land of despair and hopelessness, that might and probably will darken the minds of men, maybe tomorrow, maybe the day after.