

Reflections on My Mind
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Upbeat
V. 4, n.4, 1971

From the first recollections of the living world around me, I can only relate how serious life was held in my heart. I loved to study and dream of worlds within worlds. I constantly searched for a truth of all truths, to raise all the answers of what existed around me unexplained

My search was in vain. Why? Because I was looking for something that only existed in One Person. No one else could answer any of my questions but Him. This person was God. I asked a science teacher once "if gravitational attraction between two plants was lost what would happen to the two plants?" He became very mad, because he couldn't answer my question and said "How do I know, I'm not God." This teacher taught us the theories of gravitational attraction, yet knew no facts as to why the force worked the way it did and if it would fail or not.

How great is man, if he relies on God and yet hides the face that he does not rely on God's help. Man has great storerooms of knowledge but he has only one small mind, which can neither store this knowledge nor understand all the potential uses of this knowledge. This is why I began to search for the real meaning of life. And only begin to find it, when I was lost and heartbroken in man's materialistic world. I walked into my church one special day, and looked around. I just didn't glance I really stopped and looked at what took years to form. This is when I finally found what I had searched for all along: love, simple love, and endless Father of all worlds.

Many people asked, "How can you stand a life that a monk leads?" I know in their hearts only a lost faith exists, for to ask such a question proves this. A monk is a special person, granted, but we are all special in our own way. I believe that a monk receives his faith from God every day continually over his life.

A monk serving behind church walls at Christian Even can see far into the hearts of the world around him. He hears not bells ringing the faithful into the Church. Rather, he hears bells calling souls into God's earthly realm. And the silent falling snow does not stop faith. The snow makes the world pure to accept the Son of God into its arms.

During Easter lent, a monk fasts and abstains from all comforts and foods to be brought closer to God, while constantly being tempted by the devil himself. As weeks of fasting come to an end, and Good Friday arrives, the monk is given strength to see the trueness of Christ, His meekness and Love for us all.

As vestments turn from black to white and dark church becomes bright with light, within his heart bursts a flower coming to life, as a born babe uses his voice for the first time. He is continually reborn and given strength to carry on the work of many because the harvest is great but the laborers are few.