

The Brick

The bricklayer laid a brick on the bed of cement.

Then, with a precise stroke of his trowel spread another layer

And without a by-your-leave, laid on another brick.

The foundations grew visibly,
The building rose, tall and strong, to shelter men.

I thought, Lord, of that brick buried in the darkness at the base of the big building.

No one sees it, but it accomplishes its task, and the other bricks need it.

Lord, what difference whether I am on the roof-top or in the foundations of your building, as long as I stand faithfully at the right place?

- Fr Michel Quoist

