*Wednesday 9th September*

*Karl Rahner*

O God whenever I think of Your infinity I am racked with anxiety, wondering how You are disposed to me. You must adapt Your word to my smallness, so that it can enter into this tiny dwelling in which I can live- without destroying it. If You should speak such an “abbreviated” word, which would not say everything but only something simple which I could grasp then I would breathe freely again. You must make your own some human word, for that is the only kind I can comprehend.

Don’t tell me everything that You are- and don’t tell me of Your infinity- just say that You love me, just tell me of Your goodness.