

## **Golden Toilets and the Other Side of Devil Mountain**

John 17:20-26, Ephesians 4:1-9

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When I was a youth pastor in Danville, California, I got hold of an old toilet, and we painted it gold. We also painted an old plunger gold and called it the Golden Scepter.

The Golden Toilet was a great tool for outreach and evangelism. When someone won a game, while everyone else sang, they were entitled to sit on the Golden Toilet, holding the Golden Scepter, as we wheeled them around the room on a raised platform.

*I loved the Golden Toilet.*

In July of that year I preached to the whole church on holiness. The following week I got a letter from a woman named Rita. "First of all," she wrote, "thank you for obeying God and truly preaching His heart." She rejoiced because I had really "preached righteousness to that congregation."

Secondly, she wrote that she had been "crying out to the Lord about the appalling things that went on in this supposed Christian youth group." Then she attacked the Golden Toilet.

She quoted Isaiah: "Be clean, you that carry the vessels of the Lord." (I guess I was an unclean vessel carrier.) She said that we had "compromised to gain men's approval; we were desensitized, caught in the lusts of the flesh." We had "done what was fashionable." ("Fashionable," and yet honestly I believe that we were the only youth group in town with a golden toilet. Even the secular high school didn't have one!)

Rita expressed "deep concerns" over "what sins the youth might enter into after one of our worldly skirts." (Golden toilets . . . what's next? . . . platinum bidets? . . . diamond-studded, nose hair trimmers?) We laugh, but I took it all pretty seriously. Leading children into sin is heavy stuff.

I called Rita to straighten things out and because she had written that "several people are talking." That's the line that strikes terror into an insecure pastor's heart. It's also an admission of gossip.

When I got Rita on the phone, she told me she was in the room with her young son, and she said, "The Bible tells us, 'The Lord will speak through the mouths of babes,' and my little boy asked me, 'Mommy, why do they pray to the Golden Toilet?'" Then she said, "*See!*"

I tried to explain that we didn't *worship* the toilet and I hoped she would tell her son that. But there was no convincing Rita.

It was difficult and sad, but we decided to put the Golden Toilet in the storage closet under some tarps in the back corner in the dark.

It wasn't much later that I received another letter from a woman named Paula, who attended Rita's Bible Study. She had "just happened" upon the Golden Toilet under the tarps in the dark in the back corner of the youth closet, and she was "very disturbed." She wrote that she was "praying that it would be removed from the house of God and no longer compromise our youth."

So I called Paula, like I had called Rita. She told me, "The toilet appeals to the flesh and to the evil in people." I tried to explain our outreach and evangelism and how we used it, but she said this, and I quote: "Toilets do not belong in the house of the Lord." Trying my hardest to be considerate and sincere, I said, "Well . . . what about the toilets down the hall in the church bathroom?"

Our conversation ended soon after that.

But the conversation didn't end in my head. I was *furious*. They had slandered more than the Golden Toilet. They had slandered *me!* I loved the Golden Toilet, and even more, I loved *me*. I had really given myself to that church: my person, my heart, my creativity, my blood . . . open, vulnerable, committed . . . Now these two women that didn't even *know* me took my heart and stepped on it.

I can laugh now, but I was deeply hurt. And this is how I dealt with the pain:

When night came and I couldn't sleep, I grabbed a bag of leaf-cut Red Man chewing tobacco and an old Lynyrd Skynyrd tape, including the song "Free Bird." I popped the tape into the tape deck of my old '67 Mustang; fired up the 289 cubic inches of raw, American, V-8 power; turned on my power booster with the volume all the way up; put the pedal to the metal and roared off in fire-breathing, gas-guzzling glory, driving as fast as I could into the night. I didn't know where I was going . . . just that I was going away from church.

Have you ever done that? Have you ever felt like that? Do you know that Church doesn't only include folks like Rita and Paula? It includes your wife, your husband, your kids, your Small Group . . . your relationships. And we drive away over things way more valuable to us than golden toilets. The golden toilets are just a good example, because it's easier to laugh at ourselves.

I drove as fast as I could away from the pain of relationships, into the night. After about an hour I found myself somewhere on the other side of Mount Diablo. (That means "Devil Mountain" in Spanish.) I was driving on a levy along the Sacramento River when I pulled the car to the side and shut off the engine.

I just sat in the dark, in the quiet, all alone. I had declared my independence. Nobody alive knew where I was, who I was, what I was. No one alive could see me, and no one could hurt me.

I was *right* about the Golden Toilet, and I *knew* it! I ate that fruit. I had developed an entire theology in defense of the Golden Toilet, incorporating the doctrine of the Incarnation, the Dynamic Equivalence Theory, Reinhold Niebuhr's "Christ-transforming culture," and Paul's mandate to "be all things to all men so that you might by all means save some." I was *right* about the Toilet, and I *love* being right!

So I sat in the dark . . . righteous, triumphant, self-sufficient, invulnerable, independent . . . and very, very alone. I sat at the edge of Hell, and I felt its pull.

And some of you think: "Aren't you being a bit melo-dramatic?" *No!* Two kingdoms are warring for your soul. Eternal destinies are bound to seemingly insignificant decisions. That was far more than a physical drive. (And I wasn't the first Peter who had run off in anger and confusion into the night.)

With my heart  
I have been on that drive  
far more than once.

There are many golden toilets here at Lookout Mountain Community Church. They are just too fresh and painful to preach on.

Some of you, perhaps *all* of you in places and ways, have driven to the other side of Devil Mountain. And now you sit in darkness, tempted by Hell. If Hell is anything, I imagine it is ultimate loneliness: unadulterated independence from the pain of love.

So I sat there tempted by darkness, rage, isolation, and independence. I sat there tempted by Hell.

But someone was praying for me. He was stretched out at the edge of a long table. His breath smelled of red wine, roast lamb, and bitter herbs. In front of Him were some broken pieces of bread. Around the table were eleven other men. He prayed for them; then He prayed for me. John 17:20:

*I do not pray for these only, but also for those who believe in me through their word, that they may all be one.*

"One" — me, Rita, Paula. *One*. One *what?* One pain in the . . . ? No. In Ephesians 4 Paul wrote:

*Forbear one another in love, eager to maintain the unity of the Spirit, for there is one body . . . .*

A couple of days ago I was eating and I bit my lip. My lip got *so angry* it ripped itself off my face, declared independence, and ran into the other room singing "Free Bird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd. And the rest of me just sat there bleeding all over my popcorn!

That's *crazy*. There's a word for a body part that declares independence from the body, and that is "dead." And that's what I was tempted with, on the other side of Devil Mountain.

According to Scripture, the Church—the *whole* Church—is a body. Who's the Church? Well, at least those who confess with their lips "Jesus is Lord" and "believe in their hearts that God raised Him from the dead" (Romans 10).

One body, all members dependent on the one body. *Dependent*.

I bet there are more "independent churches" in American than anywhere else in all the world. We've made an idol out of declaring independence. I love my country, and I'm glad we're independent from Great Britain. But if a church is truly an "independent" church, it's a dead church. And a truly "independent" denomination is a dead denomination.

In America we declare independence over every golden toilet that comes along.

- We divorce.
- We disown our families and leave home.
- We church hop and church split and church plant — First Church of the Golden Toilet, right on the other side of Devil Mountain.

I read about a church in a small town in middle America. The sign out front read, "The Original Church of God, Number 2."

In 1999 Arkansas State Representative Stephen Simons proposed a bill in the Legislature to allow licensed gun owners to bring weapons to church. No matter where you stand on the gun control issue, that makes you wonder about the state of the Church in Arkansas . . . in America.

For a thousand years there was really only one institutional Church governed by five patriarchs and a series of ecumenical Church councils. In 1056 the Church split. The Church in the East called itself Orthodox, which means "right doctrine." The Church in the West called itself Catholic, which is Latin for "universal."

In 1517 Martin Luther nailed his 95 thesis to the door in Wittenberg and began the Protestant Reformation. Protestant means "protesting." I think Luther was mostly right about the stuff he protested, but by 2002, and millions of churches and denominations later, you've got to wonder if it's become a little too *easy* for us to drive to the other side of Devil Mountain.

We say "Sola Scripture!"— "Just Scripture." Scripture wasn't even decided upon (canonized) until 325 AD, and then it was defined by a Church council. I believe Scripture is authoritative, but Scripture itself says, "The pillar and ground of the truth" is "the church of the living God" (I Timothy 3:15). Maybe it shouldn't be so easy to leave.

On my Study Leave I visited an Orthodox church. I loved the liturgy as the focal point of worship. I felt like I'd gone home. Then I went to take communion, and the lady said I couldn't have it because I wasn't Orthodox. I sat back down, and I wanted to cry.

The next week I went to St. Frances Cabrini Catholic Church. I loved it. The center of worship is communion. I told Susan and the kids, “Watch what they do. Don’t ask questions. Just take it!” We did.

I thought of all the Catholics and Protestants that killed each other over the definitions of communion, and I really had to fight back tears of joy. To me it felt like a family reunion. (Then they passed the offering plate, and I dropped it by accident. So the visiting Presbyterian pastor had to crawl under the pews picking up the Catholic money . . .)

I worship here, and I feel most at home here. But family and home often hurt most.

So I sat by the river in the dark and wondered, “Why does church have to *hurt* so much? Why does the body ache?” And maybe that’s why — it’s a body.

Dr. Paul Brand and Philip Yancey write in their book In His Image that pain is what unifies a body. “A body only possesses unity to the degree it possess pain.” “Pain defines what is indispensably mine.”

If a leg isn’t attached to your body,  
you won’t feel its pain.  
If you’re not attached to your wife and kids,  
you won’t feel their pain.  
If you’re not committed to a church,  
it can’t really hurt you.  
If you’re not in communion with God,  
you’ll never know what hurts Him,  
and you won’t know Him.

Pain defines a body, and yet in the body—that is, the Church or family or Small Group—we’re tempted to panic at pain and run for the other side of Mount Diablo. Maybe God is defining the body, and body aches—pain in relationships—are a fork in the road.

I can tear myself away from the body, trying to eliminate the pain, or

I can bear the pain all the way to a deeper unity, a deeper communion.

Pain unifies the body, and if you say, “No, *love* unifies the body,” well, in a fallen world, *love is* pain.

I think I know who will bring me the most pain in my life: Jonathan, Elizabeth, Rebekah, Coleman, and Susan Hiett—my family, my home. For it’s to them I will give and I have given my heart, so they are most able to break it. And if I’m to define my family, love my family, build my family . . . I bear the most pain.

In a marriage, who bears the most pain? The unfaithful partner who loves little, or the faithful and steadfast partner who loves much? The one who loves most hurts most. And who loves

most? — Jesus. And who hurts most? — Jesus. And who's building His body? — Jesus. And who do you know?

C. S. Lewis wrote, "The only place outside Heaven where you can be entirely safe from all the danger and perturbations of love is Hell."

So I sat in the dark, tempted by the seeming safety of Hell. And Jesus prayed for me saying:

*I do not pray for these only, but also for those who believe in me through their word, that they may all be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us, so that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. The glory which thou hast given me I have given to them . . .*

What glory is that? Fire-breathing, gas-guzzling power?

*. . . that they may be one even as we are one, I in them and thou in me, that they may become perfectly one, so that the world [the Greek word is "kosmos"] may know that thou hast sent me and hast loved them even as thou hast loved me.*

That's amazing! The way God feels about Jesus is the way God the Father feels about *me!* . . . and Rita . . . and Paula. And Jesus prayed that we would be one the way He is one with the Father, the way the Trinity is one: many persons, one substance. And what is the substance? "I in them, thou in me, that they may become perfectly one." The one substance is *God*. The one body is Christ's very body. *Perfectly one*, like the Trinity is one.

Do members of the Trinity ever drive to the other side of Mount Diablo?

Do members of the Trinity *act* all loving and godly while secretly the Holy Spirit is ticked off with Jesus, or the Father secretly resents the Son?

How deep does their unity go?

I received some more of those church bulletin bloopers. Listen to these:

- The peacemaking meeting scheduled for today has been cancelled due to a conflict.
- Miss Charlene Mason sang, "I Will Not Pass This Way Again," giving obvious pleasure to the congregation.
- The rector will preach his farewell message, after which the choir will sing, "Break Forth Into Joy."
- The church will host an evening of fine dining, superb entertainment, and gracious hostility.

Maybe they aren't bloopers. Maybe they are ecclesiastical, Freudian slips.

But the oneness Jesus prayed for is not “gracious hostility” . . . not an act. It goes as deep as the back of the youth closet; the depths of your heart. We have to be honest; it’s a unity in *truth*. We have to speak truth. Jesus spoke incredibly *painful* truths to His disciples at times.

If you love someone, you’ll speak truth, and it will often hurt. There are times a church must speak truth and enact discipline. There are times when pastors should lose their jobs. But being paid by the church is not the same as *being* the Church—a member of the body.

There are times when, wives, you must speak a sword to your husband, and husbands to your wives. Speak truth, hear truth, but don’t leave.

Jesus spoke swords into His disciples’ hearts; then He died for them . . . to be with them. Speak truth to each other; then die for each other.

In the world you can just speak truth and leave while they bleed. In the world you can just act loving and never tell the truth. But you’re not loving; you’re just using people for your own ends.

In the Church we have to speak truth in love. Truth in love is a cross. Tell the truth and then bear their pain. That’s what Jesus did. After He prayed for me, He crossed the Kidron Valley and entered a garden where He was betrayed. In the morning He hung on a cross and bore my pain, my sin.

He did it to make me holy, righteous, and clean — His vessel.

He did it to make me His body — one with Him.

He loved me through incredible pain that *I* inflicted — to make me one with Him.

So I sat there in the dark and wondered, “Why does the Church hurt?”

Jesus prayed to the Father, “I have given them my glory.” What glory?” Gas-guzzling, fire-breathing glory? Power? Knowledge? Is that glory?

At the start of His prayer He prayed, “The hour has come. Glorify thy son that thy son may glorify thee.” Then He was crucified. His death and resurrection, His cross, His sacrificial love . . . I think *that’s* His glory. And He has given it to us so we’d be one, so the world would believe.

I sat in the dark wondering why the body aches. Well, every pain in the body is an invitation to declare Christ. A body bears testimony to the person that inhabits it, not only because the members are unified in movement, but even more because the members willingly bear each other’s pain.

- If you burn my foot and my mouth says, “Ow!” and my whole body moves, you say, “Yep. Peter’s here.” If my body doesn’t move away, you say, “Peter’s gone. He’s dead.”

- The pain we willingly bear for each other because we're one body is our testimony that Christ is *not dead* but *alive*.
- The pain we willingly bear for each other is the glory and the cross; not just an *example* of Christ's cross, but the cross. That pain is born for His body and born *on* His body. We *are* His body. That pain is *His* suffering. We are joined with Him on His cross. Paul wrote, "We fill up the measure of His sufferings." At this table we commune with Him at His cross. *Incredible mysteries*.

We have a million strategies for evangelism. And we ignore His . . . the one He prayed for: that we would love like Him and be one.

*Fellowship is evangelism.*

You see, I was right about the Golden Toilet being a great outreach. And if I would have snuck the Toilet into Rita and Paula's Bible Study Group and talked about it, I bet more kids would have come to Youth Group. But if I wanted them to come to *Christ*, the way I loved Rita and Paula was way more powerful than any toilet painted gold.

We really didn't pray to the toilet, but if the toilet was more important to me than Rita or Paula—the body of Christ and unity of the Church—it had become an idol.

There are times to defend golden toilets, not for the sake of the toilet, but for the health of the Church and the redemption of Pharisees.

Now I'm the Senior Pastor. I found out there is a toilet in our Youth Room. They actually bob for Baby Ruth bars in it! And I will defend it, for the sake of our church. But all idols must be destroyed.

My *ideas* were my idol . . . my knowledge, my rightness, the fruit of the tree. *I* was an idol, and I was being destroyed. So I may have been right about the toilet, yet *I* was thoroughly wrong. For I was sitting alone on the other side of Devil Mountain.

I sat there in the dark tempted by Hell, wondering how I could go back. You've been there:

"How can I go back to that woman?"

"How can I go back to that church?"

"How can I endure the pain of loving any more?"

I sat there in the dark, but Jesus was praying for me. Not only did He pray for me, He died for me. Not only did He die for me, He came and sat with me on the other side of Devil Mountain.

Has a member of the Trinity ever been to the other side of Devil Mountain? Yes. Jesus has. To get me.

Paul writes:

*There is one body . . . . Grace was given to each of us according to the measure of Christ's gift. Therefore it is said, "When he ascended on high he led a host of captives . . . ." (What does it mean but that he had descended into the lower parts of the earth?)*

The Apostle's Creed states, "He descended into Hell." I believe He drove to the other side of Devil Mountain to get me, and on the cross He cried, forsaken, "God, why am I forsaken?" — because He was on the other side of Devil Mountain getting me.

You think I'm speaking in metaphors. But I don't believe I am. I was tempted by Hell, but Jesus came and sat with me there.

You know, He was crucified by the Church, for the Church. And it was religious people, addicted to their own ideas about cleanliness and holiness, that slandered Him and handed Him over to death.

He sat with me, and I believe He whispered into my soul, "Peter, I know. I know these pains. Give them to me. Bear them with me. We'll take them to my cross, and our Father will raise us up to life. They're birth pains. I'm giving birth to my body—my bride—my family—my home—Heaven."

Don't run from the pain of love. Bring it to His table and bear it with Him.

It defines His body.

It declares His Gospel.

It gives birth to the kingdom of Heaven in you and those around you and forever more.

Well, Jesus and I drove home. I asked Matt, the High School Director, to break the Golden Toilet and hurl it into the dumpster. I couldn't bear to watch.

Now, I wish I had some great story about how Rita and Paula became my best friends and saved my dog's life or something . . . but I don't. And I never heard from them again. I don't know their side of the story yet, but I do know this: I'm no longer alone on the other side of Devil Mountain, because Jesus came and got me. And we're still driving home.

How about you?

He's here for you this morning. For on the night He prayed that prayer for me, he was sitting at a table. At that table He took the bread and broke it saying, "This is my body given for you. Do this in remembrance of me." In the same way after supper, having given thanks, He took the cup and said, "This is the cup of the new covenant in my blood, which is poured out for you for the forgiveness of sins." Then He said, "Drink of it, all of you."

For 2000 years now the Church has argued and murdered over whose knowledge of this table is right. We still crucify the Lord of love on the tree of knowledge. We argue and murder over whose knowledge of love is correct, and we crucify Love Himself.

No man or woman understands this mystery entirely. You're not invited to this table because you're *right*. You're invited to this table because you're wrong . . . sitting alone on the other side of Devil Mountain. If you want to come home, He's here. Take and eat.

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“Thank you, Lord Jesus, that you have loved us. Forgive us, Lord Jesus, for the pain that we have caused you. Thank you, Lord Jesus, that you already have. Amen.”

[Communion]

“We praise you and thank you for your amazing love. And now by the power of your Holy Spirit, Lord God, would you apply your Word to our hearts? — Your Word that is preached; your Word that is Jesus the Christ, body broken and blood shed. Apply your Word to our lives, Lord God.

“I can speak in generalities, Lord, and you know every heart in this room. Apply your Word and drive us home. Thank you, Lord God, that you will do it. In the mystery of eternity you've already done it. Help us, Lord Jesus, to learn what we need to learn on the trip. Amen.”

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So I don't know exactly what this table means for you this morning . . . what the sermon meant for you this morning.

Maybe for some of you it means, “Hey, you ought to join one of those Small Groups.”

Maybe for some of you it means, “I really ought to commit to a church.”

Probably it means something deeper and more painful.

Maybe it means, “Go back. Keep fighting. I'll fight for you and in you. But you'll still feel it. Go back to her.”

Maybe it means, “That Small Group thing was painful, but you bailed out too soon.”

Maybe it means, “You know, you ought to call your Catholic neighbors, have them over for dinner, and just talk about *stuff* — *Jesus stuff*.”

Maybe you're in ministry and you've been sitting in the dark saying, “Jesus, do you know how much it hurts?” He says, “Yes. Thank you for feeling my pain.”

I don't know exactly what it means, but endure the pain of relationships in hope for the joy that is set before you.

I think I read this in one of Philip's [Yancey] books: There are nerve endings for pain that run throughout our bodies. But there are no nerve endings specifically for pleasure. Pleasure is something your body feels when several things come into a union—a communion—a harmony. The Hebrews would say "Shalom"—peace.

Scripture says Jesus "endured the cross disregarding the shame for the joy that was set before Him." May you do the same. Amen.

### Further Reading

I do not pray for these only, but also for those who believe in me through their word, that they may all be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us, so that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. The glory which thou hast given me I have given to them, that they may be one even as we are one, I in them and thou in me, that they may become perfectly one, so that the world may know that thou hast sent me and hast loved them even as thou hast loved me. Father, I desire that they also, whom thou hast given me, may be with me where I am, to behold my glory which thou hast given me in thy love for me before the foundation of the world. O righteous Father, the world has not known thee, but I have known thee; and these know that thou hast sent me. I made known to them thy name, and I will make it known, that the love with which thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them.

-John 17:20-26

But now in Christ Jesus you who once were far off have been brought near in the blood of Christ. For he is our peace, who has made us both one, and has broken down the dividing wall of hostility, by abolishing in his flesh the law of commandments and ordinances, that he might create in himself one new man in place of the two, so making peace . . . .

-Ephesians 2:13-15

To me, though I am the very least of all the saints, this grace was given, to preach to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to make all men see what is the plan of the mystery hidden for ages in God who created all things; that through the church the manifold wisdom of God might now be made known to the principalities and powers in the heavenly places.

-Ephesians 3:8-10

I therefore, a prisoner for the Lord, beg you to lead a life worthy of the calling to which you have been called, with all lowliness and meekness, with patience, forbearing one another in love, eager to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body and one Spirit, just as you were called to the one hope that belongs to your call, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, who is above all and through all and in all. But grace was given to each of us according to the measure of Christ's gift. Therefore it is said, "When he ascended on high he led a host of captives, and he gave gifts to men." (In saying, "He ascended," what does it mean but that he had also descended into the lower parts of the earth?)

-Ephesians 4:1-9

A body only possesses unity to the degree that it possesses pain. An infected toenail proves to me the toe is important; it is mine, it needs attention. Hair—yes, that matters, but we see it as a decoration. It can be bleached, shaped, ironed, and even cut off without pain. But what is indispensably mine is defined by pain. Nothing arouses more distress in me than watching my patients in the Carville hospital "lose touch" with their own hands and feet. When pain fades away they start viewing their own limbs as stuck-on appendages.

-Dr. Paul Brand & Philip Yancey, In His Image

People are like billiard balls on a table. We bump into each other and ricochet around, when we ought to be like grapes crushed together, out of which comes wine.

-Dick Halverson

Next to the Blessed Sacrament itself, your neighbour is the holiest object presented to your senses. If he is your Christian neighbour, he is holy in almost the same way, for in him also Christ *vere latitat*—the glorifier and the glorified, Glory Himself, is truly hidden.

-C. S. Lewis

To love at all is to be vulnerable. Love anything, and your heart will certainly be wrung and possibly be broken. If you want to make sure of keeping it intact, you must give your heart to no one, not even to an animal. Wrap it carefully round with hobbies and little luxuries; avoid all entanglements; lock it up safe in the casket or coffin of your selfishness. But in that casket—safe, dark, motionless, airless—it will change. It will not be broken; it will become unbreakable, impenetrable, irredeemable. The alternative to tragedy, or at least to the risk of tragedy, is

damnation. The only place outside Heaven where you can be perfectly safe from all the dangers and perturbations of love is Hell.

-C. S. Lewis

We are all one . . . . For if I look solely at myself, I am really nothing; but as one of mankind in general, I am in oneness of love with all my fellow Christians; for upon this oneness of love depends the life of all who shall be saved; for God is all that is good, and God has made all that is made, and God loves all that he has made. And if any man or woman ceases to love any of his fellow Christians, then he loves none, for he does not love all; and so at that moment he is not saved, for he is not at peace; and he who loves all his fellow Christians loves all that is; for in those who shall be saved, all is included: that is all that is made and the Maker of all; for in man is God, and so in man is all. And he who loves all his fellow Christians in this way, he loves all; and he who loves in this way is saved. And thus I wish to love, and thus I love, and thus I am saved. (I am speaking in the person of my fellow Christians.) And the more I love with this kind of love while I am here, the more like I am to the bliss that I shall have in heaven without end, which is God, who in his endless love was willing to become our brother and suffer for us.

-Julian of Norwich, *Revelations of Divine Love*

In the Eucharist I see Christ in the appearance of bread. In the slums, I see Christ in the distressing disguise of the poor. The Eucharist and the poor are but one lover for me.

-Mother Teresa, *My Life for the Poor*

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