

AUTHORITY

by fr. Luigi Giussani

Peter, the most representative person in the community, stands up and speaks, and he is heeded.

In our particular milieu some individuals have a greater sensitivity to the human experience; in fact they develop a deeper understanding of any given situation and of others; in fact they are more likely to influence the movement that builds a community.

They live our experience more intensely and with a greater commitment. We all feel that they are more representative of us. With them we feel closer to, and stay more willingly in community with, others.

To acknowledge this phenomenon is to be

loyal to our own humanity, a duty spurred by wisdom.

When we discover ourselves helpless and alone, our humanity spurs us to come together.

If we meet someone who better feels and understands our experience, suffering, needs, and expectations, we naturally are led to follow that person and become his or her disciple.



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In that sense, such persons naturally constitute authority for us even if they do not carry special rights or titles.

Naturally, above all, it is one who most loyally lives or understands the human experience who becomes an authority.

Thus authority is born as a wealth of experience that imposes itself on others. It generates freshness, wonder, and respect. Inevitably, it is attractive; it is evocative. Not to value the presence of this effective authority that His Being places in every setting is to cling pettily to our own limits.

The Jews said of Christ: "This is one who has authority" and they abandoned the schemes of the Pharisees to follow Him.

The encounter with this natural authority develops our sensitivity and our conscience; it helps us to discover better our nature and what we aspire to from the depths of our present poverty.



FIRE OF TIME

SONG by David Ramirez

I forgot how to smile as a sober man
I forgot how to laugh as a kid
I forgot what it's like
to hold a woman's hand
and not lead her straight to my bed

I forgot how to kiss and mean it
Every pause, every slip of my tongue
I've been loyal to the wants
of my lustful heart
And unfaithful to my friend Love

**But you remind me who I was
and who I want to be
You remind me that though not whole,
I'm not empty
There are things I lost
in the fire of time
Things I thought, again I'll never see**

**But when it's hard for me
to recall my name
You remind me**

You've been quick to dismiss
all my apologies
My confessions seem to only
waste your time
I thought grace was in the clouds
among the heavenly
But now it's staring me right in the eyes

