

There is a very deep spiritual poverty which directs and consoles St John the Baptist  
A poverty that liberates this charismatic preacher from the seduction of praise and status

A poverty which induces the freedom to enjoy truth

Poverty is often a double edged sword  
I have seen severe material poverty  
Divorced from any personal responsibility  
I have seen children hungry  
And parents helpless  
The degrading nature of this poverty  
Creates dependence and a perversion of self-worth  
There is nothing good in this neglect  
This is not the poverty of St John the Baptist  
But such a man shared the hunger  
That brings taste and satisfaction to a good meal  
That facilitates a desire for nourishment

Poverty in this country is often social  
You provide the church for many have not the means or rituals  
To deal with death  
Lives broken by the bereavement of parent, or partner  
Lives that do not own the words to say  
That revert to roles as portrayed on television  
Such poverty were life is truly superficial  
Love found by circumstance in family  
Community ever decreasing  
This is not the Poverty of St John the Baptist  
But such a man shared the hunger of those who need love  
Who yearn for acceptance  
From such desperate hunger  
the vision of the beautiful

feeding, nourishing, leading

Poverty for St John the Baptist was liberation

The body he fed on locusts and wild honey

This he knew was subject to disease and death

He knew that he was vulnerable

You shall die and so shall I

And all that will be remembered of us is love

The community attracted by his charisma

He knew to be fragile

Ever capable of deception

The truth he proclaimed not subject to approval

This truth was all he had

Thus each meal was a gift

Each act of faithfulness a profound blessing

And when he saw the dove descending upon the chosen one

There was not discontent

But pure joy

May you be poor like St John the Baptist

Aware that you shall die and take nothing

Aware from the basis of your poverty

the blessings

Aware that you and I, come and go

And thus when gifted with the vision

To see the spirit of God descend

It is all blessing