

THE STRUGGLE OF THE COMMON MAN

By Robert Fitt

A struggling soul complains:

I feel so limited, so weak—so much a
Failure in the things I seek.
How can I, a mortal soul, succeed? With so much
Weakness, and so very high a goal? Or, yet, proceed when
Fear constricts my heart and hopelessness my each desire?

And a loving God replies:

Do you forget, my child, when first you found your way to
Me, with neither confidence nor yet a tiny shred of hope? I
Helped you then. Can you not see how far you've come?

It's true, you lack the worldly fame and false
Acclaim that marks the idle rich. But don't give into
Awful hopelessness that marks the sore distressed; for you have
Much—you are faithful, honest, true hearted, the
Salt of the earth—the soul of integrity. You—and those like you—Are the
foundation of humanity; the solid base of
Every good community.

Do you have failings? Yes. Do your feelings surge
Unbidden to quell the hope within? Yes. Are you perfect?
No; but you are a child of God, and are made of
Celestial stuff.

It is through your love—your loving kindness—that the
Weak are strengthened. It is through your goodness that
Burdens are lifted and a smile bursts forth upon the lips of the distressed—
for you are always there to help them. It may well
Be that your very exaltation hinges on these little acts of
Goodness.

You are—and this may surprise you—the fabric of the world's
Success, it is through your industry, and
Countless thousands like you, that the world thrives.

There is hope, abundant hope. As you strive to overcome your
Failings, seeking the guidance of the Spirit through study and
Through prayer. And when you give yourself to a forgiving Lord,
Asking Him to make your weakness strong—He will not
Fail you. And it is—ultimately—you, and others like you, who will
Crowd the halls of heaven.