

# TEACHING PRAYER: CAVE OF LIVING STREAMS

By WILLIAM HEWETT

I WAS ASKED to speak and write on 'Teaching Prayer'. 'Cave of Living Streams' is what emerged. The connection needs an explanation; which is what this article will try to give.

The teacher, particularly the teacher of religion, finds himself embroiled in many of the crises of our times. He (or the more usual 'she') is expected to cram more and more into less and less time; to abreast not only of every new emphasis but of every new method; to communicate all this in a context less and less supported by any sort of structure. I, for one, am not complaining. It can be as exhilarating as it is at times daunting, and even depressing. What is clear, however, is that we can no longer be content simply to talk about prayer and delude ourselves that we are teaching it.

I am not sure that we ever could. Prayer is the most personal, profound and intimate of all human operations. It depends more radically and more totally on personal discovery-experience than anything else in the world: which is one of the reasons why St Ignatius's book *The Spiritual Exercises* is, at one and the same time, one of the most unreadable books ever written and one of the most valuable guides to the experience of prayer. On the face of it, it seems an unlikely point of departure for the teaching of prayer in this or any age. Within the first few decades of its original publication, it was misused in almost every conceivable way. It was advertised as a quick and easy path to mystic heights; it was reduced to an over-mechanical ritual; law and letter nearly suffocated the very spirit it was trying to release. Yet at the other extreme, none knew better than St Ignatius the dangers of illuminism.

Rightly used, this little book shows not only a remarkable ability to survive, but still more, to revive. The main reason for this is not so much the truths it states, as the way of experiencing which it can communicate. The Exercises speak not only to the mind and the emotions, but more importantly to the *affectus animae* — the seat and source of both: man's inwardness, his 'heart', his real self. These tired and too often trivialized words are as near as we can get to conveying

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the full richness of meaning contained in the 'affections'. For it is the affections that are the 'place' of true prayer. If these are not involved, then prayer is empty, and all our teaching about it will be worthless. Nor will any other forms of religious teaching be of much use: scripture, dogma, church history, and the rest will communicate nothing of real value unless they are joined to their source — radicalized in the affections. Hence, teaching prayer has a kind of priority and implicit presence in all forms of genuine religious teaching. And no age has needed it more than ours.

No age has, potentially, known more — and few ages have realized less. We can communicate faster and further than ever before — but not deeper. We can see further, but we lack true insight; we hear more and more, but the inward ear is clogged. The need, then, is not for more knowing about prayer, but rather a prayerful kind of knowing.

Group-experience can help enormously towards this, but it cannot in the last analysis be a substitute for the personal experience of prayer. Though prayer, ultimately, is the only radical solution to man's endemic problem of loneliness, the process of praying is itself often a lonely one. But there is no virtue in making it more lonely than it need be. Many find that various forms of group-praying can be both a support and a stimulus and can lead to a deepening of personal prayer. The present enthusiasm for group-prayer can certainly help; but it is no more a total answer than the scriptural and liturgical revivals have been. All these help and guide the swimmer (like Fr Butterworth's lighthouse dogmatists); but they cannot actually do the swimming for him.

Prayer is often nearly drowning, too. The old battleship Church has in fact sunk. There are those who still cling to a dislocated bridge, and those still screaming as they are forced to take the plunge. But we are, potentially at least, back in the living streams from which we should never have been lifted quite so high or quite so dry. Again, I for one am glad. Peter was always at his best in (or on) the water; in the boat he merely panicked.

Which at last brings us somewhere near the living streams, if not the cave of the other half of the title. 'Teaching prayer' cannot profitably be just talking about prayer, nor can it be yet another liturgical-scriptural-dogmatic addition to an already overburdened course, however psychologically-sociologically-pedagogically excellent it may be in itself. Nor, on the other hand, can it actually be the experience. The content, the method, the group, can all help; the experience itself

remains inviolably personal. So even if one has gone to all the summer schools, read all the right books and done all the latest retreat-things (or the oldest for that matter), the actual communicating-experiencing has still to be done.

How? 'Cave of Living Streams' does not pretend to be an adequate answer. Rather it is an experimental step that may help some people actually to experience prayer more deeply.

But why songs? Partly because Wilfrid Usher composes very beautiful ones and John Mallord orchestrates them with a touch of genius; partly because St Ignatius used to sing and dance to move people out of their misery towards the greater glory of God — as did St Ephrem long before, and partly because everybody seems to have rediscovered singing and music-making: the folk revival, the 'pop' scene, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Godspel* and all that. But perhaps, above all, because it seems to me altogether in tune with the mind and spirit of St Ignatius. He was very much a man of the renaissance; he speaks to the 'whole man', and seeks the involvement, education, and indeed the 'conversion' of the *whole man*. He wanted all things to be used rightly, and it was the vision by the Cardoner that made this clear to him.

Anyhow, I have found that 'just talking' (or writing!) has become counter-productive. The world is as over-saturated with tired, devalued and trivialized words, as it is with politicians, advertisers, tycoons — and the poor. Maybe singing could change it a little.

'Cave of Living Streams', then, is a collection of sixteen songs. They follow the pattern of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St Ignatius; they attempt to re-express some of the main themes of the Exercises, as well as its hints on prayer. They attempt also to involve the listener by indicating lines of personal application and action. They are themselves a kind of praying. They come on two sides of an LP: a prayer disc if you like; but not, I hope, a prayer-wheel. They are not meant to lull or to mesmerize, but rather to stimulate personal reflection and choice. They can be taken at many levels and used in many different ways. At first you will probably just want to enjoy the melodies: this is itself an important involvement of the affections. Then you will want to reflect on the words: some of them are quite hard-hitting: you will need to dwell on them, savour them, discuss them, share them, link them with your own insights, if they are to become affectively your own. This is one of the reasons why we have put them on a record, and printed a separate booklet with the words of the songs. The Exercises, even in popular adaptation, do not reveal their inner meaning all at once. Repetition, reflection, silent and spoken sharing, all can help towards deeper

personal praying. You may also want to add visual aids: slides on a screen, or perhaps a group's own artistic creations. Similarly you might like to add movement. The songs are addressed primarily to the affections of the inner person; but these are the source of reintegration and re-expression of the whole person.

If this all reads like a not very jesuitically subtle publisher's blurb, don't be surprised: it is. . . . On the other hand, don't dismiss it (yet) as (yet) another desperate gimmick. It has a kind of pedigree, and will perhaps prove to have a kind of self-justifying authenticity.

In the first place, the Exercises themselves are based on the verifiably authentic prayer experience of St Ignatius: 'by his fruits. . . .' Amongst the most important of those experiences was his vision out of the cave of Manresa, by the banks of the river Cardoner. It was an experience of illumination and personal integration, following a period of darkness and desolation. As a result, St Ignatius experienced inwardly the meaning of his life as a whole and the essence of his own jesuit vocation: a discerning 'contemplation in action', and a 'seeking God in all things'. The static 'Principle and Foundation' became the dynamic 'Contemplation for obtaining Love'; the static *imago* moved again towards living likeness; the birth pangs in the dark cave were transfigured by resurrection-light and hope. Ignatius cut his hair and finger nails, trimmed his beard and rejoined the human race, to spread and share his God-given experience of wholeness and joy. Hence the title of this adaptation — 'Cave of Living Streams'.

There are also important theological implications. There is one end for man: he is neither angel in a machine, nor irredeemable chaos covered over by Christ. The very source of his being (the cave-heart, true self-image) is itself capable of fuller likeness in Christ: integrity, growth towards full happiness — eschatological realization beginning now. A theology of hope and liberation is therefore also implied: we should be moving both towards Teilhard's Omega-Christ and Gutierrez's Christ of Social Justice.

But the source is the living stream of the Spirit in the cave — experienced in deep prayer, transfiguring individuals — and groups — and the whole world — making new dwelling places inside and outside, fit for the dignity of God in man.

## THE SONGS AND COMMENTARY

*Introduction:* There are unifying themes; the overall unity is provided by the image and idea of the Cave which is fundamentally related — as are the Exercises themselves — to the vision of St Ignatius in the cave at Manresa by the banks of the river Cardoner.

But other caves too are included: Christ's caves, Bethlehem, the desert, the tomb. The cave is also an archetype of our racial experience and culture: Plato's celebrated myth, early man (and his drawings).

It is also a symbol of modern life: little boxes, high-rise flats, ghettos. Perhaps above all it is the symbol of man's inwardness: the soul Jüing says we are in search of, Augustine's and Pascal's heart, St Bernard's and the early cistercians' *affectus animae*, the roots to which Hopkins prays God to give rain; the 'place' of the spirit — ours and God's: where man at all times needs most to be restored, renewed, converted, healed, and made whole; so that the streams of living water can flow, welling up from 'well-ordered affections' into grateful, loving, joyful and always hopeful action.

## 1. STOP, THINK AND PRAY

A recognition of man where he is: radically lonely in so far as he is, implicitly or explicitly, unrelated to his world, to others, ultimately to God whether he is young or old, in a crowd or physically on his own. An invitation to let another person come into your life: the voice of the singer, the words of the song communicating Christ himself — the Light, and the holy Spirit — the source of living streams.

Stop, think and pray, he'll show you a way;

Open your dark cave, let in the sun.

You in your cave there, crowds pressing round,  
no room to wonder, crushed to the gound.

You in your cave there, lost, on your own,  
no light to see by, unloved, unknown.

Stop, think and pray, he'll show you a way;  
Open your dark cave, let in the sun.

You in your cave there, trying to live,  
finding the pressures kill all you give.

You in your cave there, trying to love,  
you're not alone there — there's help from above.

Stop, think and pray, he'll show you a way;  
 Open your dark cave, let in the sun.  
 You in your cave there, let him come in —  
 light through your dark walls, new springs within.  
 Stop, think and pray, stop, think and pray,  
 stop, think and pray . . .

## 2. KNOW

Stop, think and pray — but about what? Our lives, our world and our purpose. This requires a special kind of knowing — not a lot of facts and book-learning as such, but a real personal assent to the basic truths that wisdom teaches: the fundamental goodness of God's creation, the dignity even more fundamental than the potential depravity of man, the importance of right choices, good acts and a full response to all that life presents — including sickness, suffering and death; to discern the greater good; to unify inwardly and outwardly; to dedicate, praise, serve and reverence.

This is of course St Ignatius's 'Principle and Foundation' — in itself a rather blunt and flat statement; but if allowed to sink in, it can become a living source of renewal in one's inner self: capable of changing one's whole life for the better. And the proof is not in books so much as in the lives of saints like Ignatius, Xavier, Campion, etc.

Don't know much, but know this well,  
 God's world is good, why make it hell?  
 Don't know everything, whoever can?  
 But share this true vision God reflects in man.  
 Man can choose and can choose well,  
 build true worlds, no empty shell;  
 Make true order, use all things right,  
 change his dark cave into a world of light.  
 Your life may be short, your life may be long,  
 health may go and sickness come.  
 Be poised for everything that God may give,  
 learn how to use it well and better live.  
 Know in your life what lasts and grows,  
 choose the better way he shows.  
 Don't grab everything, whoever can?  
 Discern what will last — and choose God's love in man.  
 One world to know, one life to live,  
 deep choice to make, whole heart to give.  
 One God to reverence, one Lord to praise,  
 his Spirit guides us through the surest ways.

## 3. PRAY LONGER

Blunt, basic advice to anyone who wants to make sense of his life and the meaning of the second song, and to escape from the prisons of the first. C. S. Lewis has pointed out how man tends to evade and avoid these radical reflections; Screwtape, the evil spirit, working on our own sloth, helps us find every excuse not to reflect, not to pray about these basic facts. To give up praying is itself greater than any of the illusions wrong-headed prayer can induce. Prayer is the only way, ultimately, to unclog the inner sources — the ‘affections’ that need to be restored and ‘rightly ordered’; they need the time and space of prayer to become truly effective.

This is prosaically and pithily summed up in St Ignatius’s pertinent advice to pray longer: particularly when you do not feel like it.

When your cave seems dark, and no waters flow, pray longer.  
 When the vision fades and the darkness grows, pray longer . . . pray longer.  
 In that desert place, in your cavern bare, pray longer.  
 He will speak new words that your ears can’t hear; pray longer, pray longer.

You will find a well and a living spring; pray longer,  
 Where his Spirit shows what lies deep within, pray longer, pray longer;  
 At the source of life where your eyes can’t see, pray longer,  
 He will give you light, he will set you free, pray longer, pray longer.

## 4. BALLAD OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Like all great stories — and particularly gospel stories — this one reveals layer upon layer of meaning to those with patience to pray it. No age has talked more about compassion and involvement — and no age has known more unrelated, unaware, unloved people. How is this changed? By inner forgiveness and forgivingness flowing outwards. This song tries to conflate both elements of mercy: Christ’s mercy is twice blessed: he first loves us — and so gives both the reality and the motive power to spread it. In him we can both find forgiveness — and give it. This is where all true conversion — and true happiness — begins — again and again, and deeper and deeper. It is the main theme of the ‘first week’ of the Exercises.

A man walked down the road to Jericho, he was robbed and stripped and likely would have died.

A man like us thought, ‘I’ll not get involved’: he passed him by, along the other side.

A stranger came, he saw that man half-dead, he healed his wounds and paid for life instead.

Christ is that man who can forgiveness give, binds up our wounds and gives us hope to live.

Forgive each man if you would mercy find, compassion show if you would know Christ's mind.

##### 5. WHAT WILL YOU WISH YOU HAD DONE WHEN YOU'RE DYING?

This song could easily be misunderstood as negative, morbid and playing too coercively on fear. It is meant to do just the opposite: hard truths really faced lead to ultimately light and joy.

The experience of physical death is uniquely personal and mysterious in every sense: it is mine alone and I haven't been there yet. It is therefore difficult to write about it honestly. But the thought of it, and our indirect experience of it, can be rightly used. Modern man is desperately aware of it: but he either hides or headlines it, and so trivializes or forgets about it.

The purpose of this song is to use what imaginative powers and indirect experience we have of it, in order to bring us to a real assent to the unique value of human life: the importance therefore of good choices, mercy, truth and honest living. It is a conflation of two 'places' in the Exercises: the meditation on death to induce repentance; the meditation after the election to test the genuineness of the choice(s) made — or renewed.

What will you wish you had done when you're dying?  
 What will you wish you had done, no good sighing?  
 What will you wish when your life's all but gone?  
 What will you wish you had done?

You'll know the truth when you're dying,  
 You'll know the truth, no good lying.  
 You'll be what you are, know that now, from afar.  
 What will you wish you had done?

No strength to choose when you're dying,  
 No strength to choose, just death's sighing;  
 Choices not made, now too late as you fade.  
 That's what you'll wish you had done.

Have no regrets when you're dying,  
 Have no regrets, make no sighing.  
 Choose now all the good, forgive all you should,  
 That's what you'll wish. Do it now.

## 6. KNOW

This is a repetition-summary song, re-emphasizing the 'teaching' of the first five: persevere in prayer, make a real assent to the basic truths, expand and grow, praise and serve, in the renewed confidence that each can personally find in the certainty of God's love and forgiveness, and the high value he sets on every man. St Ignatius makes much of repetitions.

Don't know much, but know it well, let the seed fall and let it swell.  
Don't know everything, whoever can? But reach for the roots where God  
meets man.

Taste and see and know in your heart, for God you are thirsting, why live  
apart?

Don't know everything, whoever can? But know this for certain, our God  
loves man.

Serve him in life, praise him in death; serve in each moment, praise with  
each breath.

Praise through the world he makes, serve him by choice. Praise in  
forgiveness and rejoice, rejoice.

## 7. SEE THE KINGDOM

A kind of fairground-song, celebrating Christ among the people — all people. It echoes the first 'stop, think and pray', but now with greater confidence and joy: Christ comes to us where we are — forgiven, ready for further good news. It is not irreverent to see Christ (as the painter Rouault saw him) as the greatest of all clowns: like Shakespeare's fools he speaks the truth to everyone whoever they are; he knows tragedy — and he still wants to make us happy: his truth can set us free.

See the kingdom he is building,  
Share the new world he reveals,  
See him walking there, see him smiling here  
On rich and poor, black and white, young and old, you and me.  
Hear the words he speaks, hear the call he makes,  
Share the good news he reveals.  
Hear him talking there, hear him laughing here  
With sick and well, east and west, good and bad, you and me.  
Sense the hope he brings, sense the trust he shows  
Share the kindness he reveals;  
Sense the person there, sense his presence here  
To grow and spread, raise the dead, conquer lies, forever rise . . .  
forever rise.

## 8. 'I AM'

There is a musical link and deliberate contrast between this song and the last: Christ the man for others in the market place is also Christ in majesty: the everlasting 'I am' of St John, St Paul as well as Teilhard de Chardin's Omega of the future, the ultimate meaning of all time, space and life.

Leonardo's Virgin of the Rocks; Rublev's Christos Pantocrator; the romanesque Christ of Vezelay, etc. In the Exercises: the Incarnation.

Before the world was made, 'I am',  
 Before our time our space, 'I am';  
 Before the rocks or mountains rose,  
 The Lord has said 'I am'.

Before the sun pierced through our night,  
 Or we could stop and ask outright  
 The meaning of the dark we felt,  
 The Lord said 'I am Light'.

Before we stumbled on rough paths,  
 Or hid in hollow caves,  
 The meaning of the life we found,  
 'I am the way' he said.

Before we knew of death or drought,  
 Or feared what they might mean,  
 A life that goes beyond he claimed,  
 'I am the Resurrection'.

## 9. STOP AND LOOK AS YOU PASS BY THE CAVE

This is a christmas carol; it forms a triptych with the previous two songs. Here, Christ is small, poor, approachable in yet another way, by all; thrown into the world for the world's true joy — if only we have the perception, the reflectiveness, the prayerfulness to discern where true joy lies — which is the purpose of the alternate verses.

It is an explicitly ignatian contemplation and 'application of the senses': contemplate, with all your powers, intellectual, imaginative and affective, the scene in the cave; then look into the cave of your own heart to realize and release the meaning of Christ's birth there.

Stop and look as you pass by the cave,  
 where he lies in the straw on the earth.  
 Stop and think who it is lying there,  
 Mary's son, Jesus Christ, God made Man.

Stop and think as you look in your cave,  
     where you hide in yourself and your fear;  
 Stop and think who it is lying there,  
     frightened man, lost in doubt, near despair.  
 Feel the cold as you pass by the cave,  
     touch the stone, smell the damp, feel the earth;  
 Don't know much, don't know all, but know this well;  
     he comes poor, none shut out at his birth.  
 Feel the cold in the cave of your heart,  
     feel its bars, feel its barbs, feel its thirst.  
 Feel your heart, seek a love that will last,  
     for all men, in each place, for all times.  
 Hear the sounds as you pass by the cave,  
     sounds that reach to the stars in the night;  
 Sounds of peace, songs of love, songs of joy,  
     songs for Christ who smiles there on us all.  
 Hear the sounds in your cave when you hope,  
     in a future that dawns on us now,  
 In that cave where Christ's born down the years;  
     Living Spring, Lasting Light, growing now.

## 10. BALLAD OF THE MAN BORN BLIND

Another story, another cave and another response: faith is light after darkness, growing despite obstacles, a fuller and deeper realization of personal response and relationship to Christ.

Solzhenitsyn's short story about the lake could well be juxtaposed with it; as could any of the call-vocation events in the bible (Jeremiah, Isaiah, the apostles).

A man stood by a pool he'd never seen;  
 another man came by and gave him sight.  
 The priests were wroth to see what he had done;  
 they called the man to tell them all he knew.  
 You must be lying, this deed can't be done;  
 the devil's there, no man can do this act.  
 'I know that I was blind and now I see;  
 the man who came was more than kind to me'.  
 The more they pressed, the more he thought it out:  
 He must be more than I can see — why doubt?  
 This is an act no man alone can do;  
 a prophet, yes, and more, this man must be.

This prophet then came by the pool again;  
 He saw his friend was worried what to do.  
 Christ stood before him and his friend knelt down:  
 'You are my Lord', and bowed down to the ground.

#### 11. WILL YOU GO AWAY?

Just as 'What will you wish . . .?' hopes to bring home the meaning of the first story ballad, so this song hopes to bring home the personal choices implicit in the vocation of the man born blind. Christ offers us more than we are at first prepared to accept; and he will accept only true, genuine, free replies (however gradual and faltering they might be in practice — hence again the need for repetition, prayer, renewal of choices made).

In the Exercises this corresponds to the Two Standards; in the gospels, to the temptations in the desert, the rich young man and the ending of John 6; in literature to Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor in *The Brothers Karamazov*.

When he offers more than bread, when he gives himself instead,  
 Will you go away? Lord, we stay!  
 When he suffers, when he dies, when he gives us truth, not lies,  
 Will you go away? Lord, we stay!  
 When he'd enter deep within, when he'd root out death and sin,  
 Will you go away? Lord, we stay!  
 When the good makes way for better, when the Spirit bursts the letter,  
 Will you go away? Lord, we stay!  
 When he asks for free replies, when he looks us in the eyes,  
 Will you go away? Lord, we stay!

#### 12. ONE PERSON

Having accepted something of all Christ wants to give us, we move into the even deeper waters of the Passion. This song is an attempt to express not only how Christ suffered, but how his suffering is a real human experience, one which also gives meaning to our sufferings, and transforms them into something of great value precisely where they seem most meaningless.

We are also in the fourth week of the Exercises: the confirmation of choices made — Christ's way.

One person knows what it's like to be caught in the trials of humanity.  
 One person's been through every layer, and found in each change new  
 meaning there.

One person knows what it's like alone, when no one cares and your hurt's  
 unknown.

One person's been to the depths of despair, and found in his heart a new  
 strength there.

One person's known what it's like to feel, the scourge, the pain and  
 blinded reel,

One person's been through the worst man can do, revealing his love for  
 us — its true.

One person knows what it's like to hear the jeering mob and the voice  
 of fear.

One person's been along that way, giving strength to our feet of clay.

One person knows what it's like to fall down in the dust unable to call.

One person's been too weak to rise, he gives new heart to whom men  
 despise.

One person dying set another free, he gave him life in eternity.

He knew it all, and still he cared enough to give the life he'd shared.

He knows the prison, knows the cave; he knows the cross and he knows  
 the grave;

One person knows it through and through, right to the heart of me and you.

### 13. THE SON DIED IN DARKNESS

Ultimate despair — and ultimate hope: rejection, acceptance:  
 darkness-light: loneliness, the tomb-disintegration: man's failure, the  
 redemption, the moment of truth, and with the dawn, ultimate  
 restoration, repentance, renewal, resurrection.

The sun went down at noontide, it darkened the earth.

In the darkness of mourning, the Lord gave us birth.

In the darkness at noontide, he died on the cross,

The Son died in darkness and made good our loss.

We hide in the darkness, we flee from that sight,

We cannot face the darkness that Christ brings to light.

They laid him in a cavern, away from men's sight.

They rolled up a rock, they sealed out the light.

In the twilight of evening, he lay in that tomb

The Son lay in darkness, in earth's cold hard womb.

We wander in darkness, we drift in our night,

We shut ourselves in dark caves, we seal out his light.

He rose from that cavern, he rose from that grave;  
 The Son broke the darkness that had made man a slave.  
 He rose in the night time, broke through all that bound;  
 Through the prison cell of Christ's death, our great truth is found.  
 We find hope with morning, we sense his new light  
 We see streams transfigure the whole human plight.

#### 14. MARY SAW HIM WHEN HE ROSE

The witness of Mary (and others), the one human being who excels all others in expressing hope against hope, the very unsentimental Mother of God. (Explicitly ignatian and unscriptural.)

Mary saw him when he rose, early on that day.  
 Saw the body she had borne,  
 Saw the flesh by our sins torn.  
 Mary saw him when he rose, early on that day.

Mary saw him when he rose, early on that day.  
 Saw those eyes that did not lie,  
 Just as she had seen him die.  
 Mary saw him when he rose, early on that day.

Thomas heard him when he spoke, later on that day.  
 Feel my hands, my feet, my side,  
 Doubt no more, in faith abide,  
 Thomas heard him when he spoke, later on that day.

Five hundred saw him move alive, in the light of day.  
 No ghost they saw, but God as man,  
 Heaven and earth they saw him span.  
 Five hundred saw him move alive, in the light of day.

#### 15. PRAY LONGER

Even — precisely! on the verge of restoration, joy, fulfilment, we need to persevere in prayer. This is the place and point of transfiguration of the cave-death-tomb-despair in each of us. (It is explicit theology: the radical image restored to likeness — not covered over.)

When the tomb seems bare, and your heart feels dead, pray longer.  
 He will rise in you, he'll lead on ahead, pray longer, pray longer.  
 At the source of life, where you most can be, pray longer.  
 He will make you whole, he will set you free, pray longer, pray longer.

## 16. CAVE OF LIGHT AND LIVING STREAMS

The celebration with gratitude of the restoration by God of man:  
the inner springs well up and flow in gratitude and love.

The essential experience of Manresa; the hope of Teilhard; Christ  
being 'realized' now; the 'contemplation for obtaining love'.

Cave of light and living streams,  
man restored beyond man's dreams  
Don't know everything, whoever can?  
But know this with gratitude, God's love lives in man.

Cave whence light spreads far and wide,  
Transforming all, no need to hide;  
Burns out illusion, shines through doubt and despair,  
Fires with new hope, leads man beyond his fear.

Leave your cave and climb the hills,  
Sail the seas his spirit wills;  
Don't know everything, whoever can?  
But know this with gratitude, Love acts in man.

Stare at the stars, be still and know;  
Let the rains fall, they help love grow.  
Don't know everything, whoever can?  
But God's love is living still where he meets man.

Breathe in his life, grow in his love.  
Live by his faith that comes from above.  
Don't know everything, whoever can?  
But thank for this vision God still shares with man.

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