I HAVE BEEN SITTING WITH HIM IN THE HOURS WHEN JOSEPH SLEEPS.

JUST SITTING. NOT PRAYING, NOT THINKING, NOT TRYING TO UNDERSTAND. JUST HOLDING HIM AND LETTING HIM BE WHAT HE IS.

SMALL. MINE TO HOLD. MORE THAN I CAN CONTAIN.

- EXCERPT FROM ASBURY HOUSE, BETHLEHEM | LETTER IV FROM MARY BY JOHN LADUCA