



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

