

If love were perfected in us, we would be able to accept people just as they are. As it is, we try to change people into something our imperfection can tolerate. Most of the time, what I find unlovable in another person is actually an inability within myself to love them well.

The mystics see God. Everybody else just talks about him.

The kingdom of God is all around us. To see it, all we need to do is stop looking at everything else.

I don't believe God gives a special license to artists. God offers everybody a special license. But only the artists seem to have accepted it.

Sometimes I pray to God and ask him to help end the contempt I feel toward certain people. And he tells me my problem is not contempt, but envy.

The conservatives like to say that God's plan for marriage began with the model of Adam and Eve. They never seem to mention that apparently those two never had a wedding.

I've read that it is better to be the lamb than the lion—better to be the hunted than the hunter. I think given a choice, I would be a sea lion. They are both the hunted and the hunter, and seem far too joyous and content to worry about which is better.

In our society we can buy whatever we want. Yet love is free, and hatred we cannot afford.

If I think I am full of pride, I am most probably correct. If I think I am a little humble, I am most probably mistaken.

If we could ever find the courage to live completely open and honest lives, we would find that a few people love us more than we ever thought possible, that most people do not care about us one way or the other, and that some people genuinely hate us more than we ever imagined. Until we come to know that a little bit of true love is worth far more than a bunch of apathy and hatred, we will always choose to remain false in the face of others.

If all the moral people in the world refused to fight wars, then wars would be even more horrible than they already are.

The more we learn to love, the more we see that love is everywhere.

Those who seek justice outside of God's Love are seeking a phantom.

The only home I have is the Love of God. In it I feel safe and warm and sheltered, and as if I belong there. All of the other things of life are temporary inconveniences, made bearable only by what portion of God's Love shines through them.

For all this time we have been minimizing the humanity of Jesus in order to elevate his deity – while in reality only his humanity can show us deity.

The only way we will ever have everything in common is for each of us to want nothing but God.

Sometimes I think there is more honest talk of God in our bars than in our churches.

When a baby is born and takes its first breath, a doctor glances between its legs and makes a fundamental judgment. In a single pronouncement an entire lifetime of expectations, limitations, and stipulations are placed upon a brand new human being. All of this is based upon a few ounces of flesh, in a society which claims to value spirit more than body. No wonder the baby cries.

A love that loves freely. There is no other kind.

The person who could most easily be loved, yet rejects love, is far worse off than the most miserable of creatures who welcomes even a little bit of love.

A gift that is refused can no longer be a gift. This is how love is.

The only thing more powerful than the Love of God is man's ability to choose or reject it.

If you believe in God and the free will of man, you eventually must conclude that the destiny of the world may be decided by a single person. The most frightening thing of all is that person may be you or me. Think about that the next time you kneel to pray.

If you want to understand why you hate somebody, begin by asking yourself why they frighten you.

There are a great many people who firmly believe God has more than enough grace to save them, yet not nearly enough to save certain others. There is something seriously awry in the heart and mind of the person who says he loves God, yet waits with baited breath for others to go to Hell.

The result of union with God, when projected onto and defined within the mental and physical domains, is compassion.

To be alive is to be writing, and to not be writing is to be dying.

With every sentence I write, I am reminded that Jesus was too selfless, too humble, too concerned with others, too close to God, and perhaps too simple to ever consider recording his thoughts. The day I stop writing about Jesus will be a day I am one step closer to being like him.

The path of Jesus was not a happy path—it was a road of suffering. This is a difficult thing to accept in a society which claims the pursuit of happiness as a God-given right.

I'm waiting for the people who advocate 'family values' to learn enough about Jesus that they realize 'family values' were not high on his priority list.

We mustn't forget that all of the horrendous acts of hatred, brutality and injustice throughout history were carried out by people who believed they were correct and justified in all they did. We must surely check ourselves against our bigotry and our hatred, but what we must examine most closely and most honestly are our convictions of what is right and what is wrong. A little hatred can destroy the entire world – but not before a flawed system of belief justifies it in the mind of the perpetrator.

People are not their personalities.

It seems God made unique a door for me
yet for himself kept he the key
I often think to ask for reason there
but sense the answer I shouldn't care
For 'I alone will know you true,
and this is quite enough for you.'

Our pride tells us that the things we have kept from others and amassed for ourselves are gifts given to us by God.

We can only meet God together in our brokenness – but we are too afraid to show one another that we are fractured.

Many people assume that winning an argument is synonymous with being correct. Clever quarrelers, therefore, often wind up believing they are especially intelligent – when in fact the only tools they possess are a quick tongue, stubborn ego, blind insensitivity, and lots of practice.

Once you have found God, you know that you belong to those who haven't.

We wealthy Christians usually defend our extravagance by saying, 'It isn't what we possess, but what our priorities are.' But I know what the life of Jesus tells me. It tells me that what I possess reveals my priorities.

The secret to finding God is to let him find you.