

about giving as if I were a stranger, I don't know.

My faith in God was a "positive power" and I needed a friend. It may be "holy fear" of the wrath of God, the realization of my unworthiness and indebtedness; my tendency to argue with God instead of saying "Yes, God!" I need to get myself out of the way again to let God let God. The Lord's remembrance of weakness, I don't have to dwell on them. Prayers for grace in indicated; prayers for strength, for courage - for forgiveness of sin and for goodness of self.

Monday, Nov. 22, 1976
12:20 P.M.

My weekend trip to Boston was such a realization of faith love, and God's grace. It gave a long way toward resolving my doubts about myself, the priesthood and the immediate future. I went in fear and trembling. I decided prayers were essential about my ailments, fears. Just 2 meetings afterwards, etc. . . . It could not have been such a gift - I could not have

planned it that well. Mary Virginia Miller met me at the airport and I had a chance to stop by Al's and Rita's house to visit with Mary & Joyce before going on to Winchester. Then Mary brought me to the airport yesterday afternoon. The flight was very pleasant and perfect.

I promised myself if I got back safely, I would post my thank-you notes - and I did this I must do a priority!
Wed, Nov. 24, 1976, 11:20 a.m.

On Monday night around 10:00 P.M. St. Philip's at Agassiz caught fire and burned. It was almost totally destroyed - only the shell remained. I must double yesterday with