

A saint speaks to me of salvation

by [Melaney Poli](#) in the [December 20, 2017](#) issue

There was a day I learned that it meant
to be part of God's ecstasy of giving.

That was when I learned I had no idea what
giving was. I knew only exchange, only taking.

The cross, faith? Yes, but let me tell you first—
I had *known* love, I *had* faith, extravagant. Yet

not only had I never given, I had never loved.
And that Giving wanted to be my sap, my blood.

Don't imagine I mean something exalted. Nor
was this anything to do with improving me.

But do you have any idea what it really means,
to believe you are loved? Try to understand it:

there was no longer any scale of goodness
where I could place myself. There was nothing

I could render. Do you see? All I could do
was let myself go, the way you entrust yourself

to the music when you play. And it got more
demanding. But you're already getting ideas.

Let me tell you, and I can't make this clear enough:
it wasn't ever *my* giving. I had *nothing*. *Nothing*.

You know how it ended.