

"Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee" (Is. 49,15).

In the Alpine mountains there is a pass Saint Bernard which is very dangerous to the passing people. Snow storms happen even in the summer there; they arise sometimes absolutely unexpectedly in the winter. Travelers go astray and perish in snowdrifts.

At top of this pass there is the well-known Saint Bernard monastery which inhabitants always go after snow storms with the strong trained dogs to the aid of overtaken by a storm. They have rescued many, but many were found to bury only.

Once they have found a nude woman, and a tiny face of her child hardly looked out almost her clothes. Having gone astray and feeling that she is doomed to death, because of love to the child she took off from herself clothes and has wrapped the child in it, hoping that, maybe, it will be rescued. Rescuers found her, but, alas, the child was dead too.

Mother's love is great and oblatinal. Mother wants to keep life to the child in spite of her own life. The love of mother is big, but love of God to the person is bigger.

Any mutual human love, is as though great it was, has a measure and a limit. God's love to us has no limit. His love is Gift, and, on the contrary, His Gift is His love. Both that and another is so great that we can't imagine. God loved us not by any necessity, but through His grace; He loves without dependence from something. Think how can we answer this love.

Think that this love do not expect of any good from us, for God has in it no need.

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