

PRAYER ON THE PACT OF THE CATACOMBS

Lord, give us a simple house, not a Palace or a Kingdom, so that the poor won't be ashamed to sit at our table.

Lord, give us simple clothes made of flowers and leaves, to have the sweet dignity of the trees so that the birds will not be afraid to make their nest on our branches.

Lord give us the seat of the poor, the one that is on the doorstep, on the street life passes him by. Constantine's throne has made us servants of power. The poor blush for us.

Lord give us simple names, take our titles from us, as one takes down paintings from a mouldy wall; open the window so the sun of justice may enter

Lord, may we not be in the company of the rich, the powerful, so as to be rich and powerful like them, but let us be companions of the poor, so that with your grace, we too may become poor.

Lord help us not to defend doctrine if it only ensures our privileges, our sacred prejudices, our little daily envies, but help us to proclaim the Gospel every day, with amazement, peace and love.

Lord, may we never again be accomplices in the economy that kills, in the politics of exclusion, but instead make ours a friendly feast, a house of friendship, a space for the dance.

Give us the lay status of your Son, so that we do not turn religion into a power that exclude and humiliates

No longer in the catacombs, but out in the Sun, the streets, the squares, in the middle of the sea, like migrants to tell everyone, to sing the love that never dies.

Lord grant us the garment of joy, as simple as the dress of Dom Helder CAMARA, and two big eyes like his, and his hands like branches reaching for the Sun.

May, we be recognised as yours by how we love one another, how we are in the streets, how we defend the widow, the orphan, the stranger!

May our faces be like those of your Risen Son where without shame the moon reflects the face of a woman, a poor person, a child!

(Don Marco Campedelli)