

## **Lord, Disarm Me, Disarm Us, Disarm Them!**

Lord, disarm them of their kalashnikovs,  
of their bombs, of their belts, of their hatred,  
of their thirst for vengeance, of their bitterness  
and of their ignorance.

Lord, disarm us of our will for power,  
of our feeling of superiority, of our need to dominate,  
to always be right, to bring everything back to ourselves,  
to our achievements, to our knowledge, to our history.

Lord, disarm me of my pride, of my vainness,  
of my excuses, of contempt, of anger, of resentment,  
of hypocrisy, of envy, of my self-confidence,  
of my smugness, of my arrogance.  
Grant me that I may strip myself little by little  
for, when I am weak, it is then that I am strong.  
To arrive at Easter, I must accept myself  
without weapons, naked with Christ on the cross.

AMEN

*Christian de Chergé Monk assassinated at Tibherine*