

The Good That You Do

Lord, I want to sing about the good that you do,
You, Yourself, in the Church and speak my poem
to the love that you have for her.

She is weak but how many acts of life,
how many places of consolation and hope bear her name!
Who is her strength?

She is often distracted in her prayer
but in how many churches, chapels,
and in how many villages can men
and women be found reaching for You!

Who dwells in these hearts?

I will recite to you, Lord, the poem of the Church,
She is multiple and sometimes splits herself,
but doesn't she let herself be forgiven
and reconciled over and over again?

Who is her hope?

She may be incomprehensible at times
and yet she nourishes us, welcomes us, baptizes us
and His Word in her midst is widely open.
Who then is her nourishment?

Mould her, Lord, unify her
and keep her colored in a thousand hues,
speaking all of the languages of the earth,
celebrating all of the liturgies,
singing all sorts of songs.

And I will find my place, my specific place,
which nothing and no one can ever take away.

Deaconesses of Reuilly in « PRAYING, the Power of Prayer »