

THE GOOD THAT YOU DO

Lord, I want to sing of the good that you do,
You, in the Church and through my poem to speak
Of love that you bring it

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

She is often distracted in her prayer,
But in how many churches, chapels,
In how many villages are there women and men that come towards You!
Who then lives in these hearts?

I will tell you, Lord, the poem of the Church
The Church is many, she sometimes comes apart,
But so many times the Church is forgiving, reconciliatory
What is its hope then?

It is sometimes incomprehensible
And yet it nourishes us, hosts us, baptizes us
And His word in her middle is open to all
Who then is her food?

Mould the Church, Lord, unify it
And keep it colored with a thousand colors,
Speaking all the languages of the Earth,
Celebrating all liturgies,
Singing all kinds of songs

And me, I will find my place, my own place,
That neither nothing nor no one will be able to take away