

It is vacation time, for travel, free time...

TIME TO LISTEN TO LIFE THAT IS GROWING. THEN, LISTEN!



Listen, in the middle of the storms, streams in fury... to the gentle and quiet of a trembling Earth where life is born and grows, from a seed that germinates a few cells calling a being to life...

And you may, if you are a woman, if you are a man, if you are a young person, or a child, listen to life which will be born... Whatever it is, listen deep within yourself, in the middle of your storms, your weariness or your sleep, listen to life that makes you be.

Listen to the wind that moves the clouds to produce rain for life; the wind which causes the trees to shiver under the pressure of life; the wind that thrills your body

Listen to the mountains tops and the waves of the sea, listen to the hollows of deep gorges and caves at the center of the Earth... Listening to them invites you to discover, you and all your brothers and sisters, the heights that humans can reach and the depths of the conscience and the heart.

Listen, to the stones of the monuments that you visit. They tell you the story of men and women, brothers and sisters. They speak to you of love and hate, faith and prayer... They speak to you of peace and war, of fraternity and of violence... They tell you the history of our humanity: that of yesterday and today.

Listen, to songs, rhythms and the cries of these countries that you do not know... even if you think you know them. Countries of other cultures, other colors, other spiritualities. They reveal all the beauties and riches of humanity, your humanity. They invite you to rejoice, at the feast, but also to be in solidarity, and to respect, the struggle toward dignity for any human being.

Listen, even if you stay at home, to all those who come, who visit you, who take a rest. They bring you fresh air from another place; they enlarge your world view. Smile at them, let them approach you: for this is what builds peace, brotherhood, friendship, the encounter.

Listen, be thankful and praise life. Lift your heart to praise, to pray, and to be thankful. Hearing nature's song acting on you, this prayer that reminds you that you are made of clay... as well as Spirit. It is the Spirit who sings in you. And the Spirit is life! Listen to him... Welcome-him, during this time of rest, the mystery of life!

Reading

« Come away in a desert place, and rest a little »

Mark 6 :31

For reflection :

- Life is made of continual departures... It starts with the initial call "Go within yourself" like God addresses Abraham. Vacation time invites us to be free of what clutters us, to listen, to be silent!
- Are we ready to take the time to turn to God?
- What makes us happy? What is our hope? What is hope inviting us to implement in our life?
- Do we know how to discern the beauty of the world and enable it to shine from us giving hope to those who suffer?
- Is holiday time one of real encounters, where I take time to share with others, time to open my heart to a "visit" from God?

« The Institute is a perpetual miracle! Only God can give to our soul knowledge of him, because his mercies for us equal the number of grains of sand that are on the sea-shore ».

Mary Euphrasia Pelletier le 03/10/1839

Final Prayer

Father, you who are the source of love, I give you thanks, because in Jesus Christ you reveal to me the path of life. When I see Jesus walking on the roads of Galilee, his way of being with the people he meets, his way of listening, watching, touching, being present and relating to others, I truly discover a way of being human. When I listen to his words, woven by daily work, by men, by earth and the sky, I discover a man who welcomes each person allowing them to be transformed by them, a man docile to the Spirit. Yes, Jesus Christ, my brother, my friend, you reveal to me that God comes into me, at the very heart of my humanity. You enable me to discern the spirit who opens to life, because everything I am is a way of encountering you. Thank you!



Prayer submitted by Sr. Agnès BARON (Contemplative of the GS - Community la Garenne, France) and Sr. Annie GOLAS (RGS – Community of Ruhama, Angers, France)