SRL AND BAGAMOYO GENERAL CHAPTER

- We live out our mission in willing obedience to the Holy Spirit, taking Mary as our model. This condition of habitual fidelity to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit is the “practical union” of which Libermann speaks (SRL 5).
- The Chapter recognizes the mission of our aged and sick confreres as they continue to give courageous witness through their sufferings and prayer (Bagamoyo 2.8).

PRAYER

Father of light, from whom every gift comes, send your Spirit into our lives.

With the power of the mighty wind, and by the flame of your wisdom, open the horizons of our minds.

Loosen our tongues to sing your praise in words beyond the power of speech, for without your Spirit we could never raise our voice in words of peace, or announce the truth that Jesus is

THE BOOK OF JOEL

(2:28-29)

I will pour out my spirit on everyone: your sons and daughters will proclaim my message; your old men will have dreams, and your young men will see visions. At that time I will pour out my spirit even on servants, both men and women.

FRANCIS LIBERMANN

Here is something for your manner of acting in general. A ship has its sails and rudder. The wind blows in the sail and makes the ship move in the direction it ought to take. It is by the sail that it goes and that it takes a general direction. However, this direction would be too vague and would sometimes put the ship off course. One has therefore a rudder which guides it exactly on the line it ought to take, the Holy Spirit is the wind. He blows in your will and the soul proceeds, and it proceeds towards the goal that God intends. Your mind is the rudder which ought to prevent you, in the force and vivacity of movement given to your heart, from straying from the direct line determined by the divine goodness.

Letter to a religious priest, 1845.
PRAYER

Great Spirit, whose voice we hear in the winds, and whose breath
gives life to all the world, hear us.

We are small and weak. We need your strength and wisdom.
Let us walk in beauty, and make our eyes ever behold the red and
purple sunset.
Make our hands respect the things you have made and our ears
sharp to hear your voice.
Make us wise so that we may understand the things you have
taught us.
Let us learn the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock.
We seek strength not to be greater than others but to fight the
enemy within, our selfishness.
Make us always ready to come to you with clean hands and
straight eyes.
So when life fades, as the fading sunset, we may come to you
without shame, Amen.

* Native American Indian Prayer, adapted.