

nā tō rourou



...with
your
basket

nā taku rourou



...and
my
basket

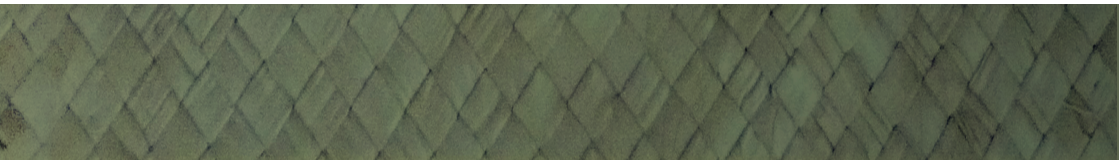
ka ora ai te iwi



the
people
will
flourish

Taking Mercy into the Future

Prayer Ritual prepared in Aotearoa New Zealand
for the Mercy world



*Nā tō rourou, nā taku rourou, ka ora ai te iwi
With your basket and my basket the people will flourish.*

Karanga - Welcome.

Karanga ra Kataraina

Karanga ki toku iwi

Takahia atu

Nga tiriti

Those I love lead them to me

Let them live a life of dignity

Within the house that you call

Mercy.

Catherine calls

She calls to my people

As she tramples

The streets

Written and performed by Richard Punaki, Used with permission.

E te Atua Atawhai, God, rich in Mercy,

We know you looked upon your creation and found it good.
We know you intended the people of the earth
to be stewards of creation and companions of each other.

We have not always been faithful to Your vision.

In our world today we see You
seeking healing and wholeness
seeking food and water
seeking clothing and shelter
seeking freedom and justice
seeking knowledge and understanding
and we sometimes fail to respond in mercy.

In Aotearoa New Zealand, we have inherited a Maori oral tradition that tells of how humanity gained wisdom. Three baskets of knowledge were carried to earth from the summit of the heavens by a mythic hero called Tane.

Kete-tuatea

Kete tuatea is the basket that holds knowledge of what is broken and fractured in our world – climate change, children living in poverty, human trafficking, the unequal society, the isolation of modernity, global warming, the exploitation of the earth...



Into the future, Mercy is the choice we make in the face of broken-ness.

E te Atua Atawhai, God of Mercy

You sent Jesus, who shows us that when we share there is enough for us all, who tells us that “when you did it to the least of these you did it to me”, and who, time and time again models the womb-response of Mercy.

A reading from the Gospel of Luke (7: 11-15)

Soon afterwards he went to a town called Nain, and his disciples and a large crowd went with him. As he approached the gate of the town, a man who had died was being carried out. He was his mother’s only son, and she was a widow; and with her was a large crowd from the town. When the Lord saw her, he had compassion for her and said to her, “Do not weep.” Then he came forward and touched the bier, and the bearers stood still. And he said, “Young man, I say to you, rise!” The dead man sat up and began to speak, and Jesus gave him to his mother. Fear seized all of them; and they glorified God, saying, “A great prophet has risen among us!” and “God has looked favourably on his people!” This word about him spread throughout Judea and all the surrounding country.

Reflection

A short time of reflection, during which participants are invited to speak softly a word or phrase from the gospel reading that touched them.

Kete-tuauri

Impelled to be Mercy.

The second basket is Kete tuauri.

It holds ritual, memory, prayer, and the wisdom that grows out of reflection.

It provides us with roots.

As we look to the future, we recognise the enormous trust our forebears placed in divine providence.

Catherine McAuley never wrote a strategic plan or a needs-risk analysis, but planted foundations which have grown into the worldwide Mercy network today.

This basket tells us that taking Mercy into the future does not mean taking blind action, but rather drawing on the strength and inspiration of our tradition, praying as if everything depended on God, and working as if everything depended on us, as St Augustine advised.

This basket reminds us to take time for prayerful reflection, and to create opportunities for others to do the same.



The Quiet Pool

There is within each of us
a quiet clear pool of living water
fed by the one deep Source
and inseparable from it,
but so often hidden
by a tangle of activity
that we may not know
of its existence.



We can spend the proverbial forty years
wandering in some strange deserts,
sinking unrewarding wells
and moving on, driven by our thirst,
but when we stop still long enough
to look inside ourselves, really look
beyond our ideas about water
and what and where it should be,
we discover it was with us all the time,
that quiet clear pool which is ageless,
the meaning of our existence
and the answer to all our wanderings.

And as we drink,
we know what Jesus meant when he said
we'd never be thirsty again.

The Quiet Pool from Aotearoa Psalms by Joy Cowley. Pleroma Press 13th Edition 2008.





Kete-aronui

The third basket is te kete aronui, which gives us our wings.

Mercy strives to keep hope alive into the future with this basket, which shows us that relying on providence is not passive; it holds the knowledge that helps us recognise the resources we have within ourselves and others. It keeps us open to

new ways of learning, thinking and working.

Reflection time:

“As I sit beside them, I am reminded that every life is a precious, priceless gift. I am constantly inspired by people who maintain magnificent emotional strength and integrity, in very difficult circumstances. The dying can teach us how to live.”

Mercy Hospice volunteer coordinator Julie Read

“If by visiting them I can give them something to anchor their lives on again, hope may be reborn.”

Joy Danvers RSM, Prison Chaplaincy

Mercy is about “whom we work with – women and children.” Mercy also defines “where we work – among those who have greatest need.”

Te Waipuna Puawai Manager, Puamiria Maaka

We must be like those rivers that enter into the sea without losing any of the sweetness of the water. Catherine McAuley



Waiting

The Lord made this perfect world, yet many people live in pain
They have no hope for each new day, it shouldn't be that way
Sadness fills their lives, and makes it hard to survive
Sorrow has swallowed all their hope, and leaves them lost, without love.

CHORUS

I'm sorry I sing, I'm sorry I shout
I'm sorry I let my feelings out
But if you just look, right over there
There's someone waiting, they're in despair
They're waiting for yo-u.

With heavy hearts they carry on, though they are fractured and forlorn
We may not even see them there, living in sadness and fear
But standing right within your view could be someone that needs you
And you can fill their lives with light, from the love in your heart.

CHORUS

From the darkness a light will glow
Growing stronger to let them know
That God, in everyone of us can shine through
Burning brighter, and that light could be you

CHORUS

That's why I sing, that's why I shout, that's why I let my feelings out.

Written and performed by Jessica Hannah Rogers, winner of the Junior section of the Caritas Aotearoa Sing out for Justice songwriting competition.



*How will I be a wo/man of Mercy in the future?
What sources of courage can I draw on to help me?*

Share with another your response

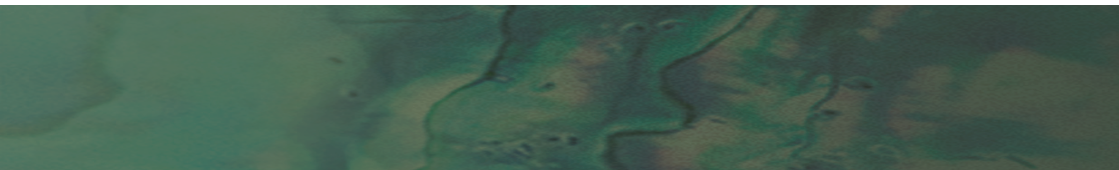
Prayer of Intercession

The response is E te Ariki, whakarongo mai ra kia matou / God of Mercy, hear our prayer.

We pray for our world in its brokenness. As we reach out in mercy, may we be a bridge between how things are and how by your grace they might become... Lord, hear us.

We pray that you make us people of action, with roots that link us to Catherine and all our Mercy founders, and with a vision that opens us to a future still unfolding through your love... Lord, hear us.

We pray for the gift of hope that opens us to new ways of thinking and responding. Stir us to be disturbed by whatever falls short of wholeness, and deeply convinced that we can make a difference that counts... Lord, hear us.



We close with a poem by James K Baxter, a famous poet and social activist in Aotearoa New Zealand, who reminds us that the mission of Mercy is summed up in the person of Jesus:

My love came through the city

My love came through the city / And they did not know him,
With his beard and his eyes and his gentle hands / For he was a working man.

My love stood on the lakeshore / And spoke to the people there
And the fish in the water forgot to swim / And the birds were quiet in the air.
“Truth” he said, and “Love” he said / But his purest word was “Mercy”.

And the fishermen left their boats and came to share his poverty.
My love was taken before the judge / And they nailed him to a tree
With his strong face and his long brown hair / And the whiteness of his body.

“Truth” he said, and “Love” he said / But his purest word was “Mercy”.
And the blood ran down and the sky grew dark / For lack of his company.

My love was only a working man / And now he is God on high;
I have left my books and my bed and my house / To follow him till I die.
“Truth” he said, and “Love” he said / But his purest word was “Mercy”.

Flowers and candles I bring to him / And no man is kinder than he.

J.K. Baxter. Collected Poems Oxford University Press, 1979

Mercy Alive

Refrain: Mercy alive in our hearts,
 Mercy alive in our bodies
 Mercy alive in the story we share,
 Set us dancing new steps of Mercy today.

- 1 Mercy speaks in many ways, a word, a touch, a smile
 Simple though our lives may be, come stay with us awhile.
- 2 Sing the song of Mercy strong, a faithful healing sound,
 Sharing bread our life we give, in love and joy we're bound.
- 3 Justice rising in our soul, truth the song we hear.
 Break the silence! Free the poor! Know our God is near!

Text and music: E. Marshall. © 1996, Willow Publishing.

