



home

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Where the heart is- home.
Where the mind strives- home.
Where the body thrives- home.
Home- the arena of belonging-
for safety, intimacy and nourishment,
a place to protect and preserve.

We want to be at home.
We want to make a home.
We want to enable others to be at home.

Home is the arena of belonging, of right alignments,
be it hut or house, shanty or caravan.
It is the local neighbourhood of familiarity,
it is the nation and region,
your culture and the character of your tribe, your clan.

It is Earth.
Home- the place, the space, the base, no place like it.

Sweet.
We all live here.
We are human.
We are creatures of sky and sea.
We are trees and landscapes,
grass seed and coral reef.
Cats and caterpillars, catfish and catmint.
We all live here.
Cats and caterpillars, catfish and catmint.

But there are those whose hearts are adrift,
whose belonging is fraught or shattered,
their minds denied,
their bodies deprived.
They are in our small situations, local and secret,
as well as on the vast public canvas
of the world's strife and discriminations,
those whose homes are not havens but horror,
whose habitations are inimical to life,
whose lives are exploited and commodified.





We pray for those not at home-
the displaced and exiled,
the destitute and disconnected,
victims of war and domestic violence,
casualties of greed and pollution,
the innocent, the stricken.

We pray for those not at home within themselves-
those with dementia, whose brains fail them,
the mentally ill, whose minds disturb them,
the depressed and struggling rural workers,
the long-term itinerants of our vast cities,
the workers enslaved by venal systems.

We pray for Earth, our home-
for our abuse of its riches,
for our squandering of its resources,
for the malaise we have inflicted on its creatures,
for our waste and our negligence.

We long to make things right,
to be authors of remediation,
stewards of goodness,
attendant to renewed awe, having respect for every atom.
We encourage each other in the many existing efforts,
we acknowledge the many ways Mercy is at home.
Now, this moment of all moments,
we are called to learn new ways, to risk new perspectives,
in order to recognise the cries and silences of the needy,
to name and respond to what has so far escaped us,
to know how best to foster and preserve,
to enable what needs homecoming,
whether human, creaturely,
or one of the myriad threads
of Earth's fragile, wondrous fabric.

God of the Universe,
Maker and Sustainer,
You are the true global presence of Mercy,
Your Mercy infuses every part of every/ thing.
Every part of every/ thing.
Guide and free us to act
with your righteous kindness
and piercing justice,
to bring all home,
to be at home,
to be makers of home.

Amen.

Mary Wickham rsm

