



PRAYER

February 27, 2022

All my springs are in You.

L 1a. We are here in the land of our origins: Mornese, miracle of life!

L 2a. It was here that Mother Mazzarello who was in the hands of God fertile ground where the seed of the Word firmly planted her roots to give fullness to the fruit.

L 3a. Today we begin our Mornese itinerary from this place where your life, Main, began. We want to ask you, to share with us the secret of your simple, daily and constant holiness.

L 1b. And we pray Psalm 87

Psalm 87

S 1. Glorious things are said of you, O city of God!

The psalmist

He has founded his city on the holy mountain.
The Lord loves the gates of Zion
more than all the other dwellings of Jacob.
Glorious things are said of you, O city of God!

God

I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon
to those who know Me;
behold, O Philistia and Tyre, with Ethiopia:
This one was born there.

The Faithful

Indeed, of Zion it will be said,
“This one and that one were born in her,
and the Most High himself will establish her.”
The Lord will write in the register
of the peoples: “This one was born in Zion.”
As they make music they will sing,
“All my springs are in you.”

Camminando con te, Main

Pellegrinaggio virtuale verso Mornese



L 1c. Mornese. Cradle, source, heart from which your life blossomed, Main.

L 2b. A small unknown town, almost like Nazareth. A family that desired you, waited for you, welcomed you with love.

L 1d. Mornese, the place from which a splendid design of God began.

L 2c. Dwelling place of unity of life, where, from an early age, you learned to grasp the deepest meaning. That special place where Heaven and earth touched each other when you opened your eyes on this world where you will have left an indelible mark. The space of the Yes, of the many yeses that, day after day, exuberant but docile to Grace, you learned to say to the Lord just like Mary.

L 1e. Mornese, a small town that, thanks to your courage, was destined to make its mark to far and distant peoples and countries.

L 2d. Mornese, oasis of that peace which comes from patience, generosity, love without limits or measures, a place where you weave strong ties similar to sewn fabrics. Main, even throughout your childhood you built listening, work and prayer in your life as you went about taking care of your little responsibilities,

L 1f. Mornese, source of a trickle of water, like the one you went to fetch at the well, which gradually became a river that irrigated and still nourishes and makes fertile lands and countries on all continents.

L 2e. Point of departure and place of return

L 3b. Main, guide us on this pilgrimage, on the paths of our lives and of our Salesian commitment in the world so that we know how to overcome obstacles, understand changes, be operators of peace and justice. Able to walk in synodality with the each other, all sisters and brothers, "freely doing all that charity requires" in today's world, the one to which You, Main, now send us, today as yesterday, with that never-ending love.

T2. In your Mother's heart and... in ours, grant that we be prophets of hope, builders of bridges not of walls, Samaritans of the third millennium for the young, the families, the most fragile, on the outskirts of the world, near and far, all enclosed and guarded in that small town that is Mornese.

Amen