

Swords into Plowshares

Gathering/quieting Song “Prayer for Peace”

(Based on a Navaho Indian Prayer. Words by David Haas. “Best of David Haas,” Vol. I, GIA Publications, 1995.)

Peace before us, peace behind us, peace under our feet
Peace within us, peace over us, let all around us be peace.

Love before us, love behind us, love under our feet.
Love within us, love over us, let all around us be love.

Light before us, light behind us, light under our feet.
Light within us, light over us, let all around us be light.

Christ before us, Christ behind us, Christ under our feet.
Christ within us, Christ over us, let all around us be Christ.

Alleluia, alleluia

Peace before us, peace behind us, peace under our feet
Peace within us, peace over us, let all around us be peace.



Reading 1 Isaiah 2:4

For from Zion shall go forth instruction, and the word of God from Jerusalem. God shall judge between the nations and impose terms on many peoples. They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; one nation shall not raise the sword against another, nor shall they train for war again.

Contemplative Silence

Reading 2 The Kingdom of Peace

I read Isaiah to them and they listened motionless with saucer eyes until one tiny face, quite wonder-wide, broke out in speech, “What is a ploughshare?” “What is a pruning hook?”

And so I told them of the shining blades that cut the earth to make it pliant so the seed may grow and bring forth fruit, and of the slender pole that moves among the branches stripping them of what they have no need, that they may flourish for God and for us.

And then I thought, perchance, someday, in some fair land a child would ask, “What is a sword?” “What is a spear?”

Mary Lou Von Rossum



Contemplative Silence

Reading 3 The Little Nation

Having no gift of strategy or arms,
no secret weapon and no walled defense,
I shall become a citizen of love,
that little nation with the blood-stained sod
where even the slain have power, the only country
that sends forth an ambassador to God.

Renouncing self and crying out to evil
to end its wars, I seek a land that lies
all unprotected like a sleeping child;
nor is my journey reckless and unwise.
Who doubts that love is an effective weapon
may meet with a surprise.



Jessica Powers
Selected Poetry of Jessica Powers edited by Regina Siegrried and Robert Morneau

Contemplative Silence

Sharing of a word that impressed you...

Closing Song “Prayer for Peace”

Acknowledgments

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