

Prayer

I sing my song to you with the wind
and I cling to you like ivy
climbing the wall
and ancient tower.

I cry my tears to you with the stream
which echoes the splash
that originates from the ice,
powerful amongst the rocks.

I pray, and my prayer is a song
and is lament
and is silence:

two hands joined together and
outstretched

to you,
powerful,
merciful,
man-Jesus Christ in whose name I am
spellbound

and I kneel
on each pain
that has no words
that has no hope
unless in you, my Lord
Because in you there is life
and Life is the light
of our human darkness.

For this, I cry
For this, I sing
For this, I pray
me too without words,
made, in you, hope
in you certainty oh God.

- We are called to make unity within ourselves, between prayer which listens to God in silence and prayer that in the noise of everyday life listens to God by listening to men.
- We have to take upon ourselves the task to represent our fellowmen, by becoming the voice of all of them and take them with us before God .
- Fidelity to prayer always requires spirit of initiative, creativity, human maturity, sense of personal responsibility: an authentic love for God and for our fellowmen. And, first of all, listening to the Gospel.

Extracts from: *La preghiera del laico*
Sofferenza e preghiera,
by Germana Sommaruga
(*The prayer of the layman*
Suffering and prayer
there is no english traduction of this text)

**If you are interested to deepen
Germana Sommaruga's writings,
please contact:**

Associazione "Amici Insieme con Germana"
via N. Mazza, 1 – 37129 Verona
aigermana@gmail.com



Germana
and
Prayer



Reflections of Germana on the Prayer

Prayer

**We adore You and we thank You,
Merciful Trinity,**

to have donated to the Church
Germana Sommaruga,
who has always lived
the fidelity of the baptismal grace
and the service in the secular consecration
with a long life, hope and ardent charity
towards the suffering
on the blessed tracks of St. Camillo de Lellis.

We pray You with trust in the sign of
Your benevolence towards this, Your daughter,
to grant us, through her intercession,
the graces that we humbly implore and,

if this is according to Your project of Salvation,
that she is recognized among Your Saints as a
witness of the Gospel for the spiritual good of all.
Amen.

*"Seen, allowed to be print. Verona, 9th of march
2011 - ✠ Giuseppe Zenti – Bishop of Verona"*
People who received graces and favours for
intercession of God's servants are asked to
inform the Petitioner of the Cause:
Ufficio Cause dei Santi, Curia diocesana,
Piazza Vescovado 7 - 37121 Verona, Italia
Tel. 045.8083711

- Everything spurs and stimulates us to prayer which is man's tension towards God and trusting in Him, whatever is the way it is expressed: praise, offering, supplication, begging God for forgiveness, imploration.
 - If in prayer man transcends (goes beyond) his human limits, his frustrations and poverty, even in suffering he can fully fulfil himself. When the man who suffers, instead of retreating into himself, throws himself into God, through prayer, God's fullness fills his gaps.
 - In the world in which we live we are called to share and sanctify in Christ the values and tensions of our time, men's toils and joys, yearnings and sorrows. Prayer leads us to seek in Christ, together with our fellowmen, the fundamental answer to our problems.
 - For this reason we seek to find out a way of prayer able to nourish the life of a committed layman in the environments of his daily life: a prayer which may have the strength to attract and unify all the various aspects of his life.
 - Sometimes prayer can be only a cry. If we know the book of Job we cannot be astonished.
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A cry is often the only way of prayer possible for the man who is facing the harshness of his reality. Even silence can be prayer. Often the man who suffers cannot say anything or think of anything: he is only a poor man who shows his empty hands, awaiting....

For Your thirst

In the pinkish hollow of outstretched
hands,
water reflects the sky.
So that you may quench your thirst,
Lord
in your earthly journey
towards my poverty
which hopes,
germinates,
sings,
offers.

Offering

I reach out, Lord
my hands,
in offering:
Empty!
Only a dry leaf:
arid, poor, dead
Yours.
Me, Lord.