

Carla's Prayer

The Lord has guided me so far
and in his guidance he has up and dropped me here...
at this time and in this place in history,
to search for and find him.
Not somewhere else.
But here.

And so **HERE I WILL STAY**,
until I have found that broken Lord,
in all his forms and all his various pieces,
until I have completely bound-up his wounds
and covered his whole body, his people,
with the rich oil of gladness.

And when that has been done,
he will up and drop me again –
either into his promised kingdom
or into the midst
of another jigsaw puzzle of his broken body,
his hurting people.

Carla Piette, MM – Chile, 1977

Maryknoll Sisters Archives

Waters of Mountains

Waters of Mountains – waters of God

Cleanse us, renew us so shabbily shod.

Rios de Chile, streams of burnt snow

Melt us, tow us beyond friend or foe

Currents so fast, pools deep and clear

Tune us, quiet our hearts still to hear.

Lord of the river, God of the stream

Teach us Your song, our dryness redeem.

Carla Piette, MM – Chile

Maryknoll Sisters Archives