

PRAYER

Lord, forgive me for becoming accustomed to looking at children who appear to be 8 years old when they are already 13.

Lord, forgive me for becoming accustomed to sloshing through mud puddles which I can leave behind me; they cannot.

Lord, forgive me for learning to shut out the smell of open sewers which I can leave behind me; they cannot.

Lord, forgive me for turning on my lights automatically, forgetting those who have no lights to turn on.

Lord, I can go on a hunger strike but they cannot even participate in a strike because of hunger.

Forgive me for telling them, "Man cannot live by bread alone" without joining in their struggle to have bread.

Lord, I want to love them for who they are; help me.

Lord, I dream of dying for them; help me to live for them.

Lord, I want to be with them when the light breaks through; help me.

--Father Carlos Mugica
Argentine Priest who worked in
shantytowns, killed May 2, 1974