

TO BE A PILGRIM...IN ANGELA'S SPIRIT

Leader: "To be a pilgrim means to be on the move, (enter two or three mimes, carrying small suitcases...they look around, searching...)

Slowly to be moving toward the holy ground of home, to be seeking for treasures that do not rust,

(Mimes stop and point to a portrait of Angela and to one of Marie de l'Incarnation. They take their suitcases to that area & set them down, looking like they have found a treasure)

To be comfortable with your heart's questions, to be moving toward the holy ground of home, with empty hands and bare feet." (Mimes sit, relaxing and appearing to rest a bit...)

Leader continues: How does delight in the wonder of the present moment mysteriously join heaven and earth and our being pilgrims? This story suggests one way to delight in the present moment.

Reader: "Eight-year-old Nancy, an academically challenged student in my learning center, was always more interested in her lip gloss and her hairbrush than in remedial reading. One day, she burst exuberantly into the center. 'Sister,' she blurted out, 'I know exactly what happens when I pray.' With a sweeping gesture toward the heavens, she continued, 'My heart goes up and God's heart comes down, and we meet smack in the middle.' Hearing those words, all my years of theology and all the books I had read on prayer seemed to pile up in a heap at my feet. In order to pray, I don't have to 'find' God or wait until life is sorted out. God is smack in the middle of each moment and everything in life - be it gloss or tangle." (Story is from Bridget Haase, osu)

Leader: "To be a pilgrim means to be on the move, slowly to notice your luggage becoming lighter, to be seeking for treasures that do not rust, to be comfortable with your heart's questions, to be moving toward the holy ground of home with empty hands and bare feet. Do you want to go home? There's a road that runs straight through your heart. Walk on it!

(Mimes take out cut-out hearts and put one on St. Angela's picture)

Leader: Suddenly, overpowering me with the truth, a voice within me gentles me and says: 'there is a power in you, a truth in you that has not yet been tapped. There is a road that runs straight through your heart. Walk on it.'"

(Mimes smile, look out at everyone, and go out among the others, to give each one a heart. They return to the front and hold up their hearts, inviting each one to hold up their heart.)

Leader: "There is a road that runs straight through your heart. Walk on it." (Poem from Macrina Wiederkehr OSB)

From Sister Lois Castillon, OSU

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