

# Lent 2023

*“To look at the other in truth, to act together.”*

*By night we will go by night,  
to find the source,  
Thirst alone enlightens us...*

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*Poem by Luis Rosales (Taizé)*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rUsr3eIHWjK0>

***Why has he brought us out of Egypt only to kill us, our children, and our animals with thirst...?  
Is the Lord in our midst or not?***

We ask ourselves these and other questions especially on those desert days, when we are tired, when we are desolate, when we have lost everything. In these summer days in the southern hemisphere, many communities have suffered the devastation caused by fires, losing family members, children, crops, animals and their many or few belongings. The same can be said of the inhabitants of Turkey who are suffering from the earthquake, the migrants who continue to cross borders to different parts of the world, countries like Nicaragua, Haiti and Peru who are suffering the consequences of an intolerable political and social system, the people of Ukraine in their war-torn country.



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In each of these situations, we see the need to look at ourselves, each one of us, in the depths of our humanity. Perhaps these people are asking themselves the same questions that the people of Israel were asking of Moses. Hope is what sustains them in the midst of this night. In Chile, it is expressed in the solidarity not only of family members, but also of other communities and countries that have sent help first of all to extinguish the fire and then to rebuild people's homes and to start life anew.

Disasters are an opportunity for us to get in touch with our own deepest self, with our thirst for the true God, thirst for relationships that will support and guide us, thirst for a love of creation that will lead us to treat it as sacred, thirst for something new that will refresh us and help us to get back on track.

Each one of us knows or experiences situations that are close to us, personal and/or communal, that are inviting us to act together, to recognize the need to meet person to person, one by one, like the people of Israel with their God, like Jesus with the Samaritan woman.

Approaching the other person, stopping, paying attention to them, listening to them, sharing their thirst, their questions, their needs and their quests, is the way in which Jesus continues to approach them. Letting ourselves be guided by this thirst, daring to repeat this gesture of love today, will lead us back to the well from which living water flows.

To accompany our prayer, we invite you to pray with this poem by St. John of the Cross, which you can also find in song.

***How well I know that fountain's rushing flow, although by night.***

Its deathless spring is hidden. Even so,  
Full well I guess from whence its sources flow,  
Though it be night.

Its origin (since it has none) none knows:  
But that all origin from it arose,  
Although by night.

I know there is no other thing so fair,  
And earth and heaven drink refreshment there,  
Although by night.

Full well I know its depths no man can sound,  
And that no ford to cross it can be found,  
Though it be night.

Its clarity unclouded still shall be:  
Out of it comes the light by which we see,  
Though it be night.

Flush with its banks the stream so proudly swells;  
I know it waters nations, heavens, and hells,  
Though it be night.

The current that is nourished by this source,  
I know to be omnipotent in force,  
Although by night.

From source and current a new current swells,  
Which neither of the other twain excels,  
Though it be night.

The eternal source hides in the Living Bread,  
That we with life eternal may be fed,  
Though it be night.

Here to all creatures it is crying, hark!  
That they should drink their fill though in the dark,  
For it is night.

This living fount which is to me so dear,  
Within the bread of life I see it clear,  
Though it be night.



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[\[La Fonte - San Juan de la Cruz | Carmelitas Misioneras\]](#)

[English translation of poetry by Roy Campbell,  
"Poems of St John of the Cross", p.45  
(Collins Fount Paperbacks, 1986)]

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