

A Hymn Piercing the Darkness

A Prayer of St. Frances Xavier Cabrini

God of our Wandering Ancestors,

I am an immigrant, a refugee,
an exile from heaven.

You made America a place of immigrants
and inspired Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini and her sisters,
welcoming and comforting the immigrant,
helping to make this nation a home for our children.

Mother Cabrini went down into the mines
to meet immigrant workers where they were,
her hymns piercing the darkness.

But there are dark places I fear to go,
people I fear to meet.

Fill me with the words that emboldened your shining saint:
I have the strength for everything through God who
empowers me.

May it be said of me that, like Mother Cabrini,
I treated the stranger not as an alien,
but as a brother or a sister,
greeting them with an embrace and a song of joy.

And when my days on Earth are done,
may I be greeted by one such as she,
by a hymn piercing even the darkness of death,
welcoming me to God's kingdom,
an exile no longer.

St. Frances Xavier Cabrini, pray for us.

Amen