

# Closing Liturgy Service

## *How Do We Breathe Under Water?*

### Communion Reflection

**Ubi caritas et amor  
Ubi caritas Deus ibi est**

### Recessional

**Laudate Dominum,  
Laudate Dominum omnes gentes,  
Alleluia**

Thanks to all who contributed to making this closing liturgy a healing and celebratory sharing of our blessed and broken lives.

### Breathing Under Water

I built my house by the sea.  
Not on the sands, mind you;  
not on the shifting sand.  
And I built is of rock.  
A strong house  
by a strong sea.  
And we got well acquainted, the sea and I.  
Good neighbors.  
Not that we spoke much.  
We met in silences.  
Respectful, keeping our distance,  
but looking our thoughts across the fence of sand.  
Always, the fence of sand our barrier,  
always, the sand between.

And then one day,  
-and I still don't know how it happened-  
the sea came.  
Without warning.

Without welcome, even  
Not sudden and swift, but a shifting across the sand like wine,  
less like the flow of water than the flow of blood.  
Slow, but coming.  
Slow, but flowing like an open wound.  
And I thought of flight and I thought of drowning and I thought of death.  
And while I thought the sea crept higher, till it reached my door.  
And I knew, then, there was neither flight, nor death, nor drowning.  
That when the sea comes calling, you stop being neighbors,  
Well acquainted, friendly-at-a-distance neighbors,  
And you give your house for a coral castle,  
And you learn to breathe underwater.

- Sr. Carol Bieleck, RSCJ  
*From an unpublished work*

**First Reading:** Exodus 3:13-15

**Responsorial Psalm:** Chant: “Y\_h\_w\_h”

**Second Reading:** Romans 8:9-13

**Alleluia**

**Gospel:** Matthew 11:25-30

**Dancers**

## How Could Anyone?

How could anyone ever tell you, you were anything less than beautiful?

How could anyone ever tell you, you were less than whole?

How could anyone fail to notice that your loving is a miracle?

How deeply you're connected to my soul?

Taken from *Songs for the Inner Child*, Shaina Knoll,  
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**Breathing Out Cards**

**Offertory:** A Whiter Shade of Pale — Air on a G String Medley

Taken from *Fragrances of a Dream*, Daniel Kobialka,  
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**Prayers of Petition**

**Communion Song**

## Lord, You Have Come

*(Pescador De Hombres)*

Original Spanish Text: Cesáreo Gabaráin Tr. by Robert C. Trupia  
Cesáreo Gabaráin, 1936-1991 Arr. by Joseph Abell

### REFRAIN

Senor, me has mirado a los ojos,  
sonriendo has dicho mi nombre,  
en la arena he dejado mi barca,  
junto a Ti buscaré otro mar.

O Lord, with your eyes set upon me,  
gently smiling, you have spoken my name;  
all I longed for I have found by the water,  
at your side, I will seek other shores.

### VERSES

1. Tú has venido a la orilla,  
no has buscado ni a sabios ni a ricos;  
tan sólo quieres que yo te siga.

1. Lord, you have come to the seashore,  
neither searching for the rich nor the wise,  
desiring only that I should follow.

2. Tú sabes bien lo que tengo;  
en mi barca no hay oro ni espadas,  
sán sólo redes y mi trabajo.

2. Lord, see my goods, my  
possessions;  
in my boat you find no power, no wealth.  
Will You accept, then, my nets and labor?

3. Tú necesitas mis manos,  
mi cansancio que a otros descansa,  
amor que quiera seguir amando.

3. Lord, take my hands and direct them.  
Help me spend myself in seeking the lost,  
returning love for the love You gave Me.

4. Tú, pescador de otros lagos,  
ansia eterna de almas que esperan,  
amigo bueno, que así me llamas.

4. Lord, as I drift on the waters,  
be the resting place of my restless heart,  
my life's companion, my friend and  
refuge.