

REDISCOVERING THEIR ORIGINAL PASSION AND REAPPRECIATION OF THEIR VOCATION AS MARISTS

(Prepare an image or real musical instrument. It can be a flute, a guitar, or a violin)



OPENING PRAYER.

Our loving Father, we thank you your goodness and kind invitation for our way of life. We are happy to be Marists in our community with our neighbor and our friends who strives to follow the dream of you Son, our brother Jesus Christ and your faithful servant Marcellin Champagnat. We pray you may keep our heart burning with Holy Spirit and help

us to be faithful to you call as Marists today.

A STORY FROM ZHUANGZI: THE INNER CHAPTERS¹

“Anguo Ziqi and the pipes of heaven and earth”

Nanguo Ziqi sat leaning upon his armrest. He looked up at the sky and sighed in a dazed manner, as though he had lost his double. Yancheng Ziyu stood in attendance before him. “What is this?” he said. “Can one truly make one’s form like a withered tree. Can one truly make one’s mind like dead ashes? The man who is reclining here now is not the one who was reclining here before!”

Ziqi said, “Well may you ask such a question. Just now, I lost myself – you understand? You may have heard the pipes of man but not the pipes of earth; you may have heard the pipes of earth but not the pipes of heaven.”

“May I inquire the method for this?”

Ziqi replied, “The Great Clod belches forth qi: it is called by the name Wind. It has no point of arising, but having arisen, the myriad hollows begin to howl. Have you never heard their long-drawn cry?”

¹<https://scholarworks.iu.edu/dspace/bitstream/handle/2022/23427/Zhuangzi-updated.pdf?sequence=2&isAllowed=y>

“The twistings of the mountain woods, the caverns of great trees a hundred spans round – like nostrils, like mouths, like ears, like sockets, like bowls, like mortars, like gullies, like pools:

rushing, shooting, roaring, sucking,
shouting, moaning, chortling,
wailing. The first gust cries out
hoooo, the winds that follow cry out
ooooh. A small harmony in a tinkling
breeze becomes the grand chorus of
a whirlwind.

“When the fierce wind is past all the
hollows are left empty – haven’t you
noticed their trailing cries?”

Ziyu said, “By the pipes of earth you mean the hollows; by the pipes of man, you mean the braces of bamboo flutes. May I inquire about the pipes of heaven?”

Ziqi replied, “They whistle through the myriads of different things and let each be like itself, each taking all that is appropriate to each – but who is it who blows them?”



GUIDE FOR THE REFLECTION.

Imagine yourself is a musical instrument. Breath through your noses. As you exhale, imagine that you are making some sound. Imagine as if you are in the middle of the orchestra and become one of the them. What kind of the sound can you hear or what is your role to play to make a harmony?

SHARING OF YOUR STORY.

READING OF PSALM 47.

For the leader. A psalm of the Korahites.

*All you peoples, clap your hands;
shout to God with joyful cries.*

*For the LORD, the Most High, is to be feared,
the great king over all the earth,*

*Who made people subject to us,
nations under our feet,*

Who chose our heritage for us,

the glory of Jacob, whom he loves.

Selah

*God has gone up with a shout;
the LORD, amid trumpet blasts.*

*Sing praise to God, sing praise;
sing praise to our king, sing praise.*

*For God is king over all the earth;
sing hymns of praise.*

*God rules over the nations;
God sits upon his holy throne.*

*The princes of the peoples assemble
with the people of the God of Abraham.
For the shields of the earth belong to God,
highly exalted.*



CLOSING PRAYER.

Our loving Father, you listen the song of Mary when she met Elizabeth. Like Mary, our model of the faith, we ask you to help us to sing our own song and play our own instrument so that we may be one of the members of your heavenly orchestra with Mary, Marcellin Champagnat, and other Marists. Help us to be always in tune with our own vocation. We ask this through our Brother Jesus Christ. Amen.