

St. Francis and the Wolf

Come, join me brother Wolf

The journey into the forest has been hard and long, uphill,

Let us be together and talk a while in this place of shade and quiet.

The trouble is this, folk will not listen, will not believe me

When I tell them what I feel and experience of God's Creation:

The tree roots remind me I am rooted deep in the love of God. (Eph.3:14-17)

Every time I drink from the spring of clear water

I am reminded of the ever-living fountain of grace springing up to all eternity.
(Jn. 4:14; Jn.7:37,38)

Refreshing us both, you and I. Sister water becomes our servant, pure and clean.

They will not believe me when I say

The dawn is brighter than the noon,

The egg will fly

And the seed will grow

to provide shelter and sustenance
for all.

They must see the breath of God

Put out their hands

Touch and feel the marks of God's
love

in one another

Before they learn to trust.

Come with me, my brother Wolf

Help me to speak.

Tell my friends in the village

The secret that we share



Let us share the vision of God's Kingdom,

"See, I make all things new" (Rev.21:5)

Let us show them, that the darkness of the night
bears the seed of a new day.

How deep within us all, sleeps the Lamb of God

Waiting to be touched awake

By the glance of trust

From one blind seeker of the truth.

A Pilgrim comes to Gubbio.

In the centre of Gubbio town there is a small chapel, and, in the crypt, there is a grave. The resting place of the wolf that made the journey with Francis. The space is quiet, peaceful, cool that draws you into the silence of eternity.

A place that speaks of reconciliation and understanding that we are all instruments of peace. This wolf, once a fearful adversary for the village folk was reconciled when they saw Francis and the wolf together and heard of his desperate hunger. A hunger that spoke to them of their



need to hear and feed on GOD'S WORD, and to become instruments of a peaceable Kingdom where all can be fed, loved and honoured.

In that space there is a children's rhyme, Francis and the Wolf, so that generations after they can hear and sing the story of reconciliation and how that peace can be forever theirs and that some, just some, of them may be called to walk into the fearful darkness of the other and reach out into their pain.....and bring the Love that passes all understanding.

Let us pray:

Gentle Francis, man of peace

Brother to the wolf in you and me.

Gentle Francis you feel the doubts,

the fears within

And the clamour of war and revenge all around us.



In the tree above, you see two branches cross, and
Remember the anguish, the fears and doubts
Jesus carried to Golgotha, giving his life for all of Creation.
We join Francis in prayer, "We adore you O Christ and we bless you
for by your Holy Cross, you bring us new life,
reconciling us to God and to one another." (2 Cor.5:20)
Francis, man of peace
You see the hilltop sign of contradiction
Love bearing the struggle and the anguish.
Become our peace.
By prayer, we place ourselves in God's hand,
"Into your hands I commit my spirit" (Lk 23:46)
And like Francis, become instruments of your peace.

We pray for our partners who work for peace and reconciliation, among them the Community of the Cross of Nails; those working in war torn places and in all places of violence and fear around the corner and around the World. AMEN.