

**“The Long and Winding Road”:  
A Lenten Day of Reflection  
Session 2—“Amazing Grace”: Being Found**



**Invitation to Prayer: from “The Wild Geese”—Mary Oliver**

*You do not have to be good.  
You do not have to walk on your knees  
for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.  
You only have to . . . love.*

**Opening Song: “Amazing Grace”—Judy Collins**

**Reading: “A Father’s Love”**

There is a story told of John XXIII when he was still Cardinal Angelo Roncalli of Venice.

At a dinner one evening, his priest-secretary spoke to the Cardinal about a scandalous priest. The young secretary questioned what the Cardinal’s planned to do about punishing this man’s behavior. After remaining silent for some time and gazing at the wine goblet in his hand, the Cardinal asked his secretary, “Whose glass is this?” “Yours, your Eminence.”

Without another word, Roncalli threw it to the floor where it shattered into a thousand pieces. Then, he asked, “And whose is it now, Father?” The priest replied, “It is still yours.”

## Closing Prayer

### Reading: “The Prodigal Father”—John Shea

Suddenly, the father was old. He was a tired man. Her turned and moved back down the hill. When he reached the bottom, he noticed his younger son had come out of the house. The robe he had put on him had slid off one shoulder. The ring he had given him had been too large for his starved finger and barely clung to the knuckle. The leather of the new sandals had already cut a ridge on his ankles. The father looked back up at his oldest son. He seemed to be frowning. The sweat of the slave was still on him. Between them both stood the father.

The music from the party, that at the moment none of them were at, drifted from the house and hung in the air between the three of them. Suddenly the father was no longer tired. He lifted his robes, and there between the son on the hill and the son outside the house, the joy of his heart overflowed into his feet. In broken rhythm he began to dance, hoping the music he could not resist would find the hearts of the two brothers and bring his sons, his true inheritance, back to him.

### Closing Song: “This Ancient Love”—Carolyn McDade

Long before the night was born from darkness  
Long before the dawn rolled unsteady from fire  
Long before She wrapped her scarlet arms around the hills  
there was a love this ancient love was born.

Long before the grass spotted green the bae hillside  
Long before a wing unfolded to wind  
Long before She wrapped her long blue arm around the sea  
there was a love this ancient love was born.

Long before a chain was forged from the hillside  
Long before a voice uttered freedom’s cry  
Long before She wrapped her bleeding arms around a child  
there was a love this ancient love was born.

Long before the name of a God was spoken  
Long before a cross was nailed from a tree  
Long before She laid her arm of colors ’cross the sky  
there was a love this ancient love was born.

Wakeful our night, slumbers our morning  
Stubborn the grass sowing green wounded hills  
As we wrap our healing arms to hold what her arms held  
this ancient love, this aching love rolls on.