



May we journey well, may we welcome the unpredictable, the strange, the paradoxical. (Carmel Bracken)

Ritual with the Theme

Home

Created by Sr. Carmel Bracken Northern Province

This Ritual from Carmel Bracken invites us to reflect on Home, on its lived meaning and on its deepest meaning.

Introduction

The theme of **Home** brings our awareness to all that is falling apart and it also awakens our imagination to search for ways to fit things together in a more wholesome way. In reflecting on *Home* we recognize that when we come home to the earth and each other, we come home to self and vice versa.

Ritual Space

Include Globe and some photos of 'home' or artefact /symbols that represent home.

Leader:

The experience of COVID-19 has given many people a sense displacement.

This ritual is a reflection on what home means for us and an invitation to send healing to all who are displaced from their homes.

Opening Hymn

All Are Welcome

Let us build a house

Where love can dwell

And all can safely live

A place where Saints and children tell, How hearts learn to forgive

Built of hopes and dreams and visions

Rock of faith and vault of grace

Here the love of Christ shall end divisions

All are welcome, all are welcome,

All are welcome in this place

Let us build a house where prophets speak

And words are strong and true

Where all God's children dare to seek To dream God's reign anew

Here the cross shall stand as witness
And a symbol of God's grace
Here as one we claim the faith of Jesus

All are welcome, all are welcome... ([Marty Haugen](#) - Source Musixmatch)

*Home is many things to many people. The following beautiful song offers one person's perceptions of home. We are invited to **Listen** as it stirs within us.*

HOME – Sean Keane

The only thing I see ahead is just
The heat rising off the road,
The rainbows I keep chasing
Keep on fading before I find
My crock of gold,
And more and more I'm thinking
That the only treasures
That I'll ever know,
Are long ago and far behind
And wrapped up in my memories of home.

Chorus

Home was a swimming hole and a
Fishing pole and the feel of the
Muddy road beneath my toes,
Home was a back porch swing
Where I would sit and Mama sang
'Amazing Grace' while she hung out
The clothes,
Home was an easy chair with my Daddy there
And the smell of Sunday supper on the stove,
My footsteps carry me away but in my mind,
I'm always going home.

The miles that lay behind weren't as
Hard as the miles that lay ahead
And it's too late to listen
To the words of wisdom that my Daddy said,

And the straight and narrow path he showed me
Turned into a thousand winding roads,
My footsteps carry me away but in my mind,
I'm always going home.

Chorus

And the straight and narrow path he showed me
Turned into a thousand winding roads
My footsteps carry me away but in my mind,
I'm always going home.

To view the video, please [click here](#).

Reflection Time

Home for the writer of this song was represented by many things, the back porch swing, the smell of Sunday lunch, his mother singing *Amazing Grace* as she hung out the clothes.

What is home for you?

What image would you like to share?

Where do you feel most at home?

Pause for sharing on these questions.

Final Blessing

Divine Spirit, Nameless mystery, Mother, Father God may we have the courage to come home to who we truly are.

May we have the courage to let go of old patterns of behaviour that no longer serve all of life.

From this place of sheltering at home, may we dream new ways of being that work for all of life. Amen.