

**LEAVE THE CHAPEL AND PROCESS THROUGH THE HOLY DOOR FOR THE LAST TIME.
WHEN EVERYONE HAS GONE THROUGH FR. GERRY WILL BLESS AND CLOSE THE
HOLY DOOR.**

During the procession Sing:
I am with you on the journey and I will never leave you. I am with you on the
journey, always with you.

REPEAT UNTIL WE ALL ARRIVE BACK IN THE CHAPEL FOR BENEDICTION.

Come, adore this wondrous presence,
Bow to Christ the source of grace.
Here is kept the ancient promise
Of God's earthly dwelling place.
Sight is blind before God's glory,
Faith alone may see his face.

Glory be to God the Father,
Praise to his co-equal Son,
Adoration to the Spirit,
Bond of love, in Godhead one.
Blest be God by all creation
Joyously while ages run.

DIVINE PRAISES

Adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum sacramentum

Laudate dominum omnes gentes; laudate eum omnes populi.
Quoniam confirmata est super Misericordia ejus:
Et veritas domini manet in aeternum.
Gloria Patri et Filio; et Spiritui Sancto

Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper; et in saecula
Saeculorum. Amen

CLOSING OF THE DOOR OF MERCY 20TH NOVEMBER 2016

Hymn:
Oh the love of my Lord is the essence
Of all that I love here on earth
All the beauty I see he has given to me
And his giving is gentle as silence.

Every day, every hour every moment,
Have been blessed by the strength of his love.
At the turn of each tide he is there at my side
And his touch is as gentle as silence.

They've been time when I've turned from his presence
And I've walked other paths, other ways.
But I've called on his name in the dark of my shame
And his mercy was gentle as silence.

Mercy like a river, rising in the high mountain peaks,
Makes its way downwards, fed into by scores of silent streams
And hidden springs, winding its way among the foothills of tradition and
time. It flows outward till it cascades down the cliffs of change, into the
rich fertile valley of today.

The river of Mercy has been nourished by numerous people,
Channelled forward by the encouragement and kindness of friends.
The path of this river follows the finger of God, the Divine Spirit
Who has led it on into this day.

As we continue living this way of Mercy,
The river will flow on, taking in many arteries
Of our personal and communal lives. Our prayers will swell
its mighty force, expanding outward into the whole cosmos,
Giving glory to God and bringing peace to our earth.

Author Unknown

WHAT IS A PILGRIMAGE?

A pilgrimage is a ritual journey with a hallowed purpose.
Every step along the way has meaning. The pilgrim
Knows that life giving challenge will emerge. A
Pilgrimage is not a vacation. It is a transformational
Journey during which significant changes take place.
New insights are given. Deeper understanding is
Attained. New and old places in the heart are visited.
Blessings are received and healing takes place. On return from the
pilgrimage, life is seen with different
Eyes. Nothing will ever be quite the same again.

Macrina Wiederkehr: Behold Your Life

Pause for Reflection

Intercessions:

As this special jubilee Year of Mercy comes to a close we pray that the gift
of mercy may become stronger in us.

Lord in your mercy

Lord you are the giver of life. May we receive this day as a gift and return it
to you through our works of mercy.

Lord in your mercy

Lord you are the healer of hearts. Let your word motivate us to let go of
any resentments to which we cling.

Lord in your mercy

May all who suffer be sustained by the faith and
compassion of the community.

Lord in your mercy

Mary is the Mother of Mercy and we ask her to join her prayers with ours
as we sing: Salve Regina

THE DOOR OF MERCY

The Door of Mercy is double-hinged,
Swinging in, opening out,
Sturdy, yet easily moved.
My Friend says: "You only have to knock once,
And you only have to knock lightly."

The Door of Mercy rests on the threshold of need.
Its single key is kindness, which is always in the lock.
Faithfulness is its lintel,
Hope and healing the strong jams either side.

The Door of Mercy might be splendidly red,
It could be an unobtrusive brown.
It will need to be carefully handled
And its fittings are locally sourced.

Mostly the Door of Mercy stands ajar.

In spirit and in flesh you cross its threshold each day,
Often unmindful, but sometimes,
And increasingly, amazed at its potent familiarity.
The smell of the food of home wafts out,
The blood of the of the wounds of the earth flows in.

It is not immediately apparent
Which side is which of the Door of Mercy,
Since they interchange fluidly,
Pain and promise etched sharply on both.
Blessing is for all who come and go, stay and return,
Helper and helped,
All belonging, each bestowing.

My friends says: "You only have to knock once,
And you only have to knock lightly".

The God of Mercy,
Whose door it is,
Is always home.