

Final Prayer:



Come, Holy Spirit!

Come, free us to stand with and for those
who are forced into situations of exploitation.

Come, bring us understanding, inspiration, wisdom, and
the courage needed to stay on the journey.

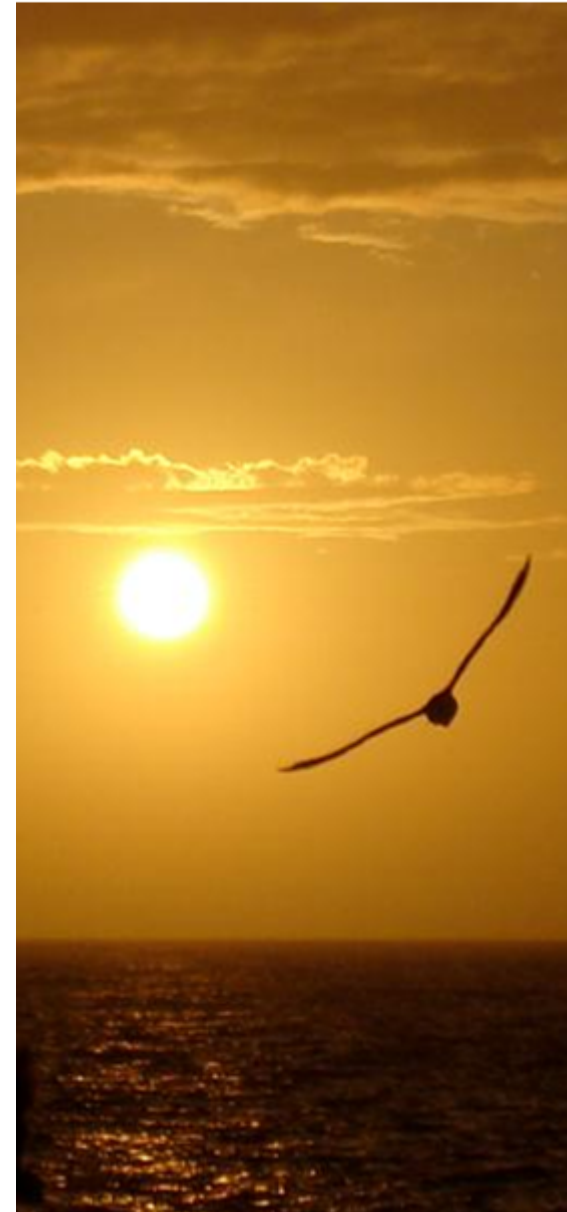
Come, O Holy Spirit,
show us the way.



Prepared for and on behalf of the Religious Sisters of Charity

A Moment of Prayer

Remembering all persons affected
by Human Trafficking



I
considered
also how
much
oppression
there is under
the sun:
the tears
of the
oppressed
and no
one to
console them,
the violence
of the
oppressors
and no one
to hold
them back.

Ecc1 4:1



Opening Hymn -

Optional

*Suggestions: The Silence & The Sorrow
The Lord Hears the Cry of the Poor*

Opening Prayer

Creator God, we believe that the human person is the clearest reflection of your presence in our world. All of our work in pursuit of both justice and peace is designed to protect and promote the dignity of every person, as an expression of your creative work and the meaning of Christ's redemptive ministry. Be with us as we reflect on the plight of all those women, men and children whose dignity is violated through trafficking for sexual exploitation.

(Adapted from The Challenge of Peace, No 15
US Bishops, 1983)

Psalm: 145

R/ *Blessed is she whose help is the God of Jacob,
whose hope is in the Lord her God.*



Blessed is she whose help is the God of Jacob,
whose hope is in the Lord her God,
The maker of Heaven and earth,
the sea, and everything in them -
the Lord, who remains faithful forever.

He upholds the cause of the oppressed
and gives good to the hungry.
The Lord sets prisoners free,
the Lord gives sight to the blind,
the Lord lifts up those who are bowed down,
the Lord loves the righteous.

Let us pray together:

Go and open the door

Maybe outside there's a tree,
or a piece of wood
a garden
or a magic city

Go and open the door

Maybe there's a dog rummaging
Maybe you'll see a face
or an eye
or the picture
of a picture

Go and open the door

If there's a fog
It will clear.

Go and open the door

Even if there's only
the darkness ticking
even if there's only
the hollow wind

Go and open the door

Maybe a child is sobbing
a woman crying
maybe you'll notice
the scars and wounds
of human suffering, human slavery

Go and open the door

even if
nothing
is there

Go and open the door

As least
there'll be
a draught

Miroslav Holub (B1923) translated by Ian Milner and adapted 2012

Shared intercessions

Litany

Blessed are you who work for justice... who welcome the outcast, befriend the migrant and cast off the yoke of slavery from trafficked sisters and brothers. *May the kingdom come*

Blessed are you who work for justice...who risk your own security to help others in need, care for the innocent and act to uphold human rights and dignity. *May the kingdom come*

Blessed are you who work for justice...who seek to bring hope and healing, compassion and liberation to the oppressed, and walk in solidarity with them. *May the kingdom come*

Blessed are you who work for justice... who seek to protect the vulnerable and prevent the trading of human persons. *May the kingdom come*

Blessed are you who work for justice...who open doors for acting justly, loving tenderly, and walking humbly with God. *May the kingdom come*

The Lord watches over the alien,
and sustains the fatherless and the widow,
but frustrates the ways of the wicked.
The Lord reigns forever,
Your God, O Zion, for all generations.

R/ Blessed is she whose help is the God of Jacob,
whose hope is in the Lord her God.

Reading: John 13:3-5 & 12-16

(Taken from the Message - Eugene Peterson)

Jesus knew that the Father had put him in complete charge of everything, that he came from God and was on his way back to God. So he got up from the supper table, set aside his robe, and put on an apron. Then he poured water into a basin and began to wash the feet of the disciples, drying them with his apron....

After he had finished washing their feet, he took his robe, put it back on, and went back to his place at the table.

Then he said, "Do you understand what I have done to you? You address me as 'Teacher' and 'Master' and rightly so. That is what I am.

So if I, the Master and Teacher, washed your feet, you must now wash each other's feet.

I've laid down a pattern for you. What I've done, you do.



Reflection at the funeral of Tina Motoc

(This reflection is written by Sr. Eugenia Bonetti MC, for Tina who was a 21 year old Romanian girl who had been trafficked into Italy and was found murdered on a road near Turin in February 2001).

Forgive me for daring to break through this moment of prayer, but I desire to beg and entrust you with a message before you return to your country to rest, after remaining in the city morgue for thirteen long months because of unending juridical investigations. In this last salute I would like to speak in the name of many people present and absent. Together we would like to ask your forgiveness for our personal and collective responsibilities. That your young life that was so suddenly interrupted weighs terribly on our consciences and we need your forgiveness to find strength to continue the fight against all forms of slavery and exploitation.

We ask forgiveness from your daughter Elisa whom you left in Romania a few months after her birth; we also ask the forgiveness of your mother and all the mothers who daily weep for the hundreds of daughters who came to Italy with the mirage of a life full of hope but who were struck down by a cruel and humiliating death like yours.

Tina forgive the hypocrisy of our society of well-being and consumption, concerned with development and technological progress which has forgotten respect for the dignity and sacredness of each person. Forgive the connivance of our civil authorities that permit or tolerate this new form of slavery and do not want to defeat the racket and organisation of traffickers of human beings, allowing the destruction of thousands of young and defenceless people by shameful earnings. Forgive the law enforcement agents that did not protect and defend you because you were an illegal alien, without identity and consequently stripped of your dignity and liberty.

I ask your pardon in the name of all of us women, because we left you alone on the streets to live your drama of solitude, anguish and fear through our indifference and silence.

I ask your pardon Tina, even in the name of your killer who in a barbarous way mutilated your young body. But he is not the only one responsible for your death; in fact before you were struck, you were already dead. How many people killed the dreams and expectations of your twenty years of life? We are all guilty and co-responsible for your death and for this we invoke the mercy of God.

Now we want you to rest in the peace and love of God who is Father of all the marginalized, desperate, humiliated and despised by history. He is the one who “cast the mighty from their thrones and exalted the humble”. He is the one who “filled the hungry and sent the rich away empty.” (Luke 2: 52-53).

May He now wipe away all your tears and give you the joy and peace of eternal life. May the comfort of our prayers, our solidarity and our participation in this great loss be with little Elisa and your family; may it increase our awareness and our commitment to defend and liberate the slaves of the 21st century.

(Jesus, The Redeemer Parish, Turin March 23, 2002).

As we reflect on Tina’s story, let us ask ourselves how we can be a part of the change that is necessary in our world to stop vulnerable young women, children and men being bought, sold and betrayed.



Reflection:

Music - **Let Us Rise As One** (Commissioned by the [Zambian Region](#))