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*By Caryll Houselander*

God will enter into your night,  
as the ray of the sun enters  
into the dark, hard earth,  
driving right down  
to the roots of the tree,  
and there, unseen, unknown,  
unfelt in the darkness,  
filling the tree with life,  
a sap of fire  
will suddenly break out,  
high above that darkness,  
into living leaf and flame.

*An Argentine folksong*

Señor, que nuestra vida sea cual una quena simple y recta,  
Para que tú puedas llenarla, llenarla con tu música.  
Lord, let our life be a simple and straight flute,  
so that you can fill it, fill it with your music.

Señor, que nuestra vida sea arcilla blanda en tus manos,  
Para que tú puedas formarla, formarla a tu manera.  
Lord, may our life be soft clay in your hands,  
so that you can form it, form it in your own way.

Señor, que nuestra vida sea semilla suelta por el aire,  
Para que tú puedas sembrarla, sembrarla donde quieras.  
Lord, may our life be seed released in the air,  
so that you can sow it, sow it wherever you want.

Señor, que nuestra vida sea leñita humilde y siempre seca,  
Para que tú puedas quemarla, quemarla para el pobre.  
Lord, may our life be lowly firewood and always dry,  
so that you can kindle it, kindle it for the poor.