

Mercy Day

If we utter aloud the word *mercy*,
standing, each of us, by an open window
anywhere we are in the world,
then the word *mercy* will carry on the soundwaves
onwards and unceasing,
through the air of the wounded world.
And maybe, when it takes flight
into deed and kindness, justice and effort,
it will effect a healing, a hope and a blessing.
It may call the homeless home,
it may coax to hope the betrayed and broken,
it may ease the burdened earth.
Listen for it, the repeated word *mercy*, on this Mercy day,
Listen for its neighbourly dialects and global idiom.
Imagine those who, like you, are saying it aloud,
and those who need to hear it, today- the word- mercy.
One word, one deed of justice, one kind effort at a time.

Creator God, sustainer of life,
Jesus, our companion Word,
Spirit, who, like the air, inspires,
give us the simple daring this day
to say and to be Mercy.

—Mary Wickham rsm

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