



**With a text from
Maurice Bellet**

A priest and theologian trained in psychoanalysis, Maurice Bellet died on 5 April 2018, leaving a work that renewed Christian spirituality.

He was a close, creative, but also critical and demanding figure in contemporary Christianity. He was a close, creative, but also critical and demanding figure of contemporary Christianity. He was the author of some thirty books, leader of numerous groups and a tireless speaker. A priest, philosopher, theologian and poet in his own time, he was one of the first to establish a bridge between psychoanalysis and the Gospel, from which he drew new words to express the Christian faith in a world outside the bosom of the Church.

Here is an excerpt from one of his books on the front, which we offer for your meditation.



The voice

But what is heard?

The voice; first the voice.

Before every word that says this or that, or rather in such and such a word, this voice which says the only thing to be heard and which can take so many forms:

You are my son, you are my daughter;

you rise from the dead;

the worst may be down the road;

you have eternal place;

in you remains this elusive gift that nothing and no one will destroy, not even you;

living is possible;

you are loved;

you can love;

the desire of the desire to live and to love is already enough;

here you are among the living;

you are great in the measure of your lowliness, your humiliation, your pain;

you come back from so far away, to you the great path, to you the still unknown truth;

see what is possible for you and do it: Today is the beginning of your beginning;

never too late, never too little;

there is no man condemned.

A word of this kind and perhaps without words:

a song;

the light sound of the gentle breeze that Elijah heard on the mountain;

the light of a morning;

the music;

the beloved face;

a word, two words, from the Gospel or from anywhere else, from a passer-by, from a mediocre book.

It can be dazzling,

that day, that hour, the date forever sacred;

or diffuse, not even seen, working what we call the unconscious.

M.BELLETT, La chose la plus étrange, DDB 1999, page 79

Praying with this text can be as simple as reading it, letting oneself be seized by the joy it brings.

Prayer proposed by Sister Michèle Jeunet.