

THIS LENT, WE ARE CONFRONTED BY THE CATASTROPHIC INVASION OF UKRAINE.

GOD OF PEACE, IN LENT YOU DRAW US TOGETHER

TO WITNESS THE DEPTH OF YOUR LOVE FOR US.

ALLOW THAT LOVE NOW TO INTERCEDE IN THE INVASION OF UKRAINE.

RESCUE YOUR CHILDREN.

UNITE OUR FAMILY.

END THIS WAR.



**IN PRAYER WE COME TO GOD WITH EVERYTHING THAT TOUCHES OUR LIFE,
WITH THE SUFFERINGS AND HOPES OF HUMANITY. (§20 CONST.)**

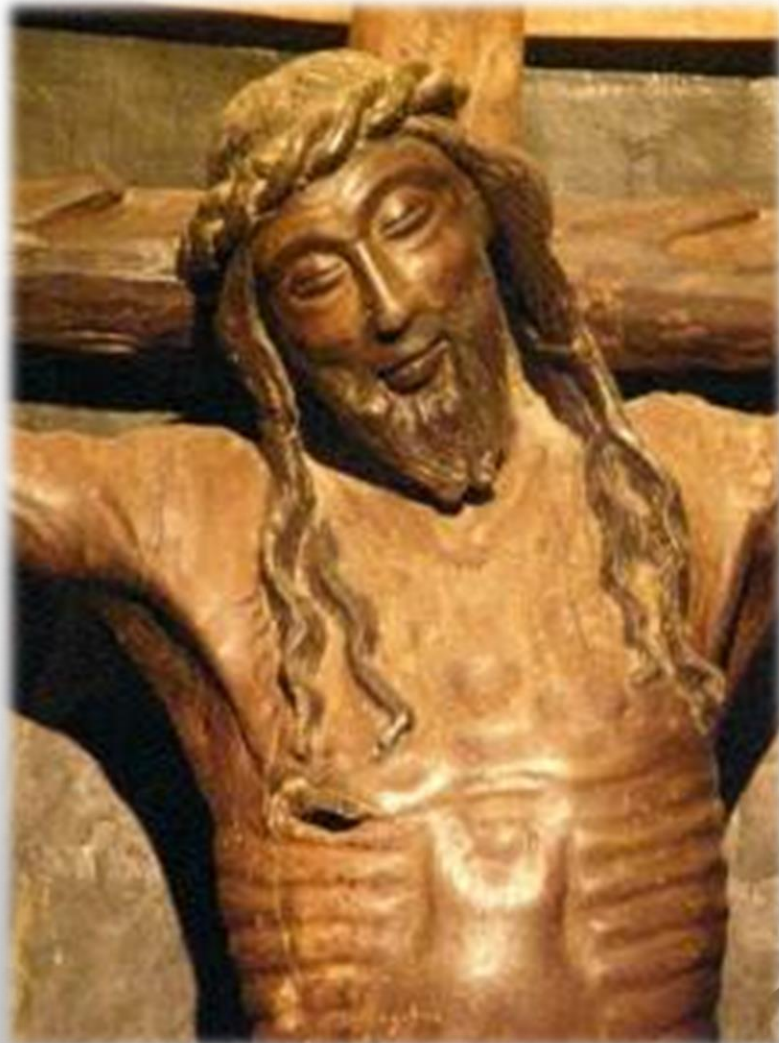


***"DO NOT GET USED TO WAR.
STAY ON THE SIDE OF PEACE AND HUMANITY,
THEN THE VICTORY OF UKRAINE WILL BE YOUR VICTORY...
THANK YOU TO ALL WHO TAKE OUR PAIN AS THEIR OWN".***

OLENA ZELENSKA the wife of the president of Ukraine



**THE PIERCED HEART OF JESUS OPENS OUR BEING TO THE DEPTHS OF GOD
AND TO THE ANGUISH OF HUMANKIND. *(§8 CONST.)***



KATERYNA, LUGANSK: the current russian invasion of ukraine began for us like in a soviet movie: early in the morning, at 5:15, I was woken up abruptly by the sound of a flying fighter jet. My husband looked at the phone and said that it had begun. After another 15 minutes, we heard a terrible explosion and the house shook.

I ran to the nursery. The picture that I saw there will remain for me the main illustration of this war. My 10-year-old son—thin, in his underpants, still sleepy—was lying by the bed on the rug, curled up, covering his head with his hands, and at the same time, he was calm.

He did just as I taught him.

Two days before I was indignant that he still did not know how to tie his shoelaces.

LORD HELP US TO TAKE THEIR PAIN AS OUR OWN



NATALIA, KYIV: on the morning of feb. 25, I did not plan to go anywhere. I wanted to be at home, bake bread in my favorite oven, grow flowers in the backyard. There was no talk of evacuation. On the contrary, my parents and eldest daughter and their friends came to our house in the suburbs of kyiv.

By lunchtime everything had changed: I had thrown some things in the car, the children, our dog. Our eldest daughter refused to leave, my parents also stayed at home. I will never forgive the occupiers for my mother's words: "We have already lived our lives. You save the children."

Yes, we understood for eight years that the attack on us was a matter of time; yes, we were taught the jewish wisdom of the holocaust: "Believe those who say I want to kill you." And still it is impossible to be ready for this. When it happens, the brain denies it.

LORD HELP US TO TAKE THEIR PAIN AS OUR OWN



LYUDMILA, MARIUPOL: I could not sleep. I was shivering as soon as I closed my eyes—I saw my parents saying goodbye to me and my grandchildren. Every sound seemed suspicious. Here is hell. Constant shelling. We sit in the basement, sometimes we manage to cook food on a fire. A hole was dug near the entrance to go to the toilet. Very cold. We are still alive, but there is very little food left. As for the rest of our relatives, I don't know. There is no connection.

LORD HELP US TO TAKE THEIR PAIN AS OUR OWN.





NATASHA, MARIUPOL: half a million mariupol residents are cut off from life. There are no streets left with undestroyed houses. The bodies of the dead are buried in the courtyards of residential sectors. There is no light, heat, water, food, communications in the city. Children are dying of dehydration. The enemy cynically breaks the promised “green corridors,” blocking any attempts to deliver food and medicines.

LORD HELP US TO TAKE THEIR PAIN AS OUR OWN

BOMBED CITY - MARIUPOL



KATERYNA, LUGANSK: my parents and I left our homes for the second time in seven years. I can't express these feelings. People ask me: are four walls dearer to you than the lives of your loved ones? Of course not. But I perceive my home as a close friend, a living being. And now I again have the feeling, as in 2014, that I betrayed him, abandoned him and did not protect him.

Now our family is safe. But I keep thinking that it would be better if I stayed at home. Even under shelling it would be easier for me than wandering around other people's apartments, without my things and in complete uncertainty about how long all this will last and whether my house will survive.

LORD HELP US TO TAKE THEIR PAIN AS OUR OWN





GOD'S MERCY AND FAITHFULNESS

SHINE FORTH IN A WORLD WOUNDED BY SIN. (52 CONST.)





**Make me a channel of your peace
Where there is hatred let me bring
your love**

by Susan Boyle

**Where there is injury,
your pardon Lord.
And where there is doubt
true faith in You**



**Make me a channel
of your peace**

**Where there is despair in life
let me bring hope**



**WHERE THERE IS DARKNESS
ONLY LIGHT
AND WHERE THERE'S SADNESS
EVER JOY**



Joanna Szubzda © Polskie Radio Długość



**Oh, Master grant
that I may never seek
So much to be consoled
as to console**

**To be understood
as to understand
To be loved
as to love
with all my soul**



**Make me a channel
of your peace
It is in pardoning that
we are pardoned**



**It is in giving
to all men
that we receive
And in dying
that we are born
to eternal life**



**Oh, Master grant
that I may never seek
So much to be consoled
as to console**



Joanna Szubzda © Polskie Radio Piątko

**To be understood
as to understand
To be loved as to love
with all my soul**



**Make me a channel
of your peace
Where there's despair
in life let me bring hope**



**Where there is darkness
only light
And where there's
sadness ever joy**





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OLENA ZELENSKA wife of the president of Ukraine



Lord Jesus, born under bombs in Kiev, have mercy on us.

Lord Jesus, died in his mother's arms in a bunker in Kharkov, have mercy on us.

Lord Jesus, sent to the front as a 20 year old have mercy on us.

Lord Jesus, who in the shadow of your cross you see constantly armed hands, have mercy on us.

Forgive us that we continue to kill our brother, that we continue like Cain to gather stones from our field to kill Abel.

Forgive us that we continue to justify cruelty by our fatigue, if by our suffering we justify the monstrosity of our deeds.

Forgive us the war, Lord.

Stop Cain's hand, enlighten our conscience, let not our will be done, leave us not to our actions.

Stop us, Lord, stop us. And when you have stopped Cain's hand, take care of him too.

He is our brother.

Pope Francis