

LITTLE GIRL I TELL YOU TO GET UP

So much fuss

So much noise

So much drama

Little girl I tell you to get up

There is such beauty in the faith of innocence, and the love of Christ Jesus

“He ordered them strictly not to let anyone know about it,

and told them to give her something to eat”

They look for proof of the existence of God in miracles, and clever conversations

They seek to justify cruelty abusing faith, rewriting its teachings, and turning fidelity into fanaticism.

In the name of Christ the martyrs of many faiths have been executed

This same Christ who saw the tears of frightened father

And cut through the noise of the crowd

To the silence of love

Little girl I tell you to get up.

So much fuss

So much noise

So much drama

Little girl I tell you to get up

We build the cathedrals and that is fine

This church a palace, a place where once the poor could feel ownership of dignity

Gold is the metal with which we decorate the infinitely valuable

In the name of Christ these investments are made

This same Christ who saw the tears of frightened father

And cut through the noise of the crowd

To the silence of love

Little girl I tell you to get up.

So much fuss

So much noise

So much drama

Little girl I tell you to get up

I love my family very deeply

There are examples of children who have grown to be successful

The memory of my parents feeds my every move

In the name of Christ they baptised me

This same Christ who saw the tears of frightened father

And cut through the noise of the crowd

To the silence of love

Little girl I tell you to get up.

Once a week we celebrate the mass

Try, Try, to return to what matters

Without the fuss

Stepping through the crowd

Beyond the performance

You remain a child of god

Each of you

Each little one

I tell you to get up.