

The God of my faith was born in a cave.

He was a Jew,

who was persecuted by a foreign king
and walked as a vagrant through Palestine.

He sought the company of common folk,
gave bread to those who were hungry,
light to those who lived in darkness,
freedom to those who were in chains,
peace to those who asked for justice.

The God of my faith puts people
above the law

and love in place of old traditions.

He doesn't have a rock on which to lay his head
and is taken for one of the poor.

He only met the doctors
when they doubted his word.

He was with judges,
who managed to condemn him.

He was seen among the police,
a prisoner.

He stepped into the palace of the governor
to be whipped.

The God of my faith wore a crown
of thorns.

He wore a tunic all woven
in blood.

He had forerunners who opened the road for him
to Calvary,
where he died among thieves
on the cross.

The God of my faith
is none other than
the son of Mary,
Jesus of Nazareth.

Every day he dies,
crucified by our selfishness.

Every day he rises,
by the strength of our love.