

ROLAND R. ROPERS



*“In wealth and war we’ve gone astray  
to poverty and peace we lost our way.  
We played the dice of stars and chance  
but foolishly unlearned to fold our hands.  
Behind our plans we hide our fears  
and quietly at night we shed our tears  
until you come, one silent night  
Eternal Dawn of a new light”.*

## Tsunami-Life

Michael A. Windey S.J.

(28<sup>th</sup> April 1921 – 20<sup>th</sup> September 2009)

*We are facing right now new Tsunami destructions in South East Asia. The Divine Nature makes constant wake-up calls for our awareness in a world where we still think and believe in terms of*

*growth and consumption. This concept will fail within short – many people in the world of consumerism are being psychically destroyed by the Tsunami-flood of the mass media.*

Jesuit-Father Professor Dr.theol.Dr.phil. **Michael Anthony Windey** was all his life in a great variety of Tsunami-situations and was always capable to write poems in the middle of his daily workload. When the horrible Tsunami began on **26<sup>th</sup> December 2004** Michael Windey celebrated **Holy Mass** in his **Sagarsangam Ashram** (**sagar** = ocean; **sangam** = flowing together). Sagarsangam is a very quiet extended area along the eastern ocean of India, 175 km north of **Chennai** (Madras), 17 km off the National Highway, east of **Nellore** city. Formerly a deserted windblown and storm-exposed sandy waste, it has been transformed into a small sketch of paradise, with over 2.000 palmyrah trees, birds of all colour and the ceaseless smiling glitter of the sea. It lies along the 125 year old Buckingham Canal which links a string of the old and new fisherman villages, many of them built by Father Windey and his organisation. In an Indian setting, the ashram tries to reflect the social awareness of the **Buddha**, the **Bernardine** frugality, the **Franciscan** love of nature, the **Ignatian** contemplative nature-dynamics, and something of the **Gandhian-Griffiths** dream.

## Creator of All

### A Prayer for the Tsunami Villages

by Michael A. Windey S.J.

#### **O CREATOR OF ALL**

Who has set the Universe in motion  
and who designed this little earth  
as sign of your eternal love-promotion  
in every spark of life, in every birth,  
before You now we lay, in deep emotion,  
the thousands lost in a calamity unheard  
of which we earlier had little notion.

#### **O YOU WHO BREATHES IN US**

the rhythmic beat of life, the ebb and tide  
of all our seas, our thoughts and work  
and who has guided us to trust Your might

in every wave that in the deep does lurk-  
how could You see us all to cry this night  
as if Your Angels now their care did shirk  
to leave us homeless, as if out of sight?

**O YOU WHO ARE "OUR FATHER" CALLED**

because only a BEING with a loving heart  
would create butterflies and nightingales,  
a father's care our lives in trust to start  
a mother's love, to softly stem our wails-  
a longing hope when we from friends do part-  
where were You when the thousands faced the waves  
and while their huts and families were ripped apart ?

**O YOU, OUR ONLY SOURCE OF HOPE**

Who gave us minds to try and understand  
the wonders of the sky, the mighty seas,  
and Who alone can, healing, hold us in your hand  
teach us, through all Tsunamis, to increase  
the helping love and science in our land  
to save our people, find the way to peace  
and to adore You, kneeling on the sand.

3<sup>rd</sup> October 2009