

Before God with Love

**TO PRAY WITH FR. LUIGI
CABURLOTTO**

*“Lord, I desire to live
in you and for you.”*

(Fr. Luigi Caburlotto)



**INSTITUTE “DAUGHTERS OF ST. JOSEPH”
Of Msgr. Luigi Caburlotto - Venice**

PREMISE

This booklet presents a gleaning of formulas of prayer sought in the manuscripts of the Servant of God Luigi Caburlotto.

The text is given in the original version (also with the indication of the initial of the archive-keeping of the manuscript from whom it is about) it is an interpretative version, to give reason to the authenticity and to offer a pattern of interpretation, much more available.

The Servant of God **Luigi Caburlotto**, was born in Venice on the 7th of June 1817, was consecrated priest on 24th of September 1842 by Patriarch Jacopo Monico.

Cooperator to S. Giacomo dall'Orio in Venice, and then parish priest from 1849 to 1872, founded in 1850 the Institute of the Sisters Daughters of St. Joseph for the education of the youth especially the poor and the abandoned.

Educator by vocation, he was director of the Manin Institute and of the Venetian Orphanages, where he knew to maintain with perspicacity and wisdom of heart the Catholic Educative Course in the midst of uncommon difficulty.

Died in Venice on the 9th of July 1897.

INTRODUCTION

How is the posture of Fr. Luigi Caburlotto in front of God?

Practical temperament, animated by ardent charity, he escaped from re-bending on himself, from autobiografism, from the confession of his interior world.

Consequently, it is necessary to be surprised by him during the spiritual retreats, when he scrupulously noted down his ascetical commitments, or when in front of the crucifix or the Eucharist, when preaching to his people or to his sisters, unintentionally passed from reflection to invocation, from contemplation to the praise of God.

This passage is all natural in Fr. Luigi, he loves and serves the Lord with total dedication and turned to Him as to the “fountain of mercy”, to his Creator and Savior.

The prayer for Fr. Luigi is above all a *dialogue*, it is the acceptance of the mystery and the response to its exigencies, it is allowing ourselves to be touched in the interiority and to be guided on the ways of God by the transforming power of the Word.

- The primary source of prayer is *the Sacred Scripture*, the Word of God read and meditated, Word that educates and transform:

“I have learned, Lord, who is your beloved one, it is the poor, the poverty in which You were born made me understand: therefore I will love the poverty as You have loved it, and I will love You in the poor ”.

- To pray means to read the work of God in creation, in the life of men on earth, in the exterior and interior

vicissitude, with a glance of faith, and glorifying him with the voice of the *liturgy*.

Fr. Luigi revisits the psalms that the Church places on the lips, making them personally the voice of his joy, of his invocation, of his anguish:

“Bless the Name of the Lord, bless it with me, all creatures”.

“Blessed are You, Lord, because you have chosen the last of your servants to make him shine in your temple “.

With freedom and creativity, he places on the lips of Mary the words of the psalms, or, turning herself to her with gratitude, exclaimed:

“If perhaps the Lady of heaven and earth had not been among us, when our enemies rise up, we would be defeated ”.

- To pray means to let oneself to be touched by the central mystery of the Christian faith: the total mystery of Christ, crucified, risen, always and really present in the Eucharist.

In front of the Crucifix, Fr. Luigi is moved, he contemplates the arms wide-open, the heart pierced, and disturbed by much love he prayed:

“Have mercy, Lord, your heart purifies us”.

“You have suffered much for me, it is just that I suffer something for you”.

For him, the Eucharist is the source of life, of comfort, of peace:

“Here, the weak comes and acquires strength, the afflicted comes and his soul is consoled, the poor

comes and he is enriched, the humble comes and he is lifted up.

Day and night Jesus remains in the tabernacles to listen the lament of the unhappy man, the humiliation of the powerful, to give grace and peace to all”.

- Above all to pray means to enter in sympathy with God and let oneself to *be converted* by his exigencies. A prayer that does not transform life is not a prayer. Fr. Luigi does not start from self-consideration, but always in the consideration of that which God is, of that which Christ has done and taught: therefore the conversion is not a voluntarism, one's own project of holiness, but the coherent response of love to an infinitely greater love:

“Jesus, you were crucified for me, and I want to be crucified for You”.

“Lord, you have been generous of graces with me, and will I be so ungrateful to fear humiliation?”



The Word educates and converts

Like You, Lord

Lord, you have obeyed to Mary and Joseph
even in the simplest and insignificant things.
Should I find it difficult to obey, out of love for you,
to my superiors or assume those ministries
that are considered of little importance by the people
though they are not?
To serve you, Lord, is to reign.
May my concern be the children
and among them those who are most poor and
abandoned,
because they are the honor of your Church.

The Poor is Your beloved

I discovered, O Lord, who is your beloved one:
He whom you love most.
It is the poor.
You make me understand it
since your coming into the world.
You did not take account of the riches,
nor of power and glory.
My Lord, I want to love poverty
as you have loved it,
in the little and in the poor I will love you.

Your Word is my comfort

Lord, I want to serve You
for all my life.
Don't permit that I,
called to testify Your truth,
testify myself.
In pains, discomfort of spirit,
I will open the book of Your Word,
my God.
Jesus, you were crucified for me
and I want to be crucified for You.

Renew my heart

Lord, grant that a renewed life
prepare me to a good death.
Lord, to love You above everything
and everybody;
to lose all but not You.
I am here, Lord, in your house.
You called me, this is my hope,
but I, what did I bring you?
There is nothing in me.
Renew my heart,
purify my mind,
and make me holy.

Lord, You are for me, I am for You

Lord, you have been so generous
of graces and favors with me
and will I be so ungrateful

to fear the humiliation and the suffering?
Teach me to choose
the way of humility and of sacrifice.

I want to love You

I am poverty,
sin,
You, my Lord,
are goodness:
could I not love You?
I want to love You,
to live and work for Your glory.

I want You

Lord, I desire to live in You
and for You,
detach from all,
in everything I want and look for
Your will.



Sing to God with voices of praise

Blessed be Your Name

May all creatures bless
the holy name of Jesus
with eternal praises.

Let the hosts of the angels and the heavenly spheres
say their blessing.

Let the shining crystals that are moving
beneath the wings of the winds,
exalt this ineffable name,
let the powers of God,
the shining sun of the day,
the pale moon and the shiny stars,
bless Him.

Let the fruitful rains, the gentle breezes
and silver dews
bless the sweet name of Jesus.

Bless Him, burning fires,
Bless Him, chill, hoar frost and dew.

Let the brilliance of the day,
the darkness of the night,
lightning and storms,
bless His glorious name.

Let the high mountains' peaks,
the loveliness of the hills, swift river,
clear springs and gushing streams,
sing His blessing.

Let the small and great water creatures,
the feathered birds
that fly on their wings in the air,
bless Him.

Let wilderness and savage beasts,
fields and the woolly sheeps,
bless Him.

Let the children of man,
priests of God, and servants of the Lord,
bless the name of Jesus.

May the souls of the just
and those who are pleasing to the Lord,
bless and exalt Him.

Praise and Blessing to our God

Praise and blessing to you, Lord,
and all your works bless your mercy
that soars over all your virtue.

The angels, clouds and sun exalt you,
the moon and stars tell your mercy.
The rain, dew, fire, cold and heat
are the mute creatures telling your praise.

The day and night, light and darkness
say: “we exist because of the Lord’s mercy”.

The mountains and the hills, seas and rivers,
bless the Lord.
Fishes and birds, every animal
and creature say that the Lord
is merciful.

The men and the souls of the just
now and forever
glorify You, Lord,
whom we adore present in the Eucharist,
the supreme gift
of your merciful love.

Keep Your arms always wide-open

Have Mercy

Sweetest Jesus,
we know well who stripped you
of every beauty
and dignity
and have plunged you into pain.
We are the one
who continue to condemn those
who were the true cause of your suffering,
we who don't care
of the hardening of our hearts
as the true cause of your sufferings.
Have mercy,
Lord,
because, though late,
we understood how great is our guilt.
Yes, Sweetest Jesus,
we are those who crucified you;
we deserve the punishment,
but, for the blood you shed,
we pray that our punishment
be the water of grace
which flowed from your side to purify us.

That I may love You, my Love

My Lord,
your body was covered
with wounds and blood
for my sins.

Touch my heart, I pray you,
that I may love You at last,
O Most Loving Love.

Who could do this?

Who could nail so cruelly
your hands to the cross, my Lord?
Who nailed your feet?
Who raised you on the cross?

*It was you, so ungrateful,
you my child.
Your sins led me to the cross.*

I, Lord?
Yes, I remember all my infidelities.
My God, if I look at John,
the only apostle who follow You
until Calvary,
and I consider that he could do it
because he is innocent,
how could I hope to follow You?
I, who, am not innocent?
But if I look at Magdalene
I am comforted a little, and I hope.

*Yes, find comfort, but think about the penitence
that made her worthy to follow Me.*

Lord, whatever penitence
that might be asked from me,
will seem little thing to me,
as long as I may accompany You to the cross.
And above all the good thief
gives me confidence.

Cross of Salvation

Most Holy Cross
you brought the price of our salvation
make spring for us,
like the staff of Moses,
the salvific and living water of our conversion.

Your mercy

Lord,
where can I hide
the abyss of my poverty, of my sin?
In the abyss
of your mercy.

Your Love, O God

Lord, it is not the foresight of punishment
Pushes me to abandon
My lukewarmness, but the fear
That I may not love You anymore.

Your Blood

Your blood, infinitely pure,
is a sure pledge of our redemption.
It is the precious myrrh

Gushing forth from the cross,
the true tree of life,
made gushing forth not by the lance,
but only by Your love.
I adore You, Lord God,
because of your blood
sure fruit of redemption.

Only Your Love

What if death catch me up by surprise?
Yes, I am a sinner,
but the hope is stronger
of the awareness of my sin.
Your love, Lord,
possesses and inflames me
ever more.

Keep Your arms open-wide

Now, immediately,
I want to convert myself to you, my God,
I want to live
like a true disciple of the Crucified.
Since now, immediately,
I want to love all that
bothers and troubles me
With your help, Lord,
I want to hate sin
and practice virtue.

I'm thirsty of You, O God

Let me know You

Risen from the tomb,
You manifested first of all
to St. Mary of Magdala
and to St. Peter
who were sinners.
Lord, reveal yourself also to my mind
and to my heart,
so that I may finally know You
and love You.
I only desire your glory, Lord,
and I desire to come to enjoy your presence.

Like the Staff

As the staff of Moses
was the support of faith
and an effective sign
of your journeying
in the midst of your Hebrew children,
O Lord,
let it be like it for me
the celebration of the Eucharist.

Let's run

Let's run, hurry up to enter
in the blessed rest of heaven,
only hope and sole comfort
for us who are prisoners of time.

Blessed are we, if our steps
are surely set in the royal way
that only leads to Paradise.

I believe, My God

Lord my God
I believe you are present here,
and with all my heart I adore
your infinite greatness and glory
that shines before the angels
and saints in heaven.
Since you have called me here
to this rest of spirit
make me open to your grace
so that on how much your mercy
will grant me to know with my mind
and feel with my heart
I will also know how to transform it into life.

My Lord

Blessed are You, Lord,
for all my life I want to praise You
and give You thanks
because You willed
the last of your servants,
as on the day that You had chosen David,
the youngest among the sons of Jesse
to make him shine
like the most brilliant lamp
in Your temple.

What will I say now, Lord?

Will I proclaim the magnificent works
of your might and power?

Will I exalt you as the terrible God
who scatters enemies
like chaff in the wind,
like dust of the earth,
like water out of its riverbed?

Will I tell that your glance
shakes the earth
makes mountains quiver and smoke
rivers become floods
and the waves of the sea foam on the reefs?

Or instead shall I not, since the beginning,
revive the hearts of your servants,
announcing your mercy?
Yes, You are the God who finds
his joy among the children of men.

My Lord,
which sentiments rise in my heart
by the Divine Host
bloodless sacrifice
offered in the sanctity and in peace
of the sacred rite.

The mystery of your presence,
veiled, but real and substantial,
in the humble bread,
fills me with so many thoughts,
my God, omnipotent and omniscient.

You could not use greater mercy
and greatness,

You could not fulfil more stupendous miracle,
for us still pilgrim in time.
The Eucharist is the sign
of your infinite mercy for the unhappy man.

I am thirsty

What in heaven and earth
can satisfy my desires,
outside of You, my God?
I am thirsty for drawing close to You,
of receiving You in my heart.
Like deer yearning for streaming water
so my soul yearns for You, my God.
I poured out tears of pain
when they told me:
“Where is your God?”
My Lord,
you are my heritage
and my chalice.
My God and my all.

Come to Me

My Most lovable Saviour
I adore You veiled in the sacrament of the Eucharist
I acknowledge You as Lord of mercy.
You love those who honour You
And follow your footsteps.
You are purity.
You have loved John, the evangelist,
because he was wise and pure,
and with sensible love
you allowed him to lay his head
on your chest in the Paschal Supper.

You have loved Martha
because her heart was full of love.

I am scared instead,
and I profoundly feel the pain
that You may not address your invitation to me
since I am not clear and innocent.
I must say, in my confusion,
with St. Bernard
that I have loved vanity...
I have loved too much
those bound to me by blood ties,
while Scripture says,
“He who loves father and mother more than me
is not worthy of Me”.
My Lord, you repeat to me:
“I did not come to call the righteous,
they are always with me,
I come to call sinners ...
Come to Me all of you who are burdened
by the weight of guilt.
I will free you
and give you food
to renew your strength”.

I loved gifts,
I got angry, proud ...
I loved worldly things.

Can there be a connection
between light and darkness,
pure and impure,
saint and sinner?

The Scripture comfort me:

“I did not come to call the righteous,
but sinners”.

For You, Nothing is Insignificant

Help Me

Lord, help me to correspond
to the graces of my vocation.

My heart burns for You

Lord, I ask You courage and perseverance
to search the salvation of my brethren
for Your glory.

My God,
inflame my heart with this desire
and never let it be extinguished.

As You want

Lord, provided I am with you,
do as you want of me.

With You

Lord,
I want to use the earthly realities
as a stair to heaven.

I want to do all I can
to lead my brethren to you.

I want to consecrate myself to you now,
totally, definitely,

and I want to follow You
in all that leads to your glory,
for my salvation and the salvation of my brethren.

My Lord, You have done so much for me.
It is only just
that I do something for You.

I want, Lord,
to live the humility
in every word and in every action.

In the daily gloom

Let me search You and your glory,
my Lord,
especially
in the dull obscurity
of the apparently
insignificant things.

Mother of Mercy

Hail, Immaculate

Hail, O Mary, conceived without sin,
How beautiful are your footsteps,
O first-born daughter of the prince...

How beautiful, how immaculate you are.
We praise the Lord our God
who honoured you with such privilege.

You are nearest to the Lord
Who for you he has pledged his power,

you share in his power,
you love like Him
with love of mercy and of consolation.

Turn your sight to us, O Mother,
and preserve us from bodily and spiritual evils.
You who have been pure from your conception,
obtain also for us the fullness of grace,
we who are born in guilt.

My heart exults with joy

How lovable are your tents
Lord, God of might,
my soul deeply longs for your house.

My heart and all my being
exalt with joy in the Lord of life.

Who am I that my offering may be pleasing?
But even the sparrow finds a home
and a turtle dove a nest
where to lay his young.

Where will I preserve, Lord,
my innocent virginity
when this virtue is banned from among men
and they walk in the ways of corruption?

Let your altars O Lord,
be my refuge from danger,
You will be my defence
my King and the God of my soul.

Blessed are those who dwell in your house,
for ever they will sing your praise.

Blessed are the man who awaits strength from You
and straightens his ways
from this valley of tear and danger
towards the mountain of perfection.

God will bless him and lead him from virtue to virtue
until he sees His face in Zion.

Listen to my prayer, Almighty God,
listen to me, God of Jacob, my protector,
out of love for him
in whom all is your delight.

One day in your tent
is more than a thousand
in the dwellings of the powerful of this world.

I love more to be humble, unknown,
the last in your house,
I desire more to dwell there, neglected
rather than to live in the rich house of the wicked.

You are merciful and truthful
in You are grace and glory.
You don't deprive of your gifts
those walking with innocence.

I hope in You, O most powerful God.
Blessed is he who places all his trust in You.

Mary Most Holy

We praise you, Lord,
for the Immaculate Conception of Mary
Mother of God and our Mother.
We praise you, Most Holy Virgin.
With the Holy Spirit we say:

“You are all beautiful, O Mother,
and in you there is no shadow at all”.

Mary

Mary, you are the bush seen by Moses,
burning without being consumed
where the majesty of God dwelled,
because, though born among the fire of fault,
you remained unstained.

You are the purest gold,
according to the vision of John
though hidden in the black bosom of the earth,
never losing its original splendor.

You are like Jerusalem
the city that raises
until it shines with the purity of God his Creator.

You are the mystic arc
the only one preserved
from the common shipwreck.

You are the courageous dove
hovering with its silver feathers,
and never landing on polluted soil.

You are most splendid dawn
never darkened by fog and mist.

You are the whitest and untouched
lily of the valleys.

You are the chosen vine
whose gentle fragrance
keeps far any impure breeze

nor is touched by fault.

Mary, you are the creature
totally invaded
by God's Holy Spirit.

Queen of Heaven

I am the Queen of Heaven,
the Mother of mercy
the joy of the just
and the sinners' door towards God.
None in this life,
though struck by curse,
can be excluded from my mercy.

Hail, Holy Queen

Mother, Queen of heaven,
you can save us
relieving all our suffering.

Mother of Mercy,
our life, our sweetness and our hope,
lower your mercy for our salvation.

From this valley of sorrow and anguish,
from this land of exile,
we, the children of fault,
we lift up to you, fountain of grace,
our cry of misery.
With tears, we present to you
O Most tender Mother,
our poverty.

The spirit of deception

caught us in his snare of
insidious promise.
God then ask s account of our sin
through the trials falling on us.

Our defense,
you look at the dangers overwhelming us.
Turn to our tears
your eyes moved to compassion,
look at us with love
and grant us salvation.
Save us from the punishment
impending on us,
then we will sing with joyful thankfulness.

If the Lady of heaven and earth,
the Mother of mercy,
had not been among us,
when our enemies rise up against us,
we would have been lost,
their rage would have overwhelmed us
the waters submerged us.
Instead, we have escaped like a sparrow
from the snares of death
because our Mother and Lady
stood up to our defense
and we are saved.

Mary, at the end of our life
when the just judge
will call us to his presence,
show us the serene face
of Jesus, your blessed Son,
so that as He gave us health in this life
He may grant us eternal salvation in heaven.

Our Lady,
you can't leave our prayers unheard,
and not have mercy on us
who are tested by doubt, anguish and danger.
We hope and trust fully in you
because you are our clement,
loving and sweet mother, Mary.

Send Workers to Your Vineyard

Have Mercy

Lord, have pity
on our need
and raise, for your vineyard,
diligent, eager and holy workers.

Rekindle in the heart of those
who have been overwhelmed
by the longing of good
so that they may return on your ways,
and resume their works with love,
for the Church to flourish again.
Have mercy also on us,
Lord, and do not allow
that we cry over others' indifference
forgetting our own.