

*The Transitus of Our  
Holy Father Francis*





*The Death of St. Francis by Giotto*  
Bardi Chapel, Church of Santa Croce, Florence, Italy

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*Friars and other followers of St. Francis have gathered at twilight on the eve of his feast, at least since the 18th or perhaps the 17th Century, to celebrate his passage from earthly life and death to everlasting glory. This rite is known as the Transitus. The ritual is a way of celebrating our Franciscan identity by rooting ourselves in Scripture and the heritage of the early stories surrounding St. Francis. All gather in the silence of a darkened church to pray that the spirit of Francis be kindled in our community.*

## **THE PRELUDE**

## ***Bring Him Home***

Claude-Michel Schönberg

God on high, hear our prayer  
In our need you have always been there.  
He is yours, he is ours,  
Let him be: heaven's blessed.  
Bring him home, bring him home, bring him home.  
He's like a father to his own  
And God has granted us this grace.  
Though we must die, one by one,  
Too soon the years: on and on.  
And we will too, and soon be gone.  
Bring him peace. Bring him joy.  
He is young; he has only begun.  
You can take, you can give.  
Let him be, let him be.  
When we die, let us die in your peace.  
Bring him home. Bring him home.  
Bring him home.

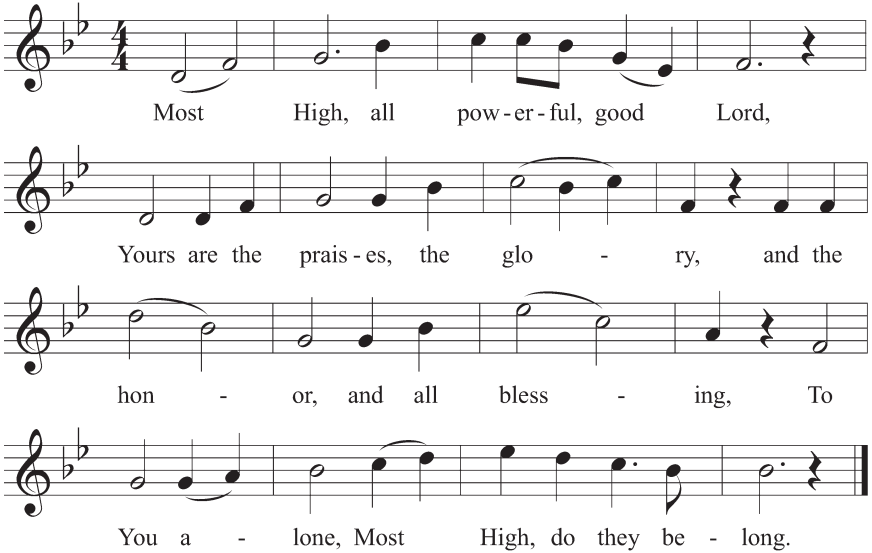
Herbert Kretzmer & Alain Boublil

## THE OPENING PRAYER *(Remain seated)*

### THE CANTICLE OF THE CREATURES

Philip W. J. Stopford

*Please join in the singing the refrain:*



Most High, all pow-er-ful, good Lord,  
Yours are the prais-es, the glo-ry, and the  
hon-or, and all bless-ing, To  
You a-lone, Most High, do they be-long.

Praised be You, my Lord God, with all Your Creatures,  
especially Sir Brother Sun,  
Who is the day and through whom You give us light.  
And he is beautiful and radiant, with great splendor;  
and bears a likeness of You Most High One.

*Refrain*

Praised be You, my Lord, through Sister Moon and the Stars;  
in heaven You formed them clear and precious and beautiful.  
Praise be You, my Lord, through Brother Wind,  
and through the air, cloudy and serene, and every kind of weather,  
through whom You give sustenance to Your creatures.

*Refrain*

Praised be You, my Lord, through Sister Water,  
Who is very useful and humble, and precious and chaste.  
Praised be You, my Lord, through Brother Fire,  
through whom You light the night,  
and he is beautiful and playful and robust and strong.

*Refrain*

Praised be you, my Lord, through our sister, Mother Earth.  
She sustains and governs us, and produces varied fruits  
with colored flowers and herbs.

*Refrain*

Most High, all pow-er-ful, good Lord,  
 Yours are the prais-es, the glo-ry, and the  
 hon-or, and all bless-ing, To  
 You a-lone, Most High, do they be-long.

Praised be You, my Lord, through those who give pardon for Your love,  
 and bear infirmity and tribulation.

Blessed are those who endure in peace,

for by You, Most High, shall they be crowned.

*Refrain*

Praised be You, my Lord, through our Sister Bodily Death,  
 from whom no one living can escape.

Woe to those who die in mortal sin.

Blessed are those whom death will find in Your most holy will,  
 for the second death shall do them no harm.

*Refrain*

Praise and bless my Lord, and give Him thanks,  
 and serve Him with great humility. Amen.

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## THE READING

From a Letter of St. Francis to All the Faithful

## THE RESPONSE

### ***Psalm 142: My God and My All***

Refrain: David Haas; Psalm verses: Richard Husted

My God and my all, how I long to love You, and



I cry to you at night, Lord; hear my tale of woe.  
Heal my distress, My broken dreams.

You know my path, O Lord; my sacred promises.  
So many traps test my resolve.

Lord, be my refuge now; now that the end is near  
You are my help, my only hope.

Lord, by your saving help; break down these prison bars.  
Lead me to life with all the just.

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## THE GOSPEL READING (*Stand*)

John 13:1-16

## THE DISTRIBUTION OF BREAD

## ***Deep and Lasting Peace***

Michael Joncas

*In the breaking of the bread: Deep peace, deep peace.  
Heaven's feast on earth is spread: Deep and lasting peace.*

Jesus, the peace of all things calm, you are the place to hide from harm;  
You are the light that shines in dark, you are the heart's eternal spark.

Jesus, the door that's open wide, you are the guest who waits inside;  
You are the stranger at the door, you are the calling of the poor.

Jesus, my Lord, and with me still, you are my love, keep me from ill;  
You are my light, my truth, my way, you are my hope from day to day.

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*Leader: Lord our God, you have fed us with your love and nourished us with the promise of your peace. Help us now, we pray to be instruments of your love and peace.*

All: Make me a channel of your peace.  
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love.  
Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord,  
And where there's doubt, true faith in you.

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.

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,  
in giving of ourselves that we receive,  
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

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## THE BLESSING/LAYING ON OF HANDS

### MUSIC DURING THE LAYING ON OF HANDS

#### *The Lord Bless You and Keep You*

John Rutter

The Lord bless you and keep you.  
The Lord make his face to shine upon you, to shine upon you  
And be gracious, and be gracious unto you.  
The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace.  
Amen.

### THE CLOSING SONG

#### *Sing Me To Heaven*

Daniel E. Gawthrop

In my heart's sequestered chambers lie truths stripped of poet's gloss.  
Words alone are vain and vacant and my heart is mute.  
In response to aching silence memory summons half-hearted voices,  
And my soul finds primal eloquence and wraps me in song,  
wraps me in song.

If you would comfort me, sing me a lullaby.  
If you would win my heart, sing me a love song.  
If you would mourn me and bring me to God, sing me a requiem,  
Sing me to heaven.

Touch in me all love and passion, pain and pleasure, touch  
Touch in me grief and comfort;  
love and passion, pain and pleasure.

Sing me a lullaby, a love song, a requiem.  
Love me, comfort me, bring me to God:  
Sing me a love song, sing me to heaven.

# *Church of St. Francis of Assisi*

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