



*Sr Denise (France)*

*Recently in the plane, the Pope returning from Philadelphia, referring to the waves of migrants, brought together walls and bridges. That gave me ideas which are not outside the orientations of the General chapter.*

***I don't like the walls, said the Pope, I prefer the bridges.***

"I don't like the walls of stone or breeze-blocks.  
They will fall as they did formerly in Berlin.  
I hate all the ramparts and all the cloisters  
They are always a sign of hate, fear and rupture.

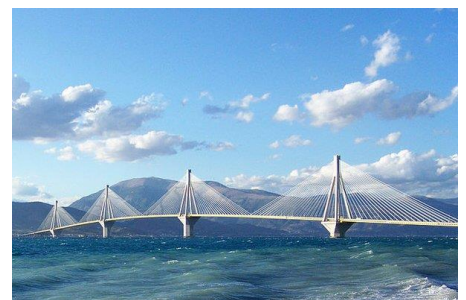
I prefer the bridges and their giant footsteps  
They step over the waves, link up the continents.  
I love the gentle curve and their flexible arcades.  
The bridges open out to space and make room for nomads.

I don't like the walls, the ditches, the high walls,  
They encircle us, lock up our quarrels.  
They are stained with blood and lamentations,  
"Stay where you are". That is their solution!

I prefer the bridges clearing the obstacles,  
They cross the relentless torrents with a leap.  
I prefer the bridges like those of Avignon,  
Where one sings and dances, in procession or in rounds.

The prisons are in us; in us are also the barriers.  
But may our outstretched arms, like a lit-up bridge  
Wipe out our errors and tie up our union,  
In solidarity so as to sow the next harvest.

Sur les ponts de la Tamise,  
Des Anglais en bras d'chemise  
S'évertuaient à répéter :  
*Sur le pont d'Avignon on y danse on y danse*  
*Sur le pont d'Avignon on y danse tout en rond.*  
Or again  
*Sur le pont de Nantes un bal y est donné*  
*Sur le pont de Nantes un bal y est donné*



It's up to us to dance now!!!