

## A Poem of Anguish.....

On September 2 1997 the Indian Diocesan priest, **Fr. Christudas**, vice principal of a school in Bihar, was stripped naked and walked through the streets of the town up to the Bishop's House about 13 kilometres away. On the way he was beaten and his hair was cut off. The crowd that accompanied him and the students who inflicted the humiliation and the abuse remind silent. No one came to his aid. He was refused bail and kept in prison without proper warrant or a proper trial. While in prison he wrote the following verses:

The first fatal blow from my foes  
Broke open my head  
Blood poured out and ran down my body  
I appeared all red.

"Jesus" was the word I uttered loud  
They laughed in anger  
And mocked and pronounced every curse  
I could bear no longer

MY heart chanted His Holy name  
And pleaded for grace  
Possessed by a' multitude' they jumped  
And spat on my face.

And in their frenzy stripped me naked  
Clipped off my hair  
With chappals old, me they garlanded  
Why, a deal so unfair?

No answer did my heart receive.  
I was in pain.  
The administrative forces, too joined in the madness  
And enjoined their gain.

Looked I for some human help  
No heart, no hand  
AH, they kicked, punched and felled me  
Down on the sand.

" Lord" I cried "give me Thy hands  
Help me to rise"  
I knew for sure that Jesus my Lord  
Me will not despise.

He accompanied me in my passion  
And kept me strong  
MY body they tortured but to the spirit  
could do no wrong

Jesus, my Master with His mantle of love  
Covered my shame  
Share my agony and bore my pain  
Great is His Name!

My tongue shall praise and sing  
To Him a new song  
And my soul for JESUS alone  
For ever will long.

Taken from: Throw Fire. By John Fuellenbach SVD

