

VIGIL OF ALL SAINTS

Facing an Early Death



“This night, your life will be demanded of you.” (Lk 12:20)

Dominican House of Studies

2021

PROCESSION

HYMN

O, What Their Joy and Their Glory Must Be

Text: Peter Abelard (1079-1142)

Music: Paris Antiphoner (1861)



1. O, what their joy and their glo - ry must be,
2. In new Je - ru - sa - lem joy shall be found,
3. We, where no trou - bles dis - trac - tion can bring,
4. Now let us wor - ship our Lord and our King,



1. those end - less Sab - baths the bless - ed ones see!
2. bless - ings of peace shall for - ev - er a - bound;
3. safe - ly the an - thems of Zi - on shall sing;
4. joy - ful - ly rais - ing our voic - es to sing:



1. Crowns for the val - iant, to wea - ry ones rest:
2. wish and ful - fill - ment are not sev - ered there,
3. while for thy grace, Lord, their voic - es of praise
4. Praise to the Fa - ther, and praise to the Son,



1. God shall be all, and in all, ev - er blest.
2. nor what is grant - ed be less than the pray'r.
3. thy bless - ed peo - ple shall ev - er - more raise.
4. praise to the Spir - it, to God, Three in One.

OPENING PRAYER

Please be seated.

VIGIL READINGS

I. From the Martyrdom Account of Saint Perpetua

Intelligent, beautiful, and newly married, the young Carthaginian noblewoman Perpetua (c. 181–203) is a paragon of the early Church martyrs, who so counted everything as loss because of the surpassing worth of knowing Christ Jesus (Phil 3:8). Indeed, it was precisely before the threat of death—and of leaving behind her husband and their newborn—that she most confidently comforted her grieving family and thwarted temptations to apostatize from her very own father: “It will all happen in the prisoner’s dock as God wills; for you may be sure that we are not left to ourselves but are all in his power.” Thus Perpetua documented the lead-up to her crucible, whose script the Lord would complete in His own hand, even supplying the perfect co-protagonist, the pregnant slave woman Felicity.

A number of young catechumens were arrested, Revocatus and his fellow slave Felicitas, Saturninus and Secundulus, and with them Vibia Perpetua, a newly married woman of good family and upbringing. Her mother and father were still alive and one of her two brothers was a catechumen like herself. She was about twenty-two years old and had an infant son at the breast.

Perpetua herself wrote:

A few days before my arrest I was baptized, and I was inspired by the Spirit not to ask for any other favour after the water but simply the perseverance of the flesh. A few days later we were lodged in the prison; and I was terrified, as I had never before been in such a dark hole. What a difficult time it was! With the crowd the heat was stifling; then there was the extortion of the soldiers; and to crown all, I was tortured with worry for my baby there.

Then Tertius and Pomponius, those blessed deacons who tried to take care of us, bribed the soldiers to allow us to go to a better part of the prison to refresh ourselves for a few hours. Everyone then left that dungeon and shifted for himself. I nursed my baby, who was faint from hunger. In my anxiety I spoke to my mother about the child, I tried to comfort my brother, and I gave the child in their charge. I was in pain because I saw them

suffering out of pity for me. These were the trials I had to endure for many days. Then I got permission for my baby to stay with me in prison. At once I recovered my health, relieved as I was of my worry and anxiety over the child. My prison had suddenly become a palace, so that I wanted to be there rather than anywhere else.

A few days later there was a rumour that we were going to be given a hearing. My father also arrived from the city, worn with worry, and he came to see me with the idea of persuading me.

‘Daughter,’ he said, ‘have pity on my grey head--have pity on me your father, if I deserve to be called your father, if I have favoured you above all your brothers, if I have raised you to reach this prime of your life. Do not abandon me to be the reproach of men. Think of your brothers, think of your mother and your aunt, think of your child, who will not be able to live once you are gone. Give up your pride! You will destroy all of us! None of us will ever be able to speak freely again if anything happens to you.’

This was the way my father spoke out of love for me, kissing my hands and throwing himself down before me. With tears in his eyes he no longer addressed me as his daughter but as a woman. I was sorry for my father’s sake, because he alone of all my kin would be unhappy to see me suffer.

I tried to comfort him saying: ‘It will all happen in the prisoner’s dock as God wills; for you may be sure that we are not left to ourselves but are all in his power.’ And he left me in great sorrow.

One day while we were eating breakfast we were suddenly hurried off for a hearing. We arrived at the forum, and straight away the story went about the neighbourhood near the forum and a huge crowd gathered. We walked up to the prisoner’s dock. All the others when questioned admitted their guilt. Then, when it came my turn, my father appeared with my son, dragged me from the step, and said: ‘Perform the sacrifice--have pity on your baby!’

Hilarianus the governor, who had received his judicial powers as the successor of the late proconsul Minucius Timinianus, said to me: ‘Have pity on your father’s grey head; have pity on your infant son. Offer the sacrifice for the welfare of the emperors.’

‘I will not’, I retorted.

‘Are you a Christian?’ said Hilarianus.

And I said: ‘Yes, I am.’

Then Hilarianus passed sentence on all of us: we were condemned to the beasts, and we returned to prison in high spirits.

The day before we were to fight with the beasts I saw the following vision. A man in an unbelted white tunic, wearing elaborate sandals led me into the centre of the arena.

Then he told me: ‘Do not be afraid. I am here, struggling with you.’ Then he left.

I looked at the enormous crowd who watched in astonishment. I was surprised that no beasts were let loose on me; for I knew that I was condemned to die by the beasts. Then out came an Egyptian man against me, of vicious appearance to fight with me.

We drew close to one another and began to let our fists fly. My opponent tried to get hold of my feet, but I kept striking him in the face with the heels of my feet. Then I was raised up into the air and I began to pummel him without as it were touching the ground. Then when I noticed there was a lull, I put my two hands together linking the fingers of one hand with those of the other and thus I got hold of his head. He fell flat on his face and I stepped on his head.

Then I awoke. I realized that it was not with wild animals that I would fight but with the Devil, but I knew that I would win the victory. So much for what I did up until the eve of the contest. About what happened at the contest itself, let him write of it who will.

Responsory (*Schola*): “The peoples tell of the wisdom of the saints.”

Sirach 44:15

II. From the *Life of Dominic Savio* by Saint John Bosco

Pure and pious, Dominic Savio (1842–1857) had all the external marks of a good Catholic schoolboy. Within, however, was gestating a soul of prodigious proportion. Dominic was given extraordinary permission to make his First Communion at the age of 7 (as opposed to the customary 12) and vowed that day to pursue a life of intense sanctity. He was later introduced to Don Bosco, who, impressed by the boy, invited him to attend secondary school at the Oratory of Saint Francis de Sales with an eye to his one day becoming a priest. At the Oratory, Dominic matured both humanly and spiritually and, at the encouragement of Don Bosco, began to observe a monthly devotion called The Exercise of a Happy Death. His petition was granted when he fell quite ill in February 1857 and was forced to return home to convalesce. Despite a positive prognosis, Dominic had a deeper certainty that his time had come. With stunning serenity, he persisted in asking for Last Rites and Prayers of Commendation and offered himself to God: “Goodbye, father, goodbye. . . . Oh! What a beautiful sight I behold. . . .”

Dominic had always been a model of patience under suffering, but this virtue was even more conspicuous in him during his last illness, which he bore as a Saint. Whatever he could do for himself, he wished still to do, so as not to inconvenience anyone; he thought his parents had already had too much to bear from him. He took any and every medicine without the least sign of distaste, and underwent ten times the operation of bloodletting without any sign of impatience.

After four days of attendance the doctor congratulated the boy and his parents on the improvement he found, and told the mother and father to thank God that now the worst was over, and only convalescence remained. The parents were naturally pleased; but Dominic smiled and said: “The world is overcome. I have now only to make a befitting appearance before God.”

When the doctor had gone, Dominic seemed to place no reliance on his promise of recovery, and asked that the Sacrament of Extreme Unction might be administered to him. In this again the parents only complied in order to satisfy him, for neither they nor the priest could perceive any signs of his being near to death; the very serenity of his countenance, and

his bright conversation, made them believe that there was really some improvement.

Dominic perceived his end approaching with the tranquillity of an innocent soul; it would seem that he did not feel even the suffering and oppressiveness which are a natural outcome of the efforts of the soul to break the bonds by which it is united to the body. In short, Savio's death was more like the passing into a peaceful slumber.

An hour and a half before he passed away, the parish priest came to see him, and seeing how calm he was, he was surprised to hear him commending his own soul to God. He continued to make aspirations and short statements expressing his desire to go speedily to heaven.

The priest remarked: "I am at a loss to know what to suggest for the recommendation of a soul of this sort." He recited some prayers, and was about to leave, when Dominic asked him for some final thought by way of remembrance.

The priest said he could recommend nothing to him but the thought of the Sacred Passion; Dominic thanked him for this and continued to recall it, and to repeat invocations to Jesus and Mary. Then he rested for about half an hour.

At the end of that time he turned to his parents and said: "Father, it is time." His father replied: "I am here, my son, what would you like?"

"It is time, father; get my prayer book, and read the prayers for a good death."

At these words the mother began to weep, and had to go out of the room. Dominic's father was greatly moved, but he restrained his grief so as to read the prayers.

Dominic repeated them after him, and, in the proper place, said by himself: "Merciful Jesus, have mercy on me." When they came to the part which says: "But deign to receive me into Thy Kingdom where I may for ever sing Thy praises," Dominic added: "Yes, that is exactly what I desire;

to sing the praises of God for all eternity.”

He now seemed to rest a moment, as though pondering over something in his mind. Then he opened his eyes again, and said with a clear voice, and a smiling countenance: “Goodbye, father, goodbye; the priest wanted to tell me something else, but I cannot remember it now . . . Oh! what a beautiful sight I behold.” Thus saying, with his hands joined, and a heavenly smile, his soul passed away. Yes, go forth, faithful soul, to meet thy Creator; Jesus, whom you loved so much, invites you and says: “Come, good and faithful servant, thou hast fought and won the victory, come and enjoy that happiness which will never fail: *Intra in gaudium Domini tui.*”

Responsory (*Schola*)

III. From a letter by Saint Elizabeth of the Trinity to Madame de Bobet

Known for her fiery personality and single-minded intensity, Elizabeth (“Sabeth”) Catez (1880–1906) was from a young age plunged into profound and abiding intimacy with the Blessed Trinity. Impelled to pursue yet deeper union with her Beloved, she entered the Carmel at Dijon in 1901, where she received the religious title “of the Trinity” and wrote prolifically about the deepest mysteries of the spiritual life. Much like her contemporary Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, Saint Elizabeth found a way to love God in all things and at all times until that Love consumed her at age 26 through an excruciating battle with Addison’s Disease. Her final words were, “I am going to Light, to Love, to Life!”

My very dear Antoinette,

The hour is drawing near when I am going to pass from this world to my Father, and before leaving I want to send you a note from my heart, a testament from my soul. Never was the Heart of the Master so overflowing with love as at the supreme moment when He was going to leave His own. It seems to me as if something similar is happening in His little bride at the evening of her life, and I feel as if a wave were rising from my heart to yours!...Dear Antoinette, in the light of eternity the soul sees things as they

really are. Oh! how empty is all that has not been done for God and with God! I beg you, oh, mark everything with the seal of love! It alone endures.

How serious life is: each minute is given us in order to “root” us deeper in God, as Saint Paul says, so the resemblance to our divine Model may be more striking, the union more intimate. But to accomplish this plan, which is that of God Himself, here is the secret: forget self, give up self, ignore self, look at the Master, look only at Him, accept as coming directly from His love both joy and suffering; this places the soul on such serene heights!...

My beloved Antoinette, I leave you my faith in the presence of God, of the God who is all Love dwelling in our souls. I confide to you: it is this intimacy with Him “within” that has been the beautiful sun illuminating my life, making it already an anticipated Heaven; it is what sustains me today in my suffering. I do not fear my weakness; that’s what gives me confidence. For the Strong One is within me and His power is almighty. It is able to do, says the Apostle, abundantly more than we can hope for! A Dieu, my Antoinette, when I am up above, will you let me help you, scold you even, if I see you are not giving everything to the Master? because I love you! I will protect your two dear treasures and will ask that you be granted everything needed to make them two beautiful souls, daughters of love! May He keep you wholly His, wholly faithful; in Him I will always be WHOLLY YOURS.

Responsory (*Schola*)

IV. From a sealed letter from Servant of God Francis Joseph Parater, to be read in the event of his death

Francis (Frank) Joseph Parater (1897–1920) was a seminarian of the Diocese of Richmond who died of rheumatic fever during his first year of studies at the North American College in Rome. Intellectually gifted and civically minded—he was an Eagle Scout and involved with the Knights of Columbus—Frank chose to forego a desire for monastic life to serve the urgent needs of his diocese. After graduating from minor seminary, where he developed a profound devotion to the Sacred Heart, Frank matriculated at the North American College in November 1919 and quickly acclimated to life abroad, both in the classroom and among his peers. In December, he wrote an “Act of Oblation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,” which he sealed and marked for reading strictly in the event of his death. Only a month later, in late January 1920, Frank developed rheumatic fever, which worsened rapidly and induced immense suffering. Frank received Last Rites and Viaticum and died on February 7, a day after the rector offered for him a votive Mass to the Sacred Heart.

Act of Oblation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

I have nothing to leave or give but my life, and this I have consecrated to the Sacred Heart to be used as He wills. I have offered my all for conversions to God of non-Catholics in [the Commonwealth of] Virginia. This is what I live for and, in the case of death, what I die for. Death is not unpleasant to me, but the most beautiful and welcome event of life. Death is the messenger of God come to tell us that our novitiate is ended and to welcome us to the real life. Melancholic or morbid sentimentality is not the cause of my writing this, for I love my life here, the [North American] College, the men and Rome itself. But I have desired to die and be buried with the saints. I dare not ask God to take me lest I should be ungrateful or be trying to shirk the higher responsibilities of life; but I shall never have less to answer for – perhaps never be better ready to meet my Maker, my God, my All.

Responsory (*Schola*)

Please stand.

TE DEUM

*Chawala Tobie, Boże
Gałuszka/O'Connor*

Antiphon

You are God, we praise you. You are God, we
wor-ship you. You are God, we sing of your glo - ry.

Please be seated.

REFLECTION

Rev. Bro. Bernard Knapke, O.P.

MEDITATION (*Schola*)

Ave Maria

Franz Xaver Biebl (1906-2001)

COMPLINE

Please kneel.

O Sacred Banquet, in which Christ becomes our food, the memory of his passion is celebrated, the soul is filled with grace, and the pledge of future glory is given to us.

V. You gave them bread from heaven,

R. Containing every blessing.

Let us pray. O God, in this wonderful Sacrament you have left us a memorial of your passion. Help us, we beg you, so to reverence the sacred mysteries of your body and blood that we may constantly feel within our lives the effects of your redemption. You who live and reign forever.

R. Amen.

Please stand.



O God, come to my as - sist - ance, *



O Lord, make haste to help me. Glory to the Father, and to the Son,



and to the Holy Spir - it, as it was in the beginning, is now,



and will be forever, A - men. Al - le - lu - ia.

CONFITEOR

I confess to Almighty God, to Blessed Mary ever Virgin, to Blessed Dominic, our Father, to all the saints, and to you my brothers and sisters, that I have sinned through my own fault; in my thoughts and in my words, in what I have done and in what I have failed to do. I beseech you to pray for me.

Ÿ. May Almighty God have mercy on us, forgive us our sins, keep us safe and strengthen us in every good work, and bring us to everlasting life.

R. Amen.

Please stand.

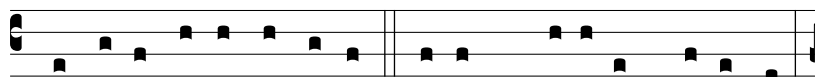
HYMN

Te lucis ante terminum

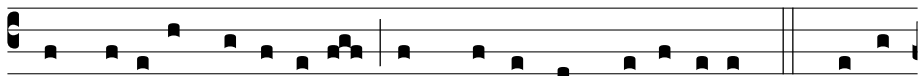
Antiphonarium SOP

VIII

T



e lu-cis ante térmi-num, Re-rum Cre-á-tor, pósci-mus



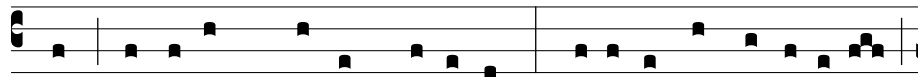
Ut só-li-ta cleménti-a Sis præ-sul ad custó-di-am. 2. Pro-cul



re-cé-dant sómni-a Et nócti-um phantásma-ta: Hostémque nostrum



cómpri-me, Ne pollu-ántur córpo-ra. 3. Præsta, Pa-ter omní-po-



tens, Per Je-sum Chri-stum Dómi-num, Qui te-cum in perpé-tu-um



Regnat cum Sancto Spí-ri-tu. A- men.

1. To you, before the close of day,
Creator of the world we pray
That with accustomed kindness you
Would guard and keep us ever true.

3. Almighty Father, this accord
Through Jesus Christ, your Son, our Lord,
Who, with the Holy Spirit true,
Forever reigns in bliss with you. Amen.

2. May no ill dreams disturb our ease,
No nightly fears or fantasies;
Tread underfoot our ghostly foe,
That no defilement we may know.

PSALMODY

Please be seated.

(The cantor will intone each antiphon and the first line of the psalm. The psalms are chanted from side to side, two lines at a time, singing softly as one voice.)



Have mer - cy, Lord, * and hear my prayer.



Psalm 4

The resurrection of Christ was God's supreme and wholly marvelous work (Saint Augustine).

When I call, answer me, O God of justice; *
from anguish you released me; have mercy and hear me!

O men, how long will your hearts be closed, *
will you love what is futile and seek what is false?

It is the Lord who grants favors to those whom he loves; *
the Lord hears me whenever I call him.

Fear him; do not sin: ponder on your bed and be still. *
Make justice your sacrifice and trust in the Lord.

“What can bring us happiness?” many say. *
Let the light of your face shine on us, O Lord.

You have put into my heart a greater joy *
than they have from abundance of corn and new wine.

I will lie down in peace and sleep comes at once *
for you alone, Lord, make me dwell in safety.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Spirit

as it was in the beginning, is now, *
and will be for ever. Amen.





In the si - lent hours of night, * bless the Lord.



Psalm 134

Praise our God, all you his servants, you who fear him, small and great (Revelation 19:5).

O come, bless the Lord, *
all you who serve the Lord,

who stand in the house of the Lord, *
in the courts of the house of our God.

Lift up your hands to the holy place *
and bless the Lord through the night.

May the Lord bless you from Zion, *
he who made both heaven and earth.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Spirit

as it was in the beginning, is now, *
and will be for ever. Amen.

Hear, O Israel! The Lord is our God, the Lord alone! Therefore, you shall love the Lord, your God, with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength. Take to heart these words which I enjoin on you today. Drill them into your children. Speak of them at home and abroad, whether you are busy or at rest.

RESPONSORY

Please stand.

VI



I n manus tu- as, Dómi-ne, ★ Comméndo spí-ri-tum me- um.



In manus. ∇. Re-demís-ti nos, Dómi-ne De-us ve-ri-tá-tis.



Comméndo spí-ri-tum me- um. Gló-ri- a Patri, et Fí-li- o, et



Spí-ri- tu- i Sancto. In manus.

∇. *Into your hands, Lord, I commend my spirit.*

℞. **Into your hands, Lord, I commend my spirit.**

∇. *You have redeemed us, Lord, God of truth.*

℞. **I commend my spirit.**

∇. *Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.*

℞. **Into your hands, Lord, I commend my spirit.**

CANTICLE OF SIMEON

Luke 2:29–32

Protect us, Lord, as we stay awake, watch over us as we sleep, that awake we may keep watch with Christ, and asleep rest in his peace.

Lord, now you let your servant go in peace; your word has been fulfilled: my own eyes have seen the salvation which you have prepared in the sight of every people: a light to reveal you to the nations and the glory of your people Israel. Glory to the Father...

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Please bow.

Let us pray. Lord, be with us throughout this night. When day comes may we rise from sleep to rejoice in the resurrection of your Christ, who lives and reigns for ever and ever.

R. Amen.

May the all-powerful Lord grant us a restful night and a peaceful death.

R. Amen.

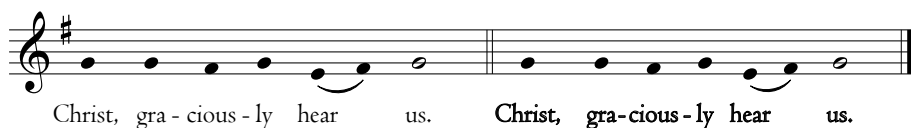
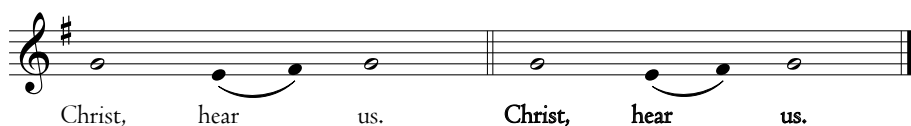
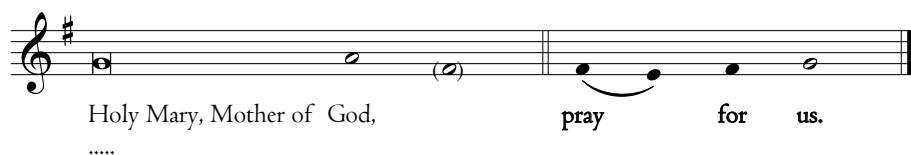
SALVE REGINA

Please stand.

Please follow the ushers' directions for the procession.



LITANY OF THE SAINTS



CLOSING BLESSING

May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
R. Amen.

After the Vigil, blessings will be available with the relic of
St. Agnes in the Main Chapel.

Please also join the friars for a brief reception in the
PFIC courtyard (weather permitting).





DOMINICANA
RECORDS

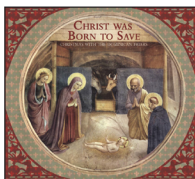
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THE HILLBILLY THOMISTS

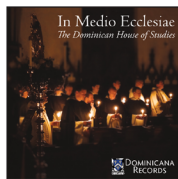
BLUEGRASS FROM THE
DOMINICAN FRIARS



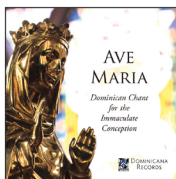
MORE MUSIC FROM THE DOMINICAN HOUSE OF STUDIES, AVAILABLE TONIGHT



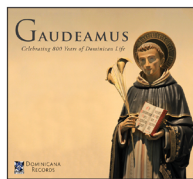
CHRIST WAS
BORN TO SAVE
*Christmas
with the
Dominican Friars*



IN MEDIO ECCLESIAE
*Sacred Music
from the
Heart of the Church*



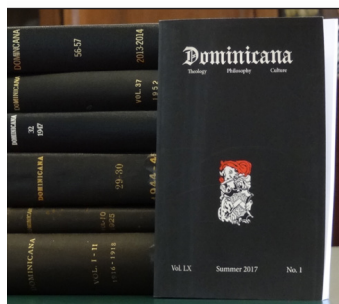
AVE MARIA
*Chant
for the
Immaculate Conception*



GAUDEAMUS
*Celebrating 800 Years
of
Dominican Life*

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READING CITATIONS

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COVER IMAGE

Mary with the Child, St. Felicity of Carthage, and St. Perpetua (ca. 1520), Anonymous. Muzeum Narodowe w Warszawie

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