



Calasanz Movement Day

prayer and session with the children





intro

“Glicerio Landriani Vocation Festival”.

Milan, 1 March 1588 - Rome, 15 February 1618

We celebrate together the Calasanz Movement Day.

On 31 May 1612, Glycerius and five of his friends joined the Pious Schools.

The work that St. Joseph Calasanz had begun 15 years earlier with the poor children of Trastevere won Glycerius’ heart. His youthful enthusiasm and desire to make the boys know Jesus, live the Gospel and love the Church made him a catechist and an apostle among the little ones.

Objective: To recognise the invitations that God is making in the lives of the children just as Glicerio Landriani was recognising HIS PLACE in the world and the Pious Schools.

Prayer children.

God guides and encourages me to find MY PLACE.

Opening song:

Listen to the Word of God, not only with your ears, but also with your heart.

Listen to the Word of God, always be attentive to His voice.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MU-0UCnwi07k&ab_channel=BetaniaMusic

From St. Joseph Calasanz

“I have found in Rome the best way to serve God by doing good to children. I will not leave it for anything of this world”.

Prayer “Lord, help me to find my place in the world”.

Lord, I seek my place in the world and sometimes I can't find it.
You have given me everything: eyes to see and to enjoy,
ears to hear and understand, a heart to love and feel,
a brain for learning and thinking,
hands to work and caress, feet to eat and dance...

I have so much!...and yet,
I often don't know how to use it well.

Lord, help me to find my place in the world.
Amen.

From Psalm 73, 23-28

We answer: My good is to be with God.

But I am always with you, you hold my right hand,
You guide me with your counsel and lead me to a glorious destiny.

Who do I have in heaven but you? I want you more than anything on earth.

Though my body and mind be consumed, You are my rock, my lot, God forever.

Those who turn away from you will perish, they will perish, for you destroy those who turn away from you. But it is good for me to be with God; I have taken refuge in the Lord, that I may declare all your works.

Song: MI LUGAR

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XDCQ_FTbv0Q&ab_channel=BetaniaMusic

(Choose the phrase that stands out for you and share it with your fellow community members).

Give me a place where I can feel at home.
Give me a place where I can be me.
Give me a place where they'll always wait for me, It's the promise of a better tomorrow.

There is a place built of dreams. There is a place that can be widened
There is a place where they count on you.
There is a place I want to announce to you.

MY PLACE IS THE WORLD WE WANT TO TAKE CARE OF

**IS THE SAME HEARTBEAT, IN COMMUNITY
MY PLACE, YOUR CALL TO FIGHT FOR PEACE
MY PLACE IS THE DREAM, WHICH CALASANZ DREAMED.**

This place heals my wound, this place illuminates the pain,
This place gives meaning to my life, it is the endeavour to live Love.

Come to the place that is a beacon in the night, to share what you can give,
to build a home for all, come to the place

where you will shine.

*One people, one mission, one world, one heart,
Wake up, it's time to walk.*

My place is the dream.... that Calasanz
dreamed of
My place is the dream... My place, Calasanz.

Reflection:

Write inside the heart of this MY PLACE logo...

- » What prayer comes from your heart?
- » Where is your place now where you can be you?



Session or meeting with the children.

Glicerio Landriani helps me to find MY PLACE

Activity 01:

We start with an integration game, games that have to do with occupying a place or finding a place, for example:

- Ducks to water, ducks to land.
- Micos to their trees.
- Pablito missionary.

Activity 02:

A relaxation activity is carried out where the children can lie down on the floor, a soft instrumental melody is played and the children are given indications to relax the different parts of their body and get ready, with their eyes closed, to imagine the following story by Glicerio Landriani.

The following story is told:

.....

Glycerius' vocation.

Ciao! dear friend, dear friend.

I would like to tell you my story, why? I'm not sure, it may be for the simple reason of wanting to tell, or it may also be because I think you can identify with me, or simply because you and I share something very deep.

I was born in Milan, on 1 March 1588, into a noble and prestigious family, one of the most renowned in the city: the Landriani family. I grew up and lived amidst many luxuries, received a quality education and always had everything I wanted. For many,

my life was "perfect", and even I thought so myself. During my adolescence, full of pride and vanity, I decided to travel to Rome. I wanted to be a priest, but not just any kind, I longed to be recognised, admired and applauded, and I dreamed of climbing high in the Church, as several in my family had already done. I remember well those first years of my youth in Rome, I felt I was master of the world, I dressed in the best clothes and was praised by many.

However, deep in my heart, I felt that something was missing, I felt an emptiness inside me. I tried to silence it with honours, with luxuries, with riches and prestige, but inside me there was a voice that could not be silenced. I had nights of anguish, of tossing and turning in my bed, feeling the agitation that something was not right, that I was not in my place. I pretended to others, I was cheerful, jovial, laughing, but inside I felt a terrible uneasiness.

Finally, one day I plucked up courage and took the risk of doing what I had feared so much: I stopped and let my heart speak. What followed was a catastrophe: my plans, my projects, my lifestyle, my habits were shaken and called into question. And it was when I listened to my heart that I discovered that there was a longing, a call, a cry. My heart did not speak to me of luxuries and honours, it spoke to me of life in abundance, of life in fullness. My heart did not speak to me of comfort and ease, it invited me to risk, to adventure. My heart did not tell me to be concerned only with myself and my own well-being, but to reach out to others, to those who suffer. My heart was not inviting me to little loves, but was launching me

into Love. Yes, in my heart was the voice of God asking everything of me.

I confess, it was not easy at first. I felt bewildered, I didn't know what this meant, what this was calling me to, and I felt paralysed by fear; but, at the same time, I felt a deep relief, I had the feeling that I had finally found what I was. I had days of great doubt and hesitation, of wanting to say yes and, at the same time, of wanting to say no and stay the same. Then I took a decisive step, the step that changed everything: I sought help and asked to be accompanied. This split the story of my life in two. A good and holy man appeared on my path, Fr. Dominic, a Carmelite priest, who began to listen to me and who helped me to understand what God had put in my heart and helped me to make a decision.

The first thing I did was to change the way I dressed, I gave up my expensive and sumptuous clothes and started to wear simple and poor clothes. It was simply a matter of making my external image correspond to what I was discovering inside. Then I decided to change my luxurious habits, both in eating and in sharing with others. I realised that ostentation was nothing more than a mechanism to feel secure, and little by little, I began to feel secure from within, secure in my gifts and abilities, secure in my being a child of God. The next step was to start talking to others about what I was finding inside me, about what God was giving me inside. This was the most difficult step, I had to endure mockery and rejection, I had to bear the scorn of many. Then I realised that to be faithful I needed to take care of my prayer life, and I began to dedicate time to my spiritual life. And so came the next step: sharing my things with the needy and the suffering, and then my time, and then my gifts, and gradually my whole life.

It was then, by chance, that I began to teach. I met the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and with them I began my wanderings through the slums of Rome catechising.

At first I took it as just another activity, but as the days went by I realised that this was the most awaited moment of my week, when I discovered the great passion of my life: to educate! How beautiful it is to teach!

I especially remember the church of San Adriano in Campo Vaccino, I fell in love with the people who went there every Sunday, especially the countless poor boys and girls who attended catechesis there. There were so many children that I had to organise several courses, divide them into levels, get more teachers, do training for the catechists.

And, once again, it all started with a small decision: to go to the church of Santa Maria di Grottapinta, just outside Rome, to teach some basic skills to the peasants who worked all week and to some elderly and poor women. There I experienced that education can promote human beings, can change their lives, can transform this world.

Little by little, I spent my fortune on these activities. And although I was full of joy and felt very close to the centre of my heart, something was missing. And, again, it was the good Fr Dominic who listened to me and helped me. I shared with him all that I felt, the new fullness of life I was experiencing, the joy I felt in giving and helping others, the enthusiasm with which he taught. I also told him that I felt that there was something else written inside me that I could not yet decipher. Domingo gave me an address and a name: a house near the Plaza de San Pantaleón, José de Calasanz. It was the year 1612, I was 24 years old, and I set off, without delay, to the meeting that would change my life forever.

What did I find in that place? A busy man, running from here to there; many, very many, ragged children, running, shouting, learning; a school with few teachers and much poverty; an atmosphere full of work, of joy, of enthusiasm, of tiredness. That man made an impact on me. I only spoke to him

for a few minutes, he was busy attending a class, he was no longer young, he was over 50 years old, but there was a great vitality in him. I told him that Fr Dominic had sent me to meet him, then, with simplicity, but with great strength, he told me that the best way to know something was to live it, and he invited me to stay and work in the school.

I'll confess, my heart was leaping with admiration inside me. That man had become my reference point. In those four months I **began to feel that I wanted to be like him, that I wanted to follow in his footsteps, that I wanted to do what he did.** I think he had also become attached to me. However, I saw the little school, and although I was passionate about the work, I felt that it was very little; I wanted to do great things for the world, I wanted to stand out in the service of the poor, I wanted to give my life in a flashy and showy way, I wanted to change this world quickly and wonderfully. A little school was too little. That is why, at the end of those four months, one cold autumn morning, without telling anyone, I packed my things and left the Pious Schools, I left Father Joseph.

When I think of that moment, I shudder and am saddened. I can imagine my dear Fr José looking for me that morning, asking for me, finding me gone. I can imagine him sad and crestfallen, another one had gone and left the children without a teacher and left him alone. But after a few weeks, I realised that it was all pretence, that it was all appearance, that it was all born out of my need for recognition.

So, I went back to Rome. I went straight to Fr. Dominic, I was devastated, I was bewildered, I was disoriented. I felt very lost. And Fr Dominic did what he always did, he helped me to see what was obvious: my place was with my beloved Fr Joseph and with the children of the Pious Schools. Like the prodigal son, full of fear and guilt, but faithful to what I had discovered in the accompaniment, I went back to the little house where the school was located. I knocked on

the door and it was he who opened it. When he saw me, his mouth broke into a smile and his eyes sparkled with joy. I couldn't speak, I threw myself at his feet and began to cry inconsolably. He bent down, looked me in the eyes, and with tenderness said to me: "I was waiting for you, Glicerio, you took a while to come back". He hugged me, made me come in, and never wanted to talk to me about it. That day I went in, never to come out again.

Almost six years have passed since I told you this. What came after that was the most important thing: classes, children, breaks, walks, prayer times, accompaniment, laughter and tears. Yes, that is the most important thing, but it is the most difficult to talk about. For some months now I have been a Piarist novice, now I am called Glycerius of Christ, and I feel happy. It is true, I am sick, and some doctors say that I may not make it to this summer, but I don't care, **at last my heart has found its place. Today I see my story and I feel that it was worth it, because today I am here, because today I am a Piarist. Yes, I became all of Christ and He made me all of others.**

I embrace you warmly,

Glycerium of Christ

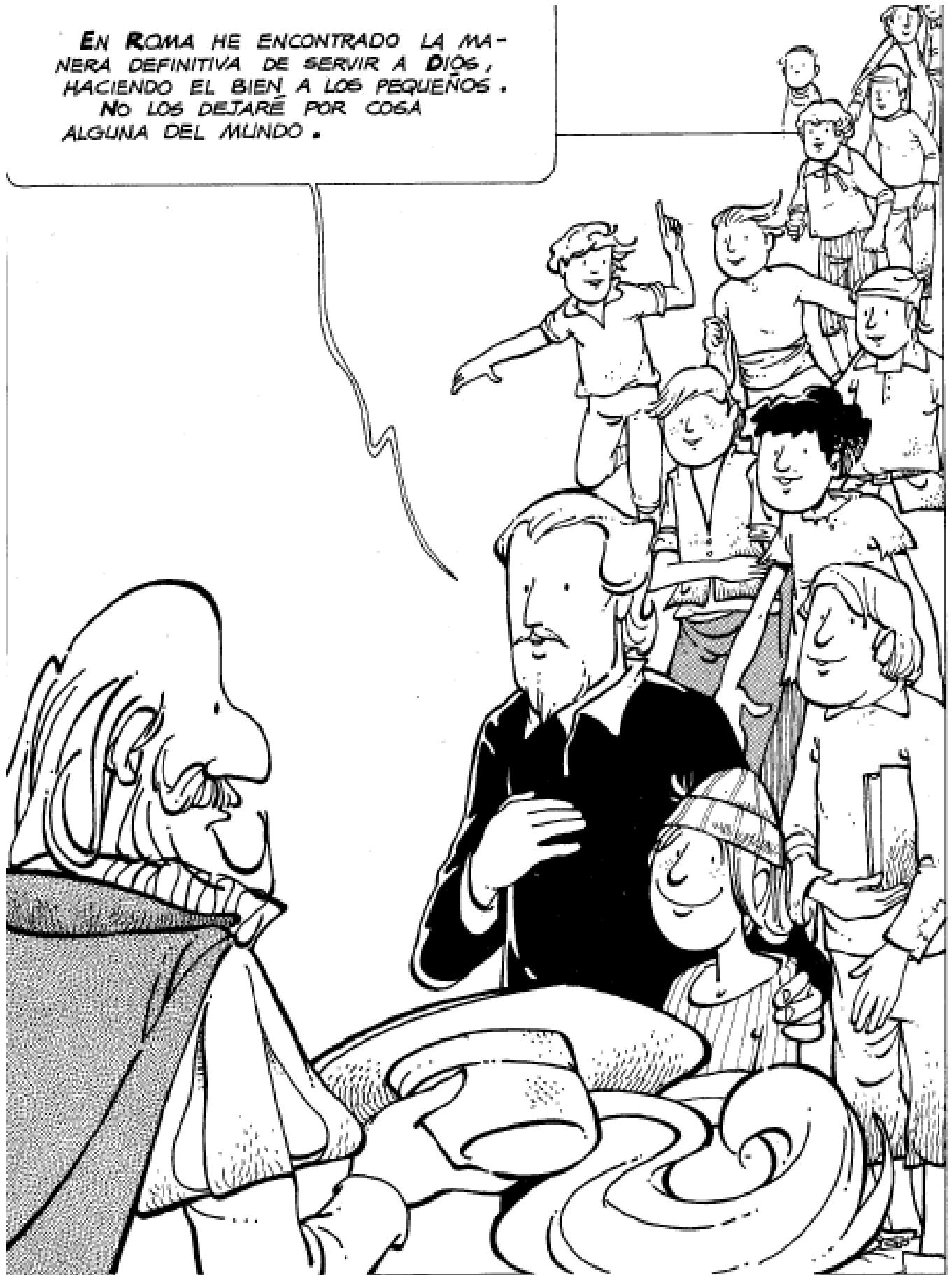
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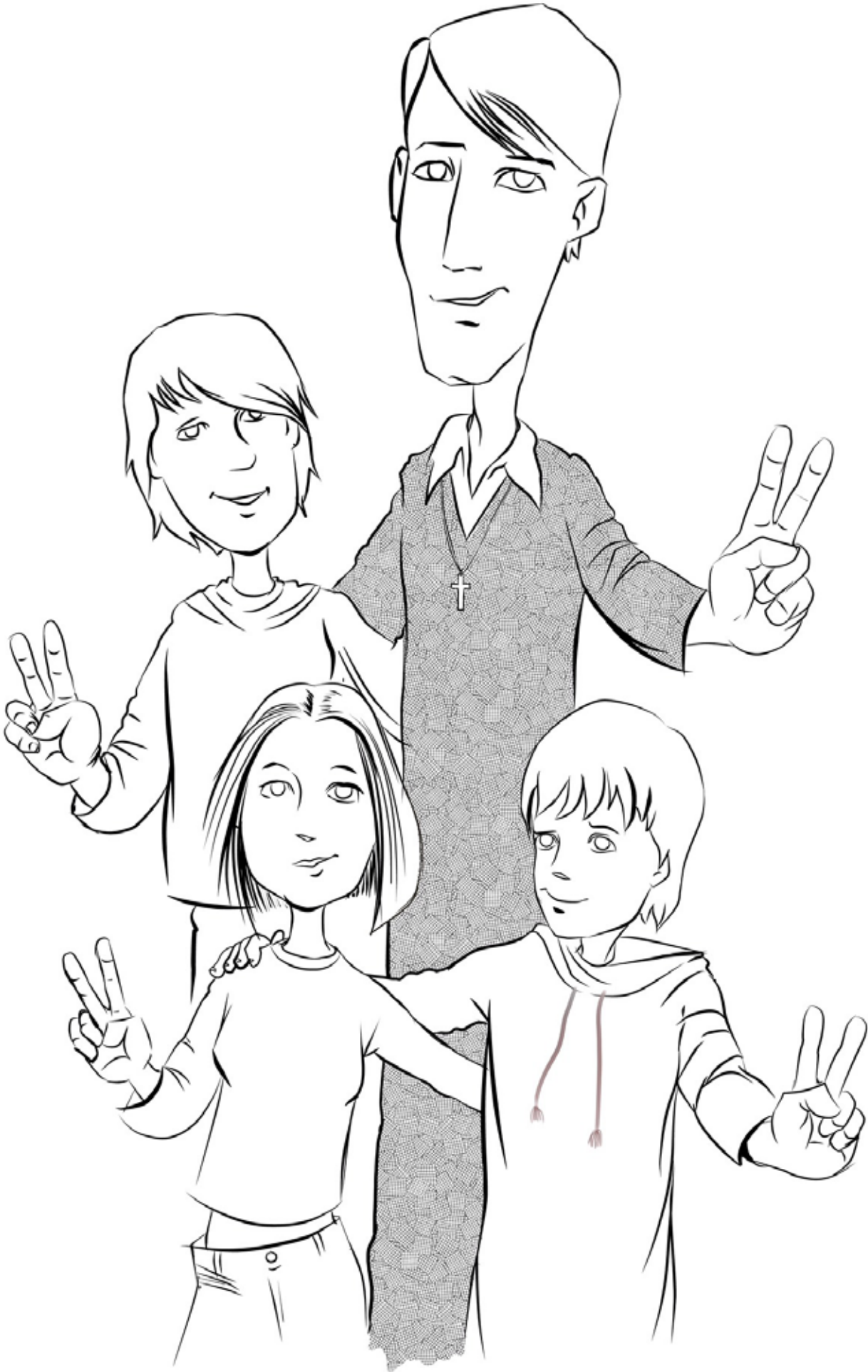
Activity 04:

In the following word search you will find the characteristics of Glicerio Landriani's vocation, characteristics of his call. The ingredients of Glicerio Landriani's call are: poverty, accompaniment, education, catechesis, school, Calasanz, Glicerio de Cristo, young man, Piarist, Father Dominic, prayer, change, brotherhood, children, hunches.

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Q	A	C	O	M	P	A	Ñ	A	M	I	E	N	T	O	X

EN ROMA HE ENCONTRADO LA MANERA DEFINITIVA DE SERVIR A DIOS, HACIENDO EL BIEN A LOS PEQUEÑOS. NO LOS DEJARÉ POR COSA ALGUNA DEL MUNDO.







SCOLOPI



 **Where
I belong**