



For a Time of Vacation

God knows how long I have waited for it!
I counted the days and the hours,
my work became heavier as they approached.
And in the peace of this country, in the beauty of nature
in the inactivity of my hands,
here I am, all stupid,
not knowing what to do with my newfound freedom.
Bless, Lord, this vacation.
Bless the days that are opening before us
and will pass like a flash.
Days of joy and peace, days of relaxation and friendship.
Savoring this peace,
relaxing my body and my heart,
if I spoke to you, Lord.
If I spoke to you today,
in the mountain or the ocean,
in the plain or the river,
in the cloud and the bird,
in the sun and the star.

Freehand Translation

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