

Pope Francis

1936 - 2025

Jorge Mario Bergoglio (Pope Francis) was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1936. He was the son of Italian migrants. He trained as a chemical technician and later graduated with a degree in philosophy. He was ordained a priest in 1969. Four years later, he became provincial of the Jesuits of Argentina. In 1992, he became an auxiliary bishop, rising to Archbishop of Buenos Aires in 1998. In 2001, he was named cardinal, and, since 13 March 2013, he has served as bishop of Rome; the 266th successor of St Peter.



O God, faithful rewarder of souls, grant that your departed servant Pope Francis, whom you made successor of Peter and shepherd of your Church, may happily enjoy for ever in your presence in heaven the mysteries of your grace and compassion, which he faithfully ministered on earth. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, your Son, who lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever. Amen.

Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. May he rest in peace. Amen.

Eternal Life

Today or tomorrow, when we stand by the graves, or when our hearts must seek distant graves, where perhaps not even a cross stands over them any longer; when we pray, “Lord, grant them eternal rest, and may perpetual light shine upon them...”

They, in their turn, hidden in the peace of the eternal God, utter the prayer of their love for us: “Lord, grant eternal rest to them whom we love as never before – in your love. Grant it to them who still walk the hard road of pilgrimage. We, although silent, are now closer to them than ever before, closer than when we were sojourning and struggling along with them on earth.” (Karl Rahner)

**Pope Francis,
All Holy Men and Women
Pray for us, to the Lord our God**

One of the many tweets that Pope Francis sent from his hospital bed:

"The walls of hospitals have heard more honest prayers than churches... They have witnessed far more sincere kisses than those in airports... It is in hospitals that you see a homophobe being saved by a gay doctor. A privileged doctor saving the life of a beggar... In intensive care, you see a Jew taking care of a racist... A police officer and a prisoner in the same room receiving the same care... A wealthy patient waiting for a liver transplant, ready to receive the organ from a poor donor...

It is in these moments, when the hospital touches the wounds of people, that different worlds intersect according to a divine design. And in this communion of destinies, we realize that alone, we are nothing.

The absolute truth of people, most of the time, only reveals itself in moments of pain or in the real threat of an irreversible loss.

A hospital is a place where human beings remove their masks and show themselves as they truly are, in their purest essence.

This life will pass quickly, so do not waste it fighting with people. Do not criticize your body too much. Do not complain excessively. Do not lose sleep over bills. Make sure to hug your loved ones. Do not worry too much about keeping the house spotless.

Material goods must be earned by each person - do not dedicate yourself to accumulating an inheritance. You are waiting for too much: Christmas, Friday, next year, when you have money, when love arrives, when everything is perfect...

Listen, perfection does not exist. A human being cannot attain it because we are simply not made to be fulfilled here. Here, we are given an opportunity to learn. So, make the most of this trial of life - and do it now.

Respect yourself, respect others. Walk your own path, and let go of the path others have chosen for you. Respect: do not comment, do not judge, do not interfere. Love more, forgive more, embrace more, live more intensely! And leave the rest in the hands of the Creator." (Pope Francis)

*Thine be the glory, Risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment Rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes Where thy body lay.
Thine be the glory, Risen, conquering Son; Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won!*

*Lo, Jesus meets us, Risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, Scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness Hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now living, Death hath lost its sting. Thine be the glory...*

*No more we doubt thee, Glorious Prince of life;
Life is naught without thee: Aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors Through thy deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan To thy home above: Thine be the glory...*

Edmond Louis Budry (1854-1932)