



Steyler Missionare  
SVD-Partner



World Day of the Poor 2025

You are my hope





### About the photo

The “Man with a Shopping Trolley” is a bronze sculpture that was erected by an unknown artist without an official permission. It stands in Bremen since May 2020. It shows a man in a stooped posture laboriously pushing a shopping trolley out of a supermarket. Unlike the sculpture, this is not made of bronze, but it is a normal shopping trolley. The artwork was placed on the “Bremer Wallanlagen”, a place where many people pass by. Despite a lot of research and questions, it is still not known who created and erected the sculpture. The monument is touching and so is the story behind it, so it is not surprising that no one thinks of removing it. It is now firmly established as one of the city's many monuments, but will always remain a very special one.

Anyone approaching the “man with the shopping trolley” senses loneliness and isolation. Alone, poor, perhaps even homeless - these words immediately come to mind. It is hardly possible to look the man in the face. He pushes the empty trolley with difficulty and looks somewhere on the ground between him and the shopping trolley. The man is dressed like a fisherman or factory worker, typical of Bremen, which is characterized by the port, the sea and trade.



**Impluse Texts**



## Hope in life

'Henry is gone.' Stubble sat at the bar like he did every day, rubbing his stubble and scratching himself.

'What about Henry?' Tap, owner of the only neighbourhood pub, poured a glass of beer and placed it in front of him. 'Stubble, I'm talking to you.'

'He's gone,' Stubble repeated, clasping the beer glass with both hands.

'You mean Jo? I haven't seen him in a while either,' said a tall young man wearing a black wool cap, sitting down next to Stoppel.

'I don't know any Jo, Beanie,' said Stubble. 'Do you, Tap?'

Tap shook his head and collected empty glasses from the bar with a clatter.

'What now? Henry? Jo? I mean the one with the empty shopping trolley.' Beanie pushed his cap back and forth on his head.

'That's exactly who they mean,' another man joined the conversation. 'I don't know what his real name is either. But he answered to any name.'

'Why was his shopping trolley always empty?' Stubble muttered thoughtfully.

'He's driven hope into it.'

'Oh no, Plankton. Not that now.' Tap placed a glass of beer in front of him. 'Drink up and stop talking nonsense.'

'Not before evening,' grinned Beanie. 'You know that.'

The men clinked glasses and remained silent until their glasses were empty. Then they left the pub with a quick goodbye.

'Does everyone here have a nickname?' asked a stranger who had been sitting at a table off to the side the whole time and now placed his empty beer glass on the bar.

Tap nodded and held up the empty glass questioningly.

'So what's the matter with this Henry or Jo or whatever?'

'You like to ask questions, don't you?' Tap still held the empty glass in his hand. 'Then you're a good match for Plankton. He's always thinking and asking questions and stuff.'

The man nodded and struggled to suppress a smile.

'But the thing about Henry,' Tap continued, 'that's true. Somehow.' Silently, he began washing the beer glasses. 'Hope. You need that, don't you?' he finally said.

'Yes, you can't live without hope,' the stranger replied in agreement. He reached into his jacket pocket and placed a few coins on the bar. 'Goodbye,' he said kindly and left the pub without another word.

That evening, as Stubble, Beanie and Plankton drank their beer at the bar, Tap had already forgotten about the stranger. But the stranger walked thoughtfully through the streets of the city, as if searching for something or someone.



**Prayer**

**Novena Impulstexts**



## Prayer

### God of Hope

God of hope,  
so I was taught, be your name.

God of hope,  
so I called on you in my distress.

But I  
was not nourished,  
remained without clothes,  
was alone in my night.

God of hope,  
so I called you again and again.

I listened and waited,  
I asked and searched,  
I sensed and felt  
you, God of hope.

God of hope,  
that is your name.

It resounds  
in the shared bread,  
in the open door,  
in the unexpected embrace.

God of hope,  
you are mine!

Amen



## Novena Prayers - Intercessions

### The Paper Cup

When she wakes up and folds the newspapers she slept under, she sees that the paper cup has disappeared. Now it will be difficult to beg for money for a coffee. No one wants to put anything in her dirty hand. But they will put something in the paper cup, even if it is dirty.

We pray to you, God, for all people who are homeless.

### The News

Most of the houses in the village have been destroyed. People stare at their mobile phones, waiting for news about the outcome of the negotiations between high-ranking politicians. Bombs explode. The mobile phones still have power. There is no news of a ceasefire.

We pray to you, God, for all people living in war zones and crisis areas.

### The Cigarette

It is his first cigarette in weeks. He takes a greedy drag. Treat yourself, his friend had said. But it tastes bitter. Would the woman in the school canteen perhaps give his little one something to eat in exchange for a few cigarettes?

We pray to you, God, for all people who do not have enough for themselves and their families.

### The Book

She finds it difficult to understand what is written in the book her older brother brought home from school. But she reads the pages over and over again. One day she will take exams at school, she is sure of that.

We pray to you, God, for all people who have no access to education.



### The Field

They owe a lot to the agricultural company that sells them seeds and fertiliser. The next harvest will no longer belong to them. Early in the morning, the young couple therefore digs up a piece of land that belongs to no one. No one will take this harvest away from them.

We pray to you, God, for all people who provide us with food.

### The Theatre

By saving money and collecting deposit bottles, she managed to scrape together enough cash for the bus fare and tickets for the open-air theatre. She even has enough left over for an ice cream and a soda for her grandson. She has a bottle of tap water with her for herself.

We pray to you, God, for all people who have no access to art and culture.

### The Pill

Every day, his mother has to take a pill, otherwise she feels bad. But they are expensive. That's why she often 'forgets' to take them. Then he cooks for everyone after school. If only he could cook pills!

We pray to you, God, for all people who need medical care.

### The Well

The distance to the nearest water source is getting longer and longer. The children no longer know where the village well is, but they know a lot about dust and sand. Soon, hunger will join thirst. But everyone wants to stay and try something new.

We pray to you, God, for all people who suffer from the consequences of global warming.





## The Candle

Like every day, he lights a candle in front of the small statue of St. Joseph in the church. He stands there for a while, then takes a notebook out of his jacket pocket and makes a mark in it. There are already 168. 'I will pay for every candle. I promise.'

We pray to you, God, for all people who take refuge in you.



## World Day of the Poor

The ninth World Day of the Poor  
on Sunday, 16<sup>th</sup> November 2025  
was placed by Pope Leo XIV under the motto:

You are my Hope

The SVD-Partner cordially invite you again  
to participate in the worldwide Prayer Bridge  
to pray with and for the poor together with people  
all over the world on this day.

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Lay associates of the Society of the  
Divine Word, 2025

[www.svd-partner.eu](http://www.svd-partner.eu)  
[kontakt@svd-partner.eu](mailto:kontakt@svd-partner.eu)