Blessing of Cattle - Field in front of the stadium and in the Rua da Escola Primária

We know that in the invisible there is a kingdom we cannot enter. It is above us, in a far-off, inaccessible place. The invisible is the perfect kingdom. No one there drags their feet across the earth, looking for bread to feed themselves, as we do here.
In the Invisible Kingdom there is a force that frees us from the evils of the body and the soul. We believe in it. We know not what form it takes. Will it be golden like gold? Will it have blue eyes like the sky? It is of no matter to us. We know that it commands the rain to fall and the sun to shine, and in the days that follow, grass bursts through in the fields, abundant and green. We thank it for the sunlight and the fertile land that is offered to us. From it, the animals will feed. From the whole milk of each animal we will make cheese to maintain our body. Our livestock is our bread.
At the time when the flowers are born, we lead the priest to the field. We beseech him to dress in the richest garments and bless the innocent beasts, who are the flesh of our flesh and our daily bread. Wielding the holy chalice, he sprinkles the cattle with water from above and consecrates the harmony of the world. We manifest our faith in this force. On this day, once a year, we taste eternal life with confidence and certainty. We, the ones who came from the dust. We, who are dust.

Isabela Figueiredo