

Contemplating Life...

Day by Day



Poetry by Sister Trinette S.Sp.S

"Trees", by Joyce Kilmer, was a poem that a fifth grade teacher read to Sister Trinette that sparked an early interest in poetry. Her teacher asked her to memorize the poem and put a melody to it. If you ask Sister today to sing you "Trees", she will gladly throw up her arms or "branches" and sing the poem.

Sister Trinette grew up happily on a dairy farm in Appleton, Wisconsin with two sisters and a brother. Her best childhood memories are of the times spent outdoors where she was able to enjoy and appreciate nature.

When Sister was 19 years old, she lived for a summer with her Aunt Maggie. It was during this time that Sister heard the calling from the Holy Spirit to become a nun. She says of this calling, "I could have blocked my ears, but I didn't".

Sister Trinette entered the convent when she was 20 years old and took her vows with the Order of the Holy Spirit in Techny, Illinois. Her many active roles as a Sister have been working at Saint Therese Hospital in Waukegan, Illinois, teaching kindergarten in Greenville, Mississippi, and visiting patients in nursing homes in New Hampton, Iowa. Her favorite role was when she was asked to take care of the sanctuary at Techny for 13 years. She loved preparing the altar and bringing the beauty of flowers and nature into the sanctuary.

During Sister Trinette's busy times, and now her quiet times, she has always enjoyed writing poetry. She encourages us all by saying, "Make up your own poems. Keep a catalog of them. Listen and dwell on the words. Put yourself into the poems". She has written over 150 poems. Many have been published and several have received awards from poetry societies.

Sister Trinette has had a good life. She says, "God gently guided me and never pushed me. He always has pruned me along the way like the landscapers cutting the blades of grass. I am happy and at peace."



Holy Spirit
Missionary Sister

Encounter

God...

*You are real to me-
more real than
my mother or my father.
I don't see You. I don't hear You.
Yet I know I sense*

*You are present everywhere on earth,
in the heavens, in all the people
I chance to meet.*

So...

*I keep looking, searching, calling
everywhere I go
day by day
at night-*

"Speak Lord, it is I".

*Only me. Hear me- lead me on
for I desire to soar high above the clouds-
faster than jet speed-
up to you, Lord!*

Hear me...come, lead, welcome...

For You are real and I love you.

1967

Mom

*The house is full of her, in every room.
I sense her presence moving everywhere-
A quiet radiance, and a dim perfume,
that haunt the darkest corner of the stair.*

*This is the vase her fingers once caressed
so fondly as she filled its heart with flowers.
Here is the prayer book that her warm lips pressed
in times of joy or melancholy hours.*

*She is not here, and yet she seems to be
a loving part of these familiar things,
as if her soul had spanned Eternity
to hover close to me on viewless wings...
guarding me still, and smiling as I touch
these souvenirs she once had loved so much.*

1967

Stop-Look-Listen

*Many people pass through this wonderful world-
and view all they see with an open, closed eye!
It's nothing to them if the sun is rising high
while the great white clouds go sailing by.
Or to hear the rustle of the wind in the trees
and watch the sight of a bird in flight.
It's nothing to them that the stars in the sky
play hide-and-seek with the moon drifting by.
They do not hear the crisp sound of a cricket
or the wistful tune of a whip-poor-will's call.
Oh, I pity those folks with all my heart
who never have learned the better part.
There are so many beautiful sights they will miss
as the course of nature takes its flight.
This world is brighter when we pause for a while
and appreciate the little things in our busy day.
As I go my way, I look and see what comes all free
for these are keys bearing the Master's touch!
For many, jet-age speed has changed the sense of value
but for me, I treasure these things worth while.*

1968

The Gaywings

*I took a walk this early morning
across a bare spring convent ground.
While saying my beads there came a sound
from a tall oak near by.
It caught my ear as a I stood still
listening to the birds.
To me this was a great melodious thrill!*

*It seemed there was a big applaud
then they began to chant their lauds
using the naked branches for benches.*

*Each feathered friend, both grey and tan,
gave all it had in this prayer band.
I watched admiringly for a while
and joined them too with a joyful smile.
They sang on and on so sweet and clear
this to my heart was oh, so dear.
I hoped our heavenly Father would regard it
with delight and smile
before these birds took flight.*

1968

Friendship

*It began with a simple meeting...
the exchange of a few phrases,
a handshake,
or a small service rendered.*

*A smile
that caused a spark of new life
bursting into dynamic exchange
hard to explain.*

*For it came from a new encounter
met spontaneously and easily.*

*Each living not alone
but with another in a thinking,
speaking, doing togetherness.
Life now a duet sung on a higher level.*

1968

From My Window

*In my room, I can watch good Mother Earth.
She's always busy doing something for us, her children.
From early morn till late at night. this mother is at work.*

We hardly sense she's there.

*As seasons pass by in review,
I watch her from my window sill.*

She puts the sun into the sky.

She guides the rain and wind.

She paints the sunset bright with colors.

She gently touches my pane with feathery snowflakes.

Then quietly covers herself with a blanket of snow.

She flashes diamonds in the sky at night.

*The distant hills she decks with oats and barley
and fields of tall green corn.*

The vineyard is heavy with

*blue and green grapes from the vine,
while all kinds of birds fly through the air.*

*High above this sight, jets trail the sky,
as in and out of the clouds they go.*

On the horizon, I can see her gild the lowering sun.

*Oh Lord, thanks for the wonder you give me
each day and each week since I've moved in.*

*How many people alive today
have no roof o'r their head or window to view?*

*At night, before I fall asleep, I think of them
and say a prayer that some day too,*

*they will enjoy a window like mine,
where seasons speak to them: colored leaves,*

*naked trees, falling snow,
signs of spring, summer fair.*

For these and much more, I thank you, God.

Candle Light

*Day has its sunshine
and night has the stars...
but God has candle-light.*

*Upon the world's great
candle-stick, He sets
the little taper of man to shine.*

*So when the stars are dead
and the sun has sputtered out,
my soul may flame and shine FOREVER!
Sometime, He will blow out the sun
and snuff the stars...
preferring Candle-Light!*

1969

Award Winner 1996

The Rose

*What charm you have, o rose...
frail and gentle, graceful in form.
Lovely in color and fragrant in scent.
Who can measure or weigh or analyze
your magic power to allure?
You shake your pretty head...
laughing in the northern wind
while your velvet petals move quietly to and fro.
The hours of sunshine you take in
give vent to the warm love you express.
There's not a star that but outlives you
in length of days.
Can a star give any more glory to God
than one, modest, gentle rose?
Your beauty mocks modern science...
all man's poor efforts to conquer nature.
You put his pride in place all right!
What a gallant little witness you are
to your eternal Creator.
I hear God's voice speaking through you...
as I touch your frail beauty with my inner eye.
Loudly you proclaim in a clear distinct voice
the only world you know...
God.*

1970

Sun Beam

*Little girl, so fair and sweet.
Curly hair and pearly teeth.
Sparkling eyes so bright and blue.
Smiling at the world so new.
Tell me, "What is your name?"
Little Miss, do you know what?
Great potentials you posses...
hidden silent in your breast
waiting for the light to shine
and bring out for all humankind?
Tell me what you want to be?
Young lady, you have grown some
since last we met.
Faith, a treasure of great price.
Hope, you have in all that's right.
Love, so pure that all can tell
you have kept integrity well!
May your days bring joy and light
to all who cross your path, day or night.
And when a final sunset comes at last,
the Lord will smile and
take back His beam.
Then He will turn it to a star
so all can see it from afar!
To praise the Trinity, eternally.*

1971

Hello, November

*There she stands for all to see.
Hear her voice when she speaks-
blowing sounds or whistling
from hilltop trees.*

*Tell me where fair summer has gone?
It seems only yesterday that we met...
Faintly she whispers:
"Beauty is fleeting...
so it goes!"*

1972

Spring Joy

*I awoke a gray April day
before the sun came up
to the celestial song
of a bright red bird
singing outside my window
perched atop an antenna
on a rooftop patched
with puddles of rain.*

*The bird sang on and on
in the cool spring rain.
This bird with a lesson
of joy to give.
Too bad, thought I,
it isn't televised
for more people to see
and not just viewed
by God and me.*

1972

December Beauty

*From
where I
stand inside,
I see a magic tree
outside, branches covered
with midget lights twinkling on
and off, star-like bright, sparkling
like diamonds in the early morning sun.
Soon, they will liquidate and run down the
branches
only to
disappear
and not
go on again.
This will be my Christmas tree...today!*

1972

November Thoughts

All life is still, free.

November is here with her bleak ways!

*Frost and chilly rains make the earth
desolate and barren.*

*She beckons me to stop and rest,
think about life and what comes next.*

*But rain drops rap noisily at my pane distracting me
from stillness and forcing me to stop...and look.*

Here is the answer of what I seek to know:

*We are on earth for so short a time, so we should praise
God while we are able.*

*The bare tree that moves to and fro in the wind
with its leaves all gone has a lesson, too.*

*It "Glorifies the Lord" just as it is, even when its
beauty has blown away.*

*The birds left behind in the cold northern wind
keep chirping and hoping for a seed or a crumb
and a warm place to stay on a winter's night.*

*Friends have fallen asleep in the Lord, and rest
peacefully in their last earthly spot.*

*They too, like the tree, the rain, and the birds, wait here for Spring and
Resurrection Day!*

They seem to whisper softly to me,

"We know Christ has died!

Christ has risen!

Christ will come again!

So wait here with us and hope.

The Lord Jesus will come in Glory!"

The Living Soul

*If we could see the living soul as a flower ,
we might find that some are in the springtime of
their life, some are in the summer, others are in fall
and others are in the winter season of life.*

*How can we judge any of them?
For as they grow from season to season, the touch
of the Lord may be the food to feed them
on their daily way, growing to the full bloom of life.*

1974

Mrs. Bevington

*She sits near a window
covered with dust.*

*It doesn't matter
for her eyes cannot see.*

*This lady I speak of is
one hundred and three.*

*I stop in to see her
as the weeks quickly pass,
and listen to her tell me
of the joys and the sorrows
that make life complete.*

*Now she is ready
to take her last long flight.*

*The porthole is open
in the Eternity's door
which she will soon pass through
and return here no more.*

*For all the things she loved
are fading day by day
and she will soon be leaving
for her eternal home to stay.*

1976

*Mrs. Bevington was one Sister Trinettes
regulars she visited while serving with others
of her order in the apostate of kindness to the sick.*

Cheer Up! Cheer Up!

*Cheer up. Cheer up. It is a day in spring.
A robin told me so.
He sat upon a stub of a tree
and cheerfully sang for me.
Cheer up. Cheer up...Cheer up. Cheer up.*

*Cheer up. Cheer up. He's looking for a worm
among the blades of tender infant grass.
Come share my song of joy!
Watch grass unfurl before your very eyes.
Cheer up. Cheer up....Cheer up. Cheer up.*

*Cheer up. Cheer up. It snowed last night.
And now the grass is covered white.
Fear not, little bird. Our father will provide.
Cheer up. Cheer up...Cheer up. Cheer up!*

1976

My Willow Cathedral

*There is a path I trod when time permits.
A cluster of willow trees stand weeping.
Long branches finger the earth.
Twelve years serenely in peace.*

*In silent awe, I wander inside
eyes turned heavenward
to Him who dwells within.
It is my place to worship here!*

*A cardinal found my secret place,
singing joyously atop the highest balcony
uniting praise to a silent prayer.*

*This is my sacred spot where I long to go
and pray to God in hours of joy or leisure.
I oft return in the stillness of my heart!*

1978

The Kaleidoscope

*Our life is like a kaleidoscope
which is lived out from day to day.
One changing pattern at a time we see.*

*Some days are brightly filled with joy
and others are darkened with pain,
and mixed together we have life.*

*As we go on living and turning the scope
what we possess is so precious.
We must learn to accept the pain with
the bright and make the best of the rest.*

*Some people have beauty, some have talent,
while some seem to lack everything.
Do not let the surface fool you.
For deep in the soul of every person
lies a gold mine waiting to be found.*

*So keep on searching. Don't give up.
There's a pot of gold for every rainbow.
Search for it until it is found.*

1980

Spring

*The south wind blows warm, wet breath
o'r thirsting fields.*

*Let the earth drink deeply
and every rock bring forth flowers.
And let every bird sing.
Every butterfly dance.*

*Then let windows be opened
to bud forth the children.
Let every house yield them up
to the butterflies dance,
and the merry fields.*

*Where all the dandelions whirl away
and every clover has four leaves.*

1982

Visitation

*Come, be the gardener of a
seed planted in a vineyard.
Sun and rain, wind and frost
have made periodical visitations-
One thing is lacking...
a director.*

*Someone to till and cultivate.
The soil is willing to yield
and the Spirit waits above...
ready for the first movements.
The Master gardener is watching.
Come, help the plant to grow!*

1989

Prayer for the Hurried

*Slow me down, Lord. I am going too fast.
I can't see my brother when he's walking past.
I miss a lot of good things day by day;
I don't know a blessing when it comes my way.
Slow me down, Lord. I want to see
more of the things that are good for me.
A little less of me and a little more of YOU.
I want the heavenly atmosphere to trickle through.
Let me help a brother when the going is rough.
When folks work together life isn't so tough.
Slow me down, Lord, so I can talk
with some of Your angels.
Slow me to a walk.*

November

*Bleak wind howl;
hats fly down the street;
doors bang;
windows rattle;
trees are bare;
birds hide beneath pines.*

*A ray of sunshine penetrates
through dark clouds-
the thought of Spring
is welcoming!*

1992

Take Time

*Take time to relax.
It will make you feel better.*

*Take time to pray.
It will draw you closer to God.*

*Take time to visit your neighbors.
They might be lonely and need you.*

*Take time to share a meal.
It will always taste better.*

*Take time to laugh and smile...
It is music for others and the soul.*

*Take time to be friendly.
It is the road to true happiness.*

*Take time to read.
It is the fount of wisdom.*

*Take time to pray.
It is the lifting up
of your mind and heart to God.*

1992

Autumn Leaf

*On an October afternoon I took a walk
along a garden path to Mary's Grotto.*

*The wind was blowing lightly
and leaves were falling gently to the ground.
I strolled along enjoying the fresh crisp air.*

A colored leaf fell at my feet.

I bent and picked it up.

*It was multi-colored with shades of
green, red, and yellow.*

*I thought of life and the various shades and stages
we encounter as we live out life day by day:*

*Green is our youth years when all
is reaching out and so promising*

*Red is when we are getting into mature life
and have found our place-
some days are bright and some not so-
we keep going matter not the weather*

*Yellow is for our sunset years- life is slower now
and though we gradually lose our grip on
things, we still hold tightly to the branch-
then one sunny or cloudy day the Master
loosens our hold and we flutter quietly
to the ground*

1992

Summer

*I can hear a bird- just one-
among the crickets filling the night air.
But my song is silent.*

*I wish I could take all this beauty
into my heart,
soak it up, absorb it-
the riotous colors and endless song
of birds and crickets...*

*Then, perhaps, I too,
would be full of color
and sing an endless song
to God the Father, too.*

1993

The Lord is Coming Soon...

*I hear His footsteps in the hall.
He is drawing near and wants to talk.
His eyes look kind,
And soon He will be mine!*

*I want to walk and talk with Him.
So please "be quiet" so I am ready!
It won't be long and we will be together
in the land I long to go to.
My new home above!
ALLELUIA!*

1993-by death bed of Sr.Rita

Steward of Earth

*All the earth gives you praise, O Lord,
Creator of all the world around us.
The planet earth You spun in its location
amid the stars adorning heaven's dome.
We lease the earth but for a life's duration.
Yet for this time, it is our cherished home.*

*I sit on our third floor porch
gliding quietly on a swing
viewing the country scene.
My heart is filled with joy and wonder
as I admire the sights across from me.
The view reaches out across several miles.
I admire the trees nearby
and the forests in the distance.*

*Instill in me, Lord, the sense of awe and wonder
as I behold the clouds moving above in the sky.
Then, when I hear the voice of a bird or thunder
my spirit soars and gives glory to my Creator.*

*To tend the earth is our entrusted duty.
This planet is ours to use and not abuse.
A farmer is plowing a field in my distant view.
It is getting late. The sun has already set.
He works from dawn to dusk
to do what he must to earn a living.*

*Oh Gracious Lord, source of all resources,
help me serve as a wise and faithful steward
until You call me home to my Eternal Rest.*

1993

Based on the liturgy of July 11

God Saw All, and It Was Very Good

Genesis 1:31

*I feel like a part of the whole creation.
I want to love and care for it.
Everything is created for my good and my joy.
I stop to talk to the birds and the flowers.
I fly with the butterflies
awed by the night moon and the stars
and refreshed by the new day.
I delight in the garden God has put before me.
I see a beautiful patch of lilies.
They are splendid growing in the garden.
They are too tall for their weight and they bow at an angle.
I lift them up and say, "You're so beautiful, don't hide!"
Show yourselves and make this place an altar to God
for all to come and adore!
Everything I see praises God just where it is.
I walk and run by it all-praising God here!
This is my prayer, my hymn to God.
This is my participation in creation today.
Loving it, calling it into fulfillment.
To be the delight of all humanity.*

1994

Stages of Growth

*Nine months of silence in the womb-
Carried by all who love me after birth.*

*Alas, I can crawl on my own,
stand up and then walk a few steps,
fall and pick up- try again.*

As a teen I walk fast and run.

*Must get to where I am going quickly.
Always important; ball game, friend's home,
McDonald's, coke or ice cream parlor.*

*Now I am in my twenties and
carry my own child to go places.*

How time rolls along.

*Soon I am a grand parent
and carry my child's child with great love.*

*Age has crept up- so silently,
and now I am still on the go
only slowly- even with the help of a cane.*

Wheelchair service is mine, if I ask.

My independence is simmering off.

I will return to the earth

like the fallen leaves of autumn.

Life is well spent- I return to my God!

1994

Award of Merit Certificate

My Little Black Bear

*“Little black bear, how are you today?”
He was busy pawing the ground on a cold winter day.
Looking at me he answered, “You keep away from me!
Can’t you see I am busy and have work to do?
It is getting late and it will soon be dark.”*

*Not trusting me, he ran up a tree and looked down
to get a better view of the two-legged creature
taking a liking to him.*

*“You stay where you are.” he seemed to say
as he ran higher from one branch to another
and into a pine.*

*He turned and said, “Good-bye” and disappeared.
It was getting dark.*

*I pulled my coat tight and headed for home
and a cup of coffee.*

*This cute black squirrel will be back again and then
we will become friends over a handful of peanuts.*

1995

*Dedicated to my friend Sister Ethelreda who always
enjoyed my stories*

Jubilee Thoughts

*Fifty years of my life has passed away
so silently I hardly realized they were gone.*

*Happy, peaceful years they were
blessed and guided by the Spirit in a rainbow of
color from childhood to teen and mature years.*

*My convent days have been happy ones.
where ever I was sent.*

*Techny, Saint Theresa Hospital, Waukegan,
Greenville, Mississippi, Sacred Heart Convent,
Hyattsville, Maryland, Sacred Heart Home,
New Hampton, Iowa, Saint Joseph's Hospital.*

Then back to Techny where I began.

I am grateful for all...

*And now I look forward to a home in Eternity
where peace and order reign forever!*

1996

Vespers Time

*The sun is lowering on the horizon
casting a bright pink glow across the sanctuary wall.
It is so quiet and peaceful in chapel.
The angels on the alter stand at attention.*

*One by one the nuns enter here
like birds going to their places
in trees and shrubs. All are at peace.
I sit waiting for something after a day's work.*

*Now it is five o'clock and a voice sounds in the back
of the microphone, "Oh God, come to my assistance."
All answer, "Lord make haste to help me."
We continue with the psalms, and conclude
with a hymn to Mary, Our Lady.*

*The lights are off-
Now all is over, and we leave for supper
and whatever the evening holds.
Day is over. We rest in peace.*

1996

Winter

*Be like a stone in the sun
quiet and reflective.*

*Watch others chase after things
that really don't matter much in the end.*

*How much better to be like a bear
hidden away in a cozy den.*

*And snore from November through March.
These are months of cold and darkness and snow,
when it seems the earth will never be warm again.*

*To awaken again when the sun comes back,
and the winter drips softly off the eaves.
It is a great gift. The spring days lengthen.
All things feel life return and begin to move
slowly back into a new world.*

*Two weeks more and the Fox Sparrow
will come again to the same birch and sing
a new song of cheer for me to hear
with my one good ear.
A song of sweetness never forgotten.*

1997

Visitors

*On a May day morning I took a walk
to my rock garden with a shrine to Our Lady.
There on a stone stood a quiet turtle dove,
just looking away at a tall pink tulip.
Across from the scene, stood a big fat robin
chirping away with all its heart.
I smile as I stood still not to disturb their devotion.
Thought I to myself,
“Our Lady is surely pleased
with all three of her visitors,
as we pay our respect
and love to Her.” Today!*

1997

A Day

*A new year has just begun...
January, February, and here it is March.
Time moves along so fast
and soon it will be over at last.*

*Every day has so many hours...
so use it well and do what is right.
Because before you know it-
Evening is here and it will be gone.*

1997

Blue Sky

*The clouds are slowly moving along
in the heavens bright and early
as I awaken today.*

*So I rest on my pillow
and watch the colorful panorama of beauty!
Blue fluffy clouds keep floating along
changing into various shades of pink.
Ah, there flies a plane right through the center...
almost every other minute of all sizes
they fly through the clouds.*

*They look like giant birds as in and out through the clouds
they keep moving steadily along...
to reach their destination not far beyond.
Here and there a bird flies along very carefree
not seeming to notice the "big bird" above!
Sometimes I also get the urge to fly
and enjoy the bright blue-pink sky.
So up I go from my cozy-warm bed,
and touch the floor with my slipper.
Wash up, dress, comb my hair,
and be on my way.
For a bright new happy day!*

1997

Divine Artist

*There is quite a variety in community!
God created the tall, medium, and small.
The thin, tiny, fat, and sassy.*

*They all can walk, run, hop, and jump.
Some speed alone, while others hardly move
or use wheel chairs to get to destinations.*

*Some are intellectual, learned,
always seeking more knowledge.
Artists can find beauty in people and nature.
While sometimes a culprit likes to
destroy things on his path.*

*Lord, God, help me always look
for the good in those around me.
What I can change for the better
let me do, or leave untouched.
Let me always be grateful to you,
the divine Artist of my life.*

1997

Un-Shod

*Across from my bedroom window
I see a cluster of tall trees standing
naked in their dark brown trunks,
swaying to and fro in the noon day wind.
They've been this way for five full months,
and seem to cry for a sudden change.*

They seem to say...

*"Bring back our clothes so we can be
a prettier sight for all to see!*

*We want our green to make us look
like fresh, young, happy guys again!*

*So when robins return, their nest will build-and songs will
sing making us happy and glad again".*

1997

Eternity

*We are native to eternity.
For we are destined to dwell with God,
The Eternal One!
The decisive point is to choose "sides:..."*

*to opt for light or darkness,
for love or selfishness,
for fidelity and courage,
or idolatry and cowardice.*

*The door of choice is ever open before us...
and our ultimate destiny
is determined by our decisions.
Those who choose God joyfully
bow down before the Mystery of Love.
They feel at home with reverence and wonder--
Alive and splendor!
Glory and transcendence!
Their faces manifest the presence of
a WISDOM and POWER
that causes fear and gladness.
Adoration becomes a way of life for them.
The call home echoes down time's corridor.
Peace and joyful love is their's forever.
Freed from earth and daily living!
They are Home at last.*

1999

...Mystery of Death...

*We flounder and reel before its darkness.
Leaving time and entering eternity!
Those who die leave behind
all that's familiar:*

*old sweaters and worn shoes, car keys,
titles to home and deeds to hard earned property,
beloved seasons and family pets,
tooth brush and garden tools.*

All stripped away:

*naked we return to our origin.
Faith holds the keys
that turn and open from realities to Reality,
from shadow to Light,
from half truths and divided loves
into fullness of LIFE forever.*

*We are here in exile and have come at last
to dwell in our native homeland.
Coming home brings these goals we made
to final completion in unity and union.
We belong here in The Fullness of Life and Glory!*

Summer Day

*I can hear a bird--just one--
among the crickets,
filling the night air.*

But my song is silent.

*I wish I could take all this beauty
into my heart
soak it up,
absorb it--*

*the riotous colors and endless song
of birds and crickets.*

*Then perhaps, I too,
would be filled with color
and sing an endless song
to the Lord our God.*

*I work in gardens
with spring and summer birds and flowers.
Then I come inside and play around
with flowers,
making bright cheerful bouquets
to share with others*

who cannot get out of doors to enjoy them.

*Summer time is a time to work
and then relax and take time
to enjoy the fruits of your labors.*

*God is good.
Give thanks to Him!*

The Lord Gives... Takes

*Blessed be His Holy Name!
As a child I had perfect health.
My hearing was super.
My eyesight very clear.
My legs could carry me across the globe...
to mission lands.
My arms and hands were alway busy
doing things for myself and others.*

*Years of blessings have found change in my free gifts.
My hearing is now dim.
My eyes don't see so far.
My legs are frail and slower.
My arms are weak and hard resting.*

*Now I am retired and rest a lot.
I take little walks in the park.
The joy of finding violets in spring is still there!
My best time is at prayer more and more.
'till the final day when all is over-
the great meeting!*

1999

Special Gift

*Every person...s.sp.s
has a unique way of living,
personal and spiritual,
of being a Christian...
of being a Catholic nun.*

*It never changes...
unless one decides to improve;
for better or for worse
I am free to be open or closed.*

*This never changes.
It was given to you from your mother's womb,
and will be with you
until your last breath.*

*God, Holy Spirit...
I am in your sight...
Keep me ever under
your loving, watchful eye.
I am your servant...s.sp.s.
You are the craftsman.*

Friends

*Friends are like flowers,
You can't have too many!
Some you don't see around much,
but that only makes them special
when they do appear.
Some are best in bunches.
Some you like to enjoy by themselves.
Some are shy and need encouragement.
Some are show offs!
Some grow nicer year by year.
Some occasionally get out of hand!
Some are two for a nickel.
Some are worth your last dime.
Some always are the hot house variety
that need much pampering.
Some are hardy perennials
you can always count on.
Some add a festive touch to all
important occasions.
Some you like to have around all day
and such fun when things go right.
Some are a comfort when things go wrong.
There are dozens of kinds...
and new ones too.
But the friends who become a life-long-joy...are the special
ones...like YOU!*

Lauds

*On the convent roof,
twenty sparrows sit in a row
and wait for a given sign!*

*Three stories down below,
Holy Spirit nuns stand
two by two in neat rows
singing Lauds at burst of day.*

*The red sun is rising in the east.
The Heavenly Father looks down...
smiles, and blesses
all with LOVE.*

1999

Faith

*Is knowing one's self to be
weak and small,
yet reaching
with determination---
for the stars
and seeking
to ascend
the mountain
of perfection---
because I know I am united
to God
and I trust in Him,
hope in Him,
and love Him.*

1999

Time is Passing Away

*My bags are packed,
and I ready to go...
My time is about over.
My days of walking in clover
are coming to an end!
I am happy, not sad...
Soon I will be in a better place
with my Lord and my God...
and many family and friends.
For I've been working for this
all my day on earth.
My bags are packed- I tell you why
I'm ready to go home
to HEAVEN, not earth...
Don't cry...I'll tell you why.
I will be met by my Master,
my Lord, and my God.
For this I've been working
all the days of my life.
Now I say, "Farewell, I hope to see you again,
and will keep you in my heart while we are apart.
Peace, Shalom, my dear ones. Amen*

A Card in the Mail

It came today by way of surprise.

*A card in my mail
from a friend far away!*

*I was feeling sad
and it made me so glad
to hear from this person
whom I thought was dead.*

*One never knows
what a few words can do.
So keep on writing a message
big or small-phone-email.
It would do good for one or all,
and save a day with cheer!*

2000

A Good Question “How You Doing?”

*I wing back and forth
in my rocker as
I consider:*

*Eyes flickering
ears buzzing
nose dripping
teeth missing
voice cracking
veins lumping.*

*Muscles weakening
nerves fraying
bones cracking
mind blurring
skin wrinkling
stomach grumbling!*

*“I’m not so bad off
and pretty good today
for the shape I’m in!”*

God Said "No"

*I asked God to take away my pride
and God said, "No".
He said it was not for Him to take away,
but for me to give up.
I asked God to make my handicaps whole
and God said, "No".
He said your spirit is whole,
and your body is only temporary.
I asked God to grant me patience,
and God said, "No"!
He said patience is a by-product of tribulation-
it isn't granted it is earned.
I asked God to give me happiness,
and God said, "No".
He said He gives blessings,
happiness is up to me.
I asked God to spare my pain,
and God said, "No".
He said, "Suffering draws me apart
from worldly cares and brings me closer to Him".
I asked God to make my spirit grow,
and God said, "No".
He said I must grow on my own,
but He will prune me to make me fruitful.
I asked God if He loved me,
and he said, "Yes".
He gave me Jesus, His Son, who died for me.
Some day I will be in heaven because I believe.
I asked God to help me love others as they are,
and God said, "Ah, finally, you have the idea!"*

On my 54th Anniversary of Vows 2000

The Secret

*I met God in the morning,
when the sun was rising up.
His presence came as a surprise,
like a joy in my breast.*

*All day long the Presence stayed.
All day long He stayed with me,
and we sailed in perfect calmness,
o'er a very troubled sea.*

*So I think that I know the secret
learned a few days ago:
You must seek Him in the morning
if you want Him through the day.*

*Keep on the lookout
so you don't miss His sign of love
from your future home above.
Soon all will be over and you'll be
home with Him at last.*

2001

How Are You?

*You ask me... "How are you?"
and want to know the truth...
so here it comes...*

*I am fading away...day by day.
My hair is turning gray.
I can't always find my way.
And when asked...don't know what to say.*

*I can't hear so well...
and guess what others talk about.
In gatherings and where I go
to be polite, I keep still and
try not to show I am irritated
and want to get up and leave.
But instead stay a while and hope it will pass away.*

*Some day I hope it'll be over
and I'll feel better, this surely will happen...
When I arrive in Heaven some day
I will be reunited with friends of long ago.
We'll have a great time and this will last...
Forever with Jesus, my Lord and Savior.
How happy I'll be for all eternity.*

An Acorn With a Lesson

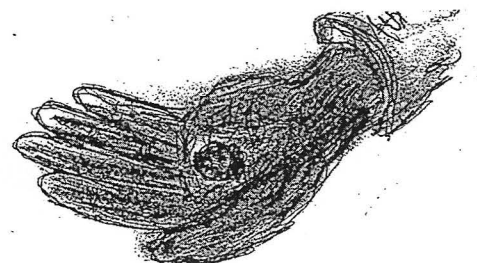
*It is a small little acorn
that I held in my hand and planted
four years ago before I had to pack
and leave for a new mission land.*

*The acorn sprouted and began to grow...
how tall it would get I did not know.
I left for my Mission to do some work
for God and for souls far away.*

*One day not long ago, I had a chance
to take leave and come back to check...
on my precious acorn in the ground.
It grew and grew, and grew up tall!
Now a tree reaching out branches
in directions north, south, east, and west.*

*The tiny acorn is now a tree so tall
standing with branches stretched to the sky.
It smiled at me, and praised God
who let it grow to give me a sign
to keep on loving and growing too...
Then I will also give glory and praise to God!*

2001



Growing Older!!!

*Lord, let me grow lovely
growing older!*

*So many fine things do:
silk and lace and linen,
ivory and gold need not be
new...*

*An old sheet of music still
is able to send forth new melodies!*

There is healing in old trees.

Old streets a glamour hold.

*Why not I, as well as these,
growing lovely, growing older?*

2001

A New Day

*From my pillow view of night rest
I can see the bright new dawn.
It seems to call me to the new day ahead
with its clouds of pink and blue sailing peacefully on.
In and out birds fly on wing.
Some birds are dark and some are white...
while high above the clouds there flies
a plane of ever greater size!
I wonder as I watch the scene...
if I could join them as they fly.
So up I jump and touch the floor
to wash and dress and comb my hair.
Then off I hurry to the door...
and start another brand new day again.
May my angel help me on my way.*

2002

A New Day



Daisies

*I asked for a daisy...
and God gave me a garden
all growing full of flowers!*

*So I bent over to look at them
and they cried to be picked.
I picked one to hold and press to my heart
when another one shouted...
“Why don’t you pick me too?”
I looked at it and felt I should.*

*So I picked another and another one too.
Before I knew it I had a hand full
of daisies so lovely and bright
they filled me with joy...
and I hurried away
before I was caught and got blamed
for disturbing the garden flowers within.*

*I put them in a vase to place by our Lady.
She smiled at me and gave me a kiss
for this was what she wanted
and I couldn’t miss her blessing and love for today.*

Dandelions

*Bright green rug dotted with flowers.
Yellow, puffy and pretty to look at.
Many dislike the trouble they make
later when fluffy white seeds fly in the air
blowing gayly everywhere.*

*I feel like a child and bend to pick
a handful to bring indoors for all
unable to get outside to see and enjoy.
The light and beauty the blooms spread out
open your eyes and see what is on the ground.
God made each one for you and me!*

*Somedays, I sit quietly and make a wreath
of these yellow flowers to wear
on my head and look like a queen
crowned for an important event
to be held that same afternoon
or the lovely Queen of May.*

2002

Palm Tree Christians

*Standing straight and tall in the changing climate
all the moods of nature.*

*There can be abundance of rain
or a period of drought-
still the trees hang in there.*

*First they grow in the desert-
life on earth is our desert, too.*

*Nothing in this world has eternal value-
We sing, "This world is not my home!"*

*It also grows in sandy soil-
no food for growth at all.*

*The main roots sink deep, deep down
to the supply of water...LIFE!*

The palm tree is beautiful to all.

*The dust of the earth clings not
to its evergreen leaves.*

Its shadow shelters all.

It has 360 uses...

Its fruit refreshes the thirsty.

It points out the way to water.

It bears fruit even when old.

Giving joy to the elderly and young.

A Look of Love

*One early February morning...long before dawn,
I rose from sleep and went to the window
feeling forlorn, down and sad to face the day ahead.*

*Then I looked up in the deep, dark sky
and saw the glance of God looking
down on me and I recognized love.*

*Only one star shining down upon me
seemed to say, "Come now my dear,
I see your every move in my glance.*

*Keep up your life and move along--
one day at a time is all I ask".*

*"Some will be sunny, some will have pain...
all is needed for a full growth in Life.*

*When you are ripe, the Master will come,
bend and smile...then
pick you up and carry you Home!"*

2002

Heavenly Beauty

*Oh look at the bright blue sky
which appears so bright and shy.*

*Oh look at the dark black clouds
which during showers pour out rain-*

*Oh look at the twinkling stars
standing above us so far.*

*Oh look at the beautiful moon
which shows a reflection at noon.*

*And open your eyes to the sun.
It wants you to rejoice and have fun.
So, go along and have a great DAY!*

2002

Grapes Growing on the Vine

*Grapes growing in the vineyard
near my home in Techny land...*

*Birds come one by one
ready to fill their bills and have fun!
I walk along and look and also enjoy
all the beauty that I can see...*

Some are green, some blue, some red.

All growing to give glory to God.

*They entice me to pick and taste
with mouth and tongue.*

*So I pick a bunch and go my way
happy I found a treasure true!*

*Some fine day I'll come back
and get some more to take along
to share with those unable to get out
and do the same as I do today...*

with their hands and feet.

*Quickly I go indoors and do my good deed...
then go on my merry way!*

2002



Freddie the Frog

*My friend, Freddie, I've had for years.
He arrived on my birthday when I was "75"
and has been faithful to me ever since.
When I made my Jubilee in 1996
he sat on my bed and croaked me a song.
We always manage to get along.
In 1999 we moved across the road
to a new convent in a big woods.
There was a pond near by and before
I knew it he was swimming there.
Whenever I missed him in my room...
there he'd be swimming away and croaking.
Croaking a cheerful song.
I'd leave him there in peace till sunset.
Then one day, I got real sick and they
had to do something real quick!
They rushed me to the hospital for a doc to see
and it was decided surgery.
I had it...was very sick in trying to get well quick.
Then Freddie showed up and guess what?
He croaked me a song and I began to smile.
Then soon I felt ready to go...
This is my story...it is really so.*

2002

Farmers

*Early spring plow and work the soil...
turning earth for a fresh new start.
Wind, rain, and sunshine all help
to better the earth for seeds to sew.
We survey new friendships
in our daily lives...friends we meet.
Removing rocks, faults we want to change
we do not like to see from day to day.
Hoping sunshine of time and grace
will bring to life a new
plant of friendship strong
that will help us through all kinds of weather.
Like the farmer, we too will be happy and pleased
that God has blessed our efforts to improve
life's valley here on earth as we
grow too, and move along-
So keep up your efforts, and don't give in.
Some day you'll be glad when you see
the fruit of your efforts from day to year.*

2002

I Love My Job

*Work can be a drudge or a joy.
You need to support yourself or family.
There are good and bad days to work.
Right or wrong ways to do the job.
Honest ways, fair ways, pleasant ways.
A job well done that's holy.
It gives one pleasure.
We want to be productive.
We like to answer God's call.*

*Being courteous to a customer,
patient with a student,
kind to a patient in sickness,
trying hard to repair a backed up sink-
that's as holy as saying the Our Father
and as blessed as singing a hymn.*

*God calls you daily anew
to do your part to keep the world turning.
Calling you to the joy of
accomplishment and the pleasure
of a job well done...
calling you to become holy.*

Patience

*Patience is a blessing in daily life.
It helps one to keep control over your heart,
bearing with the weaknesses of one another,
and with the idiosyncrasies that humanly
can drive us crazy!
Patience hopes for change
but never forces it.
It endures weakness and failures.
It stands by others in their sickness and sorrow.
It is ready to forgive.
Patience is the inner strength to wait calmly
upon oneself and your neighbor.
To wait in hope, to wait in prayer.
Patience does not hinder us from taking action.
It prepares us for the moment when determined
action is needed.*

2003

Clutter

*My room is full of treasures.
Clutter that has accumulated in my room
throughout the past years, months, weeks.*

*No matter how covered it all becomes,
some things must stay. I need them!
Old letters, photos, books, notes
are connections I treasure and memories
of people I cherish in my life.*

*Most of all, I need opportunities they offer to me...
each item has become an occasion
for prayer- a chance to ask God
to bless a particular person-
to fill his or her life with peace
and eternal joy and love
with the Trinity.*

2003

Junk Collector

*There is a space in my abode
where I put treasures I find from day to day.
They are small and stay where I put them
from week to year collecting dust.
They are too precious to part with
so I keep them with the intention
that maybe some day they'll come in handy...
I might need this or that for a friend
who needs a helping hand.
But when will that day dawn?
Every time someone dies
and after the burial service,
those left behind must take their time
and go over all the junk that's left behind
and sort out and throw away the rest.
Such is the story of the treasures
one hung on to for dear life.
The value is not there for those who must live on,
and so its "clean up" and "junk".
This is the story of a treasure collector.*

2003

My Cherished Friend

*MY FRIEND is one who speaks to me
and takes the time to write.*

*Who has a thought to share for me
whether day or night.*

*Who comforts me and wants to make
my worry her concern.*

*Who does a favor but expects
no favor in return.*

*The one who knows the faults I have,
but does not criticize.*

*One who is always at my side
to help and sympathize.*

*She is the sister of my soul
forever good and kind.*

*And she is first and foremost
in my grateful heart and mind.*

*My friend is one who keeps me
in her very memory.*

*And now and then will turn to God
and say a prayer for me.*

2004

Convent Flower Garden

*Spring tulips-red, white, yellow
quietly move to and fro
as the spring breeze blows.
Their faces curled skyward
as they smile at all
who take time to look and see.*

*Father,
may my life today
ever be lifted to You above
in prayer or duty
as I am blown about
on life's surface...*

*A red tulip
here to praise and glorify
THE TRINITY!*

2004



Winter People

*Winter trees graceful against a cool, crisp sky.
Stars above shining in a dark blue heaven.
Winter songs echoing like a church bell...
Warming the hearts and souls of all.*

*Winter people hushed by the stillness
of the cooled brisk night.
Called to come together and listen
to their Winter God.*

*Beckoning all from above
to hear the promise of new life.
Just around the corner - ahead.*

*Hold on to the Winter Lord of heaven
cuz...Spring is a comin...
And you'll be glad you did...
For this Love is a source of true, abiding LIFE.*

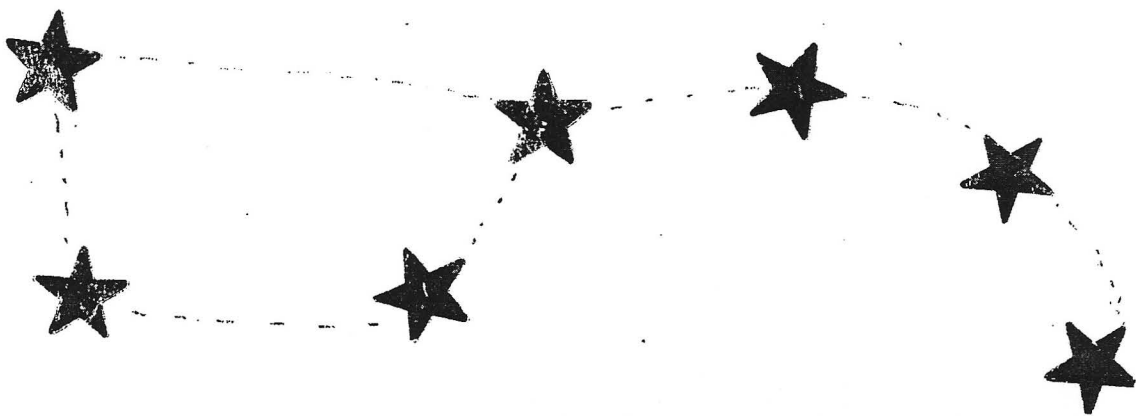
2004

Star Dipper



*Early in the morning...about 4:00 am
before everyone is up,
I get a drink for the new day!
It gives me energy and grace to do
what I should do-
to help make this a better world
for all to live their daily life.
The light that shines
is so bright and moves along...
across the sky-my daily path
bringing light and cheer to all
who come near to be near me.
May the inspiration that flows out
of this dipper I see at 4:00 am
fall on you also today...
as you go on your way.*

2004



God, I Am Your Flower

*Flowers teach me how to be content
with being what I am.
Some flowers bloom all summer long.
Some for a few hours.
Some shyly by night.
Some only when the sun is shining.
Some unnoticed in the company of many flowers.
Some in such petaled beauty
that anyone who sees them
pauses and admires.
God, I am Your flower.*

2004

An Old Tool Shed

*I sit and look at an old tool shed
off a country road where I used to live
many years ago when young and lively.*

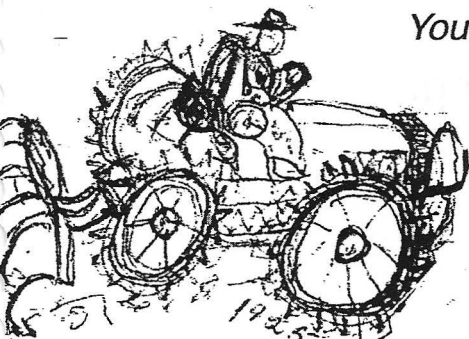
*Inside is a tractor all rusty and worn out
that plowed many fields and made many a
new row for things to grow healthy and strong.*

*Now the fender is rusty and the gas tank is full of holes.
And birds sit on the driver's seat
waiting for a sign to move off
and look for more to find worth while to eat.*

*The tractor did its job and rests and is still...
no more to move up and down hills.
The driver has died, and nobody cares.
The junk yard is its next spot
to be put away forever.*

*In some ways, we are like the tractor
after our life's work is over
when we retire and are put to rest.
All our duties are finished and new methods invented.
They by-pass and move along.
Where they will stop only God now knows.*

*Still I feel our duties are valuable and true...
without them these new ways would never get a start.
So rejoice and rest your job is over...
praise the Lord, and wait sir...
Great will be your reward.
You'll soon be riding in a field of fresh clover.*



My Quilt

*I have a piece of cloth I made into a cover
to keep me warm on a winter day.
It is put together in tiny squares
as pretty as can be.*

*What caught my eye was some
had different sizes and shapes.
I felt sad and even sorry to spoil the cover...
Then I saw parts of my life...
the daily ups and downs and great lumps and bruises.*

*Each one with a story in my life...
some joyful as can be,
some with sad events to see.
All put together they form the story of me.
I will never regret the way it was made,
cuz the Lord had a finger in each event-
and had His eyes on the way it went.*

*So here I am starting the end of my life...
and still have to keep going, no matter what-
For my quilt isn't quite finished
and I have stitches to make
that need guidance and love to help me along
to finish traveling on...
Come Holy Spirit, guide me along.*

2004

A Slice of Fruit

*I ate an an apple for breakfast
and thought about its growth.*

Seed makes trees.

Trees grow apples...

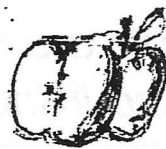
*Apples are mincemeat
for people and animals.*

*Take a seed and plant it
any place on earth...in time
the cycle starts anew.*

*This is how it gets to grow
around the whole wide world.
For all people to eat and enjoy
to their heart's content.*

*Praise the Lord for it to be
just a pleasure for you and me.*

2004



An Easter Blessing For You

*“April showers bring May flowers”...
also violets, tulips, daisies, and roses.
The daisy’s petals shine brightly-so white.
The sign of the Eucharistic host...fair.
Put away on Holy Thursday...for the big event
of the Last Supper and Good Friday...sorrow.*

*Look at the tulip so red, velvet, soft
reflecting the blood of Our Savior on this day.
It is shaped like a red ruby...drop by drop
filling a cup of blessing for you and me.*

*Look close at the rose, so perfect and fine,
a lovely blossom with thorns for the crown.
Making it a crown for the dear Lord Savior
to wear and cause ruby red drops of blood to flow
from Our Savior’s brow to the ground...Good Friday.*

*May the April showers that rain down today
rekindle our flowers of violets of love
for what Jesus Christ did for you and me-
all sinners on earth are free and forgiven!
Our heart and souls are free; no longer bound
to earth and sad living- Soooooooooooooo
Rejoice with our Risen Savior an Easter Day!*

2005

Fire Flies

*Flying fire works at night
sending out blue florescent.
They dance past my window
and brighten up my night,
giving me a spark of joy
that sets my heart a glow.
Nobody else will see them here
but only God and me!*

*How I wish we all could be
like a firefly and send out light
of joy and peace and love and hope
for all we meet by night or day.*

*Please Lord, help me to go my way
and brighten all I meet today.
I want to be like a firefly and
spread Your light to brighten
every one I meet today.*

2005

A New Day

*As dawn sweeps into the sky
bright pink and white clouds
move slowly inward.*

*The early call of the loon repeated
over and over like a signal
for me to awaken.*

*I lie still and watch the panorama
with wondering eyes filled with hope.*

*A bird calls from the treetop
near my open window.*

*It is soon answered by another early bird.
Daylight has come full.*

Now a new series of other birds declare themselves.

*Look, there is the rising star...
welcoming me to arise for a new day.
Praise the Lord.*

2006

Lord of the Dance

*The Holy Spirit
wheels and deals us
as we dance along
daily through the universe.*

*Twirling, whirling,
dancing,
leaping,
spinning,
jumping,
shooting forth sparks of this divine
creativity
wherever He goes.
We are the only ones
who can say:
“Holy Spirit, thanks”,
or “No thanks”.*

2008

Seed Pod

*The year is now gone.
My life is well spent.
I am now ripe-
waiting to be picked
off my vine.
The fruit is ripe.
My spirit is dry.
This is the reason why
I am now full grown
and waiting my time to go.
Winter is here and my days are over
for walking in clover.
I am at peace and
hope for ETERNITY.
JOY at last to be here.*

2012

Myriads of Life

*There are forms of life around us.
We live in relationship with them
not in isolation-
from all life
which God created in this world.
Or we would be diminished and wounded.*

*So when the earth is abused and raped
so are we.*

*Whenever anything is hurt or killed,
something in us is too-
our harmony with God's creation
destroyed-killed
to be so interrelated should
give you greatest pain.
My life is also in grief.*

*I want to rebuild and
recreate again.*

Ah...

I am in love with the forest.

2012

They're Back

*The bluebirds are back.
I saw them from my window where I saw the sky-
to see what was up for today.
They looked so perky and happy
as they fluttered from branch to branch.
Below stood a perky squirrel looking upward and ready
to climb the tree and see what was going on-
Soon the two birds became aware of the intruder
and they quickly flew off and were gone!
Come back again and stay
so you can build a nest and have a family one day.*

2012

Take Time

*Take time
for what's important to you,
for what makes you happiest.*

*Take time
to be with those you love
and share your deepest wish,
most secret dream,
your favorite fantasy.*

*Take time to look around
at all the gladness
the world can offer,
all of it yours,
if only, you take the time.*

I Said a Prayer For You Today

*I said a prayer for you today
and know God must have heard-
I felt the answer in my heart
although He spoke no word!
I didn't ask for wealth or fame
(I knew you wouldn't mind)-
I asked Him to send treasures
of a far more lasting kind!
I asked that He'd be near you
at the start of each new day.
To grant you health and blessing
and friends to share your way!
I asked for happiness for you
in all things great and small-
But it was for His loving care
I prayed the most of all!*

Star Dipper

*Bright, shining light up in the sky
Lighting my way for a new day.
Seven lights---gifts of the SPIRIT,
Showing me what I am to do today.
Leading my faltering steps,
As I fumble along life's path,
I trust your light on my way.
Keep me on the right path of life
'Til I reach the Eternal Shore.*

Happy Birthday To the Older Christian

*You may be growing older
and your step a mite slow.
You may not move as fast as once
but oh, God loves you so.
You may think you're not needed,
that your work down here is through.
But, my beloved oldster,
God has a plan for YOU.
Your white hair shows the wisdom
you've gathered through the years.
Your patience stands for victories
and proves you've conquered fears.
Your sweetness shows that Christ indwells,
His love in you abides.
As these virtues flow out from you
you're blessing other lives.
Oh, don't ever be discouraged
if others must wait on you.
You've done your share of service
just let His light shine through.
So just rejoice and live for Jesus
and to others His kindness show.
You're still wanted and still needed.
You're God's messenger, you know!*

Transfusion

*It is our good fortune that the
life's blood of our daily living
finds its renewing source
in a transfusion given each day at sunrise.*

*This fresh Blood is nourishing
as well as waste eliminating.
It is the Blood of Christ given as food
to all receiving members.*

*Perpetual tonic...
to the sickly and even the healthy members.
Always mixed with elements that constitute
Community.*

*Forever refreshing the new blood of the young
and the true blood of the old and tired.
We have been bruised by the wear and tear
of our living together
in this vale!*

*But here, all receive new freshness to begin again
another new day.*

He Touched Me

I am weak and frail.

Everywhere I go

I meet with...

contemplation

inspiration

temptation.

O these gates

are ever ready

to fling open.

Welcoming

all kind off riff-raff.

Only the gateman

stands guard

staunchly...

Sword in hand and ready step

warding off the petty loafer

to "Be gone!"

Seemingly to be at rest-

he circles round the block

only to return with

7 others...

This is where the work begins!

Thinking of You!

*You are precious in my sight.
I have written your name
in the palm of my hand.*

Isaiah

*If I were a poet, I'd write you a poem
to let you know that God loves you indeed.*

*If I were an artist, I'd draw your portrait
and make you so lovely and also a saint!*

*If I were a musician, I'd play you a tune-
celestial melodies to draw your thoughts heavenward.*

*But since I am none of any of these,
I'll do my best to send you my love,
and ask the good God to bless you from above.
You are thought of frequently in my prayers.
Peace be with you.*

Flowers for the Living

*I'd rather have a little rose
from the garden of a friend
than the choicest flower when
my stay on earth must end.*

*I'd rather have a pleasant word
said now to me than flattery
when my heart is stilled
and my life has ceased to be.*

*I'd rather have one loving smile
from friends I know are true
than tears shed 'round my bier
when to this world I bid adieu.*

*So bring me now your flowers
and the love of a cherished friend.
I'd rather have one blossom now
than truckloads at the end.*

A Friendship

*One day, a sunflower slowly opened
its soft bright petals to the sun.
A friendship burst into bloom
showing color and beauty beyond knowing.*

*It began with an exchange of phrases,
a handshake, a service rendered.
A smile that fueled a spark in one
because of the other burst into a dynamic exchange.
Spontaneously and easily given with
total respect for otherness.*

*A friendship, shared existence, each living not alone, but
with another: thinking, speaking, doing, togetherness.
Opened petals one by one. Life is wonderfully worthwhile
with a friend that is near and dear.
Two souls have met and now play as a duet.*

Faith...

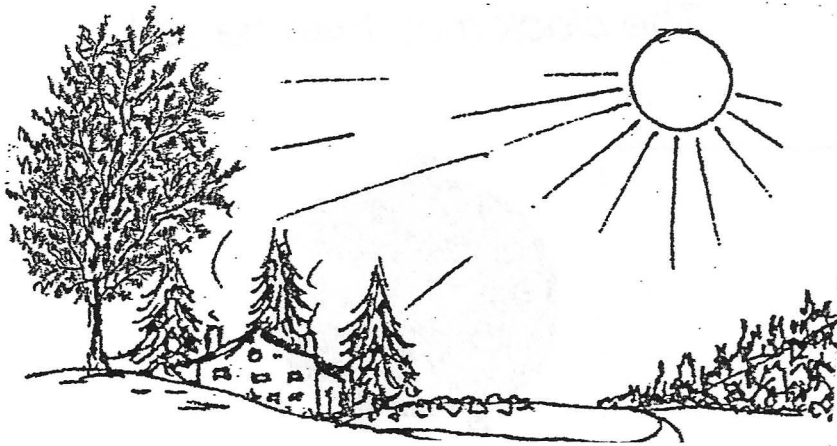
*Is my guiding star
in the dark night
of this earthly life?*

*Day permits me to see
a small part of
Earth's surface...
A mere speck
in this great world.*

*Night carries my vision
through immeasurable space.
Right to the Heart of God,
I believe!*

Eternity

*I still find each day too short
for all the thoughts I want to think,
all the walks I want to take,
all the books I want to read,
all the poems I want to write,
all the prayers I want to say,
all the songs I want to sing,
all the friends I want to see.
24 hours is just too short...
But eternity will be just right.*



Life's Clock

*The clock of life is wound but once
and no man has the power
to tell just when the hands will stop,
at late or early hour.*

*To lose one's wealth is sad indeed
to lose one's health is more.*

*To lose one's soul is such a loss
as no man can restore.*

*The present only is our own.
Live, love, toil with a will.*

*For place no faith in tomorrow-
The clock may then be still.*

