



MISSION

Always the ones in need,
the door knocking at night,
always the call from far away:
“Send us women with strong hearts
and searching eyes.
Soon.”

More always went
than could be spared,
pulses of fire,
magnets of light,
into the grimy streets,
rank caves,
stark sheds,
stern lands,
swelling fields,
blinding trails,
pouring their love like sweat,
wearing the stench of the poor.

They served themselves up
like food, like bread.

What love they had! They spent it,
threw it into the wild wind,
let their seeds be eaten alive
or ground into furrows
of stone and soot.

We who follow, decades later,
find seeds sprouted, rooted,
flowers of light
to wave in the wind.
We bless those green spikes
that cracked the footpaths,
bless roots tight and twined,
bless the stubborn love
that linked the cobbled lives and streets
that hold them still
from the underside—
sturdy legacy.

Regina Bechtle, SC - Bronx, New York



1. *From your reflection on the poem, name for yourself Brigidines who have lived the characteristics outlined here. What did they teach you?*
2. *What does the poem reveal to you about the mission as it was previously? What is the mission for us as Brigidines now?*
3. *“Sturdy legacy”: What aspects of our ‘sturdy legacy’ do we need to consider so that it continues into the future?*
4. *What is ONE practical consideration that arises for you regarding our Brigidine legacy for the future?*