

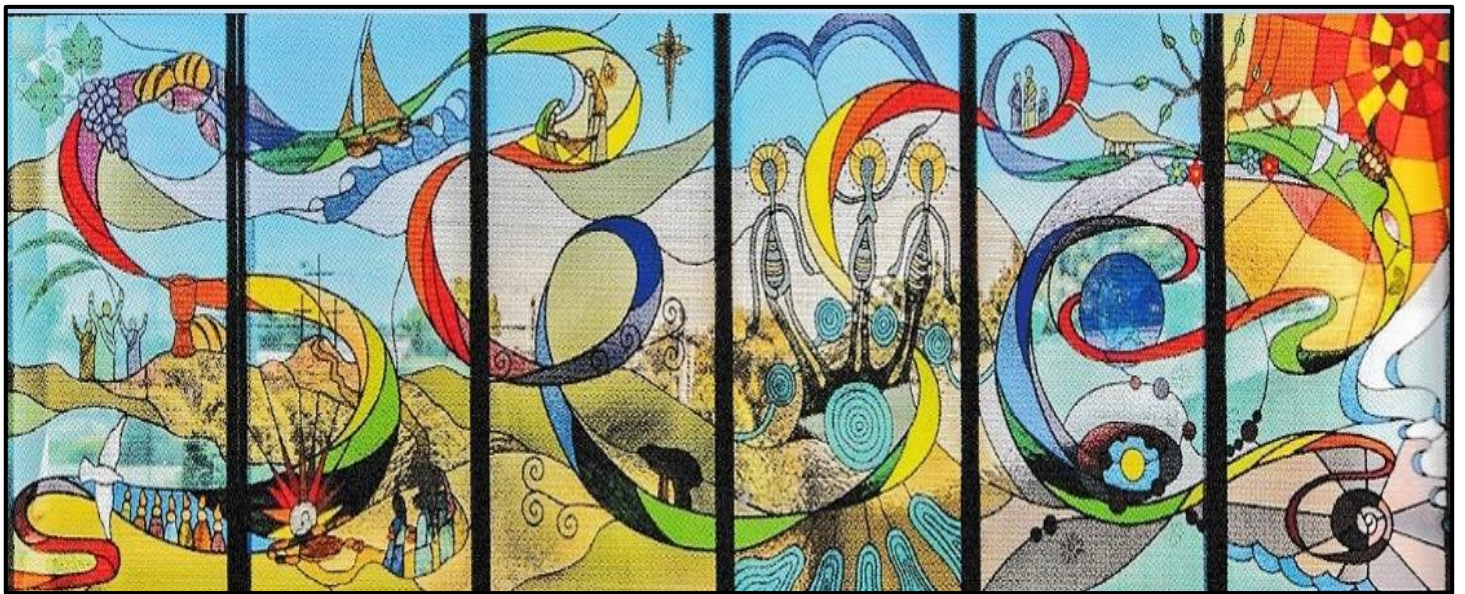
Century+ (adapted)

They were women of listening hearts
To them the Spirit spoke: 'Come'.
So they rose up to follow.
They were led out of their quiet valley,
Over the rim of the world,
Where summer came in wintertime
And the very stars hung strange.

Listening, they could not cease from
journeying.
Always a little further, always one pace
beyond,
they set their course with life
for their lode-star,
faith and love and laughter
brimming over
and hope in their firm hands, like seed,
till the seed they planted became a great
tree,
and many there were grew strong in its
shade.

We stand where they once stood,
Listening ... in our own world
new born this day
life's insistent cry, the Spirit's voice.
Let us rise up and follow
For though the Cross hangs in our stars
Resurrection shouts in the sunrise,
and the tree of one hundred and
forty rings, deep-thrusting,
out of warm darkness lifts to the light
branches vibrant with song.

Raphael Considine PBVM



(Art work from Clonard College, created by Reba Woodwiss csb)