

A Moon Poem

By Andrew Martin SFO

Sister Moon so perfectly set in the heavens,
I view you night after night.
I study you and gaze at your face.
I am drawn to you, but do not know why.

Together we journey.
You silently traverse the sky,
Moving in ways known to you alone.
I sit transfixed in wonder.

Your lands seem so foreign and yet so familiar.
An ancient beauty.
Your presence is far greater,
And yet it seems not.

Most go about ignoring you.
A dead lifeless rock in the sky.
For those willing to follow you,
You continue to provide enjoyment

A created thing of the Father.

The Footsteps of Francis

By Alice Kenat, SFO

Longing to be near him
Desiring his every word
Wanting to be like him
Rejecting a lavish world

Longing to follow Jesus
Desiring His perfect way
Following the footsteps of Francis
Following the Calvary way

Closer to the heart of Jesus
Closer to our heavenly home
Steps that began in Assisi
Guiding us to our Father's throne

St Clare

By Mary Clare Potthast, SFO

A light in the garden
A song ever new,
A breath of God's springtime
In a world overdue
For peace and His mercy,
For love and His grace,
A shining example
That time can't erase.

IXTUS

By Bruce Snowden, SFO

In the Galilean Sea beneath its crest,
A Mother Fish with pride confessed,
To many of her sons and daughters,
Who swam with joy within the waters,
That one day not too far away,
The Resurrected Lord would say,
"Have you anything to eat?"

Then Mother Fish continued saying,
In tones akin to solemn praying,
One of you my dears will be,
The meal your Maker makes of thee.
To Him they'll give a piece of fish,
Baked and eaten at His wish,
The purpose of *your* life complete!

"This is My Body" He earlier said,
"This is My Blood" on both be fed.
Take this as the Gospels quoth,
The Fish He ate symbols both.
Ixtus offered on shore of Sea,
In the Upper Room Eucharisticly,
A Mystery linked in leavened dough!

Linked in rising leavened dough,
Resurrection's mystery aglow,
The Fish in transubstantial way,
Became the Eucharist of Maundy Day.
The when and how no time involved,
The then and now remain unsolved,
In grasping this, the mind is slow!

Cosmos

By Judy Russoniello, SFO

Roller Coaster of vista peaks of far away scenery, six
blue petals arrow-shaped, pointed to the floor of your
heaven.

Down I plunge into your infinite source of all beauty,
into the whirlpool of duality that is so fragile, so
delicate.

Each day is going and each day is flowing into the ocean
of your universe. The naked extreme of the
darkest chamber covering the mantle of your
gentleness.

Cooing sound of meekness, envelopes all creation,
sculpturing me, into your likeness, connecting all
creation into your galaxy of wonder.

Dream O Tender Sparrow

By Susan Coyle, SFO

I've watched you soar with eagles
Though you are such a tiny bird
You draw your life from Jesus
And as you feed
upon His word

You gather strength and courage
So you can lift your wings to fly
You take with you the joy of life
And smile as you reach the sky

Now finding freedom within yourself
Still smiling you look down
You know you must descend again
But content to return to the ground

You dwell among the animals
Who so often keep you bound
And joyfully you work and play
You breathe in the beauty of each day

And in the wind you hear Me say
Dream O tender sparrow
Dream of what you love
I'll take your dreams with me on high

In mercy and in love
I'll reach down,
I'll lift you up
'Til once again you fly.

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*I wrote **Dream O Tender Sparrow** and shared it at the end of the Summer Seminar 2008 on "Servant Leadership," held at Saint Francis University, Loretto, PA on June 26-29. My attendance was a last-minute decision and really an "escape," a searching as to whether I should even be a Franciscan. I arrived feeling broken and wounded by some unresolved, unreconciled conflicts that left me questioning my vocation, much less any call to "servant leadership." With the dawn of the second morning there, I awoke with the joy of my salvation having returned to my heart and my journey through Francis in Christ revived, re-claimed and renewed.*



In His Steps

By Richard Hurzeler, SFO

*In the year 2004—
an ironic scenario:
the leader who was
so eloquent
sometimes cannot talk,*

*the linguist, who spoke
a dozen tongues, is,
at times, feeble in voice.
The healer, who would
pray for others, is now
a cripple. He shows up
then at Lourdes amid
the patients.*

*Yet with slurred speech,
trembling hand, Wheelchair
bound, he comes embracing
with humility the Poverty of
Disability.*

*In his weakness the Grace of God
springs out touching all those
who are bent low.*

*The shepherd bears the cross
of hope and love.
Not just a leader but
a real Disciple absorbing
the path of Calvary.
And millions drink in his
actions which slake
their thirsty souls.*