



*A poem for Catherine*

## Another Knock/ Another Birth

Sitting in prayer in the early morning hours,  
enveloped by the darkness of this yet emerging day,  
I wonder what the next move will be,  
as yet another knock comes to the door of my heart.

To trust in our loving God, who gifts us for this work,  
to risk the invitation of another opening to God's mercy,  
to keep going on when it seems "enough is enough,"  
yet this is the adventurous, dynamic history of our lives.

The body ages, the mind isn't so sharp,  
yet still there is always more to do, more to deepen,  
another knock on the door, the mind, the heart.

The darkness of our world, held within the living mystery of our Beloved,  
is the womb from which mercy is given birth, over and over again.  
That womb doesn't close,  
women are birthed to be Mercy.

Catherine is born over and over again.

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