



*A poem for Catherine*

## Catherine's Rhymes

Catherine often wrote in rhyme,  
A custom common in her time,  
She leaned on it as a prop,  
At rhyming she could never stop.

When cholera was all about  
And Sr. Doyle's knees wore out  
Catherine noted her dedication  
And rhymed a note of affirmation.

To novice Vincent she also rhymed  
to explain how they'd passed the time  
Going to Carlow on market day  
Though they almost lost their way.

Her love for Francis Ward she penned  
When absent from this special friend.  
Advice she gave to Elizabeth Moore -  
Superior in Limerick was her great chore.

When '38 yielded to '39  
Sr. Potter got a rhyme -  
New Year was a time to begin  
To be mild and meek and avoid all sin.



From Galway Catherine showed her delight  
When Fr. O'Hanlon, the Carmelite,  
Celebrated morning Mass -  
A welcome reprieve from the cross.

The menu she sent to Baggot Street -  
Tea and coffee, eggs and meat,  
But having enjoyed that hearty meal,  
The carriage suddenly lost a wheel.

Of partiality she did not approve  
For all deserve the same love.  
This gentle reminder to Cecilia in Birr,  
Challenges us to really care.

If Catherine were alive today  
I guess rhyming would be one way  
Of sharing her many Mercy tales  
And wouldn't she just love e-mails!!

Bernadette Maria Knopek rsm  
Convent of Mercy, Charleville, Co. Cork.

