



A poem for Catherine

WE ARE YOURS FOR TIME AND ETERNITY

The Church in Belfast is quiet
As I gaze at the computer screen,
I see two coffins lying there
And my heart breaks at the scene.

The people gather; groups come in
And the depth of their pain I can see –
As they mourn the loss of two dear friends
Mercy Sisters, Frances and Marie.

Suddenly I am in their midst
Right there among the crowd
And I feel Catherine's presence
"Grieve" she says, "*but also be proud.*"

*For years ago they vowed to God
To persevere until this day
As dispensers of Mercy to all in need
And so they did, following my way."*

The mantle of Our Mother of Mercy
Descends on all those in prayer
And those watching from far and near
Of Calvary, they are fully aware.

They know where this Congregation
Was founded; they know the pain, tears and loss,
For Catherine, too, knows what it's like -
She lived very close to the Cross.

We thank you, Frances and Marie, for
The sacrifice that made us all understand
That love, kindness and Resurrection
Will always go hand in hand.

Laurenza Kelly
Southern Province

