



A poem for Catherine

The Fruit of Mercy

Catherine her name, she lives among us,
A seed sown in Dublin, a gift to humanity,
Grew up an orphan, quite young bereaved,
Poverty in Dublin, a pitiful sight it was.

Doors opened wide, among the Callaghans,
A Christian family, values practiced,
Generosity to the poor, Catherine learned,
All visited, in their heart of misery.

A steady woman, Catherine was,
In touch with reality, a practical woman,
A dream began, a call to Mercy,
The dream made real, in Dublin of 1831.

Mercy at heart, mercy in action,
All to feel welcome, whom society rejected,
Women, girls, the poor- God's children,
All welcomed, Mercy house Dublin.

Enthusiastic girls, inspired to dream too,
To share in her dream, they turned up,
The call to mercy, spreading its wings,
Far and wide, mercy travelled.

To Africa, Mercy travelled,
In Kenya, Catherine arrived,
Mercy to all, the poor and aged,
God's people, God's children.

Mother McAuley, we celebrate you,
Among the Holy ones, we salute you,
For us pray, your daughters all,
In Mercy we journey, with you we walk.

For us pray, Mother Catherine,
The fruit of Mercy, to thrive more,
South, North, East, West,
God's compassion, all to experience.

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