



*A poem for Catherine*

## **Mercy Was Her Pearl**

**It** all commenced on 29<sup>th</sup> September, 1778 in Dublin,  
When her parents received a precious gift that was a mystery to them,  
As God told Prophet Jeremiah, “before you were conceived, I knew you.”  
God had chosen and set her apart to be the Heroine of Mercy and Compassion to the suffering poor  
of Ireland,  
Mercy was her food, mercy was her pearl.

**My** youthful Foundress underwent suffering at her tender age,  
She embraced them with fortitude, trust and gentleness,  
She said, “this is your life; joys and sorrows mingled, one succeeding the other,”  
To her these were stepping stones to Eternity,  
Mercy was her food, mercy was her pearl.

**O** Prayerful woman of mercy, she expressed it in one of her sayings, “your whole life should be a  
continual act of praise and prayer,”  
The gift of mercy encouraged her daughters to pray well and never grow weary to pray.  
She loved diversity because she rejoiced in the God of diversity,  
Mercy was her food, mercy was her pearl.

**Our** pioneer in mercy, our Heroine in Faith,  
A holy woman whom God endowed with a faithful, loving heart, whom he shaped to his own divine  
purpose,  
Your spirit is so Great, your spirit has gone beyond Europe, your spirit is alive, your spirit is seducing  
hearts of the young and old,  
May it live and live forever,  
Mercy was her food, mercy was her pearl.

**The** mention of your name Mama, brightens faces and delights the hearts of both lay and Religious,  
They call on you with due respect,  
Pray for us Mama, pray for your daughters O charitable One,  
Mercy was her food, mercy was her pearl.

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