

A ray of light,
The singing morning dove.

Happiness
Is yours
If
You've found
Faith
In yourself,
In man,
In God.

—Barbara Jean Kerlin, H. Ec., Fr.



Death

You said death is quiet?
I have heard death; he is boisterous.
He crashes on the porch,
exploding serenity and content sky-high.

Then, in the hush of awe,
death screams, and stomps,
flattening quiet hope
into a thin, taut nerve-string.

Then death crowds in,
Closer to that thread of life
than man alone can reach,
and death just snips, snips, snips.

And that is the loudest he ever gets:
snip, snip, snip.
And then death yanks away the soul.
And you said death is quiet?

—Jan Leaneagh, T. J., Jr.

