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# THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

"Let the children come to me, do not hinder them," (Mk 10:14)

## To Be A Saint!

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Have you ever memorized a poem? Here is a favorite entitled: "Limbo" by Sister Mary Ada, OSJ

The ancient greyness shifted  
Suddenly and thinned  
Like mist upon the moors  
Before the wind.  
An old, old prophet lifted  
A shining face and said:  
"He will be coming soon.  
The Son of God is dead;  
He died this afternoon."  
A murmurous excitement stirred  
All souls.  
They wondered if they dreamed –  
Save one old man who seemed  
Not even to have heard.  
And Moses, standing,  
Hushed them all to ask  
If any had a welcome song prepared.  
If not, would David take the task?  
And if they cared  
Could not the three young children sing  
The Benedicite, the canticle of praise  
They made when God kept them from perishing  
In the fiery blaze?  
A breath of spring surprised them,  
Stilling Moses' words.  
No one could speak, remembering  
The first fresh flowers,  
The little singing birds.  
Still others thought of fields new ploughed  
Or apple trees  
All blossom-boughed.  
Or some, the way a dried bed fills  
With water  
Laughing down green hills.  
The fisherfolk dreamed of the foam  
On bright blue seas,  
The one old man who had not stirred  
Remembered home.



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And there He was  
Splendid as the morning sun and fair  
As only God is fair.  
And they, confused with joy,  
Knelt to adore  
Seeing that He wore  
Five crimson stars  
He never had before.  
No canticle at all was sung  
None toned a psalm, or raised a greeting song.  
A silent man alone  
Of all that throng found tongue –  
Not any other  
Close to His heart.  
When the embrace was done,  
Old Joseph said, "How is Your Mother,  
How is Your Mother, Son?"

*Mrs. Prather, Catholic Kids 101*  
*"We are kids telling kids about Jesus!"*