



A New Harvest

✿ They had learned
The total emptying of self
To be filled with God,
These black-robed women
Who carried their baskets to the poor,
Bathed the sick,
Gently tended the wounded,
And lovingly gathered together
The orphans in their outstretched arms.

Uncommon women for an uncommon time,
They were not formed by formal rules
To be the congregation
Of the great love of God.

The world still needs their kind of loving.
With a new harvest
The chaff is scattered by the wind.

Through different pathways
Women will come
With new voices taking up the singing.
They will come and listen
To the unspoken,
Walk in strange places,
And dream strong dreams.

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