

Arise ... the Secret One is calling ...

Jesus ... calling to us,
"Arise, my love, and come."

May this Easter season
stir your heart and may you feel
the Holy One's kiss.

How Did The Tulips Know?

How did they know it was time to push up
through the long-wintered soil?
How did they know it was the moment to resurrect
while thick layers of stubborn ice
still pressed the bleak ground flat?
But the tulips knew.
They came, rising strongly, a day after the ice died.
There's a hope-filled place in me
That also knows when to rise.
It is urged by the strong sun warming my wintered heart.
It is nudged by the Secret One calling, calling, calling,
"Arise, my love, and come."
Like the dormant tulips my heart stirs,
And hope comes dancing forth.
Not unlike the Holy One kissing the morning sun,
waving a final farewell
to a tomb emptied of its treasure.



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Your Sisters of St. Francis

