



IF I COULD TELL THE LOVE OF GOD

If I could tell the love of God
I'd sing of one my heart enjoys,
of one who whispers, warm and calm,
of one whose tender touch persists.

If I could tell the love of God
I'd sing of beauty barely seen,
of shadow gums and stringy bark,
of tracks and water hard to find.

If I could tell the love of God
I'd sing of women seen as fools
because, in Joseph's hidden way,
they crossed an empty land with trust.

If I could tell the love of God
I'd sing of women working hard,
receiving bits of broken bread,
and poor enough to serve the poor.

If I could tell the love of God
I'd sing of Christ who chose the Cross.
His wisdom brings the might down.
His strength uplifts the stable's child.

If I could tell the love of God
I'd sing of Christ who chose the Cross.
His justice mends a broken world,
His mercy turns the grave around.

Noel Rowe,
from retreat notes written by Mary MacKillop