



GIFT OF THE SPIRIT

He reaches out to me in simple loving ways
As I weave the fabric of my nights and days.
He reaches out to me in his most Holy Book,
By another person's understanding word or look.
He reaches out to me in prayer, joy and grief
And when salty tears bring solace and relief.
He reaches out to me when clouds abound
Making patterns light and dark upon the ground;
When daffodils and tulips bloom
When Mozart's music fills the room
When the baby in my lap
Awakens and returns my loving pat.
He reaches out to me in evening as I lay aside the test
And find sweet sleep and welcome rest.
He reaches out to me when rays of morning light
Warm my body and dispel the night.
He reaches out to me.
Do I respond?

— MEK

...on Earth, Peace, Goodwill toward men

PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROBERT E. KENNEDY
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