

Empathy

I must go dine with Him
And offer the bread and wine.

I must go to the Garden,
And pray with Him.

I must need to thrust out
My hands to Him,
And with Veronica veil,
Bathe His skin.

I must fall and rise again,
Like Him.

I must need to go to Jerusalem
To die with Him,
There to weep along with Him,
Magdalene tears for sin

I must need to feel the loss of Him,
Mary's cross within.

I must need, first to seek Him
In the early morning dim,
And upon His lips,
Hear a sweet "Maria" hymn.

I must happily
Walk with Him,
And in disguise,
Comfort the disciples' eyes.

I must need to dine with Him,
And sing the praises
Of Christ, my King!

Sr. Catherine M. Masten