

Poems by Therese

YEARNING

When I hear about the missions
I experience within me real urgency -
a love and a yearning that
otherwise are unknown to me.

My lifetime is drifting away,
my graying hairs are showing;
but interiorly there is no diminishment.
In my heart this love is growing!

One thing, only one, I still desire:
Would that I could serve or go
or do something for the missions -
something very special, entirely so!

Who implanted this zeal in me?
Who gave me this deep urge?
Is it not from God my Savior . . .
meant to return to and in him converge?

I want to give myself to you wholly and entirely -
wholly and entirely for whatever you choose.
I want to disappear in humility . . . lose
myself: be but a tool for you to use.

When death approaches I shall speak;
I will say: "Look, it is fulfilled!
What was always moving through my life
has unfolded. See what God has willed!"

My yearning now is stilled. And my God
gazes tenderly on me at my side.
People everywhere are finding life: salvation!
God's kingdom is spreading worldwide!