



Mary MacKillop and the Sacred Heart of Jesus

*“When storms rage,
when persecutions or dangers threaten,
I quietly creep into
(the Sacred Heart’s) dark abyss;
and securely sheltered there,
my soul is in peace,
though my body is tossed upon stormy waves of a cold
and selfish world”.*

Mary MacKillop, Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1907



How do I respond to God’s compassionate love?



WA Josephite Associates

Believe to see...

to wonder...

To hold You
in a tiny seed
a newly born
a slain young visionary
a mother grieving

To reverence You
in another
in me
in every tiny drop and pulse of reality

To believe and see ...
to wonder



“From the Wild of the Heart” Noel Davis

Spring 2011

O ANTIPHONS FOR SPRING

O Midwife of Spring,

Come! Come encourage what needs to be born in us.
Draw us out of winter's nurturing womb.
Teach us to believe on our unopened buds.
Accompany us into a world starved for new life.
O Come!

O Seed Buried in the Soil,

Come! Come die to your seed-like condition.
Break through the darkness that has cradled your life.
Pierce the hard husk of all that we cling to.
Urge us to listen to the quiet sound of growing.
O Come!

O Hidden Life Now Unveiled,

Come! Come, welcome guest.
Set free our reluctance to live fully and deeply.
Awaken us to the beauty that holds and enfolds us.
Open our eyes to all we can become.
O Come!



O Spring Rising Out of Winter's Arms,

Come! Come melt what is frozen in us.
Open the buds of our longing with your gentle breezes.
Soften the hard earth of our hearts with your rains.
Breathe warmth upon the cold places in us.
O Come!

O Green Mantle of Creation,

Come! Come clothe us with the colors of spring.
Paint our fields and forests with your artist's brush.
Leap into our lives with a lover's enthusiasm.
Fill us with boundless energy and faithful hearts.
O Come!

O Child of Resurrection,

Come! Come dancing out of winter's gloom.
Enliven us with your radiant hope.
Lure us through the closed doors of our doubt.
Celebrate with us the wonder of risen life.
O Come!

O Laughter of the Earth,

Come! Come laugh us out of our rigidity.
Lighten hearts grown weary with anxiety.
Send us out to the meadows to play like a child.
Rise up in our souls with lighthearted joy.
O Come!