

I am the Gate Beautiful.
I am also the Beggar at the Gate.
When I can dance and sing
And release my soul
Into the pastures of the new found land of my Self.

Strait is the Gate
That leads to life
And narrow the way thereof
But broad are the pastures of love and pleasure that lie beyond
The gate of my Self
Waiting.

Little soul, be not afraid.
I cannot hurt you as you hurt me in your fear. But I can take you in,
and warm you, and feed you, and release you again to the world
Strong and brave and beautiful
To battle with giants
Possessed of my secret -
Your secret strength -
My love, your power,
My pleasure, your life.

Ann McPhee



Sue Jennings working with severely mentally and physically handicapped children.

Photograph by George Solomonides.