

It lies there today. Occasionally it causes her anguish, but in the journey through to her Desolate Place she met her laughter and her joy. She learned about her vulnerability and her strength. She is happy that she took the journey. She is happy she found her friend in the Desolate Place and discovered her rich inner world. Everywhere she goes she takes this world.

The End?

Sister Silence.
We come from silence;
When the daffodil
Breaks golden
From the winter
Of the earth,
It is the quietness
That calls her glory forth,
Born of that peace
She knew before her birth.
When, in some pause
For the moments, shared with friends,
We hear the great chime
On the shores of space,
It is not knowing that
Tomorrow comes familiar
That comforts us
But longing, face to face,
Upon the seas of silence and
Despair, to find a place.
The buds that burgeon
Come unwillingly
Into the changing airs
Of restless spring;
Only in the dark womb
Upon the bough,
Before the heats of April
Force them forth,
They learn surrendering.

Marion B. Alford