

POETRY BY THE PEOPLE OF



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MY GUIDING STAR: THE MYSTERY

Why do the nations squirm?
Why all their agony?
While still the Cross stands firm
Amidst the raging sea.

“Unity! Peace!” they cry:
When will they see –
He is our One, our Peace;
Our only Hope is He!

We scream of human rights;
We yell out ‘freedom’s’ hymns:
Still we ignore the Secret One
Who taught us all these things.

All shores by oceans lapped
Have seen His saints proclaim
His power in fleshly mystery wrapped –
Man’s blindness stays the same.

When I collapse or quail,
I try to fix my gaze
On Christ’s one Church, the Mystery –
Hope shinning through a veil.

Mac McLaughlin