

CANTICLE

For Brother Kevin Gallagher, O.P.

Chant no slow dirge for him, no elegy,
But rather lift your hearts in joyous song.
It is not fitting sadly to deplore
That he whom we loved, God loved even more.
His years were brief, but with an ardor strong,
With eager smile he strode to sanctity.

He knew a holy hunger, it would seem,
On that June Christmas at his brother's Mass
When Thomas bade the Infant Christ repose
Wrapped in the Eucharist's white swaddling clothes;
He yearned for intervening years to pass
That swiftly he, too, might achieve his dream.

Grieve not that Christ so early whispered "Kevin"!
His Rose of Priesthood still a snowy bud.
Within death's chalice hands he placed his youth,
A shining offering and vowed in truth:
"This is my body, Lord; this is my blood!"
At that First Mass he must have said in heaven.

—SISTER MARYANNA, O.P.