

A WHISPER

*A whisper on high,
I hear it and sigh.
His call of love
Descends like a dove.*

*The quiet within
Stirs to answer Him.
His love, a breeze of the sea,
In my mind, I now do see.*

*With love I now pray,
Jesus, show me the way.
My prayers to heaven do fly.
Yours, Lord, forever am I.*

*But when, like Peter I fall,
Then, Lord, to You I call.
Forgiveness somehow,
I'm asking You now.*

Brother Jerome Kroetsch, CSC

