St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Growth

Now there is need of words to fashion joy Since robins bravely sing, Should any sad remembering destroy The rapture of the Spring?

When life stirs in the darkness of the earth Reaching to light again, And beauty is awakened to new birth, We should make peace with pain.

Trees have no memory of fallen leaves Nor flowers of withered stem: Not any lovely thing in nature grieves When living ends for them;

The end is the beginning: unaware
They go the God—made way,
In season blooming and in season bare—
Should we do less than they?

-Lucy Gertrude Clarkin