

Religious Bulletin

May 3, 1927.

In the Upper Room.

What did you hear last night, your head on His breast there?  
It was Peter in the dark supper-room  
Asking of John,  
Who with Mary, His Mother, was just returned  
From burying Him.

I heard His blood moving like an unborn child,  
And His Heart crying.  
I heard Him talking with His Father  
And the Dove.  
I heard an undertone like the sea swinging, and a whispering  
at its center.  
I listened, and all the sound  
Was a murmuring of names.  
I heard my own name beating in His blood,  
And yours, Peter,  
And all of you.  
And I heard Judas,  
And the names of all that have been  
Or shall be to the last day.  
And it was His Blood calling out these names,  
And they possessed His Blood.

Did you hear my name?  
Asked a woman who was sitting at His Mother's feet.  
I heard your name, Mary of Magdala, and it was like a  
storm at sea  
And the waves racing.

I heard Peter's name,  
And the sea broke, I thought, and ran over the world.

You heard then the name of Mary, His Mother, Peter said,  
quietly, as he wept there, kneeling.  
I did, and it was like the singing of winds and they moving  
over an ocean of stars, and every star like a hushed  
child sleeping.

Again Peter --  
What of Iscariot?  
I heard the tide come in, and I heard the tide go out,  
And I saw a dead man washed up on the shore.

And then John fell to weeping, and no other there could  
comfort him but only Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and  
he could tell them  
No other word.

Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. in Poetry.

The Fund Mounts.

Contributions to the Papal Relief Fund yesterday brought the total up to \$285.53.  
That leaves only \$1914.47 to go. (Please put your names on the envelopes.)