



The Waiting Lily

*The patience that her lot endured,
When waiting for the Blackrobe's word,
The virgin gifts for her procured,
And made her humble in the Lord,
Her soul with Him in full accord.*

*Thus while we wait and hope and pray,
That she the bliss of Altar know,
He probes our faith with visions gray,
That we, like her, may humble grow,
Lest pride impose its absent sway.*

T.F. KRAMER, C.P.P.S.
