

A Tribute to Catherine (Hattersley) Greeve

- by Lorna Quarton -

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" MATTHEW 5.8

Cathy, the girl with the golden hair
and the bubbling laugh
and the loving flair

Her message sings through the summer breeze,
and sighs in the leaves of the sunlit trees.
It glimmers and glances in lilting surprise,
and glows through the blue of the cloudless skies.
For hers is a sound of the love of God,
and its loveliness lingers where e'er she trod;
It lives in her heart;
It plays through her smile,
And it echoes in the joy of her life, the while.

So pure a melody won't grow dim,
for its music lives - like the love of Him
Who died for her
For us as well;
and its tribute sounds in tumultuous swell.

But now its sound is a sacred plea
that strikes at the heart of you and me:

"Don't weep for me, my spirit blends
in the lives of my children, my family and friends.
Don't weep for me, I'm living here
safe in the love of my Saviour, dear.
Weep for the homeless, the battered, the poor
don't leave your work at some other door;
Weep for the children of ignorance, too,
Oh can't you see, God left them to you!
And weep for him - yes even he -
The shattered mind that murdered me!
Tell of the Saviour's healing hope
and help their tortured souls to cope;
Tell of His love, His peace, His care
Help them for me."

P.S. I knew Christ so well as I journeyed there
when he lifted my cross with gentle care
I simply smiled at His tender tone
and softly whispered *"Hi! I'm home!"*

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