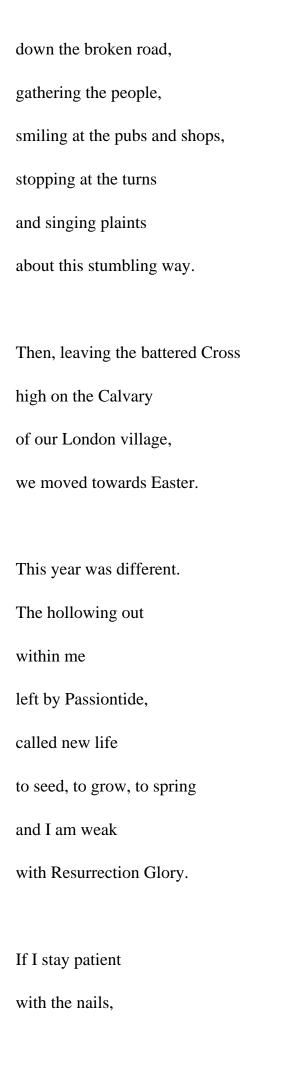
Good Friday



Year after year

I followed the Cross -

hail, rain, or sun -



they turn into
songbirds and alleluias
dancing by the empty tomb.

Mary McKeone rscj.

Mary McKeone rscj.