

After My Own Heart

Sr. Grace Marie Heinrich, SCTJM

A priest forever called to be
A chosen heart eternally
To live the myst'ries of My Love
In offering to God above
And in his life to "imitate
The Mystery he celebrates"

Anointed hands to serve and mend
The Shepherd's flock to guard and tend
With his hands, their wounds I bind
And with his eyes, the lost I find
My gaze in his shows that they are known
In being known My Love is grown.

And in his heart he hears Me say,
"Guide my sheep, all those who stray.
In you my promise is fulfilled--
A heart, like Mine, to serve and build
A single fold where all may live
For their defense, My Life I'd give."

And so his shoulders bear the load
My heavy Cross along the road
His path marked out and so revealed
By Blood which in his heart is sealed
And thus configured to My Cross
His life gives life and never loss.

My Piercé Heart beats in his breast
A Living Wound where all may rest
The Blood and Water thus are shed
And by them ev'ry soul is fed
His prayer fulfills my last command
I come again through his own hand.

Behold the Church born from My Side
The Spotless One becomes his Bride
And through this union, life is born--
The Church by ev'ry soul adorned
His fatherhood protects, provides
For souls who in the Church abide.



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