

THE HIDDEN YEARS

Sr. Grace Marie Heinrich, SCTJM

What treasure kept that little room
That held Our Lord like Mary's womb--
Ensnconced in love and silent awe.
He grew in knowledge of the Law
And in these years He lived and grew
Respected by all those He knew.



And by His bed she sat each night
In awe and wonder at the sight
Of God's own Son before her sleeping
In her Heart these moments keeping
Rememb'ring words and Scriptures past
And looking toward His moments last.

Within those walls a kind of school
To learn to love, the only rule.
He learned from Mary all she knew
And showed to her what He would do
She learned from Him and watched Him grow
His hour's time she did not know.

Each day He worked by Joseph's side
A long day's work His Hands applied
The worth of work to elevate
And with God's plan cooperate.
His Hands with wood acquainted grew
And knew on wood He'd be pierc'd through.

Their Hearts so full of Love unknown
No words expressed what must be shown.
A silent joy in understanding
In whose Presence they were standing
With list'ning hearts and eyes of Love

No Word was wasted from above.
A treasure shared between three hearts
Not ready yet to more impart
To other hearts not open yet
To see the banquet Love has set
A sacred silence 'tween them kept
Amazed and awed while others slept.

Hidden by the world's own fears
Passed the myst'ry--thirty years
Covered by a silent shroud
'til Voice declared from Heaven's Cloud
The Father's Son the public nears
And came to close the Hidden Years.

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