



## IF I COULD TELL THE LOVE OF GOD

If I could tell the love of God  
I'd sing of one my heart enjoys,  
of one who whispers, warm and calm,  
of one whose tender touch persists.

If I could tell the love of God  
I'd sing of beauty barely seen,  
of shadow gums and stringy bark,  
of tracks and water hard to find.

If I could tell the love of God  
I'd sing of women seen as fools  
because, in Joseph's hidden way,  
they crossed an empty land with trust.

If I could tell the love of God  
I'd sing of women working hard,  
receiving bits of broken bread,  
and poor enough to serve the poor.

If I could tell the love of God  
I'd sing of Christ who chose the Cross.  
His wisdom brings the might down.  
His strength uplifts the stable's child.

If I could tell the love of God  
I'd sing of Christ who chose the Cross.  
His justice mends a broken world,  
His mercy turns the grave around.

**Noel Rowe,**  
*from retreat notes written by Mary MacKillop*