As Sisters in the Gospel

We go and sit a spell
And occasionally dwell
On things not going swell

We see the gloom
At the sight of the broom
And that room…

We do not preach
But talk and teach
And listen to the children screech

A lesson is taught
A cookie is bought
Who has time to bake a thought?

We pray and scripture study
To find we do have that buddy
who thinks we are not such a fuddy-duddy

We do our best
With all the zest
With hopes of finding some rest

Even when it all seems to pile
And we seem go the extra mile
To see a smile.

Your Visiting Creatures

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