**Woman of Welcoming Heart**

**~Sr Raphael Considine, PBVM**

They know her in the crowded lonely ways woman of welcoming heart, whose lantern sheds kind beams for eyes waste-misted by the weary miles, for them her hands are open, for her their doors.

Room is made by dim and smoking fire, some small crust shared, and she, receiving, knows still more to give, and, welcomed, grows in art of welcoming.

Apart, in shadowed hours of night and dawn, leaning heart to heart on the One who pulses life into the lowliest and least of all that lives, she learns to unclasp the last-kept store and lay it down in welcome: “Take and share.”

Until, the last loaf broken, the last wine poured, she can dare the outer darkness, the fine-piercing sword, and bear to be bereft…heart-certain that beyond this last black mile light streams from beckoning windows and from wide-flung door, where she will hear the voice grown dear in silent listening years:

“Woman of welcoming heart, here is your home.”