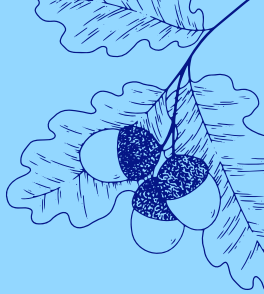




## *"The Journey"*

*On that day, in my youth,  
We traveled 120 miles-not much-maybe  
Two or three hours  
And yet*



*It was the journey of a lifetime-  
A journey of deepest mystery.*

*Somewhere in the depths of  
My youthful heart  
I heard a note that called to me-  
Not like the sirens' call to the sailor,  
But rather like the dew to the humming bird-  
And all my life since I  
Have been hearing note  
After note and the melody  
Becomes clearer,  
Not yet finished,  
Until one day the One  
Who is every melody  
Will complete the song  
In my heart  
And I will finally be at home.*

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*Written on the 50th anniversary of my trip from rural Grafton, ND to  
Fargo, ND where I entered the congregation of Presentation Sisters,  
August 30, 1958.*