

Rosary Poems



by Catherine T. Benton

Contents

"No More War"	p. 1 - p. 2
A Rosary Maker's Prayer	p. 3 - p. 4
The Penny	p. 5
Lift Up The Rosary	p. 6
The Internet	p. 7
A Rosary	p. 8
The Old Tin Box	p. 9 - p. 10
My Little Friends	p. 11
The Stations	p. 12 - p. 13
The Statue	p. 14 - p. 15
Standing In My Yard	p. 16 - p. 17
The Lenten Season	p. 18

"No More War"

She was kneeling at the altar
On her First Communion day.
A white rosary clasped tight in her hand
As she began to pray.

"Please take care of my daddy
For he has gone to war.
My mommy is crying all the time,
She says she can't take anymore."

A tear rolled gently down her cheek.
Her eyes were watered up;
The priest handed her the Host
From the chalice cup.

When communion was over,
She pierced the silence of the church.
Her voice was loud and clear,
As she spoke her sad lament.

"Please, please no more war!"
The children echoed her refrain
Chanting on that solemn day.
The priest could see their pain.

He held up his hands to silence them.
He was touched by their powerful display.
He spoke to the congregation,
"For peace, let us all pray."

Her granddad had died in Vietnam.
Two uncles were torn to the bone.
She pulled on the beads of her rosary,
As she prayed for her daddy to come home.

A white dove from the choir loft,
Encircled the church like a halo.
The people looked up in amazement,
As the church doors swung open wide,

A soldier was coming in a wheelchair.
His uniform was new.
Yelling, "Daddy, daddy", all the way,
Down the aisle the little girl flew.

They all had witnessed a miracle,
On that First Communion Day,
With tears now flowing down the aisle,
They bowed their heads to pray.

A Rosary Maker's Prayer

The crucifix held in my hand,
Becomes the beginning and the end.
"Our Father", I pray as I begin,
"Forgive us our trespasses".....and lead me from sin.

Placing the wire into the bead,
Pliers in hand, praying as I go.
Not too fast and not too slow.

Bending and looping, making each link,
Bead after bead and then the chain,
A beautiful centerpiece,
Mary with halo and roses all around,
Gives the essence of a crown.

Attach a bead, bend wire and loop,
The ten "Hail Marys" have begun.
I pray intently
As I finger each one.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,"
A linking chain between each one.
"O Jesus, forgive us our sins".....
...."Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name";
The work seems simple, in prayer so deep,
Sometimes I smile, sometimes I weep.

As the 59th bead is placed on the chain,
I'm proud to think, "I have done it again."
My mission rosary complete, I begin to wonder,
"Who will hold and pray on you next?

Will it be a small child of unquestionable faith?
Or a little old woman, her face wrinkled with age?
Her hands worn thin, holding the rosary so dear."
With purest of hearts, they send up their praise.

Please, intercede for them Mary,
Whoever it may be.
Keep my hands strong and free,
So, I can keep making these rosaries so fair,
To send to the missions, year after year.

The Penny

I found a little penny laying on the street.
I thought, "This will buy a rosary,
If only just one bead,"
I put it in my piggy bank,
As I began the "Apostles Creed."

I sat to make a rosary,
On that cold March Monday night,
Dipping temperatures
Made the heat go on.
As I held the wire tight.

I glanced up at the television,
Gas prices still going up,
Dan Rather talking about war,
"When will this end?", I asked myself,
"Or will it lead to more?"

"Millions and billions are being spent.
When pennies can buy a rosary."
I thought, as I sat in my chair.
I looked up again, to see:
"Who Wants To Be A Millionaire?"

Lift Up The Rosary

".....take up the rosary once again,"

Lift up your rosary, as you begin to pray.

Lift up your rosary, day after day.

Look to Our Lady, The Glorious - Assumption

Look to Our Lord, The Glorious - Ascension

Don't save your rosary for that rainy day.

When things look most bleak,

And the sun has disappeared.

Pray with a thankful heart,

A prayer that's strong and true,

"take up the rosary once again...."

A prayer that will be said by you.

"May this appeal of mine not go unheard."

Pope John Paul II said in his apostolic letter
of October 2002.

The Internet

It's all over the internet,
People sending prayers,
"Send this on to 25 people,
And a miracle will appear."

"If you don't send this,
To everyone that you know,
A curse will descend upon you,
Whether you're young or old."

They used to send this message,
In a note called a chain letter.
Now, progress has been made,
Snail mail out, the internet is better.

Pick up your rosary,
And softly say a prayer,
Pray the curse will be lifted,
To somewhere between here and there.

A Rosary

For centuries men have cried for peace,
The story is quite old.
Mangled bodies, blood and tears,
Are foreseeable as war unfolds.

She picked Him up in swaddling cloths
A long, long time ago.
Her love poured out, as a mother's should,
When she took Him by the hand,

He led Her to a mountain top,
They hung Him on a cross.
Their tears intermingled in the sand
As He left His body and blood.

His Mother pleaded, "Listen to His word."
The clouds moved swiftly through the sky,
Cold rain was pouring down.

The leaders don't understand!
Instead of missiles, bombs and guns,
Put a ROSARY in his hand.

The Old Tin Box

Buried deep among her treasures,
I happened to come across,
Beneath stacks of holy cards,
Was an old dirty cross.

My mother saved the obituaries,
Of everyone she knew,
Memorial cards and medals,
She had saved them, too.

As I reached for the cross,
I was surprised to find,
Beads coming up with it,
"A rosary", came to my mind.

It turned out to be sterling,
When I had cleaned the small beads.
I had seen her use it many times,
Praying her special prayer needs.

The rosary had fallen out of it's case.
A small old ribbon of blue,
Minature statues of Saint Therese
And Saint Francis were in the box, too.

Some dried up rose buds,
A pretty yellow pressed flower,
A little white embroidered angel,
And an old silver dollar.

Many pictures had filled her box,
Until there was no more room,
A picture of her wedding day,
The inseparable bride and groom.

Reminiscences of the past,
Was the wealth she measured.
Her hopes, her dreams, her heart, was
In the old tin box she treasured.

My Little Friends

You surrounded my birdbath,
Like rosary beads in the morning light,
Splishing and splashing and fluttering,
These antics made quite a sight.

I see you searching everyday
For something good to eat.
Fly down, fly down, my little friends,
And have a tasty treat.

My little friends come peck away,
I'm throwing this grain for you,
With bits of bread and apples,
Suet filled with sunflower seeds, too.

Chickadees and a cardinal,
Wrens, pigeons, even a sparrow or two,
Pecking away, flying to and fro,
Chittering and chattering in the morning dew.

The Statue of Saint Therese

She was a sore sight to see,
Paint chipped off her lovely face;
A crack was on her neck,
As I entered the e-bay race.

"Approx. 22" tall and 7 inches wide,
She is in need of repair,
She has paint loss and a few chips;
Which can be restored with a little tender care."

Her brown eyes looked at me,
Through the screen she was pleading,
Tattered robe, veil, and rosary,
The paint worn off the beading.

I entered my bid and kept at it,
Until I had finally won.
I sent my check to cover the cost,
The easy part was done.

With plaster and paint I took on the task,
Of restoring this masterpiece,

It wasn't going to be an easy job,
To say the very least.

After I plastered and sanded down
All cracks and chips were done;
I mixed my paints as best I could,
To match the original one.

Brush in hand I delicately worked,
On her carmelite gown,
Reds and greens for the roses,
This wasn't so hard, I found.

After Saint Therese was finished,
It seems like in no time at all,
I gave her to my sister, Ruth,
Who placed her against a wall.

I showed Ruth the original picture,
Of the statue I had won.
She was amazed and pleased,
At the wonderful job I had done.

Standing In My Yard

She was standing in my yard,
On that frigid winter day.
The snow was pelting down on her,
A "nor-easter" was on it's way.

Her cheeks glowed like fire balls,
As the frost began to bite.
Her hands clasped tight in prayer,
She stared out at the sight,

Of squirrels searching for their nuts.
The January snow was getting deep.
The birds were flying for shelter,
As the plow scraped down the street.

The T.V. forecast 18 to 24 inches
Of snow on that stormy day.
"Stay off the streets, stay off the roads",
The television warned away.

The schools were closed,
Most stores and meetings, too.

Her nose became a slidding hill,
As the snowflakes flew.

She was a statue, four feet tall,
Of our "Blessed Mother".
She stood there bravely in the storm,
While the animals ran for cover.

When the street lights went on,
A white blanket had covered the ground.
The clock struck six, and outside,
The snow kept coming down.

Her folded robe, a beautiful blue,
Shimmered in the soft light,
With only sandals on her feet,
It snowed right into the night.

Snowblowers motored up the sidewalk,
The wind was blowing hard.
Thoughtout it all, the "Mother of God",
Was standing in my yard.

The Lenten Season

The Lenten season is here,
Ashes we have received,
"Dust thou art, and to dust....."
Fish, macaroni and cheese.

A time for prayer and repentance,
Stations of the Cross,
Sunday mass and Communion,
Fish, macaroni and cheese.

Praying the rosary every day,
The bitter cold winds of March,
Carrying in the groceries,
Fish, macaroni and cheese.

Spring will soon be here,
Easter is on it's way,
Lent will soon be over,
No more fish, macaroni and cheese!

All rights reserved. c. March 2003

Catherine T. Benton