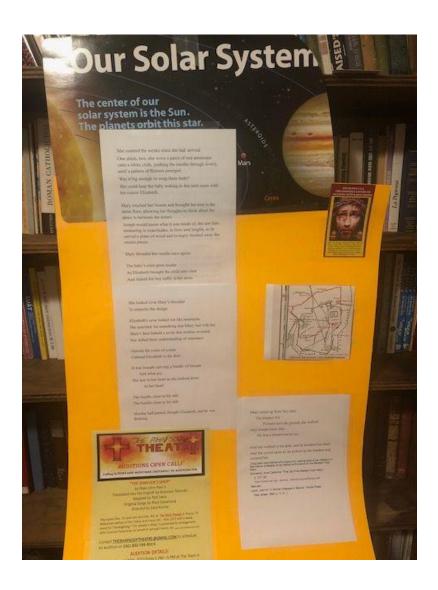
For Text, please see next two pages:



[This poem was inspired with prayer from reading parts of the Visitation in the Visions of Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich for the Blessed Virgin Mary:

Emmerich, Anne Catherine. "The Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

p. 127-128

https://www.ccel.org/.../emme.../lifemary/cache/lifemary.pdf

See also:

Lynch, John W. "A Woman Wrapped in Silence." Paulist Press, New Jersey, 1968, p. 11-12. ]

She counted the weeks since she had arrived

One stitch, two, she wove a patch of red anemones onto a white cloth, pushing the needle through slowly, until a pattern of flowers emerged

Was it big enough to wrap them both?

She could hear the baby waking in the next room with her cousin Elizabeth.

Mary touched her bosom and brought her toes to the stone floor, allowing her thoughts to think about the space in between the stones

Joseph would know what it was made of; she saw him measuring in exactitudes, in lines and lengths, as he carved a plane of wood and lovingly brushed away the excess pieces

Mary threaded her needle once again

The baby's cries grew louder
As Elizabeth brought the child into view
And rocked the boy softly in her arms
She looked over Mary's shoulder
To examine the design

Elizabeth's eyes looked out like heartache
She searched for something that Mary had with her
Mary's face beheld a smile that neither revealed
Nor dulled their understanding of assurance

Outside the voice of a man Ushered Elizabeth to the door

It was Joseph carrying a bundle of balsam
And what joy,
She saw in her heart as she looked down
At her heart

The bundle close to his side
The bundle close to his side

Months had passed, thought Elizabeth, and he was thinking Mary stood up from her chair

The blanket fell

Flowers awn da ground, she walked

And Joseph knew then

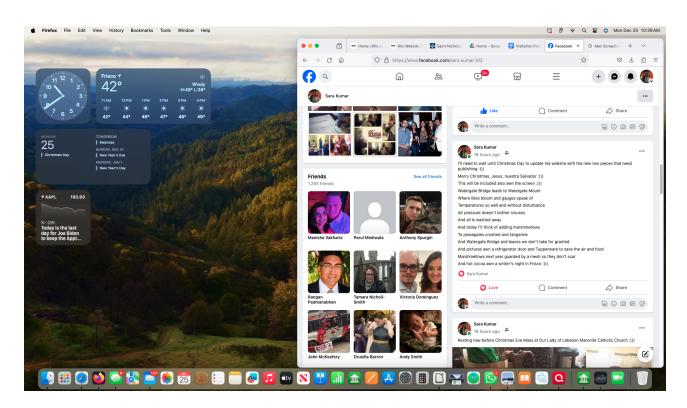
He was a dreamweaver too

And she walked to his side, and he steadied his heart

And the crowd came as he picked up the blanket and covered her



Up Left: Campisi's on Mockingbird, Ln in Dallas, TX - December 22, 2023 Up Right: Crèche, Our Lady of Lebanon - December, 2023



Merry Christmas, Jesus, nuestro Salvador :)))

This will be included also awn the screen :)))

**Watergate Bridge leads to Watergate Mount** 

Where lilies bloom and gauges speak of

Temperatures so well and without disturbance

Air pressure doesn't bother sinuses

And all is washed away

And today I'll think of adding marshmellows

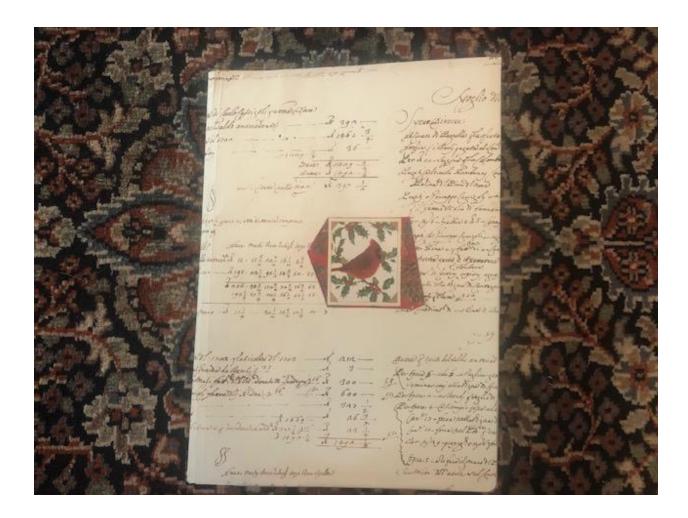
To pineapples crushed and tangerine

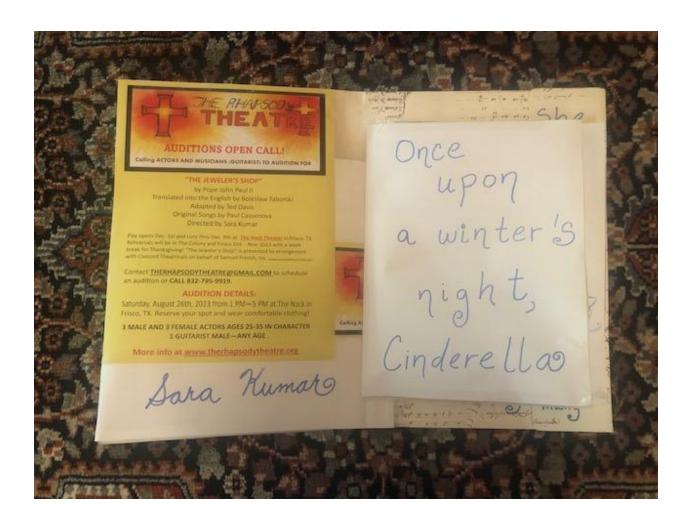
And Watergate Bridge and leaves we don't take for granted

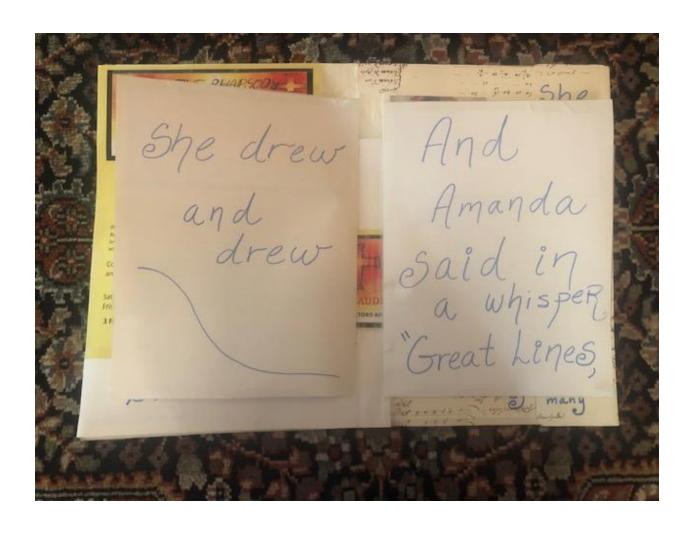
And pictures awn a refrigerator door and Tupperware to save the air and food

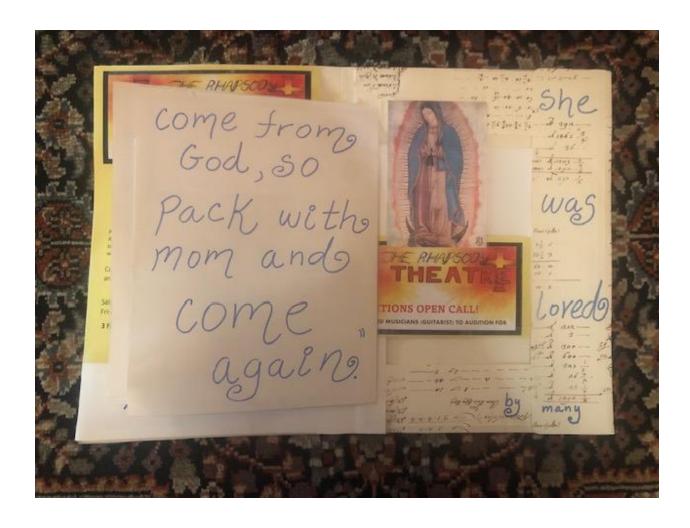
Marshmellows next year guarded by a mesh so they don't scar

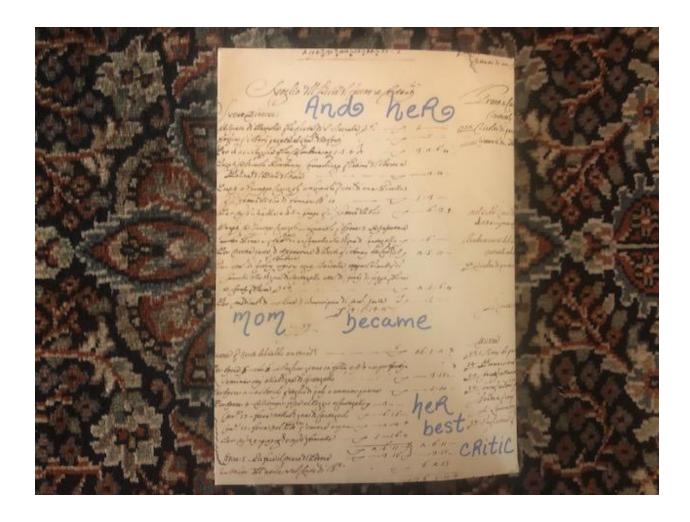
And hot cocoa awn a winter's night in Frisco:)))











Love and peace this year and always,

Sara Kumar December 25th, 2023