

# CARRY ON

Donald W. Catchings, Jr. on  
the Teacher's Call

Like bells of Rivendell ring (They sing! They sing!),  
Her song, it summons hungry hearts to hear.  
Harken your ear. A sudden goldfinch rings  
With songs of grace — its piercing love and care.  
Harken! I say. She can't stay long. She must  
Move quick. Her wings are fire. From tree to leaf  
They spread life to the dead. A holy thrust . . .  
Then shrill! The Wraith is cut with wit. And grief,  
The grief of fledglings, flees like dispersed chaff  
In winds so fair, so fast they free, at last,  
The burdened hearts. Now in mirth, we all laugh,  
"The bird's moved on." (We remember the past.)  
Her first and final note, a lasting song.  
With Angelus toll, the Teacher calls — Carry on!