

dangers from men and dangers from devils. . .
 dangers that would hurt us only in time. . .
 dangers that would ruin us for eternity. . .

Dear Lord Jesus You have promised us the assistance of the Holy Spirit and we know He is always with us. Thanks for His protection in the past and for the assurance that it shall continue to the end. Just give me a livelier faith to be more intimately conscious of His presence, and a greater eagerness to allow Him to do the work He wants to do in my soul.

I GATHER A BOUQUET

Each time I say my rosary,
 I gather a bouquet,
 For every bead's a flower,
 A little prayer I say.

I start out with the Creed;
 My loving faith it shows.
 It blooms in my life's garden
 Just like a big red rose.

I see a lovely flower;
 'Tis called the dear Lord's prayer.
 I pluck it, oh, so gently,
 With great and wondrous care.

And then I choose ten Aves,
 The fairest of them all;
 For they are ten white lilies,
 So pure and straight and tall.

And now I add a Gloria,
 A fern that's fresh and green.
 How my bouquet is growing!
 The finest ever seen!

And while my beads I'am counting
 I'm pond'ring o'er the thing
 That happened to the Mother
 Of Christ, the King of Kings.

Lo, there amongst my flwers,
 I find these some good thoughts
 Are turning into blossoms,
 Small blue forget-me-nots.

I gather up these blossoms,
 So tiny and so sweet,
 And place them with the others.
 My bouquet is now complete!

I kneel at Mary's altar;
 "Hail, Holy Queen!" I say
 And offer her a tribute,
 My rosary bouquet.

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 (Adapted from the
 Messenger of the
 Sacred Heart)*