

## **Doors**

Clare.....

“she sprung open the ‘door of death’” \*  
and passing through  
**found life!**  
**Life with Jesus!**

Opening that door –

It was **hard.....**  
**tough.....**  
heavy blocks of wood.....  
stone column.....

She removed them

one by one  
quietly  
swiftly

with the **strength of Jesus**  
in her noble, feminine hands!  
**Love burst forth!**

She was **free...!!!**

**Free to bind herself forever to Jesus!**

Oh, Clare! Do you see the ‘door’ before me?

All the clutter – the debris?

That ‘door’ which when opened  
will set me **free...!!!**

The clutter must go.....  
the debris.....

quietly  
with the **strength of Jesus**  
in my heart!

**His love beats loudly.....**

urging me on.....

Oh, Clare, **swiftly!!!**

**Help** – this ‘door’ –

**‘Death Door’** – death to self –

It is **hard.....**

**tough.....**

Impossible for me,

but with the **strength of Jesus,**

with the help of **Clare.....**

**someday**

I will be free.....

**free to be –**

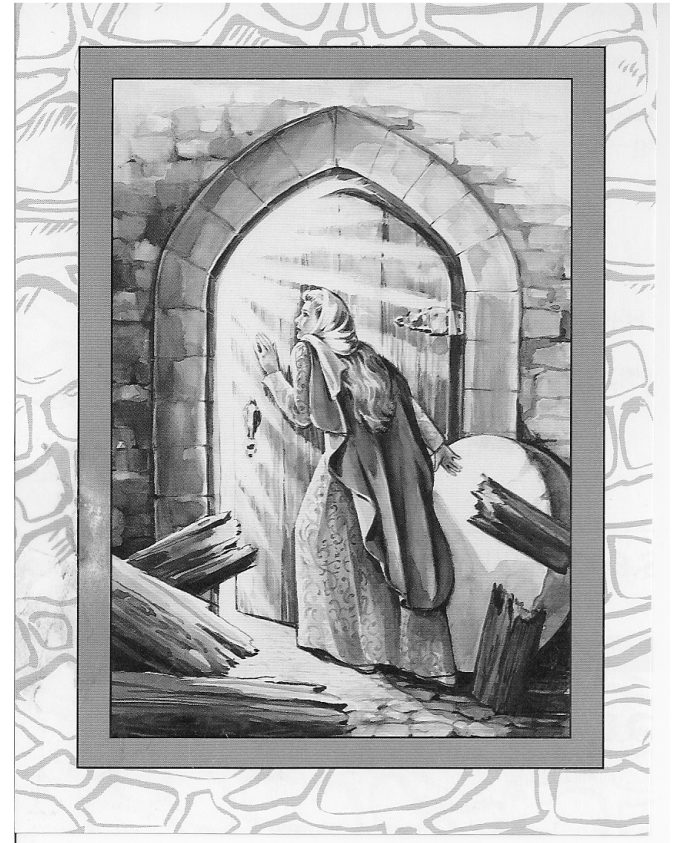
**for Jesus!**

Sister Inez Marie, PCPA  
Washington, DC

\*from *FRANCIS OF ASSISI* by Gianmaria Polidoro



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*Doors ~*

*A Poem Celebrating*

*The 8<sup>th</sup> Centenary of the  
Founding of the Poor Clares*

*Palm Sunday 1212*