

To brother Philip —

**we look up to Mount Terrible<sup>1</sup>**

raised up by gigantic  
pangs, crushed stone,  
sand, packed by  
eons of forces,  
wild and chaotic,

the glory and splendor  
of our God woven out  
of crimson and yellow  
maples and lemon poplars,

beauty swirls  
in sun, wind, rain;  
Mount Terrible  
sways, shakes down  
leaves for earth's  
nourishment through  
long winter sleep.

we will be there  
for one another  
in times of tears,  
in times of laughter,

be there, seeing in  
each other's eyes,  
meekness, joy  
rising from hearts  
longing to love,  
to be loved,  
enflamed by grace,  
Spirit's fire, breath,  
our thirst  
peace forevermore.

**brother Columba**



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<sup>1</sup> Mount Terrible is the name of the mountain seen looking east from the priory.