



Hold the dream, my daughters,  
let the rivers of mercy  
never, never run dry.  
As long as there's a child in tears  
and a youngster in rags,  
denied a home and education,  
wrap him in the mantle of your care,  
lift him up in your arms  
and give him the kiss of your love.

Hold the dream, my daughters,  
bring solace to the sick,  
and justice to the crushed,  
bring companionship to the lonely  
and faith in God's mercy  
to those in despair.

Hold the dream, my daughters  
kindle the flame of compassion  
at the heart of the Lord.

Be a channel of grace  
in the desert of this world.  
Be loyal, courageous and strong  
never budge in fear:  
He is with you!

Hold the dream, my daughters,  
when you travel in darkness  
see the ray of eternal life  
gilden the seam of the cloud.  
Heaven is yours-  
but don't come alone;  
hold the hands of all  
who lost the way  
and bring them home!

Hold the dream, my daughters, hold on!

Sister M. Sigrid Voggel, Hazaribag/Indien  
Sie war Ingenbohlerschwester.  
Sie lebte und wirkte 51 Jahre lang in Indien.  
Am 23. Januar 2001 starb sie in Hazaribag.