



9-1-2015

The Old Church Bells

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Recommended Citation

Reyes, Raymund P. (2015) "The Old Church Bells," *Contemporary Rural Social Work Journal*: Vol. 7: No. 2, Article 22.

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.61611/2165-4611.1100>

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.murraystate.edu/crsw/vol7/iss2/22>

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Raymund P. Reyes

The Old Church Bells

The bells of the old church still ring,
throwing their echoes to the wind.
Not to call for mass. No more.
When the wind is strong,
it sways. To delight the birds
that gather in the eaves of the belfry.
It tolls for the rust, moss, dust
and cobwebs that have claimed
the deserted church.

Only the doves seek sanctuary now
to the forgotten god (or Holy Virgin it was)
that people once worshipped there.

But the bells still ring—
listen on quiet hours:
echoes of the *barrio* gone.