

Receiving the Veil

Lumen Christi Chapel, Adrian Michigan

So much of the past. That day of the white veil.
My auburn hair shorn; our families in light-flicked pews.
Outside, wind-rattled cornfields bowed and rose.

How to account for the longing, one's untested courage.
The beginning of a path that cannot be known, only trod.
I see myself walk down the aisle with a crown of flowers.

Thirty of us prostrate on a marble floor, dead to what
we knew of the world which wasn't much.

Ours, a kind of grave innocence that accepts sacrifice,

cannot know its deep claims, doesn't care.

A candle trembled in my hand; the choir sang
Veni Sponsa Christi, Come Bride of Christ.

We processed out through slats of light and shadow
singing St. Francis's Canticle to the Sun. Vowed. Joyous.
Walked onto the Motherhouse lawn where ordinary

daylight was luminous because we saw it that day as ours.
Beauty, as if some depth of spirit opens us to the world.
Because we all want this, to give ourselves over.

If we renounce anything, it's hesitation.
Who doesn't walk into sunlight on a wedding day,
a day holding a newborn—radiant.

Renny Golden