

Life in the Pews

She sits alone, near the back and to the left, out of the way. She kneels and bows her veiled head to pray, asking God to hear the prayer of her heart for a husband. And she waits.



She sits alone, near the back and to the left, out of the way. She kneels and bows her veiled head to pray, asking God for wisdom and patience. Should she move to meet the man who will be her husband or should she stay and wait?



She sits with him, near the back and to the left. She kneels and bows her veiled head to pray, asking God if he is the one, and for patience to wait until the time is right.



She walks down the aisle dressed in white and meets him at the altar. He receives her from her father with joy and love. They kneel together for the blessing – one for the groom and one for the bride. She prays in thanksgiving for answered prayers. He removes her veil and gives her a holy kiss.



They sit together as one, holding hands. She kneels and bows her veiled head to pray in thanksgiving for all that God has done for her. She prays for a fruitful marriage, to be blessed with children, and to be a good wife and mother.



They sit together as one, holding hands, in the middle of the church. Her growing belly makes it difficult to kneel, but still she does, bowing her veiled head to pray in thanksgiving for the life that stirs within her.



They stand at the front of the church by the font of water for the baptism. The priest lifts up the baby for all to see the newest member of God's Church, and the congregation sings together "Alleluia!" She bows her veiled head and prays in thanksgiving for her anointed child and asks for faith that endures throughout his life.



They sit together as one, but now they are three, sitting on the aisle near the door. She passes the baby to him and kneels to pray, bowing her veiled head. She thanks God for this new season of life. She reflects on the unfathomable brilliance of the Creator and praises God for His infinite Goodness.



They no longer sit together, but are separated by their children, a parent on each end and seven in the middle. They sit in the third row. She bows her veiled head and prays, asking God for the grace to trust in his providence when money is tight. She thanks Him for each of the blessings beside her.



They sit together, just the two, still near the front, but the children have grown and taken their own place in the world and in the Church. They hold hands again. She kneels and bows her veiled head to pray, thanking God for His goodness in providing for them through the years, for the fruits of their marriage, and for the love they still have for each other. She prays for her children and grandchildren to always know the Living God who loves them more than she does.



They have moved to the front row and still hold hands. He is no longer able to walk easily up to Communion so the priest comes to them. She kneels and bows her veiled head, praying in thanksgiving for many years together and asking for perseverance in the suffering to come.



She sits alone again, in the front row, surrounded by her family and friends – her legacy. Her sons carry in the polished wooden box and sit beside her. She bows her veiled head and prays in thanksgiving for the love of those around her – her family by blood and her family by faith – and for the love of the one who has passed – her family by marriage. She tenderly touches the wooden box and prays for eternal rest.



She sits alone again, near the back of the church. She is alone but not lonely. She grieves and yet feels great joy. She bows her veiled head and prays in thanksgiving for a life well lived and well loved. She thanks God for the gift of faith that has sustained her from the beginning and has grown through the years. She feels God's comfort as she sits back in the pew and waits for Mass to begin, to be united once again with her beloved in the Holy Eucharist.