

And the Bright Air Shone

Under this tree we were married
(it's so much taller now).
The fountain was filled with flowers
from the gardens of our friends,
and the bright air shone with love.

Here on the chancel our babies
were welcomed in and blessed.
The young ones grew. Their voices
joined ours in prayer and song,
and the bright air shone with music.

And to this room, by the fireside
our friends and family came
to mark our mother's passing,
to celebrate her life,
and the bright air shone with remembrance.

Moments of understanding,
times of transcendent grace,
heart-to-heart connections—
such memories fill this place.

But in all these treasured moments,
the thing that moves me most
is the stillness we enter together
when a story touches our hearts
and the bright air shines with spirit.

~ Deborah Bachels Schmidt