

## Golden Slippers



Your face shows the aching  
of a woman who has been warned  
of things to come.

Knowing your motherhood  
was doomed to end in early death,  
your pain is early visible.

And yet, the task,  
though hard assigned,  
you take as yours, and willingly.

Your protecting hands hold him safely  
as he clutches his dove of peace.  
And your golden slippers speak to us.

With feet of gold and not of clay,  
you tread your way  
along his via dolorosa.

To the end, your feet are treading gold  
and when he breathes his last  
you will breathe deeply with him.

**Neil Richardson**

I was in the Old Church doing a bit of cleaning during October after the renovations. As I was looking at the shrine to the Blessed Virgin Mary on and off, I felt the arrival of the above words on this page. They came to me as I was dusting. I slipped away into the sacristy, hoping nobody had noticed, and scribbled down the words and here they are for you with some pictures.