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The Joy of a Nun



I rejoice! I rejoice, for the Lord has done great things for me!

Jesus Christ walked by, looked upon me, loved me, and asked me to be His Bride, *His Spouse!*

He whispered to my heart,

*"You are mine.
I am a jealous lover,
you are mine ...
Come follow me,
live with me,
live within me ...
you are mine"*

I rejoice, for my Beloved is mine and I am His!

On my bridal day, kneeling before the altar of God, I was handed a crucifix, kissing it with all the love and gratitude of my heart I said,

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of Jesus Christ my Lord, by whom I am crucified to the world and the world to me".

I was then clothed in "the garments of salvation", the cross-form of my religious habit ... **rejoicing** that the bill of my divorce from this world had been sealed.

I was called into a Covenant relationship with Christ.

Called to be a bride, a woman and a mother.

Mary?

She is an Icon of all that is good and beautiful to me. The very sound of her name makes something within my heart leap for joy, for she is my ideal, all I aspire to be ... for you ... as she is to me ...

Mary, O, Mary! She is the Holy, the Faithful one, faithful to Christ, a living book of his Word.

Mary ... she is the one who teaches me the beauty of my womanhood, the intimacy of my espousals, and the deep joy and pain of my motherhood.

Her life is inseparable from me, her role in my life is beautifully and utterly unique; pray that I may ever walk in her footprints and cleave to her heart.

Yes, I rejoice in my motherhood!

My motherhood calls me into the highways and byways of this world, seeking out that which is lost ... for God. These are our children, *my* children.

You are my child, laid within my soul by the Divine Lover Jesus Christ, that I might have the privilege to nurture and cherish you in prayer for God.

None of my children ever know the trauma of abortion, no matter what their disfigurement ... they are destined for life ... life in Him ... to glorify Him Who loved them first, and with an everlasting love! He is my Spouse! He gives me children! He gives me ... *you!*

I need you, my beloved child, as much as you need me; your suffering and pain bring me to Christ, even as my own love labors to bring you to Him; you are a living prayer within me.

Oh, how I rejoice, I cannot tell you!

May my life be a living *Magnificat* of thanksgiving sung to Him for the gift of His love and for all the children — for you — whom he has borne to me ... "*the world may forget thee, but I will never forget thee!*"

A Poor Clare Colettine Nun



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