

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **Paulist Center**

By Thomas DeFreitas

I went into the Paulist Center chapel  
a half-hour-plus before their midday Mass.  
I found a forty-something woman, barefoot,  
pacing calmly, absorbed in inner light.

Her knee-high boots, her bags, and other things  
were clustered by a sideways-facing pew.  
Without self-consciousness, she gently moved,  
blessing the hallowed space with tender tread.

Opposite where she moved, I found a place  
to sit and contemplate Sustaining Grace  
made visible in her, my even-Christian.

After several minutes, I got up and walked  
across the chapel to Our Lady's corner.  
The woman smiled at me. And I smiled back.