

A poem by Benedictine priest-theologian Kilian McDonnell:

In the Kitchen

("In the sixth month the angel Gabriel...." Luke 1:26)

Bellini has it wrong,
I was not kneeling
on my satin cushion
quietly at prayer,
head slightly bent.

Painters always
skew the scene,
as though my life
were wrapped in silks,
in temple smells.

Actually I had just
come back from the well.
Placing the pitcher on the table
I bumped against the edge,
spilling water on the floor.

As I bent to wipe
it up, there was a light
against the kitchen wall
as though someone had opened
the door to the sun.

Rag in hand,
hair across my face,
I turned to see
who was entering,
Unannounced, unasked.

All I saw
was light, white
against the timbers.
I heard a voice
I had never heard.

I heard a greeting,
I was elected,
the Lord was with me,
I pushed back my hair,
stood afraid.

Someone closed the door.
and I dropped my rag.

From Swift, Lord, You Are Not
by Kilian McDonnell, OSB, Collegeville, Minnesota, 2003

Handout with - "Responding to Change with Faith"

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