The mother kneels in church,
her head held high, her heart deep in prayer.
Her eyes are glued to the alter.
A priest, her son, stands there,
offering his First Holy Mass today.
The “Gloria” tones festively in the mother’s ear.
Enraptured, her eyes look heavenward,
as though hearing the heavenly choir.

The candles on the alter flicker brightly.
They shine over cross and lily.
Now they flutter in deep devotion,
and again, they glow in blessed stillness.
This mother’s eye had kept watch
through many a long and dark night.
She could see the priest, her son,
quite well enough without the bright lights.

“Sanctus” sing bright voices in the choir.
The priest speaks in holy stillness:
“Hoc est enim Corpus Meum” (For this is my body.)
The God-man hides himself with the help of bread.
Dear Lord Jesus, protect this mother’s heart,
lest such blissful happiness break it apart.
She is tasting the sweetness of heavenly joy,
for now her son will daily speak these mighty words.