

## ETERNALLY ONE

*by Robert Fitt*

The temple altar, damp with  
Tears of joy,  
Looked up, that autumn day, to  
See the faces of the  
Two who knelt  
So hopefully upon her.

The couple radiated  
Infant love from  
Caring eyes with the  
Warmth of a candle's glow;  
Gentle, rich with promise.

The altar looked, then, upon the  
Man of God who held the  
Sealing power of God  
Like a scepter in his hand;  
And spoke words of eternity,  
Of opportunity and  
Challenge.

The altar also felt the  
Warmth of Spirit that  
Caressed the two like a quiet  
Fire as words were spoken  
Sealing heart to heart,  
Mind to mind, and  
Soul to soul in a  
Oneness that  
They alone could  
Break asunder.

One of those who knelt -- he who  
Held the priesthood of God --

Looked upon the other with  
Tender joy. How he  
Loved her. "Never could there  
Be such a love  
As mine for you!", said he.

But then the children came,  
And inexplicably, the love  
Was greater suddenly—Inexplicably.  
vastly greater—each  
Child bringing new and radiant  
Love into a home that teemed  
With devotion until at times they  
Felt it was not home  
At all; but Heaven,  
Disguised.

Again he regarded his  
Companion. How he  
Loved her now! For love  
Had grown in breadth and  
Depth beyond  
His fondest dreams.  
Yet, love had not  
Ceased growing;  
But deepened still.

As life fashioned  
Changes in her shape and hair  
And skin; and wisps of  
Tragedy deepened faith; the  
Traces of her wrinkles  
Proved but road maps to  
Increasing joy. And the  
Whitening of her hair a crown of  
Purity such as  
Angels wear.

The altar -- much  
Older now, as myriad knees  
Conspired to bare  
The warp and woof of her  
Weaving -- was  
Gladdened as it  
Looked once more  
Upon the woman...

The altar, was  
Heartened to note that the  
Patina of age—shaped by  
Struggle—was more  
Beautiful than the  
Glossy facade of youth; more  
Glowing than a youthful  
Smile; more appealing than  
Young love.

"How insignificant I feel  
Without her at my side",  
Mused her companion;  
"Yet, how magnificent I feel when  
She is in my arms, or  
Takes my hand, or  
Walks nobly beside me."

For the woman is not without  
The man in Christ; nor the  
Man without the woman.  
For they are  
the same.

They have  
Become  
One.