

THERE SHE STOOD

There she stood.

Silent.

It wasn't an uncomfortable moment, not for us, at least.
She was very pretty. Beautiful, even. Very easy to look at.
As long as you didn't feel guilty ... looking ... which wasn't easy ...

Then she lowered her head.

When a thing is totally still, even the slightest movement can be like an earthquake.

A slow bow of her head - her eyes now closed ...

I would describe what she wore – I think it's important – only, I can't remember.
I don't know if I even noticed. Whatever it was, it didn't distract or draw focus from the
power of the image standing before us.

Her arms hung gracefully by her side.

First one, then the other turned to reveal the open palms of her hands.

A religious scene – her, the Holy Mother, head bowed ... without a halo.