

## Bedtime – Margaret



The baby had fallen asleep drinking his bedtime bottle. With a contented smile, his mother says, 'Will you carry him up and put him in his cot?' The baby doesn't stir as his father gently takes him from his mother's arms. There is reverence in the way he looks at the tiny form, total concentration as a radiant glow of love lights up his face. He carries his precious bundle up the stairs, a little cameo of exquisite tenderness. But there's a vulnerability that touches me deeply and sears my heart - this simple sacrament of human loving.

At mass this morning, the chalice held, the familiar words rang out - 'This is my body'. Here, now, as young father holds baby son, it is a sacred act. In the tenderness and holiness of the father's love for his child this morning's Eucharist is enfleshed, incarnated, made real. And I am filled with an overwhelming sense of wonder and gratitude but sense just as powerfully the vulnerability, the risk of loving.

The moment passes – a world in an instant. I am privileged to have been able to witness this grace. How, I wonder, will their future unfold?