

POEM

*Written After the Miscarriage of our Fourth Child, Felicity*

Dear Daughter of our happiness, our child—  
For long as snow lies on a March-blown bough  
Or seeds unburied lie behind the plow—  
So brief your life! Such has the good God willed.  
We pray, in neither stoic mien nor wild  
Lament, that you behold the Eternal Now  
With more than merely natural joys allow—  
Your face to His, your soul with grace full-filled.  
In hope our small domestic church implores,  
While anchored in this all-embracing sea  
Of waters flowing from Mt. Calvary,  
That they engulf the distant limbo shores—  
That Heaven's fields and ripened fruits be yours!  
May God grant you this bliss, Felicity.

Richard A. Meland  
March 1999

POEM

*A Father to His Daughter on Her First Holy Communion*

My Little Girl, who walks the aisle in white  
With beaming face and folded hands to pray,  
Do take Christ's invitation to unite  
In loving bonds this First Communion day.  
His Body, Blood, and Soul you'll soon receive—  
His true Divinity and Godhead, too.  
And like good Adam for his new-formed Eve,  
His heart is longing to be one with you.  
See how the Father's joy abounds today  
To give to you His own begotten Son,  
And know His daughter's given well away  
To Him who died to win your hand—yet won!  
Each altar you approach from this day hence,  
I pray you wear Love's white-veiled innocence.

Richard A. Meland  
June 11, 2009