

The Chosen One

The day she brought her Roger
Home
Thelma stayed all night
with Frank
drinking in,
drinking in her blue eyed baby boy.
Eight years of longing,
longing bound her to that crib,
A thread - God spun - a path to shape her life.
This destiny - this child alone *the One*
to make her *Mother*;
for this she came, *chosen*
this one of all earth's children
this one boy, her holy call
this one would call her forth.

"Take him back," they cry, first steps not right
All Alone,
Frank gone, away at war,
she faces them alone.
Love held her ground
Love grounded her.
She rubbed his legs, she urged him on, and up, and over
hills of **can'ts**.
Heel-toe, heel-toe, she chants
Heel-toe, heel-toe
sunk deep beneath his feet,
soul deep
it firms him still.

She pushed and cheered,
determined him.
"Just wait, you'll climb the cherry trees of life,
but at your own pace, unhindered limb by limb."
She sent him higher day by day
as God knew only Thelma could.
Others might have tied him to **you can't**.

She freed him with her strength, her grit
Patient,
pacing him to run with kids
to school with friends
to work with drive
to pray with hope
to college too
to love
to love without strings,
Heel-toe, heel-toe, she knew
he could and would.

"A car?" they said, "Drive?" they said,
"Never"!!, they told her.
She handed him the keys.
"You failed," they said, "Don't work at that again."
"Nonsense," she said.
She pounded out the numbers

She typed him to the top.

God knew her well
Fierce trusting one
Patient, supporting in every way
Patterning the feet, legs and heart of a child
to carry him through life.

Tough tenderness
Undaunted choosing
Chosen one.
Endlessly urging us all,
Heel-toe, heel-toe
At our own pace,
At God's pace
One step at a time
Thelma's gift to the world
A man for others,
A people for others
A woman for others
God calls her once again
One last path.
Mother,
Welcome home!

In memoriam Thelma Grein, June 15, 2003
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