

**Ordination of Deacons  
Christ Church Cathedral  
for Bridget Tierney**

**The preacher preaches Luke  
preaching Jesus, preaching the  
one about the wise man--  
man who builds  
his house on solid rock.**

**In my pew I drift behind the veil  
scripture pulls over my attention,  
until the preacher's sidenote:  
*Today's ordinands number twelve!***

**Twelve--new testament number  
used by my former church  
to prevent ordination of women.**

**Today's twelve is a Newer Testament:  
six women, six men receiving  
holy orders, the power to preach the word!**

**The preacher exhorts the twelve  
*Let your words come from  
the solid rock of your heart.  
Only then will they become flesh,  
only then will they bear fruit in the world.***

**In my pew, I take the preacher's  
meaning but reject  
Luke's rock for a riper symbol:  
pomegranate I halved this morning,  
slicing through red rind  
to expose solid, but giving  
flesh and petals of jeweled seeds  
unfurling from the center.**

**In my distant pew,  
I feel my heart,  
that seedy pomegranate,  
open to joy, to self-acceptance  
so full my throat pulses with  
a silent Magnificat.**

**My soul magnifies the God who ordained me  
to this life I live with words,**

**words from the seedy-center, flesh-exposed  
heart of an ordinary woman: oh see how they bear fruit!**

**Mary Pierce Brosmer**