

The Secret Wedding - Chronicals of the Bride 1

March 27th, 2024



Chapter 1, the Wedding and the Palace:

Transported during prayer, I found myself in a castle courtyard on a cloudy day, surrounded by Irish saints I recognized from familiar Celtic icons. St. Ita brought me a fine bay horse fully saddled and helped me astride. I turned briskly and rode out of the castle walls, into an ancient oak forest at a full canter, having no idea where I was going, just knowing I must go. The medieval lane was densely overgrown and foreboding on either side, yet I told myself, 'This is no time for fear. Just keep riding.'

After a very short while, I arrived at a clearing with yet another castle, the draw bridge was down, and before I knew it my mount passed without hesitation, over the bridge and inside the walls where she came to a halt. As I looked for some sign of life, the drawbridge mysteriously went up and its massive doors closed behind me. Strangely, I felt safe even though the courtyard and balconies were completely deserted. I dismounted and began to explore a lengthy stone corridor ending at two massive doors. Without hesitation I opened one and stepped into a small Gothic chapel with graceful pillars supporting filigreed arches. High above the altar was a spectacular rosette window, showering gently diffused colors all throughout the lofty chamber.

There was not a soul in the whole place. It seemed like a secret chapel in a fairy tale land. I wondered, "Why am I here?" Before I could even consider the answer, the rosette window exploded with color and the Lord Jesus descended into the room amidst a golden shaft of light. He was dressed in a festive white bridal garment and stood in the front of the church as if waiting for His Bride. A wave of sweetness rushed into me when our eyes met and I realized it was our wedding day, and He was waiting for *me*.

In the next moment, I was taken out of my body looking down on this whole scene from the choir loft high in the back of the church. I saw myself standing in the very center of the church, dressed in an exquisite wedding gown adorned with pearlescent folded dove wings from the back of my neck to my waist, and from there down shimmery white satin embroidered with pearls sweeping three feet on either side onto the marble floor. A glorious rosette of angels surrounded me, they were plaiting my hair with pearls and working beneath my veil to put the finishing touches in my hair, preparing me for my Heavenly Spouse.

Finally, they were finished and an angel stepped forward, after a moment's consideration I realized, "You are my guardian angel..." I had never seen him with such clarity before. He was tall, light haired and had a bearing of stately dignity, formidable power, yet emanating a gentleness wrapped in a soft platinum light. He took one last look at me, his sparkling eyes betraying a hint of bittersweet joy. This was his last day with me, the day we had all been waiting for, the day he would deliver me safe and sound to my heavenly spouse, his assignment successfully accomplished.

A lightening swift thought pierced my heart, "How can I thank you my angel? How can I **ever** thank you for faithfully standing by me and rarely getting an acknowledgment from me? How can I ever...?" He kissed my cheek and lifted my arm onto his as we processed up the isle to Jesus who was beaming with anticipation. It was

a fairy tale wedding beyond my comprehension. It was as if my own actions were completely suspended and I was riding an invisible escalator moving me along to the inevitable destiny of joy I had looked forward to all my Christian life.

As I stood before the Lord, the love of my life, the One who had forgiven me failure after failure, the One who never tired of giving me another chance, the one who upheld me and had to live with my darkest side; as I stood before Him, that old life disappeared like a muddy river flowing into a pristine ocean of mercy....completely cleansing it of every impurity. He took a golden ring with three sparkling marquis diamonds and placed it on my finger saying, "**With this ring, I thee wed.**" and kissed me tenderly. Then, grasping my right hand, we began to lift off the cathedral floor into the air until we had ascended through the rosette window heavenward. I felt enveloped in a sacred wonder that carried me aloft with the spouse of my immortal soul.