

# A Woman in the Conclave

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The completion of the conclave requires housing and accommodations  
As the carpenters build sixty-two enclosures for the Cardinal's contemplation.  
For they will elect a pope.

There are few within the conclave walls, and some assistance is needed, governors, doctors, nurses  
and assistants, guards, servants, cooks, and cleaners. And something new, a nun!

Something that's never been done before. Never before, never again.

The Sistine Chapel was locked down for the duration.

Dark shrouds veil the passage of morning light.

The atmosphere turns great with anticipation, as twilight replaces nighttime and dusk denies the  
daylight.

And up until this very moment, only men have been admitted.

But now, a long tradition has been lost, yet kept secret by the windows tinted.

As the conclave starts its mission, solemn hymns are heard throughout the chambers.

Holy prayers begin with matches and a candle for the Cardinals' contemplation.

And wax it will seal their choice.

In the corner lies a waiting stove to burn away the Cardinals votes.

Black smoke means no consensus has been reached. White smoke provides a pope.

Amazing to the nun!

Something repeated each time they meet. As done before, will be again.

As crowds arrive and they completely fill St. Peter's, the masses invoke passage of his ascent.

Their voices all convey people's admiration. The faithful become the watchful, for their new pope to  
ascend.

Behold the word, the man himself. Pacelli meets with their approval.

Although he brings some baggage of his own, we ratify and accept this outcome.

A woman in the conclave, it's never been done before.

The stunned Cardinals can all agree. But their focus has been diverted

As Pacelili formally accepts their call.

I won't accept unless you cross this bridge with me.