

Sarah's Tent

Amy Willis

We stand together
in the light of a Sunday morning
Our bodies are exhausted
yet our minds exhilarated

From a weekend of sharing and praying
laughing and crying
singing, our voices radiant and one
Us girls

We arrived in the rain
spilling stories of anguish
Troubled children and ailing parents
painful losses, breast cancer
Helping each other through

We chanted Torah
and discussed its meaning
We danced
We played silly games until the wee hours
and devoured sweets without remorse

The waves of the winter ocean
calmed our souls
Blue heaven
as we huddled close
shivering under our jackets and scarves
on a Shabbat that will live on in our hearts

Now

before we go home
we toss a ball of yarn from one to another
back and forth
describing our friendships
old and new

The thread winds its way around the room
the ball becoming smaller
as each shares what she has experienced
on our journey

It takes time
our backs begin to ache
Yet we don't want to finish
We hold onto the energy

In the end
we raise the web of emotions high into the air
We look up, and we see it
what we have created

Sarah's Tent encircles us all
it covers our heads
Shimmering in the sunshine, it welcomes us, protects us
and strengthens us

There is a safety, an intimacy among women
it is hard to describe, but easy to feel
It is sacred, holy
Today and tomorrow
it is Sisterhood