

# For Kathleen

On my refrigerator  
and by my bed  
are remnants of the many sacred thoughts and poems  
you have shared with us at CIC.

With some of them, I felt like I was stealing  
as I spotted the slip of paper  
carelessly left on a chair  
after the celebration.

The chosen reader had left it?

I scooped it up and took it home.  
I would hold it close  
hoping the transformative thought  
would work its magic  
on me too.

They are there still  
magnetically held in place,  
usually reaching for my heart,  
though sometimes repelling...

Like a Mezuzah, a touch stone,  
they coax me back to ground zero  
when I've taken flight.

And on my headboard, one of my very favorite passages:

“.....So may beginnings always follow ends.  
Though time is treasonable, may we stand  
Gathered each year, a stubborn-hearted band  
Whose gaiety rises like a litany.....” \*

And so, grasping and letting go,  
I am thankful for your many offerings.  
I will miss you in *that* place  
in our circle.

Thank you for the great risks you took  
in identifying and loving your own humanity.  
We have seen you transformed and you've offered us the same,  
steadying our own journey.

The gratitude in *my* stubborn heart knows no bounds.  
Thank you my friend.

With Love from Penny

June 18, 2015

\* From Adrienne Rich's poem, New Year Morning