

Sitting at the Opening
By Rabbi Yael Levy

Sarah's tent,
Adorned with threads of blue, crimson and violet
Sits in a grove of oak trees,
Sheltered, protected.

As we bow and enter,
A warm radiance envelops us.
We take our seats.
And the earth offers a gentle embrace.

Breathing deeply, we notice the presence of ancestors,
Ancient teachers and guides,
Some we recognize and many whose names we do not know.

Welcome, they say.
We are grateful for you.

Their light touches us with nourishment and care.

Gently they ask,
What are the prayers upon your heart?
Who do you long to be?
What do you seek?

In response to our cries, whispers, doubts and fears,
They offer encouragement
And shine with support.

We will help you.
Call on us.
See us in yourselves and each other.
Feel us in the breath of the wind and the strength of the trees.

We are always here.

May the sacred light of the ancient mothers hold and guide us all.

With love and blessing,
Rabbi Yael