

She Is My Sister

If she comes to me hungry

I must feed her

If she comes to me sad

I must help her find the laughter within her soul

If she comes to me angry

I must help her find constructive ways to express it
and keep it from turning inward

If she comes to me full of stories

I must listen

If she comes to me praying

I must kneel beside her

If she comes to me lonely

I must keep her company

Weaving womanhood, the universal mother, gathered all the
strings which

hold the

earth

together

and united us as sisters in her name.

—*Niobe*

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