**The Sharing**

*Edwina Gately*

We told our stories— that's all.   
We sat and listened to each other and heard the journeys of each soul.   
We sat in silence entering each one's pain and sharing each one's joy.   
We heard love's longing and the lonely reachings-out for love and affirmation.   
We heard of dreams shattered. And visions fled.   
Of hopes and laughter turned stale and dark.   
We felt the pain of isolation and the bitterness of death.   
But in each brave and lonely story God's gentle life broke through   
and we heard music in the darkness and smelled flowers in the void.   
We felt the budding of creation in the searchings of each soul   
and discerned the beauty of God's hand   
in each muddy, twisted path.

And His voice sang in each story.   
His life sprang from each death.   
Our sharing became one story of a simple lonely search   
for life and hope and oneness in a world which sobs for love.   
And we knew that in our sharing,   
Gods voice with mighty breath was saying   
"Love each other and take each other's hand."   
For you are one though many and in each of you I live.   
So listen to my story and share my pain and death.   
Oh, listen to my story and rise and live with me.