

The Weaver

I celebrate a mother God,
Gently weaving, working carefully.

I celebrate the hands of skill, creating beauty within me.

I celebrate the working of the loom, reconnecting myself,
weaving a tapestry that picks up threads of pain and anger and
grief and loss, and power and courage and strength and grace.
Here are the broken threads. This should have been solid here.
This innocence should have continued on, this openness should
have come through here, this pattern of trust should have been
right here, making a design that all would see
and say, "What beauty!"

But these threads were broken, ripped from the fabric of me, and
I was afraid to show anyone the tear.

I thought it was my fault, that all would look
and say, "What horror!"

Now we pick up this broken thread, my weaving God and me.
Now we do the work of repair, and as the fabric is made strong
I look in surprise and say to myself, "What beauty I reclaim!"

Out of the torn places, I reclaim wholeness.

Out of the broken places, I reclaim strength.

Out of the shatteredness, I reclaim power.

Out of the horror and the shame and the pain, I reclaim
openness, innocence, courage.

The Weaver will not be discouraged or deterred.

We weave fabric which no one's violence will destroy,
and I discover the beauty of me.

Amen.

Catherine J. Foote, "The Weaver," in *Survivor Prayers:
Talking with God about Childhood Sexual Abuse*
(Louisville, KY: Westminster John Knox, 1994), 17.