

# Sharing, Inc.



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Dear Sharing Friend,

**"Think of all the hearts beating in the world, at the same time."**

It didn't feel like November at all, the week I was blessed to spend on retreat beside the ocean not too far from where I live. Seven days of just "being" - listening in the silence for God, my soul nourished through all of my senses. The corner room on the third floor enabled me to be present to the dawn sky over an expansive ocean horizon, as well as the dusk sky delighting my eyes at times with a honey-colored hue through bare branches.

**"Think of all the children being born into this world, at the same time."**

Each morning and afternoon I could hear and see a school bus that stopped nearby to pick up or discharge several children. I found myself reflecting often about the differences between the children who lived in the lovely home across the street, whom I didn't know, and some of the children I've met in rural Mississippi and Alabama over the years.

**"Think of all the faces and the stories they could tell, at the same time."**

There are obvious differences stemming from either an abundance or an insufficiency of economic means - health care, diet, housing, schooling - to name a few.

Then there are not-so-obvious differences due to the chasm that separates those of us who are "white" from those of us who are "black." The completely invisible "knapsack of privilege" that each of the children who rode that bus have carried weightlessly since their birth. As Peggy McIntosh points out, that knapsack is filled with advantages that "white" Americans have unconsciously absorbed and which they/we unconsciously use and/or benefit from each day.

**"Think of all the love pouring from our hearts, at the same time. Think of all the light our love can shine around this world, at the same time."**

That's a pretty accurate description of being at a Good Friday Walk, wouldn't you say - (those of you who have been blessed to be a part of one)? For me it has long been the richest spirit-filled day of the year. A day spent immersed in the light and the love of God. A day to listen for the laments and the joys of humanity. A day to ponder the mystery of the incarnate God.

(The above originally appeared in Sharing's January 1999 newsletter,)

## Christmas Blessings

Thanks to the generosity of time, talent and treasure, Sharing was able to send the following gifts to children in Selma, Alabama.

- 420 basketballs!
- 85 beautifully dressed Black dolls
- 69 baby blankets

In conclusion, these lines from the song "At the Same Time,"\*\*really bring into sharp focus the primary beneficiaries of Sharing's Walk monies - African American children from economically poor families in the rural south.

**"Think of all the children being born into this world, at the same time. Feel your love surround them through the years they'll need to grow, at the same time . . . . When it comes to thinking of tomorrow, we must protect our fragile destiny. In this precious life there's no time to borrow. The time has come to be a family."**

Shalom,

*Kay Doherty*

\*\* Written by Anne Hampton Callaway and performed by Barbra Streisand on her beautiful album entitled "Higher Ground."