

Inside the Meetinghouse

By Tiffany Luap
(pen name for Cassandra Schiffman)

The heavy doors are open wide, inviting me to look inside
I peer nervously into the meetinghouse, look a little closer, and I see
White washed benches with soft green colored cushions that glimmer ever so slightly in the light
Oak circles of honey colored light suspended from the high ceiling by shining brass poles
I see windows, and doors, and, in one corner, a small, dark wooden table with tissues on it
But most of all,
I see people.
Many kinds of people.
Maybe there is a man with his eyes closed
Or a women with her fussy children,
Or a girl in the corner, swinging her legs and counting windows
4,8,12,16 she counts
All sit, bathing in the silence and the mutual feeling that GOD is with them there
No matter what they call this feeling,
Jesus,
Or God,
Or the light,
Whether their God is simple
Or complex,
Human,
Or Divine,
Or simply a spirit present in the hearts of the community
No matter what they believe, they feel personally invited here.
They feel part of a community, loved and respected for their own gifts and talents,

This is a meetinghouse, but it is also a safe haven,
Where one might go
For silence
And always
Feel
Welcome