

I came into this Universe moving my legs like a bicycle and my Grandmother Sylvia, zichrona livracha, said that I came out of the womb dancing. This barefoot expression turned out to be my world - an escape and a passion that caused me to leave my home and family at the age of 15 in search for more.

As I wove my way through cities and rural communities on the east and then west coast from Palestine to Morocco, I went seeking for the ground beneath my feet, for home within myself. I was thirsty and in search of water, much like my nomadic ancestors trekking through the desert praying for rain. “Mashiv ha’ruach o moreed ha’gashem”. As their bare feet hit the hot sand, shepherds leading their flock, their lives depended on the Source that draws forth the beginning of every Jewish prayer, Baruch, blessed well-spring. Were they too also searching for the elixir of life’s messages to the questions about our human existence in their place and time?

As I recall the threads that wove the tapestry of my life story, I trace my heartstrings in rhythm with my inner Mishkan, the portable “dwelling place” that was the temple of the Israelites as they wandered the wilderness. Shechina, I pour my soul out in gratitude for the countless relationships that have sustained me, taught me and worked me - seen and unseen, some since crossed over to the ancestor realm.

My thirst more quenched with endless questions unfolding, I have been called here-weaver of life and death, Oreget Adamah.

According to the Jastrow dictionary, the word Oreget has multiple meanings: to plate, to braid, to weave; to spin out, conclude, argue, conceive a decision, and to follow the grooves of the garden bed. As I take on the title Chaplain and Oreget Adamah, I am passing into a lineage of weavers of ancient stories of time, material and reconciliation. Gaze into the waters, sink into the dark luscious precious soils as they invite us to recall the Gevurah of the mycelial interconnected network underground as spider weaves her web above us... as we listen to the stillness of the starry night... (long pause).

Every heartbeat and breath as we breathe creation and creation breathes us.

I feel my love warrior spirit through the weaver that tends the threads of community, love, integrity, mystery, queerness, devotion, justice, healing, song, play, seeds, medicine, reverence, compassion, and truth. I am following the grooves of a thriving ecosystem with biodiversity at the core, spinning wholeness for a world that can break my heart. The cycles renew us, magic reclaims us, and truth-telling heals us. We can do this with joy and with the meditation of one thread at a time.

The Divine Weaver

*My life is but a weaving*

*Between my Lord and me;*

*I cannot choose the colours,*

*He works it steadily.*

*Sometimes he weaves sorrow*

*And I, in foolish pride,*

*Forget that he sees the upper,*

*And I, the underside.*

*Not till the loom is silent*

*And the shuttles cease to fly,*

*Shall God unroll the canvas*

*And explain the reason why.*

*The dark threads are as needful*

*In the weaver's skilful hand*

*As the threads of gold and silver*

*In the pattern he has planned.*