

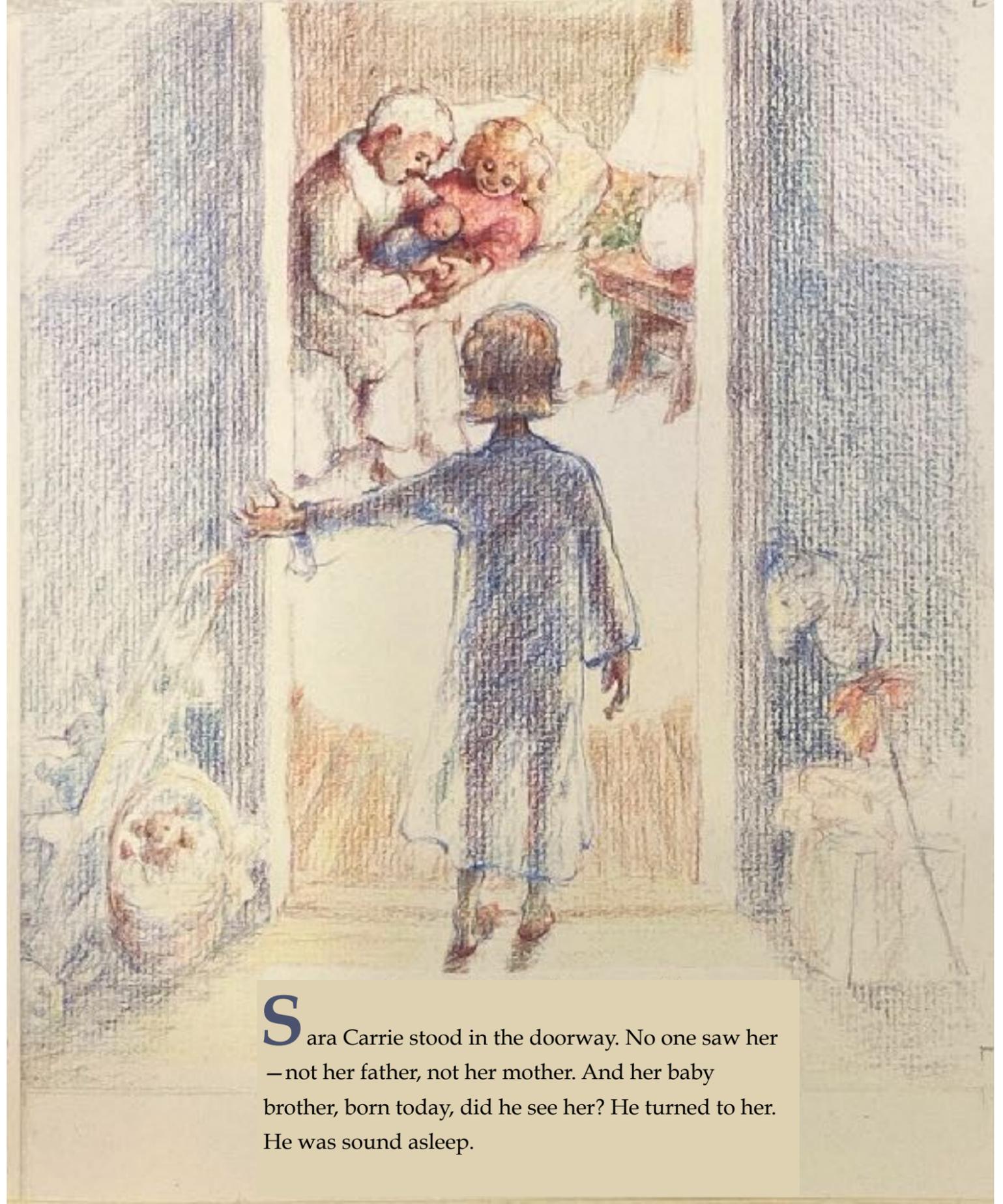


Sara Rising

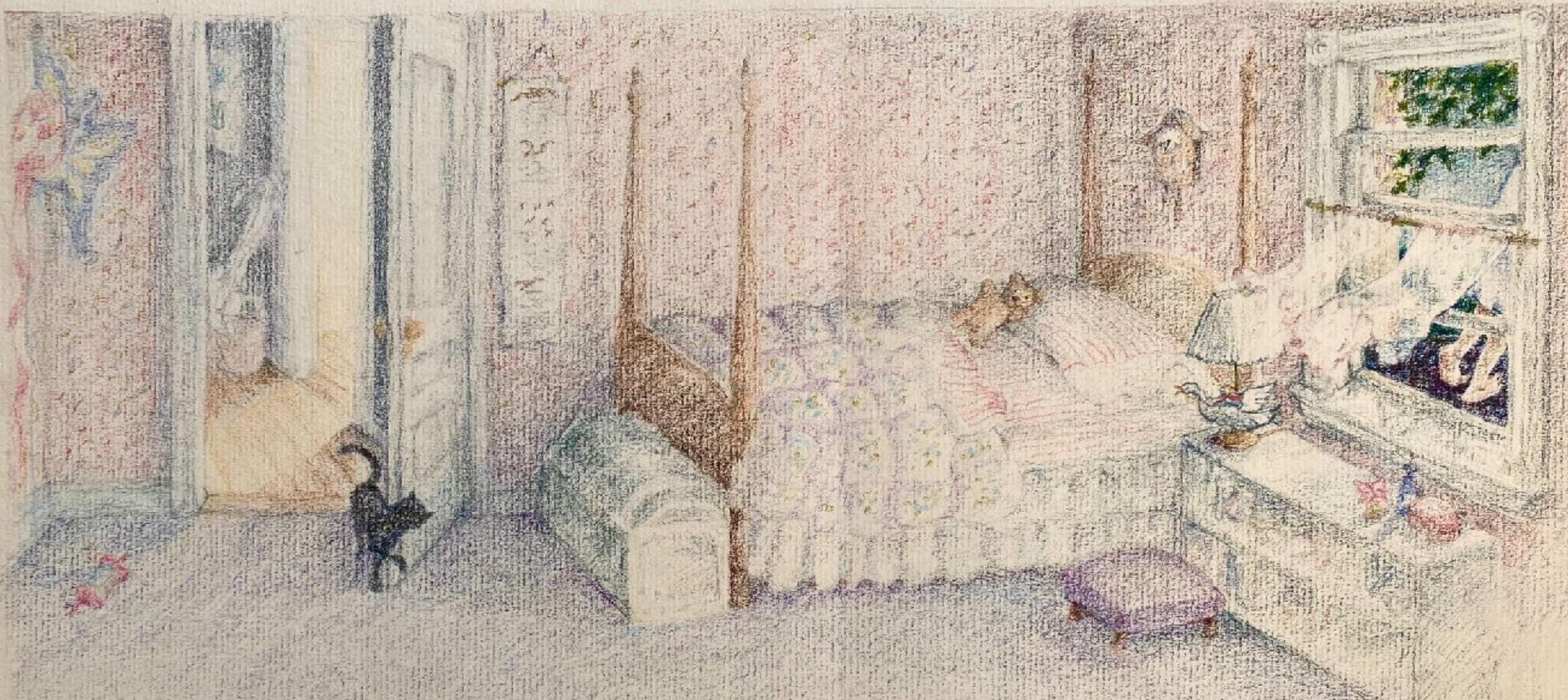
DIANE WORFOLK ALLISON

Sara Rising

DIANE WORFOLK ALLISON



Sara Carrie stood in the doorway. No one saw her – not her father, not her mother. And her baby brother, born today, did he see her? He turned to her. He was sound asleep.



No one heard her move away. No one heard her cross her room or open the window. No one saw her climb onto the grass.

And no one saw her rise, — up — into the air.
It was her secret, and she shared it with no
one

It wasn't flying, because nothing flapped.
She rose with wishing. Every morning she
rose to see the sun rise, then drifted home
before they woke.



But it was not morning now. It was
bedtime, though the sky was light. She
didn't care. This time, with a deep breath,
she rose up, up into the clouds.



Mist swirled and curled around her close and quiet.
Sara became still. As still as silence, as silent as her brother,
sleeping. "Was he dreaming?" she wondered. "Will I ever be in
his dreams? Will he hold my hand like a secret? Will he be my
forever friend?"



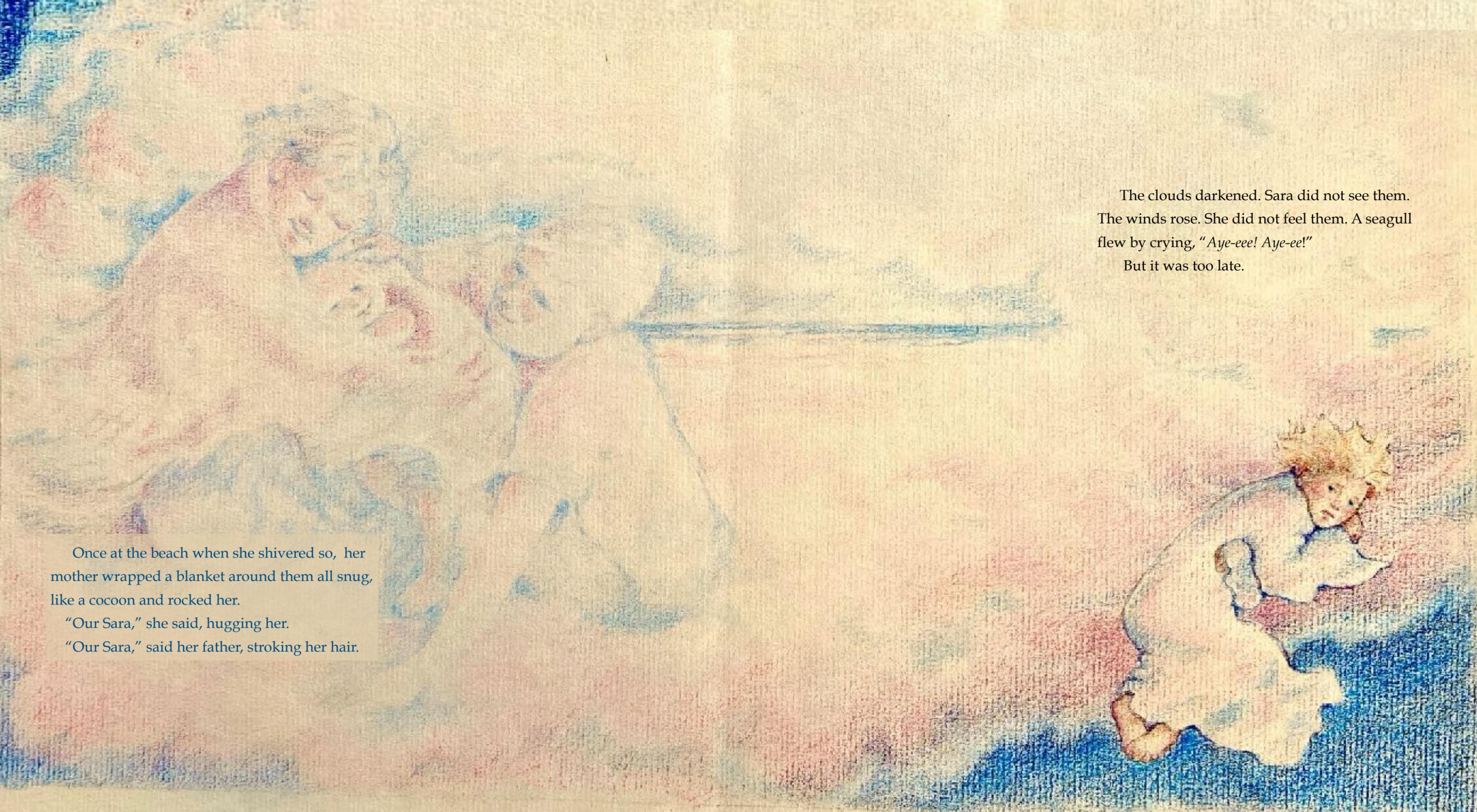


"HONK! HONK! HONK!" Geese!
"Yikes!"

Sara rose quickly until she was safe in a wash of sunlight. (She did not see the sun setting. She did not see the dark clouds drifting closer.)



Little nighthawks zoomed near, catching insects.
“Just so you know,” said Sara. “I’m no insect.”
They zoomed away. Sara shivered
Then she remembered, then she remembered. . .



Once at the beach when she shivered so, her mother wrapped a blanket around them all snug, like a cocoon and rocked her.

“Our Sara,” she said, hugging her.

“Our Sara,” said her father, stroking her hair.

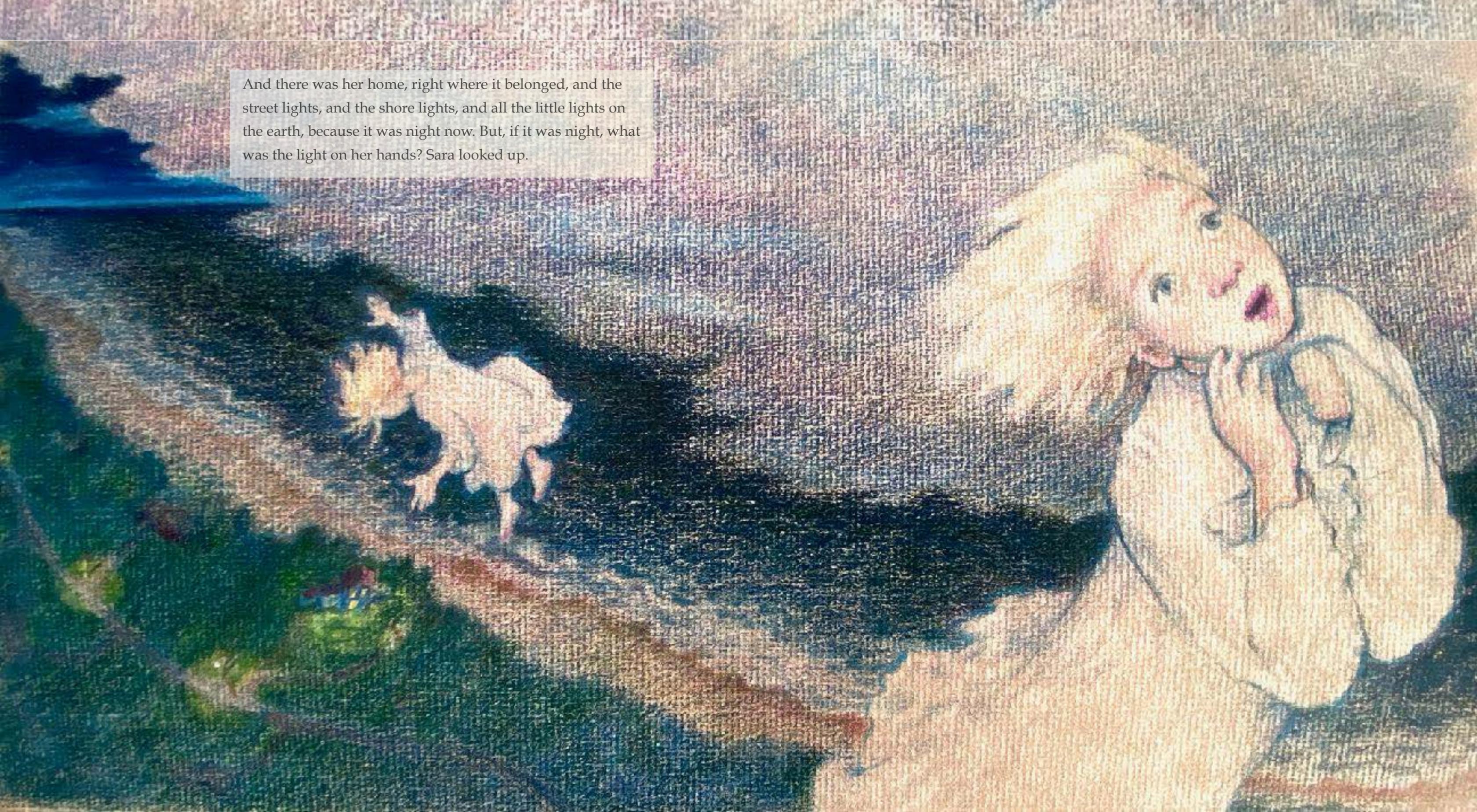
The clouds darkened. Sara did not see them.
The winds rose. She did not feel them. A seagull
flew by crying, “*Aye-eee! Aye-ee!*”
But it was too late.

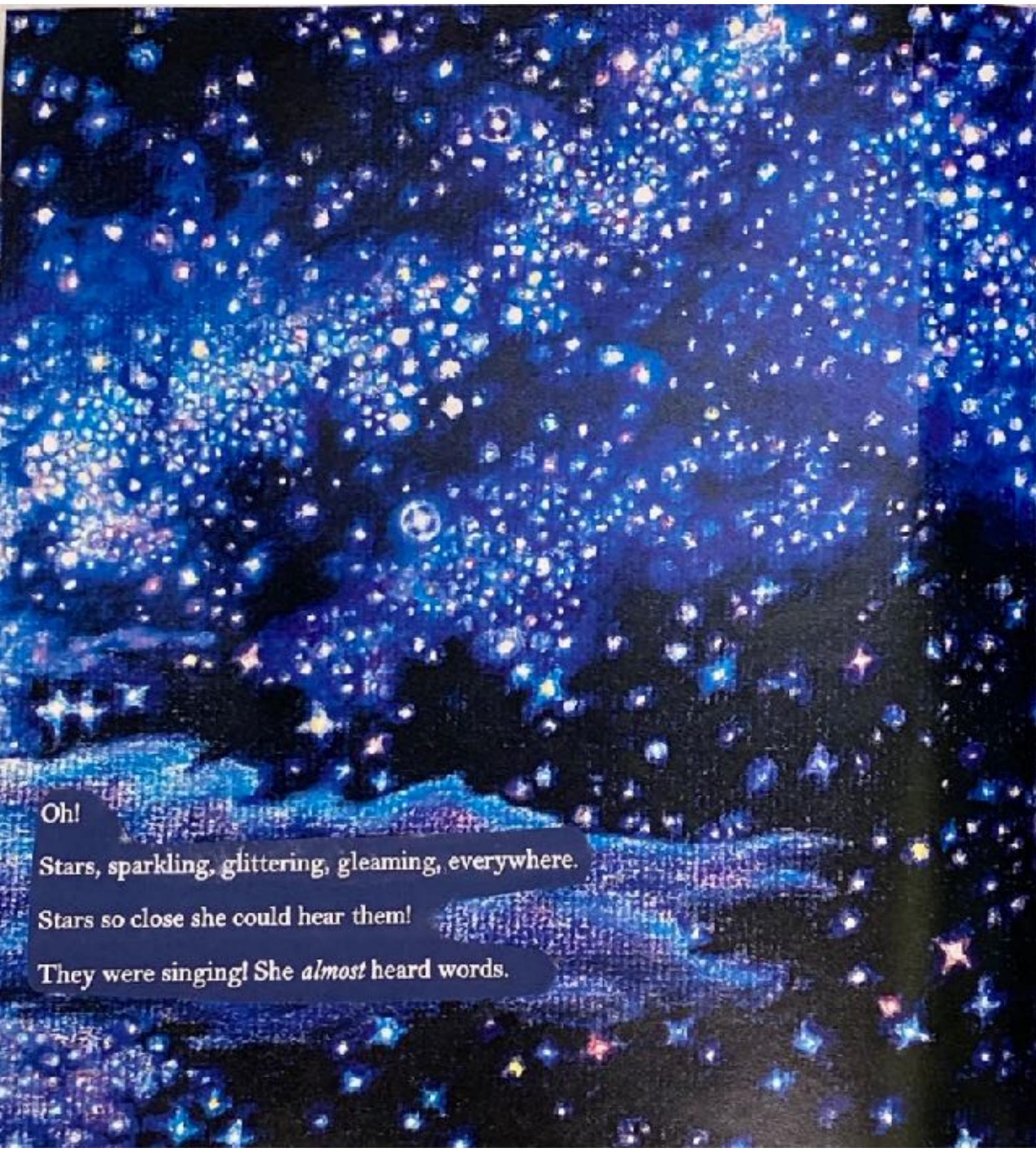


Darkness. Only darkness was there, darkness so deep, so close, that her hands, her feet, her home were lost in darkness.
“Oh! Where am I? Where is my home? I want my home!”

Then she saw her toes wiggling in a mist. She was in a cloud!
“Move off me, cloud!” she said. She dove down, whipping and thrashing the cloud away.

And there was her home, right where it belonged, and the street lights, and the shore lights, and all the little lights on the earth, because it was night now. But, if it was night, what was the light on her hands? Sara looked up.



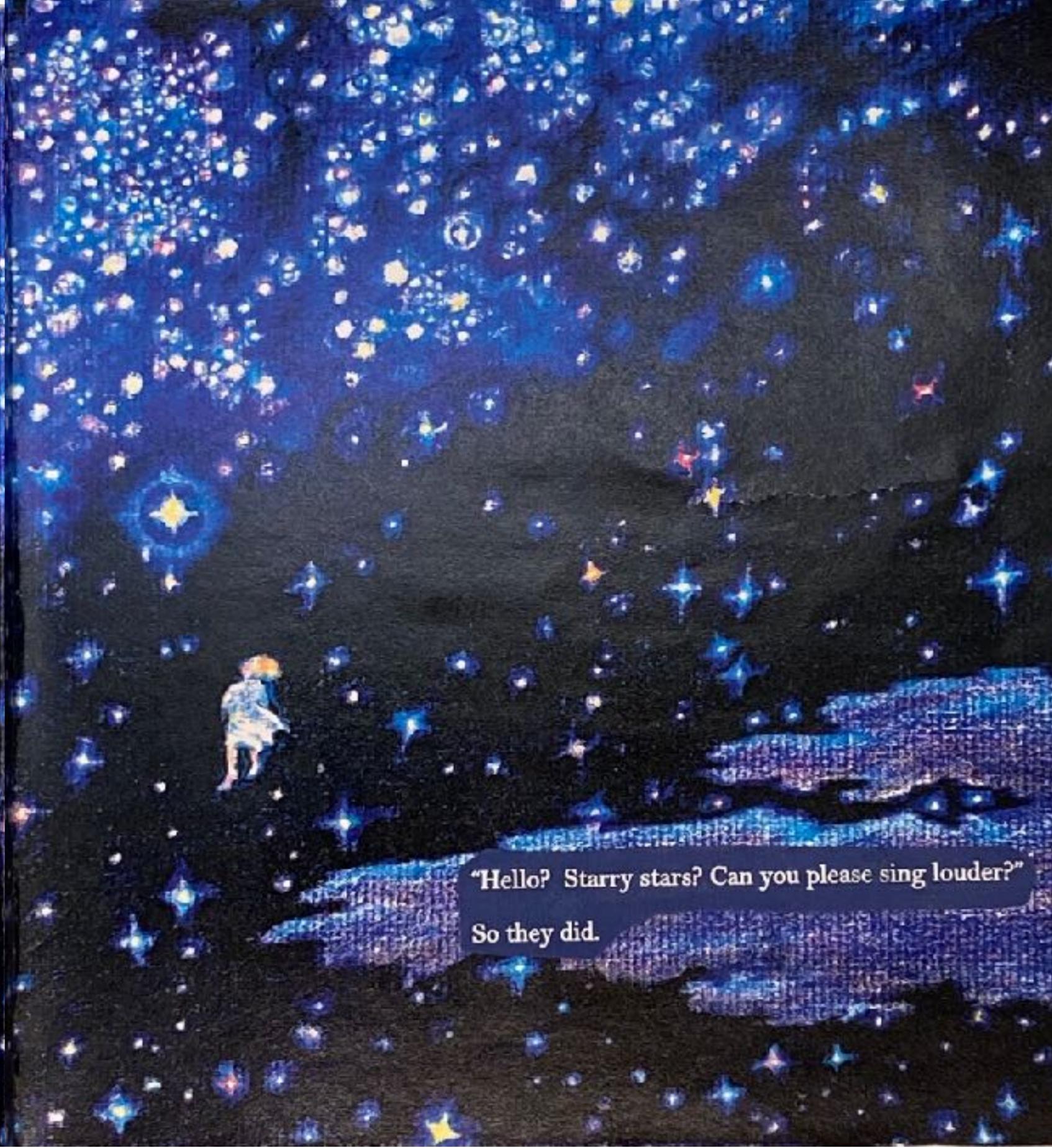


Oh!

Stars, sparkling, glittering, gleaming, everywhere.

Stars so close she could hear them!

They were singing! She *almost* heard words.



“Hello? Starry stars? Can you please sing louder?”

So they did.

**"We're moving together in galaxy families, guided and shining above,
joyfully singing, peacefully spinning, held in the music of love."**

It was a very nice song. She sang along, dancing.

"Held in the music of love."



She paused, thinking. "Me, too?" she asked.

The stars laughed and shined tenderly down.

"What do you think you're standing on, Sara?"

Sara looked down.

"Oh."





She spun around laughing. Yes! She could feel it now, everywhere. It rose up to the stars, over the ocean, into the deep, into her home, around her family and into her heart. Now she turned home singing her own words. . .



...dancing down, down on the sweet breezes till her toes touched the cool grass. Then she leapt across the yard and leapt into her room and leapt so high on her bed that her head hit the ceiling!

She scooted under the covers, quick.

"Sara!" Said her father. She heard them coming. She didn't see them.

"Does someone here need tucking in?" said her father.

Sara peeked out. They were smiling.

"We have someone here who wants to meet you."



Sara sat right up. Her mother put her brother in her arms. He was heavy. He looked at her, wondering, wondering. What secrets she could tell him!

"Hi, little brother," she said.

He grabbed her finger, tasting it.

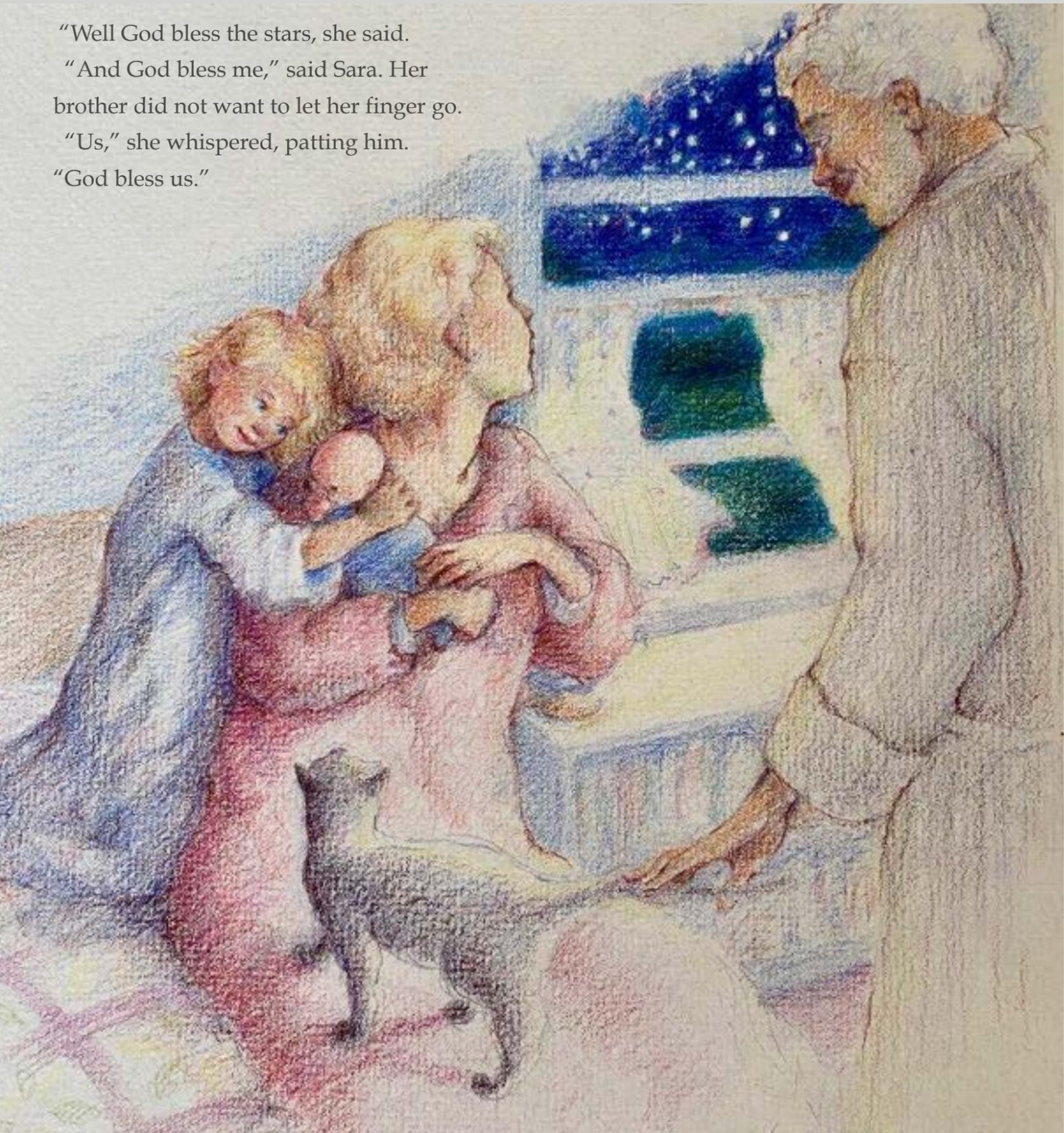


"Oh, Sara," said her father, lifting the curtain.

"Did you see the stars?"

"Uh-huh said Sara, yawning. "And the stars see me." Her mother laughed, scooping up the baby.

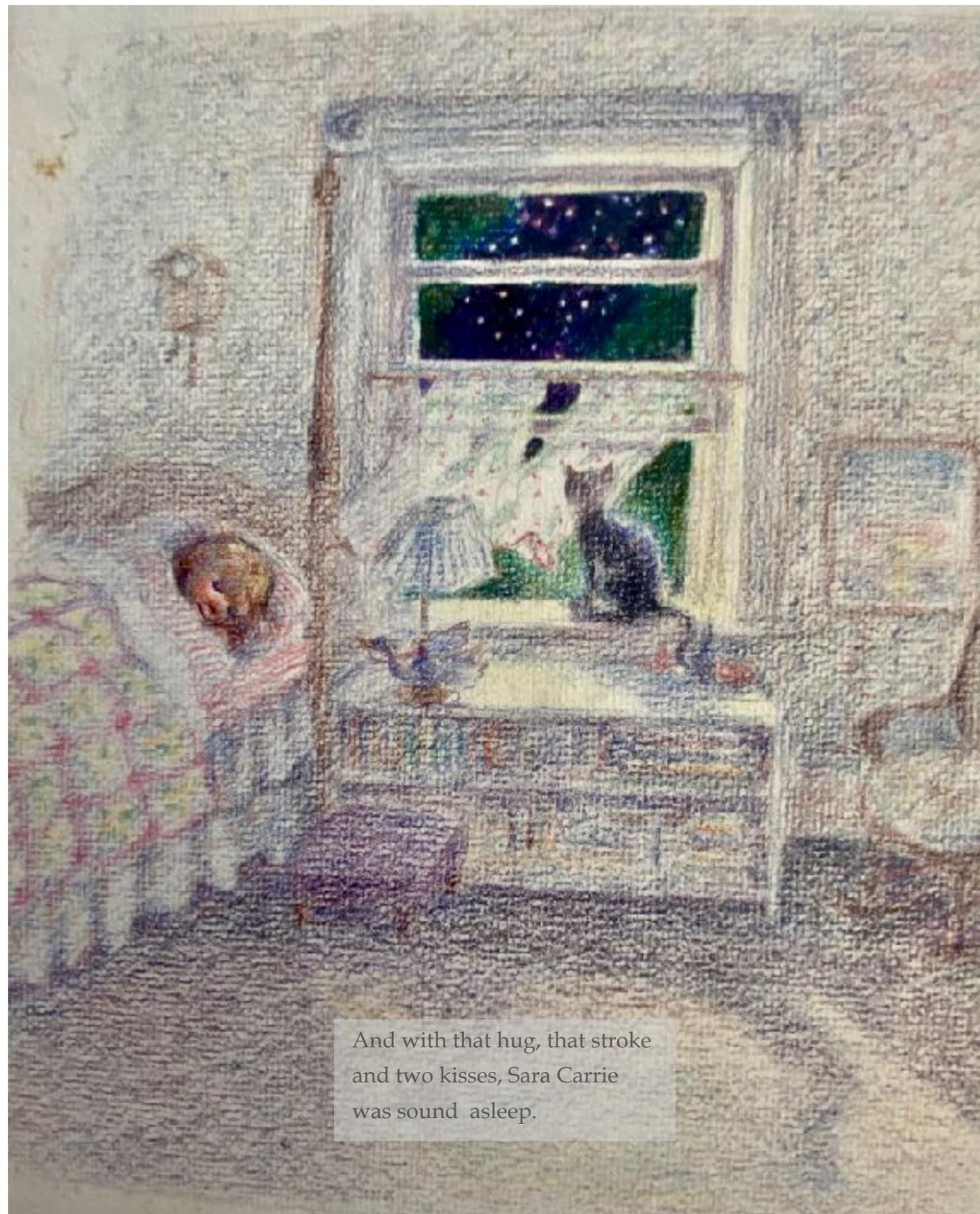
“Well God bless the stars, she said.
“And God bless me,” said Sara. Her
brother did not want to let her finger go.
“Us,” she whispered, patting him.
“God bless us.”



Sara slid into bed. Her father tucked her in,
all snug, like a cocoon.

“Our Sara,” said her father, hugging her.

“Our Sara,” said her mother, stroking her
hair.



And with that hug, that stroke
and two kisses, Sara Carrie
was sound asleep.