

We were so moved by the poem that Donna Myhre sent to us, that we want to share it with all of you. **THE NINE OF US.**

*Friday the thirteenth of May, 1994*

**A THANK-YOU NOTE TO THOSE WHO SIGNED  
"A TIME OF HOPE --- A TIME OF THREAT"**

*I, who am not a man, have hoped for this time.  
I have clung for decades to the fringe of the church,  
unwilling to leave, unwilling to think as The Men think,  
unwilling to pray as The Men pray.*

*I, who am not a man, have waited for this time.  
I have thought: they define us as not-them. There are men,  
and the rest of us are wo-men. There are males, and the rest  
of us are fe-males.  
Now I think: there is theological correctness, which can  
exist only in the minds of men.  
And there is Her-I-See.*

*My prose turns to song, we are singing for our lives, but we  
are singing.*

*Those of us who are not men, which is to say, those of us who  
know for sure who our children are, have songs not yet sung.  
We do not trace the genealogy of God-on-earth through a step-  
father, we do not sing of genealogy at all.*

*We sing the subversion of Imposed Order, which is to say, our  
songs flow from the rhythms and patterns of our lives, which  
is to say, some songs can only be sung by those who are not  
men.*

*I dream of singing together, with those whose original sin  
was being born of us who are not men (or so they have said).*

*I have dreamed that those who are men listen to our song.  
I have dreamed that those who are men learn that after-play  
is part of the main text, not an epilog.*

*I, now, this day, this minute, celebrate your invitation to  
re-form the fold.*

*Donna Myhre*