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The Storyteller

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A Dream

By Rosemary Beales

Once a couple of years ago, I was riding the train to work and reading the day's lesson from Mark, about the paralytic. As I read, I nodded off to sleep. Suddenly, I was a small child waking in a dark room on a pallet. Someone was next to me— a sister perhaps. I lay there thinking about the events of the busy day. We had received a special visitor, and there had been a lot of people at our house and even crowds outside. As kids will do, we played around the fringes, not paying much notice to the coming and going of the adults.

But then at one point, four men climbed up on the housetop and took the roof apart. They lowered another man down into the house. That got our attention, and there was even more excitement when people said the man had been healed.

Now the crowds were gone and only a few visitors remained in the next room. I heard their low voices, and crept to the door, which was slightly ajar. In the middle of that room there was a glow, and I remember saying to the other child in the room, or perhaps to myself, "I just want to get a better look at him."

And THAT'S what Godly Play is to me—a better look at Him. It is that doorway.

I feel so privileged to accompany children to that place—not to tell them what I see, but to point to the light and then get out of the way. When I am very lucky and keep very still, they tell me what THEY see.

I am still trying to get a better look at Him, and trying lots of doorways. Who knows where it all may lead?

(Rosemary is now a student at Virginia Theological Seminary)



O most merciful redeemer, friend, and
brother,
May we know thee more clearly,
Love Thee more dearly,
And follow Thee more nearly, day by day.

Amen.

~Saint Richard of Chichester