

**Sarah**  
**"...to proclaim a dancing God..."**  
**Ralph Milton**

At first it was a cough;  
then a stifled gasp;  
then a watering of nose and eyes--  
a rasping, wheezing, rattling noise  
that might have been a full-blown case of asthma.  
Or a stroke.  
But it was laughter.  
It was laughter!  
From arthritic toes to gray and thinning hair,  
it was a laughter from despair to hope--  
laughter from the tomb to resurrection.  
The old crone pulled the tent flap tight  
across her toothless mouth  
to hide her laughter;  
Hide it from her sniggering, impotent mate--  
Hide the laughter from the bright-eyed strangers  
who came  
announcing new and ancient promises  
a child of hope  
for Sarah's ancient, arid womb--  
for Abraham's ancient, arid land.  
But hide it from the future, she could not.  
Sarah birthed a promise,  
in a child named Laughter,  
And so proclaimed a dancing God  
into the ages.