
The Weaving of Karu and Resa

~ Annie Sommerville-Hall

Once there was a little girl who lived in a happy village with her family and friends. Her name was Resa. The village was on the bank of a wide river. The river flowed on and was rich with fish swimming and jumping and plants growing. On the sides of the banks grew long strands of thick grasses. The villagers wove these into baskets.

One morning Resa came down to cut grasses by herself for the first time. She had just become old enough to help with this task. The grass was thick and hard to cut. She was intent on her task. When she finally looked up, her eyes grew wide, as she saw another little girl from a neighboring village across the river. This girl was dark, dark as the purple-brown hills when the sun sets. Resa had spend most of her days near the heart of her own village, and had never seen anyone like the other little girl before.

The girl across the river was named Karu. Karu had never seen anyone as light as Resa, like the palest pink sky at sunset. Karu thought Resa looked too delicate to cut the grasses, and wondered what her name was. She smiled at her.

Resa was surprised to see such a smile of light.

They worked in silence, and when each girl started home they waved goodbye.

They came every day to the river at the same time. One day Karu brought Resa a pair of gloves she had made, just like hers, so that the grasses would not hurt her hands. Resa brought Karu a banana cake she had made. The girls swam toward each other to exchange gifts. Karu heard Resa laugh as she examined the gloves. "I did not know she would be so loud and curious," Karu thought. Karu took the bread, sniffed it, and smiled. "I did not know she would be so sweet and tender," Resa mused.

As they worked together on the riverbank, sometimes singing, laughing, or eating together,

they began to get to know each other. Karu noticed that under Resa's skin she seemed to glow, almost a beautiful peachy color. Resa looked at Karu one day in the sun and noticed this same colorful glow in an exquisite brown. They became like sisters.

They asked their parents, aunts, and uncles to build a bridge over the river so that they could visit each other in any weather. The girls worked together, played together, and told stories together. They wove their baskets together out of many-colored grasses, and each basket had a story to tell. Sometimes in the evening they would sit on the riverbank together as the sun was setting and tell these stories as the villagers gathered around. Their stories were woven richly with color and friendship, just like their baskets.

And as they grew, they told stories to their children, and their children's children. They would all sit on the riverbank under a setting sun, listening to the sound of crickets, and the voices of these two sister friends, and look off into the rich dark hills, and the pale pink sky, and see the glow all around them. ♦

Annie Sommerville-Hall has been a Waldorf early childhood teacher at the Waldorf School of Atlanta since 1993 in both the kindergarten and nursery. Each year with the parents and children in her class, she collaboratively sews a quilt on a theme, "following a thread" just like a story can! She enjoys weaving stories from her experience in the world around her, and from the growth and understanding that the children bring. She finds inspiration for a story when the muse presents itself in an interaction, a challenge, in witnessing nature and relationships—in life. This story is one of two that Annie contributed to *Tell Me Another Story* (WECAN, 2019).