

Nancy

She burst into our lives
Like the sun:
Gleaming eyes
Beaming smile
Shining brightly,
Warming all with her light
Radiant with enthusiasm and confidence.

And we—we turned to her
Like leaf to sun:
Eager to catch her sparkle,
To be wrapped in her glow
And to feel accepted, included,
Not alone.

Oh, when she led as president,
She threw out a beacon of Annie Calling
For lost sisters to come home,
Illumed digital changes on the horizon,
And kindled a flame in us
To reach out to the whole world.

And we—we were drawn
As cold hands to fire
Blazing with her passion
Or revolutionaries to a cause.

Was that all? No.
She also brought laughter
And a buoyancy to our lives:
 Lifting weight from hearts,
 Creating a spirit of insouciance
Amid hard times in education.

And we—we embraced this other type
 Of lightness like giddy young girls.
 Bonhomie! (baa nuh MEE)

Now she's slipped away—
 Like sun at sunset.
We feel it, the emptiness, the silence.
But just as we know the sun is not really gone,
We can feel her spirit,
 Still burning inside us,
 Brightening our way,
Until the Son of God rises
On another day.

By Bettye Cook, EdD
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