I am a long thinker.

I rub the indigo flowers, loosening the seeds and before the first frost, I harvest the leaves to dye the silk robins egg blue. I feel the grass and speak to Hashem out loud at the park, asking for *rachmones*, asking for my defenses to lower. I bathe the reed in the water, preparing it to be woven. I study Sefer Yetzirah for five years. I double and triple twine the forms and weave on looms big and small. I take the 49 bus for 45 minutes each way to the Beit Midrash for nine weeks. I string 1,178 handmade glass beads on the tapestry needle. We translate the Talmud, looking up each word from the page in Hebrew or Aramaic in the dictionary. I dye 1320 threads for the warp: apple green, sky blue, lavender and magenta. I meditate on the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet. I draw: abstract curvilinear vessels, drooping trees, flower garlands, a shell opening and closing, stars linked together in a ring, a wheel, an architectural threshold. I ask at the seder: how can each of us stand in protection of human dignity? I seek a reflective surface: the sculpture spins silver, six winged and radial. I spin yarn, it is a place to put my worries. I give time to slow processes of making and to spiritual study, to contemplate and contend with what may be unresolvable.

Craft requires being with others. We sit at the table together and cut the yarn into 3.5 inch pieces, preparing it to be woven as a pile textile. We sing wordless melodies. In the studio, I earnestly seek intimacy, give careful attention, surrender control, seek sustenance and pleasure. As I work, I listen, shift, soften, and ease, I shape and am shaped in return.

I am a long thinker.