

Weaver

By Robin B. Lipinski

(Inspired by the story, "Treasure From an Old Paper," written by J.W. Henson)

The woman was old. Very old relative to other women, but younger than the tree growing in her yard.

Her hair was thin and gray, her skin wrinkled or what some might say withered. Her whole persona reeked of ancient.

Her room, her clothes, her being.

She had no husband, no family, and no friends. Even her mind seemed to be leaving her.

But she did have a loom. Her main reason for living now. Or maybe because she existed the loom could continue existing? It did not matter, as both the loom and the lady were the same...old. Old and dependent upon each other.

The woman, with tired yet strong hands, fed the loom, strands of sheep wool as clean as the day they were shorn from the giving animal. Along with some colored thread that the woman scavenged from amongst the cast-off from the rich people of the village. The people whose children laughed at the 'witch' and whom would never invite into their spacious, happy homes for fear of social ridicule or worse yet, that the woman would pollute the rich existence that was their right.

None of this mattered for the old woman. She lived her life as she had done her whole life. She lived with what she knew. And what she knew was the loom.

As with everything of nature that gets old, death claimed the woman without the fanfare of trumpets or lamenting of the people. She died as quiet as she lived. She died in what she called her home that others would call a hovel.

But she left a legacy. A treasure. A jewel. For while alive, she knew nothing but hardship. Nothing but hunger, hate, ridicule. She was given nothing that she, herself did not seek out, dig, scratch, earn with the sweat of whatever small menial job she could find.

In her final years, she used her experience of hardship and created a tapestry of such beauty that no king on earth owned such a creation. She created such a treasure using only what she was. The people gasped in astonishment that such a low social creature could dare to create such beauty. The people would not change, but that did not matter. What mattered is that the old woman made the world a better place with her being. It was because of her that the world had another treasure to inspire those inclined.