



"The kitchen table is a level playing field. Everyone's story matters. The stories at every kitchen table are about the same things, stories of owning, having and losing, stories of sex, of power, of pain, of wounding, of courage, hope, and healing, of loneliness and the end of loneliness. Stories about God. In telling them, we are telling each other the human story. Stories that touch us in this place of common humanness awaken us and weave us together as a family once again."
Rachel Naomi Remen, *Kitchen Table Wisdom*

Please bring a favorite photo or a keepsake whose story is waiting to be told.

It may be something you wear around your neck, wrist, or finger, or carry in your purse, wallet, or pocket. Maybe it is hanging on a wall, sitting on a shelf or mantle, or safely stored away in a box or drawer.

We all have these things and their stories are waiting to be told.

P.E.O.
SISTERHOOD

Sharing Our Stories

Sharing Our Stories – Leader Instructions

Ahead of Meeting

Send out flyer and remind sisters before meeting to bring item and be prepared to tell the story of the item, why they chose it and what makes it important.

At the meeting

Let the group know that each sister will have a few minutes to tell the story of what they brought with them. It might help to set an example, to let people know the level of sharing expected.

Example story: The person who introduced this exercise to me, told a story about an item that was precious to her. It was a man's straight razor. It had belonged to her father. He commanded ground troops in Europe in WWII. Every morning, he'd stand outside, fill his helmet with water, take out soap and that straight razor and shave. He told his daughter that he did to give the men under his command a sense that life goes on. He did this simple act to give his men a piece of normalcy in the midst of the hell of war. He did it to give them hope. And so she kept it and treasured it.

Example story 2: The story I told, the first time I did this exercise in sharing was about an item that belonged to my grandmother. The item was a book: Emily Post Etiquette, a 1913 edition, published when my grandmother was 9. She was an old school, proper lady. We lived with her for a while after my grandfather died. I remember that we always ate dinner in the dining room, with linen tablecloths and napkins. Never a container from the store on the table. Condiments were always served in little glass dishes with silver spoons. Even in her grief, she took a certain kind of pride in everything she did in her home. Some of that has rubbed off on me. I received a gift of attention to detail and hospitality from her. I keep the book on my shelf to remind me of her. And I know I carry a bit of her with me because for better or worse, it puts me over the edge to put a store-bought bottle of salad dressing on the dining room table!