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12th grade

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**FOR THE STARS**

You heard me crying, "Abba!"

But couldn't remember if I wanted my papa

Or needed my God.

My God? I needed my freedom,

Then I could reacquaint with my God.

You found me among the faithless and idolaters;

Among those so broken

That they could not bear to lift their heads,

Those that could no longer look up to see stars.

Looked forward for the stars,

Looked at their daughter's heart, brother's heart, mother's, father's, friend's hearts!

Some say your finding us was proof that God exists,

But what does it say of God that you had to look at all?

Our new unattainable god was Freedom.

Freedom mimicked the old testament,

Touching our ancestors' land and not ours.

Did you see God in me the way I did in you?

I saw him in your helmet and flag,

In your mouth when you told me I was okay.

Did you see Him in my knobby knees and brittle hair?

In my heart skipping beats under my paper-thin skin?

No, but you tell me you saw Him in my love for you.

I see you every day,

Hear you in every prayer and thanksgiving,

I see you in the mirror;

When I look to constellations,

And in the soft parts of *shalom*.

I found you today,

I found you and fell to my knees.

The stars bow to your bravery, your love, your *chutzpah*.

I found the feet that freed me and I kissed them--

I fell before the man that first lifted me up, and once again

You've reached down for the stars.

## Bibliography

Sullivan, Missy. "Watch the Emotional Reunion of a Concentration Camp Survivor and One of His Liberators." *History.com*, A&E Television Networks, 8 Nov. 2018, [www.history.com/news/holocaust-concentration-camp-dachau-survivor-liberator-reunion](http://www.history.com/news/holocaust-concentration-camp-dachau-survivor-liberator-reunion).