



### **Simon the Leper's Reflection**

The room was humming with the easy chat  
Of friends content to be together.  
I sat apart  
Watching him,  
Marvelling that he was in my house,  
That he counted me a friend.

Then, without warning, I saw her,  
Standing on the threshold;  
Her presence breaking into conversations,  
Which, one by one, fell silent.

She hesitated;  
The space around her full of judgements.  
I recognised the loneliness, the isolation.  
I had known what it felt like, once, before I met him.

And this was her moment for meeting,  
For touching.

He looked at her and she stepped forward,  
Opening her beautiful jar  
And filling the room with its heavy scent.

I could sense the others leaning forward a little,  
Disapproving,  
Breaths held;  
("What would she do next?- a woman like her.")

It took courage for her to approach him,  
To slowly, gently, pour her perfume over his precious head.  
Then she knelt, trembling,  
Her head bowed.  
And gently, he reached out and raised her face to look into his,  
His eyes full of sorrow and tenderness.

"She has done a beautiful thing", he said.

And I could see from her face, the way she stood and smiled,  
that she was no longer alone.

- Alison Myers, February 2006

### **NOT FOR SALE Sunday is an initiative of CHASTE.**

All funds raised will help CHASTE to take forward its work and vision to end trafficking for sexual exploitation.

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