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## **Sarah**

**joy in her old age.**

**a poem based on Genesis 18:9-15**

**by Ralph Milton**

**from [Is This Your Idea of a Good Time, God?](#)**

**Wood Lake Books**

**To proclaim a dancing God...**

At first it was a cough;

then a stifled gasp;

then a watering of nose and eyes--

a rasping, wheezing, rattling noise

that might have been a full-blown case of asthma.

Or a stroke.

But it was laughter.

It was laughter!

From arthritic toes to gray and thinning hair,

it was a laughter from despair to hope

laughter from the tomb to resurrection.

The old crone pulled the tent flap tight across her toothless mouth

to hide her laughter;

Hide it from her sniggering, impotent mate

Hide the laughter from the bright-eyed strangers

who came

announcing new and ancient promises

a child of hope  
for Sarah's ancient, arid womb  
for Abraham's ancient, arid land.  
But hide it from the future, she could not.  
Sarah birthed a promise,  
in a child named Laughter,  
And so proclaimed a dancing God  
into the ages.

Ralph Milton has written a number of books, all of them available through Wood Lake Publishing. [Click here to see them all.](#)