

A Poem for Two Voices: Sunday School at St. James & Ntarama
 by Ellen Carmody

Voice One	Together	Voice Two
The sun shines into my room and my mom makes me get up and put on my "church clothes."		It's dark. My mother wakes me up and we move quickly through the night.
	We are going to Sunday school.	
The doors to the church are open wide - people are laughing and hugging as they greet each other.		The church is packed - people everywhere speaking in hushed tones. Families cling to one another.
	We are going to Sunday school.	
I hug my mom and tell her I will see her later.		I hang tightly to my mother - she tells me I have to leave her.
	We are going to Sunday school.	
My teacher greets me at the door and I join the other children in our classroom.		I don't see my teacher anywhere. Grownups push me toward our classroom — it is packed with all the children from the village.
	We are going to Sunday school.	
I hear stories from the bible. I can hear the choir singing from the church.		We huddle together and I pray quietly. I can hear yelling and screams from the church.
	I join hands with the other children and we say the "Our Father."	
It's over. I run out of the classroom and play with my friends on the steps of the church.		It's over. The doors of our classroom collapse inward. We try to run - but there is no where to go.
	We have left Sunday school.	