



MISHPACHAH II

Lessons From Our Sisters

SARAH

Conversation Pieces

Meredith

The Sounds of Sisterly Silence

Thirty ago, at a bar mitzvah, I turned to the woman sitting next to me and introduced myself. She did likewise. I asked her relationship to the bar mitzvah family and she said she was the bar mitzvah boy's aunt – his mother was her sister. I asked, "*Why aren't you sitting with the family?*" She responded rather matter-of-factly, "We haven't spoken in 15 years."

At that time I was completely bewildered. Who doesn't speak to a sibling for 15 years?

Now, many years later – my oldest sister and I have not spoken in nearly 20 years. She survived breast cancer, and I never wrote or called. Why? I still ask myself that question. When finally I did write her a few years later, I never heard a word in response.

I am still bewildered. Only now, I am also incredibly sad. And as I write this, I feel the tears welling up in my eyes.

At what point does the point become pointless?