...It was not so long ago that I stood in the darkness on that street in Focsani, Romania, waiting for someone to bring light to allay my fears and isolation. I still vividly remember the sense of community that was spontaneously created that night as we practiced an ancient ritual embedded with multiple meanings both obvious and profound. In fact, the candle I held was too small- the flame far too small- to truly light my way home in that dark night. I did not share the faith of the believers. But the feeling of walking next to Iulia and watching all the others flickering groups of lights pattern their way homeward through the dark street was powerful enough to transform aloneness into a shared sense of human belonging.

These rituals, these observances, these stories, these performances that follow- these, too, are lights in the darkness.

Roberta Levitow
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