

Reflection by Jenny Robinson

Coming in from the storm

Women arrived, slowly then more quickly. Many arrived close to the start time.

Hiatus. Responding to the lived experience of the hailstorm.

Shocked. Unable to move from the table.

Preoccupied with the trashed and shredded trees.

Overwhelmed. Car parks full of cars, all scared by hail.

Glass shattered; body work pummelled. Yet, responding in denial, disbelief.

A late start. Polite listening. Sensing gradual grounding. Deeper listening.

Then it happened. The Chorus of Women sang *Dear Earth*.

Participants were transcended to that place, far from where they were minutes before.

Now connected to the ground, to the chorus women and to each other, they were ready.

Dear Earth

(Words and music by Johanna McBride, Verse 2 words Gill Christie)

Dear Earth, living Earth, will you be our home?

We need to-protect you, reconnect with you,

Deep in our bones. You are our home!

Dear Earth, living Earth, will you be our home?

We need to-protect you, reconnect with you,

Deep in our bones. You are our home!

Precious life, Fragile lives all with-in the web.

Deep in our souls. We are one whole.