



GRANDMOTHERS SPEAK



Connecting Hearts ... Inspiring Minds



WEEKLY REVOLUTIONARY
JOURNAL SENTINEL

SEE NO
STRANGER

SEE NO STRANGER

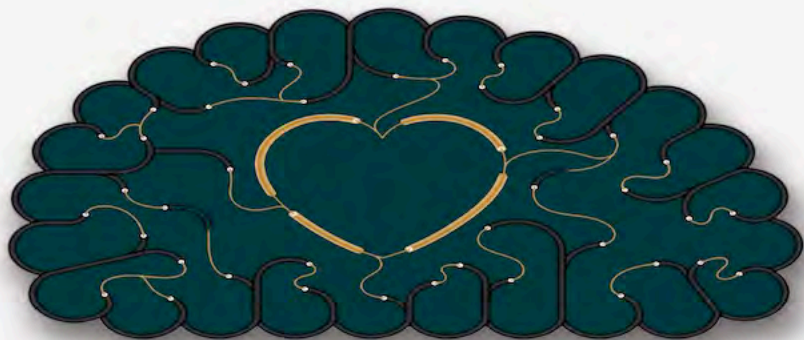
TIME TO REJECT
HIERARCHIES
OF HUMAN
VALUE

A MEMOIR AND
MANIFESTO OF
REVOLUTIONARY LOVE



VALARIE KAUR

"Revolutionary Love is the call of our times. It is to look upon the face of anyone and say:
You are a part of me I do not yet know."



Mind & Heart **Connect**

The Gardener

Mary Oliver

Have I lived enough?
Have I loved enough?
Have I considered Right Action enough,
 have I come to any conclusion?
Have I experienced happiness with
 sufficient gratitude?
Have I endured loneliness with grace?

I say this, or perhaps I'm just thinking it.
 Actually, I probably think too much.

Then I step out into the garden,
where the gardener, who is said to be a simple
man, is tending his children, the roses.



“When we do things in groups, the rush of “we’re-all-in-this-together”, elation allows us to resist difficulties, including pain.

There is power in numbers, and this explains why we feel something extraordinarily akin to magic in groups working for a common purpose. It happens like that because we move outside of our own individuality and into the space of the Bond.

Lynn McTaggart “The Bond,”



“The press of my foot
to the earth
springs a hundred
affections.”

Walt Whitman

PeerSpirit Circling and Group Bonding



Instead of a Halloween party on All Hallows Eve, eight of us circled around an outdoor fire to discuss

death ... quite appropriate we thought for Halloween.

The focus question **"What experience have you had with death?"** brought surprising answers and insights for all of us. A new bonding was created in our community.

Allegra Ahlquist



Domicile II is topped by a seven-foot wide, five-foot high crystal skylight under which I lie watching Orion chase the Pleiades nightly.

What a gift to open up the love life between the night sky and myself after a life time of ceilings. You can see I'm hunkering down for the curious new times. Sunlight reflects off the big crystal pyramid and lamplight shines out at night. Allegra calls the dome shelter a light house.

I say, "Yes, and I am waiting for the shoreline to arrive." My garden has gone west and blooms profusely six months of the year. I pinch myself. Is this really true? Every day is Saturday. The air is like champagne. I sleep looking at the stars. Folks come and we meditate, we dance, we drum, we sing, we pray. I have found my sacred spot. I inhabit it. And that is all.



As a child once asked, "God, how come you give me this?" Listening to my vision led me here, so risk wasn't an issue

Fun in finding form got those buildings up plus the over-arching power that brought those workers here.

"Go for your bliss," said Joseph Campbell and I did.

"Feed yourself on joy," said the Buddha and I do.

"Jump up and live," says the Mayan Jaguar Priest.

"What else ... You betcha !!!" I say.



“Harvest
the meaning of life and
pass it
down to
the next generation
through stories.”

Joan Borysenko

One Earth, One Chance.

“I do not despair.
The wings of the vulture
still circle above me,
as the ghost of
Emily Dickinson
whispers in my ear.
“Hope
is the thing with
feathers in its soul.”



Connie Spitzer

A few days ago, I moderated this incredible panel in New York on why we should care about Brazil. There were beautiful people on this panel – Caetano Veloso and Glen Greenwald and Petra Costa, who's made a beautiful film called Edge of Democracy that everybody should watch. There was a woman named Celia Xakriaba, who's from the Xakriaba tribe. She's one of the leading Indigenous women fighting to protect Indigenous People and the Amazon. She wrote me this week, and she said,

“When we marched on the Capitol, we didn't have guns. We didn't have anything that the opposition had. What we had was our singing. Our singing was so strong that we went into the Congress, and they couldn't stop us.”



And I just feel ... we have a power in us
I'm going to say this as women
that we haven't even begun to tap into.
We have a power in us that we don't even
recognize yet, I'm promising you.

Between the years of rapes, the years of burnings, the years of undoings, the years of oppression, our power has been pushed down and pushed down. But it is beginning to emerge. When this power emerges, it is so much more powerful than violence. It is so much more powerful than guns. I promise you, when this power emerges, we won't even recognize this world as we know it. Our goal now is to unlock the obstacles that are preventing that power to come through in each and every one of us. We have to be bold now.

They danced and sang their way into Congress. I have seen this all over the world with One Billion Rising: women dancing their ways into situations they never dreamed they could get into, because our power is in our bodies. It's in our bodies. And when we untap, untangle, uncap all those things that have been put like stones, like boulders, like meanness on top of ourselves, I promise you, we will know where we're going. We will know the way, and we will know how to get there. So the work is to get your bodies free.



"We give away, we help, offer and hold.

We create a safe container for the family of life.

The family is safe and secure because we are here,
because we hold and support all.

This particular quality of the one called Grandmother
is something everyone understands ...

Grandmothers promote what is good in life ...

We hold all fathers, mothers and
children of the family of life.

These are our daughters, our sons, our grandchildren!

We desire the highest good for all.

This quality of selfless giving is
what is now needed on Earth.

This is why the Great Council of Grandmothers
has come ... We are an easy form of the Divine
for people to access. We are comforting and
welcoming; we are a nurturing presence."

Sharon McErlane

"Message of the Spirit Grandmothers

I do believe that **revolutionary love** is the call of our times, that the only way that we are going to confront the racism and patriarchy and white supremacy and capitalism and greed and hate and the white nativist forces that are rising in America, and the supremacist movements that are rising around the world, is if we show up to the labor. The only way we will be able to show up to the labor and last is if we show up with **love through love. Love for others, love for ourselves, and love even for our opponents, which is the refusal to dehumanize them.** I believe that the only way we can practice love is in communities and pockets, and when we do that, we experience what we've been experiencing here. We experience the world that we want. We feel it in our bodies. I have felt it in my body, this sense of community and transparency and bravery.

That's the world that we're birthing.
We get glimpses of it when
we create pockets of it large enough for us
to inhabit and occupy it together.

Valarie Kaur

PROGRAM

Grandmother's Song (Terry)

Welcoming

Poetry Reading

Inviting the Directions

Opening of the Bundle

Ancestors Song

Names and Hearts into the Circle

Small Circles assignments

LUNCH

The wandering soul song

Small Circles

Closing Circle

In the House of our Ancestors ...

May the Circle Be Open Song

GRANDMOTHERS SONG (Alabama Terry)

Grandmother Grandmother
of the Ancient Stones
Grandmother Grandmother
Carried in my Bones
Grandmother Grandmother
Ancient Wise and True
Grandmother Grandmother
We Honor You
Grandmother Grandmother
Kiss away my tears
Grandmother Grandmother
Help me with my fears

ANCESTORS SONG

HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY ANGULA (X2)
HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY ANGULA (X2)
HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY ANGULA (X2)
ANGULA ... ANGULA

Dhyani Ywahoo

I feel blessed that plants brought me to the Mother,
that plants brought me to the vine,
that plants taught me who my real mother is.

I know who my mother is now.

We all have a mother.

And she is sacred, and she is generous,
and she is patient, and she is
merciful.



I think the Mother made us.

We're her creations.

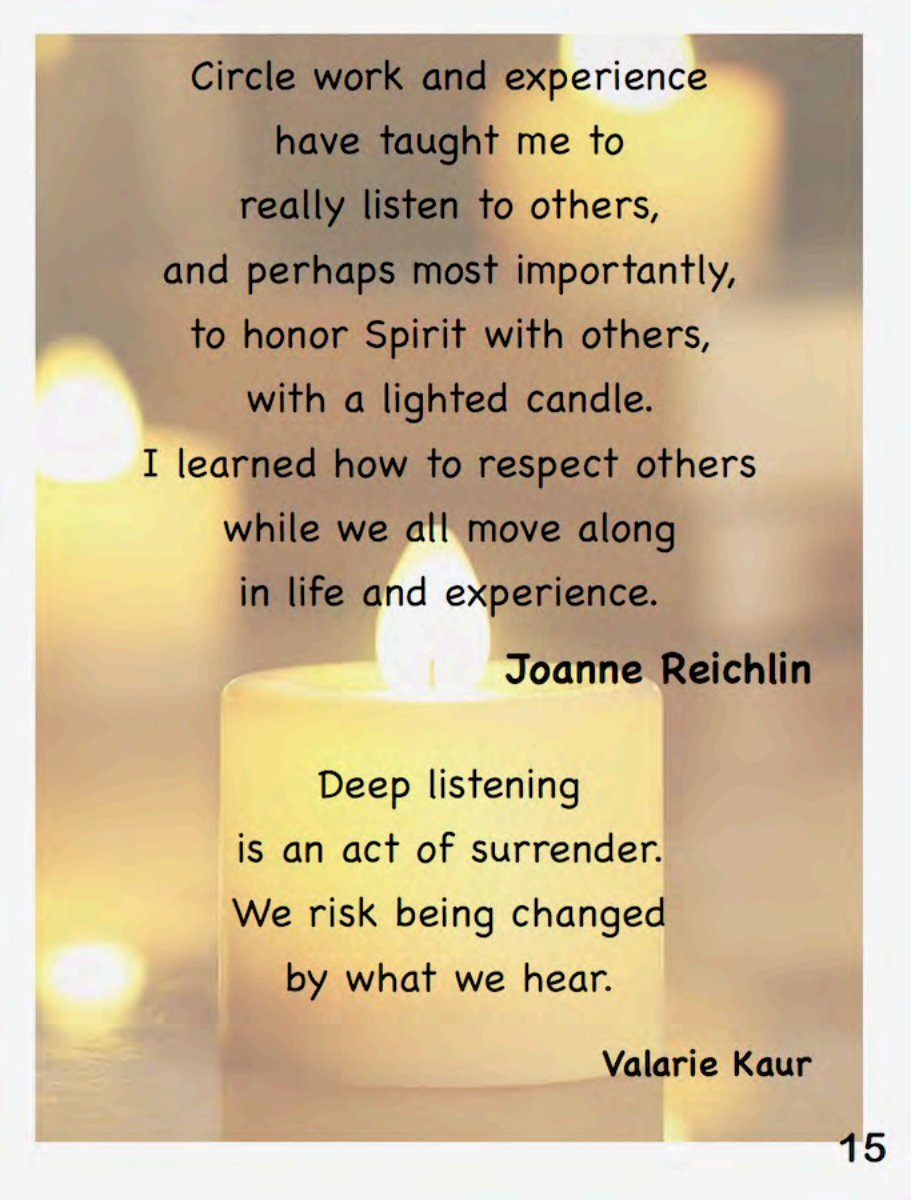
Why would she want us
destroyed if she created us? She
wants us to change.

She wants us to be the children
she wanted us to be.

That's what she's calling us to do.

She's an old, divine, loving entity
that created all of this.

And it's our job to cherish her,
to protect her with our lives,
to go the distance so that we get to all be here
In a new time, in a new world,
in a new transformation.



Circle work and experience
have taught me to
really listen to others,
and perhaps most importantly,
to honor Spirit with others,
with a lighted candle.

I learned how to respect others
while we all move along
in life and experience.

Joanne Reichlin

Deep listening
is an act of surrender.
We risk being changed
by what we hear.

Valarie Kaur

The other night
I was with my dear
friend Pat Mitchell,
whose book “Becoming
a Dangerous Woman”
just came out.
We were talking about
what it means to be
dangerous.



Being dangerous right now is loving.

That is really the most dangerous
thing we can do.

And by that, I mean really loving,
really giving to people, really seeing people,
really experiencing everyone around you
and tuning in to their suffering
or their needs or their trauma or their feelings.

Being loving, to me,
is really about not hoarding.

V (Eve Ensler)

“Love is more than a rush of feeling.

Love is sweet labor.

It is fierce. It is bloody.

It is imperfect. It is
demanding.

It is life-giving.

And it is a choice that
we make
over and over, and
over again.

It's not just one

feeling, it's all the feelings.

Joy is the gift of love.

Grief is the price of love.

Anger is the force
that protects that which is loved.

We need to move through all of these
emotions in the labor.”



Nina Simons

One should, when overwhelmed
by the shadow of a giant,
move aside and see
if the colossal shadow
isn't merely that
of a **child** blocking the sun.



Novalis

What if the point is to invite these others into your movement: to bring trees, wind, grass, dragonflies into your family and in so doing abandon any attempt to control them?

What if the point all along has been to get along, to relate and experience things on their own terms?

What if the point is to feel joy when joyous, love when loving, anger when angry, thoughtful when full of thought?

What if the point from the beginning has been to simply ... Be?"

Derrick Jensen

"A Language Older Than Words"

“Smile, breathe
& go slowly”

Thich Nhat Hanh



@BellectandRespond ©

Peace begins
with your
lovely smile





WOMEN, WE ~ ~ ~



Wisdom keepers of the seven directions,
collectors of sacred herbs
and fragrant singing stories,
with grace like dancing waters,



shining, shining,
dusting off the stars
so they won't go out.

Pamala Ballingham

I play with flowers and their fragrance
clings to my clothes

I scoop out water and
the moon is in my hands

MASTER KIDO



Aboriginal Morning Greeting

Hello Divine Oneness.
We stand here within you.
We thank you for this day.
We thank you for each other.
I thank you for me.
We dedicate our day
to the honor and purpose of Oneness.
We ask that everything we need
be provided for
We ask that everything we do today,
say today, hear today be only in the
highest good for all concerned,
and in the highest good
for all of life
everywhere throughout

THE WANDERING SOUL

Love is the answer ... Love is the way

Love is in knowing

what to do and what to say

Love is the reason ... Love is the why

Love is in heaven

right here on earth and peace inside ...

Inside my heart ... *inside my heart*

deep in my soul ... *deep in my soul*

within each part and in the whole ...

(3X)

MAY THE CIRCLE BE OPEN SONG

May the Circle be open, but unbroken.

May the love of the Goddess

be ever in your heart.

Merry meet and merry part,

And merry meet again.

There are days when I wonder how I can get up in the morning. And you must feel that too. In those days, I'm aware of the limits of my own imagination. But what I have learned is that imaginations shared create collaboration, and in collaboration we find community, and in community anything is possible. That's how I go



on. it's not about the individual, it's about the community, both human and wild. Most of my life I'm feral. And when I can't contain myself, I howl. To me, joy is a sibling of grief.

And it is parented by love.

Terry Tempest Williams

Thank you for your presence and love ...
Until we meet again
October 27th, 2024

Grandmothers B. Campbell, Cindy Leech, Deb Scott,
Joanne Weiner & Margarita Acosta



In the House of Our
Ancestors

There I Wander

In the House of
Beauty

There I Wander

In the House of
Happiness

There I Wander

In the House of
Long Life

There I Wander

Beauty Before Me
With it I Wander

Beauty Behind Me
With it I Wander

Beauty Below Me
With it I Wander

Beauty Above Me
With it I Wander

Beauty All Around Me
With it I Wander

In Old Age Walking
With it I Wander

I am on the Beauty
Path With it I
Wander

In Life or in Death
Beauty shall not be
separated from me

In the House of my
Ancestors

There I Wander...

Hozho Nahatztlîi̱ (4X)

In Beauty it is
finished ... (4X)