

A colony of bats! Indeed!

Who am I without you? I come here to go beyond what I can be without reflection. You are my sounding board. Without you, there is no music, no band, no primal orchestra of thought.

Tensions are the strings that spirit strums to make our vessels into instruments of peace. Striding towards peace, in formation, in harmony, in sync, we lay aside the chatter of what doesn't fit with the melody.

The sound returning to our ears, to our hearts tells us where we are in the world and points the way.



A colony of flying foxes Yarra River, Melbourne Australia. Photo by Geoff Brooks on Unsplash