



“Kindred Spirits...”

Come sit with us, dear one, spirit of our kin. Guardian of the forest.
Take a deep breath in, open your heart and feel our connection.

While amongst ourselves there is no need for spoken words.
The energy of our hearts, our soul, will tell our story.

We know us, we know you.

The world, in time, will catch up.
Till then, keep finding us.
Sing your song. Share your gifts.
Lead by example.

Listen to the trees. Feel their hum. Move with their heaving branches.
And while we mimic their song as a baseline for yours, it is time for you to raise your voice.
Share your hymn.

For here amongst the trees you are save. Free, to express all of you.
And us your kindred, will help you to stay focussed. Vocalize.

We are messengers of change, here to help remind you that one day the songs of all
individuals will unite. Bringing forth a wonderful fibrational cacophony of sounds.
Weaving a new song.

An old song.
A song from the ancient forests.

The song of True Earth...