

A bonfire of driftwood on a beach at dusk. The fire is bright orange and yellow, with a purple and blue sky above. The beach is dark and sandy.

ABORIGINAL CONTEMPLATION

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We stand/sit in footprints
millennia old, we acknowledge
their forever presences written in
this landscape by our creator
spirit.



Be Still, sit with yourself be in the moment



- Our ancestor's are with us always, their courage and resilience they gifted us without even knowing: but we know it is there it is deep in our souls mixed with our spirit and it is what drives us it connects us it embraces our spirit and keeps us strong.

We spend so much time talking with other people and talking to ourselves in our heads.

But we rarely slow down and share silence with other people



We can feel the spirits around us they strengthen us they hold us they are all around us.



**They are in the spirit of the Land, in
the sunbeams that filter the rain
drops that bring us life refreshment,
cleansing, cool relief, they are in the
air, on our breath, we smell them in
the bite of the morning fresh air as it
fills our lungs,**

We learn the oneness of being at ease without words, just being together.



**In the afternoon breeze as it
carries the scent of the ferns
grasses, gum leaves and wild
flowers and the warmth of the
wind warms our bones deep
inside us.**

Feel the stillness, connect with God



The Bush envelopes me, it welcomes me home.



Feel God's Beauty all around us



If you sit quietly, feel your own breathing, be aware of your natural surroundings, you may hear the spirits of my ancestors.



**Our Ancestors live in the here and now and the beyond,
they are all around us, sit still can you feel them ?**



Their Spirits reside in the imagination of this Land.



They are part of this Land they are from this Land



They are in the Rocks, the waterholes and the Wind.



I can hear the birds singing far off talking to each other, the sounds of the bush surround me



I sit in silence, to feel them to be part of them



Their dusty plains make me thirst for more make me
thirst for you.



I can hear the breeze gently caressing my body my heart and my soul.



The water that is life giving brings hope for a fresh new day.



The rain drops filter through the air with ease and grace as it renews, refreshes and replenishes and rejuvenating everything.



The sun shines again it brings forth new life, fresh air
& the smell of gum leaves, wet ferns and bark.



And a new day dawns with Hope Love and Faith.



Remember my people are in this landscape
we are part of it and it is part of us.



This land helps to tell our Story & our connections,
we hold today, for our descendants in the future.

