

Dreaming

Prophetic dream

I meet my great grandmother in the bush. She is smiling with a warmth that makes me cry - happy tears. She touches my face - ever so, gently- and she looks deeply into my blue eyes. I hang my head in shame. She tenderly lifts up my chin- ever so slightly- and she places her arms around me. I know I am home.

I sob for what seems like hours. I feel profound grief, deep love and joy all at the same time. We stand like this for a long time. I can hear little fairy wrens and there are tiny insects scurrying on the ground. A storm is brewing. The air is heavy and thick.

We walk and she talks. I listen. I do not speak. She tells me that she is the daughter of an indigenous woman from the Kamilaroi nation that lived around the Namoi River country. Her father was a European overseer on a property. She told me that her mother's people were massacred or they died of disease and violence including rape and murder. They were 15,000 and that number diminished to 1,000 over the 54 years following colonisation.

She told that her own son, father to my mother, completely abandoned his wife and his four little children - the eldest of whom was my mother. She said, "There is just so much pain and loss that was passed forward. I know you live with that wounding".

The storm is coming and we are now at a shelter. Her gaze holds mine and she beckons, "Come inside and sit child," She said,

"You are a healer! You have known that since you arrived on the planet. You have witnessed process since you were tiny. You have nurtured. You have protected. You have written and you have spoken. You are courageous. You are knowledgeable. You are wise. I have been watching you and I know you have been looking for me. I am here.

It is now time for you to spread your eagle wings fully. You are loved and held by me and all of our peoples - past, present and future.

Speak, speak and then speak some more my darling one!"

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