

Florida Impressions

We were all treated with such respect at the FNCC! Like Buddhas! Of course, the release of human capabilities and depth that such a pervasive atmosphere of deep respect engendered is really impossible to catalog or describe. Gratitude for everything lay soft in the evening air. Some of us untangled old stories, old hurts. I quit smoking cigarettes — YES! And I actually wrote a poem....

*I will lift these heavy stones,
I will study
their weighted shadows for clues,
I will find new treasures
of joy in the ancient mud
beneath my naked feet,
and fling it to the heavens
where its sun-struck
dust will sing
like trillions of
dancing stars.*

— *Marsha Erickson, Waimea, Hawaii*