**7 Women 7 Stories: Who Do You Think You Are?**

**Woman 3**

The promise of holidays is that we *get away* and can’t *be got*. A period when our daily existence is exchanged for new patterns and we get a chance to refresh and renew ourselves. But now, tragically, no matter how far we travel, an end has arrived to the possibility of actually escaping. Phones, cell phones and Internet constantly interrupt the promise of *getting away* and not being able to *be got.* We are constantly being called back into our daily existence, with all its responsibilities, expectations and habits of living and most importantly we called back to our habitual ways of thinking.

So…

How do we come back to ourselves?

How do we remember who we are?

How can we peel away the veneer, the dross, the accumulation of habitual thinking and ways of being in the world and reconnect again with wisdom, and reconnect being a human being rather than a human doing and living in nature in harmony.

The first holidays were the Holy Days of religious pilgrimage,

a time marked by ceremony when we immersed ourselves in a different /other way of being and seeing and returned to our everyday lives with a refreshed and changed perception. A chance to recalibrate, an invitation to peel away the veneer, the dross, the accumulation of habitual thinking and ways of being in the world.

The first part; an egg is found in the ashes

I knew I needed something

But did not know what is was

I did not know what form it might take

But I knew I needed something

I needed a break,

A chance to heal.

I needed to recover from the ashes of a marriage.

I needed to find an ember in the fire of my work.

I needed a light to see who I now was,

and who I might become.

I knew I needed something

But did not know what it was.

I knew what it wasn’t.

It wasn’t a holiday.

And in that drear darkness looking for a spark

to rekindle my life and tell of days worth living

I had an invitation

For something rare and strange.

The second part; sitting on the egg

Seven by seven by seven

a holy number.

Not knowing what to expect.

We were present for each other and the circle.

There was listening and telling

and kindness and laughter.

Sharing joys and sorrows

we bound together more deeply.

We traced on our map

Of where we had trod

and how we had come to be here

and knew there was more to our stories.

We made an intention

to give ourselves time

To find who we once were

And now can be.

The third part; the egg starts to hatch

Setting out, not knowing.

Not knowing what to look for.

Not knowing if I would find it.

Not knowing, simply being present.

And finding that life is very good,

when I take the time to turn up.

When I take the time to attend

all manner of wonders appear.

And so it was,

Sharing friendship

I shared new journeys

and marveled over what might be.

**H.G.**