

# CIRCLE OF GRANDMOTHERS

Volume 4

Number 1

February 1997

## Beloved Christ, Come

From Dragoon, Arizona

by Sister Virginia Mary Barta

It was a Sunday morning, July 7, 1998 in Dragoon, Arizona. My friends Shirley Tassencourt and Allegra Alquist gathered with me in Shekinah for our usual meditation. Sarah, a newcomer, joined us this day.

Our prayer this particular day included a new chant, "Beloved Christ, Come Son of God, Mercy." The chant continued for several moments as we prayed before our meditation: Beloved Christ, Come Son of God, Mercy. . . . We finished the chant and began our silent meditation.

Suddenly in the silence we heard a voice repeating the words, "Buenas Dias, Buenas Dias, Buenas Dias." I opened the door and we saw a man standing at the gate of our yard. We thought that perhaps he was someone who had entered the country illegally, an undocumented brother, since we are

quite close to the border. I said to my friends, "The Christ has come!" I felt so sure of this in my whole self. We had prayed for his coming and he came!

Three other men stood to the side as the caller explained their plight in Spanish. It was indeed a blessing to have Sarah there as she not only could

translate well but knew the chaotic political and economic scene in Mexico. She knew of the desperation that leads so many people to try to cross the border undetected.

This man and his friends had come over the border at Douglas, Arizona, with a Coyote. A Coyote is a person whom people pay to get them across the border safely. The Coyote had car trouble in the desert of Arizona and left the man and his companions waiting in the desert. They had waited eight hours for the Coyote's return.

When he failed to come back to get them they started to walk. They walked for two days and two nights through the desert and they were tired, wet from the July monsoon rains, and very hungry. "Could you please give us something to eat?" they asked.

I knew in my heart that this was the Christ come to reveal mercy to us. Fear vanished and there was no choice but to respond. I invited them to have breakfast. As they sat down at the kitchen table the spokesman hesitantly explained through the translator that there were thirty-two others in their group waiting not far away near the railroad tracks. What choice did we have? All these Christs had found our Franciscan

—Beloved

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## From Kit in Phoenix

Thank you all for your wonderful contributions! As the mails arrived with more and more material I found myself smiling broadly. This networking WORKS! Amazing! I am including all of I could, the rest will be added to future editions.

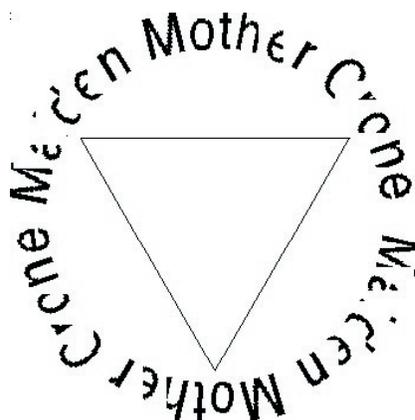
A few words about what might be helpful for me. Thus far I have not edited anyone's work. I'm not comfortable with chopping away at your valuable "stuff". However, son John, who thus far does the layout, formatting this into PageMaker, says, in a strained voice, "Mom, this is getting very long!" And so I am requesting that if possible you do your own editing, or keep your material around 500 words, or both. There will, of course, be many exceptions. And that's fine too.

Also, I have a new little lap top computer that is absolutely magical. It is a Mac. But it will take a disc from any PC or from any program and translate it into something that can go into our Macintosh and come out a Grandmother

Newsletter. Can you believe it. SO, IF you have a computer. And IF you have a disc. I would really appreciate it if you

—From Kit

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When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

# Poet's Corner

## The Transmission of Wisdom

May these good things go with you on your trip:  
May you be filled with all you need to know  
May stars of insight light your silver path  
May words of truth flow from you as you speak  
May inspiration touch your every move  
May seeds of wisdom scatter where you walk  
May you achieve what needs to be achieved  
With joy and peace, and impact for the earth.

And may you ride the New Wave  
As it crosses to the New World  
Swelling, swelling, till it reach the New Age  
And then breaking, bursting, scattering, showering,  
Tiny crystal-seeds of wisdom  
Broadcast to the furthest reaches  
Of the Earth, to all her peoples  
Testing the imagination of each person's chosen mind  
Germinating, taking root in every fertile soil they find  
To grow and thrive and multiply  
To fill the Earth and pacify  
To feed the Spirit need  
Replace the fear, replace the greed,  
Till finally, at last, at last,  
We'll know that strife is in the past  
With tears of joy, with vast relief  
Our wisdom will replace our grief.

And when the babies say to us  
"Great-granny, what was all the fuss?  
What was Starving, what was War?  
What was Hate, *what were they for?*"  
We can turn to hold their hand  
Glad they couldn't understand,  
"Just a nightmare, just a dream,  
Gone, as if it's never been."

Once you've seen the vision clearly  
*Work and work to make it REALLY.*

Written by Pat Bushnell for Cara Wallace-Hay for Wisdom  
Workshops and her attendance at the Grandmothers' Gather-  
ing: Oracle, Arizona; October 1996.

## Tree Roots

The Roots of a Tree tell it's Full History. . .the true Story of  
how it survived.  
From what seed it came forth, How long it did grow  
From the script of my words, my story you could know.  
Our stories of Life. . .can continue to share the very  
Reasons that we were once Here!  
Why else have we "stories" and evident "Roots" that  
Stay on when life disappears?  
The seed of a Human and seed of a Tree are the  
Wonderous "gifts" beyond measure.  
Both seeds contain "Life" and the Marvelous Dream  
that "One Paradise Earth" is the Treasure!  
A Treasure so "Real" that no one should steal  
the Life of the "seeds" that deserve All!  
To have Life and "Save it", To share Life Together. . .  
To grow and Produce All Life "Global".  
Did a Tree ever Ponder its Purpose for "Being"  
Or choose the exact Place to Thrive in?  
Could a seed choose it's Place, Pay a Price for the  
Space, To Live, grow, Produce and to Die in?  
No! A Tree and a Human were not so "Created"  
To share in the same kind of choices.  
The Tree was so made, to Produce it's own shade. . .  
But not to write words from our voices.  
The Roots tell the story of each Tree's own Glory. . .  
And our writings tell stories for Us!  
What we do with our Living and share with our giving  
Will Bring Glory to our "Maker" of Dust!

G.P, BAUDERER © 1996 ("GRAMMA PAT")

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When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

## Poet's Corner Cont.

### GRANDMOTHER COUNCIL

We are changing the pattern  
we are healing the earth  
we are shifting the focus  
to weave a rebirth.

For we are Grandmothers  
matrons of old  
who gather communities  
around wisdom long told.

We have found our vision  
through joy and through pain  
appreciating each moment  
as a challenge and gain.

We have come to peace  
within our own hearts  
for we know from experience  
where the healing starts.

There are no limits  
to the work we can do  
when we follow inner guidance  
and bridge me and you.

In council we meet  
and in council we grow  
to more knowing and strength  
so that our light can glow.

A blessing for the young  
we wish to be  
a guidance and helper  
to set the spirit free.

**Gaia Reblitz**

## From England

by Cara Hay

Skipping along Stone Circles, dancing around the Merry Maidens and galloping up and down the Granite Tors of ancient hills and sacred sites were not on my itinerary for 1996.

In my work with the Post Traumatic Stress Disorder Association (Stresscare) I was asked to get a member's group together to support a Pilgrimage to Lourdes and to go along myself. I managed to get the funding required for a group of five of our members to go, my making up the sixth place. Somehow as the date crept nearer the idea of disabled servicemen romping around the French hillsides and particularly the French Vineyards in search of their Holy Grail became increasingly daunting!

I was tired and coming to the end of a long year of working hard with disabled students' projects, the ever increasing demands of the Charity and an emotionally heavy load of family dramas had taken their toll. I was sifting through a few papers on my desk and lighted on an itinerary for a Pilgrimage of a different sort - I noticed the name of an old friend of my mothers' at the bottom of the page with her telephone number. My mother died earlier in the year and somehow the name of "Grandmothers" caught my eye.

Why not? Just a telephone call away - so I lifted the telephone and there my journey began! It was to be a journey of discovery and joy, full of surprises and gifts of laughter and of tears! The wonderful itinerary itself was a cocktail of Spiritual adventure - especially for me. I had spent many years abroad and somehow had never got round to traveling along my birthright of Sacred Sites and mystical ancient trails of Celtic Heritage. From Cornwall to Iona - sheer magic. The unlikely group of Grandmothers congregated at Caer - a lovely overgrown old house with ivy and creepers lending a gift of green magic to the silhouette of old stone and woodland setting. The little Cornish fishing harbour and headlands providing early morning swimming and walking for the energetic amongst us as well as a breathtaking start to the mornings.

We progressed along the Pilgrims'

trail of ancient times - along the Michael and Mary Lay lines as these two massive energies twisted and twined around the Serpent trail of medieval England, meeting at stone circles sites, marked by St. Michael and Mary Churches along the way to Glastonbury with its peaceful Chalice Well and ancient Abbey, past the great Stonehenge's and the figure eight of Avebury and on to London.

Here was something different - the Goddess Diana and ancient London to be discovered. The full flight of golden angels from Piccadilly to the Mall; the guardian lions of Hyde Park; the Charioteers of Marble Arch with Rule Britannia herself surrounded by Diana outside St. Paul's. Discoveries of little doe eyed black Madonna's along the way to the Black Madonna in Southwark Cathedral right in the middle of the heavy traffic and London Dickens City life; the ancient crypt of St. Brides with its' Roman vault, a forgotten Church near Fleet Street, were among the secret discoveries of this special group of women, the Grandmothers. Add the splendour of the British Museum, a treasure trove in the truest sense of the word, and on to tea in Convent Garden. The tour of the new Globe theatre, Shakespeare's very own, built of heart of oak and thatched with Norfolk reeds all added colour, interest and dimension beautifully portrayed for us by Shauna Crockett Burrows of Planetary Connections. A visit to Batteridge

— From England  
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*When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.*

### From England

Continued from page 3

Community Centre brought us down to earth with a thump and this worthwhile project for the homeless between St. Pancras and Kingscross Stations built on the site of the battle between Queen Boadicea and the Roman's made even more meaningful the magic linking of old and new.

Undaunted by intrepid traveling times with late meals, long tiring rides on buses, trains and boats, the Grandmothers had found a special bonding of friendship and camaraderie. Through weathers of differing glories, the golden skies of Cornwall blending in with the darkening storms over Salisbury Plain, the magical rainbows along Loch Lomond across the Islands of Scotland to the most ancient of the Holy Isles, Iona. The growth and friendships made along the way blossomed on the tiny island. The Spiritual focus for the group lay along the way and angels would have smiled upon the circle of dancing laughing women as they twirled and moved around the stone circles they created on the beach. A seal popped up and showed his approval disappearing into the dark waters - after all it must be just an every day glimpse of humans over the centuries joining together in worship of these ancient land and nothing strange for the embryonic memories of stones and sites enjoying the rituals continuing over thousands of years.

For me there was a growing sense of anticipation, a new beginning rather than an ending. I learned that illness had prevented Detta Lange's dear friend Mary Diamond, a member of the original planning group of the Pilgrimage, from realizing her dream. I also learned that there was to be a Gathering of Grandmothers in Arizona. I was just sitting on the island ship, mulling thoughts around in my mind. America! It had been a long time since the Sixties of my youthful experiences in the States. On Iona I had successfully organized a workshop group with the sixteen grandmothers and somehow did not want this to be the end. Half an hour

later the plans were made - I could take the Pilgrimage, or at least the essence of it by way of photograph and account to the Gathering and perhaps a link would be forged across the Atlantic. Dream on! I did! With the support of the group it was possible to get a collection of poetry and photographs, some overheads and notes in the short time available for making preparations for my trip.

This was to be the magic icing on the cake! The amazing group of American women far exceeded my expectations in sheer exuberance, welcome and joy. Oracle was indeed the fountain of wisdom. Here I met and talked with women of such strength and of exceptional characters, so gifted and talented, full of vitality and energy. Along the way my personal journey was taking me to places of special spiritual significance. I stayed at the ancient Peace Valley site of the Thatched Roof people of the Native American nation and set off riding into the hills and beautiful wooded rivers and valleys of Arkansas. I was able to do a mini safari guided by a Grandmother member with especial knowledge and a reverence for the beauty of the desert of Saguaro.

I was to discover such traditional Native American ritual hitherto unknown and becoming increasingly meaningful to me. At the Grandmothers' Gathering the ceremony of the full moon with harpists and drums drawing a great circle of women together in ancient ritual was somehow strangely reminiscent of the stone circle worship of Celtic England. The "Give-Away" ceremony not unlike our "Give-away" trees in Cornwall. It all drifted together in one golden cloud of memory bejeweled with new precious friendships along the way

There remained one other surprise gift to me. A visit to Mary Diamond at Cielo en Tierra in the real Wild West. I was delighted to be invited to stay with Maya Levy in Mary's straw bale house. She was surely the most talented jewelry designer, author and playwright and with her vibrant Louisiana humour and her soft Southern drawl which was music to my ears. An exciting lunch

trip to Mexico and nearly best of all on my week-end with Mary, a Saturday evening out to Tombstone City! I did not dream that I would end up dancing the night away with a cowboy, staying in a straw bale house, and discovering a special childhood magical moment in a real live Teepee. I always played the Indian and had never expected to meet the Cowboys, let alone the wild West Grandmothers!

With love and very special thanks to all of you who have coloured my world with great joy!

Love, CARA

### From Kit

Continued from page 1

send me the disc rather than the hard copy. That way I can save myself quite a bit of typing time. I'll send the disc back for the next time. Again, only if this works for you. I still love knowing you by typing your stories.

It has continued nippy here in Phoenix. **Vivien Mayer** came by last weekend and we talked gardens and Newsletter. **Barry Ryan** drove up from Tucson yesterday, and we spent time reading poetry and sharing a meal at a Thai restaurant. **Nancy Masland** and I shared a room and a week at a writers retreat that launched us both on exciting writing projects. (The workshop was called *The Self as the Source of Story*. The facilitator was a woman named **Christina Baldwin**. If you want to write and you ever have a bit of time and money to invest in a good launching pad - I strongly recommend the workshop.)

My thanks to John for his patient work with this newsletter and to **Lou Dale** who has been doing the mailing.

Remember my address. **The deadline for submitting material for the next issue is March 31, 1997.**

Kit Wilson  
3907 E. Campbell Ave.  
Phoenix, Arizona 85018

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When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

## From Judy O'Leary

Greetings Grandmothers,

At this date, we know that the October full moon is on Wednesday the 15th in 1997, and that Monday October 11th is Columbus Day and could be a Holiday for some of our employed. Mary Diamond's vision was for the full moon in October and we will always honor that vision. The Gathering will happen that week but the place, final times, and agenda are all in the hands of the Spirit. Your wonderful critiques were welcome, creative, and supportive and the foundation of 1996 will be a guideline for 1997.

Through Star Flanikens generous invitation I attended the Sierra Vista/ Bisbee/Etc. Grandmothers Gathering on Sunday January 26th, .....in spite of the fact that my Green Bay Packers were playing in the Super Bowl. It was an informative agenda to discuss what each member needs and can give to the Grandmothers. I am grateful to be involved in Gatherings for this will help me to listen and learn.

As the year progresses and I am able to travel, I would be honored to attend any Grandmother's Gathering and share with you the news as it accumulates., etc. Send me a postcard with your information... which brings up a wonderful change in my life.

In November after 5 years of renting in the desert, the property was sold and I received a 30 day notice. I put it out to the universe and 8 days before the deadline, Angel Vivien called with a message from Jeana Eastman... "Move in.!" So I am living in her 'Desert Light Retreat ' on 31 1/2 acres, near the Rincon Mountains and Sahuaro East National Park, with 3 dogs and 5 cats, Jeana's wonderful daughter, Julie, and occasionally Jeana. Contact me at 10880 East Escalante Road, Tucson, AZ 85730 and at 520-751-2330.

Till next time, Many Blessings to you. And will you keep the grandmothers in your discussions with Spirit to bring the universe together for another fabulous October Gathering.

In Joy, Grandmother Judy O'Leary.

## RED CLAY

From Chimayo, NM

by Judith K. Moore

The memories of the Grandmothers gathering linger in my mind. Each of you are a precious gift and I am deeply honored to have shared with you. When I was in Flagstaff the night after the gathering I saw on the television that the worst storm in thirty years came in over the area where we gathered and it was in a spiral. That is powerful Grandmother medicine. As I journeyed home my daughter, granddaughter and I went to the Hopi Mesas. There in a small shop in Old Oraibi I offered a very beautiful and spiritual woman the gift of the Red Clay. She asked me to read my poems "Prayers for the Awakening" before she accepted the gift. As she read her eyes sparkled and she accepted the gifts.

Each of you who accepted the Gift of Red Clay hold an ancient treasure. On my way to Oracle to give this gift I learned that Christ had mixed Red Clay with his saliva to heal a blind man's eyes. We are being asked as a people to awaken and remember the ancient gifts and how to use them. This gift came through me but it is not mine. My journey to bring this gift started seven years ago and has taken me through much healing, spiritual awakening, and miraculous events. Now you hold the gift in your hand. It will manifest healing for yourself and others if you use it.

This gift is of White Buffalo Woman, it is a gift of the Sacred Pipe. It isn't for everyone to use. You may ask your higher self if you are aligned with Red Clay. Many women have expressed a love of Red Clay and that they feel drawn to it. This is a good indication that it will be a powerful medicine gift for you.

To activate the healing powers of the Red Clay it must be mixed with pure water. Then pray and ask the Clay how to use it for healing. Go to a place where there is Red Clay and gather some and pray. Mix it with the gift Clay. If you wish you can make other Red Clay bags and give them to other medicine women. I like to put corn seed in each bag. The prophecies say the Hopi Corn will feed the world. I like to think of the prayer bags as seeds for healing the planet. The Gift Clay is to be like a sourdough starter. In the old tradition of breadmaking we can spread this gift to many people. Please remember to send me some of your batch for my mother batch. I hope to hear some wonderful stories next year at the Grandmothers gathering when you share with me the joys of using this gift. Be in peace dear ones. My Blessings on you.

POB 546, Chimayo, NM 87522  
(505) 351-4730

## From Eugene, Oregon

Dear Grandmothers,

It was lovely to be with you, every one of you, to be where honoring and love are the basic modality. I remember you with great affection.

Back home in Oregon, I am working as caregiver for elderly people, trying to keep a small flame of honoring alive within an institutional setting. I am also again teaching adult classes in natural vision (eyesight) improvement, which is lots of fun.

A great eagerness is pulling at me to be out of the city and onto the land. But where is this land? I don't know. I would like to go where people are using native life skills, women's permaculture, and other such earthy/spiritual practices. Do you know of places, beings, clusters I should check out? I would love to hear from you.

Many blessings, joy & love, Azalea  
c/o 1430 Willamette, #201  
Eugene, Oregon (pz97401)

**When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.**

**Beloved**

**Continued from page 1**

house, our house called Shekinah, the Light and Presence of God. "Go and get them", I said to the man.

In a few minutes thirty-six young men and women in their teens, twenties, and thirties, came into the living room and sat on the floor, one right next to the other. They were wet to the bone, tired, hungry, scared, and some were sick. Their feet were blistered, their shoes were tattered. They had all paid \$700 each to the Coyote and were to pay him \$500 each in addition if they were delivered safely to Phoenix. Many had relatives waiting for them in Phoenix, or even as far as California.

Some had left children in Mexico and come to the U.S. for jobs in which they could support them. They had only the clothes on their backs and a small backpack so as not to attract attention of the border patrols, who hover over Arizona, even in areas around us. There had been thirty-eight of them but two became ill in the desert and could not go on. No one knew what became of them. Sarah continued translating, while Shirley, Allegra, and I worked together to meet the immediate needs of these young people. We felt as if we were lifted to another dimension, where love and harmony reign as we gathered every sheet, blanket, afghan, and coat in the house, along with dry clothes from my closet. Shirley took off her shoes and gave them to someone.

On the floor our new friends wrapped themselves in the warm dry coverings we offered them. Allegra, Shirley and I began to prepare a meal while Sarah continued to try to find a way that the group could get safely to Phoenix, which was three and a half hours away by car.

I always keep extra food on hand for any Christ who comes. I felt for a long time, I would need to feed lots of people. With vegetable soup, spaghetti, sauce and bread we fed our guests. I had coffee but no coffee maker, so one of the young men made coffee in a big pot.

One of the young girls was quite ill, with a one hundred four degree temperature and many of the others were coming down with colds. We welcomed our neighbor, a nurse, who came over to tend the sick. I gave them a remedy which I learned from my doctor. The young girl improved, and we continued to make phone calls to see what help we could get for the transportation needs of our guests.

After lunch I asked them if they would like to pray. Immediately they all knelt, facing a large picture of Jesus in a meditative posture. The picture is a beautiful batik given me by our Indonesian Sisters some twenty years ago. I prayed the Our Father in English and Hail Mary in English and the group prayed in Spanish. Then they sang Spanish hymns. I sang the blessing of St. Francis. The young folks were so still that it seemed they hardly breathed.

Through the translator I told them about God's Holy Presence and the Divine Light within each of them, and how they could let it spread to form a protective circle of Light around each of them. The Holy Light would guide them and keep them safe.

Through many phone calls made by Francesco, one of the young men in the group, contact was at last made with the Coyote. We emptied the freezer and cupboard a second time to give them supper. About 7:00 p.m. the Coyote arrived with his van. At first there were two vans, but the driver of the second van was too fearful to get involved since she was a U.S. citizen, so she left.

All thirty-six men and women crowded into the large van, on top of the other. The van was dilapidated and one wondered how it could make it with 36 occupants. I instructed the Coyote in no uncertain terms to be sure to get our guests to Phoenix. He promised to do so! Before Francesco got into the van he took from his backpack a bright red stuffed crocheted heart about eight inches wide made by his mother. He handed it to me, and for me it was a

Symbol of the love and mercy of the Christ who visited us that day.

The whole event felt like a deep spiritual experience of Christ, of Divine Love, of All Enveloping Mercy. During the day, eight in the morning to seven in the evening, we worked together as one, we felt as if we were in another dimension and we felt guided as the day unfolded. The experience left us in a deep spiritual space for some weeks and it lingers with us even to this day.

We are aware of the current debate and chaos at the Mexican/U.S. border and the hundreds of thousands of people, Mexican and South American, who come across the border and are sent back. We were that day only aware that Christ came in thirty-six forms and filled our house and hearts with mercy.

When I was hungry you gave me to eat;

When I was thirsty you gave me to drink;

When I was wet and cold you warmed me;

When I needed a safe place, you took me in;

When I was sick you found me healing;

When I was lonely and scared you comforted me;

When I lost hope you told me of God's love and protection.

The Coyote planned to drive the back roads to Phoenix through Globe. That night Globe had a tornado and Phoenix had a severe storm. We found out later that the Coyote stopped part way and left half the group in the mountains, took the other half to Phoenix, and returned for the second half of the group. They all arrived safely in Phoenix.

Thanks be to God for the grace of this day.

Christ Love Mercy

**Beloved**  
**Continued on page 7**

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**When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.**

Some Things Grandmothers Can Do

Beloved
Continued from page 6

Border Posts

On every border post there is something insecure.
Every one of them is longing for leaves and for flowers.
They say the greatest punishment for a tree is to become a border post.
The birds that pause to rest on border posts
Can't figure out what kind of tree they've landed on.
I suppose that at first it was people who invented borders
And then borders started to invent people.
It was borders who invented police, armies and border guards.
While all borders still stand, we are all in prehistory.
Real history will start when all borders are gone.

Yevgeny Yevtushenko

- 1. BE DEPENDABLE 6. GUIDE 11. MEDIATE
2. BE DISCERNING 7. HEAL 12. SHARE
3. BE POWERFUL 8. LEAD 13. SUPPORT
4. COUNCIL 9. LISTEN 14. TEACH
5. ENCOURAGE 10. LOVE 15. USE WISDOM

Find the words given in the list and circle them in the puzzle grid. They run horizontal, vertical and angled. The remaining letters not circled spell out a sentence in the spaces given below. Have fun!

Three sets of dashed lines for writing the sentence.

FOR SALE

Awesome 100% Cotton Grandmother Tee's, Small - XX Large At \$16.00 Each + \$3 Postage. Order "When The Grandmothers Speak", or "1996 Oracle Grandmothers Gathering" as a gift for yourself or any grandmother!

DESERT LIGHT SANCTUARY

In southeast Tucson desert. Offers twin-bed rooms with shared bath. Cats. Dogs. Pool and Spa. Breakfast with fresh breads, kitchen privileges, a secluded wash with wildlife and natural spirits in abundance.

Grandmothers seeking a self-directed personal retreat on these magnificent 3 1/2 acres at base of rincon mountains and adjacent to sahuaro national park east, are encouraged for weekends or week(s) to call.

Alternative, Native American healing and energy sessions, along with innovative, holistic products and services. Private healing sessions, women's wisdom circles, rituals, and special group retreats are available by appointment.

Jeana Eastman, Julie Pearson, and Judy O'Leary co-caretakers.

10880 East Escalante Road, Tucson, AZ 85730
(520) 751-0332, E-mail julip@ azstarnet.com

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

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