

Global Healing Day



Global Healing Day We Remember

(For shared reading – one voice and many voices)

We gather,
not as strangers passing through a silent world,
but as a living expression of life itself.

Not as separate beings,
but as one human family
breathing, moving, and becoming
within a vast and living Earth.

We are not outside of this world.
We have never been outside of it.

We are shaped by it.
Carried by it.
Sustained by it
in every moment of our existence.

We remember.

There is something within us
that has never been lost.
Something older than our confusion,
older than our divisions,
older than the stories that taught us
we were separate, or lacking, or alone.

Beneath all that we have built,

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beneath all that we have forgotten,
there remains a quiet and steady truth:
that life is not something we must earn.

That we belong
simply because we are here.

We remember.

Before the noise of our making,
before the speed of our becoming,
before the long drift into disconnection
we knew what it meant to live in relationship.
We knew that the air we breathe
is not owned, but shared.

That each breath is a meeting place
between ourselves and the living world.
We knew that the waters of the Earth
move through us as life itself—
that what flows in rivers
flows also in our veins.

We knew that the ground beneath our feet
is not beneath us,
but holding us.
Always holding us.

We remember.

And even now,
this knowing has not disappeared.
It lives quietly beneath the surface—
in moments of stillness,
in the presence of trees,
in the sound of water,
in the simple experience of being alive.

It lives in the way we feel
when we stop,
when we soften,
when we listen.

We remember.

We are not empty beings
searching for worth.

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We are not fragments
trying to become whole.
There is a deeper truth
that has waited patiently beneath our forgetting:
that there is a beauty at the core of life
that has never been damaged.
A wholeness
that has never been broken.
A dignity
that does not depend on what we achieve,
or prove,
or become.

We remember.

To remember this
is not to escape the world.
It is to meet it fully.

To feel again
that the forests are not distant landscapes,
but living communities of intelligence and care.

That the waters are not objects,
but movements of life
that connect all beings across time.

That every form of life
seen and unseen,
small and vast
is part of a greater unfolding
to which we belong.

We remember.

And from this remembering,
something begins to shift.
Not through force,
not through effort,
but through awareness.

We begin to move differently.
We begin to see differently.
We begin to feel again
the subtle thread of relationship
that connects all things.

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We return.

We return
to a way of being
that honours life.

We return
to a way of seeing
that recognises connection.

We return
to a way of living
that is guided not by separation,
but by care.

We return.

We are a young species.
Still learning
how to live well within the world that made us.
Still discovering
what it means to belong
without dominating.
Still awakening
to the deeper intelligence of life
that surrounds us,
and lives within us.

We remember.

We return.

We walk in kinship.

And so today,
we do not begin from lack.
We do not begin from failure.
We begin from something far more powerful:
from the recognition
that there is something fundamentally right
about life.
That there is something inherently good
about being here.
That there is a beauty
woven into existence itself—
and into us.

We remember.

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From this place,
we make a simple commitment.
Not as a demand,
but as a natural expression
of remembering.
To walk more gently,
because we feel the ground as living.
To listen more deeply,
because we recognise the world as speaking.
To act with care,
because we understand
that nothing we do
is separate from the whole
And that we are co-creators of the future.

We remember.
We return.
We walk in kinship.
