

CAMINO COMPANIONS

Session 2: Hospitality and Belonging - 19 & 20 November 2023

**Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer, "Belonging"**

And if it's true we are alone,  
we are alone together,  
the way blades of grass  
are alone, but exist as a field.  
Sometimes I feel it,  
the green fuse that ignites us,  
the wild thrum that unites us,  
an inner hum that reminds us  
of our shared humanity.  
Just as thirty-five trillion  
red blood cells join in one body  
to become one blood.  
Just as one hundred thirty-six thousand  
notes make up one symphony.  
Alone as we are, our small voices  
weave into the one big conversation.  
Our actions are essential  
to the one infinite story of what it is  
to be alive. When we feel alone,  
we belong to the grand communion  
of those who sometimes feel alone—  
we are the dust, the dust that hopes,  
a rising of dust, a thrill of dust,  
the dust that dances in the light  
with all other dust, the dust  
that makes the world.

**Mary Oliver, 'When I am Among the Trees'**

I am so distant from the hope of myself,  
in which I have goodness, and discernment,  
and never hurry through the world  
but walk slowly, and bow often.  
Around me the trees stir in their leaves  
and call out, "Stay awhile."  
The light flows from their branches.  
And they call again, "It's simple," they say,  
"and you too have come  
into the world to do this, to go easy,  
to be filled with light, and to shine."