



Mud, rain and the flow Fran Mosley

Friday picked my way around the muddy fields in sandals.

Saturday morning moved more easily, in wellies lent by a kind host. But feared the 30 mm of rain forecast for the night. Considered spending the night in the marquee, or my car.


Saturday afternoon, remembered that I like compost loos.

Saturday evening was thrilled by the band, playing in a dimly lit marquee, with an audience on straw bales. Heard the rain begin with equanimity. Retired to my tent, removed both living and squashed slugs, then slept lulled by the din of rain on the canvas.

Sunday morning realised I enjoyed the mud, a feature of the event like the wart on a loved friend's face who wouldn't be quite the same if wart-free. Sat in the sun and experienced the flow of life moving freely within and without. Thought 'Aha' as JR spoke of peak experiences. Dialogued pleasurably with my soul.

Sunday afternoon returned to porcelain loo, clean dry floors, moderated temperatures inside my stone house. But the glow in my heart remains.

July 30th 2007



"Not sure I
would come to
the weekend if
it was inside"