

Conference under canvas... Gill Holt

I was sitting at home, missing my college friends,
Wondering how to fill ten weeks ahead
When along came the postman - a flier from AHPB
'That is what's meant for me. I'll do that instead.'

Whenever I told my friends, 'Camping in Worcestershire'
Everyone said, 'You should take a canoe!'
But something out there decided to care for us
With white clouds, and sun that mostly shone through.

An incredibly large crowd of people attended
But home groups provided a safe place to be
To make closer friendships, a space to support us;
It really felt like a small family.

'There are some free spaces for running a workshop
If anyone wants to, see me after tea',
Says Julian, the organiser, who did a great job.
Without hesitation, along wanders me.

'I'll choose a quiet time'. Surveying the options.
Saturday 12pm is just the right space.
It's announced before Brian talks, A Sound Healing workshop.
Oh, and drumming as well - in an open-air place!

Sound Healing's wonderful - everyone loves it.
'Can we do it tomorrow too?' they want to know.
And there's Chi Kung and dancing, singing and drumming,
It's a wonderful mixture of things on the go.

And of course there is Brian and Nick and John Rowan
Whose speeches inspire us and send us away
To delve into literature, and into our deepest selves
To find the best of us to live out each day.

The mud, and the slugs who lived in my wellies,
And crawled up the fly sheets to give me a fright
Were rather unpleasant; I'd rather forget them,
But the floods never came; it just rained for one night.

Other good memories are Seize the Day's music,
And a trip to a past life, in a Canadian canoe.
But best of all - you lot! I thought you were wonderful.
I really enjoyed myself - I hope you did too!