



Always in Season

LIVING IN SYNC WITH THE CYCLES

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Donna Henes,
Urban Shaman

www.DonnaHenes.net

www.MamaDonnasSpiritShop.com

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The latter part of September and most of October, 2001 found me in the streets of my home borough Brooklyn, walking and talking to friends, neighbors and strangers alike about the 911 attacks. What they meant and how we could survive them spiritually. (*Always in Season* # 12, Special Peace Issue.)

Like most folks, I have often wondered how I would react in an emergency. Would I panic or would I be able to keep my cool and do what was necessary, what was helpful and healing?

As it turned out, I am pleased to say, I was able to rise to this crisis with my head clear and my heart open, ready, willing and eager to help in whatever way I could. And so did eight million other New Yorkers who responded to the horrifying circumstances with courage, compassion, love and hope. Most miraculous of all to me was that there was no popular call for war or retribution from the people who were affected the most.

We have experienced the terror and destruction of war in our homeland and in our own front yard first hand. And that was quite enough for us, thank you very much. While the president called for war and was

cheered nationwide, the families of the victims of the attacks on 9/11 were adamant in their objection to inflicting violence on others. "Not in my daughter's name," they proclaimed. "Not in the name of my son, my husband, my friend, my beloved wife."

An intense white light, an inner glow even now, five years later, emanates from the people of New York City. We in our beleaguered town have tasted grace. In the hardest of times, we managed to transcend what made us human and grew to embody what makes us humane. I am so proud to have been both a participant and a witness of this munificence.

xx Donna Henes

