

Women in Time

They heard the call from Mother
Ocean,
Turned to see who knew their
name.
Heard it over busy workdays over
pressing duties too;
Heard it o-ver, life's fast game.
It stirred the hearts with gentle
tugging,
Promised peace and days of sun.
Gentle Mother, gentle daughters,
gentle sisters heard the call
And they answered one by one.

**Women in Time standing
together
Part of a line extending
forever
We are a-ll women in time.**

And each came by Mother Ocean,
Watched the tides both come and
go.
Shared Her cycles in their bodies,
all Her power all Her calm;
Lived each pulse of ebb and flow.

They shared the froth of bubbling
laughter,
Tasted salt in their own tears;
And the silent mists of many
moods the tides both high and
low
Cloaked them through the years.

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We are a-ll women in time.**

From the sunrise to the tide
pools,
Screeching gulls and shining
shells;
Like the driftwood so elusive
always just beyond you hand,
Free to float on dip and swell.

All Her gifts within Her bounty—
Gifts of love and peace and space.
All the answers 'neath the
surface, hidden once now came in
view
And each took up her place.

To retrieve them and receive
them
Waded in to find them all.
Now giving knows no limits,
there's renewal every dawn
Mother's daughters after all.

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Theresa McLaughlin
Shipyard Women's Club
September 2005
Music by Joan Maute