

*Invitation*

Our circle is open, to whom you may well ask?

The answer is no riddle, it's written in our past.

From early days of dancing in Findhorn's sacred home

It travels across oceans from where new steps are born.

They find fresh feet and rhythms in dancers old and young.

All welcomed with unerring grace in rain, wind, snow and sun.

Where music stirs a memory and friendships new begin.

Sustained by hands held gently in an all-embracing ring.

We trip the light fantastic, we dance a 'heilan fling'.

We 'waltz', we 'jive' and 'tango', we even do 'our thing'.

Unbroken is our circle, until we part in peace.

Refreshed, revived and fortified by those who gently teach.

A yemenite, a slipstep, a grapevine leads us on

Through labyrinths of melody, or long-familiar song.

No matter if we 'get it', the tenth time or the first.

The object is inclusion and acceptance borne of trust.

Come join this dance called 'circle', we welcome all and one

In Cupar and St Andrews, where dancing equals fun.

Bring nothing but your precious self, a little time to spend

In the company of others whom you'll very soon call 'friend'.