

*Koeyam Ezzo. Manymak. Djan Yimaba.*

*On behalf of everyone here I would like to echo the words of those before me in thanking each and every one. I would like to thank you for your time, your passion, and above all your generosity. Your generosity not just of spirit in accommodating our relative ignorance, our Balanda way of learning in this Balanda space, but your generosity in sharing your culture and knowledge with us. Sharing what is most precious to you in a society that has, since its uninvited, unwanted arrival has sought to take that away from you.*

*The gravity of this generosity is not lost on us.*

*Gabriel you asked us if you had blown a wind on the embers in our hearts. Each and everyone one of you have. In all of us you have stoked the embers of our desire to know more, to seek change, to change hearts, to have hearts change minds, and minds to come together on equal terms to make things right as things should have been made right from the very start, more than 200 years ago.*

*Gabriel you also said that the past must exist for the present to create the future. You have taken us on an incredible journey these last few days, a journey to open our eyes to the realities of your pasts, the triumphs and the injustices, the pride, the passion, and the pain. You have opened our eyes and changed our hearts and minds so that we can never look at this land and its peoples the same again. You have opened our eyes with Yinjimarra, to practice Yinjimarra, deepest respect.*

*Yinjimarra. An idea, a philosophy, an organising force articulated through care and courage that bound a thousand generations stretching back through time immemorial to the lands, skies and waters through which we move today.*

*Yinjimarra. A whisper, from mother to daughter, father to son. A whisper that never stopped living in the land. A whisper you have shared with us today and which we must all recognise and ultimately embody in our engagement with Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples.*

*Wakuw Umay: the weaving of the mat. Gululu: welcoming us to the Mulka, the space. The smoking ceremony: cleansing us and welcoming us to country.*

*Over the last four days you have drawn us together. You have brought us onto your mat, you have taken us into your shade, you have welcomed us onto your country and you have stirred our hearts and minds with that sacred gift of knowledge, of truth. It is a gift we receive with the utmost gratitude, a gift each of us will carry forward with the respect it deserves. A gift we will carry forward in partnership, as equals.*

*None of us labour under the illusion that this journey will be easy, that what you have given us can be taken lightly. But we welcome that burden as a way to share the load. Your voices will not go unheard, your pain will not go unrecognised, the trauma of 200 plus years of colonial realities will not be diminished and neither will your knowledge, your culture, or your identities as the first nations peoples of these lands and seas.*

*Koeyam esso. Minjmak. Djan Yimaba.*