I ate a grasshopper today. In the market in Oaxaca, a woman was selling "chapulines"—roasted/toasted grasshoppers. She had plastic dishpans piled high with them, "Your choice: big crunchy ones or small delicate ones." She tried to get me to buy some. I shook my head. She held a small one out for me to taste. I thought, What the hell. When am I ever going to be offered a grasshopper again? I took it, popped it in my mouth and chewed. The flavor was lime and salt and chile, which is what they’re tossed in after roasting. It was crunchy with a soft center, basically tasteless. I told her it was "muy bueno" but declined to purchase her wares. And I lived to tell the tale.

After Spanish class today, our teacher, Moctezuma, took us on a tour of Etla, a village near Oaxaca, actually more like a suburb as Oaxaca seems to have grown and merged with it. Etla has plenty of water, so the landscape is lush and acequias run everywhere. It’s famous for cheese making, especially quesillo, Oaxaca’s version of string cheese (delicious) and handmade paper. The process is labor intensive and uses a lot of water. The workshop is located beside a small river. This paper is made into kites, jewelry, and fine-art items designed by artist Francisco Toledo who lives in Oaxaca, and is quite famous and successful in Mexico.
IN LOVING MEMORY ...

Tributes to Diane Cornell

Diane Carol Cornell

Diane passed away February 24, suddenly and at peace. She touched an immense number of lives of all ages with her gentle giving nature, and wisdom.

Diane was born in San Francisco in 1939 and got her teaching credential in 1961. She taught 32 distinguished years, then retired in Santa Cruz, where she helped start a nonprofit science education and foundation with her partner of 23 years Irvin Lindsey.

She is survived by Irvin, her two sons and their families. Diane's loving spirit will be missed by all those who knew her.

Diane was a beloved member of the Santa Cruz community and could frequently be found leading programs and activities at Inner Light Ministries, for Crones Counsel, leading local and international trips for the Sierra Club, and helping numerous other people, fellowships, charities, and community organizations.

She knew how to have fun
by Jean Gallick

Some people reach a spiritual state of being that can only be called generosity with no need or obligation to give in return. Diane embodied this state. I remember going Christmas caroling with her to convalescent hospitals. After singing, we would talk to people there. Diane always found a few who wanted visits, and then she visited them throughout the year. When my mother Lydia turned 100, Diane came to visit her every day.

Twenty years ago, my mother saw an ad in the Sentinel describing a week-long experience of yoga, shamanism, hiking, and swimming led by Diane up in Yosemite. I was living in Nevada at the time and decided to go for it. So I drove through Tioga Pass and somehow found the group camp site in the middle of the night. Diane's magical graciousness made me feel immediately loved and a part of the family.

She loved camping, hiking, and exploring the Southwest, so she organized trips that could only be described as magical mystery tours. No drugs, just beauty, ritual, hiking, and, of course, drumming. Every now and then she shook a little egg and we all created a circle and shared from our hearts.

Diane loved Crones Counsel and she created space for four or five of us to go every year. She had seen into the truth of what Crones Counsel was all about: the re-creation of old age according to its true potential. She embodied that in the way she honored everyone she met.

At the Boise Crones Counsel, Diane organized a camping...
trip to some natural hot tubs. We had so much fun and fell in love with each other so deeply that to this day we still go camping after our gatherings.

When I think about all that Diane gave to people I am speechless. But more than anything she knew how to have fun, true fun that involves stepping off into the unknown and creating miracles. I am a little more at ease with death because she went through that Portal . . . I know a lot more about love because of Diane.

AWARE OF HER AMAZING SKILLS
by Hilda B. Hodges

Some people come into our lives for a short time. Other people impress us over time, over shared experiences. Recognition of Diane’s contributions to my life and appreciation of her skills and caring nature have always been there. But over time, through discussions, shared friendships and experiences with Diane, I have become more aware of her amazing skills. I had taken for granted that she would always be here to share walks and talks and to enjoy another “Diane” trip. She was vibrant and enthusiastic, always planning and discussing her next trip and her projects and how she was helping others.

We were all taken by surprise when we heard of her passing. I had been with her only two weeks earlier, walking along the path of the Santa Cruz Boat Harbor. We planned our next hike to be with Karuna and discussed the Crones’ gathering in St. George, sharing adjoining rooms. In the interim, Diane was to lead two trips in Italy with the Sierra Club. She was in good spirits, walking with positive energy.

In Arizona recently, Kaya, Pete, and I, who had been on Southwest trips with Diane, shared our stories with each other, having a “ceremony” to honor her. As she would have liked, as the sun was setting we climbed to a hilltop in the desert, smudged sage, and danced to a drum beat. To process her passing, we each expressed appreciation of her and the influence she had on our lives. The adventures that Diane provided us were soul-based and path-changing. She had a remarkable skill to bring even strangers together, to learn about the Southwest through hiking and camping, making our temporary dwellings (tents and sleeping bags) under the stars in wilderness or the desert. We all had a great time with lasting memories, whether sunshine with scorching temperatures in Death Valley or rain in the desert of Anza-Borrego.

On my first trip with Diane, 2004, I learned about creating a spiritual ceremony, a “name-change” (Karen to Kaya), and ceramics using clays of Utah. Two years later, on our trip to Anza-Borrego Desert, we had much rain, limiting our hikes; however, with Diane’s positive attitude and experience, we found a shed in the park for dancing to music, using my tape recorder. There were many shared experiences and situations to be resolved. Diane easily helped us find answers, never

TRIBUTES TO DIANE CORNELL, continued on Page 4

“I think [aging with attitude] means being positive. I hate to be negative—I feel there is no point in that. I don’t want to dwell on the bad. I like to think of the best parts of life.”

—HARRIETTE THOMPSON, 91 years wise, who recently set a new world record. She finished the Suja Rock ‘N’ Roll San Diego 26-mile Marathon in 7:07:42—the fastest ever for a women 90 and above.
taking credit. She was our leader, our support, our “mother” who gave us calmness, joy, and exciting experiences.

“REMEMBER, DONNA, LIFE IS GOOD!”
by Donna Rankin Love

When I think of Diane, I think of a woman whose bright expression and cheery voice matched her interior light. In the 1990s, when I first met Diane in a group meeting, she wore a t-shirt with a small inscription, Life is Good. Often I was to hear her chirp that as she said good-bye after a meeting. “Remember, Donna, life is good!”

She made it good. For about fifteen years, when we both were in town, Diane and I met at eight o’clock on Thursday mornings to talk about important patterns in our lives. We both were mothers of sons; both had been educators; both were members of the same sorority, albeit on different campuses at different times. We both thrived in the outdoors. We both enjoyed travel. We each wanted to find our intended path and to pursue it with optimism, confidence, and faith. Diane didn’t just talk the talk. She walked her walk, both literally and spiritually. As a local leader of Tuesday-morning hikes, as a leader of women’s camping trips in the Southwest, as a Sierra Club trip leader in Italy, she taught her followers the names of wild flowers and the feelings of connection with nature and therefore with God.

She was an active participant in many groups: an exercise group, a sacred dance circle, a drumming group, and many groups in Inner Light Ministries, as well as Crones. Joan Forest and Diane started the Santa Cruz chapter of Crones Counsel and Diane continued to lead it until the month of her untimely death.

To individual friends, she gave her time. She drove her blind friend Bev to the drumming circle and drove her 90+ friend Lydia on errands and to get ice cream and to enjoy the view from the cliffs above Monterey Bay. She practiced hypnotherapy for friends who needed her aid.

She gave herself away and thus led a full, rich life among people who admired and loved her. We can learn many lessons from Diane. Give. Share. Contribute. Have faith. Be on time. Tell the truth. Eat your spinach. Smile! And be present. She gave undivided attention to those who sought her wisdom.

I believe that our greatest tribute to Diane is to remember what she taught us and follow her lead.

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A LETTER TO DIANE CORNELL
By Kaya Kotzen

You who helped change my life left my life full of amazing memories, women’s laughter, and the wisdom to align with aspects of Mother Earth.

I first met you at Crones Counsel and savored your camping brochures for two years thinking one day . . . then I met someone who had taken one of your trips and raved about it, so I decided to go. That began a series of adventures which changed my life.

I went to Sedona, Taos, and Santa Fe, New Mexico, with you, then to Zion in Utah, Anza Borrego Desert and many more. Thanks to you, I began my love affair with hot mineral springs in Idaho after the Boise Crones Counsel. We went deep into a forest, stripped naked, and played in the pools. As we were dressed and leaving, in walked a group of about a dozen young men. We learned to always be thankful for our timing!

One time we camped in Death Valley; it was a record-breaking 105 degrees. We all got up early to hike, then spent the afternoons in a swimming pool.

On many trips, you led yoga and stretching in the morning and read charcoal crucibles in the fire at night. You cooked us meals and often ate tuna fish from a pouch You, with your sun-proof shirts and bandanas around your neck, always looking chic, cool and calm, no matter where we were and how much you hiked. You even flew home from Italy, repacked a bag, and joined us the next day at Crones Counsel last year without batting an eye!

I have many other wonderful memories, especially last year when I got to stay in your beautiful home on the mountain. We shared walks by the pier and worked on creating birds for the Crones’ opening ceremony. It was a joy

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“Down Winder” from the Mushroom Clouds

By Victoria Burgess,
November 10, 2012

It snowed a lot today for the first time this winter. I looked out my balcony window as I sat at the computer, writing this story, and recovering from my second breast-cancer surgery. The falling snow reminded me of when I was a child watching the white mushroom clouds of radiation form in the sky from the testing of atomic bombs. I lived in southern Utah. I thought then that the mushroom clouds looked as beautiful as the snow does today.

From 1951 to 1958, I remember observing those clouds a dozen times or more. They resulted from military experiments in the desolate and far-away deserts of Nevada and the Four Corners area. We had no warning at all for these events. From the back porch of our home, we watched as the white cloud formed like an ice-cream cone in the sky. We all gawked in amazement. We were very naïve about them; little did we know what was in our future!

We are called “Down Winders.” Most of the world does not know what this means. It means we lived downwind from the atomic bombs being tested by the government of our country. As a result of this exposure, our bodies were exposed to lethal radiation at a very young age.

A few years later, at the reunion of my high-school class of 1963, a high percentage of our classmates were suffering with serious illnesses or were dying and we wondered why. By our fortieth class reunion in 2003, one third of our classmates had died from radiation poisoning and various related diseases as a result of the atomic-bomb testing.

The Atomic Energy Commission’s written report said that they justified their decision to release the atomic bomb near our area because we were “low-functioning members of society.” Needless to say I was very upset when I read this report. My children said, “Give it up Mom.” I replied, “This is one thing that I cannot give up.”

My father was a cattle rancher who raised all the feed for his cattle on the ranch. He graduated from Utah State University with a Bachelor’s Degree in Animal Husbandry. He

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“DOWN WINDER,” continued from Page 5

was very successful, financially and otherwise. I began working on the cattle ranch when I was five years old. Before I learned to drive a tractor forward, he taught me how to back it up, pushing a wagon full of baled hay into the feed yard. I bless my father to this day as I can back up a vehicle almost as easily as I can drive it forward.

My mother supported my desire to be on the ranch and wear cowboy boots. Her only requirement was that I wore a long-sleeved shirt and a wide-brimmed hat. I am grateful to her to this day for that requirement because my skin is white and smooth except where I kept the top button of the shirt unbuttoned. I am grateful to my parents who both respected me and allowed me to be who I am.

Speaking of “low functioning,” my parents were friends with Scott and Norma Matheson who had lived in southern Utah in a small town next to ours. Scott Matheson became the governor of the State of Utah, but he later died of bone marrow cancer doubtless from exposure to radiation from being a “Down Winder.” I think being a governor is fairly high functioning.

If all of that is not high functioning, try the inventor of the television, Philo Farnsworth, from the neighboring county of Millard. He died from the effect of radiation from being a “Down Winder.” So much for excuses for choosing the location of the bombing.

Seven years ago, I was operated on because I had cancer in my right breast. Radiation and chemo therapy was all the doctors of Western Medicine knew. I declined it because I believe dying of cancer from radiation is better than being treated with more radiation.

In 2002, a dental assistant, who was cleaning my teeth, discovered a spot of cancer on my tongue. Although it was removed, I felt discouraged, like the plague had migrated to another part of my body. Recently, an MRI showed cancer in my left breast. Thus, I had an excisingatory biopsy.

I feel helpless, hopeless, discouraged, and depressed. My breast still hurts from the surgery, and nothing in Western Medicine can take the effects of radiation out of my body. Thus cancer will likely kill me—no matter what I do.

As an older woman, I am doing the important things that I have found in my study of 100 people over the age of 85 and other studies of successful aging. I have good genes. I take good care of myself and eat well. Part of this is also from exercising an hour and a half a day and meditating twenty minutes twice a day. I have eliminated much of the stress in my life. I did not renew my Clinical Psychologist license this year, and I do not associate with people and organizations that are not supportive of me.

On a positive note, I did get victim’s reparations for my exposure to radiation. I sincerely appreciate all of the work that people did in this country in order that I could receive those reparations. I was a young, single parent at the time, but I still feel guilty, having not been involved in rallies and other events for the victims of the atomic-bomb experiments.

I was an innocent child on a ranch when I saw the mushroom clouds fill the sky. During the Cold War, the Atomic Energy Commission rationalized its actions, withheld information, and made false claims about us “low functioning” “Down Winders.”

In my opinion, the leaders of the country were so gripped by fear and misguided by military might and the need to develop atomic power that they lost sight of the importance of protecting our lives. I sincerely and profoundly hope my story and others like it will help to prevent this type of thing from ever happening again. Writing this helped me feel better and less stressed about what happened and what is happening to me.

NOTE: Dr. Victoria Burgess holds a Bachelor’s Degree in Political Science, a Master’s Degree in Psychology, and a Doctorate from Northwestern University in Psychology. She is the mother of five highly functioning children, an author of nine books, a former Clinical Psychologist, a veteran of Desert Storm, and a retired Colonel of the U.S. Army.

ANN EMERSON—100 YEARS WISE!

ROBIN BLOOM, a beloved neighbor when Ann lived on Salmon Beach Road in Anacortes, Washington, hugs Ann at her 100th birthday celebration on May 31, 2014. Robin came to Wolseley, Saskatchewan, to celebrate this milestone along with Ann’s two sons and two nieces from Ontario, another dear friend from B.C., her daughter Lynn, and three ladies from Ann’s Regina writing groups. Crowned by 100 years of loving, Ann was showered with cards, emails, e-cards, gifts, poetry and flowers—all tributes to a long life well lived and a life warmly shared. Much to her daughter Lynn’s amazement, Ann brought roars of laughter from the crowd with her naughty little old lady jokes! How we miss and love all of our Crone sisters.
You may fly directly into the beautiful new St. George Airport from Salt Lake City, Utah, and Denver, Colorado. If you fly into Las Vegas, Nevada, you may arrange with the St. George Shuttle Company to shuttle you with ease to the hotel.

The Abbey Inn is St. George’s premier hotel and conference center. It is beautifully decorated and centrally located. With an on-site outdoor pool, indoor hot tubs, exercise room, and laundry you couldn’t ask for more. Every room has a TV, microwave, small refrigerator, and free Wi-Fi.

ROOM RATES: We have arranged a mix of single king rooms and double queen standard rooms. The cost for these rooms is $80/night plus tax. There are suites with a single king or two queens with sitting areas for $98/plus tax. If there are more than 2 people per room, the cost remains the same. You will make your own reservations with the hotel once you have registered.

MEALS: A daily complimentary breakfast buffet is included in the room rate. The food is delicious and the ambiance is lovely. Again, there is a refrigerator and microwave in every room. We will have a Meet & Greet one of the first evenings and either a lunch or evening banquet. There are restaurants close by within walking distance. We may even arrange to take you out on the town one evening!

SPECIAL NEEDS: The hotel has wheelchair-accessible rooms. Just let us know what it is you need and we will do our best to accommodate you.

All ceremonies, workshops, programs, and events are created, designed, and gifted by the Crones Counsel membership. All contributors and artisans must be registered for the Gathering. Artisans’ products offered for sale must be Crone creations.
Another Dear Crone Has Left the Building!

BETH MORRIS

Proud Atlanta native Elizabeth (Beth) Trentham Morris, 77, passed away March 22, 2014, following a brief illness. She leaves her loving husband Donald; her four children; two grandchildren; and two great grandchildren.

Her professional career developed from secretarial work to advertising director for Atlanta Magazine to seventeen years as a top salesperson for Media Networks, a division of 3M. After retirement, she took up pottery and volunteered with several organizations, and was active in Crones Counsel. Beth also did modeling work throughout her life. She loved her dogs, her family, reading, the beach, and politics, but her greatest joy was spending time at home with her husband on Lake Lanier. Beth was passionate about many causes and a lover of fine things. Her family and friends miss her very much.

RELEASED FROM A LOT OF OLD BAGGAGE
by Betty Brown

Beth first learned about Crones Counsel from me on a spiritual women’s trip to Ireland in 2002. After speaking with her extensively, Beth expressed a great desire to attend CC and she did so the following year. She later told me how much she loved it and how it had released her from a lot of old baggage of self-image and self-worth and aging. Beth was often seen dancing and drumming and thoroughly enjoying herself at CC gatherings.

* * * *

Marta Quest remembers how much she enjoyed drumming with Beth.

* * * *

Meera Messmer says Beth Morris was a beautiful fun woman who loved to laugh. She was a Southern girl through and through. Meera remembers her fondly.

* * * *

A LIGHT FOR JUSTICE
by Sharon Hoery

Crones Counsel 2003, Kingsport, Tennessee, a first for Crones Counsel to go east, a smaller gathering, yet filled to the brim with Southern hospitality, and this is where our paths crossed. Beth Morris had an infectious smile and was so delighted to meet members of her clan. This Southern belle loved to drum and indeed we drummed and danced. However, it was in Las Vegas after the 2004 Crones Counsel, that six women met for dinner at the Bellagio Hotel. What started as a random meeting for dinner became a “moment” in time as each woman shared her life story. Beth was one of the six. An amazing story of strength, fortitude and determination, that was Beth’s inner core that carried her through numerous life challenges. To succeed in the male-dominated world of sales, 3M no less, was an achievement unto its own. But then you would have had to have known Beth, her smile, wit and that Southern charm; little did they know they didn’t have a chance. Beth was a “light” for justice in a “red” southern environment. This “dinner” circle lasted into the wee hours of the morning and once you enter a circle of heart, the web is woven and each person now lives in the others’ hearts.

I will miss you my dear sister, the second to pass of this dinner circle.
Honoring the Divine Feminine Within

by Marilyn Nutter

She made herself known in the longing of the heart
Prodding me to break out of my limited expression
Of what it means to be a woman
Toward limitless expansion of ultimate reality.

Embarking on a spiritual journey can be difficult. The path is not always straight, nor the road signs clearly visible. We may stumble along the way, get lost, pick up the path again, or sit by the roadside waiting for someone to rescue us and tow us back home. But I found that a spiritual crisis, though often painful, can move us out of our complacency and lead us on a path towards wholeness.

Growing up Catholic in the 1950s, I had what I call a “who-made-me-god-made-me” approach to faith. The questions and answers about what to believe were given to me in the catechism to memorize and regurgitate when needed. My concept of god was as a benevolent male who accepted me when I was good, but waited to punish me when I was bad.

The Virgin Mary was held up as my role model. She was pure, submissive, and obedient, a humble servant and fertile womb for the blessed fruit. She was asexual and remained “intact” even after the birth of Jesus, a rather astonishing physiological phenomenon that seemed to escape me at the time but would later have a profound effect on my life.

As a young girl in Catholic school, I was cautioned to always be modest and chaste. The message was clear—we held the forbidden fruit that could cause ruination. Like Adam, males could be easily led astray by our feminine wiles. I remember thinking that boys must be rather dense if they couldn’t resist temptation without my help. Why was I responsible for their souls as well as my own?

It wasn’t until I was married and had two children that the unraveling first begin. The signs had been there: A free floating anxiety and longing for something more, the lack. I could never articulate it or put my finger on it, but I knew something was wrong despite the fact that I had played by the rules and had done all the things women are expected to do. I did not want to surrender to that frightening place of not knowing. There had to be an answer, there was always an answer. But this time, I didn’t even know the question. Going into the darkness was too overwhelming and I feared if I went in, I would never find my way out.

Eventually, my childhood faith began to shatter—it had been trying to die for some time so that the adult in me could emerge, but I was unwilling or unable to “hear the despair.” I was suspended in the nowhere, the dry place where one loses their relationship to god. I had been confident that if I followed the path of faith that had been set for me and did all the right things, I would be safe and reach my destination unscathed. I was mistaken. “I can’t do it anymore,” I remember saying to the therapist. “Can’t do what?” she asked. “I can’t be the Virgin Mary ... I tried and it’s too hard, it’s just too hard.”

Later, in the Gods and Goddesses class at San Jose State University, I was called to re-member that throughout most of human history, the female had been worshiped as a divine figure. This would change over time as cultural beliefs regarding the godess were replaced by a patriarchal mythology that depicted god in masculine images. The goddess was relegated to a less powerful position and eventually discarded, a change that would have immense consequences in terms of women’s self-concept and social status.

The thought of female symbols of divinity astounded me. God as a woman? For some reason, the concept of god as female was difficult for me to comprehend. I read books by Carol Christ, Mary Daly, Rian Eisler, Merlin Stone, Charlene Sprentek, Karen Armstrong, Elaine Pagels, Starhawk, and Barbara Walker to name a few. I learned the myths and stories of Isis and Osiris, Innanna and Demuzi, Demeter and Persephone. I discovered that the images of Sophia and the Virgin Mary had once been very powerful figures in the early church, symbols of the female creative principle that had disappeared but whose presence still sought expression in the human psyche.

For some Catholic women like myself, a crisis of faith leads them away from the traditional church for religious expression, which is more inclusive of the feminine principle and that allows women to develop our own spirituality outside the constraints of a male-dominated institution. Maternal images of the Divine have emerged, beckoning me to trust what I cannot see, but can somehow intuit. I do know there are no clear answers—no “who-made-me-god-made-me” reality. But my awareness of the world of larger potentiality pulls me toward communities of women, to a new understanding of our interconnectedness to the feminine life spirit and the force that fuels our passions. I’m learning to honor that.

MARILYN NUTTER is involved with the Sophia Well of Wisdom, a spiritual center in Sutter Creek, California, where she teaches reiki and leads workshops and presentations from a wisdom and eco-feminist perspective. She has a BA/MA in Social Science, with an emphasis on Women’s Studies, and also an MA in Culture and Spirituality. She taught Sociology at San Jose City College and other colleges in the Sacramento area.

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and a gift to have this special time. Our women’s camping trip to Big Sur followed, where you and I took the time to go to the hot tubs at Esalen and where the rats in the woods ate wires under your car. Life was always an adventure handled calmly with you.

You were and are still, a gift to us: a teacher, a leader, a mother, a lover of all. Although you are no longer in the physical with us, your spirit and legacy lives as you reside deep within the hearts of those whose lives you touched and changed with your magic and love for the great outdoors.

I honor you, I bless you, and I shall always love you, Diane, for being such a special woman.

THOUGHTS ABOUT DIANE CORNELL
by Karuna Chapman

It’s been a few months since Diane passed suddenly from this plane of existence. For a while, many of us sensed her presence around us. Now I notice that if I turn my thoughts to her memory or call on her for support, she is there.

Diane was many things to me, a friend, my Alanon sponsor, my guide on camping trips to the Southwest, and my introduction to the wonderful experience of the Crones Counsel. I know she had struggles in her life, as we all do, and I know if ever anyone led a life of choice, she did.

Diane loved nature and to be out and living in it. She has inspired many of us to trade our fears into excitement about experiencing the beauties of our world. She was a local Sierra Club hike leader and then went on to become a tour guide to different parts of Italy and Sicily. She took the challenge and turned it into joyous adventure for herself and all the people who could come with her.

There are a few things that enabled her to make extraordinary leaps. First, as was revealed in our local crones meeting during a game of “Hot Seat” (the person on the hot seat can be asked anything and can reply truthfully or with a lie) someone asked her what gave her the most joy in life? Without hesitating she replied, “Being of service.” Second, whatever life offered her in the role of leader, she accepted and adapted to, usually suggesting that Spirit had a different idea, and that the outcome was always way better than if the original plan had worked. Third, an uninhibited joy in being alive on the planet, which permeated everything she did.

Finally, Diane’s personal relationship with the Divine was constant. She prayed all the time with great joy and trust in outcome. She was always finding things to be grateful for, and ways to share what she loved. I can’t think of a moment when Diane sought the spotlight, and yet, she was always there, always offering, and always encouraging. She came close to living the Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi:

Lord make me an instrument of thy peace
Where there is hatred let me sow love
Where there is injury ... pardon
Where there is doubt ... faith
Where there is despair ... hope
Where there is darkness ... light
Where there is sorrow, let me bring joy.
O Divine Master,
Grant that I may not so much seek
To be consoled as to console;
To be understood as to understand;
To be loved as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive;
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

And finally a personal anecdote. Diane and I were on our way to Canada to tour the hot springs of British Columbia. We had just picked up our rental van, done some food shopping, and were enjoying a quick snack on the sidewalk beside a grassy spot. I wondered aloud, wishing to offer her the choice, whether we should take the quick way or the slower scenic way to the Canadian Border. She just said, “It’s all good,” and left it at that. I could have strangled her on the spot because I wanted this trip to be for her, a sort of offering for the numerous times she had taken me on camping trips to the Southwest, and she wasn’t making it easy. Besides, I judged her answer to be trite and wishy washy.

Just so you know, we took the scenic route and it turned into a wonderful adventure involving beavers and bear warnings. The point though is that finally years later I understand what she meant that day. Even when things do not seem so great in the moment, looking back I can see how, yes, it is all good.

So add to that list of things Diane was to me, inspiration,
LIFE'S CHANGES
by Joan Forest

In Arizona I heard about Crones Counsel. It did not take long before I told Diane about these gatherings, and it was not long before the Santa Cruz group became a Crones’ group and was involved in the national gathering. Diane and I always met at Counsel and caught up on what was going on in our lives.

Two years ago I was confronted with the need to make a choice. I loved living on my two-and-a-half acres right on Oak Creek south of Sedona, Arizona. I loved producing much of what I ate and being energy independent. But at that time I realized I was no longer physically comfortable maintaining that life style and I began considering other possibilities. I decided I did not want to disrupt my sons’ and grandchildren’s life styles. I did want to live closer to them on the West Coast. It was a difficult decision, as I went through all of my possessions as I moved into smaller quarters. Now that I have made the move, I feel it was the wise one to make. I have moved to Friends House, a Quaker elders community in Santa Rosa, California, where those of all spiritual backgrounds are welcomed.

My new home is a charming, one story, ground floor apartment with its own garden space in front where I can sit and greet and talk to the other residents as they walk by. Adjacent there are extended care and skilled nursing facilities. Already I have appreciated the help from these facilities as my health has been challenged.

A Roaming Crone in Mexico,
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lots of artifacts and offerings. A special museum was built on the site to house the treasures. Indeed, Cortez built this capital over an entire Aztec city. It’s as if Chichen Itza was discovered under the White House and the Capitol building. It’s a huge, important archeological and sacred site with a bustling city on top of it. Quite amazing!

MONDAY, MARCH 10, 2014

I went to the awesome Museum of Anthropology. It’s so vast and comprehensive that in one afternoon all I could do was hit a few high points. I did see the voladores ritual, performed in front of the museum by men of the Totonac people. First, they dance around a sixty-foot-high pole, then they climb to the top, tie a rope around their waists, and fall backward together (there are four of them) off the top of the pole. They “fly” falling headfirst toward the ground, spinning around the pole, playing flute and drum as they fall in perfect balance and unison. It’s quite an impressive prayer and demonstration of meditation under stress.

MARSHA SCARBROUGH, author of Medicine Dance, 505-795-1467, www.marshascarbrough.com
SCHOLARSHIP INFORMATION

Crone women help each other. The Gathering registration, lodging, meals, and transportation can sometimes unduly stretch women’s resources. Because this is a reality, the membership contributes scholarship monies each year to enable women to attend the Gathering.

Please submit your requests as soon as possible and before October 1, 2014. This allows us to respond as quickly as possible with the available funds. We desire that every woman who wishes to attend be given the opportunity. Scholarships are given first to our eldest women and then first-time attendees and former members. We do ask that you do not request funds more than two years in a row. Thank you and we look forward to greeting you in November.

FUTURE GATHERINGS

The opportunity exists for women to host a Gathering in their local area. Shauna Adix, our Founding Mother, set this structure in motion at the first Gathering in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Surprised at the enthusiasm for continuing a yearly gathering, Shauna asked who would host the next Gathering. The Seattle Crones jumped right up and planned a stupendous Gathering the next year. There have been years when we had host committees three and four years away and each of these Gatherings were superb.

Hosting a Gathering and bringing together a local cadre of women is exciting and fulfilling. The Crones Counsel Mothers are always available for guidance and support. We’ve been to some great places and been hosted by grand women, and this distinguished tradition will continue because of the talented and energetic women that carry the Crone energy forward.

With thankful hearts and keen appreciation we look forward to hearing from those of you who will grasp this opportunity to host Crones Counsel in 2015, 2016, and even 2017. Step forward now and we will support you all the way.

A WORTHY USE OF FUNDS

In 2012, Crones Counsel celebrated our 20th anniversary. The loving volunteer work and monetary gifts of many individuals have kept Crones Counsel alive and thriving. As a non-profit organization, we must keep our operating costs to a minimum while keeping our Gatherings affordable. We are challenged every year with increasing hotel costs and pre-deposits, transportation, and social-media costs.

We are thankful for all of the women who contribute generously each year to the Scholarship Fund, to the Outreach Funds, and now to the Crones Counsel Fund itself. This year we received very generous donations from two of our members. These gifts are so appreciated. Women do not have to give large gifts. Small gifts add up to helpful amounts. If every woman gave $10, it would generate $1000 per year. If each woman gave $5 it would generate $500 per year. Some women have even bequested money in their wills to Crones Counsel.

All donations are received with gratitude and expended with as much integrity as we can muster. Please support Crones Counsel with whatever riches you can afford. In this way, we can continue on for another 20 years.

WHO CAN ATTEND CRONES COUNSEL?

Women of all ages who feel drawn to the Crone. We welcome inter-generational attendance and workshop leaders. We encourage the attendance of all daughters, granddaughters, nieces, aunts, mothers, grandmothers, sisters, cousins, partners and friends. Help us keep the Crone archetype alive by bringing others to the 2014 Gathering in St. George.