Meeting Enid “Tiger” Williams and Walking Her Home

By Holly Aloha Jaynes

ENID R. WILLIAMS
March 1, 1923 — Oct. 13, 2017

I first met Enid in 1985 at Women’s Week at Rowe Camp and Conference Center in Rowe, Massachusetts. It was July, a sunny week that could never be replicated over the years, a magical week where I met women from all walks of life. As a lesbian, one of my fears was that I wouldn’t be accepted at Rowe, as played out in “the real world” at that time. It was a life-changing experience for me to meet heterosexual women who accepted me.

My early talks with Enid were of her late husband John who had passed and how he left her in an awful financial situation, not having paid his taxes for some time. She said she was done being a “pussycat” and took on the name “Tiger” to be fierce and strong. You can imagine she remained a pussycat, but she was a feisty one.

As I got to know Enid that week, I experienced her unconditional love. She not only accepted me for who I am, but honored me as well, and continued to do so throughout our 32-year friendship.

Enid and I traveled to and from Rowe together each year after 1985, talking and catching up, until she moved to New Mexico in 1996. At times we stopped at the “cement” teepee along the Mohawk Trail to take our pictures. We captured that scene one last time in 2016 when we were invited to attend the Croning Ceremony at Rowe.

The cement teepee had peeled paint and our faces had aged, but we took our picture anyway! Enid had been one of our “elder” campers in 1985 when she was only 63, so she was cron ed many times over the years! We used to have the “Decades Ceremony” where each woman was involved, sitting down after one word from her generation, i.e., the twenties, thirties, etc., until Enid would be one of the last standing, along with five others. Each was presented with a handmade gift and crown. Each stood to tell her story sharing her wisdom. Later there was dancing and much picture taking.

In 2016, Enid, at 93, was honored as our Ancient. She wore the beautiful new stole created for the Crones and sat in the seat of Honor. She told some quips of
look and dialed 911. Off to the ER we went where it was discovered she had two brain bleeds from the fall when she had hit her head. We were told “hours to a few days.” WHAT? An ER doc suggested she go to Boston for exploratory surgery. You know how much she would have hated that, not to mention an awful ambulance ride! We abided by her DNR; we knew her wishes for end of life. Enid’s wishes, cremation, funeral plans, etc., had been completed the first week she arrived to live with us.

Through Kianna Bader and Meg Randle, some of you at Crones Counsel followed the ups and downs of Enid’s time in the hospital, from “returning to her old self” and plans to go to rehab, to the final decision to go to hospice. Sally and I were privileged to be able to walk Enid home. We had the additional help of Enid’s long-time friend Katy, who helped us keep vigil while Enid was transitioning. Her dear friends, Gloviana and Peggy, came to hold vigil too.

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

We wanted Enid’s Celebration of Life to be on a Sunday and the earliest date was December 3. While clearing out Enid’s studio, I came across letters she had written, started to write or envelopes addressed. They must have gotten lost in the shuffle of her life. She often said, “Everything is somewhere.” I wrote an obit, which turned out to be a long story of her amazing life. I also wrote notes to many people, and sent all the found letters finished or not, all the addressed envelopes and included Enid’s story in each.

I discovered many old photo albums among Enid’s boxes and pulled out pictures of her: as a baby, as a young child, at summer camp, as a teen and many pictures with her father. Her mother died when she was eleven and had been in a TB sanitarium since Enid was two. She was raised by a not-so-loving aunt and uncle. I put all those photos in a photo album, the most amazing photos being of her as a beautiful young woman. I put together a second album of Enid in her Crone years, which I plan to use for the book I am writing on the Crones of Rowe, mostly about Enid.

Enid had planned a ritual for her funeral with women from the Enchanted Spiral of Albuquerque, New Mexico, based on Starhawk’s book, “Pagan Book of Living and Dying.” It was long and complicated, so I shortened it to an hour and a half.

The day arrived. Crones Counsel women came: Kianna from California and Meg from Utah. Martha and
Lynne arrived from Vermont. These women set up the altar at the Unitarian Universalist Church of Marblehead while I rehearsed with the two choirs I belong to: Calla Lily and Threshold Singers. The flowers on the altar were from her dear friend in Albuquerque, Maureen Wright. The room we used for the reception was set up with photo boards and collages of Enid and the albums I made and, of course, the food! Enid was everywhere!

We started her Celebration of Life with a chant and drumming using African drums. Enid loved drumming. Lynne started a chant Tiger wanted, “We All Come From The Goddess,” and all joined in. Our incredible minister, Rev. Dr. Wendy von Courtier, greeted folks as only she can. She knew Enid’s life story and spoke eloquently of the Enid she knew.

I cast the circle walking around the perimeter asking everyone to visualize Enid’s spirit embodied in a rainbow braid of colors emanating pure love. Our church is a safe place, a sacred place to begin with, but this circle casting made the space holy to honor Enid’s spirit and dear friends, those present and those not.

I read an invocation for the four directions. Meg invoked the East, Enid’s gentle spirit; Peggy MacNeil invoked the South, Enid’s transformation; Kianna invoked the West, the depth of Enid’s soul, and Martha Moplus invoked the North, Enid’s Wisdom. I invoked above and below, that all is — the center.

Meg then read a poem by Mary Oliver, “The Bees,” as only Meg can. Mary Oliver was one of Enid’s many favorite poets. Enid had been a lucky recipient of Meg’s bees’ honey on occasion. Our friend from church, Michael, sang a splendid rendition of the “Our Mother” while he played the piano. It was truly moving. Kianna read, “All My Life is a Dance,” which Enid loved and wanted her to read. It’s a wonderful reading and in a way describes Enid’s life! Kianna then sang Donavan’s beautiful version of “Deep Peace.” Wow! She had a beautiful voice and the courage to sing a capella.

Calla Lily is a group of women who enjoy singing songs from around the world and have been together for 20 years. Threshold Singers volunteer at Kaplan House, the hospice Enid was in. Together they sang “Healing Waters,” a song Enid would like since it’s lively.

Enid’s story was read by Lynne, Martha, Sally, Peggy, and myself, only I veered away from the reading and talked about what was in my heart and how we met, with a few comments about her feisty self.

Calla Lily sang a song I knew Enid would love, “Let Justice Roll Down.” It was her through and through. We all sang “De Colores,” (The Colors), a song close to Enid’s heart as she loved people of all color.

Threshold sang “Here We Stand,” about being with her in spirit; both choirs sang, “We Are All Just Walking Each Other Home,” words by Ram Dass. And that’s what it’s all about: Walking Each Other Home.

Rev. Wendy read a poem Enid had chosen, “Miss Me But Let Me Go.” The community read an Affirmation Enid liked: “A human life is sacred, It is sacred because it is being born. It is sacred in its living and it is sacred in its dying.”

I said a Blessing to the Elements and the four directions above and below and thanked the spirits for being present as they were released.

The gathered community said the Serenity Prayer, “God/ness, grant us the serenity to accept the things we cannot change, the courage to change the things we can, and the wisdom to know the difference.”

The celebration ended with everyone singing another of Enid’s favorite songs, “This Little Light of Mine.”

She was a train-taking, cat lover, nurse, workshop attendee, peripatetic pilgrim, PhD, human dynamo, book reader, ever the teacher and student, and if you were fortunate, a loyal, compassionate, and loving friend who expressed unconditional love for everyone. Enid was a true Bodhisattva.

Postlude

Hold me, hold me,
Never let me go.
Hold me like a leaf
At the end of the branches.
And when I die
Let me fly
Let me fly
Through the air like
a leaf that is falling

On the back of the program is a poem, “Enthusiasm: Don’t leave home without it,” by her poet friend, Bob Hoberg of Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Enid had several writings she wanted passed out including, “To Mother Earth.” I will have copies available of this plus “Enthusiasm” and “Miss Me But Let Me Go” available at Crones Counsel in Washington 2018!
Borrowing from this celebrated book, “She Persisted,” written by Chelsea Clinton and illustrated by Alexandra Boiger—13 women who changed the world, I wanted to share only a bit of Her-story. Along with Enid’s colleagues, companions, sister-friends and Crones Counsel, I am merely attempting to capture in words and photos this dynamic woman, Enid who Persisted. I hope to convey that she changed and deepened so many lives, including mine.

We all shared the final news of Enid Roberta Williams, born March 1, 1923, who then walked into the next world October 13, 2017, at 94 and 1/2 (very important times around the Sun).

As expected, she was on a mission to the Salem, Massachusetts, library. She persisted in being ever curious, ever engaged and ever independent, including walking by herself those few blocks in the rain, slipping and falling and being graciously led back to her apartment. Enid’s act of assuredness followed by the kindness of a stranger, made it possible for Sally and Holly to receive a call from Enid asking for some help. Enid went with Holly, Sally, and many others supporting her through the emergency hospital admission. Treatment options were explored, care-plans revised and eventually the gift of safe end-of-life care with a hospice stay. Enid was revered, sung to, and released gently after two weeks of uncertainty about her ability to recover. Even then, she persisted.

Enid accomplished so much living and loving of life in her years, we were all blessed to witness and share with her. And there was always “something more to let joy and wonder in” for Enid.

Enid was born to her mother, a nurse and Ziegfeld dancer and to her father, a lawyer, journalist and Navy Reserve lieutenant. Her mother Zita is here with the flowers.

After her mother was admitted to a tuberculosis sanitarium; young Enid (2) was fostered to an aunt and uncle as her father was away. And She Persisted.

Throughout her life, Enid loved her many cats. Magniffy Cat and Ginger were the best known to us in later years. Enid always had a deep reverence for all animals and had a special relationship to Mother Earth. She collected people and loved them unconditionally, literally giving of herself or her well-loved and well-worn Grandmothers for Peace sweatshirt.

She was a Bodhisattva, with unconditional compassion and reverence and desire to serve all ways.

Enid joyously sailed thru her schooling with an insatiable curiosity and intellect. She studied: literature, history, and science, being awarded scholarships and National recognition in nursing, psychology, and mental health—having earned her doctoral degree all within a 50-year career.

Through it, She Persisted.

After the early death of her husband John Williams, Enid continued her love of travel and was evolving as mentor, healer, and spiritual guide.

Enid was active in groups like Gray Panthers, Grandmothers for Peace, and The Raging Grannies, singing protest songs, attending rallies and hearings. And She Persisted.
Enid was always known for her child-like wonder, her curiosity and playfulness and anything with color especially GREEN color.

At Crones Follies, she was known for regaling us with her rendition of “Where, oh where has my ... gone?” I think we can appreciate that we know damn well where it went!

Crones’ gatherings are now 25 years old. Enid, who joined Crones Counsel in the mid 1990s, attended most of the Wise Women Crones Counsel for more than 20 years. Even when she was not present, everyone had an Enid story to share, letters and cards sent via snail mail and those beautiful nature videos she would send across the ethers as she nearly mastered the computer. Everywhere she continued to make “friends into family” including her Anam Cara, her soul sister, Kianna, who was able to share in the December 3 Celebration of Life ceremony.

Enid knew herself and her Crone family and enjoyed being honored as an Elder, belonging to such a diverse group of wise women. She was always sharing the breadth and depth of her experiences. I was grateful for sharing workshops with her: on healthy aging naturally and having conversations about advance care planning.

Then via Skype — with the help of techno-goddesses, Enid was even willing to tell her harrowing story of becoming a vulnerable elder subjected to abuse/neglect in our healthcare system that doesn’t always serve the elderly ... And YetShe Persisted.

With her uncanny ability to continue to put into Life’s social, communal bank, after 20 years of exploring the richness of New Mexico’s “Alburquerque,” as she said, and with new challenges of health, Enid returned to Massachusetts with the support of dear friends and family of choice. Grateful for their persistence, Enid was to find again, through many steps, safe shelter.

Enid accepted the heart-filled and monumental efforts of Holly and Sally along with many of her East Coast friends. In the last year of life, Enid retained her independence settling into senior housing, ongoing fitness classes, belonging to a congregation, and still making frequent trips to the local library for more books. All healthcare needs were monitored and arranged by Sally and Holly.

Like many passed-on elders before and since, in the trueness of this circle of life, we see that Enid persisted with support of many renewed and new relationships.

Enid rises again like the phoenix bird that she so graciously shared and she returns to Mother Ocean, taking us with her. But more importantly leaving her smile, her giggles, her genuine wonder for everyone and wisdom for us to carry on so we may continue to persist. Hope to see you all in Bellingham in September.

Enid and Meg Randle embracing her beloved Ocean.
Enid, My Anam Cara
by Kianna

In 2001, my oldest daughter, Cindy, moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico. She sent me an email saying she had joined a pagan group and had asked them to bless her house to cleanse it from any evil spirits that might be left there from the previous owners. Then she told me about an amazing older woman who was part of that group. She said, “Mom, you should get her to go to Crones Counsel; she would love it!” Guess what her name was: Enid! I knew at once who she was and told Cindy, “She already comes to Crones Counsel.” I had seen Enid waving her pink boa and performing her outrageous songs at the Follies but I had never spoken to her.

The next year, Cindy and Enid went to a witch camp, Diana’s Grove, in Missouri. They shared a tent with mosquitoes and learned to live with no bathrooms. Later that year, Crones Counsel was at Asilomar and Enid, known as Tiger then, and I got acquainted. I watched her sing “Don’t Fence Me In” with Mahtowin and others. Lo and behold, when I got home, I received a lovely letter in one of her brightly decorated envelopes, the first of many. It brought a warm smile to my face.

Our friendship grew and every time I visited my daughter in Albuquerque, I visited Enid as well. We became roommates at Crones Counsel. After the first time, I thought she might want to room with others, but she wanted to room with me and we became long-time roomies. Our adventures were numerous both at Crones Counsel gatherings and in Albuquerque. We shared our lives and had more in common than anyone could realize. Sometime in the early 2000s she decided she was no longer Tiger and she changed her name to MeadowMark. However, it never caught on as well as Tiger had.

At the Follies that year, she decided to read a serious poem. It didn’t go over too well. I told her, “Everyone expects you to be humorous!”

Enid and I emailed every day or two, talked on the phone frequently and sent snail-mail as well. She introduced me to John O’Donohue, Irish poet, philosopher, and theologian. Enid and I both share Irish roots and love the Celtic traditions. O’Donohue introduced us to the term Anam Cara, which means “Soul Friend.” It is a deeply felt bond with another person. Your Anam Cara always beholds your light and beauty and accepts you for who you truly are. In Celtic spirituality, the Anam Cara friendship awakens the fullness and mystery of your life. It cuts across all barriers of time, convention, and philosophy. Both of us were an only child and each of us had always longed for a sister. In our friendship, we each found that special sister.

After our last Crones gathering in Washington state, Ann and Lynn Emerson invited us and Esta Fedora to go to their tiny home overlooking the water in Anacortes. We spent a couple of unforgettable days there. Ann was very special to both of us; she shared her Wisdom with us and she was our adopted mother.

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On December 3, 2017, I traveled to Marblehead, Massachusetts, for my dear sister Enid’s Celebration of Life. Holly and Sally graciously invited Meg and I to stay with them. I slept in Enid’s room, which will always be known at Tiger’s room. Sally gave me a tour around the area. I saw lobster boats for the first time and yachts wrapped in shrink-wrap for the winter. Later, when I met Globiana, the friend Enid had spoken with on the phone for an hour every Saturday for 20 years, I realized Globiana had kept her abreast of the Boston cultural scene, which Enid had
missed so much in Albuquerque. Enid lived and worked in the Boston area when she was younger. She and her husband even had a home on Cape Cod. She loved it there and told me so each time we spoke. I understood why it was so perfect that Enid had returned to Massachusetts for her last year on our fragile earth.

Her Celebration of Life was a wonderful tribute to my dear sister who had touched so many lives with her abundant unconditional love. The service was held at the Unitarian Universalist church that Holly and Sally attend. Some 40 to 50 people were there and several had traveled quite a distance. The minister and the community were very welcoming. There was music, which Enid loved so dearly, poetry, which was so close to her heart, and many fond tributes and stories.

After the service we took her ashes to the shore by a lighthouse but it was windy and we were too high and too far from the ocean, so we went to a beach. But it was too cold and windy and the tide was out. We decided to return in the morning. The next day, at 11:00 a.m., we returned. The sun was shining on the calm water; the wind had died down and the tide was in. There were six of us. We each took turns, dipping a seashell into her ashes and tossing them into the Atlantic Ocean. I was so glad I was able to be there.

Afterwards we returned to Holly’s and Sally’s home and continued looking at photos and sharing stories. I am eternally grateful to Holly and Sally for all the loving care they provided to make Enid’s last days as comfortable as possible. It wasn’t easy for them, given Enid’s independent streak, but they persevered and gave back some of the love she had given them. It is not often we meet a person such as Enid. She will live on in our hearts forever.

A CIRCLE TO EMPOWER WOMEN

Honor/Remember Someone you care about and support Crones Counsel at the same time.

This year start a tradition by surprising one of your friends from Crones with a donation in her name to an organization that truly matters to her and you, Crones Counsel, Inc.

Instead of giving more “stuff” to remember a birthday, to acknowledge an achievement, or to say thank you for being a part of your life, give a gift that says you are special and sustains the mission of Crones Counsel. Gifts can also be made in memory of a sister Crone.

Your name and the name of the person you are honoring will be printed in the next issue of CroneTimes. Send your “gift” to:
Crones Counsel, Inc.
c/o Kay Marie Bouma
5452 E Hillery Drive
Scottsdale, AZ 85254

As a 501(c)3 organization your donation qualifies as a charitable donation.

If you are interested in remembering Crones Counsel as part of your estate plan, please contact our current treasurer — Kay Marie Bouma. kaybouma@cox.net or call 602-377-5632.
A Crone Love Story

by Lynn Emerson

In Celtic spiritual tradition, the soul shines all around the body like a luminous cloud. When you are very open, appreciative, and trusting with another person, your two souls flow together. This deeply felt bond with another person means you have found an Anam Cara or soul friend.

Your Anam Cara always beholds your light and beauty and accepts you for who you truly are. The Anam Cara friendship awakens the fullness and mystery of your life. You are joined in an ancient and eternal union with humanity that cuts across all barriers of time, convention, philosophy, and definition. When you are blessed with an Anam Cara, the Irish believe you have arrived at the most sacred place: Home.

This is the way of Anam Cara. This is the way of Crone. Ann and Enid were truly blessed in an Anam Cara friendship that modeled for us the ways and sacred journey of Crone.

Both were quietly fierce peace advocates. Both were not shy of the stage, Ann for her naughty little old lady jokes and Enid for her wisdom on such topics as, “I learned everything I needed to know from the prairie dogs.” And most of all they loved unconditionally, listening with respect and nonjudgment. Both were harbingers of a Life Force reclaiming the Crone Archetype, long disparaged in society. How blessed we all are to have known them, learned from them, and been loved by them.

Although the calendar notes 2008, these two wise women (Enid Williams on the left and Ann Emerson on the right) lived and loved during their long lives. As close as we can tell they met at a Crones Counsel gathering in 1997.

As Ann’s daughter and being blessed to have Enid as a dear, dear mentor, I believe the experiences of their lifelong learning distilled in both of them a philosophy, a worldview most closely aligned with Celtic philosophy and spiritual principles.

CRONE SISTERS

We will be honoring Enid Williams at Crones Counsel in Bellingham, Washington, in September. I envision a poster with a picture of Enid, surrounded by as many of her beautiful envelopes as possible, sitting beside the Chair of Remembrance.

I know I’m not the only one who has saved her letters, so if any of you who corresponded with Enid would like to bring some envelopes, we could have a beautiful memorial. Don’t worry about losing them, after all they will have our names on them! Please, if you think this is a good idea, let’s make it happen! I’ll be happy to organize it at the gathering.

Namasté, Sandy Eno

I WANT MY LOVE!

By Simone LaDrumma

...that’s the thing about me.
What do I care if you’re reading the paper
or if I tie up your arm
for the rest of the day?
I’ll sit right where you’re reading
and don’t push me away!

I WANT MY LOVE!

You may kiss between my ears
Of this I approve
But otherwise don’t try to move
Your arm is mine for as long as I say
and if you don’t like it — tough!

I’ll move when I’ve had enough.
A Letter to Enid

by Sandy Eno

I first met Enid Williams at a Crones Counsel gathering. I don’t remember the year but I do recall being immediately drawn to the small energetic woman with a deep laugh and kind, wise eyes. She seemed to be everywhere at once, involved with so many aspects of the gathering, then I’d catch a glimpse of her tucked in a corner deep in conversation with one woman or another, her attention completely focused on her companion. I was in awe of the woman I heard referred to as “Tiger” and a little bit envious of those in her magic circle.

Although Enid and I only met in person at Crones Counsel, over the years we became good friends and I grew to love her very much. We emailed quite a lot and spoke on the phone occasionally but our true relationship developed through the contents of envelopes; mine sedate cream and hers joyfully decorated to light up my mailbox and my day.

As a maiden I was taught to write letters to my elders; Enid was the last such woman in my life so in honor of all the things I’ve learned from my “wise old women,” I write one more time:

My Dearest Enid,

You were many things to me: Mother, Sister, Mentor, Friend, but mainly I thought of you as filling the role of older sister. Sure, you pushed my buttons sometimes but you always had my back and showed me how to find joy in everyday life.

I saw you the Tiger, walking softly, ready to pounce on any cause to fight injustice, giving it your all. You walked the earth with an intuitive courage, giving your love to all her creatures. You were a humble, kind, funny, intelligent, honest, wise, strong, and stubborn woman. A big-hearted, small-bodied person, hair corralled in a bright headband and your shirt loudly proclaiming some message or other. You seldom went unnoticed.

When you sang, I saw the Meadowlark atop a fence post, joyfully greeting the dawn at the top of her lungs!

I remember how much I laughed the first time I watched your routine at the Follies and every time thereafter even when I knew exactly what you were going to say.

You showed me how to lighten up. More than once when I was doing some serious or frustrating CC task, you would drag me off to join an activity usually involving singing or dancing… not my forte. I’d return refreshed, just as you knew I would.

You had a fiercely tender side, dear Enid. One time you and I were sitting side by side in a Wisdom Circle. The topic turned to something very hard and painful for both of us. You reached for my hand and began to speak. You gave me the courage to also share parts of my life I’d kept buried. I can still feel the trembling warmth of your hand as we held on for dear life.

Perhaps your greatest gift was the ability to truly hear another person, giving them your total attention and for a brief time making that person the center of your universe.

I will miss you, Enid. Most of all I’ll miss the thrill of spotting the explosion of color in my mailbox amid my everyday bills and circulars that signaled a letter from you. The anticipation I felt as I tore open the envelope too impatient to find a letter opener wondering what I’d find: a poem, perhaps a newspaper clipping, or best of all a letter scrawled in no particular order across several odd-sized sheets of paper.

I framed my favorite poem and I saved those letters tied up with a shoe-lace in a basket on my desk. Sometimes, when I’m struggling, I’ll pull out a letter and by the time I’ve finished reading I’ve heard your voice, seen your smile and my problem doesn’t seem quite so daunting anymore.

Love and blessings, Sandy

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A SENSE OF TIMING

By Simone LaDrumma

Where do you get your sense of timing, little one?
Is it from the Marquis de Sade or Attila the Hun?
Why do you jump on my lap the second the eggs are done?
And how do you know when I need to go
to the you-know-what
so you can choose precisely that moment to immobilize?
I can almost hear you saying,
“Oh no, you’re not!” as I begin to rise
which is your cue to homestead on my thighs.
Then you look up at me with that smug expression
on your cute little face
which, in Cat, means
“You’re not going anywhere!”
Something to Ponder

By Janet Morrissey

“Group drumming tunes our biology, orchestrates our immunity, and enables healing to begin.” — DR. BARRY BITTMAN

Did you attend any of the drumming sessions at the Salt Lake City 25th Gathering?

There was electricity and excitement in the air. Our spirits were lifted with cares and worries disappearing. Many of us know the healing powers of the drum and the calming effect it can have on our psyche.

The first time I attended Crones Counsel, I heard Simone LaDrumma drum at the 2000 Asilomar Gathering. I had never heard a person saturate a crowd and raise Crone power as quickly as Simone LaDrumma did. Each time I hear her play, she has the same effect on me — magical. Many of you have felt this energy also.

The Mother Board has asked Simone to hold a pre-gathering workshop at Bellingham, and she has agreed wholeheartedly. Let me explain. We heard that some of the SLC attendees would like to learn more about drumming and spend more time with Simone. We also know that other conferences hold pre-conference days, so we thought we’d give it a try.

The all-day workshop: “Drumming and the Holistic Expression of Rhythm,” will be held on Wednesday, September 26, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. with breaks. Simone is a talented and a gifted drummer who has done lengthy workshops for many groups (simoneladrumma.com). Her preferred drums are the djembe and conga, i.e., drums that sit on the floor between your legs and you play with your hands. She will supply an assortment of drums, rattles, and bells for those attending; however, you may bring other drums but her emphasis will be on the hand drums.

There will be an additional cost of $50 and the pre-conference registration is separate from the XXVI Gathering at Bellingham. Simone’s registration will begin on February 1 and end on April 30 through our Crones Counsel website. Again, this is a separate registration. 30 women are the maximum for this venture.

Additional hotel rooms are available.

Registration and opening ceremony will remain the same with registration starting at 4:00 p.m. and opening ceremony at 7:00 p.m.

We hope you will join us for this special event, seeing and feeling the magic of Simone and her drums.