JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING

The First Crones Counsel

By Ann Kreilkamp

During last October’s Crones Counsel XXVII, I suggested that we need to be aware of the fact that CC is about to have its first Saturn Return, which means that we will have, at that point, completed one entire 29-30 year cycle of the planet Saturn, symbolizing, among other things, goals, form, structure, programs, discipline, organization. Once this first cycle does complete CC will find it natural to either disband or regenerate, and if the latter, we will be called on to build on the first cycle as a foundation, and in a more conscious manner than the first.

After that, many came up to me, seeking to know more. Then Kianna, editor of Crone Times, asked me to publish something here. We later agreed that this Contemplation of the Crones Counsel Origins and Direction would be in two parts.

By the way, the CC Saturn, at 23°46 Aquarius, will not make its first return until April 2022 through January 2023, so we do have time for a review of both the nature of the original seed idea under which this entity was born, and how it has developed during its first Saturn cycle.

Backstory:
After a year’s gestation, the Crones Counsel was formally born when Shauna Adix called the first gathering to order, at 7 p.m., October 14, 1993, in Jackson, Wyoming. I quote now, from “The Unveiling,” my detailed personal account of the first Crones Counsel that appeared in Crone Chronicles, #18 (I re-typed and republished the complete essay on my www.exopermaculture.com blog, January 14, 2020).

I could feel Shauna silently performing the alchemical work of creating and holding the space open as the conference began. After helping us feel at ease in this unusual gathering, with many jokes and asides, and fielding a few logistical questions, she moved to the front of the small stage, dropped her voice into an intimate tone, and spoke of her last few years in litigation. A former woman employee had sued her for sexual harassment. Although she eventually won the case, for two years Shauna was dragged through the courts and into the media. A former woman employee had sued her for sexual harassment. Although she eventually won the case, for two years Shauna was dragged through the courts and into the media.

Standing on the stage in front of a room full of strangers, she told us of her ordeal. Her face clouded, darkened, thickened with the memory. She put her hands in her pockets, told us how she went around for those years with her hands in her pockets, lest she touch someone and they hate and shame her for it. “But now,” she said, her eyes beginning to tear,

FIRST CRONES COUNSEL, continued on Page 2
her voice to shake, “when I think of this conference, it is like this” — her arms reached to embrace us all — “with my arms out, wanting to touch, to connect.”

With this one story wrenched from her open wounded heart, Shauna set the tone for the entire weekend.

Thus did Shauna lay down the gauntlet. We would move under our social conditioning to be utterly real and raw, with both ourselves and each other. What became known as Storytelling Time has been the most compelling and consistent feature of every CRONE Times since then. But how would it work? What would be the format? Here, Shauna’s genius really showed through:

Shauna then showed us a cape and crown she had brought for the occasion. She donned them and strutted across the stage. “Just in case you want to wear them,” she said, “when you are speaking to the group . . . And oh, one other thing. Whoever wants a standing ovation, at any time during the weekend, just ask for it!” Which is exactly what many women did; we stood and clapped and cheered for one woman after another countless times during that weekend. This simple instruction was amazingly effective. It gave us permission to continuously identify, tap into, and express the energy present in all these “old women” who, in any other context, might be completely invisible.

“And now,” Shauna said, “I turn the microphone over to you. Who wants to come up here and share your story with us?” Immediately, a hand shot up, and the first woman walked up to the microphone, donned the cape and crown, and began to speak. I was riveted.

At that moment, an annual CRONES COUNSEL ceremony was born. This first ceremony, to Honor the Crone, instantly ignited the combination of Uranian shock and Neptunian communion into this new culture we were birthing via an unusual set of instructions: From The Unveiling:

On Friday evening, another ceremony to Honor the Crone was born. We were guided to move through a darkened hallway to a large common room for an initiation into the world of the goddess. We ran a gauntlet of veiled women yelling at us, in taunting, cackling, hag voices: “ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO MEET THE CRONE?” “WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU’D BETTER LEAVE WHILE THERE’S STILL TIME!” At the threshold we were blessed by a heavy woman with a beautiful round face, smiling eyes and masses of curly black hair. I later learned she was a German gypsy, now professional psychic.

Once through the door, we were smudged with sage and sweetgrass by two more beautiful goddess women. Peering into the near-dark throbbing with women drumming, I looked for Ella and Karen.

Women sat in an oblong ring of chairs, three deep, silent, or drumming, or shaking rattles, or clapping, the room lit only by candles on the altar to the East. This was no longer the Meeting Room. This was Sacred Space.

The two veiled hags came out into the center of the space, moved along the sides, roughly haranguing some of the women in the front row. Pushing at them. “WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?! YOU SHOULD BE SITTING IN THE BACK!! LEAVE ROOM FOR THE OLDEST WOMEN HERE! OLDEST IN FRONT! GET OUT OF THOSE CHAIRS! YOU OLD WOMEN GET UP HERE!” A sort of modest pandemonium ensued, tinged with embarrassment, as the older women rose to do a very unfamiliar thing: claim the front seats from the younger. Some of the younger were reluctant to give up their seats, and yet embarrassed to have hogged the front row. The situation sorted itself out. The chaos died down.

We were guided into a group meditation, to meet the Great Crone herself, and to receive a gift. Then, one by one we approached the altar to speak a few words of our gift from the Crone, and light a candle. The oldest women illuminated the way for the rest of us, first the front row, those in their 70s, then those in their 60s, then the ones in their 50s, 40s . . . Soon the round table dripped with wax from over one hundred flickering votive candles.

The ritual proceeded. An archetypal beautiful maiden honored us with a sensuous belly dance. Then she beckoned all of us to the dance of the crones.

Eagerly, we moved into the central space; we were all out there revving it up, cutting loose. Suddenly, at one end of the dance floor, I began trading screams with a big heavy woman. We were joyful, ecstatic, as we exploded even deeper pockets of energy, which had yet to find expression.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

SHAUNA ADIX
This past year I took more chances in order to grow. Sounds simple, but complacency had become way too comfortable. So, I decided that facing and overcoming fears, no matter how large or small, would open space that I could fill with ANYTHING! Think of it, I could fill it with knowledge, experiences, wonder and awe. And I could also choose to fill it with joy. (Regarding JOY, I received something in the mail this past holiday season from the local food bank. JOY = Just Only You!)

I went back to school to become an End-Of-Life Doula and acquire my professional certificate, which brought me the angst of learning Blackboard, but the joy of a profession that held my heart. I assisted at a horse/human relationship training in Canada, where my two fears were traveling alone and not knowing if my non-traditional background would be accepted by seasoned therapists. My joyful expression at being professionally accepted was to dance down a dirt road at sunset as I lifted my voice in grateful song to the grazing herd, the nesting crows and the lone deer who, I swear, was there just to witness me truly coming into being me. The thought of going to Crones Counsel XXVII as a Newbie also had that fear/joy component. I had been a member of the Boulder Crones and had attended a wonderful meeting of the Denver Crones, so I felt that between knowing a few Crones who were attending the Counsel and having family in Tucson, I’d have my Newbie fear bases covered. After all, I was just walking into a cohesive group of about one hundred intelligent, amazing, creative, spiritual women who had known each other, well it seemed like forever, so everything would be great, right? But who could I sit with at lunch? Anyone remember feeling that way as a Newbie? I didn’t need to worry. Attending the Counsel was like coming home to warm, welcoming, accepting arms. The camaraderie was joyful beyond anything I could have hoped for, including the deep friendships that evolved into the “I’ll be there for you” sisterhood. I had finally found my tribe and even now, I long to sing and dance with you all again.

Prior to attending the Counsel, I had dreamed that my niece and I, holding her new daughter, had refused a patriarchal christening and headed out toward “something else.” The dream haunted me until I realized it meant finding a way to welcome this child into her matriarchal clan. And so, I asked the Board if a ceremony was possible. Through their generosity, the gift of Mahtowin who bestowed her blessing, and the surrounding Crones who lifted their energy and their voices, the tiny maiden, Melina, was welcomed into her sacred tribe. And at that moment, Joy and Blessed Be merged and became Love and the renewal of our village began again.

Thank you all!
What Gives Me Joy?

By Kay Marie Bouma

I was surprised a few years ago while visiting my doctor. She asked me to make a list of ten things that brought me joy. I couldn’t think of one—perhaps that is why she asked. We talked about it a while and finally one came to mind: my little dog, Buster. She encouraged me to think about it and make myself a list of ten things that truly brought me joy.

It took me quite a while; I wanted to get this right. I think I was looking only for those BIG things in one’s life: like making it through the delivery of my child and holding him in my arms for the first time. Or getting my first horse. Both of those are great memories that brought me joy then, but bringing me joy today— I’m not so sure.

Slowly I began to realize it is the small things, the little things in life, that bring me joy today. Hearing my son’s voice on the phone or a text message from my granddaughter. Seeing that my small herb garden is still alive each morning. Watching a hummingbird sitting so still in a ficus tree on my patio. Cooking a meal for someone I love. Getting to watch a brilliant sunrise. Having a conversation with a friend over a cup of coffee, or even better, over a glass of wine. Enjoying live theatre. Taking in the wonderful fragrance in my rose garden. Jazz music—Live.

My list changes quite often and I know it will fill with the new things coming my way if I pay attention. I’m quite careful to determine what I am thankful for and what brings me joy today— I’m not so sure. Slowly I began to realize it is the small things, the little things in life, that bring me joy today. Hearing my son’s voice on the phone or a text message from my granddaughter. Seeing that my small herb garden is still alive each morning. Watching a hummingbird sitting so still in a ficus tree on my patio. Cooking a meal for someone I love. Getting to watch a brilliant sunrise. Having a conversation with a friend over a cup of coffee, or even better, over a glass of wine. Enjoying live theatre. Taking in the wonderful fragrance in my rose garden. Jazz music—Live.

Joy is what happens to us when we allow ourselves to recognize how good things really are.

—Marianne Williamson

Joy of Sharing

by Gigi

“When I wake up in the morning, gets me out of bed, keeps me running, skipping, jumping like a little kid ... Joy! Because they did not give it, they cannot take it away ...”

Just a few lyrics from one of my favorite songs. It has become a mantra for me. As I walk around, I’m almost always smiling. The impact a smile has on the people who walk past me is amazing. It’s contagious. They’ll smile, say hello, nod.

The universe is a vast and magnificent conundrum. We know so little and are searching for the great answers. My partner and I are nerds, and search online for all galactic phenomena. Eclipses, transits, and meteor showers are the impetus for a road trip to the desert or mountains. Any cool thing that happens in the night sky is a celebration. We have a decent telescope (very affordable) and we break it out for any stellar display.

In 2018, there was a rare lineup. All planets were out over the ocean, visible to the naked eye. There’s a water bus that shuttles around the marina in the summer, for only a dollar per ride! I’d wait until the last ride for the night and look at the planetary lineup. Magic.

So, one evening, we schlepped the telescope outside near the boat docks. We set it up and set focus. In alignment, four or five planets. It was a temperate evening, many passersby on the path. Eventually, they’d be curious as to what we were doing. We explained. Then, offered a view, if they’d like. Instantly, the night was magical for dozens of strangers. They couldn’t believe what they saw! Rings of Saturn, Mars’ red drape, the craters and mountains of our moon. In a flash, adults became kids. Sighs of wow, and “no waaaaay” were uttered. The joy of sharing.

The joy of a smile.

The joy of life and wonder.

May we never lose our joy.
for decades, back in my Mother and Keeper states of the women’s archetypal journey, my mantra was “Choose Joy.” I had it posted in my bathroom, near my computer screen, and on my e-mail signature. But I didn’t need to; I remembered it always. It was the salve that brought me through those phases. I remember clearly having a rough day at work and arriving home and climbing on the treadmill and saying to myself, “Choose joy. You can choose to be angry or frustrated, or you can choose joy.” Invariably, it worked. It may have been the endorphins from being on the treadmill, but I like to believe it was my own powerful will that grounded me in a place of deeper internal joy.

And then super-adulthood hit. My husband died. I had emergency surgery. Then cancer struck. This triumvirate knocked “Choose joy” out of my existence. I have not been able to truly access this mantra for the last three years. And yet I know that the only path for me is to rediscover my inner joy. (I’m an enneagram 7) I can’t settle for “peace” or “contentment” or “harmony.” No, my essence is joy. It has simply flown the coop.

Joy is a choice we can make. I know now that it isn’t easy to make this choice; life can conspire against it. But the important word in my mantra is the first word, “Choose.” Choose whatever, but choose it with intention and commitment and eventually, habit. And for heaven’s sake, when you fail at choosing what you wish to choose, when it becomes elusive and you begin to feel like a Pollyanna for even trying to choose, celebrate! We are, after all, wise crones with compassion, above all, for ourselves.

From “Jo” to JOY!
by Heidi (Joy) DuPree

“We cannot cure the world of sorrows, but we can choose to live in joy.”
~ Joseph Campbell

In 2018, the planet Saturn made three passes over my Saturn birth degree. The first time in your life that Saturn returns to your birth degree, it’s a signal that the maiden archetype is ending and the mother archetype is beginning. The second time this happens in a woman’s life, as it did in mine, it’s a signal that the mother archetype is giving way to the crone.

During this initiation to the crone archetype, I had a profound dream in which I changed my middle name by adding a single letter — from Jo, to Joy. When I awoke, I was inspired to make the dream “real” by adding a “y” to my middle name on the cross-stitched family tree. And by embroidering “JOY” across the top of the recently-completed crone quilt I had worked on throughout my transition year.

As I stitched, I reflected on the gift of the dream. Although I was given the middle name Jo at my birth, it was clear that my rebirth crone name was Joy, and that joy was to be the theme of my crone years. I find joy in my loved ones. I find joy in the wisdom life has brought me, and in sharing it with others in the books I write. I find joy in the music medicine and plant medicine I create to harmonize the chaos in the world.

I choose joy in these crone years — both the light and the dark, the beginnings and the endings. I choose to live in joy as my body ages and changes. In doing so, I find joy in the most unexpected of places. By choosing to live in joy, joy seems to find me!

Here’s to the wild, the weird, and the wonderful.

To the tribe of troublemakers that think so far outside the box, they dream on the edges of the infinite.

Here’s to the brightly colored, divine visionaries that won’t stand down, play small, or sit out.

Here’s to the awakened ones whose purpose is to feed their soul and not starve it.

Here’s to the wild ones.
Here’s to you.”
~ ARA
Welcome to the beautiful Pacific Northwest!

Our theme, “Crones of Fire”, is intended to reflect “cronehood” which honors the cycle of life, death and rebirth in much the same way as a volcanic eruption brings fire to life. It cleanses the ground and fertilizes it for new growth. So does each life leave a legacy in the world for future generations to build upon.

That is the true gift of being Crone – acknowledging her purpose, feeding it with flames of passion, and wielding the power of fire to achieve her goals.

Get ready to have FUN! Reconnect, recharge, sing, dance and drum. Laugh and cry with old friends and new.

Enjoy the offerings of so many talented Crones . . . present a workshop, display your wares in the Artisans’ Bazaar, take your act to the stage at the Follies. You may do as much or as little as you want, but come, add your shining energy to the

Crones of Fire. Magic awaits!

Registration for the Gathering is available on the Crones Counsel website www.cronescounsel.org/registration or contact Maggie Fenton, Registrar at 614-204-5614.

The Local Planning Committee Co-Chairs are Ruth Cohen: ruthcpdx@gmail.com, 503-701-2184 and Sandy Eno: seer@jps.net, 925-917-0346.

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Shopping and restaurants are close by with easy access to downtown Portland via their light-rail system with plenty of opportunities to sample Northwest cuisine.
REMEMBERING THE JOY

By Janet Morrissey

Sometimes between 9 AM and noon, I get into my 1995 Dodge truck and go to McDonald’s for a small mocha frappe, no whipped cream. This trip takes me about five minutes, and I’ve been doing it for years. I go through the drive-through and park in the Home Depot parking lot to read my LA Times, listening to music. I find the McDonald’s when I’m out of town, but I’ve noticed a difference even though the frappe tastes the same. I don’t have my paper nor the comfort of the familiarity of my parking space at the Home Depot … and the green truck. The feeling is not the same. The joy I usually have with each visit is not there when I’m at some other place. To have this joyous feeling, everything must be complete. Is that an ingredient for joy?

This Christmas season was difficult to find the joy usually imbedded at this time of year. I did not want to compete, which isn’t like me. I love decorating my house from top to bottom. I like to have the family come and celebrate. I like to think of some creative idea to make our time together more interesting. My sons tell me it’s like going to a workshop for Christmas. That’s not really true.

This year I decided that my husband and I would escape, leaving all behind to take our RV to the beach. A large part of my Christmas joy would be missing this year. The picture would not be complete because people would be missing. My only sibling had been ill for several years and departed to her heavenly award in June.

My childhood Christmas memories have two events that my mother provided for Claire and me: the train trip to Chicago to see the Marshall Field store with a two-story Christmas tree and beautifully decorated store windows, and the making of potica, a Slovenian bread. Now sharing my childhood memories with Claire are gone since I am the last surviving member of my family.

Our daughter was the most joyful person I knew. She was always filled with joy and spread joy in whatever space she occupied: whether in her group home, hospital room or day program. Joan had a child-like quality about her, so she delighted in Christmas with the songs, the presents, Santa, and the decorations. She never asked for anything but her favorite was crayons and coloring books.

Joan’s quality of life became compromised due to lung issues and she was in and out of the hospital the last two years. She always recovered and resumed her normal activities. However, in August she entered the hospital on a late Thursday evening and could not recover. She seemed to give up and left us by Sunday afternoon. It all happened so suddenly, and we were left in a state of shock. Family and friends refer to her as our “joyous angel.”

About forty years ago, I asked myself, “Will I ever be happy again?” It was the time of our youngest child’s terminal illness, and the prognosis was bleak. It was Christmas and the medical staff had done all they could, but I requested they keep him alive for the holidays. I’d like to say that he recovered but that wasn’t to be. I learned I would be happy again with time, faith, family, and friends.

I may not return to the Christmas season as I have known it, but I’m okay with that, knowing the joy I’ve received through the years. I’m grateful for the love of these three souls and what they have added to my life. In my remaining years I plan to carry their spirit and joy within me. I agree with Wendell Berry:

Be joyful even though you have considered all the facts.

Life is a thing of many stages and moving parts. What we do with ease at one time of life we can hardly manage at another.

What we could not fathom doing when we were young, we find great joy in when we are old. Like the seasons through which we move, life itself is a never-ending series of harvests, a different fruit for every time.

— SISTER JOAN D. CHITTISTER O.S.B.
JOY: Living Authentically
by Win Fiandaca

What is joy, that ethereal feeling that is so hard to define?

I eagerly took on the writing of this article, hoping to find a comprehensive answer. As I perused the Internet, I learned that there is no one definition of what joy is nor is there a universal guideline as to how to attain it. In fact, definitions seem to fall within the confines of religious dogma. Perhaps the following will help explain to you what I have learned about joy.

My dearest friend Johanna is currently facing the death of her beloved husband who is in the care of Hospice in their home. She praises his gentleness, his love for her and theirs for each other and their life together, saying that he is her one true love. She is tearful at the prospect of losing his presence in her life. Yet, she is talking about how she will embrace life with new experiences after he is gone.

Many years ago when she was going through a painful divorce from a man who had abused her physically and mentally, she turned to one of her dearest friends, a priest, who urged her to “find joy in her sorrow.” We have recalled Father John’s words from time to time over our 50-plus year friendship. At the time, we did not know what he meant; to be truthful, we thought it was an outrageous notion!

Now we both realize that joy comes about when one is in alignment with her True Self and lives life authentically. One’s True Self, Soul, Inner Spirit, Goddess or whatever you wish to call it is that which abides within you — your inner spiritual being. Poet Audrey Lorde called it, “the Deep River Within.” I think of My True Self as a Light that is one with the Divine. The Divine is my Source — the Source of every moment past, present, and future. To be in alignment is to be like a flame’s center that is motionless while the rest of it dances about. I can be centered in love, peace, and joy while there is chaos around me. When my attitude, i.e., my thoughts, feelings, and actions act out of this knowing, I am joyfully living my authentic life.

While writing this article, Gary made his transition. Johanna is grieving and yet embraces all that life offers her. The point I want to make is that she is doing this with the essence of who she truly is. Yes, she is grieving. Her relationship with Gary filled her life with joy, because as she says, there was never a moment in their relationship that she was not being her authentic self. She will miss his presence because he supported her in all she is and for all she has become. But she will always find joy in her sorrow, knowing that she will continue to embrace new experiences, continuing in the spirit of who she truly is.

Regardless of circumstances, we can each embrace our life’s journey, knowing that we are ever able to connect with who we truly are — our authentic selves — and live a joyful life.

WIN FIANDACA, age 79, resides in Tempe, Arizona, during the winter months with her husband of 42 years. She has three children and four grandchildren.
What, Where and How is Joy Expressed?

by Susan Pryor,
thehobbitsdaughter@yahoo.com.au.

Susan, “The Prioress,” is a priestess in New Zealand who follows Crones Counsel online.

I have in front of me a business card – it says “Yoga Scene – Today! Living the life... creating abundance by sharing the joy.”

“Yoga Scene – Today!” started life as a print publication based on the idea that through sharing and exchanging skills we could grow abundance.

No money changed hands and yet every three months the content for a 100 pages-plus magazine full of the soul works of people-on-purpose was published. Some 14 to 30 contributors, editors and graphic wizards put their collective skills into the cauldron and cooked up a magazine.

Most of the people involved, I discovered, were content, humble, quiet, almost retiring – what they believed and lived was that they were living a life that aligned them with their soul’s purpose, and as I found out – almost all soul purposes; although worded differently and each carrying the signature energy of the person who clothed the soul, was about bringing, being, living, in such a way as to offer beneficence to one and to all – that is – if this act, thought, deed, work, materialisation is not aligned with a universal beneficence then it is not beneficent. In this was discovered joy.

The desire for material and experiential abundance in our contemporary model of life is almost an obsessive craving, perhaps an addiction of today’s world; consumerism is rampant and lives, houses, and trash cans are testament to the never satiated desire for more.

More what?

THE JOY JOURNEY, continued on Page 10

Choosing a New Life of Joy

By Andrea Hartwig

My middle name is Joy, literally it is!
So, I guess I should know a thing or two about joy, and I believe I do.

I find the ability to experience joy easier than ever before. I am in a place in my life where I have re-organized my priorities so that I have more time. A flexible work schedule allows me to pay the bills but more importantly, it allows me the freedom to enjoy the present moment.

In my previous life as a workaholic, I was not fully present and therefore I could not be fully present for others. By making this space in my world, I have invited new experiences into my life. I found a loving partner who adores me and who supports me in my quest for a more meaningful and simple life. He encourages me not to compromise when it comes to the value of my work, and he has sparked my inner artist by teaching me his art. It has surprised me how immersed I become in the creative process when making art. I absolutely love it! I am always thinking about the next project, the next design or some new process I want to experiment with. I am blessed to have my partner as a mentor. He offers suggestions, encouragement, and ideas, and he has taught me that art is not always perfect — a very important lesson for a recovering perfectionist.

In this area of my life, I feel I am in the Mother stage again, mothering a new skill, new creations. I also know that the changes I have made the past three years are part of the process of becoming Crone, the shedding of the ego and the turning inward toward introspection. I look at LinkedIn and see the “success” of my peers I worked with for the past 21 years, the big titles, the speaking gigs. I think about how happy I am that I am not doing those things anymore and how much more relaxed I am now. As my partner and I lay the groundwork for our full-time RV life, I am excited about my future and about the experiences I will have. My ego self sometimes wonders what my LinkedIn peers will think of my life choices, but I know that for me, a simpler life is a joyful life and I am happy with my choices.
Finding one’s Soul Purpose is not as difficult as it may sound – there are many Shamm-essess, Cronees, Wise Women, Priestesses and Witches that can light the path to discovering the Soul’s Purpose.

joy is felt in everything one does; this most certainly has been my experience. Finding one’s Soul Purpose is not as difficult as it may sound – there are many Shamm-essess, Cronees, Wise Women, Priestesses and Witches that can light the path to discovering the Soul’s Purpose; if you are unsure how that looks for you. Once on-purpose alignment comes as one listens and communes with the “Seat of the Soul” – hand-on-heart is a great way to find out what it is you do, be or are that is aligned with Soul’s Purpose. This is the “What” of Joy that is in the title!

Creating abundance – some people’s lives look “easy” – don’t be deceived! Lives can be lived in “ease” yes; however no life is easy! How does a life come into ease? Again the answer lies in the Heart – the place that speaks the truths that are aligned with beneficence for one and all, the practice of action-ing according to the Heart’s whispers is what we know in magic as manifestation . . . and once we start to manifest in alignment with the Soul’s Purpose every challenge, every obstacle, every adversity is greeted with a smile and welcomed for the wisdoms it will impart. Instead of resisting we open our Heart to embrace these challenges – this is what “ease” looks like! When this happens we gain momentum, life is no longer full of stops and starts. As the jerky ride becomes smoother we gather momentum and abundance. We find joy increases as we align with the Heart and enter “ease.” With “ease” comes momentum and from momentum comes abundance! This is the “Where” – of Joy that is in the title!

By sharing the joy! Abundance once created – could, I suppose, be stored for a later time; however, these energetic elements tend to be like the ether, some I know get lodged within and stagnate in the body creating acute and or chronic conditions which just adds credence to the idea that ‘joy’ is designed to be shared. Take a moment now and recall every joy you have experienced that has been shared – and by shared I don’t mean the ‘story’ told or the slice of cake cut in half – I mean the actual joy – the smile that warmed your heart after watching a sunrise, or the kindness and softness you felt after witnessing an endearing moment between a child and her pet . . . or the “high” you felt when the job was “well” done – despite no one seeing you do it! The smiles, the kindness and softness within the Heart, the “high” – are the
“joy” not the “act” that created these feelings; and it is these that can be shared sans the story!

These can all be shared! That’s right, simply gifted as you walk down the street – a smile here and there and there too! A real eye-wrinkling, pupils sparkling kind of smile! Or a kindness by giving the cashier a dollar to make up for someone else’s shortfall in cash, or giving someone your umbrella (probably never to see it again) so they can get to their destination in the pouring rain . . . or simply holding open a door, or walking with a spring in your step, a “Yes” fist pump in your manner (not actually fist pumping but something about you exudes that pleasure) –