

Editorial

LEARNING TO TRUST THE PROCESS

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August 14, 1994. Question: how do I incorporate and express male energy in a healthy manner? And deeper: how do I recognize, and then move through and release, the way I incorporated male energy as the first-borne child of a German doctor?

These two questions preoccupy me now. Now that all three people on the editorial staff have suddenly, within a one-month period, quit. Now, when I feel deadline pressures mount for this issue, and do not want to fall back into my old internal dysfunctional male/female dynamic: as a female, feeling victimized, the martyr, my mind racing with hysteria and panic; this feeling in turn triggering patriarchal male energy, its *desperate* seizing of control.

To fall back into this dynamic is to ignore the Goddess, and specifically Her aspect as Crone, and the apparent overlighting of the *Crone Chronicles*. It is to pretend that I am out here alone, on the edge of space, with no connections to the cosmos, no home.

One month ago, I could not have imagined this sudden, abrupt shift. I was going along, fairly satisfied with the way we were working as a team, and proud of the ways we had worked through our various interpersonal glitches over the past year.

And yet, looking back on the process now, I can see that there were signs, recently, that something was up. Both clues came from ravens. My husband Jeffrey found the first raven feather about a month ago. It now sits on my computer. The second I spotted

while walking by the river a couple of weeks ago, in one of those moments, when, even though I was preoccupied with some inner process at the time, my eye unerringly darted to the extreme left of my peripheral vision, to fix directly on the raven feather lying there. That one now graces my altar at home.

Two raven feathers within two weeks is unusual. I have only come upon two other raven feathers in my entire life. Raven is one of the Crone's sacred birds, and has symbolized the *Crone Chronicles* from its inception.

So I knew something was up. Some change. Something was about to give way, to make room for a larger opening.

When a month ago, Diana Moss quit, for health reasons, I was saddened — and then renewed when, within hours, Glenda Martin agreed to visit here from Montana to see if she wanted to take the job as Associate Editor, in charge of Crone Tracks, Raven Reviews, and Crone Connections. She came and was thrilled to recognize this service as aligned with her own path.

Then, when two weeks later Julie Holding quit, to take a full-time job. I told her I did not know why her departure was good yet, though I wanted to trust that it was. I said this through clenched teeth, attempting to quell the fluttering in my heart . . . We both laughed uneasily in sensing my inner turbulence. I still don't know "why it is good" . . . If there is an Art and Design Director out there who wants to work with *Crone Chronicles*, please contact me!

For that matter, how about an Editor? Last week, when Diana Vilas announced this was to be her last issue, due to mounting personal differences with me as to the vision and direction of this magazine, it was as if the final underpinnings of the latest infrastructure of this project fell away, collapsed from beneath and left me alone! Alone again in the wilderness!

All three of these women were admirably suited for the functions they performed in this project. Diana Moss, for her wonderful empathy with crones of all stripes and persuasions, her sociological eye for the telling cultural attitude either denying or

encouraging the emergence of Crone. Julie Holding, for her imagination, her expertise in the graphic possibilities of Pagemaker, her eye for proportion and harmony, her organizational skills. And Diana Vilas, for her unusual and extraordinary editing skills, moving completely into the voice of the author to help shape and clarify. She set an entirely new and more precise standard for writing quality in this publication.

I have especially welcomed Diana Vilas's personal feedback. She was the first to specifically describe my panic attacks, to vividly render for me how I would unconsciously create a chaotic vortex that threatened to pull her in, and made her want to back off. I remember her words now as I ask to bypass this reaction and move into trusting the process.

This is not the first time this publication has been through total transformation in its supporting editorial staff. The same thing happened two years ago — a Mars cycle, in astrology. Somehow, in the way this publication moves, it needs to periodically shed its feathers. And I, as the vision-holder, must learn to move with it.

Two recent landmark events in my own personal life accompany the current transition. First, I attended a family reunion for the first time in three years and realized that my dear father is no longer the Patriarch, nor does he even care to be! I have kept him in that position, and now see that, in reality, I made him into the Wizard of Oz! The battle of a lifetime is over.

The second was a dream, just a few days ago, in which I was reading the obituary of the man, a philosophy professor, who was my mentor during my volatile 20s. He was a positivist, and a cynic, and he knew he had come to a dead end, urging me to go beyond him, to stand on his shoulders. In the dream I mourned his passing.

Two crucial events, both signifying that old models for male energy within me have died. What is to replace them? I do not know. All I know is I must first transform my female energy, dive below my tendency to panic, and surrender to the Goddess. She teaches me to trust the process itself, rather than fixate on any particular point within it. She teaches me to allow this clearing of the editorial staff of the *Crone Chronicles*, to make room for new energies, which, I intuitively know, are just around the bend.

Addendum: three hours after Diana Vilas quit, Kate Hurley, a young and vibrant woman newly arrived in Jackson Hole, walked in the door. She had seen the *Crone Chronicles* in a local bookstore, said to herself “*This is published here?!?*” and called me. She is already sinking her teeth into production, learning Pagemaker and coming up with design ideas. When I warned her about my tendency to panic and then seize control under stress, and my determination not to do that, despite the chaos I feel creeping back into production now that Diana and Julie are gone, she laughed. “Hey,” she said, “I can live with chaos!”