

Maiden, Mother and Crone

It is mid-summer in Montana and my garden is abundant with Pine Siskins, House Sparrows, Wrens and Crossbeak. Our resident black legged fox is perched on an outcrop just above the steep hill growing above the house. Sophia the cat has not been outside in three days, as those two are arch enemies. The game camera capturing nocturnal images in the garden area revealed a recent tete a tete between them two at two a m. Sophia is quick and savy with her outmaneuvers and stealth, but barely escaped through the cat door into the garage.

Summer unfolds in Montana for a brief visit before sighing with resolve into the usually smoky autumn, completed with the hustle and bustle of humans attempting to tidy up before snow blankets the land. I dreamed of this last night in a peculiar scenario engaging archetypes, colors and a warning to pay attention to the nature of Mother Nature. During my Croning Ceremony at the Farm in July, I accepted responsibility for manifesting the final piece of the triune nature of womanhood, Maiden, Mother and Crone. As a Crone, I am respond-able now to energies no longer silent from and around me. This dream imaging reflected thar call to service.

I found myself sitting on a small bed in a white room, about 10X15. The bed was totally white and unmade but very clean and pleasant. I saw myself sitting in the mudra position of the Green Tara, sitting on a bent left leg tucked under me with my right leg straightened toward the floor. Sitting behind me on the bed was our "niece" Anniyah, who is also a medium and aware of her abilities at barely 12 years of age.

The white room was brightly illuminated but with neither window nor electrical lighting as the source of that beautiful clear light. There was a gentle, anticipatory feeling to it all. I felt neither out of place nor confused, and seemed to rest there in a state of holy expectancy. Anniyah seemed content to be there with me.

There was a door directly in front of the short end of the bed. It opened to reveal a kindly middle aged man whose spiritual energy was his signature. His left hand remained on the outside door knob as he entered only a bit into the room.

" So as you know," he began softly but deliberately " She never does this sort of thing, as She remains in Samhadi and has been in retreat since always. But She will see you soon." He silently closed the door. A while later a woman entered. She was matronly with chin length dark, wavy hair curling pleasantly around her face. She wore a loose fitting red cotton shirt with a knee length black skirt. She reminded me of the images I had seen of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, although her demeanor was calmer and gentler than that great grande dame !

The seer entered the room to sit next to me on the bed. She rested her head on my breast and I comforted her. I recall feeling " finally this is occurred...I accept her into my heart chakra." But I felt it was reversed...was not I supposed to be comforted by Her?!

The next scene found me still sitting in that same position while She stood next to Anniyah, plumping the pillows and very determinedly teaching her something, quite directly and purposefully expressing with no hesitation, what She knew to be true that should be verbalized.

I then awoke to my cat perched on top of me purring loudly and rather punching me with determined paws. As I came to consciousness, all of the fire and security alarms in our house went off simultaneously. Tomorrow is the solar eclipse activating my Pluto in Leo in the 5th house. Wowsie.

I spoke of this dream event with the gifted Samana, Tamilene, who interpreted it as the triune nature of Gaia manifesting. A young gal-friend of ours, Anniyah, appeared as the maiden, but the seer and I seemed interchangeable as mother and crone. I have certainly found my voice as of the past month, more confident to speak my version of Truth when I intuit it is appropriate to do so. As we continue to sponsor Gatherings at the Farm, the tribe of powerful women continues to build and transform each of us according to our own karma and point of evolution. I think that dream event was putting me on notice to remain both humble and vigilant.

© Zoli Althea Browne All rights reserved