

PENN KEMP

The Crone's Double Vision

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Age is the phase for integration as we enter the violet sphere, embracing shadows in whatever form they appear, welcoming all. We wear our lives on our faces, to be read.

We have stood in bright glittering sunshine long enough. We have given to the world what the wor(l)d required. Now we inquire what we ourselves need to feel complete.

We enter understanding, standing under all we have done, all we are. We rest in the full spectrum of fulfillment, scanning the span of a moment's totality. Time out of time expands

to include our whole life, with its possibilities realized or still potential, yet to be enacted, extended to the rest remaining us, doubling to manifest or stay outstanding as life allows.

Now is when to remember just who we entered this world to become. To gather, to recollect, to recall, to weave into a basket of plenty and pass our basket of us as bequest on, nest for the next.

None of our history is lost. It lives in the present as presence. We are the legacy we leave and that which we've received, stretching back over generations. We hold in our palms the prints

of past, present and unknown epochs to come. What brings us to wisdom, this transmission of all we are? Our grandchildren might hear what our offspring may not yet have learned.

For our wisdom to ripen, we need shelter, a place that respects us so we may continue to live the love that is antidote to fear, free of want. Where we can reflect upon, reflect

back gleams of insight gleaned from living

well, unhampered. May we listen to our body. Despite the indignities our flesh is heir to, we attend to aches in organs hitherto unknown.

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Now we understand why old women walk as they do, not from choice, but because knees don't bend and ankles tend to give way. We see our mothers in the mirror and marvel at

the flight of time, knowing that inside we feel thirty or forty max. on good days. We know the limits our younger selves blithely ignored growing up, growing over the lump in our heart.

As we enter elderhood, may we burn up rather than rust away till we are entirely retread, ready for whatever awaits. Retired, may we try again treating ourselves as well we need be treated.

May our inner weather be sun-dappled no matter what. May we recognize in the mirror the other that we were, as we are. May we elders be seen as lineage-holders, holding that mirror for the next

generation down the line and on. May we be heard. May our histories be recalled. May we all remember the right role of elders: to listen, to be heard, to be held in respect. To hold on. To let go. To be held.

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