

Kat's Blast from the past



I guess I was about 32 or 33 when I rather suddenly realized that there was something really missing in my life – internally. As I considered the matter, it slowly dawned on me that the very notion of me being an adult seemed both absolutely absurd and inappropriate.

To put the oddness of this idea into perspective, allow me to point out that at that point in my life, I had given birth, been married and divorced. My status as an adult had long before been established. Yet the very thought of me being an adult; that other adults were my peers and that adult responsibility was expected of me, made me feel immeasurably uncomfortable.

The discovery of any misalignment of the fabric of myself will send me off on a quest to discover the meaning of such a thing. Adorning myself in heavy armor (I wore bronze back then, these days I chose a far more fashionable and light mithril suit) I set off to discover what I could do to mend the fabric of who I am. On my quest, I faced demons and dragons; the likes of which I could only imagine. In the end however, I was the victor and I returned home with my prize – the answer.

Answers can be tricky little things as an answer usually brings up more questions and there is always some stall cleaning to do. This answer was no different in that – ok, now I got you – what do I do with you?

The answer was that I had never gotten permission to become an adult. My adulthood came into being without ever being

marked with a celebration that stated quite clearly; ok you're an adult now and you are now afforded all the perks and responsibilities of the new position. Nor was I ever informed in any rational way as to what those perks and responsibilities were.

In almost every culture that has ever graced the planet, there was a traditional coming of age ceremony or celebration, usually had for children around the age of 13 or 14. Most of these coming of age celebrations were preceded by some instruction about what things would change after adulthood were declared.

In most cultures, while the child had come of age and was expected to act accordingly, there was a transition period that lasted years however, there was no doubt left in the mind of the child or anyone else as to the status of that individual from then on. Some how, much of North American culture has lost the traditional recognition of a child moving to adult-hood; a predicament that may hold consequences we aren't yet aware of.

If you had asked me about coming of age celebrations before my discovery, I would have told you that I thought they were bunk and probably even a little embarrassing. Once I realized how powerful it would have been for me, I have become a firm believer in coming of age ceremonies. I believe, because of my own experience, that they are necessary and that we should be having them for all of our teenagers.

I would, if I could, spare every teenager the confusion I dealt with for all those years because there were never any clearly drawn lines or boundaries created for adulthood. It really would have saved me a lot of aggravation.

The question then became what to do about it. That whole year became about learning to see myself as a woman instead of a girl. It involved evaluating everything I did, thought and reacted to so I could see if I was working from the little girl

mind or the woman mind. It was a year of profound transformation and discovery. It was a year that I will never forget.

So if you have been feeling out of sorts with this 'adult' thing, may I suggest you look back and see if you were ever given permission to be an adult or 'shown the ropes?' It really is a worthy place to look...

For those of you with children, consider having a 'coming of age celebration with them. Take them somewhere they where never allowed to go before or make up a new family traditional ritual. Don't forget to spend a little time with them explaining the inside story about what it means to be an adult. It may surprise you what kind of results you will get after the ceremony is complete!! :-)

Happy Trails

Kat

[Email Kat](#)