

## QUEEN BEE

By Catherine Sevenau

I am the Queen Bee. You know how I know? My friends tell me, but I also have a pair of blue bikini panties with a queen bee on them to prove it. I have been known as the Carrot Juice Queen, the Dance Floor Queen and the Queen of Curb, Gutter & Sidewalk (though I don't like to show country property—for one thing, it wrecks my high-heeled shoes—and for another, there might be something out there that could get me). I am Her Highness in my family, Her Oneness in class and Her Eminence at my work.

I am also the Queen of Complaint and the Queen of Control. Why not? This world would be a much better place if everyone would just do it the right way. Besides, if I didn't try to control everything, well who would? It might just all fall apart. I am clear it is up to me to be in charge. It's the Queen's job!

I am the Queen of Funny. Every once in a while though I hang out with my sons—just to make sure I don't get *too* queenly. You see—my sons—they don't



think I'm so funny. I just think I have what you might call a 'timing problem' with them, that's all. I gave my youngest a cartoon once and in it this therapist is slapping his patient upside

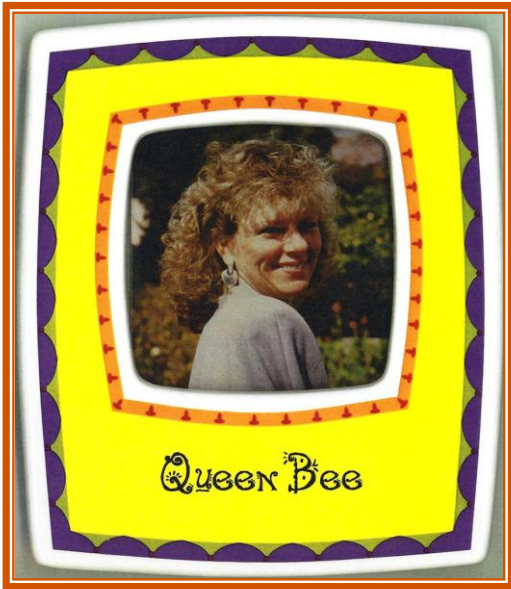
the head telling him to “Snap out of it!” the caption in the corner reading *SINGLE SESSION THERAPY*. “I suppose,” he said, “you think that’s funny.” I thought it was hilarious. Apparently he didn’t. (He takes after his father.)

I am the Queen of Confusion. I know right from left because I salute the flag with my *right* hand, but in dance lessons my teacher would say, “now come forward on your right foot”. I’d do that and my partner would lean into me and whisper politely, “your other right foot”. I do know up from down however. Look, there are plenty of gas stations out there if ever I need to know any more directions than that.

Last week I went to see a healer as my bones have been aching so much. He told me, “Your bones are fine—it’s your mother. She hasn’t passed over yet, and she needs your help to get to the other side.” (They must not have any gas stations where she is.) I’m 53 now—the same age my mother was when she killed herself 33 years ago. He said she was my spirit guide, said I had a lot of work to do soon and would need her help, said she couldn’t help me until her journey was complete. He told me to put food and water for her on my altar every day, to pray for her and for my ancestors before I went to sleep at night. “I’d be willing to do that,” I said, and thought, “I’ll place some there for Michael too, just in case he’s still wandering around.”

As a kid, I knew I wasn’t a queen. I was invisible and it didn’t seem to matter if I was there or not; sometimes I’d sneak a look in the mirror to see if I really existed. I thought something must have been wrong with me, and if I could be perfect, well, I might be able to fix what was wrong. It’s been a big job—and, I’m awfully tired.

But I've been making up for all that these last few years—and what I know in my regal heart is that everything is perfect—and that surrendering is my



work. I've wired it up for almost fifty years to protect this Queen of Hearts and it is taking some time to undo these bindings—piece by piece. I have to be careful as I think my heart might be cracked as it hurts so much sometimes. I have help too: I have honeybees in my heart, making honey out of my fear and shame and resentment and guilt.

I know now I have the heart of a queen, filled with courage and love. You know how I know? My friends tell me. And sometimes—when I take a peek in the mirror—I can see it too.

*Catherine Sevenau  
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