

## OUR MILLENNIAL MOMENT

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January 7, 2000. One week into the “new age.” The end of the first week of the first month of the first year of a new decade, a new century, a new millennium.

Time spreads out in expanding cycles, joined at one point, NOW, the new beginning. As we cross the year 2000 threshold, time fans out into endlessly receding space. We, who resist making five-year plans, how are we to imagine one thousand years? We do not know how to find our feet in this vastness. We only know that, somehow, we are new, reborn, we are no longer the same people as before the crystal ball dropped.

There are those who say that time is an illusion, and besides, only the Christian (Gregorian) calendar marks time this particular way. That even if we accept the millennial frame, the new one is still one year away.

Yet we are human. Our lives are guided by illusion. Only as we dream do we act. Different dreams generate different realities. The more who dream a single given dream, the more likely this dream will capture us in its spell. Scientific types might say there is no year “00,” that therefore the new millennium does not begin until “01”; but humanity has collectively decided that the emptiness of the zero signifies the void wherein all things are now possible.

Here, now, in the triple zero moment, televised images of that first day, first night imprint upon our collective imagination, serve as templates to magnetize energy into form. Scenes of unending joy, accompanied by diverse cultures expressing the same celebration, brought tears to our eyes. For the very first time, we were delivered to the sun rising, over and over and over again, its glorious rays flooding the moving horizon like a crown.

Thirty years before the end of the last millennium astronauts presented us with the picture of our beautiful blue globe floating in black space. Now, on the first day, we actually experienced global roundness, sensing the creation of the 24-hour clock through the cycling of Earth round its own axis as one continuous ceremony pulsed across Earth's surface like a tsunami wave, tossing the human species into ecstatic communion with our home planet and the sun and sky and each other.

The signs had been building for weeks, for months. I was one of those whose fears of Y2K were acutely conscious. All year long I had sensed fear as a sort of tiny insistent buzz. I tried not to think about it, as alarms would clang and my nervous system tense to the point where the adrenaline rushed out, leaving me exhausted. Yet the buzz would not let me go.

Strangely enough, halfway through 1999 I started to notice that I was sensing not only fear, but also a tiny current of excitement. That a part of me was actually looking forward to Y2K. Why? I wondered. Since I was one of those who *did* expect the infrastructure to collapse.

Moving through the Autumn months, my excitement was expanding so forcefully that it actually began to displace the fear. This was amazing, utterly unanticipated.

I spent the final two weeks of 1999 in a state of what I can only call trance. I felt as if I were tuning into a collective current of mingled dread and hope. And over and over again, hope trumped dread. Or perhaps I should say, each short free fall into dread boomeranged further and deeper and longer into hope.

Both mainstream media and the Internet culture emphasized fear, graphically imagining not only "glitches" but terrorism. I know of no prognosticator who predicted what we all know now was a serenely fluid rollover.

To me, what this signals is that the human spirit chose, that humanity actually collectively and unconsciously decided to joyfully and peacefully move through the millennial gate. That the scary/exciting momentum leading up to the "Y2K" moment served to create the One Mind that we have all been longing for. This Mind,

what Jesuit mystic Teilhard de Chardin called the Omega Point, was the leading edge of the wave that swept through us all.

Thus, while the advance computer corrections were necessary, I sense that the unexpected smoothness of the transition signaled that our global electronic system was pulled into the harmony of the suddenly realized One Mind of humanity.

Our remembrance of the images of humanity's joy and celebration of the first 24 hours of this new millennium is the seed of the One Mind which we will consciously nourish to fruition over the next one thousand years.