

The New Moon of December, 2012. Love is my Religion.

On the night of December 12th and the morning of December 13th, the next passage in the long song, the song of Love, begins. May you recognize your part in singing this song.

Every year, the last New Moon before the Solstice sets the tone for the start of our next lap around the Sun. In so saying, especially this year, I am opening a giant can of mental worms. Because this year more than ever before, “calendar consciousness” is at a peak. In order that I may speak clearly on the relative importance of specific days, please allow me to quote Wikipedia here: “A calendar is a system of organizing days for social, religious, commercial, or administrative purposes.... A calendar is also a physical device (often paper). This is the most common usage of the word.”

In our eternal attempt to make sense of life, for as long as we’ve physically marked the passage of time, we have universally attempted to “organize” the cycles of nature. With more or less success, clarity or confusion. One cannot overstate the impact of this human desire, for it shows as clearly as any other thing the human impulse to unite with the Universal Mind. Simply saying that historically brilliant people have forever applied themselves singularly and with great fervor to this impulse cannot do justice to this deepest of passionate commitments.

And so, for reasons knowable only to the Universal Mind, we have this year a sort of collision between two major Solar calendars – the Mayan and the Gregorian. I really cannot speak to the Mayan – it is not within my study. But I can speak to the intensity with which people living within the Gregorian system are releasing their transformational impetus onto certain interpretations of the Mayan Calendar. Many millions of people who are not themselves in practice united with celestial movements have become mentally fixated on the date called 12.21.12 in the Gregorian Calendar.

I have to now admit two things. One is that, in my study of celestial movements, I do not see this date as more significant than any other that is assigned to a solstice. And the second is that for sure, there will be a crescendo of an especially beautiful human energy on that date that I believe does create an opening through which a positive “Shift” can occur. So I will be doing my part, singing my song, on that day. May you sing yours, as well.

If it were up to me, “months” would start and end on New Moons, and years would start and end on... well, I’m not sure I would count years. But I would for sure celebrate Solstices and Equinoxes.

In the sense that I was born into a revolutionary, feminist, anti-patriarchal time, I have often felt that the Gregorian Calendar was in some way “bad.” In the way that its 12 month years and 7 day weeks separate us from the Moon, I have perceived a force at work to separate us from Nature. But in the way that I am being transformed through this passage, I am willing now to see the ardent Love that gave it birth, for it is simply an attempt to “organize” our laps around the Sun such that we celebrate the Full Moon after the Spring Equinox as Easter, signifying the potential for rebirth that I so sincerely believe in.

But at the same time, I would like to say that in some way it is now a good idea to let go of the need to organize time around counts longer than the Moon’s. With all the change happening now, I think it is important to recognize that adherence to any longer or more fixed notion of time than She gives is going to keep us separated from the Song of Love pouring all over us now. It is a time to bathe in feminine waters, to be immersed in Moonlight. To allow the unfoldment to happen rather than to try to schedule it.

In my religion, each New Moon is a rebirth – and lately I seem to need rebirthing quite frequently. For me, there is so much change from day to day that by the time a Moon cycle has passed, I am very much ready for new eyes, new skin, and a new set of soon-to-be obsolete understandings to work with. Letting the Moon mark time for me seems to help me stay conscious of Love in a way that I like. And I seem to lose track of Love when a Solar Calendar consciousness takes hold of me.

Have you tried living New Moon to New Moon instead of day to day?

I am also seeking to open myself more and more to the impulses offered by celestial movements such as form within our Solar System. Which is a funny thing to say in the context of this article so far, and one which perhaps opens another can of mental worms. Please allow me to just say that, in the way I can have one kind of love for a woman and another kind of love for my children, I can love knowing that we live in a helio-centric system and yet still love my geo-centric perspective into this system. All this noise about the correctness of this or that zodiac or calendar or any other system of belief is okay with me now, because I recognize all of it as part of the Song of Love. No one yet has loved perfectly, yet wherever Love can be perceived, it is.

And more and more and more, all I see is Love, and as I do so, all becomes Love.

And I thank you for allowing me to express myself in this way.

And so this New Moon is coming, this moment when the Sun and the Moon, He and She, are united in the sky, pulling us in the same direction. It is the opening of the next Movement, the next theme, in this song we have always been singing. And this of all New Moons... ah! May I express its potential well.

If you are given, as I am, to ritualizing New Moons, it is worth knowing the time they happen. So I will say that this one occurs at 12:42 AM, US Pacific Time, early on December 13th. At that time, the Sun and Moon unite in the 22nd degree of the sign of Sagittarius. So the tone, the frequency of this moment, which is opening the theme of which 12.21.12 is a part, can be (to use a very old-fashioned word) described by a symbolic image for this degree.

I am also given to the study of symbolic images, and I say this simply to let you know that such study is available to you. In astrology, degree symbols are an ancient way to tune in to individual degrees of the zodiac. There are 360 of these degrees and using degree symbols helps us, in an intuitive rather than definitive way, to tune in to the energy of a moment. Indeed, in ancient India, there were astrologers who tuned into the tenths of each degree, such that they had 300 interpretations for each sign and 3600 for the whole zodiac! What was I saying earlier about this most passionate and compelling of human desires – to unite with the Universal Mind?

Be that as it may, at this time, for me, 30 openings into each sign are enough!

So, the symbol I want to share with you, to offer you as a cornerstone for your ritual as you open yourself to the new theme beginning in the long song, is this: “Screens on which movies have been shown are being washed.”

There is a way that you feel as you read those words – what do they feel like, to you? Can you imagine that feeling as a sound – not the literal sound of screens being washed, but the feeling tone of refreshing the canvas of your life?

In the vast ongoing symphony of Life, may you sing aloud that you are not your karmas. May you sing the song of the one within who can honor every part of what we are all going through and yet over and over, choose to hear it all as the song of imperfect Love.

And indeed, in the unknowable perfection of the Universal Mind, which is Love, this movement that is introduced by this New Moon is immediately sparked through by Uranus, who is the Promethean impulse, the giver of fire, which is Love's expressive element. For it is the case that at 4:01 AM, US Pacific Time on December 13th, Uranus begins again his forward walk through the zodiac after 5 months of retrograding.

And the symbol for the fifth degree of Aries, which quickens this New Moon theme, is this: "The statue of a God worn smooth by devotees' kissing."

And as I write these words, the Sun is rising, "... the child of morning, rosy fingered dawn..." cups the world in her hands, once again.

The long song, the Song of Love, never ends. No calendar can contain its complexity, no belief system can stop us from singing with all our hearts.

For Love grows Love. Wherever it is seen or heard, it is.

A fresh start is given us. A new theme is weaving in.

In the night of the 12th and the dawn of the 13th, sing, my friends, sing Love. Let it pour from your heart as never before, for any and all you see.

May the Moon set you free!

Jon