

New Moon November 3rd, 2013. The Moon Also Rises.

For all who are bringing forth The Mystery I want to offer my thanks and congratulations. The last couple of years have been so huge and strange. What is coming through you is changing your life in so many good ways and yet it is so frequently unseen, misunderstood. I honor you for your commitment, for your willingness to be vulnerable.

We are coming out of the long strange period of the western mind, heading into a new and beautiful time of the universal heart. It arises in us and flows into our lives and suddenly we are following Ariadne's thread through the labyrinth. But it is not so constant. And there's just no time to wonder if we're the ones dropping it or if it is being hidden for our benefit.

I'm imagining now the archetype of the Guide – really a nice expression of the masculine – exuding assurance, willing to comfort, seeming never to lose the way. Offering a hand to pull us from the brambles, unbloodied, not even seeming to sweat. But no one has been where we are going, and even the wisest among us is doubling back, searching in the dark.

I honor you for all you have learned, how many secrets you've found. You have learned the ways of clearing, the ways of releasing. You've changed your diet. You've changed everything! You've journeyed, worked with the plant spirits, called in the directions. And what really matters, what I am most deeply grateful for, is that you remain open. This is the end of the civilization of the mind, and it is not letting go so gracefully.

We are uniting with the energy of life, we embrace chaos, within this angular concrete world of the empirical. Everything that seemed to work becomes obsolete. We are stubbornly committed to a feeling, an ephemeral, etheric sense of something that cannot be objectively described.

All these guides have popped up, offering to tell us how, to make sense of it, to teach us the shortcuts. Think of the money you've spent! Workshops and books, healers and teachers. But never quite the end, never quite exactly... how could any of it be?

There is one who is orchestrating it all, and She is a Witch, and it is not always in her to lessen the travails. Why would she? Who really does she want for company?

And the thing is that there is no "always." Not anymore. Always is a masculine concept anyway, and the open heart is willing to accept the grace of sometimes.

And just now I was standing on my porch, under the early morning stars, with the waning crescent Moon rising towards Orion and Coyote singing her waning Moon

song, and this metaphor came to me: the Moon is what she is stirring the cauldron with. The ingredients change and the quality of the potion changes but there is that much of a pattern we can trust. There is that much of a cycle of return. We can maybe learn some sense of when she will pause, some sense of when she will find "what is" complete enough to change it again.

And that timing is the New Moon.

And I believe that this coming New Moon, the one early in the morning of Sunday, November 3rd, 2013, is one for the ages.

The witch has decided not to do this one alone, it is too important that it be strong enough. Her brothers Mercury and Saturn have come to pray with her, and she has placed the cauldron – the bubbling potion of life-on-Earth that she stirs – on the ancient sacred hearth of the North Node.

Again the quality changes. We have for so long been heading deeper in to the labyrinth. We are right now at its deepest point. We are in the treasure room of the Tombs of Atuan, you could say. And even She, the Crone, the Mother of Blood, has asked for help.

And why shouldn't she? Even if only to be a little bit silly, she will change. She doesn't actually want you to ever count on her. Only to love her.

Her brother Mercury comes in to supervise the opening of the channel. He wants to be sure that every mental routine you've ever been lost in has a place in this mix.

And Saturn you know... he is the one who teaches laughter in such remorseless fashion. May you never forget to laugh at how serious about yourself you can be. We are forever morphing into this adolescent sense of intent that arises whenever we "know the answer." The fabulous storm of exclamation points with which we cling to "the light." OMG!!!!!!!!!!!!

All standing together in the temple of Scorpio. She is the counterpoint to all that is sterile, opposed to whatever is rootless. Her talisman is night blooming Jasmine and the decay that gives it such poignancy.

And so if I say that we have made it halfway into this passage, you will not expect the tunnel out to be any less fecund, will you? Do you play with Latin, with the roots of words?

Everything in the cauldron is old now, and you are as familiar with it as you ever will be. So the witch makes it even stronger. The ones she's invited along are very heavy cats indeed. You thought your teacher wore robes of white....

The ones she loves are like little birds, opening their beaks for anything she might offer. And in her heart, spring is never forgotten.

May you winter well.

With Love,

Jon

Now is the time, and you are the one.