



DIANA'S
GROVE

Between The Worlds Patterns of Possibility Diana's Grove Mystery School

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The Lovers: The Equinox Moment

A romantic card, the card of relationship, as you look through different decks, this card will tell you a multitude of stories. If you find the right deck it will tell you what you want to hear. Some modern decks take that title, *The Lovers*, too literally. They show lovers lost in each other's arms and lovers found in a passionate embrace. That interpretation of this card is just and true. Love, also known as passion, is archetypal. No one avoids it. Deny it and it will creep into your dream. It is a step on every path.

Love changes us. It shapes us. It impels us to choose. Love can be the force that draws us away from our family and our friends. It calls us away from childhood, convention and complacency. Love is a *rite of passage*. Sexual attraction begins many relationships. It also ends relationships.

The lovers is more than sexual attraction. It is the attraction binding hydrogen and oxygen. It is the attraction that draws the ocean to the moon, that the moon feels for the earth, that the earth feels for the sun. The Lovers...come close. What are they saying to each other? "Love is the force that keeps life in place. And...at the same time, love impels us to change and grow."



The Rider Waite Smith deck tells the story of those original lovers, Adam and Eve. All the player are there...the snake, the garden, the apple and that angel. And then, the same card tells the story of the marriage of form and insight, of action and intuition. The man looks at the woman; the woman looks at the angel. Conscious, analytical thinking (the man) can't see the angel.

He can't hear the message, find the meaning, or see the divine. He looks to his intuitive or

instinctual feminine self. She sees the divine. Here is the mystery...not men and women but self and self. Both of the lovers are within us, and this card asks "Will this marriage work?"

The Star of Solomon

Two triangles, one rises from the earth. It reaches for the sky. The other heavenly triangle yearns for the earth. It hungers to find itself in form and reality. They pass each other, form seeking vision, vision seeking form. They pass and when they do, there is a moment of perfect balance, a union of opposites. The Lovers is that split second when two triangles pause in passing and make a six-pointed star. The Lovers is the equinox moment. Light and dark, yin and yang, action and wisdom - polarities passing in the night, day, night, day.

The Lovers card in the Crowley-Harris deck shows the marriage of light and dark. It asks the question that all lovers eventually ask, "Do I have to give up my relationship with you in order to have myself? Do I have to give up myself in order to be in relationship with you?" Like those two triangles, after crossing each other an infinite



number of times, each one becoming the other and yearning for its opposite, we realize that we really aren't seeking our opposite. We are seeking that moment of perfect balance. We seek equal union.

Patricia Sun, a philosopher and teacher, said "In relationship, strive to be authentic and let the relationship rise or fall as it may." The Lovers, six, gives us a series of minor arcana cards that are about balance and imbalance in relationship.

Theme for June - Enlightened

by Canyon

We all find it so comfortable, so comforting, here in the dark. I know my beloved ones are near, for I can hear them breathing. With each of my breaths, I take in their individual scents. Even without contact, my tongue registers the familiar salty tang of them in the air. My skin chronicles their warmth wherever one limb brushes another. I know they are here with me in the dark. They know I am here. We have all agreed to be here, together in the dark...forever. Forever in the dark and forever comfortable. We all rest at ease, our eyes closed. A contract of love.

Can you feel this itch I am feeling? There is a prickling in the dark, a little yen scratching through the salty, warm comfort of us. My eyelids flutter in response. Feel it? *Light the light...*

Did you hear that? No.... It was nothing, really. Relax. We are still just as we were and always will be - just us, together, me and those I love, here in the dark. We trust each other deeply. Our contract enables that trust. Our contract to stay in the dark is our bond of love and our bond of trust. Comfortable, easy; we just stay as we are, as we have been. Perfect, really. Nothing to worry about. My eyes, slightly open, see only darkness.

That little scratching yen seems to be growing. What was fancy expands to appetite. Can you hear the desire rasping in my throat on each breath? This sweet yearning almost overcomes the musk of us, of our togetherness. My eyes open wide, I find that I am seeking, listening with my soul. Can you feel the swelling call?

Light the light...be willing to see....

What? What was that? Nothing...really? No, nothing. Shhhh.... Focus on the contract, feel the bonds. Stay here with us in the comfort, in the dark. Don't think about anything but the agreement to stay...forever in the dark, forever comfortable. Remember? There, see how good that feels? Shhhh.... My staring eyes find only shadows of shadows. But I cannot stop seeking, cannot stop searching the dark for...what?

That rasp of desire has become a longing, a hunger, a thirst. It is clawing its way into my center, scrabbling into all of me. Can you feel it pulsing through my limbs? Is it pulsing in yours, too? This longing will not be denied. *Light the light. Be willing to see.*

I reach for a candle and strike a match.... A flare of light and...betrayal!

Yes...our agreement broken. I broke it. And.... And...I can see. I see that you are less than my story of you from our time in the dark. And I see you are more than that story. I see also my own longings that hid among the shadows between us. And I see your desires, too. I see that there are treasures to seek, journeys to make; my heart's desire is revealed. I see - oh! - all of what is beyond our comfort.

And now you, too, can see. You can see me. You can see yourselves. What do you see, beloved ones? Will you forgive the betrayal of the light?

Who are the Mysteries?

Even the editor isn't sure this month!
Check back in a day or two for our
Newsletter Supplement.

My Favorite Places - Aunt Sal's Holler

I've been told that these hills where I now live were once filled with people and their homesteads. Every holler had a family or an individual living in it. Today, when you look at a map of the area each holler is named, and stands as a memory, for one of these families or individuals. The homesteads and people are mostly gone. Here and there are small, rough foundations of cabins long returned to the earth. The names of those who once called these hills home remain. My favorite is Aunt Sal's Holler. Aunt Sal's holler comes down out of the hills in the back, western portion of The Grove property. At the place that Aunt Sal's Holler relaxes its physical terrain, widening and flattening as it joins the meadow, Cynthia and Patricia established their first large ritual area. Two-thirds of the area is encircled by trees. We call it, simply enough, the main ritual area or The Grove. Tucked back behind The Grove and over a wooden bridge is a smaller, more intimate ritual area that we named Carter Shay the year Mystery School worked with the Tam Lin story. It is truly a place between the worlds, a place to touch and be touched by something beyond our normal reality. Aunt Sal's Holler holds both of these places of magic...and has a few more tricks of its own.

Some of you may be wondering just what is a *holler*? When I first moved here I was very curious. There were hollers all over the map. What were they? Where did the names come from? Short of spending pages describing our own hollers (we have three on the property, two of them have the remains of homesteading cabins) the best I can offer are some thoughts from a Dictionary and a Rural Glossary Web site. These resources told me that *hollers* (from *hollows* maybe?) are small, sheltered valleys, often narrow projections off a larger

valley. Some places in the country call them *coves*. The ones I am familiar with here do tend to be somewhat hidden with a sense of secrecy or isolation or maybe it is simply a sense of seclusion. *Hollers* start as very narrow erosion channels up on a tall hill. They dig and widen as they wind their way down the hill until they open onto a meadow area. By the time they reach the meadow the sides have become very steep and high; the sun light can't find its way in until late in the morning and the dusky light of sunset, even in the summer, comes early. The terrain is steep, narrow and rocky. There isn't room for even a small cabin until a holler begins to expand and reach out to meet the flat, meadow land.

In the summer the hollers are cool and green, this year they are very green. Sunlight finds its way in as dappled spot lights, shining down on various worlds and moments as the sun itself travels unseen across the sky. Holler's have natural air-conditioning. Besides the tall, thick trees that block the sun's heat and hold the earth's coolness many hollers have streams running down them. Once upon a time the Arabs build elaborate summer palaces in Spain that



Spot enjoys the Spring Branch

were designed so that one was always within hearing of moving, rippling, falling water. Aunt Sal's Holler offers the same effect in a very different setting. The sound of water moving over fallen branches and jagged rocks comes from a small, clear spring fed stream that winds its way down the holler. Towards its end the Spring Branch snakes itself around Carter Shay and then straightens out as it runs passed the main

ritual area and heads for much larger Sinkin' Creek. By late summer the smaller creek is barely a trickle, but in June it is happy, healthy and full of music and dance. My preference is to simply watch the water as it plays with the rocks and sun, a moving meditation. Spot, on the other hand, thinks the still, deeper water holes on the side were designed just for cooling off hot dogs.

Check back in a day or two for the Sixes in our Newsletter Supplement.

The Paradox and Purpose of Gemini

by Teri Parsley Starnes

Sometimes people tell me that they don't understand particular signs. And it's true, there are signs that take more time to understand than others. I've never heard anyone say that about Gemini, however. The clear theme that Gemini embodies is the duality of the mind and the endless search for information and connection with others. A buzzing bee is often evoked when describing this sign. What is all that Gemini buzzing about? What is the soul purpose of Gemini? Can the Lover's card, which corresponds to Gemini, tell us more?

One of my favorite astrological authors, Brian Clark, has written about the theme of twins in mythology. In particular, he analyzes the story of Castor and Pollux, the twins who are portrayed in the constellation of Gemini. These twins, with the mortal mother, Leda and two fathers, one the mortal king Tyndareus and the other, Zeus, are inseparable until the mortal Castor dies. Pollux, the immortal twin, in despair of being separated from his sibling asks to give up his immortality and be allowed to die as well. Zeus grants his request. Clark points out that this yearning for the missing half is the energy driving Gemini to so many experiences. Perhaps, Gemini, better than any other sign, is most sensitive to what is lost when things become split in two. And perhaps Gemini is the best sign to show the rest of us that everything can be split into many, many fascinating parts.

When I think of The Lovers, I think about the Gemini dance of merging and separating, seeking wholeness and realizing duality. When I merge with my lover, we become one. However this unity is not allowed to remain. Individuals assert themselves again, polarities arise, sparks can fly, we both learn becoming more than we were before, which leads to merging to start the cycle again. Like Gemini, for me, The Lovers card is not static.

At this stage of the evolution of self that begins with The Magician card, we are able to find resolution. Resolution is an interesting Geminian word that seems to mean two opposite things. On one hand, it means to make up one's mind, to become firm; and on the other, it means to become liquid, as in to resolve in a solution, to suspend again in liquid. Do The Lovers card and Gemini point us in both of these directions at once? How do we resolve this paradox? I think Gemini likes to point out paradox and is mostly comfortable with it. In fact, Gemini seems to delight in paradox. The ruling planet of this sign is Mercury, after all. Remember that Magician card in the Crowley-Harris deck? We see Hermes/Mercury standing on one point in the midst of motion. He invites us into multiplicity of truth and laughs when we insist on making sense of it.

Gemini is the first mutable sign in the zodiac.

There are three modalities in astrology which are used to describe signs - cardinal, fixed and mutable. Cardinal signs, Aries, Cancer, Libra and Capricorn initiate things. Fixed signs, Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius maintain things. The Mutable signs, Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius and Pisces synthesize and change things. As the air mutable sign, there is nothing fixed about Gemini except its constant motion. Slowing down this mutable sign can be torture, like being separated from your lover.

For the last 2 1/2 years (since August 2000) we have all been on an interesting Gemini journey as the planet Saturn has transited, or moved through, this sign. The Saturn principle is that through limitation, slowing down, and becoming focused, we are able to build lasting structures. Saturn gives the work orders, tells us where the big lessons are to be learned. Even if you have no Gemini planets in your chart, the sign Gemini lives somewhere in your horoscope and Saturn has been telling the Gemini part of ourselves, to slow down, get real and grow up. Not a fun thing! I have found my Saturn work has been around figuring out how to resolve differences with other people. (Gemini lives in the 7th house of relationship in my chart.) Over the last couple of years, as we have experienced a terrible terrorist attack and war, I have been really questioning my responses to polarized beliefs. Right and wrong do not seem so simple to me anymore. Saturn has asked me to look at the places I have felt resolved and separate from others and see how we are similar. Saturn has also asked me to wonder about my relationships with those I think

I am in agreement with. Where Gemini may want to flow effortlessly from form to formlessness and back again, Saturn has been creating the tension of asking mutability to be still. From this stillness I have had to consider the consequences of my ideas and whether my ideas are creating the world that I want to live in. There is something so slight about Gemini and Mercury, that I think we tend to underestimate this sign and planet. It has taken a Saturn transit to point out to me that what I think and believe creates the world I live in, and that I live in a world of other thinkers and co-creators.

This Saturn journey through Gemini is about to end. On June 3rd, Saturn will enter Cancer for 2 1/2 years. As the Gemini period ends, perhaps you may find it meaningful to think of the Saturn lessons you have been learning. Have you felt stuck around duality, learning, mobility, or communication? Are you able to realize some benefit or lesson from that experience? Although Saturn's lessons may be difficult and slow, the ultimate reward that Saturn promises is lasting wisdom. I must admit, I will be glad to see Saturn leave Gemini. I hope to remember the big lesson however, that what I perceive as separation between me and another can also be seen as what unites us. Looking at The Lovers card that promises wholeness and honors difference, I desire the balance of knowing right relationship with other people. As Saturn turns its slow eye upon Cancer, I hope that I can become a little lighter and remember to be a lot wiser. I will need it for the Cancer lessons!

Intensive Intensive

The **May Intensive Intensive** just ended. It was intense, therapeutic, life-changing and did I say...intense.

In **October**, we will have the year's second **Intensive Intensive**. The October Intensive will review the year's work. Unfortunately, this intensive has been confused with the **September Not-Intensive** week. Two different things! In September, the women's week is limited to ten. It currently has 4 openings. We want to keep it small so it will remain quiet, internal, and

contemplative. Too many people and we will build energy just by being together. The **September Non-Intensive** is devoted to regeneration, sleep, good food, quiet conversation, and time in the hot tub...it's that kind of week.

The **October Intensive** - I would like this Intensive to grow until it is the size of a normal mystery school event - 35 to 40 people.

But..since it has been confused with September Non-Intensive, it is still small...smaller than October deserves. **October...Perfect weather, cold nights, hot days, low humidity, and an unbelievably reasonably priced- \$400 for the week.** That week currently has a small dynamic group of participants registered and... We want more of you! We want more Mysteries so there will be more mystery to revel in.

This week will be a vital, dynamic review of the year. We will invite those first nine Major Arcana

teachers to take a place on the circle of life. Hermes, Artemis, Demeter, Zeus...Lightning crashes, the hounds bay, and the stories of the year tell themselves again. Chiron, Psyche, Percival, Themis...Just as the May week focused on Chiron and healing, Fortuna will use group dynamics to put a spin on October's Wheel of Fortune.

Join us for the first October Intensive and help us start an Autumn Tradition.

The Kiss

I shouldn't have done it
there, like that.

I only meant to talk to you,
To tell you

That you opened up a whole new can of worms.

They turned into butterflies
and flew softly from my hand
leaving me nothing to hold.

But when I opened my mouth to speak,
A thousand fairies rushed out and swarmed
around me
tickling me until I almost peed.

I would have sung to you
but when I opened my mouth,
opals and rubies tumbled out and splashed into
the creek
and quietly washed away.

I wanted to tell you
That I am the wild wolf
who will hold you down between my paws,

slowly, I sample the salt on your skin.
And when you finally succumb to me,
I'll sink my teeth into your
heart

But just then
A chorus of tree frogs began laughing at me.
And the field was full of Gods running back and
forth,
shrieking like children.
And the Moon
was just staring off into space,
Completely oblivious

The only thing in the Universe that made sense
was the smell of your shirt,
the warmth of your arm,
the depth of your eyes.

What would you have done?

Kathleen Engelmann

Skippy Speaks - It's Time for a Relationship Specialist

Ahhhhh!,

The Lovers ... Relationship ... Togetherness ... Connection ... With-ness ... Day-Dreams and Night Noises ... Those blissful hours, those long, deep, meaningful looks, those tingling touches, those *never before felt* (at least not like this time) feelings, those wonderful, self-indulgent moments with each other...those self-indulgent moments without the other, those forgotten phone calls, those missed dates, those misplaced promises, those mistaken thoughts, those wrong ideas, those misbegotten "Who do you think you are?"s. Ahhh, yes, love and relationship, you humans do so like to complicate your lives. You make good entertainment for us dogs. You wish, you hope, you blush, you pose, you preen, you strut, you tremble, you weep, you....Yes, well, the list of theatrics, er excuse me, emotions goes on forever. And, are you ever completely happy? I mean for longer than the episode or two your genes are interested in? Have you ever wondered, is this all there is? Have you ever wanted to consult a real relationship specialist? You know, one that isn't working on their twelve "long term" relationship. As usual, have I got a deal for you. This could be your lucky day.

Here's a question for you. Have you every asked a dog about relationships? No, don't laugh. Think about this for a moment. Do you know anyone or anything better at having a long term, satisfying relationship with a human being...or even several human beings at once? We dogs know how to have Relationships. I capitalized that "R" on purpose. We don't mess around with small "r" relationships, we dogs are in this for the big "R" relationships: Red Steak, Righteous Affection and The Middle of The Bed - which has no "r"s in it, but is Really Important! While we admit that our relationships with you people is less complicated than your relationships with each other we at least know what we want and we are clear about asking for it. We don't hint that you've forgotten dinner. We are very good at clearly communicating our wants and needs.

Skipphooly, in her wanderings, is beginning to wonder if you people even know what you want from relationships. Tell your genes to go back to

sleep, she knows what *they* want. She thinks Mr. Crowley's Lovers are sorely misguided and in deep trouble. Have you ever seen so much pomp and circumstance in a relationship not to mention mysterious wigwamery and superfluous paraphernalia? Ok, ok, so yes you have and so have I but, the question remains, how can anyone have any kind of a sane relationship when they have to do it in the middle of a circus like that? All the trappings and accessories, but just walking around in those ermine cloaks would wear a body out pretty fast. And...well, there's just no room for a good old fashioned mutt in this picture let alone someplace to roll and romp. Skipphooly just shakes her head. She says if you give her a kibble, rub her belly or play ball with her you'll get the same results. It's possible that she is being a bit simplistic, but then, maybe not.

As for those other two Lovers that Mr. Waite conceived, well, they've got a long way to go as well, but at least there is room for going there. The poor guy is staring at the naked women, she's oblivious to his attention and staring up at the angle...who knows what the angel is looking at. My pet theory is that the angel has just looked in her mirror (or is it *his* mirror- talking about centuries of discussion) and is either stunned, amazed, appalled or overjoyed with the new hairdo. Ok, ok...Skipphooly wants me to stay focused on the current discussion...so...in spite of some significant communication problems and the need for a little eye contact in order to get this relationship started to begin with...Skipphooly rather likes this couple. Well, to be honest, she really likes the wide open spaces, figuring with enough room and less encumbrances she can handle the rest of it. There's room for a dog to play here. There's room for walks and rolling in the grass. Great foundational stuff for a Real relationship, a relationship that a dog would be proud of. After all, we dogs have been perfecting this relationship with you humans for ten thousand or so years. Skipphooly thinks it was worth the effort. She should know, she's played on this card before.

