

Tender in the Fire by Suzanna Yahya Nadler

In the darkness of the early morning a soft, watery Pisces new moon emerges, aligned with its beloved friend, Chiron, the wounded healer. Time for tenderness around the hurt, even though the embattled Sagittarius Mars squares off with the lunar sea of unity. The fire beneath our feet doesn't stop!

Last month my heart opened to the despair of living, while the merry go



round seems unbearable. An old wound broke open in the last days before this new moon. I feel young, angry, and terrifyingly sad, with the too muchness of life. Like Cinderella without a mother, I am driven by duty and the unending flow of circumstances to take on more, while I watch others going to the ball. What is different is that I could/can feel something holding me.

On the outer plane of existence there is so much that is unresolved: the degeneration of my left knee after many months still undiagnosed with

limited movement, our rental only partially inhabited, the many loose ends of my new business, take three on the barn, my husband not yet recovered from pneumonia, etc, etc. What has changed is that the fairy godmothers of this land are enfolding me. Although my mind rejects the idea that

working in nature is the best party ever, it is the way that I meet my beloved, my prince. Gently I cradle the young child. Her crib is in the trees, swayed by nature while my adult feels the pain and carries on.