

Threshold of the Heart by Suzanna Yahya Nadler 8/10/18

Looking at the oppressive sky where the smoke has blurred out all signs of blue and only the closest mountains are visibly outlined, how can one not be affected? The summers, the years are blurring together into the presence of the smoke monster. For the first time when our house and land were in danger with the lightening strike over Wagner Butte, I was not panicked. Away teaching at Sufi Camp in Mendocino I honestly could not think of anything essential to be “rescued” from the house if evacuations happened. My inner readiness to change-up my life and let go into an entirely new tomorrow stands in complete contrast to the not-yet-finished barn, representing my dreams of the farm based business, *Yahya Divine Elixirs*.



Astrology, on the other hand, is exact, not mushy like my brain around how many smokey days or summers have we been through and how much more can I endure? Early Saturday morning, precisely 2:58am PDT, the new moon goes into Leo, comes super close to the earth and moves across the sun in the third of three eclipses. Leo focuses us towards what we love and eclipses intensify this simple yearning.

"Pause at the door.

Your heart needs this.

My heart needs this

for recognition, or it will go astray.

It will forget to reach

for its real joy...its true becoming."

Gunilla Norris

The smoke, the eclipses, even all the six planets that are currently retrograde are the pauses in life. My dream of creating a business that would allow others to invest in being here has not been working. My dream of ongoing support in sustaining ourselves as homesteaders is terribly unpredictable. So where do I go from here? Calm and sadness linger in this clearing away, as my inner house is burning down. One thing I do know is I am no longer content to let *life do me*. It would be so easy to just

keep going in the direction that has been formed from so many years of being a counselor, a homesteader, a caretaker of the land. Instead I pause in a willingness to let it all go, to be a conscious agent of renewal, holding the vast openness of possibilities and the simple day-to-day tasks. “The truth we have not dared to live, deepens here.” G. Norris