



DIANA'S
GROVE

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

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The Charioteer



The archetypal hero, the knight in his chariot, dressed for the battle, the victory parade, the royal games of skill and daring. Where is he going? Where did he come from? What do you see and how do you think he feels when he is the object of your attention?

In the zone, dog on point, the body called alert for a grand feat - that's who you see when you look at the charioteer. He is poised at the point before the beginning of a challenge. That challenge might take his life or he might be ready to lead the parade that honors that life-threatening moment in his recent past. Recent past...the veteran pulls a box from the depths of a rarely used closet. His hand rests upon the lid. He notices how his hand tells time, no watch needed to count the hours of the passing years. The box holds a time-eaten uniform jacket. It was new when he was new some forty years ago. He hesitates. Just the box has called the past near. When he opens it, forty years ago will be as close as yesterday. Some past experiences are never past. He grips the box and puts it back, back in the depths of a rarely used closet. He will dress himself in the uniform of a neutral day to take his place in the victory parade that celebrates the death of his innocence and the burial of what he thought was his humanity.

Who is the Charioteer? He is the youth who hasn't imagined defeat. He is soul, the body - armor, Psyche on her path to the home of her

last challenge. Dressed and ready to go, a photo in an album of your Mother's memory: first day of school, first day of college, first day of work, first day of acclaim - dressed for the role previously held by those you first admired. How about: first day of retirement - what do you wear when that *first* is shiny and new? And then, those photos of success: graduation, promotion, the hand shake of the mayor. Take a bow - we see your victory but not your struggle. We see your accomplishment, but not its price. We see your courage, but not your fear. We see your strength, but not your vulnerability. After all, you are the charioteer.



Vulnerable Leadership

Vulnerable: Its first meaning: *to wound* or *the wound*. Vulnerable meant *capable of inflicting wounds*. Now it means *capable of being wounded, susceptible of wound*.

If vulnerable were the subject of a Celtic Cross tarot spread, the ability to wound would be in its past (the card to the left). The fear of being wounded in the same way that we know we have wounded - that knowledge would take the *bones-of-our-ancestors*, what is beneath me place (just below the significator). What is over my head, the card above me if I am the word vulnerable? What does vulnerable strive for, who does vulnerable pray to? Is it invincibility

or is it the strength to live graciously with my vulnerability? What is that next step? If I accept that I am vulnerable, that I will be wounded, my next step is understanding the nature of wounding and healing. What is yours?

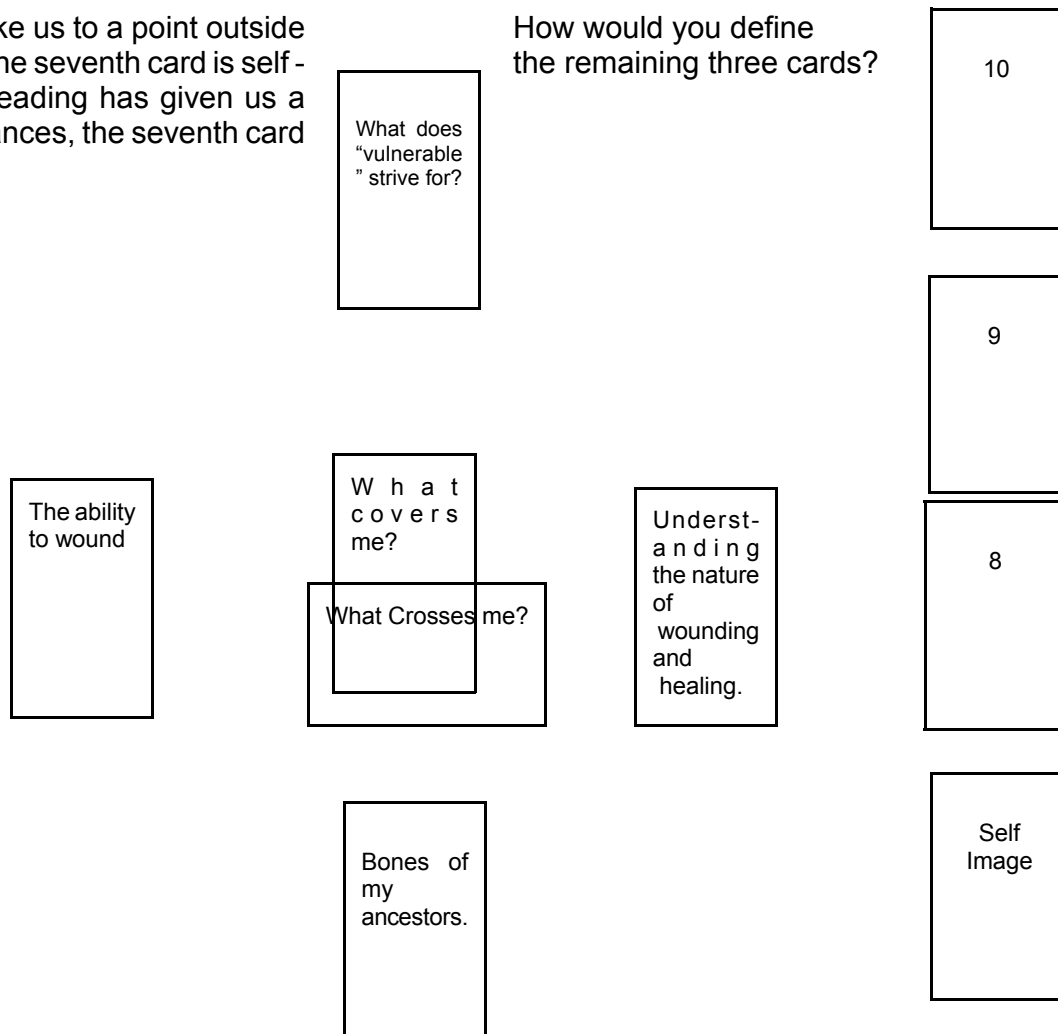
These four cards are the cardinal points of the circle that surround the center. Over the signficator, the subject of the reading, there are two cards that make a plus sign. They are *what crosses me?* and *what covers me?* *What covers me*, what is so close to me that I can't see it? The chinks in my armor, my realization that I will never be so protected that I am not vulnerable. What crosses me? What draws me out and coaxes me to work with my vulnerability? My desire to live without armor and my desire be powerful without wounding.

These cards take us to a point outside of ourselves. The seventh card is self-image. This reading has given us a set of circumstances, the seventh card

will show us the **self** created by those circumstances. If the reading is about a person, the seventh card represents the image that the person wears into the world. Vulnerable - with its past and future, its history and aspiration, who wears this story into life? The charioteer-the hero-warrior- savior- slayer, the one who can wound and therefor is susceptible to wounding.

When you step into the leader's role, you are *capable of wounding* and you are *susceptible to wound*. You are fear and courage, power and vulnerability, hero and villain. The Charioteer is the card of contrast, the embodiment of opposites that will not merge. Oil and water, the prayerful agnostic listens hard to the voice of a non-existent god.

How would you define the remaining three cards?



The Hero's Journey in the 21st Century

(or Why We're Still Telling and Listening to Campfire Stories)

by Dan and Jennifer Wilson

As humans, we're always faced with the big questions of life, the universe and everything. These core questions are at the heart of our collective unconscious, deeply ingrained in the very fabric of our souls. We all have our unique ways of seeking the answers—or avoiding the questions. When we encounter characters in story that grapple with *Why? How? What does it mean? How should I live?*, our spirits quicken, and we lean in close to catch the secrets they discover on their quests for understanding themselves and the worlds in which they exist, real or imagined.

At the heart of the matter is perhaps a yearning as simple as this: we're always looking for connections with people. Ages ago, huddled around campfires, our ancestors told stories of gods and monsters to answer the questions of how we got here and why things were the way they were. These mythic stories, passed down through generations, connected people through time. Those ancient singular personalities grew into universal archetypal heroes questing for the answers to life's big questions, which remain the same, age upon age.

Movies are today's campfire stories. We sit in the dark, light flickering on our faces, looking for glimmers of understanding about others and ourselves as the stories unfold. We learn about ourselves from others, and through our stories, can teach others about ourselves. That, if anything, is the formula for a good campfire story. Telling a story that resonates deeply, that connects us with others through shared experiences or quests—the Hero's Journey.

So imagine yourself seated at the fire, your companions huddled close, listening with rapt attention as you relate your story—your own heroic, mythic quest. You begin by telling them about the call, the day that you knew in your bones what you must do, what you must choose...and what you must sacrifice. Ah, sacrifice. The listeners nod with understanding. Who among us has not feared and resisted the Call as much as we have yearned for it? But finally, you tell them, it became more unbearable not to answer than any sacrifice that may be required, and courageously, you set forth. Courage, as they say, is only courage when there is something real to fear.

And then it happened! The dragon, the challenger reared up, larger than life! "Oh, how I struggled!" you tell them, their eyes wide and mouths open, holding their breath. The task seemed insurmountable, the way to victory obscured. You relate how you took the nightmare in your own hands and vanquished it at last, through more strength, cunning and valor than you thought possible, not in a hundred lifetimes! When the monster lay at your feet, powerless, you looked around, and the world had changed forever in your eyes. Your listeners let out their breath in a collective sigh...and you tell them of the long way home, to loved ones familiar to you but now, you so unfamiliar to them.

And so it goes, hero following hero, across the pages of books, over tongues of storytellers, reflected on the screen...Heroes All.

My Favorite Places The Water Path

by Jane Holt

Several years ago we reclaimed a small piece of the land from the deep brush, brambles and trees that line the creek. We cut the brambles back, cleared out the dead brush and branches, cut down the tall weeds and grasses and seeded the area with domestic grass seed. We needed another area to hold a path for a week-long event. We named this small, reclaimed area simply the Water Path. I think it is a very mundane name for a magical place.

Maybe that is as it should be; it allows the area that we call the Water Path to define its own depth and personality. It is a place designation, not a description. In fact, there is a lovely barrier of brush and trees between the Water Path and the creek, a short, winding path brings you to the creek's bank. I am inching towards Sinking Creek, but I want to talk about the creek in other months, in hotter and cooler months.

This month I want to try to describe a place of transitions and processes, a border place that touches other borders. The Water Path is a place where the cycles of life compete with each other, where worlds merge with other worlds to sustain themselves and in doing so, create new worlds.

We keep the Water Path itself mowed, keeping back the tall grasses and bushes longing to move in. The tall trees filter dappled light onto the dark green grass. Just beyond is a wet land meadow of tall flowers and grasses. Some beyond my reach. An old, wide spreading tree stands in the middle of the meadow. There is not a leaf on it this year. The years of floods and drought have been too hard for it. The birds are ecstatic. They love the openness of dead tree branches – so easy to fly in and out of as they catch insects and watch their world. The dead tree is a gift to the birds. I like it because its shape is so classical and it is surround by the abundance of life that is also the result of floods and drought.

The process of life is every where here. I have no doubt that life is thriving in this spot. I can see it in every direction, even the rich grass I stand on, watered by its proximity to the creek and protected from the harsh summer sun. Life is abundant. Perhaps we should have called it the Earth Path. It is reminds me of the serene continuity of life's cycles and its endless patterns. When I walk there I am reminded that transitions and shifts are what make life beautiful. Life moves as water, rippling and dancing in the sun as it changes.



What are the Mysteries - of the Charioteer?

This month we have asked members of the 2003 Rites team to share their personal perspectives on vulnerable leadership. Matt has been unavailable to respond in the short time we gave, so if you see him, feel free to ask him any of these questions for yet another perspective.

What called you on your path?

I believe I take a step on my path each time I choose a thought or action that expresses my soul. Throughout my life, I have taken such steps. Gradually, I have grown to make these choices more consciously and more frequently.

What begets my consciousness and intentionality? Moment by moment, I am called by a desire to come Home to my soul, to embody a higher expression of my Self, and to experience the ecstasy of communion with Life.

When my soul calls me Home, I yearn to be intimate with Who I Am. I want to embody my soul's expression, to make choices based on love not fear, and to experience my inherent foundation of peace and love. Integrity, authenticity, compassion, and joy - these are some of the plants that I choose to line my path Home.

I also am called by my desire to embody a higher expression of my Self. To be of service and enhance the health and wholeness within the community of life - ah, such profound joy! I believe I can be of service in my greatest capacity by living my deepest passion and calling. To do this, I must walk my path.

Finally, I am called to my path by my yearning to experience the awe and joy of communion - with you and with Life itself. I long to experience and celebrate the mystery of Life and to share with you the beauty of our journeys. When walking my path, I find more opportunities for this communion. And so, once again, I am called.

Kristi Olsen

Why does a Charioteer (a leader) need armor?

Why, as a vulnerable leader, am I clad in armor? If I were bare, wide open and exposed, how supremely easy it would be for you to see all of me, to see into my very heart and soul.

Ah...easy. What a seductive word, but easy doesn't build strength of character or require discipline. Easy doesn't nourish leadership...it slows the mind and dulls the senses. Each day I have the choice to struggle into my armor or leave it in a corner.

I choose to put it on. Its weight is a constant reminder of my responsibilities and conscious choices as a leader. I have carefully forged it out of agreements based in my values and that I wish to uphold thinking well of you, being my authentic self, having a learner's mind, to name but a few. To keep it shining and serviceable, I run my hands over its surface often, looking for chinks and rusty spots where dishonesty, arrogance or apathy may be compromising its integrity.

My armor also allows me to understand where I end and you begin. When I bump up against it, I am instantly reminded me that if I am to find myself in appropriate relationship with you, I must act consciously. The only way for you to know my heart is for me to communicate effectively with you. The only way for me to know you is to actively listen, ask questions, and strive to understand who you are, with compassion.

This armor is my protection against carelessness and my inspiration to

excellence. It serves me, and you, well.

Jennifer Wilson

What grail do you seek? What does your grail serve?

What is the grail I seek? Who does this grail serve?

I am impelled, utterly impelled, to seek the Grail, the Chalice, the Cup of Integrity. Integrity is defined as *the quality or state of being whole or undivided*. Mystifyingly elusive, I glimpse and grasp the state of Integrity in rare and fleeting moments of grace. More often than not, I am in pursuit of it.

If I were whole and undivided, my inner beliefs and values would be exquisitely expressed by my every word and deed. There would be no incongruence between what I say I believe and value and what you see me do and hear me say. I would find myself completely centered in the circle of *Authority = Power = Impact = Responsibility = Authority*.

However, all the complexities and messiness of being human cloud my sight and pull me away from my true aim. I have old patterns to overcome, hard decisions to make, the urge to be liked at all costs to overcome, and only words—often eloquent, but sometimes clumsy—as tools... But like the thrum of my blood in my ears, the call to Integrity is always there and I pick up the path again and again.

The Grail of Integrity serves me well by calling me to impeccable leadership, and when I drink from it, there I find the true essence of Service. It is not *servicing* you, but being in Service to Life that is the reward of Integrity. When I as a leader am in service to life, I cannot help but serve my community well because every decision I make will be life-sustaining, empowering and appropriately powerful.

To the Grail, to its pursuit, I say "Hail!" And fare us all well!

Jennifer Wilson (for Matt)

What drives you?

As the charioteer, my essential nature drives me. I sit in a chariot drawn by creatures over which I have no control, I hold no reins to curb or steer them.

One way I understand my nature is astrologically. Rider-Waite-Smith shows two sphinxes pulling the chariot, one white and one black. I see them as the conscious-Sun sign, and the unconscious-moon sign.

My Sun - my souls' purpose-is in Virgo. My Virgo nature desires to be of service to something greater than myself. To fulfill my purpose, I use my analytical nature to improve myself to better serve. With my sun in the 12th house, I naturally focus on the life activity of transcendent spiritual realities.

My moon-what feels emotionally satisfying -- is in Leo. I am satisfied emotionally by expressing myself in a radiant, confident, creative way. My moon in the 10th house leads me to focus this self-expression in the life arena of accountable leadership— being responsible to community, and being what I profess to be.

There are things about my essential nature that drive me naturally down the path of authentic leadership; there are things that pull my chariot apart or drive me off the path. My Virgo nature can be judgmental, critical, perfectionist, and too concerned with details. My Leo nature can be demanding, self-centered, wanting to be the center of attention, and domineering. My challenge is to understand and balance my nature so I can trust it to drive me to destination I desire.

Constance Sea

What is your destination?

My destinations keep changing. As soon as one destination is reached, another just as compelling makes itself known. Answering a call to leadership has led me to learning what kind of leader I want to be. To reach that destination I joined Mystery School. Joining Mystery School

led me to wanting to learn how to do my personal work in a professional context. I am in the middle of that journey now.

The more compelling question for me is what is our destination? If I say I want to be a leader, where do I want to lead others?

I want to be a part of a change that will shift the way we as groups and individuals move through

and in the world. I don't want to imagine a world that upholds the cornerstones of Choice, Thinking Well of Self, Thinking Well of Others, Stewardship of Self and Sacred Wound. I am ready to shift from imagining to actualizing this dream.

Our destination...living in healthy community and then sustaining that healthy community.

Elizabeth Wilson

Our regular interviews section and articles on the minor arcana will return next month when we get a few technological glitches worked out. (And Mercury isn't even retrograde!)

Life As A Sacred Path - Musings from the Book of Shadows.

By Jane Holt

It baffles me that the Charioteer stands still. Why isn't he moving if he is on a quest? How can those mythological beings pull his chariot if they are sitting or lying down? What is he doing? I think I am beginning to understand him. The understanding is a paradox that twists my mind as any good paradox will. The paradox of the understanding intrigues me as much as the understanding.

Once upon a time I knew where my journey was taking me. I knew where my *chariot* was going. I even believed that I was in charge of its direction. I knew what I wanted, what I needed. I needed answers to questions that haunted me year after year: Why did I always feel like the odd person in any setting?

Why couldn't I stay in a loving, committed relationship? Why were animals easier to be around than other people? Why was I so often sad for no apparent reason? Why was I so angry? Why wasn't I able to do things well enough to make everything else ok? I sought answers and I found them: Family dysfunction, alcoholism, incest mixed with the confusion of shame and guilt. I needed those answers to begin to understand my life. I was lucky enough

to find them. Throughout the process of seeking answers I have had a tight hold on those reins. I was driven by despair and my fear of suicide. I believed that once I had the *answers* everything would be all right.

There is a basic part of me that believes that answers are the *answer*. I believe that answers will enlighten and change my world and to a certain extent they do. For me, they have illuminated more

functional possibilities and other paths to explore. They give me hope and the belief that I can change. They told me I wasn't fundamentally wrong or bad. What I discovered on this first quest gave me the courage to start another journey: A quest to find myself. I wanted to discover who I was and perhaps create who I wanted to be. I wanted to make changes. I wanted to create whole new worlds. I wanted to be someone totally different than who I had learned to be. I think I wanted to be God.

This second quest is confusing and more difficult for me than the first. The answers aren't nearly as clear nor are they as easy to come by. I have

discovered that *Who am I?* is not an easy question to answer. Creating a different world and a different self takes time and energy. Once started, my first quest, the quest for answers, was exciting and invigorating. Each answer propelled me forward, kept me on the path seeking. This second quest takes more emotional energy, more internal commitment. There have been many times that I've just wanted to quit, to stop seeking and be content with what I had discovered or created. I think resting on my victory laurels would be a wonderful thing. The trouble is, that I don't seem to be in as much control on this journey as I was the first. This present journey has a mind of its own that sometimes coincides with my mind and often doesn't. Sometimes when my journey and me butt minds, so to speak, it hurts. Sometimes I get confused and frustrated. Sometimes I want to shout my frustration and yell at the world to stop, stop and let me catch my breath and understanding what is happening. So far that technique hasn't worked. I wish it did. Sometimes I wish I were God.

The farther along this path of self-discovery I journey the less in control I feel. In the past it didn't bother me that the Charioteer had no reins. Oh, I thought, how interesting, no reins, blah, blah, blah. Now it makes me anxious just looking at the card. Now, I identify with that Charioteer and I'm not sure I can trust those beasts in front to take me where I want to go. In fact, I know I can't trust them because I'm not sure anymore where I do want to go. I am beginning to think that just being ready for the quest, just being still and waiting for the journey to come to me may be my next path. It seems an odd journey, but it calls me. So I sit and wait, seeking that which I don't know. Waiting for the unknown to find me. A quest without movement, a journey that has no reins. It appears to be a journey without control, without answers, without doing. A journey of stillness and vulnerability. I am beginning to understand the Charioteer's armor. There isn't nearly enough...and there never will be. Perhaps I should just start taking my armor off now.

Cancer touchstones - inside the armor of the Charioteer

by Teri Parsley Starnes

The Chariot is a card of deep mystery for me because I don't readily understand what I am seeing there. It is a card of contrast and paradox. One of the most puzzling mysteries for me is what this card has to tell me about Cancer, the sign that corresponds to the Chariot. To really open to the revelation that this card can give, I need to open to the assumptions I have about Cancer, about armor, about control and will, about paradox itself. Over the past few days I have been searching into the depths of Cancer trying to uncover the meaning of the Chariot.

Like the Chariot card, there are many paradoxes within this sign. The season Cancer initiates is light-filled summer; however the constellation of Cancer is the darkest in the zodiac. It is barely visible at all. The Egyptians assigned major

significance to this portion of the sky however, calling it the gateway of the soul. For them, the constellation was a Scarab. The Scarab was a symbol of death and rebirth. When the Sun disappeared at sunset, it was thought to be carried through the land of the dead in the boat of the scarab and then presented again for rebirth at sunrise. Human souls were also carried from death to rebirth by the scarab. The Greeks saw this constellation first as a Tortoise and then as the Crab - all of these sensitive, shelled animals live in armor.

In astrology there are 12 houses in a chart, as there are 12 signs in the zodiac. Each house corresponds to an area of life and each house has a natural affinity with a particular sign. The first house has an affinity with Aries, the second

with Taurus, the third with Gemini, the fourth with Cancer, and so on. The first 6 houses of a chart, starting at the left side of the chart and moving counterclockwise are all below the horizon, in the realm of the dead according to the Egyptians. The fourth house is at the lowest point below the horizon. It is called the Nadir. Here is another contradiction. The Cancer season begins when the Sun reaches its northernmost point in the sky, its zenith; however the sign belongs to the lowest part of the chart. When the Sun reaches its seasonal zenith, it looks like it is standing still, hence the name solstice, which means sun standing. At this point, the Sun turns in its journey and begins to rise farther south in the sky until its next standstill at the Winter Solstice. This pivot point is called the tropos (turning point) or tropic of Cancer. Standing still and turning have something to do with our Chariot, I think.

Cancer is a cardinal water sign, a combination that has always felt like a contradiction to me. Cardinal signs are leaders and initiators. Water is sensitive and internal. Cancer folks must strive to embody both the need to lead and the need to feel. A Cancer who desires to remain true to their feelings and to lead with wisdom must walk that mysterious realm hidden from sight, learning to lead compassionately and with some degree of objectivity. What is this wisdom of leadership that the Charioteer possesses and how does he achieve it? What are the hidden resources that Cancer possesses?

A discussion of Cancer would not be complete without mention of the word "nurture." Here is another contradiction. There is a warm fuzzy connotation to this word that does not fit with Cancers. Yes, they are nest builders and defenders of the family in whichever form family takes for them, but they are not always warm and fuzzy. Another animal associated with Cancer is the bear, an animal that can be quite docile but also terrifying when its cubs are threatened. Cancer seeks stability and safety, as much for themselves as for those they love. I am fascinated by Cancer politicians like George W. Bush. His sense of protectiveness for the nation was activated by the terrorism of September 11. His Cancer defensiveness does not seem to be

about personal security but rather about the security of the homeland. Cancers need to define the borders of their tribe or family. With Saturn traveling through Cancer for the next two years, we will be looking at who we consider to be in our clan and how we want to defend that clan. I wonder if the Chariot can tell us something about carrying defensiveness too far, even when we are striving to protect those we love?

Cancer is ruled by the Moon. As we discovered in the Priestess card, the Moon uses many layers of awareness to sense the environment and others within this environment. The Moon is our touchstone for emotional security and centeredness. From the Moon we learn about the cycles of life. Cancer operates from this type of lunar awareness, using the knowledge of cycles to provide sustenance and nourishment. Sometimes Cancer must confront issues around scarcity. Wounds can be held around the area of survival, which in turn can begin a cycle of fear. Can the Chariot tell us how to find relationship to the cycles of abundance, enough, and hunger? The wheels on the Chariot are attached to a stable but heavy structure. What gets this Chariot moving? What turns the wheels of these cycles?

Although the card is called The Chariot, what seems really important to me is the Charioteer. I am intrigued by this figure drawn by Lady Frieda Harris (Thoth deck). He is completely covered in armor, holding a shield which appears to be a spinning wheel and even has a crab on his head. There is such stillness here, in a card which is supposed to be about movement, I think. The armor provides safety, of course, but it is also a container for gestation and transformation, much like the womb or cauldron. The armor contains something unseen, unseeable and reminds me of the Mystery of death when the Sun disappears on its journey below the earth. I think the armor encourages the Charioteer to head towards his center. Dane Rudhyar writes about Cancer, "To reach center is to reach that core of emptiness around which all masses and all energies are balanced. It is to gain a leverage from which all nature can be moved and controlled." Can this

be the secret that Cancer is capable of and that the Chariot encourages us to find? When I become rooted in my still center, can I then move this burdensome structure of clan and stability and nurturance? Can I be both safe and mobile?

Cancer is the turning point, the gateway of souls. From the core, the still center, from stability, Cancer is able to move forward, to move and control the Chariot. Part of Cancer defensiveness is wondering where one belongs. When Cancer is able to move within the armor to the still center, then control of the Chariot arises. I belong to myself and to everything simultaneously. Perhaps in the Chariot, Cancer is given the gift of paradox, which may be that to remain true to my nature, to protect and nurture that which I love, I must drop the reins and let go of control in order to move the Chariot forward.

To explore the lessons of Cancer and the Chariot in your chart there are 3 places to look:

The **fourth house** is a place of deep rootedness. What sign is on the cusp, the beginning line of your fourth house? Can you begin to see the element or energy of that sign as an armor? How does this armor encourage you to head toward your center? Does this armor hold wounds of scarcity? Can you invite the stillness of that element into your core? What lessons can you learn from this? Are there any planets within the

fourth house? Is this planetary energy being held captive by the armor or can you see this energy in your still center giving you a sense of control?

Where is the **sign of Cancer** in your chart? Is this an area of life where you are sensitive? Do you have any planets in the sign of Cancer? If the Charioteer lived in this house, what would his chariot look like? What is his clan?

The Moon by sign, aspect to other planets, and house position will also tell you about how you seek your emotional center. As I begin to look at my patterns of behavior around seeking safety (my Moon), I am able to make choices about whether I really need to reenact old stories. I can challenge myself to drop the reins so that I can move from a place of deeper power and connection. Can you see your Moon patterns?

I now have a greater appreciation for what Cancer teaches me. Every sign has its challenges and promises. We hold every sign within our charts. Somewhere in all of our charts is the promise of the power of the still center and the challenge to remain open while protecting what we love. I think that every one of us will see something different when we look inside the armor. Does the paradox of Cancer help you see within?

Skippy Speaks

Skipphooly gets a Little Long Winded and Then Takes a Nap

I just want to let you know that shepherding that Fool through his journey isn't an easy job. First I have to get you, er, I mean the Fool, to jump off the cliff to begin with. Now, it is true that some of you just whiz right through that universal portal, dive off the cliff and never look back...and some of you are looking back all the way. It's as if you are trying to keep sight of where and what you've been in order to hold on to it. On the other hand, some of you act as though you are afraid to look forward, as if you didn't want to see what was coming. So instead of looking where you

are going you walk backwards into your future. Hmm, that seems a bit odd.... At any rate, you never see the cliff and...over you go. It isn't my place to warn you to look where you're going.

The majority of you, however, I have to push and prod, jump up and down, barking my little heart out to get you even close to the edge. I have a repertoire of every dog stereotype in the book: Rin Tin Tin, Lassie, that oh-too-cut-to-be true Jack Russel on TV, the tiny, helpless Lap Dog, the Guard Dog, the dog from

everyone's childhood fantasies that romped with you in the perfect meadow until Mom, with her very white apron, calls us in for super and bed. Oh, yes, I know them all and I have no shame in using whatever one works to get you over the edge. My first and most important job is to get you, The Fool, to step off the edge into...well, who knows. We only find that out once you've actually jumped! Peering over the edge just doesn't work.

After you land I get the dubious honor of cringing, er patiently watching, while you begin to learn how to juggle those elements. I hold my breath a lot, but so far the elements have always come out in tack...mostly. Then, of course, it's time to give you a glimpse of the mysteries, or at the very least, give you a glimpse that there are mysteries to be glimpsed. Then, finally, off for a nap in the Goddess's lap. You do know, don't you, that dogs need 18 hours of sleep a day? Well, ok, I'm not sure about the *need* part, but we like to be well rested. One never knows when adventure will come knocking and we want to be ready. Dogs are by nature heroes, you know.

Besides, once the Fool gets tangled up with the Empress and Emperor who knows how long I be there helping him, or you, sort out those two imposing archetypes. It's as if that poor Fool just can't decide between expansion or consolidation, growth or limitation, exuberance or control. Usually I just lie there gnawing patiently on a tasty bone, and then another and then another. Once my bone is gone doesn't mean I'm out of bones.

Then it's back to work as we slip into the realm of the Hierophant. This is definitely a work zone. First of all, those poor Hierophants usually have a lot of extra clothes to wear, not to mention their head dresses. I've seen some that are as tall as the poor guys wearing them. On the other hand, if I had to confront those storm gods I'd want to look larger too. It's those workmen's shoes, though...when they go on, I know we're heading for the fields; there are crops to tend, seedlings to encourage, seeds to sort and corn to water. By the end of the day I just want to sit down and watch the sun go down. It is all stunningly marvelous, don't you think?

By now I'm ready for a good snooze. But, oh, no, that Fool has leaped again...this time right into the chaos

and confusion of relationships. Oh, yuk, this one gets so messy sometimes. Untangling it can take years. In fact, I've seen that foolish Fool, in a hurry to move on, wrap those unfinished relationships up in the bag on the end of his stick. He thinks, I think, that he can work on those relationship issues later, maybe when he's done with the rest of the journey. Unfortunately, those unruly relationship issues just keep pestering from the end of the stick (no matter how long you make that stick). Worse, they get loose and *wham*, right in your face, just when you least expect them...or want them. I often have to growl and wrestle them back into the shadows. It would be a lot less work for me if you would simply leave them in storage someplace.

Besides, you can't go very far carrying that kind of weight around. And "Going" is now the issue.

Or, at least, being really ready to go. Yup, through diligence, skill, in-born talent and just plain hard work I have managed to get you here. Where is *here*, you ask? *Here* is that funny little wagon over there, the one with two wheels and those strange creatures napping in front of it.

See that pile of armor next to it? You need to put that on. Yes, it is very heavy. Yes, almost as heavy as that bag with all those old relationships in it. Aren't you thankful I made you leave that behind? So, let's get moving, so to speak. You put that armor on and then figure out how to get into that contraption with the wheels. It's called a chariot. I've called it a few other things when it has been unkind to my back side when it has bounced me around a bit hard while traveling in

it. You can call it anything you want as long as you get yourself into it. That's it, you stand there at the front. I'll wake those odd critters up and we'll get going.

There I've done my work for the moment. If you need me I'll be sleeping in the back. No need for me to expose myself to the dust of the, er, road...or whatever else shows up. Yes, I'm sure you'll be fine.

I'm just settling myself in. Sometimes the path can be a bit bumpy. I just want to make sure I'm got lots of cushioning. There, now if I can just drift off before those wheels start turning....

Did you say something? Reins? Did you ask about reins? Oh, not to worry. No one gets reins.