As the scales of justice point towards the truth being outed, the traditional harmony of new moon in Libra is being trumped (no pun intended) by Pluto’s transformational squaring and Venus’s dive into the depths with Scorpio in retrograde. That is a mouthful of relational, intense dynamics!

Yes, I confess that September’s moons got away from me, or should I say, the harvest of plenty took priority. Now, as I feel the heat of proclamations, even amid my own autumnal plunge into aloneness, the words take shape again.

I hear myself responding over and over again, “No, I am not working with interns or WWOOFs anymore.” I am spent, like those tall corn stalks that have given over their cobs. I have been so innocent, or is it naive, to believe that people who are in transitional times, would love, or at least like the experience of living on this beautiful land in community and maybe even like me. Instead I feel invisible, hidden behind everyone else’s experiences of their mothers. After all, the depth of my own wanting-my-mother wound screeches out for someone to support me in this crazy one-woman homesteading.

Now the new barn stands as a sentinel to the field of cornucopia and I weep. Deeply I know what I long for, but with aspiration smothered under all the leavings, communication has flatlined. I am not returning to the old unsatisfying mentoring relationships; I want an equal. Being led by the heart of the transformational kitchen, I harvest and create food, elixirs, mostly out of responsibility to the fecundity of the land. In all I am waiting for hope.

We have joined Oregon Farm Link. Check out our listing for a Land Partner: http://oregonfarmlink.org/land-listing/lease-possible-partner-or-purchase-25-acres-15-minutes-outside-of-ashland/