

The Stars Are Out: Being With Scorpio

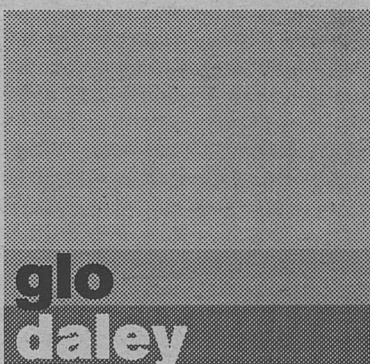
“Oh Death, where is thy sting?” Along comes Scorpio, and with it, ample opportunity to contemplate this question. The time: October 23rd to November 21st. The issues: change, change, change, and death. The symbolism: the scorpion, the snake and the eagle. Not exactly party time. That was last month and, perhaps next month.

For now we can call on the image of the eagle as we dive into a deeper knowing, the eagle being the symbol of Scorpio’s most evolved potential. We may now be able to soar above our materialism and self-orientation powered by the wings of our own true inner nature, our basic goodness.

Getting there, in this

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case, is not necessarily half the fun. As tiny scorpions, we may be fearful of being overpowered, giving us a tendency toward defensiveness. Sure, we can be brave and fearless if it wasn’t for the fact that all those jerks out there are making our lives difficult and threatening to squash us at every turn. Of course we have



to be defensive. We could die. We could and we will and we do.

Enter the snake. This critter symbolizes death and rebirth. Yearly, every snake sheds its skin. This process is not without pain and fear. As the snake works to free itself of its old skin it goes through periods of being unable to see. Scary.

Nevertheless there is no turning back. In spite of fear, discomfort and irritation the job must be done. Why? Because the snake never stops growing. It grows until it dies. This shedding of the skin represents death and rebirth.

Like the snake shedding, there is no way to avoid this. We may hope for the status quo, we may struggle against having to change and grow, but we only create more pain for ourselves in the process.

It is mid-fall, the trees are losing their leaves, our gardening season is over, some animals migrate or hibernate. We celebrate All Souls Day, the Day of the Dead, Halloween ... all reminders of the truth of impermanence.

We could easily fall into depression at this time. We can benefit greatly from contemplating death. But we don’t have to let it overwhelm us.

Remembering that we

Butchly

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white ones only become femme when they take on the personality of the recipient, not their creator. The turtle critter I made for a friend is at the very least a soft

butch turtle.

A woman can’t do everything, but I seem to try. Tomorrow I’ll be up on a ladder, repairing my gutter before I put some time in on the afghan. And it’s okay that I’m not making applesauce this year – my girl is making plenty. She may have to

all die can take us up to the heights of the eagle, Where we can, with sharp eyes, see a greater picture. There is a temptation at this time to be discouraged, to sink into the depths. As usual there is always a choice. We *could* let death remind us that, at this moment, we are alive.

There is a scene from the Canadian film *In the Company of Strangers* in which several old women are lost when their bus breaks down miles from civilization. In their wisdom they make the most of the situation, fully living as they await rescue. At one point in the film, as they stand out in the morning fog, they simply begin shouting in unison: “We’re alive! We’re alive!” It seems they may be doing this in an effort to be heard and saved, but we also see how their crisis has brought them to greater vitality, and they do seem to be seeing clearly how truly alive they are.

There are mornings when I remember to use them as role models, waking up to the thought: I’m Alive! I’m Alive! This time of Scorpio can bring us to this understanding.

We are alive, we can cheer up and go beyond irritability and despair. Like the snake, we grow, we are bigger, we are fresher. We need not suffer in self-absorption. We are part of a larger community. With effort and courage we can join with others, sharing our talents and our joy.

I’ll share my favorite Scorpionic quip: “Hey, you have the rest of your life to be a jerk, why not take a break.” ▼

Glo Daley is an astrologer living on women’s land in Huntington.

come help me with the gutter too. ▼

Copyright Lee Lynch 2003. Lee Lynch is the author of eleven books including *The Swashbuckler and the Morton River Valley Trilogy*. She lives on the Oregon Coast.

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How To Contact Us: 90 main street
p.o. box 1263
burlington, vermont
05402-1263
p. 802-860-6236
f. 802-860-6315
info@samarafoundation.org
www.samarafoundation.org

P.O. Box 875
90 Main Street

Burlington, VT 05402
802-863-2517

BLACKWOOD ASSOCIATES, PC
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