



chapter 116

THE TWIN BODIES OF THE EARTH

by Virginia Mason Richardson

THE MAGIC GUIDE

May this help you remember how magical the world is.
May this help you remember that you too are magic.
May this help you work real magic so you never forget
that you are free, you are powerful, you are loved, and
magic is real.

THE NEW MOON TIME

June 18, 2023–July 2, 2023

I wanted to scream as the pain ripped through my body.

Not this body—this hand made of flesh and bone—but that other body. The one inside. *It's glowing now.*

But on the evening of June 3, I simply felt its pain. Like the pain in my legs as a little girl, as my bones were expanding—cells multiplying, marrow forming. They grew and grew, and I grew taller. Overnight, it seemed.

I rubbed a greasy balm into the skin covering my shoulder, my neck. It smelled like cloves, but I couldn't even enjoy it. OWWWWW.

I laid against an electrically heated cloth and hoped it would help.

I popped an Aleve.

I did everything I could from the outside in.

When I woke in the morning, the mysterious shoulder pain had subsided, but the pain was still there. I felt it in my heart, and I heard it in the thoughts streaming through my head. All the not-good-enoughs, all the no-one-cares, all the whats-even-the-freaking-point.

The fear and shame of my outer body ran parallel to the wisdom of my inner knowing: *It's not a ring! It's a horn!*

I opened my journal to my entry from the day before. A gold ribbon marked the page, dated and timed: 6-3-23, 8:09AM.

Beneath the time were the words, scribbled and centered:

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

I flipped past my notes, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and I added a fifth:

It's a horn!



On the morning of June 3, 2023, at approximately 8AM, I closed my eyes and felt into the heart of the world. That's when I saw—like a movie in my mind—a flash of every experience, existing in every layer of reality, full of every being and every thing in every realm. I saw it as if it were spiraling out from my heart, rapidly expanding to fill all of space and time, and then I saw: A COLLAPSE.

Like the big expansive sphere of everything in the whole wide world snapped back in place inside of me.

Right there. At the center of my chest.

I saw it again and again. The expansion, The collapse. The everythingness, The nothingness.

It was as though the whole world was in a constant state of flowing in these directions, like a literal heart—contracting and relaxing, contracting and relaxing.

It was moving in a distinct shape, in and out from a central point.

I saw this shape as if it were drawn from grid lines, like scientific illustrations of **space-time**.

And it looked familiar—like an actual shape in the world. I went to the great electronic library inside my phone and tried to find it. I saw pictures of light cones and wormholes, but none of these were right.

I opened my journal and wrote down all that I saw in my mind. I numbered the points—1, 2, 3, and 4—and then, I closed my journal.

I took a shower.

I went to a local farm and bought a jar of honey.

I signed a petition for reproductive rights.

I watched all of **Drops of God**.

And then...the pain arrived.

Shooting down my right shoulder blade.

I fell asleep, bundled in the aroma of cloves, and when I woke in the morning, the pain had nestled itself inside my heart and cast a shadow of doubt across my mind.

What had I seen? What was that shape?

I turned to an article I'd opened but had yet to read. It was titled:

Why the Universe Probably Isn't Shaped Like a Donut

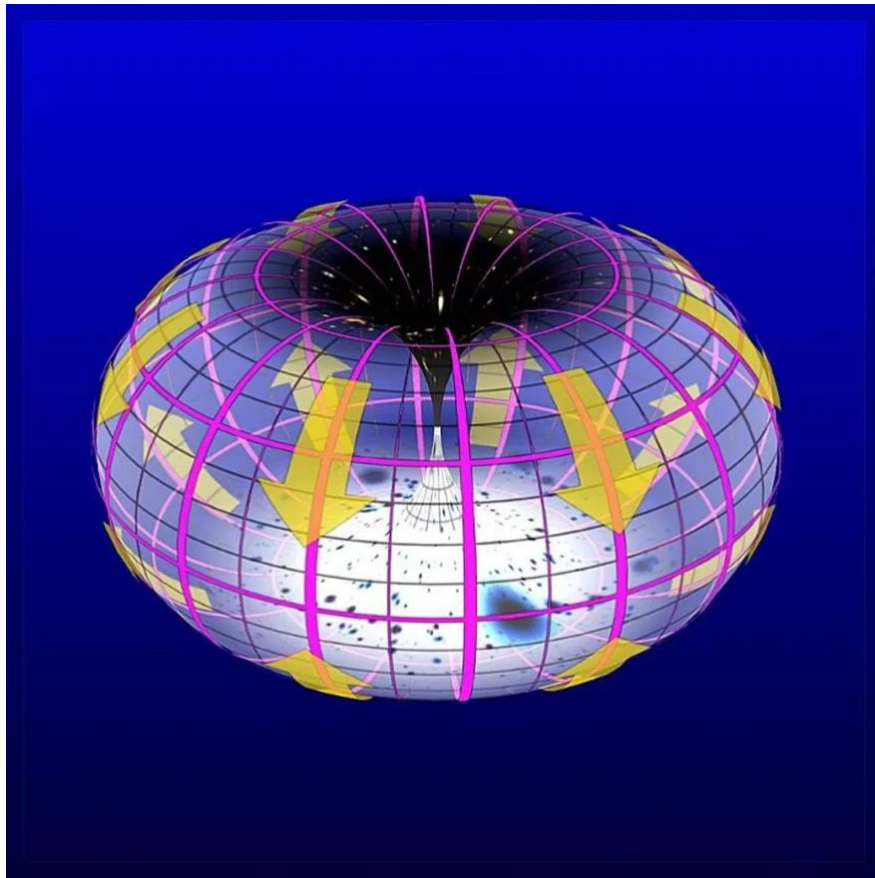
And just beneath the title, there was this—an illustration of a donut-shaped universe:



It wasn't what I'd seen. I was not looking for a donut, but as I kept reading, I saw another illustration of the same theory, and this time, the shape was depicted as being slightly different. It wasn't a ring torus (above), but a horn torus (below).

That's what I saw!

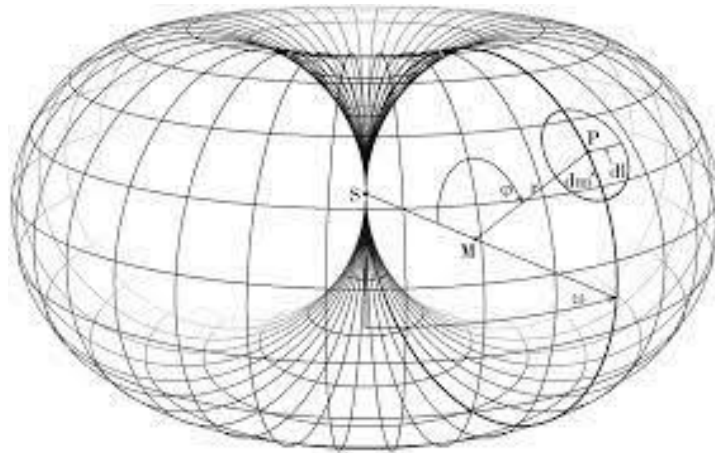
On the morning of the full moon, I saw the shape of the beating heart of the world, and it was...a horn torus:



In the image above, the yellow arrows placed on the surface of the torus mark the area where space is theorized to exist. The idea is that the universe is curved along the outside of the grid lines, not held inside them, and while the article

focused on why this most likely isn't true, the reality is that this theory remains popular and continues to be a part of the scientific debate.

On the morning of June 3, hours before the full moon rose, I felt into the heart of the world, and this is what I saw: a single point at the center—S in the image below—expanding out along curved grid lines, encountering everything that exists, and then, collapsing back to the center, back to S. It expanded and collapsed. Again and again.



As I saw this universal heartbeat, I wondered what I was actually seeing. Is this the shape of the world or is it just the shape of my mind?

Even after I found recent research supporting the notion that it is in fact the shape of the universe, I wondered: what is “the universe”? As we see, measure, and comprehend it?

Is it the entire world? Or is it simply the shape of our minds?



I wasn't wholly surprised to learn that there's science to support what I saw. It was hardly the first time such a thing had happened. After all, there was the time when I saw vision after vision of golden portals of light all around the earth only to later learn that there are **literal magnetic portals** opening between the sun and the earth every eight minutes. Then there was the time, years ago, when I was sitting on the couch and suddenly, I saw how my visual field was completely black and empty. I saw how my mind was piecing together smaller images like little puzzle pieces to form a complete image in my mind, and I realized then that the external world I am seeing is actually just a mental construction. But it wasn't until last month, when watching a **documentary on the brain**, that I learned that that is in fact how our visual processing works. **We are all mostly blind, but our brains can take a small image from our eyes and fill in the rest to create a complete picture. Our visual field is, on average, operating at a 1:99 ratio of actually seen vs. mentally constructed.**

Yet somehow, what we see in our minds proves to be highly reliable in helping us navigate our external world. **Our minds, it seems, are quite good at seeing things that aren't actually visible to us.**

Was mine seeing something on the morning of the full moon? Is there something in our universe (perhaps the universe itself) that is not infinitely flat and expanding, but actually, pulsing within a contained spatial system?

This is the big controversy with **the donut theory**. Many scientists believe that the universe is flat, like a sheet of paper that goes on forever with no end in sight, but when light is examined, it appears that there is an end to things, or at least, a curve to things. Like we are all held in a light-filled system that curves back in on itself forever and ever.

That is what I sensed and what my mind saw—that this world is pulsing in a system that is not simply open—like a flat sheet of paper—or closed—like a jar of honey— but rather...**it's a system that is constantly returning back to itself again and again.**

And on the morning of the full moon, as I saw this return system, flowing through space and time, **I felt a great collapse within the beating heart of the world. The big expansive sphere of everything snapped back in place inside of me, and I was all that was left.**

Except I wasn't just me.

I was full of everything I had seen that had now collapsed inside of me.

I was full...of everything.



In the hours that followed, I felt sorrow. I felt physical pain. I felt doubt, confusion, and loss.

I felt...different.

I opened the honey and drizzled it on a piece of peanut butter toast.

I called my mother-in-law and told her where she could sign the petition.

I didn't turn the TV on once.

And I remembered the words I'd written: "Whatever you're feeling now is part of a massive heart opening, calling all of us to expand towards each other, to open ourselves not just to our personal feelings but to the feelings of the entire world."

I did my best to trust that this was true, and I wondered...**is this pain the world's pain? Is this also a part of everything?**

Days passed.

I reflected on how different I felt, how...contained. As if all the world was being held inside of me, and when I opened my mind's eye to go beyond it, I didn't see a single thing, for there was nowhere else for me to go because now, the space of my earthly body was all that there was.

By this, I don't mean that my material body is all that I experienced as existing, but rather, that I experienced all of existence within my body.

When I tried to venture to the ethereal plane I've come to know and love over many, many years, I was reminded of a vision I had in February 2021. It flashed in my mind, showing me the body within my body. Reminding me that we are not separate. Reminding me that this union was promised then, and now, there is nowhere else to go.

This is not a loss. This is an evolution.



The magic of the earth is changing.

It is here now—inside—in our bodies, in the earth.

And while there's a way in which this has always been true, I sense that it is different now.

For even just a few months ago, at the end of 2022 and the start of 2023, I saw the ethereal world clearly: floating above the planet earth, descending down to meet the soil, the life, the water. The water!

And I was up there too. I felt. At least, a part of me.

But that, I think, is no longer true.

The magic of the earth is changing.

We are getting to know this new era.

Sometimes, it hurts. Sometimes, it's confusing. But then, the light shines through and I know that we are here now. *It is here.*

I look down at my hand and see that in the invisible layers, it is glowing.

This is not a loss. This is an evolution.



Just past midnight (EST) on the evening of June 18, the sun and moon are aligning in a perfect conjunction in the sky—giving us, a new moon.

A new beginning.

We are starting, like the universe once did, in the dark.

It was almost 13.7 billion years ago when out of nowhere and for no discernible reason—from that darkness—there was a rapid expansion, and then, there was LIGHT.

So much light. Light so bright **we can still see it** like a golden beige haze filling all of space and curving at the edges where the universe—perhaps—curves back on itself.

Again and again.

Back to the beginning.

The origin point—S.

The collapse.

The moment before the rapid expansion.



This new moon aligns at 26°43' in the sign of Gemini.

The sign of two halves, two bodies—*twins*.

Together at the start but split in two, asked to live life in two separate bodies.

The moon and sun are in a near-perfect conjunction with the asteroid Juno.

Juno—one of the largest asteroids in our solar system—was named after the Roman goddess of marriage, and for this reason, she’s often dubbed “the marriage asteroid.”

“And the two will become one.”

I remember hearing those words during a wedding ceremony in 2016 and thinking it was such a foolish notion. My internal refutation went something like this: “Ha! You don’t become one person when you get married, nor should you want to. You are two fully formed individuals, and you remain so. You simply choose to partner and live your lives together. Obviously.”

What I didn’t realize then but know now is that **in becoming one with another, you do not have to lose yourself.** You can be two distinct beings, completely whole in their own right, and still merge into a unified force.

A shared body of being.

You are whole while separate and whole together.

And when you do come together, it has seemed to me that a new energetic body that is birthed. Something invisible inside you that reaches for the other and is bound.



After I got married, it took me weeks to feel settled in my body again.

I was so surprised.

I hadn’t expected the wedding to change much. My husband and I already had a cat and a home. We’d already spent a year settling into our perpetual

coexistence, so with the exception of some new legal rights, marriage didn't seem like it was going to have any real material impact on our lives.

But after we read those vows and worked that ritual magic, everything felt different. I felt it in my body—a *material change*.

A change originating not from the observable physical movement of something like boxes into an apartment, but a change originating from the invisible expanding sphere of my heart.

My physical body needed time to acclimate to the newly married condition of my soul—that other body. That light body. That something radiating in the invisible layers that, in its own right, experiences growth and change. *It evolves.*

And on this new moon, we are experiencing an evolution. We are experiencing something akin to marriage. A deepening commitment. A fortified unification between our earthly selves and our...elsewhere selves. It is as though these two bodies—once experienced as separate—are coming together to join forces, reunited in a powerful convergence at the core of your being.



Four years ago, shortly before my wedding ceremony, a photo was taken. In the photo, two large orbs of light appeared beside me and my soon-to-be husband. Moments earlier, when a photo had been taken of just me, there was also a large orb, but when he came into frame, a second appeared. Almost as if these two lights represented each of us—our own individual selves.

Then, as I was reading my vows, another orb appeared. At first glance, it appeared to be one huge orb, but if you look closely, you will see that it is actually two. At the precise moment I was reading my vows and pledging my partnership and working that ritual magic, two orbs of light united. You can see in the photo how it appears as though they are lying atop each other, merging together to form one large orb of light.

THE MAGIC GUIDE



Through marriage, two become one. The whole expands to include not just the I but the We.

This is observed in traditional romantic marriage, but, I think, it's also seen in close friendships, business partnerships, and in our relationship with the divine. Wherein, each of us remains our whole, unique, beautifully messy human self, held within this earthly body, and also, we become something more.

We invite our divinity to take up residency inside our body. We invite it to live through us. We invite our earthly expression to be not just of this earth but of a divine partnership with our ethereal counterpart—that other body to whom we are forever married.

And through this marriage, we are protected.

From what? I'm not going to try to answer that right now, but I've received numerous messages when writing this that *protection* is a big part of what we receive through this union. For brevity's sake, I won't detail all the messages and how they arrived, but I will share that Juno was not just the goddess of marriage. She was also a **divine protectress**.

Protector of the state, the community, and of the “cyclical renewal of time in the waning and waxing of the moon.”



This new moon time takes us from June 18 to July 2. It sets the stage for the Gemini full moon on November 27, 2023, and will also bring us a shining moment of protection on/around August 8, 2023.

During this new moon period, we welcome the solstice (June 21) and the start of a four-month **Venus retrograde cycle** (June 20) that is perfectly poised to teach us so many things we have yet to learn about marriage.



It's June 17. The new moon is almost here. I close my eyes and tune into the heart of the world. Now, my mind's eye does not look beyond my body, but instead, it looks deep inside my heart. And here, as if folded into the petals of a rose, I can see every experience, every layer of reality, and every being in every realm.

I see...a maypole in a garden and a little girl walking upon stepping stones to snuggle up on a bench and read a magical story.

Maypole? I've never seen a maypole before.

I quickly find **some information** about it in the electronic library and learn that maypoles aren't just for May, but in many places, they are erected between June 20 and June 26, for the solstice and Midsummer celebrations.

And it seems that no one really knows the significance and symbolism of maypoles. There are many theories, but ultimately, that's all they are—theories.

Still, people build them. They cover them in flowers. They sing. They dance. They laugh.

What joy!

May this solstice bring you all the joy of wonderment, enchantment, and not needing to know a thing.



To be continued...

LONG STORY SHORT

This Gemini moon is all about marriage—literal marriage, metaphorical marriage, and mainly, the marriage of our ethereal body and our earthly body as ethereal magic blooms forth from all the seeds planted on this earth. As this happens, we may be feeling some growing pains, but growth and evolution is what this is. Not needless suffering, but an expansion of internal light. We are making space for this light inside our bodies and minds. We are committing to this light—maybe for the first time or maybe for the millionth—and henceforth, we will walk with this light as we walk through the world, and the light will radiate from the core of our being, expanding out towards everything and relaxing back to ourselves. Expanding out. Relaxing back. We ebb and flow, not resisting this duality but recognizing its divinity—its very nature as the heartbeat of the world.

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The Magic Guide is a calling I answer every time I sit to write. Every month, I spend 50+ hours creating it, and I couldn't do it without you. If you're enjoying The Magic Guide, please help contribute to its continued creation. *Thank you.*

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