



chapter 117

THE BEARER OF FATE

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 FULL MOON TIME

July 3, 2023–July 16, 2023

Every time I open my email, the words are staring at me: SPIRIT KNOWS THE WAY.

In all caps. Just like that. Well, technically, it's like this:

SPIRIT KNOWS
THE WAY.doc

It's the name of an attachment that was sent to me on February 14, 2023, and of the 63,627 messages in my inbox, it keeps rising to the top.

It was read and responded to months ago. I haven't thought about it since, but now, for some unknown reason, my iMail keeps placing it above all my other messages and quite literally highlighting it in blue.

It feels like a message—a reminder to trust in the flow of things—to *trust that there is a flow to things*—even when I feel mostly adrift, seeing nothing more than one foot in front of the other.

Spirit knows the way and hands me another to-do as if dropping a breadcrumb on a trail that remains mostly hidden from view. The to-dos arrive not through my mind but through my heart, intuitively guiding me towards one crumb and another and the next.

I think of what I used to tell myself back in my dating days: NO MORE CRUMBS. No settling for bits. *I want the whole damn cake.*

And I'd be lying if I said that there aren't times when I feel that way about my relationship with Spirit.

What do you even mean? My husband scratches his ears, confused by the very notion of Spirit I'm expressing. He imagines some magical being in the sky dictating directions, but that's not what I mean.

Okay, then say it simply, so I can understand.

I pause because simple seems hard when words are all I have, but I try. I give it a go: *In my experience, God is not a man in the sky, but instead—God is everything, and everything is an expression of it, and Spirit is moving through us, and I feel it, and I could go against this flow if I wanted, but instead, I choose to follow it, to do my best to be one with it.*

So...Taoism? My husband asks.

Sure, Taoism. I say, knowing that in many ways what I'm expressing is Taoist but also knowing that it's an idea that is present in many spiritual traditions, and even subtly present (I believe) in the Abrahamic religions that are so famous for their Man in the Sky perspective.

Satisfied with my explanation, my husband wanders off, and I reach for my copy of the Tao Te Ching. I can't recall when I last opened it, but I open it now to the 39th verse:

*When man interferes with the Tao,
the sky becomes filthy,
the earth becomes depleted,
the equilibrium crumbles,
creatures become extinct...*

*The pieces of a chariot are useless
unless they work in accord with the whole.
A man's life brings nothing
unless he lives in accord with the whole universe.
Playing one's part
in accord with the universe
is true humility.*



I look outside and struggle to see the trees through the smoke that fills the air. For the third day in a row, the fires in Canada have sent northeastern Ohio into the danger zone on the pollution scale.

Inside, my vision feels just as stifled—like I'm living in the dark, uncertain about what my future holds. But it hasn't always felt this way. *It doesn't always feel this way.*

Approximately eight years ago, I made the commitment to live in steadfast collaboration with Spirit, to follow the flow of the universe and to trust the (always loving) guidance I receive even if it doesn't make sense in my mind. By choosing this way of life, I have had profound spiritual experiences. I have been held and supported through the regular manifestation of wondrous gifts, and my body has ceased to be a broken-down shell, attacking itself from the inside out.

After just a couple of years of embracing this intuitive lifestyle, the symptoms of my two autoimmune diseases and my temporal lobe epilepsy all disappeared. In their place, my life became wondrous, enchanting, and beautiful. Beautiful in a way I never could have planned for or dreamt of because without experiencing these things, I never would have believed that they were possible.

But I'd be lying if I said it was always easy. I'd be lying if I said I never doubted. I'd be lying if I said that it was all peace and bliss and love all the time. It isn't. Sometimes, it's like eating the whole damn cake. Other times—like now—it's like walking through the dark and mustering as much gratitude as I can for the crumbs that sustain me along the way.

So why do I put up with it? Why do I keep practicing this love with this mysterious and seemingly quixotic partner each and every day? I could say that it's because of all of the wonderful things I've experienced that buoy my faith—which is true—and I could say that it's because I believe in the value of living in accordance with the whole—which is true—but really, when things feel scary and uncertain, I keep choosing this because... *I love magic.* I am uplifted by magic. I am thrilled and overjoyed with every teeny tiny glimmer of magic and hope, and even when I can't see more than one step in front of me, **I can still see that there is magic.**

Synchronicity swirls through everything like a miraculous golden thread. It appears as a constant reminder that even though I cannot see the whole tapestry, it is weaving on course. It is doing its thing, and maybe my stifled sight has nothing to do with ability and simply with need. Maybe right now, I don't need to see. I just need to trust.

In what am I trusting? I suppose...the notion of fate. The idea that there is a course of events that is being influenced by something greater than myself and greater than any of us, which is not to say that I don't believe in free will (because I do), but also, I believe in something more.

I believe that I am not acting alone in this world, and when I can't see the whole picture, I don't think it's up to me to take control and fill in the blanks with My Big Plans. Instead, I've come to view periods of uncertainty as an invitation to keep trusting in A Bigger Plan. A plan that is made not just by me but for me, for you, and for all of us. A plan that delivers a degree of joy and surprise and *magic* that, in my experience, is quickly snuffed out by our individual efforts to control our own lives.

Recently, when uncertainty has started to get the best of me and I notice myself trying to take control, I can feel my body getting sick again. Old symptoms peek through the surface of my good health as my fingers go numb and my eyes feel scratchy and dry. It's almost as if my body is under some sort of curative spell that is easily broken if I fall out of synch with the flow of things. And so, I keep trusting. I keep following. I whisper my deepest desire: *May I live in service of what benefits not just me and not just you but the entire world.*

And the tingling sensation in my fingers stops.

The moisture returns to my eyes.

And I take a deep breath.

Playing one's part in accordance with the universe is true humility.



My husband, who was born as the sun, moon, and Mercury all aligned at the exact same place in Capricorn, is quick to strategize: *Just do X, Y, and Z, and you will see the results you want.*

But the results I want aren't just about what I want. Not really. **I want whatever is in service of the whole. I will bear my fate accordingly.** I will walk the talk. I will trust that my desires exist not simply to be fulfilled but to help illuminate the work of my soul, and I will trust that Spirit—that ever-flowing life force moving through me—will guide me beyond the limits of my imagination and towards a future that glitters with metaphorical gold.

Spirit knows the way.

It guides me as it guides you as it guides us all. It moves each of us not just as individuals but as a collective body towards something none of us fully understand.

At least, not in every moment.

Not all the time.

There have been times when I have seen it clearly: the big picture, the plan, the path. But there have been just as many times—if not more—when I have been blind to that clarity.

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.

But what would happen if we stopped?

What would happen if we resisted the urge to fill in the blanks and instead, let ourselves fall through the gaping holes of uncertainty that surround our lives?

We would, I think, synch with the whole, and in so doing, synch with our fate.

We would place our desire for control on an altar before us and freely choose to fall into the flow of that miraculous golden thread.

We would cease to be the spinner, and instead, allow ourselves to be spun.

I tend to believe that this human life is a combination of free will *and* fate, for we can choose to deny the nagging pull of destiny and instead weave our own image of things, or we can **freely choose** to follow the golden thread each and every day, to move with it and savor the crumbs and celebrate the cakes, for there is much of all of that along the way.

And it is a choice.

In every moment, it is a choice.

Much like marriage and any other significant commitment is a choice. It's not one that you make just once, but one that you make over and over again.

SPIRIT KNOWS THE WAY.

Will I keep choosing this—today?

Tomorrow?

A year from now?

Or will I abandon this partnership and weave my own path towards some desired destination?

No, for today, I choose again. I choose to trust.

I trust that by relinquishing control, my path will naturally—divinely—guide me to that which will most fulfill my deepest desire: the benefit of the whole.

And I am rewarded—if such a word is even appropriate—with magic.

For when we are constantly trying to control the direction of our lives, we are superficially rejecting our innate partnership with Spirit. It's as though we are saying, *Not today, Spirit! I have other plans.* And unable to find any space through which to act *with you*, Spirit shuffles off. Magic ceases to manifest, and time moves on. Then, one day, Spirit sees an opening to ask again: *What about today?* Because, you see, Spirit never really left at all. It was just waiting for you to give it some space in your life, some space to be, to play, to surprise and confound and delight you.

That space, I think, looks different for all of us. We all have a unique part to play, and as we accept our role, Spirit takes all sorts of different shapes through us and with us. There's no right way or wrong way or one way. Just...choice.



My husband, the Capricorn, has no problem walking towards a chosen destination: a restaurant, a meeting, etc. But to walk just to walk? He doesn't quite get the point.

The point is, I tell him, *it's beautiful*. I love nothing more than experiencing the joy and delight of being surprised by what the world hands me in those moments when I don't have any expectations beyond...just...walking. Just moving through this life and trusting.

Which is not to say that I don't make plans or that I don't have hopes or dreams or desires. It's only to say that when push comes to shove and I take action, I do my best to always do so *with Spirit*. Sometimes this requires a conscious inquiry about what I should do next, but most of the time, I trust the integrated state of my being—my innate oneness with the universe—to flow through me without too much thought and mostly *with feeling*.

Even when doing something as simple as scheduling a meeting, I feel into the weaving of time on my calendar and let myself feel when and where that meeting wants to be. It's amazing how often I've chosen a date that seems farther out than necessary only to later have something come up that makes the apparent delay make sense, and it's amazing how often I've marked times down on my calendar before hearing back from someone only to have them suggest the time I've already marked. ***Spirit knows the way.***

And while this style of living is often directly at odds with the “shoulds” coming from society and the expectations carried by other people, I have found that without it, magic dies. It shrivels up in desiccated days that I've predetermined. In other words, this may not always be the easiest way to live, but in living this way, ***we keep the magic alive.***



This Capricorn full moon is very much about the tension between Your Big Plans and Spirit's Plans.

The full moon peaks at 7:38 AM EST when the moon aligns at 11°19' Capricorn and the sun aligns at 11°19' Cancer. Together, they stand opposed: the moon in the sign of strategically making your way through life and the sun in the sign of womb-like water that holds, nurtures, and births us without needing us to do a thing.

All of this is leading to a big karmic shift with the Cancer new moon on July 17.

For the last eighteen months, the karmic nodes of the moon have been in Taurus and Scorpio, but on the 17th, they will shift signs, **marking the transition between one karmic cycle and the next.**

Back in January 2022, the name I received for the current karmic cycle was The Great Divide, and as we approach the end of this cycle, I can't help but think that The Great Divide we've been navigating is, in many ways, the one that lies between free will and fate.

Earlier, as I was writing about the various shapes Spirit can take in our lives, this line from **The Great Divide** kept popping into my head: **This cycle is helping you embrace your truest shape here on Earth.**

What is this shape?

Perhaps, it is the shape of your life—the shape of the path you are walking now.

Just be. Just be. Just be. For in being, you will be guided. You will synch towards your fate.



The lines of fate, in Ancient Greece, were viewed as being drawn by three sisters. Each was named individually—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos—and together, they were named as a collective body known as the Moirai.

On this full moon, the sun is conjunct the planet Mercury and the asteroid named after the three fates, the Moirai.

The sun is the bearer of our fate, shining its light across the surface of the moon for all of us to see.



Old stories around fate—such as that in Ancient Greece—say that a person’s destiny is determined at birth. Perhaps there is some truth to this, but what if instead we imagine a world where both fate *and* free will reign? Are there now multiple lines of fate available to us based on the choices we make? Or is it simply that our fate is always there, available to us if we choose it, and, like Robert Frost in a yellow wood, do we have to choose?

On this full moon, not only is the sun conjunct the Moirai, but the asteroids named after the three individual sisters are all forming significant conjunctions: Clotho—the spinner of new life—is conjunct the planet Neptune. Lachesis—the determiner of life’s direction—is conjunct Chiron. And Atropos—the cutter of the thread, the bringer of death—is conjunct Jupiter.

Like a dream, Clotho spins new life. *She envisions the birth of a whole new beginning. She sees it in her mind.*

Like a frustrated mother, Lachesis addresses the knot that’s formed in the thread of life. She takes her time, carefully untangling the knot so as to not accidentally break the thread. It takes time, but with a deep sigh of relief, things are finally weaving on course—in the direction of Clotho’s dream.

The unraveling of this knot is an ending that forms a new beginning—a *death in a living life.*

The ending of one fate line will be replaced by the ending of another. Atropos prepares for the transition, for the BIG BREAK away from what was once determined and the movement towards what will be determined now.

This is a great expansion away from one line and towards another. THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD, THE CHANGING OF YOUR FATE.

It arrives in the form of a message.

I'm seeing this like an envelope in your hand. *News, news, news.*

Where is Iris? I wonder. The messenger goddess known for delivering messages between “heaven” and Earth.

On this full moon, Iris is exactly conjunct the south node of the moon.

The south node represents YOUR PAST. As in, your past lives—perhaps these are lives you’ve lived in other bodies with other names or perhaps these are lives that have run continuous with this one, sharing the same body year after year.

I look in the mirror and think that I look mostly the same—save for the crease across my forehead and the white hairs mixed in with the red—but I know it’s always changing—this body, this life. Even if only in the smallest of ways—like with the tiny little scratch on my right wrist that is in the process of healing. Soon, new skin will cover that spot, leaving the impression of nothing having changed at all, but for a time, I will know that that skin is new. Then, I will forget. I will forget all about the scratch that healed. I will fool myself into thinking that nothing has changed. That I am the same as I have always been. That my life is moving in a single line, and I will fail to see the many points where it branched, and I chose which path to take, but I will trust in the perpetual bowing of my head to my heart. I will trust this partnership to guide me, for Spirit knows the way. And today, *I choose to walk with you.*



This full moon time connects back to the new moon period from December 23 to January 5. What changes did you see starting then? What has changed since then? How do you feel about it? *What do you want now?*

Feel it.

Feel your desire.

Let yourself DREAM. Imagine receiving every single thing you want.

Then, close your eyes.

Take a deep breath.

Let the dream go.

Place your hands on your heart.

And trust that you are being guided.

Maybe—if it feels right—you speak out loud: *Today, I will walk with you.*

And as you welcome the weight of your fate, you—like the sun—become the bearer of fate, and with every step, you help make space for more magic on this earth.



Amongst all the Lines of Men—the controlled and strategized plans—there are Lines of Fate. What is this knot?!

A confused jumble of all the lines.

The threads of one choking the threads of the other until nothing ever really changes and all the world continues in a state of repetitive stillbirth.

No, I don't choose that. *We don't have to choose that.*

Can you see the knot in your mind? Can you imagine it?

Breathe into the lines.

See light in the lines.

Watch them unravel as the Lines of Men release their chokehold around the Lines of Fate and A Big Plan moves forward with greater ease and greater delight, filling the world with magical surprises like tiny miracles—and some...quite big—each and every day.



I walk into my office and a book calls to me from the shelf. It's the Bhagavad Gita, which I read once years ago, dog-earring the many passages that spoke to me.

I walk over, pick it up, and open the book to a random page—not previously marked or made easier to open to in any way—and these words jump out at me, as if hovering above the surface of the woven fibers of a tree:

“At the beginning, mankind and the obligation of selfless service were created together.

“Through selfless service, you will always be fruitful and find the fulfillment of your desires?: this is the promise of the Creator.”

Spirit knows the way.



To be continued...

LONG STORY SHORT

This full moon time takes us to the end of one karmic cycle and the beginning of the next. Changes that started at the end of 2022 are continuing to evolve. Now is a powerful time for choosing the direction of your life. Which path will you choose? How will you choose it? Are you doing this alone—as the sole master of your destiny? Or are you working in collaboration with another person or maybe directly with Spirit itself? There is no right or wrong here. There is just choice. I, for one, have chosen to walk with Spirit, to live in constant collaboration and see where it takes me, and through this, I have witnessed the magical (and at times miraculous) unfolding of my life. Whether this is the consequence of some predetermined fate or simply the construction of fate that transpires through choosing to partner with Spirit every day I suppose I'll never know. But whatever it is, it is beautiful. And if that is my fate, I will bear it.

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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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