



chapter 121

ALL THE LIGHT
BURSTING
THROUGH

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.

LIBRA NEW MOON

ANNULAR SOLAR ECLIPSE

October 14, 2023–October 28, 2023

The air is thick with mist — a rain so fine it doesn't even get you wet. It simply reflects the light, makes everything look a little blurry, makes the pond in the distance look like its reaching for the trees.

What a beautiful day! I proclaim as I take it all in.

What are you talking about? My husband can't believe me. *It's a terrible day.*

I wish I had asked him, *What do you see?* But I didn't. I just assumed: Beautiful is a word he reserves for blue-sky days. Days when the sun shines so bright the grass seems greener, the air warmer, and of course, *there really is something about that blue.*

The blue that seems to spread itself above us like an invitation for joy, a promise of good times ahead.

But it wasn't always blue — the sky.

Not just because of clouds and rain but because, for billions of years, the sky knew nothing of blue. It didn't even know it was capable of blue. It had yet to ever try the color on and see what it could be.

2.7 billion years ago, the sky was orange.

At least, [that's our best guess](#): Before there was oxygen to breathe or life to breathe it, the earth was held inside an orange sky.

When oxygen finally did arrive — a waste product of the bacteria that had recently evolved in the earth's young oceans — it bubbled up from the water and permeated the air like a poison gas. It conjured dust storms that raged across the earth's rocky surface. It merged with other gasses to form acids that ate away at mountains of stone. If there had been people around or some other sentient being to observe things then, surely they would have thought it was terrible. *A terrible sight. A terrible time.*

As more and more oxygen filled the air, most of the organisms that had come to live on Earth could no longer survive. They died in what has been described as Earth's first mass extinction. But then, something happened.

The sky turned blue.

The earth became covered in fish and insects and ferns and trees and mushrooms and mammals, and suddenly, it was a sanctuary.

A home for us all.



Babe, can you come down here? My husband hollered from the basement. It was just past five when his voice traveled up the stairs to where I was still lying in bed — awake, but not yet up.

The moment his cry hit my ears, I leapt from the covers and hurried downstairs to see what was wrong.

The door to the back storage room was open. Inside, I found him staring over a puddle of water that had pooled on the concrete floor beneath the main water line.

I'll get some towels.

We sopped up the water and moved the folding chairs, a half-empty bag of cat litter, and one large cardboard box. Thankfully, the water hadn't reached the box, which would have quickly absorbed the liquid, destroying whatever was inside. When we found the source of the leak — a very slow drip coming from the water meter — we placed a bucket beneath it and waited for the plumber to arrive.

Water is such a curious thing, I thought, life-giving and destructive, all at once.



Three days later, I woke just before six a.m. I took a deep breath, and as the air filled my lungs, I noticed: *It smells different — the world.*

I attributed this to the cooler air, the changing seasons, the heat that was now pumping itself through the metal ducts inside our walls. And as I noticed the scent, so clearly changed, I thought of this story.

I remembered that [two chapters ago](#), while writing, I had a vision. I saw a moment in the future when we'd wake in the morning and the world would smell different, look different, like *something had changed*.

And on the morning of October 9th, I noticed the new aroma of the earth, but I also knew that what I was experiencing didn't quite match what I had seen. In the vision, I saw that something would make us bolt upright, gasp, like we were startled. But here I was, just lying, peacefully. That's when, out of nowhere, my alarm clock started blaring. I quickly sat up to silence the alarm and catch my breath.

Hub, that's strange.

I hadn't set my alarm.

In fact, over the last seven years, I'd worked hard to craft a life where alarm clocks were basically never needed.

It must have gotten toggled on by accident, I thought as I observed the small switch at the back of the clock.

I looked up from the plastic timekeeper in my hand and noticed the scene: the smell of the air, the unexpected alarm that caused me to bolt upright...

I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and there, on the screen in my mind, I saw that something had changed.

For the last month or so, in my mind's eye, I'd been seeing the same thing: a glowing golden body asleep on the earth — resting, stretching, rolling over, not yet ready to wake. But now, **he was awake**.

I saw his face — huge and looming — rising like the sun above the horizon. And I saw all the light that since July, had been slowly dripping from his body — like water, seeping into the earth, pooling beneath the surface of things. It was rising now, blasting up through the surface of the earth. A word flashed across my mind, anchored itself atop the image of the rising light: **TERRAFORM**.

It means: *to transform a planet or moon so that it's suitable for supporting human life*.

Typically, the word is used to describe theoretical human endeavors on planets other than Earth. Like, *One day we'll fly to Mars and make it like the earth so we can live there!*

But in my vision, the light wasn't changing some other planet. It was changing the earth.

Like the oxygen, all those billions of years ago, when it rose from the oceans, transforming the air so we could breathe.

Is something similar happening now? Could something similar happen now?

Over the last two centuries, the opposite has been happening. Industrialization has pushed carbon dioxide, methane, and other greenhouse gases into the air. As a result, we people have been changing the atmosphere, slowly reversing the effects of The Great Oxidation Event and making the earth less suitable for us to live.

But could it be that what I saw was true, that in the mysterious layers of our world, a great light is rising to transform the earth, to help make it more liveable again for us?

What is all this light? Bursting through?



How did you describe seeing God? A woman asked me three days earlier: As a black void full of golden light?

She was referencing [a story](#) I'd written in 2021. Back then, I shared that “God has never appeared to me in some humanoid form. I primarily experience God as a vast expanse of space—often like a black void that is capable of holding a bright golden light.”

But all that changed on July 17, 2023, when I saw God appear in a burst of light, take the form of a man, descend to Earth, and fall asleep. As I saw this in my mind, I challenged it. I resisted it. I was like, *Wait...why is God shaped like a person all of the sudden? Let alone — gasp! — a man.*

As my ego stretched to make space for every vision — new and old — a part of me felt a bit embarrassed. These latest visions were so different than before, different than what I'd come to believe. Still, I let them through. I let myself see — *the glowing golden body, the face looming above the earth, the golden light bursting through.*

After this latest vision, I thought: I'll probably just keep this to myself. No one has to know. It can be my little secret.

Then, on the evening of October 9th, twelve hours after my alarm went off and I realized *He's awake*, I went down to the basement. The plumber had yet to come, and the bucket was still under the drip. I spotted the big cardboard box that had been hidden away in storage but was now sitting on the carpet. I knew what was inside — it was full of books. But I didn't know which books. I only knew the box had been sitting in my parents' house, and the last time I visited, they said, *Please take it. It's yours.*

Sadly or gratefully (one of those), my husband and I have more books than our shelves can hold. So the moment the box arrived, it went straight to storage. And if it wasn't for the leak, I can't fathom I would have opened it anytime soon, but here it was — the box — just sitting there.

I walked over to it, opened the cardboard flaps, and right at the top, I saw a book I didn't recognize. I don't even know how it got in there. An inscription on the title page tells me it was gifted to my grandparents the year I graduated from high school. Yet somehow, it ended up in this box "for me" even though it surely arrived after I had moved away.

The book is titled: *A Year with C.S. Lewis: Daily Readings from His Classic Works*. I picked it up, knowing that had the leak happened at any other time, I probably wouldn't have thought anything of it being at the top of the box. But the leak hadn't happened at any old time. It happened now, and now is when I just happen to be reading a book about C.S. Lewis.

And truthfully, the only reason I'm reading this other book (*Once Upon a Wardrobe* by Patti Callahan) is because on September 17, I dreamt of its existence. The next morning, I found the book from my dream at the local library, placed it on hold, and immediately started reading. Prior to the dream, I wasn't thinking about C.S. Lewis at all. He wasn't remotely on my radar. I've never even read his books. Yet here I am, reading a book about him shown to me in a dream and then finding another book by him at the top of this cardboard box...and all of this is really just a long way of saying: I opened the book.

A Year with C.S. Lewis is a book of passages. One for each day of the year, and that night, I read the first. This is what it said:

"Look out! we cry, 'it's *alive!*' And therefore this is the very point at which so many draw back...An 'impersonal God' — well and good. A subjective God of beauty, truth and goodness, inside our own heads — better still. A formless life-force surging through us, a vast power which we can tap — best of all. But God Himself, alive, pulling at the other end of the cord, perhaps approaching at an infinite speed, the hunter, king, husband — that is quite another matter. There comes a moment when the children who have been playing at burglars hush suddenly: was that a *real* footstep in the hall? There comes a moment when people who have been dabbling in religions ('Man's search for God!') suddenly draw back. Supposing we really found Him? We never meant it to come to *that!* Worse still, supposing He had found us?"

Wide-eyed, I sat holding the book in my hands, observing how its words had found me the very day I had seen God as a Him, finally awake, huge and looming. "Look out! It's *alive.*"

I never meant it to come to this. Had He found me? Had I found Him?

I ask the questions, but I have no answers.

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I only have these observations, these synchronicities, this promise: Whatever happens, I will not draw back. I will stay true to what is, whatever it is, however strange or uncomfortable or uncertain.

And I've said this before, but perhaps...God is changing. Perhaps God appears in a variety of shapes at different times. Perhaps...it's not a coincidence — the leak, the visions, the box, the books — perhaps it's all true. Perhaps the golden light, once held inside a dark void, is now here, on Earth, bursting through the surface — *changing things*.

And perhaps this powerful light — like water and oxygen — is life-giving and destructive, *all at once*.



Two days later, my husband comes bounding up the stairs, *I think it stopped!*

Hub?

The leak! It's no longer dripping. There's nothing in the bucket.

Days pass, and the leak truly has seemed to fix itself of its own accord.

As if things can really be that easy.

As if broken things can just suddenly be healed.

We struggle to trust. We keep the bucket there, just in case.

My husband insists we watch an old movie he loved as a kid. It's not available for streaming or renting anywhere, so he orders it on DVD, and it arrives the next day.

As we're snuggled in bed, watching, the characters start talking about a solar eclipse happening that Saturday afternoon.

My husband has no idea, so I tell him — *There really is a solar eclipse happening this Saturday afternoon!*

After this strange coincidence, my spidey senses are on full alert, waiting for any messages the movie might have for me, for us.

In the movie, a young woman has been missing for thirty years. She mysteriously vanished during an initiation ceremony during an annular solar eclipse. It's revealed

that during the ceremony, she was accidentally transported to another realm. She's been stuck there ever since, trying to get home. Now, another solar eclipse is happening and opening the door between realms for the first time in thirty years. In order to hold the door open, a circle of friends has to hold hands and keep holding hands. When they do, the missing woman is miraculously transported back, arriving safely home.

On Saturday, October 14, at 1:51 p.m. (EST), there is a new moon annular solar eclipse — the first of its kind in the sign of Libra since October 2005.

Not quite thirty years, but eighteen.

I flash back to 2005 and think of the inscription in the C.S. Lewis book: **Dec. 2005.** Just two months after the last Libra eclipse. How funny, I think, that I found the book now that my grandparents unwrapped then. How funny to have found it just as the eclipses are finally returning to the same point in the sky.

Did something happen back then? Will something magically return to us now? Will something that seemed to be missing or broken suddenly be healed and restored?

In order to heal it, do we just have to stick together, hold hands in a ring around some great opening?

Like Sentinels Standing.

My mind flashes to a message I received in February. It came with a date — on or around October 12, 2023. The time is now, and this is what it said, [this is what I wrote](#):

I can feel how I am connected to everyone. How we are all connected, but it's like we're in a moment of stillness, and I bear SENTINELS STANDING. That's where we are at this point in time — We are sentinels standing almost like statues, holding post and keeping guard, but not much active movement needed from us other than to hold this space right here, right now.

Like a circle of friends, holding hands *and just keep holding.*

On the afternoon of October 14, the moon will pass between the sun and the earth, momentarily blocking most of the light from the sun and leaving just a ring of fire blazing in the sky.

The fiery ring will be visible in parts of North, Central, and South America ([check if you'll be able to see it](#)). It's circling a point in the celestial map associated with 21°08' Libra, a point currently marked by the karmic south node of the moon — the point of our collective past.

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As the ring burns, its almost as if its flames are reaching out and engulfing the nearby asteroids — Persephone, Delphi, Porta Coeli, Pallas Athena — and the planet Mercury.

Burning away the past. Burning away old ways of thinking and communicating, ancestral trauma and inherited pain. Taking all of the things that pull us into the fiery depths of our own man-made hell, and once it's finished burning, all that's left is a stone at the center — *Porta Coeli* — a gateway to Heaven.

We just have to keep holding. Holding onto each other. Holding onto ourselves. Holding onto the vision of the light.

May it pass through.

May it miraculously return.

May it be life-giving.

I sense that somehow, it will be. And I hope we live to see it — the great coming into balance. *For there will be a great coming into balance.*

A return to homeostasis.

A return...home.

This eclipse is leading us to a second eclipse on October 28th, the last in the Scorpio/Taurus cycle that started on November 19, 2021...and that was when — a vision from the past flashes in my mind: a silver key, a golden dome, a temple on fire.

My god, it's all connected.



To be continued...

LONG STORY SHORT

This Libra new moon solar eclipse is the first Libra eclipse since October 2005. It's leading us to another eclipse on October 28th and yet another in April 2024. This period of time is...intense. A huge burst of ethereal light is arriving. It was unlocked years ago, and now we must make space. In our hearts and in our minds. We must stand strong, together. Holding hands as friends do, for we are all connected. We are one. This is our home. We must protect it and protect each other. *Love, love, love.* There is a great opening of love arriving now. A moment for releasing the past and finding each other, through love. *Pay special attention around October 18th.* For we return home, through love. Miracles arrive, through love. The earth is changed, through love. *May it be so.*

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The Magic Guide is a calling I answer every time I sit to write. Every month, I spend countless hours creating it, and I couldn't do it without you. If you enjoyed this story, please consider donating or becoming a member. *Thank you.*

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