



chapter 122

STANDING BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

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.

TAURUS FULL MOON

PARTIAL LUNAR ECLIPSE

October 28, 2023–November 12, 2023

On May 11, 2021, as the sky was dark and the moon was new, I woke from my sleep and took a short, shallow breath. Oxygen stuttered as it entered my lungs. *I was not alone.* I could feel someone beside me. A presence so palpable I was afraid to turn my head and see who or what was there.

I mustered my courage and turned my head slowly to the right. While my eyes saw nothing out of sort, my body felt everything. Someone so close our noses nearly touched. I shut my eyes tight. I tried to hide from whoever or whatever was there. But then, I remembered my promise: *I will not draw back. I will stay curious.*

I focused on my breath, slowly inhaling and exhaling until the oxygen stopped stuttering, started moving smoothly and deeply, filling my lungs with ease.

Okay, I thought. *I'm ready.*

Who's there? I asked.

And a young girl stepped forward through the shadows. In my mind's eye, she handed me a key. It was simple and silver with a ring at its bow.

What's this? I asked

When the time is right, you'll know how to use it. She said before kissing me on the forehead and disappearing completely.

In the minutes and hours that followed, I confronted [a degree of synchronicity](#) surrounding this event that boggled my mind and shook my soul and led me to believe, *That was real.*

The key is real. But I had no idea what to do with it. I closed my eyes and saw it in my mind. I imagined a wooden box, placed the key safely inside, and that's where it stayed.

Months passed, and the next thing I knew, it was November — just two days before my thirty-fifth birthday and three days before a Taurus full moon eclipse, the first of its kind in seventeen years.

Suddenly, my whole body felt like it was vibrating. I became very, very sleepy. I propped a pink pillow beneath my head and spread a fuzzy blanket over my legs and feet. I closed my eyes to drift off to sleep, but...I never really fell asleep. Instead, I stayed suspended in the in between, hovering in that hypnagogic state where light flutters inside the mind and sometimes, images appear.

It was there that I saw my hand, hovering above the floor of a temple. I was holding the silver key, and beneath me, embedded in the floor, was a keyhole. I placed the key inside, as if preparing to unlock the floor itself. Then, as I turned the key, a huge explosion of fiery light filled the temple, and my husband's voice broke through the vision, announcing: *You've got mail!*

Oh sorry, I didn't know you were sleeping. He said as he entered the room and found me lying on the couch.

I stayed lying there, looking up at him as he walked over and handed me a postcard. My eyes widened to see the image from my mind, now held between my hands.

On the front of the card, there was a gorgeous temple. Its windows were made of thin stone, and as the sun shined through, they appeared to be glowing, *as if they were on fire.*

This temple, of course, was not the one I'd seen. This one was in Italy, and wherever I'd been was...elsewhere. But still, the timing of the card's arrival felt like a message. For never in my life had I ever been sent an image of a temple. Let alone one that seemed to be burning.

I looked more closely at the image and noticed that above the fiery stone, there was a winged ox, carefully formed from small mosaic tiles some 1,400 years ago. With a little research, I learned that the ox was intended to recall the sign of Taurus.

Taurus, like the new moon in May when I was handed the key.

Taurus, like the eclipse happening in just three days, on November 19, 2021.



As the eclipse arrived, a young girl bowed before the wet dirt being sifted on the road to Jerusalem. She wasn't sure what she was seeing, but something about it made her lift it from the pile of stones resting on the sifter.

She held it close, gently turning it between her fingers.

The archaeologists gathered round, equally curious to see what she'd uncovered. After careful cleansing, they were able to [share the news](#): *It's a 2,000 year old coin, made of pure silver.*

Of the thousands of coins that had been found on Pilgrimage Road, only thirty had been like this: made of silver, not bronze, forged by the high priests of the Second Temple.

The words “Holy Jerusalem” were written in ancient Hebrew, circling the edge of the coin, and the coin, its believed, was most likely minted inside the temple itself, formed from the stores of silver there, and used to support The Great Revolt against Roman occupation.

This was, of course, before the Romans stole the silver and set the temple on fire.¹



We must return to the temple, temple number two.

I woke with the message ringing in my ears: *temple number two, we must go.*

It was the morning of May 18, 2021. Six months before eleven-year-old Liel Krutokop stood on the road to the temple and found the silver coin. Six days after I had been handed a mysterious silver key and placed it in an imagined box.

At the time, I'd never even heard of the second temple. I knew nothing of the road that led to its location on the Temple Mount, the destruction that ensued thousands of years ago, and how now, the Western Wall is all that's left, the golden Dome of the Rock shining in its place.

I was wholly ignorant of such things, but that morning in May, [as a battle was raging in Jerusalem](#), I dreamt that I was standing amongst a temple's ruins. I was told in the dream that we must return to temple number two, and when I searched the words “temple number two” that's when I learned that there was indeed — *once upon a time* — a Second Temple.

A few weeks later, I serendipitously found myself eating lunch with a rabbi. I didn't go seeking a rabbi. He seemed to just appear before me, and over sandwiches and cottage fries, I told him about my dream. That's when he told me that in Jewish theology, there is a belief that in the end, *we will all return to the Second Temple.*

This [prophesied period](#) is considered [a great golden age](#) where the dead are resurrected and reunited with the living and all people come together where the

Second Temple once stood. In other words, it's a story about utopia, a new earth, *togetherness*.

We must go there. The message arrived in my dream after I was handed a silver key. Six months later, I used the key to unlock the floor of a temple. Around this same time, 6,000 miles away, a young girl found an ancient silver coin, forged in the fires of a temple where a large stone rises and once, God was said to be seen.

Could there really be something about that land? Something special about a rock?

It seemed to be calling me, and in the year that followed, as the Taurus eclipses unfolded, I kept receiving messages about a stone. I heard, "The Stone of Heaven is on Earth." And as I wrote about this in *The Magic Guide*, I found myself intuitively describing it as *the stone at the center of the earth*. Soon, the stone became a metaphor for the core of the earth. The literal "stone" at the center. Simultaneously, multiple studies were published, revealing new scientific understandings about the earth's core. (See [this chapter](#) and [this](#) and [this](#).)

The general sense I've had through all of this is that **the earth is changing**. Not just because of the human impact on the atmosphere and the far-reaching implications this has for our planet but because of *something else*.



To give all of this a bit more cosmic structure, here's some astronomical theory:

All eclipses are connected to the movement of calculated points known as the nodes of the moon. The north node entered Taurus on January 18, 2022, and left on July 17, 2023. This marked the start and end of the Taurus/Scorpio nodal cycle. However, the eclipse cycle started in November 2021 and is ending now...in October 2023.

There's always a period of time at the start and end of a cycle where the old cycle overlaps with the new one. These threshold periods mark the transition between cycles, and right now, **we are very much in a transition period**.

So while the north node of the moon left Taurus in July, this final Taurus eclipse period (from October 28 – November 12) marks the real end of the Taurus/Scorpio cycle before we are fully ushered into what's next.

To better understand what's happening now, I find myself reflecting on that first Taurus eclipse on November 19, 2021. The events of that eclipse were seeded with the Taurus new moon on May 11, 2021.

On May 10, 2021, a major conflict erupted in Israel-Gaza that lasted fifteen days. And now, as I'm sure you're aware, on October 7, 2023, a terrorist organization (that is also the governing authority of Gaza) brutally attacked Israeli citizens, and the region has been at war ever since.

I don't wish to dive into the details of this heartbreaking conflict here, but upon reflecting on the events (globally and personally) that transpired during the seeding of the Taurus cycle, I can't help but think about it. I can't help but find it strange that violence has erupted there at both the start and the end of the cycle. I can't help but wonder what, if anything, it all means.

I think now of the message that arrived then, in May 2021: *Together. We must go there.*

Then, as the Taurus eclipses officially started in November 2021, I had a vision of an explosion in a temple, and two months later, as the north node moved into Taurus, there was a literal, massive explosion.

It started with a whirring. A great eruption of fire and water from deep in the ocean that reverberated around the globe, filled the sky with vapor, and sounded a cosmic alarm — a sonic boom louder than anything heard on Earth in over 100 years.

As shockwaves rippled around the globe, I drove east. The sun was blinking through the trees, and my chest felt like it was expanding beyond my body, like my heart was reaching to fill the space between me and the trees and everything else. A hawk swooped down and started flying right in front of me, almost like it was leading me somewhere. It turned right, and I followed it into a parking lot.

The hawk landed high in the branches of a tree, and I parked in the spot beneath it. As I stepped out of the car, I found myself standing at the edge of the woods. And there, in a clearing, I saw rows of wooden benches.

This is our temple, I thought. Not the walled building behind me, not any structure of man, but this open space, this land, *this earth.*

It was changing.

As I stood there, at the edge of the woods, a tower of searing hot gas was erected. The submarine explosion had unlocked a hot fiery light. It reached 35.4 miles high, bridging the ocean depths with the mesosphere above.

Everything about it left scientists scratching their heads. It was unlike anything they'd ever seen, and when they looked closely at the volcano itself, they "were surprised to find that the blast left the volcanic slopes intact. All the eruptive energy seems to have been directed straight up to the sky."



Flash-forward 18 Months

I was standing at the threshold between one cycle and the next. The nodes were about to change signs when I heard a bell. *Like it was calling me somewhere.* And suddenly, I was back.

In my mind's eye, I saw the temple again. This time, it was clearly above the earth, and inside, a bright blinding light appeared. I watched it descend through an opening in the temple floor. It traveled all the way down to Earth. It danced until it fell asleep. It slept for weeks. *Its bright golden light seeping into the earth.* Then, on October 9th, the light awoke. It began bursting through the surface of the earth, and as I saw all the light bursting through, I heard the message: TERRAFORM. *This light will change the earth, make it more habitable for us all.*

Then, in the last chapter of this story, **another [message arrived](#)**: “Pay special attention around October 18th. For we return home, through love. Miracles arrive, through love. The earth is changed, through love.”

Then, on October 18, 2023, scientists finally published what they discovered: that deep in the earth, **[an ancient power lives](#)**.

A combination of noble gases first forged in the sun are wrapped inside the core of the earth. They've been held there for billions of years, and now, they are bursting through the surface of our planet, leaking out in the arctic.

The main primordial gas — helium-3 — is considered a promising fuel for nuclear fusion, a limitless clean energy source that [over the last year](#) has made significant strides towards becoming a reality. (Microsoft has even signed a deal to [switch to nuclear fusion energy](#) by 2028.)

While it's not yet clear how to harness the helium-3 that's leaking out of the earth's core, the recent discovery of it in the arctic is the most abundant source ever found on Earth, and should scientists get nuclear fusion up and running, it has the potential to completely change the earth, helping to make it more habitable for us all.



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Before each nodal cycle, I close my eyes and let a story arrive to describe what we can expect during the cycle. These stories are fully channeled, no analysis or anecdotes. They often don't make sense until things happen. And when I channel them, I'm given a title, a name to describe the cycle.

In early January 2022, the Taurus cycle I've been writing about here was named *The Great Divide*. The story detailed heartbreaking pain between populations of people and the conflict between them. It also shared the following:

“The Great Divide starts with a WHIRRING. An undercurrent of energy, flowing beneath the surface of the earth, moving quickly and easily around the entire earth, encircling it. This energy is not impeded. It faces no obstacles in its path that it cannot overcome without even a second's pause.”

Little did I know, lava was flowing beneath the surface of the earth, and a submarine volcano was about to erupt, sending a shockwave around the entire earth, encircling it. (See the wave.)

And these were the words that followed...

“Here, we rest on Earth, living our lives, going about our days, our troubles, our worries, our whatevers. We are just going. We don't even see THIS GREAT ENERGY UNDERNEATH OUR FEET...”

The energy has COVERED THE SURFACE (beneath our feet, beneath the crust, we can't see it yet). And with the eclipses, the energy penetrates down to the core of the earth, anchoring itself.

Once it reaches the core, IT FILLS IT COMPLETELY.

After this, the energy then begins to grow, reaching back out towards the surface of the earth where — towards the end of the cycle — it will sprout.”

And here we are at the end of the cycle, and an energy source we didn't know was there — beneath our feet, in the core of the earth — has been found, rising up through the surface.

The cycle of The Great Divide reaches its end on November 12. At that time, we will be firmly in the next cycle, the one named *A Fairy Tale*.

Right now, it seems a little crazy to think that this next cycle of life will be anything like a fairy tale. Wars are raging. Climate disasters are devastating. Politics are toying with bringing dystopian nightmares to life. I, too, struggle to trust that things will be okay and that the next eighteen months will feel fairy tale like, but when I reflect on the story of The Great Divide and how weirdly accurate it ended up being, I feel hope.

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I feel like maybe something big and magical really is weaving through all of this, and maybe, as the story says, there's *no need to worry so much*.

No need to try to get it right.

No need to do anything but be be be — for you are magic and magic is moving through you and it has returned and it is time to remember.

Because what's next is A FAIRY TALE.

A Great Remembering.

Resurrected from the great forgetting of the great divide.



On October 28, 2023, as the earth eclipses the moon at 4:24 p.m. (EST), let us be like the earth itself, stepping directly in the path of the light so we receive it completely.

For right now, we are standing between two worlds — The Great Divide, with its painful explosive energy, cracking open the earth, and A Fairy Tale, bringing us the energy of sweet surrender, helping us receive all the light that's already here.

During this eclipse, the moon is aligning at 5°03' Taurus, just a few degrees from Jupiter (the planet of expansion and abundance). On the other side of the earth, the sun conjuncts the asteroids Ate and Harmonia. And with that, right there in the light of the sun, the two worlds of this time are shining.

Harmonia was named after the Greek goddess of harmony and Ate was named after the goddess of delusion who leads men to ruin. Simultaneously, Harmonia's opposite (Eris) is perfectly conjunct the north node of the moon, aligning this moment with conflict and strife, but also...Jupiter is there...Harmonia is there...this is about THE TWO WORLDS.

We are standing at the threshold.

There's nowhere else to go but across.

You can't get sucked back into what was, however much your mind may try to trap you there. There is only forward. There is only RESOLUTION. The kind of resolution that moves you firmly from point A to point B. Leaving the

**tension of the past in the past and delivering you to sturdy change —
*harmony.***

This threshold/eclipse period takes us through November 12, delivering us to the Scorpio new moon on November 13. During this period, reflect back on the entirety of the Taurus cycle (since November 19, 2021), but also, look specifically at the Taurus new moon time from May 19 to June 2 (2023). Everything throughout this cycle has led you here. Everything that started in May is sprouting now, like the light of the sun, found in the arctic rocks.

It's been there all along, you see. We just didn't know. We didn't see. We forgot. But now, *soon*, we will see. We will remember.

HARMONY.



The Stories of the Karmic Cycles



The Great Divide



A Fairy Tale



To be continued...

LONG STORY SHORT

This Taurus full moon eclipse is the final eclipse in the cycle that started November 19, 2021. Reflect on your life over the last two years. Where were you then, where are you now? During this time, there has been a great divide, a battle between light and dark. It's been hard to endure. Heartbreaking. Painful. Many of us have experienced a great forgetting. (What did you forget? What are you remembering now?) But at the same time, something very powerful and wondrous has been taking place. The earth itself has been transforming. It's been trying to reveal its treasures to us. It's been helping us see, slowly but surely, how we can work with it to transform our world and reclaim our future. The whole earth is a temple. *Remember, remember, remember.* What's next is this: A Fairy Tale, [The Great Remembering](#).

SUPPORT THE STORY

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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¹ *Okay, to be honest, I'm not exactly sure how the Second Temple was destroyed. I couldn't find a reliable source that spoke with certainty on the method, but my gut says that at least at some point, fire played a role, so the image of burning is what I shared.