

My Take on Pagan Astrology by Raven Kaldera

I've never been one to take astrology very seriously, though I've certainly read my share of horoscopes. As a teen it was always the first thing I'd read in my new issue of *Cosmo*, then later in my twenties I would flip to the back of the latest *Vogue* to see if prince charming was in the stars that week. Those were the innocent days before the Internet usurped all things glossy and paper. Now, daily projection of my destiny is only a click away, its importance revealed by the prioritized order of my web bookmarks: headlines site A, headlines site B, comic strip, advice column, bank balance, horoscope.

So yes, I have to admit a passing interest in astrology, but primarily for fun, to see how that blind date might turn out Friday night—the readings took on more importance if I had an unrequited crush, or needed help with my finals. As I passed into my thirties, married, and found steady work, the “mystery” of “what might happen” grew less, and so did my curiosity about what the stars had to say about my life. It all seemed pretty moot, since the price of gas didn't seem to be connected.

But then, just recently I was working on *Pagan Astrology* by Raven Kaldera. By the time I finished Raven's book I was reading up on even my most obscure planetary alignments, because Raven's conviction wore away at my disbelief.

Raven showed me that I didn't have to be passive in my interaction with the planets and their energies. As a Gemini my ruling planet is Mercury, which seems to always be “retrograde.” Now, Mercury is the planet of all things communications and writing and I'm an editor, so having its energies working against me typically means that hell will surely break loose the minute I reach my desk, and I might as well stay home on the couch. Of course, I'm not sure my boss would be sympathetic to this line of logic, which is why it has yet to be tested.

According to Raven, if Mercury is retrograde (again), then I don't have to sit back and just take it from the universe. No, I could propitiate the afflicting planet with offerings to appease the Mercury energy, such as a clear fluorite stone and some lemon grass.

I could read the incantation from the chapter "Mercury Magic: Words of Power" that hints at why I am always in some sort of frenzy: "Gemini, Wind Wings Flutter Hurricane Mind Knife Cutting Edge Black White Duality Pair Two Razor Tongue Slash Mercurial Multiply Multitudes Marvelous Glitter Gleam Hover Dart Skate Smooth Nimble Fingers Mischief Skill Dazzling Bright Eyes..."

Or, I could seek the "lesson" the universe was trying to teach me, like "you should think twice before clicking 'send.'"