

Claudine is back!

Did you know that Satan is a Hebrew word? It actually means “the breath of God that blows substance apart down to the very cellular level and has an undetermined impact.” In other words, without it, no evolution; with it, no guarantee of success.

I recently had a chance to meet Satan personally. Here is my story.

In April 2007, the Moon Lady proclaimed that the time had come for me to let go of my procreative organ. Ultrasounds revealed how truly overdue this riddance was, so I connected with the appropriate system, and met the great doctor. With nothing but good intentions, he blew God’s breath down to the cellular level by removing the offending organ which carried an unexpected cancerous growth. Accidentally, the cancer cells were blown apart down to the cellular level into undetermined locations. That led me to the next great doctor who said: “Chemo!”

At this point, I realized I had begun my own Innana journey to the underworld.

In short, Innana went down to the underworld to meet Ereshkigal, queen of the realm, to plead for the release of her lover. On each of the seven steps down, Innana had to remove part of her persona until she arrived naked before the great underworld goddess. When she bowed low to the goddess, she discovered that nakedness was not enough: she still had to be dismembered and hung to rot on a hook in little pieces before her quest would be heard, and, eventually, her Self remembered.

For me, then, the first step involved getting stripped of my self-image and self-confidence. I had to start with admitting to myself that I had cancer. I remembered Arnie Mindell when the dentist informed him that he was grinding his teeth in his sleep, and Arnie replied: “Doctor, I can’t be grinding my teeth: I’m individuated!” Well, my self-image was that of a healthy, alert, active, healer and teacher. I could not have cancer.

Next, I was stripped of my pride and had to overcome the shame I felt: I had to admit it to others that I had cancer. I started by sending written messages to my nearest, most trusted, friend. Then I ventured into greater and greater circles.

The third step was facing losing my hair. If you saw my earlier pictures, you will know what that meant. There too, as my pride was gradually dismantled, and fed by the encouragement of Sophia, I took “art” pictures of my new self, which I titled “chemo fashion” and sent them to larger and larger circles of acquaintances. I had to accept to unveil my nakedness publicly.

Meanwhile, I took chemo with a cool heart. Lady Moon and her Medium Sister held my hand as I went down one step at a time. They offered their steady support daily, and nightly: what to eat, how to think. My chakras were being “balanced” regularly, acupuncture made sure that all systems functioned as they should; prayers and nightly watch accompanied me faithfully. I was barely aware that I was descending onto the fourth step: my self-sufficiency was stripped away!

I was allowed, along the way, to watch my blood count drop, reach the danger level, and then down from there. My fifth step was to recognize that, not only was I naked, but I also no longer had an immune system. Speak of vulnerability!

You will have guessed it: the sixth step stripped me of the infantile notion that life goes on forever. For the first time, I saw life's limited span: do I have 5 years? Ten? More? Quickly, I lost my fear of poverty. I had to manage my fear of death. I saw that there is no time for fear and only barely enough time for creativity!

But the Moon team stood by me: I did not get sick. I did not panic. I just watched. I also learned something else, beyond the need to let go of an outdated and worn out physical organ. And this was going to be the seventh step.

After the third chemo session, I had this dream.

Walking along a typical European farmer's market, I see three 4 X 6 feet concrete frames on the sidewalk floor.

In the first one, dung and feces. Little scarabs are milling about, eating the stuff away.

A man stands by the second one and invites me to watch: he scrapes a handful of the very black, clean, luxurious and soft dirt from the frame, and lets it flow down gently back into the frame. This dirt reminds me of the one at the bottom of my compost pile in the yard.

The man then points to the third concrete frame: it is overflowing with newly grown vegetable and flowers and fruits. I am amazed by the wealth.

Those of you familiar with alchemy already know that the first rectangle (or grave?) described the stage of Putrefactio of the old, the second the resulting Prima Materia (new potential), and the third the Rubedo (new life) stage of development. The familiar death/rebirth theme was finding its immediate expression in my life.

So what was the old? Among many illusions, the illusion that the King would protect me; that it is all-knowing and omnipotent; that it is wise beyond my own wisdom; that its judgment of me and my kind is accurate; that the standards it sets for me are true, and that it has my best interest at heart. Instead, like Marion Woodman in "Leaving my Father's House" I am discovering that the king is sick, impotent, that this old image is worn out, already rotting, and that it cannot be revived nor mothered, nor should any new birth occur in its name.

Simultaneously, and though one would think I was now naked enough to be acknowledged by the Great Goddess of the underworld, a major pillar of my life collapsed: outright rejection in relationship dismantled the affective persona I had built over 35 years, to leave me *hanging naked on a hook* as nobody's lover. My worse predictions come true.

But let's return to the dream. On the physical plane, my little dung bugs found their expression with chemo as well as after chemo's end: Lady Moon put me through a cleansing program. It worked so well that my hair began to grow back a month before

schedule. My energy returned with a vengeance. The power of Moon astounded me! The body showed me its own intelligence. Just because the battery had been removed temporarily, the body did not forget the program.

In the emotional realm, once eaten up by the dung bugs, the old King's energy got transmuted into the finest dirt prepared for the finest new growth, the broken pieces of my lost love life fertilizing its bed.

What was the new growth going to look like in the realm of daily reality? Would it, on the social level, take the form of militant feminism?

No, it is not the image of a goddess-run world that emerges. It is the image of a *balance* of opposite energies, masculine know-how and feminine vision and love; a *balance* of upper realms with lower ones, of East with West, of North with South; a *balance* of inner with outer knowledge; a *balance* of matter with spirit, of feeling with intellect.

My gratitude flowers; my Amaryllis blooms; a solar addition to my house is almost complete; I carry wood daily to warm the house; I feed the cats and then people, in that order; I walk and exercise; I read about kings and queens; I meditate and practice Reiki; I also prepare a hopeful regeneration program for cancer survivors, under the guidance of the Moon Ladies. It is a *balanced* program between Western and Natural medicine. It grows vegetables and fruits from the body, the mind and the soul.

But what about Innana's lover, did she get him back from the underworld?

Perhaps he is the golden antler given to me by my beloved in another dream: an animus that combines the qualities of the Earth God Cernunnos with those of the Solar God Belenus? The new form taken by the now deceased old Lover-King?