

## Capricorn/Cancer: Serious Self Care

Aaah, the euphoria of January! Dazzling lights still twinkling with holiday cheer, without the pressure.

But the Sun is in Capricorn whose idea of "cheer" is the right gear, because he knows winter is coming (even if its July) and we're all going to freeze to death.

Anxiety abounds at the height of darkness. Sunny Sagittarius surrenders to self preservation. We're in the sign of the father. How is the dream going to *work*?

"What is your *plan*?" asks the Goat from his fortress, one eye on the news, ever-prepared for Armageddon.

The Full Moon is in Cancer, sign of nurturing and care -- the mother principle. Battle-weary Capricorn warms his feet at Cancer's hearth. He loosens his tie. She is ready with soup.

In harmony, these internal deities are ideal parents, offering a perfect balance of love and discipline, self and worldly focus. In conflict, they are orphans. He turns to stone, and she to shell.

Reigning in the January sky, these energies are a call to *serious self care*. A hunger to rejuvenate swells with this lunar tide. Move, stretch, warm, relax, exfoliate, read, reflect, make soup, laugh, breathe. The Capricorn Sun schedules the time. The Cancer Moon receives.



## A Pomegranate Moment

That awkward moment when your child texts you at work:

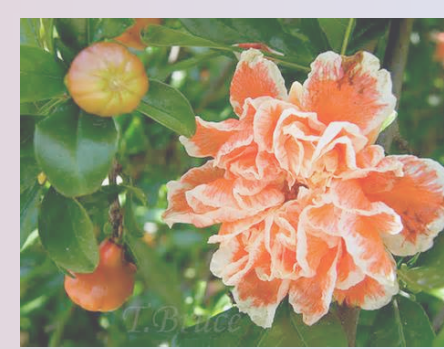
I forgot how truly traumatic puking is...lord Jesus.

Dec 29, 2014, 5:19 PM

What mother is not torn between her public and private responsibilities?

"Excuse me," I say, to my lovely client in blissful repose. "I just have to check in with my daughter who's had a stomach bug." The juggle is never elegant.

The Pomegranate Flower Essence supports feminine forces in conflict between the personal and collective realms of service. These Cancer/Capricorn parts of my soul have always quarreled. Imagine their union at the hearth.



A "gallon size" of Pomegranate sits in my cabinet. I pop a few drops under my tongue and dial Lacey.

"I think it's emotional," she says. "I'll tell you when you get home." Oh, sure. She hasn't eaten in three days. I'll just file that away and go back to work. Lucky my client is empathic.

Dodging speed police, I race home. She is in her bed, surrounded by used tissues, clutching her phone.

Her gorgeous and adoring Brazilian love interest, is on FaceBook singing with another girl, as the audience applauds over how cute they are together. Her head is pounding. Is this a virus, or a hunger strike?



The next day, I bring her to my office on the warm, crystal bed for her first aromatherapy experience. She falls under. I feel her Capricorn Rising rigidity in her feet and shoulders, soften. Who is this *person* I call, "my daughter?" What a different perspective as she lies, draped Goddess-like, on my table.

She can't imagine that I care for others in this way. "People actually allow perfect strangers to do this to them?" (Capricorn question.)

"Once they are on my table, they feel like family." (Cancer response.)

I don't cure her FaceBook-itis, but her melancholy is melting in mother love. Inside, I feel Public and Private Mom merging in peace. This is a Pomegranate Moment.

And this has always been, my Pomegranate Journal. Thank you for your kind audience and co-reflections all these years. Happy New Year, Loved Ones! May all your dreams *work*!

