

## Ode to Frustration

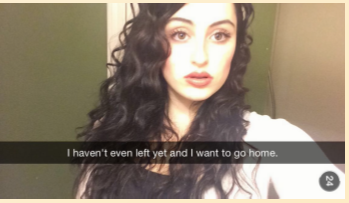
Off to school we drive, with the rising Sun in our eyes. I'm craving a song from the spring of 1986. "No One Is To Blame," by Howard Jones. Anyone remember? Lacey finds it on youtube. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a2V3SNrkpp0>

It's an ode to frustration. It always makes me breathe forgiveness, for myself, for others, for God.

"Is this Old People's Music to you?" I ask my sleepy girl.

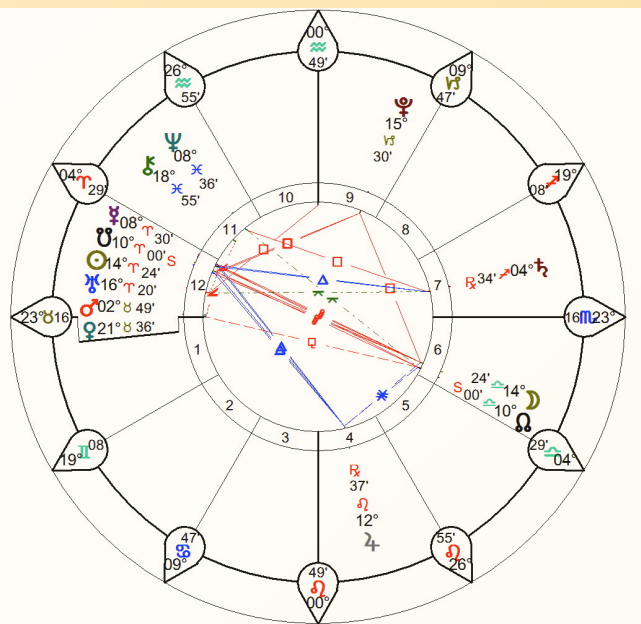
She gazes at her phone. "His haircut gives me a headache."

No smile today. She exits the car with her 50 pound back pack, trudging into the building like a prisoner.



School is drudgery for my creative kid. She's an unseen Diva in a theatre pecking order that favors seniors. Her unmet expressive needs eat at her soul as she plods her way through endless busywork on little sleep. Leaving her there breaks my heart every day.

## The Arrow of Destiny



Pardon my Astrobabble here, but the astrology of this moment is awesome! If frustration is the bow to the arrow of destiny, these are the planetary aspects that let it fly. The spectacular alignment of Uranus and the lunar eclipse can bring sudden awareness and clarity to make a decision or take a direction. Life can change in a millisecond.

**Thank you my Dear Ones for reading this Journal!**

**Please let me know of your interest in learning enough astrology to understand yourself, your loved ones -- and me!:) I would love your feedback while planning spring/summer workshops. Thank you! xoxo**



The Sun is in Aries, the sign of action. The Full Moon is in Libra, sign of relating. Aries energy forges toward a goal like a speeding train. Libra trips the engine saying, "We need to talk."

Step away from the tracks! How many cups of coffee did your boss have before you approached him with your concern? Aries energy moves straight ahead, deaf.

We're balancing the polarities of decisiveness and deliberation. Aries has to develop the 'P' word (patience) while Libra learns assertiveness. How are these energies playing out in your life?

When you look at that looming Moon, see it as a bright ball of need, yours and everyone's around you. What are you hungry for? How are you expressing it? How are others expressing their needs to *you*? Are they inviting dialog or running you over?

Enter Pluto, stage left. Find a quiet moment. Pull out *your* Moon Journals. This figures to be a powerful holiday weekend stirring up loads of therapy material.

Pluto is the volcanic force that reveals our strength. These energies can emerge in calamity. Look for the hidden gift. Your house seemed perfectly sealed before the ice dams, but you learn to fortify your nest.

Couples in brewing conflict start speaking their truth. Kids stand up to abusive adults. Employees set boundaries against undue stress. The ground swells and quakes with release, and astrologers celebrate, because you move closer to yourself than you could have without frustration.

## The Crawl to Somewhere

It's 11:00 on a weeknight. The school parking lot is empty and the building is eerily quiet. Lacey lets me in a back door and brings me into the same production studio she entered at 6:45am.

"Don't you have reading to do?" I ask, looking at her scary back pack.

"Shshshsh!" she says, and sits me before a large monitor. Haunting music plays to black and white snowy scenes of the school. Shots of kids looking tired, tortured and bored move to the music in perfect rhythm.

I feel tears coming on. She's holds my hand.

These are the first 7 minutes of a documentary she is making on the plight of the artist in public school. It was due a week ago, and supposed to be 5 minutes long. She told her teacher she doesn't care if he has to downgrade her. She tells her story, interviews her peers, her mom, the guidance department. It looks utterly professional.



The film ends with a shot of the famous film about the futility of schoolwork overload called "The Race to Nowhere." In her narrative she says, "My experience here feels more like an excruciating Crawl to Somewhere." Hence her title.

Frustration produced this moving creation. May we all find our "Goddess Balls" in times of Pluto.

Love -- and Guts,

