



Lacey's self portrait at school

## Gardens "Feb-bruary"

March is deceptive. The earth appears stable in the frozen white. We still have our February Plagues on, or, as my daughter says, "Feb-bruary."

But everywhere, the seeds to burst forth. Choucroute clamor for warmth and light. Artichokes are hooded and pined to the sky. Death to winter! Birth to spring! The camions are loaded. Shout me to the Plagues Start!



The Full Moon is Virgo, sign of health and purification. These weeks, from-dense season, our bodies are already giving out to us. Allergies, acne, weight gain, inflammations and fatigue are screaming. "They away from the caffeine, alcohol and sugar!" This is Virgo Moon's call, the side-effects of all we ingested to bear the cold.

With the Sun is in Pisces, sensually fragrances, to do drawings and a need for artistic escapes.

These are the two opposing forces in the Zodiac most apt to hit each other if they don't make peace.

What does "making peace" between Pisces and Virgo mean? Take your vitamins with a glass of wine? A spa vacation? Give up sugar for Lent? Do you see these two opposing principles of spirit and flesh making their relationship? Is there hope for this marriage?

Virgo helps Pisces overcome the Devil of Addictions. But Pisces suffers Virgo's compulsiveness. Together, with enough compassion, they can save lives.

## The Rascality of Addictions.

I have empathy for all addictions. They speak to a deeper need for the soul's expression. If we can put down the substance long enough to hear the hidden message, we evolve. If we don't, we slip "black."

But in the midst of my detox symptoms today, "black" looks pretty good to me right now! I'm giving up caffeine – again – in an attempt to balance my hormones. I looked on line for guidance, wondering why there is no 12 Step program for the world's most commonly used, addictive, psychoactive substance. Here's what I found:

8 Recommendations for Coping With Caffeine Withdrawal:

- 1) Tell your family and friends what you're doing, so they understand and can support you in your behavior change.
- 2) Abandon on a weekend so you don't have to work at a lower level of competence.
- 3) Do not drink!
- 4) Have Tylenol and Naproxen available for headaches and flu-like symptoms.
- 5) Consult a health professional if your depression lasts longer than 7 days, especially if you're having suicidal thoughts.

This is no small feat. I've given up coffee, except for an occasional decaf. My drug is green tea and raw cacao, two nutrient packed substances that convinced me my one was necessary.



In truth, ALL forms of caffeine, from dark chocolate to green tea, are chemicals that despite other health benefits, disrupt hormone balance. Like all good addictions, I've been in denial, leading my Neurologic brain disease with this inflammatory substance.

When I tell people I have to give up caffeine, they're often aghast. "Why?" They ask, as though I've admitted to some moral off-ham. Those who have attempted I say, "Oh, it's so scary!" as though someone close to me has died.

Even my female gynecologist said, "If I had the choice of giving up caffeine or Neurologic breads, I'd choose the latter."

What karma causes a woman to have to choose between her to drink and her body? If I'm coherent, I can't be on my stomach. My boyfriend's ready hug feels like a marmagrain. And without the inflaming subject in my system, I have word-finding problems that put me in mind of my father's early dementia.

On Day 6 of my detox, I still have many withdrawal symptoms. The entire world has a warm-up in their hands, looking normal and happy. Caffeine is right, I should be in rehab.

I slip. The fine powder on the gold spoon is so beautiful, I photograph it. Would it still stimulate my estrogen if I knewed it? I drink a full cup. My headache vanishes. I'm euphoric. The next day, "the girls" are angry, painful and inflamed, pulling at my neck and back. I'm trying to blink, while coughing again. One day at a time.

There are women around me today that breathe, undergoing chemo, and facing blue girl with grace. And I'm complaining about craving chocolate?

I need to stop whining, conquer this addiction and break its code – my Holy Grail.

## The Secret Language of Cravings

Hilda D.E., Christine Northrup who wrote Women's Bodies, Women's Wisdom said, "Because the physical embodiment of your soul, so that you discover the woman you were always meant to be."

Am I meant to be this woman drinking "Veg Tea with a leg hanging off it that says, "Your wisdom is in your feet?" ... I love COFFEE!



I'm making my boyfriend a latte on Day 8. I drink my "Veg Tea while watching him, longingly, as he sips through the straw, reading the news at my desk. I feel my chest. "The girls" are calmer after a better day yesterday.

I'm restless. He is in his writing spot. I need my desk. Oh, I don't know what I need. I'm jealous! I fold laundry, and make ice-melt stockings. He guides me, then gets up and whisks me for all my soul. Oh Pityer! I hand him Bongs, tar-melt, hammers, shoes. I'm grateful.

But something is nagging at me in my very state. I comforted him about the future, like he's doing this all his life. "The Nation of productivity?"

"Is that what caffeine gives me?" I think, while watching him climb the ladder, like he's done this all his life. "The Nation of productivity?"

Oh doesn't take away this feeling of futility, beauty? For we all standing in line at Starbucks to sublimate a sense meaning and purpose? With a warm, delicious stimulant in my hand, I don't have to reach further for what joins me in each moment.

Caffeine is the drug that helps us all conform to society's expectations, and establishes addiction as a norm. Giving it up means allowing Spirit to fill us ... I can't get my swollen brain around that idea. What if it does??"



My main seems distant, lying distantly on his back. My caffeinated self would normally pry anxiously to his soul, but my head hurts too much to bother. I assume the same position next to him. My lying back brings him forward. Communication turns easily to an area of his inner struggle that is usually off limits to me. He lets me share his experience with his Bongs. The exchange rivets me, and he says it helps him.

I feel the glue I would if the Obama's invited me to the White House to do that chair. When I can tolerate anything my connection to Spirit, the love of the need for stimulants.

Right now my head is normal and my energy is back, as though I had my cake. This breakthrough happened when I wasn't trying. Baby does it.

It's only the beginning of my solitary journey. I have much to investigate about hormone balance, but Dr. Northrup would be proud. Maybe if my brain operates on behalf of what my soul truly needs, "the girls" will stop fighting with it. The Sun will stop fighting with the Moon, and we'll all get along just fine.

