

FULL MOON

ISSUE 24 MARCH 2024

MAGAZINE

**Insights for the Month Ahead:
Embracing the Spirit of Service**
Perspectivas para el mes
venidero: Abrazando el espíritu
de servicio

**What If:
Thoughts
Become Things**

**Cultivating Abundance:
A Comprehensive Guide to
Planting Your Spring Garden
in March**

**Embracing the
Arrival of Spring:
A Symphony of
Renewal**

**SHADOWS WITHIN:
THE SHADOW MAN**

FULL WORM MOON RITUAL
Embracing Renewal and Growth

FULL MOON MAGAZINE

Want to write for Metaphysical Times Full Moon Magazine?

Metaphysical Times is always willing to consider metaphysical and pagan themed content for the magazine. We serve a spiritually based audience and support artists in their endeavors to do what they love and thrive by providing this space so they can be seen, connect with the right people, and succeed the best way we can.

What We Want for the Full Moon

Text based interviews with pagan business owners, musicians, artists, and authors are always considered. Visual works of art created by humans, poetry, photography, song lyrics, short fictional pieces, personal narratives, spiritual experiences, book, game, music, and movie reviews. At least loosely based on or connected to the Full Moon is preferred.

What We Don't Want

Political rants or screes, satire, stories blaming your problems on other people, articles involving cruelty as entertainment, anything comparing your life to the holocaust, articles about how everything was fine until X, articles promoting violence against any group.

Please read and follow the submission guidelines

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The magazine is printed monthly. This publication is a conduit for connecting people from all walks with practices, information, and entertainment that is relevant to them.

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FROM THE TEAM:

As the winds of change whisper through the awakening earth, we gather once more under the gentle glow of the March full moon, ready to embark on another journey of inspiration and exploration. Within the pages of Full Moon Magazine, the creative spirit thrives, eager to weave new tales, paint fresh canvases, and compose melodies that stir the soul.

As we turn our gaze inward, we find ourselves drawn to the vibrant tapestry of our own communities, where artists, authors, cooks, musicians, and visionaries alike breathe life into the world with their unique gifts and talents. In March, we extend our hand

in solidarity and support, encouraging our readers to seek out these local treasures and shower them with the same love and appreciation that they have generously bestowed upon us.

From the bustling streets of the city to the quiet corners of the countryside, may you discover hidden gems waiting to be unearthed, their brilliance shining like diamonds in the rough. Attend a gallery opening, savor a meal crafted with care by a local chef, lose yourself in the melodies of a street performer – wherever your journey takes you, may you find inspiration in abundance.

For in nurturing the creative spirit in our own backyards, we not only enrich our

communities but also foster a culture of connection and collaboration that knows no bounds. So let us raise our voices in celebration of the artists, authors, cooks, musicians, and visionaries who enrich our lives with their passion and dedication.

As the March full moon casts its luminous glow upon the world, may we be reminded of the power of creativity to illuminate even the darkest of nights. Together, let us continue to shine brightly, casting aside the shadows of doubt and fear, and embracing the light of possibility and connection.

The Metaphysical Times Team

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EMBRACING THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING: A SYMPHONY OF RENEWAL

In the delicate transition between winter's icy grasp and the warming embrace of spring, nature orchestrates a breathtaking symphony of renewal. The world awakens from its slumber, shedding the monochromatic cloak of winter to reveal a vibrant tapestry of life. As the days lengthen, the air warms, and the sun takes center stage, the landscape undergoes a miraculous transformation, ushering in a season of growth, color, and the sweet promise of life renewed.

The most enchanting heralds of spring are the trees and plants that patiently endured the frosty stillness of winter. Dormant branches, once silhouetted against a desaturated sky, now burst forth with the

exuberance of life. Delicate buds unfurl into tender leaves, creating a verdant mosaic that seems to breathe vitality into the world. The previously barren branches of deciduous trees are adorned with this new foliage, transforming the landscape into a lush haven of green hues – from the palest hints of chartreuse to the deepest, most saturated emeralds.

Beneath the leafy canopy, the ground undergoes its own revival. Once dormant, it becomes a vibrant carpet of grass, each blade reaching eagerly toward the sun. The monotony of winter's white is replaced by a palette of green, a refreshing and invigorating sight that beckons us to shed the layers

of cold and immerse ourselves in the rejuvenating embrace of spring. The fragrance of blooming flowers permeates the air, a sweet perfume that serves as a testament to the season's promise of life and renewal. As the sun's rays grow stronger, nature's grand symphony begins to play in full force. The silence of winter is replaced by a cacophony of sounds – the gentle rustle of leaves, the hum of bees, and the melodious songs of returning birds. Bees, diligent workers of the natural world, flit from one blossom to another, pollinating as they go. Their delicate wings create a soothing hum, a harmonious background melody that underscores the interconnected dance of life taking place.



The return of migratory birds is a highly anticipated highlight of spring's awakening. These avian travelers add their own unique notes to the growing chorus, filling the air with their joyful songs and vibrant plumage. The melodious tunes of robins, the distinctive calls of returning swallows, and the vibrant flashes of feathered brilliance overhead transform the skies into a mesmerizing theater of nature's grand spectacle. The aerial acrobatics of these birds, engaged in courtship displays and nest-building activities, symbolize the resurgence of life and the continuation of the eternal cycle.

Insects, too, emerge from their winter refuge, contributing their own harmonies to the symphony of spring. Butterflies, delicate dancers of the insect world, gracefully flit from flower to flower, their iridescent wings catching the sunlight. Bees, with their industrious buzzing, play a vital role in pollination, ensuring the proliferation of plant life and the promise of a bountiful harvest in the months to come. Ladybugs, beetles, and a myriad of other insects add their own unique rhythms to this



pulsating orchestration of life.

As we witness this grand spectacle of renewal, there is a palpable sense of hope and optimism in the air. Spring serves as a powerful reminder that, no matter how harsh the winter may have been, life possesses an incredible resilience, capable of bouncing back with exuberance. It is a season that symbolizes the triumph of life over adversity, a testament to nature's unwavering ability to regenerate and flourish.

The changing of the season becomes a celebration of life's cyclical nature, a testament to the eternal dance between the elements. The once-

dormant landscape transforms into a vibrant tapestry, woven with the threads of growth, color, and the sweet promise of life renewed. Spring is a call to embrace the changing seasons with open hearts, to revel in the symphony of life unfolding around us. It beckons us to be present, to appreciate the intricate beauty of each unfurling leaf, the gentle hum of bees at work, and the joyful songs of returning birds. It is a season that invites us to step outside and witness the grandeur of nature's rebirth, a time to celebrate the renewal of life in all its splendid forms.



CULTIVATING ABUNDANCE: A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO PLANTING YOUR SPRING GARDEN IN MARCH

As the crisp breeze of March heralds the arrival of spring, gardening enthusiasts eagerly anticipate the chance to cultivate a bountiful and vibrant garden. March marks a crucial period for planting various vegetables and herbs, setting the stage for a flourishing garden throughout the growing season. In this comprehensive guide, we'll explore the step-by-step process of planting lettuce, potatoes, peppers, tomatoes, radishes, cucumbers, celery, chervil, dill, fennel, parsley, pot marjoram, sage, and sorrel. Let's delve into the world of spring gardening and unlock the secrets to a thriving harvest.

1. Lettuce:

Lettuce is a cool-season crop that thrives in the early days of spring. Begin by selecting a well-drained location with ample sunlight. Prepare the soil by incorporating compost and organic matter to enhance its fertility. Sow lettuce seeds directly into the soil, covering them lightly with soil. Water consistently, keeping the soil consistently moist. As the seedlings emerge, thin them to ensure proper spacing and optimal growth. Harvest tender, crisp lettuce leaves as they mature for a continuous supply of fresh greens.



2. Potatoes:

Potatoes are a versatile and staple crop that can be easily grown in a home garden. In March, plant seed potatoes in well-draining, loose soil enriched with organic matter. Space the seed potatoes at regular intervals and cover them with a layer of soil. As the potato plants grow, mound soil around the stems to encourage tuber development. Regular watering and hilling will contribute to a healthy potato harvest. Keep an eye out for pests and diseases, addressing them promptly to ensure a successful yield.

3. Peppers:

Peppers thrive in warm soil and full sunlight. Start pepper seeds indoors in March, providing them with a warm and well-lit environment. Once seedlings have developed, transplant them to the garden after the last frost date. Plant peppers in nutrient-rich soil with good drainage, spacing them according to the specific variety. Provide support for taller pepper varieties to prevent breakage. Regular watering and mulching will aid in moisture retention and weed control, fostering optimal pepper growth.



4. Tomatoes:

Tomatoes are a garden favorite, and March is the ideal time to start tomato seeds indoors. Use quality potting soil and provide consistent warmth and light to facilitate germination. Transplant seedlings into the garden after the risk of frost has passed, selecting a sunny location with well-draining soil. Stake or cage tomato plants to support their growth and prevent sprawling. Water deeply and consistently, and be vigilant against common tomato pests and diseases. Prune as needed to encourage airflow and discourage fungal issues.

5. Radishes:

Radishes are quick-growing vegetables that add a crisp and peppery flavor to salads. Directly sow radish seeds in well-drained soil with a neutral pH. Space the seeds according to the variety, and cover them with a thin layer of soil. Keep the soil consistently moist to promote rapid germination. Thin the radish seedlings as they emerge to ensure proper spacing and prevent overcrowding. Harvest radishes when they reach maturity, typically within a few weeks of planting.



6. Cucumbers:

Cucumbers thrive in warm temperatures and well-drained soil. Start cucumber seeds indoors in March, transplanting them to the garden after the last frost. Provide support for vining varieties or allow bush varieties to spread. Mulch around cucumber plants to conserve moisture and deter weeds. Water consistently and evenly, avoiding overhead watering to prevent fungal issues. Harvest cucumbers when they are firm and bright green for optimal flavor.



7. Celery:

Celery is a versatile and nutrient-rich vegetable that requires careful cultivation. Start celery seeds indoors in March, providing them with a cool and well-lit environment. Transplant celery seedlings to the garden after the last frost, spacing them according to the variety. Celery thrives in rich, moisture-retentive soil. Keep the soil consistently moist, and consider mulching to retain moisture. Blanch celery by gradually hilling soil around the stems as they grow to achieve a milder flavor and tender texture.



8. Chervil, Dill, Fennel, Parsley, Pot Marjoram, Sage, Sorrel:

Herbs add flavor and fragrance to your culinary endeavors, and March is the perfect time to establish a thriving herb garden. Start herb seeds indoors or directly sow them in well-drained soil. Herbs generally prefer full sunlight and well-draining soil. Water herbs consistently, allowing the soil to dry slightly between waterings. Harvest herbs regularly to encourage bushy growth and maintain optimal flavor. Consider companion planting to deter pests and promote overall garden health.

In conclusion, March offers a promising window to kickstart your spring garden and set the stage for a season of abundance. By carefully selecting your crops, preparing the soil, and providing optimal care, you'll be well on your way to a thriving garden that yields a colorful array of vegetables and herbs. Embrace the joys of gardening, savor the fruits of your labor, and relish in the satisfaction of cultivating your own fresh and nutritious produce. Happy gardening!



SHADOWS WITHIN

A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES
BY CHRISTY MANN

This story, and the stories that follow in upcoming issues are works of fiction. While they may explore dark and intense themes, it is important to recognize that the events, characters, and situations depicted within these pages are products of the imagination.

As the author, I utilize storytelling as a means to process complex emotions, thoughts, and experiences. My intention is to offer a narrative that is entertaining but also prompts reflection and discussion, fostering understanding and empathy in its readers as well.

It is my hope that readers engage with this work with an open mind, understanding its fictional nature, and recognize the underlying themes as avenues for personal exploration, self-preservation, and growth.

Thank you for joining me on this journey.

Warm regards,
Christy

BOOK I
PROLOGUE:
THE
SHADOW
MAN

Footsteps echoing in the corridor approaching my room wake me. I sit upright in my bed but keep silent. I'm listening for the sound to move past my door and keep going, praying the doorknob doesn't turn. We tend to get into trouble if we aren't asleep at bed checks. By trouble, I mean our medication dosages get increased. Just the idea of that fills me with dread. I'm already taking more medications than I want to be. They insist I need them though, and if I'm not sleeping through the night, then I certainly need more of them.

There will be a push at my appointment with Grace tomorrow afternoon. This is the way here at Whispering Pines Behavioral Wellness Center.

I don't want my dosage to increase. Not being able to think clearly and advocate for myself in a place like this, especially at night, freaks me the hell out!

I just want there to be carpet in the hallways, so I'm not woken up several times by footsteps that echo through the walls every damn night. I swear, the treatment and care they tell you you will get in these places is so far from what actually happens here. It's things like this that take a person having a really bad day one day and escalating it into a series of additional mental breaks, to the point that they can never leave. After 2-3 months of this, I'll be second guessing my mental state too.

It's creepy. I don't have any past traumas or experiences that were even slightly bad, that had anything to do with this. It's just fucking creepy. I mean, the footsteps start out soft and get louder as they approach my room, pause outside my door, the doorknob turns slowly, a slightly backlit head pops in, pops back out, the door closes, and then the footsteps are loud and get quieter and quieter as they go on to the next room. It happens 8 times a night!

It's hard enough for me to stay asleep, being in a strange bed surrounded by things that are not in my room at home. Let alone go back to sleep, knowing it's going to happen again in an hour or so. I've only been here a couple of weeks though. I guess I haven't been here long enough to have gotten used to it yet. The first night, it completely freaked me out and they had to give me a sedative.

They teach here, almost religiously, about how important sleep is for us, and then send people around in hard-soled shoes on hard vinyl floors to "check on us" several times during the night. It doesn't make any sense, unless you make money from the people needing higher doses of medications to stay asleep through that. That's a delusional thought, though. They must pay for the meds they give us.

I don't want to be that sedated. That is how bad things happen. It's almost like they have never seen a single horror movie or something.

The footsteps move on, and I let out the breath I was holding. I look at the bedside table. "There it is." I spot my dad's antique pocket watch. I snatch it and pull it close to my chest. When I first got here, I had to attend groups all about finding and using coping skills. I was told to find something that I could hold and rub to calm myself when my symptoms got the better of me. It was perfect for that task.

Long before I got here, this watch served that very purpose for me, to a large degree already. I found it among my dad's things after his funeral many years ago. When I picked it up, I immediately recalled some vivid good memories of my dad. It put some space in my emotional distress, and I was able to feel a little better in a very tragic moment, so I kept it. Of course, I brought it here with me.

The etchings in the metal have become lines I can trace with my finger, and it helps me stay with the good memories and thoughts longer. The problem is, I'll pull it out and go to those good memories and thoughts at "inappropriate times", according to family, friends, and former employers.

I rub the etching and recall the time dad, Jimmy, and I had taken that long ass boat ride to the campsite. Before we left the neighborhood, we stopped off at Neil's house and loaded the boat with 3 days' worth of firewood and other supplies. I didn't think much of it until we got the boat into the water, and it almost sank under the extra weight.

Dad drove the trailer back up the ramp out of the water. I laughed as Jackie started pulling wood logs out of the boat and throwing them in the back of the truck, cussing and mumbling about telling him it was gonna sink the boat. I smile. That was one of the best camping trips the 3 of us took together many years ago.

I lay back down, still clutching the watch, trying to recall more details from that trip and fall peacefully back to sleep.

Something in the corner of the room catches my eye. I turn my head to look full on in that direction. To my surprise, a dark figure seems to be standing there. When I say dark, I mean, the room was already dark. There are black-out curtains taped shut and I taped a piece of construction paper over the built in night light so I can sleep a couple of nights ago, dark. The room was more grayscale than the figure standing there. "Whoa!" I shouted. I sit up and inadvertently look away from the figure.

I look back at it, it's still there. A large, imposing, forward facing silhouette is contrasting against the darkness of the room. The outline of the figure looks like it is wearing some kind of flat topped, wide brimmed hat and a cloak or coat with added height in the shoulders. A duster maybe? I stare at it for a long moment. I see the other shadows in the room start to slink away from it in my peripheral vision. There aren't supposed to be other shadows in here.

The sound of footsteps echoes down the hallway, drawing closer to my room. My heart quickens its pace, and the persistent ringing in my ears intensifies. I glance at the door, then back to where The Shadow Man stood moments ago. He's vanished.

I silently pray for it to be Connie on duty tonight. Connie is dependable and safe. She'd check in on me, reassure me, calm my nerves. I've confided in her about the unsettling footsteps that disrupt my sleep being why she finds me awake. I'm a pretty light sleeper, and for safety reasons, I'd like to stay that way. She understands; they would wake her too. She doesn't usually document it if she finds me awake when she checks on me because of it.

But everyone else does. It's as if they do it intentionally, a punishment for inconveniencing them with having to write more than just a brief note of "all quiet" in their logs. I've been on their side of the fence and it can be annoying if someone is up late and I'm trying to get my paperwork done, but I've never reported it unless there was something that needed to be addressed by the doctor or therapist. Like, they were not feeling well, or had an episode.

Advocating for myself, ensuring I'm not rendered unconscious where harm could befall me or others, shouldn't warrant a sedative dosage increase. Especially on nights when Craig is on duty. He's tolerable during the day, but the idea of being unconscious and alone when he comes to check at night completely creeps me out. I'm mentally unstable right now though, so I could just be paranoid.

The doorknob turns, the door opens and light from the hallway floods into the room. Every muscle in my body tenses, and I hold my breath. A silhouette, backlit by the hallway glow, enters the room.

"Everything alright in here?" Connie's soothing voice drifts into my ears before my vision adjusts and I can see who entered the room.

I exhale with a long sigh. "Yeah. Everything's fine. Footsteps woke me up, again, and then I saw something in the corner of the room over there. It's gone now though."

Connie steps fully into the room and looks at the corner. "I don't see anything there. Was it a nightmare perhaps?"

"Yeah. I think so. No, it wasn't anything scary, just there then gone. I was startled awake by the footsteps in the hallway, so it was probably just my brain trying to give rhyme to reason. Just, could you ask whoever does the next check to tiptoe or something?"

There was a subtle shift in the darkness. I could almost feel Connie recoiling, her silhouette drawing back slightly, as if the weight of my words had caused the shadows themselves to retreat. She was the one that walked through the hall and woke me tonight. Even after we've talked about it several times now.

"I'll see what I can do," Connie murmurs, her hand instinctively reaching out to touch my shoulder in a gesture of reassurance as she turned toward the door.

"Thank you. Good night," I call out, my voice barely a whisper, as Connie tiptoes out of the room.

"Good night," she replies softly, her footsteps growing fainter as she reaches the door.

The door closes. The footsteps start loudly, again, and move to the right.

I roll my eyes, frustration bubbling up within me. “Seriously!” I yell, the words echoing off the sterile walls of my room. The footsteps halt abruptly, replaced by a couple of light thumps and a momentary silence. Then, just as I start to relax, I hear them resume, more like stomps, and further away.

Flopping backward onto my pillow, I crossed my arms in a futile attempt to ward off the mounting agitation. “This is gonna be another long night,” I muttered bitterly to myself. With a heavy sigh, I closed my eyes, the soft mattress and pillow offering scant comfort against the weight of my thoughts.

Another hour of restless anticipation stretched out before me, each passing minute a reminder of the inevitable next round of bed checks, likely to be even noisier than the last, simply because I dared to speak up.

“Maybe,” I whisper into the darkness, my voice lost amidst the shadows of the night. I turn my gaze toward the corner where I last saw The Shadow Man standing, though now only emptiness greets my eyes. Still, an eerie sensation lingers, as if his presence lingers in the shadows.

“Can you hear me?” I address the darkness, my words hesitant yet urgent. “I know you are there. I saw how you drove the other shadowy things away before. Could you do the same with real things? Like Craig? I really need to get some sleep, and I just can’t when I’m worried about being abused in my sleep.”

The silence that follows is palpable, stretching into the depths of the room and beyond. I hold my breath, straining to perceive any response, any sign of acknowledgment from the unseen figure that haunts the darkness.

But there is nothing. Only the faint echo of my own voice, swallowed by the vast expanse of the night.

The next day finds me sitting in the hall outside Grace’s office, my mind still reeling from the events of the previous night. As I wait for my appointment, a sense of anticipation grips me, mingled with a flicker of hope that perhaps, just perhaps, the presence of The Shadow Man had worked its magic, granting me a night of much-needed respite from the torment of my thoughts.

Grace’s office is a familiar haven, a place where I can unburden myself and seek solace in her understanding gaze. As she greets me with her customary warmth, I offer a small smile in return, feeling a glimmer of hope kindling within me.

“How are you today, Christy?” Grace’s voice is gentle, yet probing, as if she senses the turmoil brewing beneath the surface.

“Much better, actually,” I reply, my words tinged with cautious optimism. “I had a breakthrough last night.”

Grace’s eyebrows shoot up in surprise, and for a moment, a flicker of something unreadable passes across her features. She flips through a couple of pages in my file. I can’t quite decipher the expression, but I make a mental note to revisit it later.

“Oh?” Grace prompts, her curiosity piqued. “What happened?”

I recount the events of the previous night, detailing how The Shadow Man’s presence seemed to offer me a sense of comfort and security, allowing me to feel safe enough to fall into a restful slumber for the first time in weeks.

To my surprise, Grace’s reaction is not quite what I expected. Her brow furrows in concern, and she leans forward, her expression intent.

“The Shadow Man?” she repeats, her tone laced with skepticism. “Christy, you do realize that seeing and interacting with entities that others cannot perceive is a symptom of psychosis, don’t you?”

Her words hit me like a blow to the stomach, knocking the wind out of my sails. I feel the weight of her words settling heavily upon me, extinguishing the fragile spark of hope that had begun to flicker within me.

But I nod, forcing myself to feign agreement, even as a knot of unease forms in the pit of my stomach. “Of course, Grace. I understand.”

With practiced efficiency, Grace pulls out her prescription pad and begins writing on the top sheet. She rips that sheet off and hands it to me. "I'm increasing the dosage on these to meds, and I'm adding this one. Do you have any questions?"

"Nope. I fully understand. Thank you." I sigh and my spine suddenly feels like an overcooked noodle. I feel my whole body slump. I glare at Grace with a pleading "please notice how I am saying I'm not actually ok with it". She doesn't look up from her prescription pad, though.

"Ok. We'll meet again next week. Have a good one." She says as she scribbles something on one of the pages in my file then shoves the file into her desk drawer.

As I leave Grace's office, the walls seem to close in around me, and I can't shake the feeling of unease that lingers in the air. Despite my initial excitement, I can't shake the nagging doubt that gnaws at the edges of my mind, casting a shadow over the newfound sense of peace I thought I had found finally.

I resolve myself to accept that this is how it is. It doesn't make me feel any better though. It effects the entire rest of my day. I need time to go inside myself and process the feelings, so I can look at this problem with a clear and level head. I don't get it.

I'm here on a suicide watch. I'm not allowed to be alone until lights out. Staff talks amongst itself between groups and individual sessions via email and a company wide messenger, so by the time I walk into my first group meeting of the day, all eyes are on me constantly. That doesn't create a sense of paranoia in me that doesn't need to be by any means (total sarcasm in that statement intended).

In the stillness of the night, as darkness shrouds the world in its embrace, I see him again. The Shadow Man stands before me, his presence a silent sentinel in the depths of my despair. There is solemnity in his gaze, a depth of understanding that transcends words.

We share a silent exchange, a communion of souls bound by the weight of our shared suffering. I feel his presence like a balm to my wounded spirit, a beacon of solace in the darkness that threatens to consume me.

But as I pour out my heart to him, laying bare the depths of my anguish and despair, I am struck by a sense of profound clarity. The Shadow Man hears me out, his presence a silent witness to the turmoil raging within me. And in that moment, I realize that he understands, perhaps more than anyone else ever could.

I can feel somehow, I don't know how to explain it, that he believes that my suffering should end, that I deserve peace and release from the shackles of my pain and the dangers of this place. But he also knows that the decision lies with me, that only I have the power to choose my own fate.

As much as I want to believe that I'm still held by the inner thinking that choosing death is wrong, I'm not. I'm here because I haven't been able, myself, to choose holding on. The help I'm getting to do so isn't helping. If someone would just listen to what I'm saying and do what I think needs to be done, rather than telling me I'm wrong, not thinking clearly, and need more medications to help me see it the right way, I'd naturally want to be here longer.

I really don't.

To be continued...

INSIGHTS FOR THE MONTH AHEAD: EMBRACING THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

BY CHRISTY MANN

As we stand at the threshold of a new month, it is time for me to pause, reflect, and seek guidance for the journey ahead. Through my monthly meditation, I embark on a journey of inner exploration and connection with the universe, opening myself to receive insights and wisdom to share with you.

This month, the message that resonates deeply is one of service.

The Importance of Service

In the depths of our meditation, we immerse ourselves in a sea of stillness and silence, allowing the rhythmic flow of our breath to guide us deeper into our inner sanctuary. Here, in the sacred space of our own being, we are reminded of the profound impact of service in shaping our world for the better. Each act of service, whether big or small, contributes to a more just, compassionate, and equitable society.

The Ripple Effect of Kindness

As we continue our meditation, we visualize ourselves as conduits of light and love, radiating our essence out into the world with every breath we take. We witness the ripple effect of kindness and compassion that flows from our actions, touching the lives of countless individuals and inspiring others to do the same. Through our acts of generosity and support, we create a ripple of positivity that amplifies the impact of our collective efforts.

Finding Fulfillment Through Service

In the quiet depths of our meditation, we uncover the profound sense of fulfillment that comes from serving others. As we extend a helping hand to those in need, we experience a deep sense of purpose and meaning that transcends the boundaries of our individual selves. By dedicating our time, energy, and resources to the service of others, we not only make a tangible difference in their lives but also enrich our own.

Creating a Culture of Compassion

Our meditation calls us to action, urging us to create a culture of compassion and empathy in our communities and beyond. By embracing the spirit of service, we can foster a more inclusive and compassionate society where every individual is valued, respected, and supported.

Affirmation

"I am a vessel of love and compassion, guided by the universe to serve others with kindness and generosity. Through my advocacy and support, I create positive change in the world and uplift those in need."

As I embrace the spirit of service and embark on this journey of self-discovery, I invite you to join me in making a positive difference in the world around us. Let us cultivate a culture of compassion and empathy, where every act of kindness and generosity contributes to a brighter, more compassionate future for all.

Together, let us explore the depths of our souls, seek guidance from the universe, and work towards creating a world where love and compassion reign supreme.

If you feel inspired to share your own experiences, insights, or acts of service, I invite you to connect with our community of seekers. Share your stories, engage in meaningful conversations, and together, let us inspire one another to be agents of positive change in the world.

Thank you for being a part of this journey towards a more compassionate and inclusive world.

PERSPECTIVAS PARA EL MES VENIDERO: ABRAZANDO EL ESPÍRITU DE SERVICIO

POR CHRISTY MANN
TRADUCIDO POR BY MARIA BORDEN

Mientras estamos en el umbral de un nuevo mes, es hora de que me detenga, reflexione y busque orientación para el viaje que tenemos por delante. A través de mi meditación mensual, me embarco en un viaje de exploración interna y conexión con el universo, abriéndome a recibir percepciones y sabiduría para compartir con ustedes.

Este mes, el mensaje que resuena profundamente es de servicio.

La importancia del servicio

En las profundidades de nuestra meditación, nos sumergimos en un mar de quietud y silencio, permitiendo que el flujo rítmico de nuestra respiración nos guíe más profundamente en nuestro santuario interior. Aquí, en el espacio sagrado de nuestro propio ser, se nos recuerda el profundo impacto del servicio en la configuración de nuestro mundo para mejor. Cada acto de servicio, ya sea grande o pequeño, contribuye a una sociedad más justa, compasiva y equitativa.

El efecto dominó de la bondad

A medida que continuamos nuestra meditación, nos visualizamos como conductos de luz y amor, irradiando nuestra esencia hacia el mundo con cada respiración que tomamos. Somos testigos del efecto dominó de la bondad y la compasión que fluye de nuestras acciones, tocando las vidas de innumerables personas e inspirando a otros a hacer lo mismo. A través de nuestros actos de generosidad y apoyo, creamos una onda de positividad que amplifica el impacto de nuestros esfuerzos colectivos.

Encontrar cumplimiento a través del servicio

En las profundidades tranquilas de nuestra meditación, descubrimos el profundo sentido de satisfacción que proviene de servir a los demás. A medida que extendemos una mano de ayuda a los necesitados, experimentamos un profundo sentido de propósito y significado que trasciende los límites de nuestro ser individual. Al dedicar nuestro tiempo, energía y recursos al servicio de los demás, no solo hacemos una diferencia tangible en sus vidas, sino que también enriquecemos las nuestras.

Creando una Cultura de Compasión

Nuestra meditación nos llama a la acción, instándonos a crear una cultura de compasión y empatía en nuestras comunidades y más allá. Al abrazar el espíritu de servicio, podemos fomentar una sociedad más inclusiva y compasiva donde cada individuo sea valorado, respetado y apoyado.

La afirmación

"Soy un recipiente de amor y compasión, guiado por el universo para servir a los demás con bondad y generosidad. A través de mi defensa y apoyo, creo un cambio positivo en el mundo y elevo a los necesitados."

Al abrazar el espíritu de servicio y embarcarme en este viaje de auto-descubrimiento, los invito a unirse a mí para hacer una diferencia positiva en el mundo que nos rodea. Cultivemos una cultura de compasión y empatía, donde cada acto de bondad y generosidad contribuya a un futuro más brillante y compasivo para todos.

Juntos, exploremos las profundidades de nuestras almas, busquemos la guía del universo y trabajemos hacia la creación de un mundo donde el amor y la compasión reinen supremamente.

Si te sientes inspirado para compartir tus propias experiencias, percepciones o actos de servicio, te invito a conectarte con nuestra comunidad de buscadores. Compartan sus historias, establezcan conversaciones significativas, y juntos, inspirémonos unos a otros para ser agentes de cambio positivo en el mundo.

Gracias por ser parte de este viaje hacia un mundo más compasivo e inclusivo.

WHAT IF: THOUGHTS BECOME THINGS

BY CHRISTY MANN

Have you ever considered the profound implications of your thoughts? What if every thought you entertained had the power to shape your reality? This article delves into the intriguing concept of “What if Thoughts Become Things?” and invites you to explore the philosophical and scientific dimensions of this idea.

Philosophical and Scientific Perspectives

At the heart of the concept lies the philosophical notion of idealism, which suggests that reality is fundamentally mental. According to this perspective, the world we perceive is a product of consciousness, and our thoughts play a central role in shaping our experiences.

From a scientific standpoint, quantum mechanics offers intriguing insights into the relationship between consciousness and reality. The observer effect, for example, suggests that the act of observation can influence the behavior of subatomic particles, indicating a profound connection between consciousness and the physical world.

Examples and Case Studies:

Consider the phenomenon of the law of attraction, where individuals believe that by focusing on positive thoughts and intentions, they can manifest their desires into reality. Countless anecdotes abound of people who have seemingly attracted wealth, success, and happiness into their lives through the power of thought.

Moreover, collective beliefs and perceptions have the potential to shape societal outcomes. History is replete with examples of how shared beliefs and ideologies have influenced the course of human events, underscoring the profound impact of collective thought on our shared reality.

Deeper Diving Questions:

As you reflect on the notion of thoughts becoming things, consider the following questions:

What role do beliefs and perceptions play in shaping our experiences?

How can we harness the power of our thoughts to manifest positive outcomes in our lives?

What are the ethical implications of wielding such power over our reality?

How might our collective thoughts shape the world we inhabit?

As we contemplate the question “What if: Thoughts Become Things?” we are confronted with the profound interconnectedness of mind and reality. Whether viewed through the lens of philosophy or science, the idea invites us to reconsider the nature of existence and our place within it. As you navigate your own journey of self-discovery, remember the transformative power that lies within your thoughts, and dare to imagine the possibilities that await when thoughts become things.

Ready to delve deeper into these thought-provoking topics? Join our Seeker’s Forum, where you can openly and safely discuss this topic and more with like-minded individuals. Subscribe today to stay updated on our latest articles and gain access to our vibrant community of seekers exploring the mysteries of the mind and beyond.

FULL WORM MOON RITUAL: EMBRACING RENEWAL AND GROWTH

MARCH 2024 RITUAL

History

The Worm Moon, historically recognized by Native American tribes, holds cultural significance rooted in the observation of nature's cycles. The term "Worm Moon" was coined by indigenous peoples who noticed the emergence of earthworms and the winding trails they left behind in the newly thawed ground during the last full moon of winter. This lunar event marked a crucial transition from the dormancy of winter to the awakening of spring, signifying the rebirth of the earth and the imminent return of life.

Among various Native American communities, the Worm Moon was not merely an astronomical event but a profound connection to their agricultural and hunting practices. It served as a celestial guide for planting and preparing for the upcoming growing season. The tapping of maple trees for sap, another activity associated with this moon, further emphasized the dependence on nature's rhythms for sustenance.

Purpose of the Ritual

The ritual performed during the Full Worm Moon in March is a homage to the historical and cultural significance of this celestial event. It serves as a way to honor the wisdom of the indigenous peoples who closely observed the natural world and recognized the interconnectedness between humanity and the environment. The overarching purpose of the ritual is to align oneself with the energies of renewal, growth, and transition, mirroring the seasonal changes witnessed during the Worm Moon.

Participants engage in this ritual to foster personal growth, set positive intentions, and embrace the transformative energies associated with the impending arrival of spring. By connecting with the historical roots of the Worm Moon, the ritual becomes a symbolic bridge between past traditions and contemporary spiritual practices, emphasizing a harmonious relationship with nature and the pursuit of balance in one's life.

Now, let's proceed to the ritual itself.

MATERIALS NEEDED

- Candle (preferably white or green)
- A small bowl of water
- A piece of paper and pen
- Small branches or twigs
- Optional: crystals (such as moonstone or clear quartz)
- Optional: items representing aspects of the season (like maple syrup)

THE RITUAL



Create a Sacred Space: Choose a quiet and comfortable space for your ritual. Consider setting up an altar with the materials you gathered. Light the candle to symbolize the energy and illumination of the full moon.

Ground Yourself: Take a few moments to center yourself. Close your eyes, take deep breaths, and visualize roots extending from your body into the Earth, grounding you in its energy.

Reflect on the Season: Meditate on the significance of the Worm Moon and its connection to the changing season. Reflect on the themes of renewal, growth, and the awakening of nature. Consider how these themes relate to your own life.

Write Your Intentions: On the piece of paper, write down your intentions for the coming season. Focus on personal growth, positive changes, and any specific goals you have. Be specific and positive in your wording.

Water Blessing: Dip your fingers into the bowl of water and gently flick droplets onto your written intentions. As you do this, visualize the water cleansing and energizing your goals, infusing them with the power of the moon.

Outdoor Connection (Optional): If possible, take a moment to go outside and connect with nature. Feel the energy of the full moon and the changing season. If you have small branches or twigs, collect them as symbols of growth and renewal.

Altar Arrangement: Arrange the branches or twigs on your altar, symbolizing the growth and blossoming of the season. Place the written intentions beneath the branches. You can also add crystals or other items representing the Worm Moon and the themes of the ritual.

Closing: Express gratitude for the energy of the full moon and the changing season. Blow out the candle, symbolizing the completion of the ritual. Keep the written intentions in a safe place or bury them in the soil as a symbolic gesture of planting your goals.

Feel free to customize this ritual to suit your spiritual beliefs and practices. Always remember to approach any ritual with respect and reverence.

KITCHEN WITCH'S CAULDRON

ETON MESS

Ingredients

750 gm strawberries, quartered,
plus extra to serve
110 gm (½ cup) caster sugar
200 ml thickened cream, lightly
whisked
125 gm crème fraîche
55 gm (½ cup) pure icing sugar,
sieved
Scraped seeds of ½ vanilla bean
125 gm raspberries

Meringues Ingredients

100 gm eggwhite (about 3 eggs)
100 gm caster sugar
100 gm pure icing sugar, sieved
15 gm cornflour



Instructions

For meringues, preheat oven to 120C. Whisk eggwhite and a pinch of salt in an electric mixer until firm peaks form (3-4 minutes). With motor running, gradually add caster sugar and whisk until thick and glossy (2-3 minutes). Sieve icing sugar and cornflour over, fold to combine, then spoon 8cm-diameter mounds onto oven trays lined with baking paper. Bake until meringues lift easily from trays and are crisp but not coloured (45-50 minutes), then turn off oven and cool completely in oven.

Meanwhile, toss strawberries and caster sugar in a large bowl to combine, then set aside until juices begin to seep (20 minutes).

Whisk cream, crème fraîche, icing sugar and vanilla seeds together in a separate large bowl until soft peaks form. Scatter a quarter of the strawberries in the base of a 3-litre serving bowl, spread with a quarter of the cream mixture, and coarsely crumble a quarter of the meringue over the top.

Scatter Eton mess with raspberries and extra strawberries and serve.



BOOK SPOTLIGHT

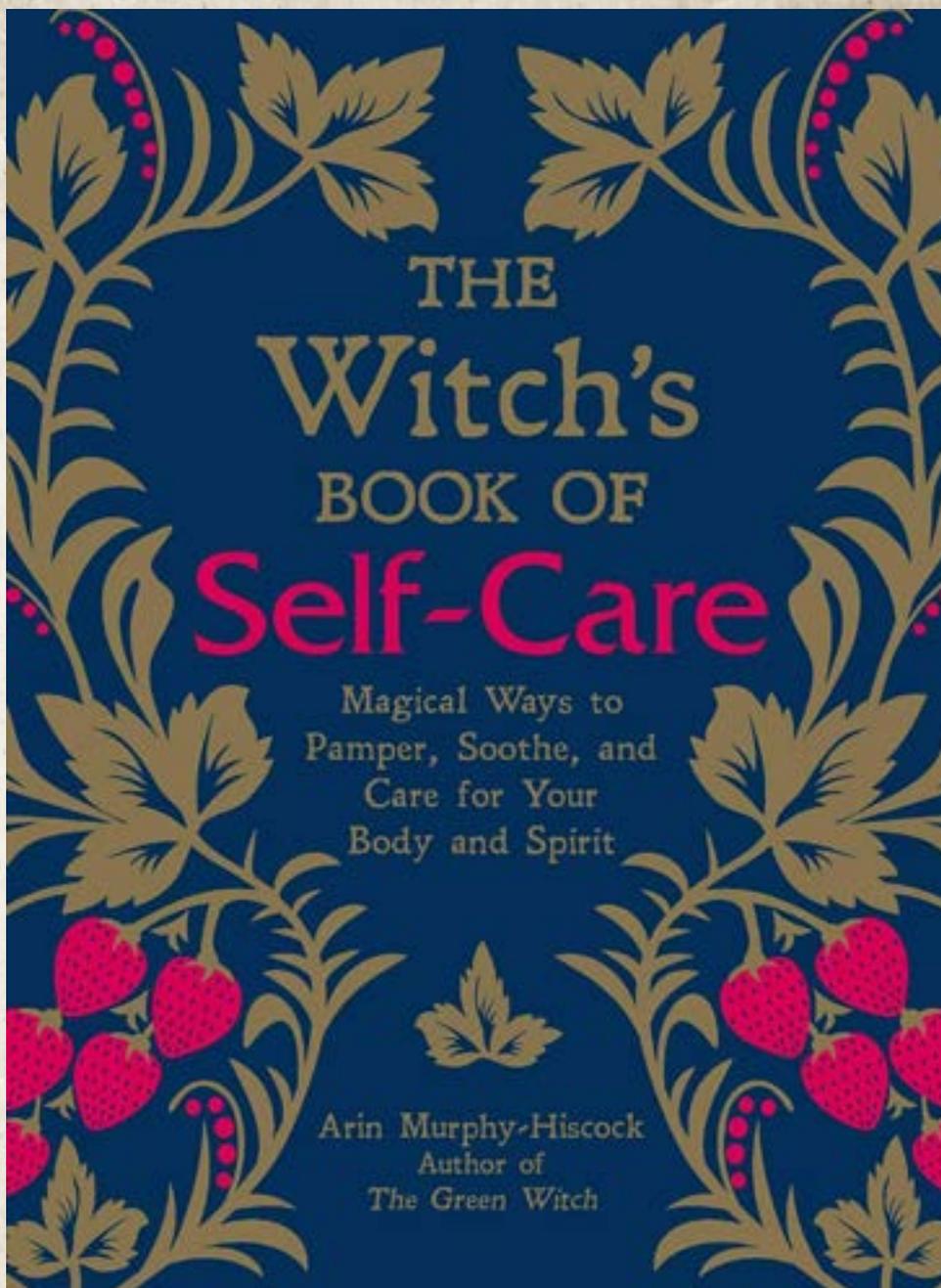
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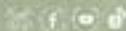
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with Elyse Welles
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