

## Good Mooning, Ladies and Gentlemen

Written by Sutti Suddeth  
Wednesday, 29 May 2019 07:53

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The typical holistic fare I usually write about had its origins before I became what I am today. Sounds obvious, but we have to keep in mind our origin stories. What collection of experiences made us who we are today? Me, I started noticing the subtle signs a few years after my first transpersonal experience, which was astral projection.

I finally felt, rather than having to take something on faith. In the mid-90's, I was in college at the University of South Carolina. While there, I worked as a file clerk (glorified box boy) for South Carolina's Department of Revenue.

No doubt, the Department of Revenue life was interesting, to say the least. The most fascinating and informative part of working there was my friend and co-worker, "Daryl." "Daryl" was a really sweet guy and I don't ever label other fellas "sweet." There's just no other way to paint my friend as he was such a gentle soul—most of the time. The exception to his sweet rule was the one time of month that the moon was full. Basically, "Daryl" turned crazy once a month. So much so, that our big boss tracked him on her calendar. Usually, he was harmless and a lot of fun, but on the days he wasn't we just looked at Cindy's calendar for confirmation. "Oh, that's why he was so whacked out today..." I mean, he'd have a different look in his eyes. Our big boss was even okay with him simply not showing up to work on the full moons. Famously, our other boss had the air let out of his tires for crossing "Daryl" on the full moon. Granted, "Daryl" did deserve Fred's ire that day, but Fred should have checked Cindy's calendar, shouldn't he have? Really, there's no other way to put it, but "Daryl" was a real life Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Now, there are more humorous stories I'd rather share about my friend and our Department of Revenue adventures, but I share this one to highlight the more sensitive nature of our humanity. Thankfully we are not all afflicted in the manner that my buddy was. (I hope and would like to assume "Daryl" is still with us. He inexplicably joined the Marines on the full moon and we never saw him again after graduation.)

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My take-away from my time with “Daryl” was a lifelong comment on the effects of the unseen in our lives. We cannot see the wind, yet we see the results of the wind with flags flapping, trees blowing, and pollen’s yellow grasp around our throats. Ask anybody that works in a hospital’s ER and they’ll tell you most of the crazy that goes down in their workplace happens on the full moon.

This leads to the question of what other things affect us that we can only perceive with the eye in between our eyes. (That’s a fancy, esoteric way of saying intuition.) Gut feelings, déjà vu, Reiki, etc. can be added to the list. Now, I think even those people who aren’t esoteric-minded have, at least, heard of weird things happening on the full moon. What I never gave much consideration to, until recent years, was the New Moon. A good rule of thumb with the New Moon is New Beginnings=New Moon. Sometimes those new beginnings can be ass-kickers, like this past February 4th/5<sup>th</sup> was for me. Big winnings from the Super Bowl the previous night did not preclude me from having my personal worst day since a day in January 2013. (May they continue to be this few and far between.) Even though I saw it coming and couldn’t continue writing novels under the current conditions my publisher’s issues placed me under, becoming a traditionally UNPUBLISHED author after working so hard to become a published one, was a kick in the teeth. My only option on this day was to waller in the floor and curse my publisher’s name in an apparent meltdown, like a three year old. Once I got the cursing out of the way, I am now all zen and s\*\*\* about things. Seriously, I’m looking at this portion of my writing career as a setback to set up greater things I couldn’t have done without this scar tissue. All this because of the moon, you ask? Well, not completely, but either end of the moon’s spectrum does provide a catalyst to wreck shop. A catalyst to push us outside the norm. Whoa, look out for those King Tides, Lowcountry!

If you’re searching for a way to help yourselves, start a journal. (Journaling is good for you anyway.) But see what your own hand has to say about the effects of the moon over a given period of time. I’m curious what type of lunacy it will reveal.

A little while has passed since my “awful” new moon experience. As I originally wrote this, we had a Super Moon. The closest and therefore the biggest the Moon will appear in 2019. Just on the ride to my daughter’s school and back, I’m reminded that my family and I literally live at the edge of the Earth here on Fripp. In just the fifty-minute round trip to her school the Atlantic began to choke off the only way on or off of Fripp with its icy grasp. The Moon’s direct relationship to the Earth elongates the ocean’s reach beyond where it’s “supposed” to go. Is Mother Nature trying to tell us something? I say yes to this question our ancestors took as common knowledge. They wouldn’t even have written an article on this subject.

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We think about the negative effects when the Moon, or other unseen forces, push us beyond the safety of our shorelines, but what if we didn't get a shove every now and then? Where would we be? What can the moon illuminate in your life? At the very least, ask yourself when was the last time you ventured out to peer at the night sky, bay at the moon, and ponder the darker side of things? Let me know what that journal entry looks like.