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Learning to Welcome Saturn

from the Prologue

When I first started practicing astrology in New York, charts rarely lived in offices. They lived on kitchen tables and café counters — wherever a few curious people could pull up chairs and talk about fate for a couple of hours.

The East Village in those days was full of artists and musicians and people reinventing themselves on a weekly basis. Astrology felt less like a profession than a language we were all learning together, making up in enthusiasm what we lacked in experience.

We loved Jupiter. We trusted Venus. We waited for Uranus to change everything.

But Saturn was different. When Saturn came up in conversation, something shifted in the room. Voices dropped a little, the way they do when someone brings up difficult news. A Saturn return meant a breakup, a lost job, a move you didn't choose. As a young astrologer, I dreaded it. Whenever Saturn moved toward something important in my chart, I felt the same reluctant anticipation I had before a dental appointment — unavoidable, probably necessary, guaranteed to interfere with my plans.

I thought Saturn ruined the fun.

What I didn't understand yet was that Saturn wasn't punishing me. It was teaching me.

We have all just come through a long collective season under Neptune in Pisces — a time when dreams, images, and illusions often felt more vivid than ordinary reality. Boundaries blurred. Many of us learned to float, to curate, to pretend things were different than they were. Now, as Neptune has moved into Aries and Saturn travels alongside it, the atmosphere is shifting. The fog is lifting. What was hazy or performative is being asked, sometimes firmly, to become real, accountable, and built on something solid.

Astrology reveals its meanings slowly. Charts don't unfold all at once; they ripen through experience. After living through enough Saturn transits — the setbacks, the endings, the long rebuilding — I started noticing something I hadn't expected. Every time Saturn arrived, it went straight to the place in my life that needed the most attention.

Not randomly. Not cruelly — but very precisely.

Saturn showed me where I'd been avoiding reality, where my foundations were shaky, where I'd been putting off what couldn't be put off any longer. It didn't take joy away. It showed me what was actually worth committing to — which turned out to be the only way joy lasts.

Over time, I started approaching Saturn the way you might consult someone who always tells you the truth: not comfortable, but trustworthy. It didn't tell me what I wanted to hear. It told me what was real.

And somewhere in that shift, something unexpected happened. I stopped dreading Saturn transits and started paying close attention to them. They became periods of recalibration — times when life quietly got more honest with itself.

The satisfaction Saturn offers is subtle. It's the feeling of standing on ground that won't give way.

The planet I once feared became the teacher I relied on most.

This book grew out of decades of watching Saturn move through thousands of charts — my clients', my students', and my own. What I kept finding, over and over, was that what first looks like restriction is usually the beginning of something more durable.

These pages explore Saturn in all the places it shows up in a chart — the signs, the houses, the aspects it forms with other planets, and the cycles that mark its return. My hope is that by the end, Saturn looks less like something to brace against and more like a guide: the one that points, with uncomfortable accuracy, toward wherever patience and honesty have the most to offer.

Saturn doesn't arrive to take life away. It arrives to make life real. It's the long way toward earning freedom.

The story continues in
The Saturn Handbook

Available now at kitchenalchemypress.com

Chiron and the End of Innocence

An Astrologer's Field Notes from the Edge of an Era

I have lived in New York City's East Village for more than half a century—what artists once called the creative crescent, the place where new cultural movements are born before they are named. If astrology reflects collective shifts as well as personal ones, then this neighborhood has always functioned like a seismograph. You feel the tremors here first.

That is why I remember the arrival of Chiron not as an astronomical discovery, but as a cultural turning point.

On November 1, 1977, astronomers identified a small celestial body orbiting between Saturn and Uranus. They named it Chiron, after the wounded healer of Greek myth—the centaur who could heal others but never himself. When Chiron was discovered, it was in Taurus, grounded in the realm of the body, of resources, of what we value and what sustains us.

Around that same time, I was building musical instruments—celebrated by The Council of the Arts as the only female musical instrument builder on the East Coast. I had a lot of musician friends, and I thought it might be a good idea to create a venue with live music.

So right around the time of my first Saturn return, I suddenly closed my shop and opened a small café on Second Avenue. I really didn't think ahead—I just did it.

I didn't know it then, but Chiron was opposite Uranus when I opened those doors—a polarity between awakening and wounding, where the urge for liberation and the experience of vulnerability pulled in opposite directions. It was a tension impossible to balance, and I felt it everywhere.

People came to hear the music, but they also asked if I could cook for them. The small café soon became one of the first farm-to-table restaurants, back in the day when only a handful of chefs were women. There were also only a handful of restaurants in the East Village as well. Madonna was a waitress around the corner, and other big names were struggling to survive. The restaurant soon became popular with local artists—cultural creatives came to my restaurant daily. Keith Haring was there, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Quentin Crisp, Bill Murray, rockers and rollers, John Lurie, and since La MaMa was just around the corner, a lot of actors came in before or after shows and auditions.

On weekends there was a long line out the door. There was a big disco on the corner, and on Sunday mornings a large number of party people came stumbling through my door. Clothes were disheveled, and glitter was still in their hair—they came in hungry after dancing all night.

I was pretty amazed by how crazy things were. Like Rome before its downfall. People were doing massive amounts of drugs; it was cool to be high. Everyone was breaking every boundary—sexually, creatively, chemically—seeking liberation through excess.

But Uranus and Chiron don't resolve easily. The more we pushed toward freedom, the more the wounds revealed themselves. What began as liberation became a source of pain that could no longer be ignored.

Soon after the heyday, things started to change.

In the late 1970s, something quietly disappeared. It wasn't announced. It wasn't mourned. It was simply replaced. Around the same time Chiron was discovered, Weiser's—the legendary occult bookstore at Astor Place—closed and relocated to Maine. Not long after, the astrology and metaphysical sections at Barnes & Noble vanished. In their place appeared an entirely new genre: self-help.

Astrology didn't disappear—it was translated. The language shifted from fate to healing, from archetype to wound, from chart to psyche. Discos closed. Rehab centers filled. Therapy became a rite of passage. People stopped staying out until dawn and started asking why they felt empty when they got home.

This was the era when people discovered they had an inner child—and that the child was wounded.

It was the moment when pain stopped being something you numbed or danced away and became something you were expected to examine. Oprah entered American living rooms speaking openly about trauma, abuse, and recovery, and millions recognized themselves in her guests.

What had once been excess became pathology.

What had once been pleasure became avoidance.

What had once been private became public.

Shortly afterward, another threshold arrived.

I remember a well-known tarot reader coming to my apartment and saying, with unnerving certainty, "Everyone is going to die." When I asked him what he meant, he replied, "Pluto is going into Scorpio. It's going to sweep everything away."

In 1984, Pluto entered Scorpio. Within years, AIDS began to devastate communities—particularly the very same nightlife and creative worlds that had defined the previous decade. The party didn't just end. It became dangerous. Mortality, sexuality, secrecy, and survival were no longer abstract concepts; they were lived realities.

This was not a metaphorical death.

This was a collective initiation.

And through all of it—Chiron's arrival, the rise of therapy culture, the disappearance of occult spaces, the medical reckoning of Pluto in Scorpio—I watched the culture pivot from escape to confrontation.

That is what Chiron truly represents. Not simply "the wounded healer," but the moment humanity stopped being able to outrun its pain. The balance came only when we stopped running—when healing and honoring wounds became the path to authentic self-expression, not its opposite.

This book is written from that vantage point—not from theory, not from trend, but from lived observation. I watched the music fade, the lights come up, and an entire generation realize that healing was no longer optional.

Chiron marked the morning after.

In the chapters that follow, we'll explore what this shift meant not just culturally, but personally—in your natal chart, in your generation, in the healing journey that Chiron asks each of us to take. We'll trace Chiron through the signs and houses, through aspects and transits, through the ways it reveals where we've been wounded and where we're called to heal others.

But it begins here, in memory—because that's how Chiron arrives in all our lives. Not as abstraction, but as experience. Not as theory, but as the moment when we can no longer look away from what hurts.

Welcome to the work of Chiron.

The story continues in
The Chiron Handbook

Available now at kitchenalchemypress.com

THE LUNAR NODES HANDBOOK
A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

Why This Book Was Written

from A Note from the Author

Every life reaches moments when the future quietly begins to call.

A new direction appears. A familiar path begins to feel too small. A possibility that once seemed distant suddenly asks for attention.

In astrology, the Lunar Nodes describe these turning points. Though invisible in the sky, they reveal the movement between past experience and future development — the path through which a life gradually unfolds.

I began to understand this long before I had words for it.

Many years ago, when I was running a restaurant in New York’s East Village, I watched people arrive at crossroads in their lives almost every day. Artists, musicians, writers, and wanderers filled the room night after night, each one carrying a dream that had not quite taken shape yet. Some remained rooted in what felt familiar. Others stepped toward something new that felt uncertain but alive.

In that dining room, you could almost feel the moment when a life was about to change direction.

At the time I did not think of it as astrology. I was simply feeding people and listening to their stories. Looking back now, I realize I was witnessing the same moment that appears in every birth chart — the moment when a person stands at the threshold between the life they know and the life they are meant to grow into.

“A ship in harbor is safe, but that is not what ships are for.” John Shedd wrote that, and I think of it often when I work with the Nodes. That threshold is where the North Node lives.

The movement between the Nodes carries a quiet tension — the pull of the familiar past and the call of a future still unfolding. Over decades of working with charts and listening to people’s stories, I began to recognize how clearly the Lunar Nodes describe the turning points of a life.

For many years I imagined a book that could sit beside me while reading charts — something alive, a companion during a consultation that could speak to the moment: the ache of someone caught in familiar patterns, or the electricity of someone stepping toward a new chapter of life.

So I wrote the book I always wanted within reach.

The Nodes have always felt to me like the most intimate feature of a chart — the place where a person’s entire story compresses into a single axis, a question asked at birth and explored across a lifetime. I wanted a resource that honored that mystery.

This book was written for the sessions where I wished I had more language. For the students who wanted to look deeper. And for anyone who has ever opened their chart and felt the pull of the North Node like a distant shore — visible, inviting, and full of possibility.

My hope is that this book becomes a companion in your own exploration of the chart — a guide you return to often, marked and worn with use, as the nodal journey quietly unfolds across the years.

In many ways, the Lunar Nodes describe the same moment I witnessed so often in that East Village dining room — the quiet turning point when a life begins to move toward its future.

With warmth, Jenny Lynch

The story continues in
The Lunar Nodes Handbook

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The Chiron Handbook

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