

# This Fool's Journey

## *Tarot Tales for Modern Minds*

Take an enchanting, out-of-the-box journey through the mysteries of the Tarot Major Arcana.

It has long been said that stories are the most powerful teachers, and Cammy Williams' Tarot Tales join a long and noble tradition as they weave us through personal encounters with each of the Tarot's archetypes. When you've finished the journey, the Fool, the Magician, the Devil, the Moon and all the rest will have transformed from obscure, often frustrating symbols to an invaluable collection of friends, acquaintances and wise, challenging teachers!

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*Tarot Tales for Modern Minds*

Cynthia Campbell Williams



  
**ANGEL  
HOUSE**



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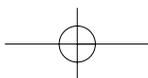
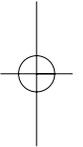
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*For my family*



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

To thank each of you individually is too much. I am afraid of omitting names.

Of course I thank you, Mr. Al, for the countless hours we've spent together getting this book ready for publishing. You are my editor, my graphic designer, my cheerleader and my dear heart.

Thank you, Faith, for your beautiful introduction and for your years of mentoring This Fool.

Thank you, too, Greg for your support and for your willingness to publish this collection.

And thank you, Cole, for thinking his Mom can do awesome things.

My mind scans over the memories of the journeys I have walked with you, the "Unnamed Ones" who are my dear friends, family, soul mates, and teachers. I reflect upon the histories that we have created together and I discover that what I am is because of you.

So thank you, each and every one of you. I love you.

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## FOREWORD

After studying the Tarot and using it as a professional psychic for more than 40 years, I would have sworn that I'd encountered every Tarot teaching and interpretation paradigm and technique in the world. As so often happens when you think you know it all, I was wrong. And though I usually hate being wrong, this time it was a real pleasure!

This Fool's Journey breaks with traditional Tarot teaching methods in a completely unique way. There is no question that it will help you build a living, breathing relationship with the Tarot's Major Arcana, which many believe is the definitive map of the soul's evolutionary journey.

For your first clue about how far outside the box Cammy has ventured in her quirky, original approach to understanding the Major Arcana archetypes, look at the table of contents. "What?!?!?" You say ... "They're not in order! You can't do that!!"

Which, I'm ashamed to say, was my original thought ... until I remembered that living systems - humans included - do not evolve by making lists, getting organized and well supplied, and marching briskly from Point A to Point B to Point C until reaching a destination. This kind of organization and categorization is the function of the human left brain, and it has an important place in living systems ... but it is focused on identifying and sustaining those systems, not evolving.

No, we and our fellow creatures and environmental systems, both global and universal, evolve by muddling about, heading off in the wrong direction, having to go back and re-do, ignoring signs, screwing up and – at most unexpected moments – making a quantum leap. Evolution is creative, intuitive, original and surprising, and it is the domain of the right brain. Evolution doesn't happen without surprise, and it's the intuitive, mysterious and creative right brain that loves surprises. The left brain does everything it can to avoid them, starting by doing everything in numerical order.

Psychology pioneer Carl Jung, mythologist Joseph Campbell and others agree that the Major Arcana cards of the Tarot represent archetypes.

Archetypes inhabit the numinous pool of history, feeling, tradition and creation which Jung named the collective consciousness, and an archetype's true presence literally defies definition or rational understanding. Yet, when we learn to use Tarot cards, we laboriously memorize at least two definitions for each card (upright and reversed). Then we struggle to recognize and understand the traditional symbols depicted on each, as well as mastering its numerological and astrological correspondences. No wonder new students feel overwhelmed, and often spend years putting off the moment when they have to leave their books on the shelf and use the cards as personal or professional tools!

But, as any psychic professional who uses Tarot will tell you, there comes a point when you simply have to chuck all of the left brained props of

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definitions and numeric and zodiac affiliations into the dustbin, engage your right brain, and step off into the unknown.

That's the moment when you walk up, knock on the door of the nearest Major Arcana archetype, and invite yourself in for coffee. You need only decide it's time, and step aside to let your creative, intuitive right brain can come up with any of a million ways to knock on that door, whether it's meditation, painting, storytelling, or stepping out on the tightrope and doing your first bare-knuckle readings.

Cammy has chosen storytelling as her way to introduce us personally to each Tarot Major Arcana archetype, and she has had the courage to surrender completely to the process. She started where she started, and told each short story, not on a schedule, but when, where and how the story made itself known to her.

Her process is akin to walking a labyrinth, like the one in the Cathedral at Chartres. When you walk any labyrinth, you follow a long, twisted path, with many sharp turns, which, unlike a maze, will take you directly (but not straight!) to the center, with no side trips or dead ends. On the journey, you sometimes are just a step from the center, and then suddenly find yourself back on the outer edge, always dancing back and forth, swirling toward the goal, the center, your center. And once you've reached that center, you've covered all the ground. This is Cammy's storytelling style.

It wasn't until I spent "quality time" with the

Chariot (VII) and then the Emperor (IV) that I fully understood how Cammy's approach could reveal more than a straightforward style, particularly for someone who thinks they already know Tarot. Cammy's Charioteer was far more complex than the one inhabiting my right brain, and seemed more like a fully realized Emperor. I wondered about this until later when I read the Emperor's story ... and learned viscerally that the Charioteer is the fully realized Emperor. He has had time to integrate the influence of the feminine force, the Empress. In the Emperor's story he has just met his mate; the Charioteer has lived with and integrated her, and is fully conscious of her value.

But the full import of what Cammy has done finally sank in after I endured the disaster of The Tower (XVI), then soaked in the healing balm of The Star (XVII) and then finally paid a visit to the Hermit. By the time that old Hermit arrived at my campfire I was parched for his wisdom, ready to listen carefully and quietly to his every subtle word, which I surely would not have been had I not had the arrogant stuffing kicked out of me at The Tower, and then been laid bare and vulnerable by The Star.

And isn't that just how we do our lives, our journeys of spiritual evolution? The first time we encounter the Hermit archetype we're too young and impatient to value his zen-like teachings, his asceticism, his lack of material concerns. Only after life has stomped us a few times are we ready to listen.

And here's the final bit of magic which evolves from what Cammy has created.

One of the best ways to understand to Minor Arcana of the Tarot is to look at them as numerological families. The 4's of Swords, Pentacles, Wands and Cups are aspects of the Emperor (IV) and Death (XIII =  $13 = 1+3 = 4$ ). The 10's and 1's express the ascending energies of the Magician (I), The Wheel of Fortune (X or  $10 = 1+0 = 0$ ) and The Sun (XIX or  $19 = 1+9 = 10 = 1$ ).

Your understanding will be so deepened by Cammy's stories, these actual meetings with each archetype, that when, for example, the 5 of Pentacles appears, it jumps up and teaches you that it isn't just about starvation and loss, it's also an invitation for you to face the challenges (5) of our everyday world (Pentacles) and use The Hierophant (V) or High Priest's shamanic teachings to master them.

I promise that what you learn in these stories will infuse every future Tarot encounter with a vivid, living reality which will keep growing to take on a life of its own. That living presence will infuse and inform every card, every reading, every meditation and, in the process, free you to build a real working relationship with Tarot, or deepen one of long standing.

Blessings,

*Faith Freewoman*

*California, November 7, 2010*



# Chapter 0

## ...The Fool

I am an artist—a painter—and I collect tarot cards. I find the cards amazing, beautiful and mysterious. As I hold them, they seem to buzz with ancient power.

Although not a tarot card reader, it excites me to know that each card contains an archetypal energy just waiting to be tapped and understood.

My name is Jude and like I said, I'm a painter. I paint only in oils because I enjoy the rich history of oil painting, the vibrant colors and the fact that they never truly dry even when they appear dry to the touch.

My work is well received and I've created a niche for myself as a visionary artist. My

paintings “inspire and open up the imagination, and explore different possibilities of reality.” Or so the art critics write.

I enjoy my life and what I do. Currently, I’m taking a break from painting, and simply experiencing life; breathing in inspiration.

The new deck I just opened are all in order. Shuffling them, I study each one individually. The artwork is exceptional and I feel a deep kinship to this artist.

With a psychology background, particularly studying Carl Jung’s archetypes and his theory on active imagination, I am particularly drawn to the Major Arcana—the first 21 cards with names such as The Empress, The Devil, Death, and Judgment. I wonder what it would be like to meet these—not really knowing what to call them—different expressions of a way of being? Archetypal forces? I ponder what it would be like to live within the energy that the cards’ pictures indicate.

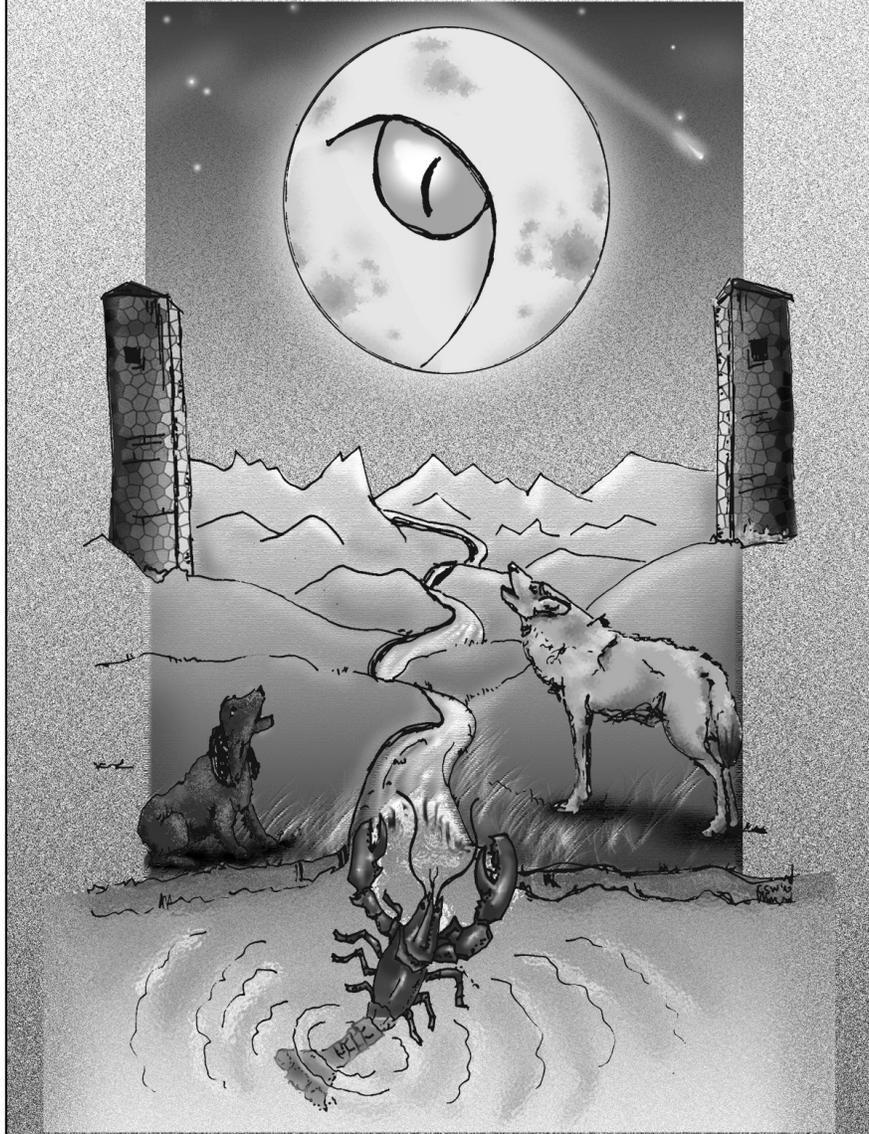
I desire is to understand the essence of each card and make it mine. I look through the deck, separating out the Major Arcana and placing them in a pile. The pile isn’t in any particular order and I draw one to contemplate. I’m curious to see how it will unfold as I choose one at a time to

contemplate. What path will these cards have me take?

The card in my hand is The Moon. My eyes close and I imagine...



XVIII



The Moon

# Chapter 1

## ...The Moon

“And so it begins,” Jude thought. She was dressed in white, a flowing robe tossed over white drawstring pants and a loose over-shirt, all in the same fabric. Her feet were bare. Her dark, wavy hair was unbound. She sat stiffly on a chair in a darkened room. It was dusk and the world was quieting, preparing for night.

She sensed a presence at the door, the latch clicked and the Reverend Mother entered. Through the open door came the smells of dinner; the warm bread and soup that Jude had helped prepare. It had been an ordinary day like all the others.

Tonight would be different, a night of choices and change. If she survived the night, she

could never return to what she was now,  
a mere child in a chair with unbound hair.

The night had been chosen especially for her.  
The Reverend Mother read the stars and  
consulted with the High Priestess to find the  
best night that would support Jude the most  
on her journey within.

The Reverend Mother looked at Jude with an  
expression she decided was best described as  
'inscrutable.' She was dressed in a similar  
fashion to Jude. Her waistline revealed many  
honey cakes and bread. Her inscrutable face  
shone with power.

At that moment, the Reverend Mother smiled  
and said, "So it begins, my child.'

Fearful but trusting, Jude smiled back. She  
had known this day would come, why not  
today?

"Have you prepared?" The Reverend Mother  
asked.

"Yes, Mother," she replied.

"Are you afraid?"

"Yes, Mother."

"You are wise, my daughter. Remember, all

will be what it will be. If you allow the events to evolve as they transpire, it will go well for you.”

“What would happen if I don’t?” Jude asked inquisitively.

The Reverend Mother smiled and reached out to cradle her upraised face. “That is not how you were trained to think, dear one.”

With that she reached deep within the folds of her cloak and withdrew a small glass vial, presenting it to Jude.

Jude’s heart beat rapidly as she uncorked the vial. Its milky contents had no odor, although it was very bitter. She wiped her hand against her mouth, re-corked the vial handing it back as the Reverend Mother sighed.

Jude stood, feeling small and helpless as she is engulfed within the warm strength of the Reverend Mother’s embrace.

“It won’t be long now, child,” she said, “Your sisters will be waiting for you on the other side of this night. Remember that All Is Well and to allow the events to transpire as they will.”

Having reminded Jude of that, the Reverend

Mother was gone. In the suddenly quiet room, the dinner smells lingered long enough to cause Jude's stomach to growl.

She slowly returned to her chair. Too restless and uneasy to sit still, she crossed over to the window to watch the last colors of the remaining sunset merge with the rising full moon's light.

The door opened behind her. Startled, Jude abruptly turned around. It was only the cat—the one with unusually round, green eyes. "Come outside," purred the cat.

"I am not supposed to leave this room," Jude answered.

"You are also to allow the events to transpire as they will," replied the cat, quoting the Reverend Mother, and flicked its tail.

Jude surrendered to what was, whispered to herself that all was well and followed the cat out of the room. The corridor was long, dark and silent. She felt trapped, longing for the open expanse of the outside. The cat trotted ahead of her, leading to a small side door near the kitchen, its tail held high. Putting a paw on the door, the cat waited for Jude to open it.

The night air was chilly and crisp, but smelled

like summer was just around the corner. Leading Jude down a garden path, they entered a small enclosure with a bench. Jude sat down, feeling much better being outside. The slanted rays of the rising moon had swallowed the colors, leaving only shimmering silver, grey and blue.

The cat jumped and curled upon Jude's lap, tucking her paws underneath. Without realizing, she stroked its soft fur. The cat rewarded Jude with a comforting purr, making her feel languid and drowsy. "Cat," she asked, "What are you most afraid of?"

"*Nothing*," purred the cat. "What about you?"

Jude thought.

"*Nothing*. I'm afraid of *Nothing*, too," she replied.

The cat purred.

"What is *Nothing*, exactly?" Jude asked the cat.

The cat looked at her with its large green eyes. The pupils were dark and rimmed with green. The cat's eyesight was so much better than Jude's. It was designed for seeing at night. "*Nothing* is that which is not yet something," it answered.

"Why are we afraid of *that*?" Jude wanted to know.

"Because *Nothing* can turn into something and, in the wrong hands, *Nothing* can be a very bad thing, indeed," the cat answered.

Jude shivered and asked. "How does it get to be in the wrong hands?" adding, "I don't like being afraid."

"If you keep your control of *Nothing*," explained the cat, "then, there is nothing but potential and it no longer is a fearful thing."

The cat laughed through its whiskers.

"Potential is the source for all that you desire. Everything begins with the potential to become something. Potential first, then possibility, and then reality."

Suddenly the cat leapt from Jude's lap, and onto an unsuspecting vole. Jude watched as it toyed with the vole before killing it.

She grimaced.

The cat settled down to eat, relishing the warm flesh it found under the fur and skin.

"So how do I keep my *Potential* for myself?" Jude inquired of the feeding cat.

The cat was silent while finishing its supper.

Jude noticed it had left the vole's head and feet and looked away. She turned her gaze to the full moon. It was so bright she would have been able to read if she had a book.

The cat began to wash itself.

"With every belief you have that is not your own," the cat began, "you lose a little bit of your potential. Little by little, it disappears without notice until you are enveloped by others' beliefs and habits. You're left with no more potential. It has all evaporated to feed others' possibilities. It has become others' and realities. You are left with *Nothing*, lifeless *Nothing*." A dog or wolf howled. The cat paused mid-cleaning and asked "More frightening—don't you think—than anything?" It asked.

Jude wrapped her arms around herself tightly and nodded. "So, how do I prevent others' beliefs from taking away my potential? From when I was very young, other people have shown me what to do and how to be. Cat, is it too late for me?"

The cat yawned; its tongue curling as cats' tongues do. "Simply ask yourself 'WHY' when a belief comes knocking at your door. If the answer to your WHY is satisfactory, then let the belief in. If it's not, throw the belief out."

The cat flexed her paw. "Or kill it. It is what we do. People find cats willful creatures, but that is only because we pick and choose what beliefs we give our potential to."

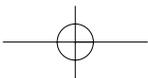
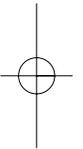
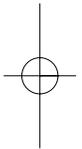
The cat looked up at Jude sitting on the bench with her arms wrapped tightly around herself. "You do not need to be afraid, Jude," it said. "After all. It's only *Nothing*."

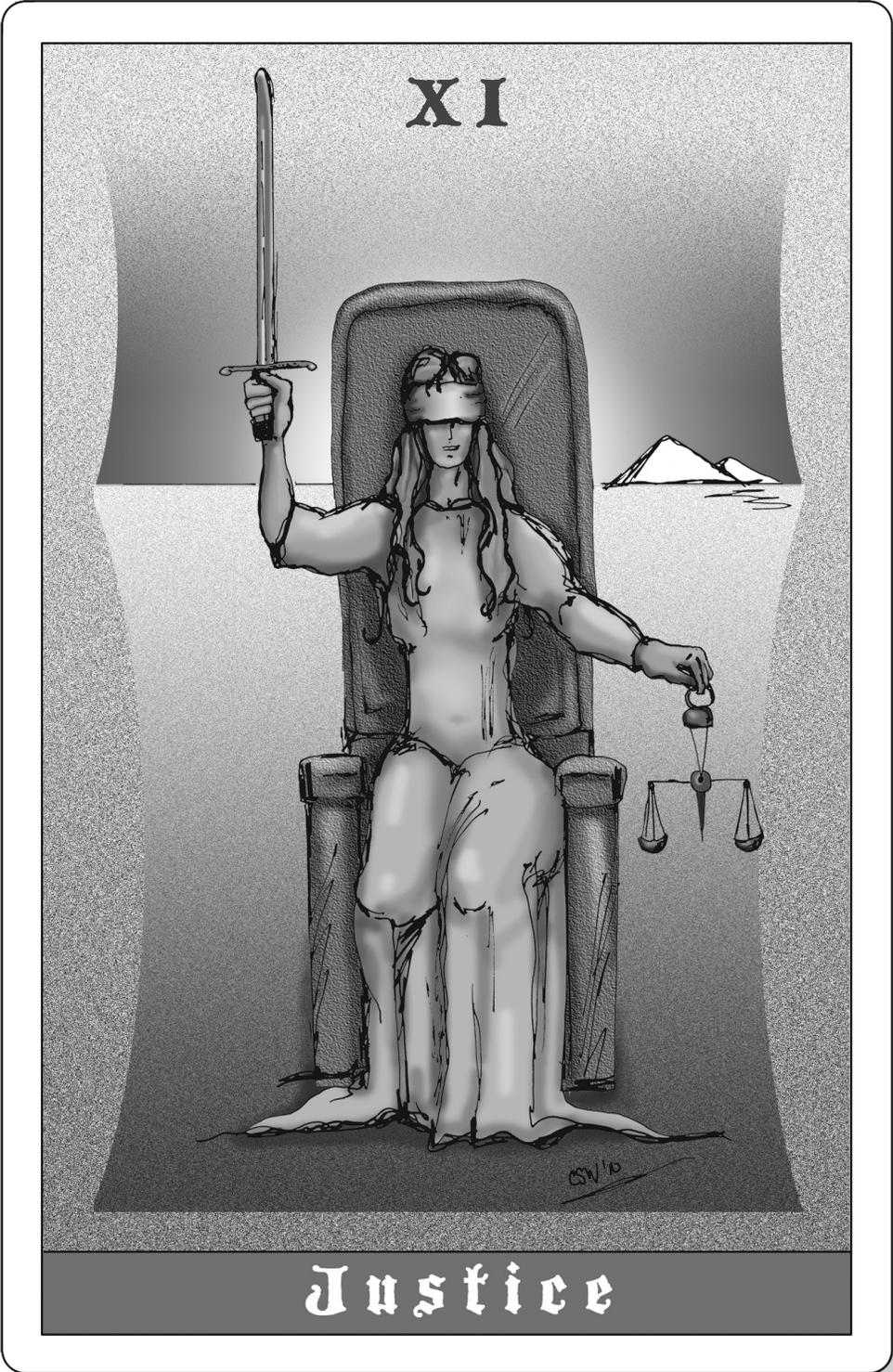
The cat stretched, stood and stretched some more. "I want to go inside now," it said. "Will you let me in?" she asked in a quiet purr.

Jude looked at her. The cat looked so beautiful in the moonlight with its round green eyes. "Yes, Cat, I believe I will." Jude consented.

She unwrapped her arms, stood and stretched, sucking in a lung-full of the crisp air. Looking around, she appreciated the subtle blues and grays of the moon-shimmered landscape.

Jude smiled, following the cat whose tail straight up in the air like a flag. The cat was already halfway to the small door near the kitchen where there would be hot soup, bread and honey cakes.





# Chapter 2

## ...Justice

There was no lock on the cell door. But then again, Jude thought, where were you going to go in this small, rust-bucket of a space station? Besides, he was in the fourth quadrant of this galaxy with an ID insert that was able to track his every move. Annoyed, he opened the door and stuck his head out. The corridor was empty, except for lighting panels and the occasional speaker.

Closing the door, Jude slapped the room's speaker panel. As it sputtered to life, he requested water and some sort of protein, he didn't care what kind. The automated voice acknowledged his request. There was already nourishment in the room, but he didn't like what he had found, and there was no liquid labeled 'water.'

While waiting for his order to arrive, Jude looked out of the small observation window. His hands were clasped behind him and with his legs braced, he stood, head held high. Things could be worse, he supposed. He could have been placed in an inside cell with no windows to see the stars and the incoming ships. The space station he was on was small and scarred from space debris.

He slowly shook his head and wondered to himself how, with all of his skills and training, he had landed in this mess.

Abruptly, Jude turned and sat down in front of a small desk and screen. His captors had suggested that he might like to research relevant topics before he was brought in front of The Counsel. That made him laugh at the time; research relevant topics? What relevant topics?

He got up and, in two steps, reached the small cot. "This cell is not going to get any larger by me walking from end to end," he remarked, looking down at the neatly folded uniform laying on the cot. It was a special uniform worn only on certain occasions; like a visit with The Counsel.

He returned to the window, bringing the desk chair with him so he could sit and look out.

The vast expanse of space had always made him feel at peace and balanced. He deeply inhaled, letting it out slowly, willing himself to relax and think.

It had been during a routine transport job that he had been arrested. His was a small company—just his ship and him—specializing in inter planetary/inter dimensional puddle jumps, to deliver supplies. He led a quiet life. He paid his taxes and remained under the radar. He didn't look for trouble and trouble usually never found him and he liked it that way. It was a risky business, especially when he went inter dimensional, but his extensive training had taught him the rules. That didn't mean he followed them, though.

He had fired his weapon...on a third dimensional planet...and it was not in self-defense.

It was because of that girl. It would always be that girl.

Jude smiled.

The very first time he met her was by mistake. She was so illuminated that he swore she was from the Fifth. After all, he had been servicing a city of the Fifth, right? It was just beyond the city's perimeter that he had caught a

glimpse of her. Or rather, she had first seen him. It was because of a loud gasp of surprise that he had realized she was even there. Maybe he shouldn't have wandered so far outside the perimeter, but the beauty of this particular planet had drawn him and he hadn't gone very far.

There she was, smaller and more petite than the other city dwellers. But she was blond and she glowed with her own inner light, just like a normal Fifth. Her fear had made her flicker a bit and he momentarily lost sight of her. Even though he couldn't see her, he knew she was still there, so he talked, calming her the best he could until she blinked back into Fifth's reality.

After that first meeting, it had continued. Whenever he made his deliveries there, he would look for her. Most of the time, she'd be there waiting, and when she wasn't, he was always surprised by his disappointment. In the beginning, he hadn't thought too much about her unless he had taken a consignment for delivery to her planet.

She told him how connected she felt to him, and that he was one of her Guides. He knew the rules, so he could never prove or disprove her conviction, but it still made him laugh.

Rules were rules, but in his mind there was always a way around them, so he bent them just enough to have good conversations with her. He continued to hold her interest by telling her some of the ways he traveled between the planets and the different dimensions. Jude explained to her how the cosmos was constructed in tonal, vibrational dimensions, arranged in inter lapping spirals. When you learned the energy signature of a dimension, all you had to do was align with that vibration and you'd be there. Of course it took practice and, along with his ship's technologies, he was able to adapt faster. As a rule one never went below Fifth, however he didn't go into details. Abiding by the rules, he would let her develop her own assumptions.

It turned out that, her assumptions had been quite popular on her planet in the Third, where she was actually from. She had written books on the subjects he had shared with her. Eventually, she had earned enough money from her books that allowed her to buy the property where they had first met. There, she established a Retreat Center, as that's what she called it. By and by, she met others from the Fifth city. They all knew the rules, but she was persistent. Her inner illumination kept growing brighter, making her all the more beautiful.