



CATHERINE N. STEINBERG

Eating Chocolate & Watching the Moon

*Spiritual Awakening
through Loss
and Karmic Resolution*

READERS RESPOND

“Catherine Steinberg is a real feminine powerhouse of knowledge. The first time we met I was taken with her inner strength, passion, and willingness to show up for the hard issues. I was introduced to Catherine as Rubybear, and I am delighted she wrote a memoir for her story. Through periods of difficult loss, Rubybear learned to trust her intuition as “medicine.” It is this powerful medicine that she generously shares with all of us. Readers will be gifted with the understanding of how to work with their intuition and nature for guidance. They will learn about shamanism, the role of the divine feminine and expressive therapies as ways to find meaning, love, and transformation in their lives. This book is a treasure and Catherine Steinberg is a brilliant writer who will help you move through your losses and find your greatest opportunities.”

— Sandra Ingerman, MA international shamanic teacher
and award winning author of 13 books including *Soul
Retrieval* and *Walking in Light*

“Steinberg’s memoir illuminates the pathos and ecstasy of being bound to a strong yet vulnerable physical body and simultaneously always-beyond it, evolving, and yet unchanging. Because she holds her journey’s many paradoxes in suspension, never claiming to know, only to see, she uncovers wisdom at every turn of her fate, and for us, her readers, her story is a deep-resonating absolute gift: richly textured, tenderhearted, unforgettable.”

— Gray Jacobik, Ph.D., Professor Emerita, Poet & Painter

“I loved this book. The medicine and divine connection that comes from communing with nature, the complexity and karmic web of our relationships and reunions, the quest for meaning pushing us deeper into our spiritual path and intuition, and of course the beauty and life lessons from motherhood... these themes resonated with me deeply.”

— Lauren Dailey, RYT and Ayurvedic Educator

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Memoir
Inspiration & Personal Growth
Spirituality

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DEDICATION

*This book is dedicated to all my karmic allies, visible and invisible,
but especially to my husband, Marvin, and our son, Aaron Taos.*

If not for them, this journey never would have taken place.

Throughout time may we be joined in Love and Light.

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CHAPTER 9

In Another Lifetime

The ropes are cutting into my wrists and ankles. They will come for me soon. I cannot believe this is happening to me. Only a short time ago my existence was pure bliss. A dream life for a young girl, living in a palace, every wish granted, any desire fulfilled. Only now do I realize why they were so keen to pamper me. I am about to be sacrificed against my will.

No one told me why I was chosen. They came to our home when I was nine years old. Everyone was so nice then. They made me feel special about being selected. Their attempts to make everything so perfect kept me from asking any questions. Saying goodbye to my parents had been the hardest part, knowing we would never see each other again. Yet through their tears they assured me this was a great honor for our family. I was doing something that would make our name eternally glorious. The promise of a new life sounded so wonderful that our parting seemed to be sweet sorrow.

In the palace, I slowly came to understand from the whisperings of the maid servants that I was being groomed to bear the seed of the High Priest in our region. Four glorious years and now all that has come to pass.

Being raised in this Holy Place prepared me to carry the salvation of our people. Once my monthly flow began, my days were measured so I could become the receptacle for our leader's sanctified sperm.

Many months passed before it was my turn to be impregnated with his holy seed. I was taken to a special room in the palace filled with the fragrance of Flor de Mayo. These sacred flowers, along with the bitter drink of cacao and herbs, prepared me for the sexual act with the High Priest. I don't remember much while it was happening since I separated from my body for the duration of the activity. Sometimes I would have to lie there for hours to make sure the sacred semen did not go to waste. When the effects of the elixir wore off, I would feel a dull pain in my pelvic area for a few days, until the next month when we would repeat the same ritual coupling. After conceiving, I was worshiped as no other, and made to feel the Highest Mother of all.

Because I was barely thirteen, there was concern that my birth canal would be too immature for the baby to pass. If the infant died, it would all be for naught. Only a live child was a proper sacrifice to our gods, Chac, who ruled over the rain for our crops, and K'awiil, who gave us sustenance to survive. Ix Chel would be called in since she was the goddess of medicine and childbirth and would make sure the infant's heart would still be beating for the sacrifice.⁷ The decision was made by the High Priest to cut my belly open so the infant could be safely removed before it became too large. Once I fully comprehended this was about to happen, I was terrified.

I wanted MY baby. No one should take my child from me. I didn't care anymore about the sacrifice or doing what everyone else said was right. The others were astonished. How could I resist what was to be? No one's personal needs could be put above our people's lives! Wasn't I grateful to be the chosen one? They reminded me, "You should be honored and go willingly, or else it will spoil this gift to the gods."

I can hear their sandals slapping the polished floor tiles in the passageway. They are coming now to take me to the High Stone Altar. I struggle and scream "NOOOOOOOO!" I flail my arms and thrash out. But they are stronger than I. Where are the women? Only men do I see. Why have they deserted me? Do they know the pain of giving up their own?

The men wrestle me down onto the stone slab. The High Priest, void of emotion, takes the knife and makes a vertical slit across my swollen belly. Blood gushes forth and I go numb with the pain. The people cry out words of redemption as the sacrificial babe is held up to be admired by all.

I try to reach for him, to grab him back and shield him with my body. I scream out with my last bit of strength, "GIVE ME BACK MY BABY!!!" One look and my hand curling around his little fingers that clung to mine was all that was allowed before he was pulled away from me forever. My unspoken words flew to him, telling him we would meet again, soon. The resounding noise in my head is lost as the throng pushes on with its young victim to be slain. My eyes lock onto the full moon at its zenith as life blood spills on the ground and I am left for naught.

Suddenly my attention switches back to the present day. I am in a classroom at the Omega Institute in Rhinebeck, New York. It is 1986. This past life drama has been facilitated by Dr. Morris Netherton, whose familiar voice whispers, prodding me, "Who is the High Priest? Look at his face!"

"I can't!" I cry, "I won't!"

The voice pushes me on, "Look, NOW, and see..."

I take one look and see the high forehead and I know who this man is.

I sob out, "It's my husband!"

The voice says gently, "Open your eyes and behold this man."

My eyes open and lock with Marvin's. His eyes hold the pain and anguish of new awareness about this past life journey we have shared together. We cradle each other and softly rock as our tears flow and heal what was torn asunder.

It is here that hope rises so we can begin again.

Past Lives Therapy is a powerful tool. It provided me answers I could not find in Western medicine about why I was losing so many pregnancies. Healing unresolved wounds from past lives put my mind to rest in a way nothing else had. Dr. Morris Netherton was the Founder and President of the Association for the Alignment of Past Life Experience. Now deceased, his past life therapy methods continue to be practiced by Dr. Thomas Paul at the Past Life Regression Center in Los Angeles, California, which had been co-founded with Dr. Netherton.

After this past life regression, I did some research about infant sacrificial rituals. Many cultures, particularly that of the Maya, participated in child sacrifices, hoping to please or appease supernatural beings. Babies were considered the purest form of offering and parents gladly gave their children up for this dubious privilege. Young girls were taken from their parents and raised to be sacrificial surrogates. They were well treated while being prepared, given an excellent diet, and a feast in their honor, before being ritually killed.^{8,9}

My firsthand experiences convinced me to believe in karma. Because of prior life events, we may find ourselves in perplexing relationships. We can believe in reincarnation, or not, but I have found no better explanation that makes sense of the patterns I have witnessed, after observing myself in another existence. Older spiritual teachings include the idea that before this present incarnation we chose the people we are with in order to work through the struggles we inherited. Many traditions imply there are no accidents. Whether we need to bring closure to unresolved past life issues, or we need to learn specific lessons about ourselves by relating to others, it is said that souls choose to return to Earth to have these opportunities. Yes, some of these relationships are painful, and we suffer loss, but this is why we came here: to love, learn and fully grow. My mother, for example, did she require a dire situation, like her impending death, to experience what it is like to stand up for herself? “I didn’t assert myself through life, but I will dictate what happens when I die.”

In working with couples over the years, I have found some cannot live with, or without, each other. There is constant drama. They push each other’s buttons, acting out, projecting onto each other the inner dynamics they need to own and work through themselves. When these couples finally get to the underpinnings of what is triggering each of them, and take responsibility for their own work, sometimes there is resolution and the relationship prospers. Other times they realize they no longer need to be with that partner and the relationship ends.

Relationships contain the possibilities of working through earlier life lessons, such as those with parents or authority figures, as well as our past life relationships. These can widen our perceptions of who we are in the largest sense. And likewise, we are assisting others to understand who they are, so each of us gets to experience the range of opportunities that help us develop into more complete human beings and companion souls.



Ruby in Taos, New Mexico, 2023

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She has over forty years of psychotherapy experience with
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A central theme in her work is empowering women to become
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by adventure and travel to sacred sites and natural places of
beauty. Visit www.catherinensteinberg.com for more information.

“The medicine and divine connection that comes from communing with nature, the complexity and karmic web of our relationships and reunions, the quest for meaning pushing us deeper into our spiritual path and intuition, and the beauty and life lessons from motherhood...” — Lauren Dailey, RYT & Ayurvedic Educator

HOW DO I KNOW I AM ON THE RIGHT PATH?
AM I MAKING THE BEST CHOICES?
WHAT AM I MISSING AND HOW DO I FIND IT?

These are questions we all ask ourselves at some point in our lives. *Eating Chocolate & Watching the Moon* is the story of one woman’s journey to find the answers. In this powerful memoir, psychotherapist, shamanic practitioner, artist and author Catherine Steinberg shows us how to follow one’s heart-truth, cultivate an awareness of intuitive nudges, and discover what is truly inspired by love. Her voice is strong, compassionate, insightful, and wise as she shares her story with an honest and heartfelt voice. It is good medicine.

“Catherine Steinberg is a brilliant writer and a real feminine powerhouse of knowledge.” — Sandra Ingerman, MA international shamanic teacher & award-winning author

“Her story is a deep-resonating absolute gift: richly textured, tenderhearted, unforgettable.” — Gray Jacobik, Ph.D., Professor Emerita, poet & painter



Catherine N. Steinberg, LMFT, a.k.a. Rubybear, practices psychotherapy in Guilford, CT from a holistic perspective. She earned her degrees at Mount Holyoke College and the University of Connecticut and worked in community agencies and at Yale University. Steinberg is also a shamanic practitioner, artist and workshop/retreat facilitator in CT and NM. A central theme in her work is empowering women to become who they truly want to be.

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