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FREE CHAPTER

Human
AND
Divine

A LOVE STORY



CHAPTER 2

DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

In mystical teaching a Dark Night of the Soul takes many forms with different causes. It is essentially the soul knocking at the door of the human to find a greater expression of itself in the life and being of that person. It is not uncommon for some advanced individuals to suffer indescribably because they are carrying the pain and darkness of the world. A dear friend was unable to leave a darkened room for months for what she described as the lack of ethical values, the paucity of justice, caring, compassion and service on the planet. Dark Nights seem to be part of the life of those on a path of growth.

I surmised there were two reasons for my Dark Night. Firstly, it was a rebalancing. For months I had been on an exaggerated 'high', over the top, elated, energised, obsessed. This state required a sobering up to return to some normality. Secondly, despite my great enduring love for Alexander, the greatest of all is with the soul, the Beloved. I had come into this reincarnation to forge that connection. It was to change my focus from outside to inside. It required something seismic to make this shift, an experience that would alter the very foundation of who I was.

Many years ago I had been hospitalised for depression and even contemplated suicide but there was nothing to compare with this abyss. There was no road ahead. Life was meaningless, pointless, trivial, a void. The words of the Psalm described my feelings: 'My God, my God, why hast thou abandoned me? Every day I call to you my God, but you do not answer.' (Psalm 22:1) My obsession with Alexander was a contamination, a devastation, an erosion of my being.

Ironically, my professional, disciplined and responsible persona came to the fore. The normality of presenting courses, keeping up with administration and even doing some counselling meant I maintained a degree of sanity. Very few knew of my internal state. The message to me was clear: no one will rescue you, you have to crawl out of this on your own but I had lost all inner connection and there was no motivation to

move in any direction. Choice and decision had been the fuel to move towards mastering manifestation and creating an abundant and successful life. I was incapable of making any choices. I felt like a living corpse.

Beloved reader, I have never experienced such pain. It was as though my soul was being torn to shreds. I do not know how else to describe it. When I was able to cry there were no muffled sobs, but rather a screaming, howling and wailing. It was competition for any Greek tragedy but even the Greeks would have been outclassed. I was grateful to live on my own. These bouts lasted an hour or so and I assumed at some level they were healing and releasing, but the despair did not lift. It was a bottomless pit. I had dreams of being tortured. One dream was of a white horse tied down and being pierced with knives. It was what I was doing to myself.

During this time every Full Moon, equinox, eclipse and astrological conjunction – and there were many – referred to these events as gateways for letting go. They were for stepping forward into new beginnings. I was not being recalcitrant or stubborn. I did not know how to let go. I was firmly entrenched in this dark hole.

Homeopathy has always been a great aid for healing and balancing in my life. The major remedy for grief is Ignatia. I clutched the bottle to me like an alcoholic would his whiskey. It did not help. I took the stronger remedy, the one that works more deeply, in the highest potency, but still had no results. Perhaps the remedy was not appropriate for what I was dealing with at the time and self-diagnosis is never objective.

Journaling was my only comfort. I expressed thoughts, feelings and confusions in an attempt to come to some understanding. The channellings I received were filled with love and care, but as is the nature of this kind of initiation, nothing had meaning or impact. St Germain said that where there has been such a deep love one cannot expect simply to drop it. My experience was natural and necessary and I needed to be patient for it required time to heal.

It was perfectly designed for me to come home to my Self, the God within. It was not punishment. It was about synthesizing extreme opposites, the duality, the great love

and joy I had in connecting with Alexander and enduring its twin, the darkness of loss. I believe in finding something deeper in myself I could become the non-attached observer of duality: the high/low, good/bad, up/down, bitter/sweet, shadow and light of life. It was an opportunity to rectify discordant patterns of this and past lives. The soul was saying 'It's time now' and with the increasing frequencies of Light on the planet in this cycle, this passage was ultimately to accommodate higher frequencies. Who wouldn't like to be lighter and brighter?

The agony was created by resistance to a crucial inner change. The limits of endurance were the only possible solution to breaking down old fixed psychological beliefs and behaviours for them to be released. I started to trust the wisdom in the process. I surrendered and allowed. You will have heard the well-known saying 'Resistance leads to persistence'. The moment I let go I lightened up. The despair did not simply vanish – it took months – but I hid it from others.

As I crawled out of the darkness the wide-eyed look of horror and despair was replaced with weeping. I wept because the sunrise was so beautiful, at the pain of a friend, when the Springboks were beaten by the All Blacks (afterwards I inwardly thanked them because they played so well!) My emotional body instructed me to 'Go on feeling'. St Germain explained I had held the tears of many, many people over the years and been strong for them. Now it was a time of release and they needed to flow.

I did not feel sociable, did a fair amount of listening to people's problems, still thought of Alexander with acceptance of my fixation and simply allowed the process. There was also the realisation that I had brought this experience to myself through the many times I had dedicated my life to finding the Self, the source, to God.

Hazrat Inayat Khan's words touched me: 'The bringers of joy have always been the children of sorrow'. A life of joy would resume in time. It would take as long as it takes to integrate, but this cleansing of the ego would not be in vain. I came across a quote 'Those who have walked through the fire leave sparks of light wherever they go'. Sounded good to me! And then one day, many months later, I heard someone in spirit saying "You are back!"