

The Wild Unknown: Trust Your Soul, Trust Your Calling & Find Your Way

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It can be very difficult to be in a space of not knowing.

Sometimes our paths are lucent, we have a clear sense of purpose and vision about which way to go, and circumstances line up to lead us there. Sometimes it's mist-veiled where the fog obscures, but we still see the outline of shapes to help us navigate forward.

And sometimes it feels like a pitch black void where we're lost and directionless and must become like the mouse, sensing our way in the darkness, relying on other senses to guide us when vision fails. It is in this space of wild unknowing that we are forced to revert to all the trusts.

Trust the process, trust the universe, trust our soul, trust our calling, trust life.

Yet trust can be hard to come by when we can't see the way. We don't have external evidence that it will all be okay, and we must work hard to find our inner wise person who knows the truth of silence.

In our humanity, self-doubt creeps in. We feel afraid and anxious. We question our path. We feel impatient with the process, wanting to know how it will all

come together. And we often miss the piece that the process itself is the necessary step needed for us to create the way for whatever is waiting around the bend.

I have been in the unknown for months now. My [life undergoing a massive transition](#) when I left my lifetime home of Alaska to move to the island of Kauai, following a soul calling. Among adjusting to all the other transitions living in a new place entails, I closed a full-time private practice when I moved, and after years of having a set career, I find myself starting over.

I am trying to reinvent and reestablish myself in new ways – writer, intuitive, artist, teacher, healer; but I don't see the big picture of how I'm going to manifest this into a viable, thriving new path.

I feel like a lost fish in the vast ocean some days. Swimming this way, swimming that; trying to find the currents that will take me in the direction I need to go, trying to find my school so I don't feel so alone.

My moods cycle with the moon. Crescent to half to full to waning; doubt to hope to clarity to worry. Some days I just sit and hug my knees, stare out into the jungle and embrace all my confusion and disorientation. I remind myself that this too – this mess of trying to figure it all out – is what it means to be fully human.

This is not my first time in this space, and I've learned from prior visits that trusting the process does not mean we don't have [significant bouts of doubt](#). It simply means we don't give up on ourselves, and that we keep pressing on as best we know how. That the dark can be a teacher and a guide if we learn to

make friends with this untamed space.

For the wild unknown is the place where we re-realize ourselves. It is our birthing ground of reinvention, and we will return to it again and again throughout our life cycle.

The void is where raw matter exists. Unstructured, unformed, liquid mass – we get to make choices about how we shape ourselves.

This is where we try stuff on, see what fits, and see what doesn't. We learn creation comes from chaos, and that it's okay to embrace being messy and drippy and disorganized: amorphous ocean waves who continually dissolve, revolve, absolve, evolve our seas.

There is so much permission in this space to become more than who we were before, because knowing creates a structure of certitude, while not knowing gives us the gift of possibility.

This is the land of the mysterious cat, a creature of the night who glories in the veil of darkness, for it sharpens her curiosity, her desire to explore, and her acuity of night-sight. And like the cat, if we stand long enough and stare into our darkness, we will begin to see things we don't always notice when it's light:

The opportunity to grow in self-love as we see just how much compassion we can bring to ourselves in such imperfect space.

The gift of learning to be okay with everything not being okay, as we delve further into our truth of authentic realness.

The liberation of metamorphosis that occurs when we realize we don't have to stay the same and we aren't meant to – we must allow ourselves the room to become something different so we can evolve into a new being entirely.

I wonder often about what will come to pass in my space of transformation. Who will I be a year from now? What kinds of things will I write about? What new experiences will have rearranged and shaped me? What notes will my heart-songs and soul-rhythms play? There is so much I don't know and so much – even with my intuitive gifts – that I simply cannot see.

And that is okay, because even in the discomfort of the unknown, I know the gift of life is to embrace and live *all* of it. To learn to become creatures of belief who walk by soul and not by sight. To trust our calling, to trust our truth, and to trust that when we are following our hearts, we are exactly where we need to be at any given point in time.

Learning that the only vision we need in the wild unknown is the ability to see through the lens of an open heart, who already knows that love will lead the way home.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

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