

# My Journey To The Abyss To Find Light: Answers Only Come To Seekers

[BY SOPHIE GREGOIRE](#)

I had believed that I would reach the light easily. A fantastic arrow directed to the sun. Living an upward life, always. That was before I understood what inner growth is.

***“One doesn’t become conscious by imagining figures of light, but by making the darkness conscious”  
–Carl Jung***

I back from another dive into my hiding spaces.

*For the similar future foggy days,  
To all the other hearts that have explored the waving road,  
To make sure that we won’t forget that we always come back stronger...*

Let me tell you more about the story of the abyss.

I felt okay before it started. I had comfortably settled in the brightness of my solutions. I didn’t know that I would be taken by the wind. But the sun and the moon wanted me to melt with the titanic waves of the sea. Once again.

So, they took me on a new cycle. I inhaled the storm, and exhaled a new me.

It all started with a calling. I was going through the days: sun, rain, night, people, and underground music. Everything

was so wonderful, wasn't it?

But I felt that pain in my guts saying: *Girl, you still miss something. You need to know a bit more about yourself if you want to see Spring.*

We should never act as if we hadn't noticed the storm is coming. Ignoring things only stirs up anxiety. You bleed, and I've boldly resisted the pressure of this tide for weeks.

But the witch's voice wouldn't go away. She wanted me to dive. So I did.

I've thrust into the depths as a stone from a cliff. Raw and harsh. Nothing to hang on to, no way out.

When I got there, I was twenty thousand leagues under the sea, I felt and saw nothing. Only the void. So I waited. Patiently. Ice cubes. I was there for a reason, right?

*"Sink more, lady. Sink," said the witch.*

But I received no sign. Death. I'll be forever shattered into a thousand pieces. I overslept for weeks hidden under a hundred layers of black sheets.

There was no sound. The pulse of the vacuum.

***"The words of the prophets are written  
on the subway walls  
And tenement halls  
And whispered in the sounds of silence."  
—Simon & Garfunkel***

After a thousand hours being trapped in dark cotton, I decided to fight to understand what was that mind trick. I struggled, screamed, and yelled at every angel, to find meaning.

I had to dig deeper, they said. And see what I could find when I've explored all the tears.

That's when I saw them, my Little Pretty Demons. Their mischievous smiles, twinkling with my doubts and fears.

Goblins, why are you here on earth driving me down to the winter woods?

***"We stop looking for monsters under the bed when we realize they are inside of us."***

***–The Joker***

The Truth. They wanted me to see, my truth.

But the truth is easy, I thought! I can see it. You're right, Goblins. I'm not only that light. I've found my way(s) – I'm beautiful on Mondays after the gym, and shining in those pictures of the days-with-no-fears. I'm also the regrets and the doubts and the I-will-never-dares, and the I-still-don't-see-clearly-at-the-windows-of-my-own-shit.

But, why that pain? I've asked. And the witch said, *"I wanted you to unveil the cloak that separates the sun from the moon. So that you could be whole."*

*But what's being whole?*

*"Being whole is when you know yourself. The shadows and the light. The remembered and the forgotten. The gems and the thorns.*

*When you embrace it all, when you're able to rest in your sorrows.*

*That's why you need to wander, some times, on the other side*

*of reality. You need to see your heaviness and to tame what's empty."*

But why do I need to know myself?

*"I want you to be able to move with life's way without doubting each step and wondering at every corner. I want you to be at peace.*

*To reach peace of mind, you need to know who you are. To know, you need to seek.*

*Answers aren't available anywhere, even for the kindest, even for the bravest. Answers will only come for the seekers, and if they allow the experience of searching.*

*When you know all your parts, when you understand how you work, you'll be free to become the person you want to be."*

So, I've eventually figured it out. The Pretty Demons were pieces of my truth. Parts of my story. Old pictures, weird habits, forgotten loves, paths to let go, and new dreams.

I had fought for so long to deny them. Lost bags of energy believing growth was only about raising the light and burying the rest.

But the truth is as sweet as candy if we allow it. So, I stood there for a while, nestled against her soft peace.

I came back. Took up all the darkness. I needed to absorb it. She finally added:

*"Let it all come, let it be. You can only grow and walk your golden path by taking it all."*

I felt my fragments being gathered again. I've started to include new stories but they come from the past. I'm a combination of more pieces, of the former and of the newly found. But they fit together better.

That's a rebirth. I feel clearer, more accurate. But I know that I'll come back soon to the depths. I'll wait for the calling.

***“You cannot find peace by avoiding  
life.”***

***–Virginia Woolf***

Darlings, now that I'm back, let me tell you that I don't believe in Warriors Of Light anymore. Being only light is too beautiful to be true.

No, actually there are only Warriors of Shadows & Light.

Warriors eventually become their own masters because they are unafraid of understanding it all and seeing their own shit.

Warriors eventually grow strength because they're home at every step of the way. Whether it's funny or thunder, they're never lost, never wandering in empty spaces. But always on their way to inner-knowing.

Warriors of Light aren't only gold. Soldiers move on waves. They don't fight against the pulse of seasons, they let things be. They let go of outdated leaves every December, to make spring flowers out of winter tears.

There is no freedom without getting truly intimate with ourselves and without seeing our truth in all its complexity. The deeper we know who we are and how we work, the more we master our patterns and live the life we had imagined.

Darlings, next time you feel you're diving into your own shadows, don't be afraid, but trust that you're only carrying yourself up to a lighter space, eventually.

I want Freedom. I want Home. Will you come with me?

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Desire Map: A Guide to Creating Goals with Soul](#) .

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