

# Finding The Grace In The Waves Of Growth & Change

[BY BRIGID HOPKINS](#)

I'm coming down from another expansion hangover. Why do I forget every time how it feels to be in this space? I fall into a pit of wondering, sadness, and self-doubt. Similarly to a night of karaoke or debauchery. No alcohol or greasy food to blame for waking up feeling a little tousled and out of sorts.

After the expansion comes downtime. I've been riding the waves of hard work – seeing the seeds of my labors blooming. A time when all feels right in the world – then suddenly, I'm reminded of the times before the high tides.

I feel a little sullen, slower, even depressed. Loneliness drops by for a visit as I see Facebook feeds of all my happy friends. They're on the wave of high tides, but I've slipped off, bobbing, trying to catch a glimpse of my board. I'm trying to ready myself for the next wave.

I've been here before, and most likely again. The timing changes and I do not linger as long.

The emotional healing I've been experiencing lends to high times when I felt really clear and re-energized. Surfed that wave to fulfilling a personal agreement towards completing my book. When the wave made it to shore I hopped off and lay down. Feeling into the newness that being this alive offers me.

***My psyche feels rested and calm. I feel open and spacious inside of my body. My***

***heart has a sweet rhythm that beats “all is well with you.” I have a sense that all I desire to be in my life is being manifested.***

This is what contentment feels like.

It's so much better than all of the years I spent drinking, overindulging, and chasing. Trying to get to this place of peace. Unaware then that I wouldn't find it through any of those devices. I was certain that numb equaled peace. I kept going back to the places that made me numb.

The difference between numb and peace – numb left me feeling more and more depleted and empty. Whereas with peace I feel full, nurtured, fulfilled. I have spaciousness within, and no need or urgency to fill it. There's still more to be integrated from this growth spurt. The time of expansion ebbs and flows through me. Just as a wave crests, so does the healing.

The contraction is a request for me to slow down, observe, to feel if there is any silt that got turned up. My visitors are loneliness and self-abandon. They're giving me a replay so I can see how I ditch personal intimacy as a way to not go into the depth of the emotion. I work my way all around it, but this requires me to sink in – allow without control. This surreal reality of my lower gravity clamoring for me to return.

***My soul kicking and screaming to keep going. Now isn't the time to look back. Or is it? Is there harm in looking***

## ***backward, as a marker to how far forwards I've actually come?***

Leaving the place I once felt comfortable and steadfast comes with a level of grief, with grief there is a request for honoring. This expansion hangover has come from the minute moments that have equaled a grand breakthrough.

Claiming what I want out of this life, and what I am willing to give in order to achieve my goals, creates upheavals on every level. Some more obvious than others. Mostly they are happening inside of me, sometimes obvious. I may become more quiet, reserved. I am holding space for the new room I cleared within my own body, psyche, and heart. Learning how to navigate the sticky, messy discomfort that achievement can bring. Then grief rises up. It has a soft voice that asks, "Do you remember when.."

"Yes," I say, "I remember when, and it was nice, I was happy, and I still wanted to move along. I'm over here now. I haven't forgotten you old friend, I've just chosen to make a change. You are always with me."

Riding the waves of growth and change can be complex. The hardest thing to keep in the forefront is that you can't screw this up. If you move one step forward and fumble, that is part of the process. Be good to yourself as you expand and contract. Know that change is good for you, and everyone around you, even when it seems crazy to do so. Stagnant things grow mold, spoil, and sour! It is in the movement we find the graces that life has in store.

Photo by [Henri Pham](#) on [Unsplash](#)

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Big Magic: Creative Living Beyond Fear](#).

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