

A woman with long, wavy red hair, wearing a long, flowing white dress, stands on a rocky outcrop on a beach. She is looking upwards and to the left. The background shows the ocean with white-capped waves crashing against the shore under a grey, overcast sky. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

FROM DARK TO LIGHT

A MODERN MYSTIC'S GUIDE
TO HEALING THE SHADOW
& EMBRACING THE LIGHT

BELINDA DAVIDSON

INTRODUCTION

I WAS BORN EXCEPTIONALLY psychic. For as long as I can remember, I've been able to know all about a person by looking inside them. I've also always been able to remember my life on the Other Side, as well as the experience of being born into this lifetime as Belinda.

This doesn't make me exceptional, though. Most children are born knowing things, born sensitive and intuitive, and still remembering our homes and lives on the Other Side. But what was exceptional about me is that, for whatever reason, my psychic and intuitive abilities didn't decrease as I grew older. Instead of beginning to *forget* about my life on the Other Side, instead of beginning to *lose* my psychic and intuitive sensitivities, they grew stronger. With every passing year I remembered more, I saw more. And I retained memories about my life *before* this life, which other children seemed to lose.

Because of this, growing up I felt like a foreigner. I felt like a stranger in this world. Feeling displaced and estranged because I'd learned that seeing inside people was bad, and that talking about what I saw inside people was even worse. I learned it wasn't right or good to know things and see things like angels, ghosts, energy, and people's thoughts and feelings; and it was frowned upon (and punishable) to be deep-feeling and aware. I didn't want to be shunned; I wanted to be loved. So I grew up pretending to be someone else. I pretended not to see and know what I did. Yet I couldn't help seeing what I did, and knowing what I knew . . .

Until, in my late teens, I discovered that my gifts could help others. I discovered that my psychic and intuitive abilities, although unusual, could bring me *closer* to others by helping them. I learned that I could connect to others through my gifts. And when others began confiding in me, telling me they were like me but were scared to come out of the (spiritual) closet, I realized I wasn't alone. There are others who are sensitive and intuitive; others who also feel estranged here on earth. Other men and women and children who feel lonely and sad and far away from where they began as light and love.

Nowadays I call the sensitives amongst us the *modern mystics*. We are the intuitives, the empaths, the mediums, and the seers; we are the healers, the shamans, the witches, and the light workers. We are the ones born with feet in both worlds, and the ones who often suffer because we don't know how to live and navigate between these worlds.

As I travel, teaching, speaking, and connecting, I meet more and more modern mystics every day. More of us are coming out of the shadows and wanting to step into the light, but we don't know how to begin. We know something isn't right—we know we need to change and heal our lives. We know we need to embrace our intuitive gifts and abilities, but we don't know how to get started.

That is why I wrote this book.

You can think of *From Dark to Light* as a manual—a guide for modern mystics on how to get balanced, aligned, and in greater touch with your own psychic and intuitive capabilities, whatever form they take. Once you do that, you'll discover your soul's purpose for being here at this time, and you can start to use your mystical skills to accomplish it.

It's my sincerest wish that this book and the techniques in it bring you comfort, clarity, and purpose.

In White Light + Love,
Belinda

CHAPTER 1



INCARNATION

MOST OF US DON'T remember our time as infants, let alone the months spent in our mothers' wombs. We don't recall our earliest days, our first joys, or our sorrows. Most of us. But for whatever reason, I do. I remember being in utero and being born, and I remember coming into this world filled with fear.

During my gestation, I felt the lightness of my spirit-form fade to dark as my vibrations were pulled down like an anchor to the earth plane. I remember dreading the heaviness of the world, its violence and aggression, and the knowing that here I would feel trapped and lonely. And it was with this sadness that my soul began its incarnation as Belinda Davidson.

I came here carrying another ache, as well—one that belonged not to me, but to my mum, who was grieving the loss of her own mother.

Nine months before, I'd been hurriedly conceived in the hopes that I would meet my Grandma Jean, who was dying of cancer. She and Mum wanted the three of us to have time together before her departure, but a meeting in this place was not to be. My grandmother died five months before I was born. Instead, we bonded in another way.

In the final stages of her illness, Grandma Jean looked at my mum clutching a list of baby names and told her she only needed to consider the ones for girls. You see, Grandma Jean was a gifted psychic and intuitive. And as Jean left this life and I entered it, passing each other like shooting stars in the night, her knowing I was to be a girl, me knowing we weren't to meet in "real time," she imprinted upon me her talents—an array of otherworldly and sensitive abilities. While Jean's gifts enabled me to carry on her legacy, they would prove difficult for a child to carry.

My arrival here was unremarkable by all external accounts. I was born in Sydney, Australia, and when I was a baby, we left the city in favor of a quieter, beachside suburban area called the Central Coast. My father had just graduated from medical school and, feeling too much professional competition in Sydney, he moved us to the Central Coast.

Dad was clever and charismatic and with his movie-star looks, he was usually the center of attention. From the moment he walked into a room, he filled it up, and although Mum had looks and brains to rival his, his commanding personality far overshadowed hers.

A teacher, Mum had given up her career to support my father and care for our family. Pleasant and easygoing, she was the peacekeeper—a necessary role in our family because of Dad's white-hot temper, which we all learned to fear.

My parents moved us to the Central Coast to better Dad's work prospects, as well as to bring us closer to his parents, Grandad George and Nanna Merle.

Grandad George was a striking man of Scottish descent. He'd immigrated to Australia with his seven brothers and sisters when he was fourteen, but long after his arrival, his accent remained. He was olive-skinned and blue-eyed and had a deep love of philosophy and Christianity.

Some of my fondest memories of childhood were at my grandparents' house. I remember helping Grandad in his vegetable

patch. While showing me how to pluck caterpillars from leaves or pat the earth down hard so the seeds didn't move, he'd tell me about his belief in hope and redemption.

"God loves you for who you are, Belinda. Do you know that?"

I reach for a spinach leaf, my tiny fingers wrapping around the smooth wriggling body of an earthworm. I squint at it, then up at Grandad.

"What does that mean?" I ask.

Grandad George kneels, sets down his pick and spade, and draws the back of a gloved hand across his brow.

His blue eyes sparkle and his voice is gentle, his words rich with conviction. "You don't need to do anything to be deserving of God's love. You just need to let him into your heart."

I'm unsure of how to do that—let God into my heart. All I know is I love being in the garden patch with Grandad George.

Nanna Merle was another story. A nervous person with a fragile temperament, she was plain and withdrawn, and rarely went outside. She could usually be found in the kitchen baking biscuits and cakes, tidying her already immaculate house, or in her bedroom having one of her "turns."

Her turns occurred frequently. She'd have a fizzy drink to calm her stomach, then retire to her room and draw the blinds. Our job was to be quiet and leave her in peace. But Nanna was also sweet and kind. She even smelled sweet, like she was sugar-dusted, and I loved to nestle into her, burying myself into her doughy-soft arms and breasts.

Throughout my early childhood, I adored the devoted attention of Grandad George and Nanna Merle, yet it was my mother's deep love that soothed me. We'd sit together on a large rug on the grass under the eucalyptus tree in our backyard or lie on the floor in the living room. We'd play or she would read to me. Many mornings she'd take me to the beach.

Mum plonks me down in the sand, then smiles as I start to topple over. I watch the light reflect off her big, dark sunglasses as she adjusts my chubby legs until I can sit upright. The sun bouncing off the water sends little shooting pains into the back of my eyeballs. Mum sits down next to me, shielding me. She scoops sand over my legs and tickles my tummy. Her dark hair falls down around me like a soft, airy cloak, and she laughs and tickles me some more. I hear the steady crash of waves in the background as Mum's body presses against me. I feel safe.

Outwardly safe, that is. Inside I was still frightened about being on earth. As a child, life felt narrow and restricted. I didn't like being confined to a little body that didn't move properly. It was hard not being able to express what I was thinking and feeling. It was all so alien to the clarity and expanse I knew as my real self.

Though challenging, these years weren't entirely bleak. In addition to the loving care of my mum and grandparents, I had a companion—one friend who understood me and kept me company: Julie.

Julie and I would be in my bedroom for hours, chatting away, playing with my dolls or at dress up.

"You can be a green princess, Julie. I'll be the red princess." I hold out a silver crown speckled with emeralds.

Julie crosses the rainbow-striped rug and sits down beside me.

I put the crown down next to her and pick up the one with bright red rubies.

"I always wanted to be a red princess." I smile, placing the crown on my head. "Red princesses are beautiful."

Julie's eyes are large and hazel. I pick up the green crown and place it on her head.

"See—you're a green princess!"

Incarnation

Julie laughs and we both close our eyes and travel to our secret, imagined place together where we are princesses in a castle.

Mum appears in the doorway and scans the room.

“Are you playing with Julie?” she asks.

Mum knew Julie as my imaginary friend. She'd buckle Julie in for the car-ride or she'd set a place for Julie at the table. She'd read us both bedtime stories and sometimes she'd even tuck us both in at night.

Like most imaginary friends, Julie would appear whenever I was ready to play with her. But what Mum didn't know was that Julie never left my side, because she wasn't imaginary. In the nighttime or when I would play alone, caught up in my own secret child-world, Julie would simply sit in the corner of my room and wait for me to want to play with her again. She could sit like that—still as a statue—for hours. When I wanted to play with her again, she'd sort of reanimate and join in my game.

Though she talked and played like other children, even back then I knew Julie was different. She always dressed the same, wearing a long, old-fashioned lace nightgown. And she didn't look solid; she was transparent, like a watermark, and seemed hazy, as if you were looking at her through a lens that was slightly out of focus. The exception was her eyes, which were clear and sad.

Julie never opened her mouth to speak to me. Instead, she would send images and thoughts into my mind, and sometimes I would do the same with her. Because telepathic communication felt normal. After all, that was how we'd “spoken” on the Other Side, where we were all clairaudient and could read and hear each other's thoughts. It seemed normal that people on earth would communicate that way too. But soon, I would learn just how abnormal I was.

Inheriting Grandma Jean's psychic gifts and remembering where I'd come from made me an usually deep-thinking toddler. I had an insatiable need to understand everything and a peculiar sort of intelligence. I could speak fluently before I was two years old and could articulate complex concepts and theories. I was always asking questions beyond my years. Adults found this equally charming and disconcerting.

When I was two years old, I waddled up to my mother, naked except for a diaper, and asked her how babies came into this world. Used to my deep and probing questions, she did her best to explain the complexities of human reproduction. When she was through, I paused, then posed another question.

"So how do you stop babies from being made?"

That night on the phone she told her sister she couldn't believe she'd had to give the contraceptive talk to a two-year-old. But my strangely philosophical questions weren't what unnerved adults most; it was the way I tried to counsel them about their problems.

Growing up, I spent lots of time in Dad's surgery. Mum worked as his receptionist and I loved to help her process people's payments, answer the phone, and tidy and stack the magazines in the waiting room. My attempts to help Dad weren't as welcome.

Ever since I can remember, I've been able to see inside a person and know all about them, including what is making them unwell. Inside and around everyone is a field of light that, when I look deep into it, shows me tiny motion pictures of their lives. While Dad's patients were waiting for their appointments, I would look in on them. Watching the little movies in their auras, I'd know why they had come and I'd try to talk to them about it.

I was completely unaware that other people didn't have the same ability. I thought everyone knew everything about each other and I was confused when adults got angry when I told them what I saw. They would deny it, even though I could see clearly that it was true. That confused and upset me; I couldn't understand why they'd lie to me.

Incarnation

“I’m not angry!” a young, blond-haired woman yelled at me, though her energy field was bright red and hot with rage.

“I’m not sad!” an old man shouted in my face, though his aura showed me he cried every night over the death of his wife.

“I’m not feeling sick, you little nosy parker,” a woman scolded when I asked if she was feeling better after her bout with a vomiting bug.

I was called many things by angry adults: rude, nosy, too big for my boots.

I quickly learned to stop telling them what I saw.

I knew it wasn’t their fault. Their lack of remembering their connection to the light caused them to both hurt inside and be hurtful to others. They were selfish and defensive because they’d forgotten where they came from. But this made me feel homesick.

It hurt to think of my soul home; about how much I missed it and how far away it was. About how loving and light and clear everything was over there, and how foggy and dark and angry everything was here.

My little heart had a gaping hole and I had no idea how to fill it.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



BELINDA DAVIDSON IS AN international speaker, author, and modern mystic. Her life purpose is to help people change their energy and heal their lives. She travels the world extensively, offering courses, workshops, and healings.

For almost twenty years, Belinda worked as a medical intuitive and coach. Among her clients were doctors, celebrities, CEOs, and well-known business leaders.

Belinda was born extrasensory and very psychic. “A curse in her childhood,” she says. “A wonderful gift later in life.”

Belinda is often described as a spiritual change agent and thought leader for her generation. But she feels most comfortable being described as a “modern mystic”—a modern-day woman with one foot in this world and one foot in another.

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