

Reflections On Going Into The Dark

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Mythic Dimensions

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Two years ago, one of my circle sisters did her Samhain ritual based on the story of Inanna as a way of honoring and grieving her mother's death. We all played Inanna with our various jewelry and things to take off as we descended a creek bank in the dark as the full moon rose. At the edge of the creek, we put prayers on little paper boats, and set them in the pool of water, each one carrying a small candle. It was a beautiful night, and a beautiful ritual. I hope that it helped my circle sister release her mom, and her mom to be released into her next phase.

If I can identify with Inanna at all, then I am her rotting corpse hanging on the hook. I hear Ereskigal's moans and Ninshubar's pleas, and even some of Dumuzi's letting the good times roll while he can. I have no more reason for coming to Pacifica than Inanna had for descending into the underworld—both of us acted unconsciously, but I think she had better backup plans. I don't know what she gained from her death and rebirth, but I know that it is time for me to start clarifying what I want to see from these efforts I am making. After all, neither Ereskigal nor Inanna had plans for what they would do next; the future as it were was unwritten. All we seem to know is that Inanna grieved for Dumuzi even though she had him killed.

I have goals for my life, but what I spend my time thinking about and doing has nothing to do with those goals. Instead of writing lesson plans or fiction, I spend my time doing web design and digital art. My going into the darkness seems only to confirm that I don't know who I am becoming, and that I am not allowing my imagination to do its work. That comes from lack of sleep and too many jobs to keep the money flowing. I

wonder what other parts of the Inanna stories are missing. Apparently, I need to read Gilgamesh and his exploits to learn more of Ereskigal.

In my Active Imagination dialog, Ereskigal told me that she is stuck in the underworld because of the old stories, and my personal story keeps her there. Perhaps I need to talk to her about what she wants to do, where she would go if she could leave the Underworld and the Afterlife. She offered me some alternatives about what an afterlife might be, but I suspect that the spirit world to be very different from the mundane. One thing of which I am certain is that more exists in the universe than the physical person can or should understand, but more than enough remains for learning on this side.

I need to spend time this weekend working on my portfolio and setting some goals that resonate with me, as I am certain that I do not want to go back into the classroom. I used to think of myself as a teacher, but now I want to return to my early dreams of writing, and I enjoy the intricacies of web design. This story has led me again to the Dark Goddess, to the chthonic knower of magic and the stirrer of the cauldron of rebirth. I want to work that vein of knowing, to delve deep into the Shadow to find the wealth that is there.

This time, I want a conscious input into what I am to become in the last half of my life. I have become almost a hermit, living in front of my keyboard and monitor, and not really wanting to interact with people any more. I hope this is a temporary withdrawal, a confinement as they used to call pregnancy, and that by the time we come together at Pacifica in a few weeks, I will be clear on where I want to go and who I want to become.