



The Space Between

Endings and Beginnings

5 Reflections



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Introduction

These reflections were written over time, in the space between an ending and a new beginning, a place many of us recognize, even if we don't always have language for it.

They aren't meant to be read quickly or in order. You might linger with one and skip another. You might return to the same page more than once.

This PDF is simply a way of holding the reflections together, for anyone who would like to sit with them more slowly or keep them in one place.

There is no right pace here. Take what's useful. Leave the rest.

Pam

How Do We Find Ourselves in The Space Between?

There comes a moment sometimes quietly, sometimes with force, when something in our lives ends. A role, a relationship, a community, a routine, even an identity we've worn for years.

Whether we welcomed the ending or resisted it with every fiber, what disappears leaves behind a shape we used to inhabit: a familiar structure that once gave us purpose, meaning, connection, or at the very least, predictability.

And when that falls away, we find ourselves in the space between.

It isn't quite the ending, the ending has already happened. But it isn't the new beginning either; that hasn't arrived.

It's the emotional shoreline after leaving one island but before spotting the next.

This space between often arrives in the wake of something impactful: a major transition a project that once absorbed us a role that defined our days a loss that shakes our orientation a change we never asked for or even a joyful shift that leaves us strangely hollow once the celebration fades

Sometimes we enter this space between with hope and readiness. More often, we enter with anger, disappointment, confusion, hurt, fatigue, a swirl of emotional sediment rising from the bottom.

Jung called this kind of transition a “night sea journey” a passage through darkness where meaning sinks beneath the surface and asks to be rediscovered.

And so here we are.

Floating.

Searching.

Asking all the familiar questions:

What comes next?

How do I fill this sudden void?

Why do I keep rehearsing the past?

Why am I tired of my own story?

Where did my motivation go?

My creativity?

My spark?

Sometimes the catalyst is massive. Sometimes it's something small, finishing an artwork and feeling the subtle letdown that follows completion or waking up one day to realize the well of inspiration you always counted on has quietly run dry.

We don't choose the space between; it chooses us.

But there is beauty and possibility here.

Paulo Coelho captures the emotional weight of endings with extraordinary clarity:

“When the chapter closes, the page turns quietly, yet the weight of its words lingers... Every ending leaves behind a story still breathing within you.”

This, to me, is the truth at the heart of the space between an ending is never just closure.

Poetically, psychologically, even spiritually, an ending is both a resolution and an opening.

It's the moment when one shape completes itself just enough for the next to begin forming, though not yet visible, not yet nameable, not yet ours.

So, the space between is not a failure.

It is not evidence that we are lost.

It is the quiet, necessary terrain between who we were and who we are becoming.

If you find yourself in the space between, consider this an invitation, not to rush forward, but to notice where you are.

You're not alone here.

And you're not stuck.

You're simply in that tender moment before the next shape reveals itself.

The Unease of Waiting in The Space Between

The space between doesn't stay still.

It moves, shifts, breathes, and sometimes tightens. One of the most difficult rhythms of this space is waiting.

Waiting for clarity.

Waiting for the next idea.

Waiting for the emotion to settle.

Waiting for someone to respond.

Waiting for life to reveal the next shape of things.

And waiting, for most of us, is excruciating.

Because when the outer world goes quiet, the inner world grows very loud.

Our minds begin rehearsing conversations that already happened. We analyze someone's tone, timing, silence. We revisit old wounds, replay old scenes. We project into the future, inventing scenarios to fill the uncertainty.

The anxious mind hates empty space.

It wants to fill the silence with something, even if that something is fear.

But the space between is not a place that bends to pressure.

It won't deliver answers because we demand them.

It won't speed up clarity because we're uncomfortable.

It won't produce inspiration just because we're restless.

And here's the unsettling truth: waiting is not passive. It is interior work.

Waiting asks us to sit with emotions we would rather outrun, frustration, uncertainty, regret, impatience, longing, anger, fear.

It asks us to pause long enough to hear what's actually happening beneath the noise.

It asks us to loosen our grip on the past without yet having a handle on the future.

Communication during this time often becomes its own minefield.

When we're raw or unsure, we read too much into silence.

We feel slighted by delays.

We assume tone that isn't there.

We take things personally that were never meant personally.

We want clarity from others before we have clarity within ourselves.

The space between exposes the parts of us that feel unsteady.

But waiting also holds something quietly miraculous.

It is the space where integration begins.

Where the sediment settles.

Where we metabolize what has ended.

Where the next version of ourselves starts forming below the surface.

Waiting isn't wasted. It's preparatory.

And one day, usually without a dramatic announcement, the fog lifts just enough to reveal the next step.

A small one.

But clear.

And that is the beginning of the next chapter.

Why Ambiguity Makes the Mind Anxious

The space between is often quiet on the outside, but inside it can feel like a storm.

When life pauses, shifts, or stops making sense the way it used to, the mind reacts, and usually, it reacts loudly.

This is one of the hardest parts of transition: the stillness outside and the noise inside rarely move at the same pace.

Whether the change was chosen, unwanted, unexpected, or slow in coming, ambiguity awakens something deep in us. It stirs old fears, unfinished conversations, and the parts of ourselves we haven't tended to in a while.

And because uncertainty is uncomfortable, the mind tries to fill the silence with whatever it can find, stories, assumptions, rehearsals, worries.

Ambiguity feels threatening even when nothing is “wrong.”

The mind is built to look for patterns, clarity, and direction. The space between, where life hasn't taken a new shape yet removes the usual anchors.

There's no next step to take.

No clear answer to hold.

No familiar structure to lean against.

So, the mind does what minds do.

It scans for danger.

It rehearses worst-case scenarios.

It tries to regain control by thinking its way out of uncertainty.

This isn't weakness. It's a protective instinct.

But it doesn't feel like protection. It feels like pressure.

Waiting intensifies the things we haven't resolved.

When life slows down on the outside, the inner world rushes forward. Old wounds. Old conversations. Regrets. Fears we thought were behind us.

Waiting doesn't create these things. It reveals what was already there.

This is why transitions, illness, aging, loss, and life-altering change often feel emotionally crowded. The past and the future arrive at the same time, asking for attention.

The urge to escape discomfort is strong.

We move, clean, organize, scroll, distract, anything to avoid the feeling of uncertainty pressing in.

But movement isn't the same as clarity.

Sometimes it's just an attempt to outrun what we're feeling.

The quiet turning point comes when we stop forcing answers and start making room.

Not room for certainty, but room for honesty.

We don't calm the mind by demanding clarity.

We calm it by allowing ourselves to be where we are.

And often, that permission is enough to let the noise soften, just enough, so we can breathe again.

When Life Tilts: The Disorientation of Endings

I've been thinking about what actually carries us into the space between, the unseen forces that nudge us out of the familiar and into the uncertain.

Often, it's an ending.

Not always dramatic, but enough to tilt the ground beneath us.

Something shifts, closes, or quietly releases its hold, and suddenly our identity feels loose. A strange disorientation opens inside.

Disorientation is often the first sensation we notice after an ending.

Sometimes it arrives quietly, a soft confusion about where to place our feet next.

Other times, the ending is sharp and shattering, and the world tilts all at once.

Whether the change is subtle or life-altering, something slips. The familiar no longer aligns the way it did the day before.

Outwardly, we may keep moving. Inwardly, our compass spins.

Part of what unsettles us is the loss of orientation we didn't even realize we were relying on. The rituals, expectations, and roles, the invisible scaffolding that held our life in place, loosen at once.

Even when the ending is chosen, the body reacts to absence. There's a startled moment where we reach for something that's no longer there.

Endings don't simply remove something. They reorganize everything around them.

They shift the emotional weight of our days.

They dissolve the shapes we leaned against.

They create space we didn't ask for, space we don't yet know how to hold.

Disorientation isn't a flaw.

It's a sign that something inside us is recalibrating.

If we allow it, without rushing, shaming, or overriding it, disorientation becomes a catalyst. A slowing.

A quiet recalculation.

A chance to notice what mattered, what didn't, and what remains.

This is the first rhythm of uncertainty, the opening movement of the space between.

Tender.

Unsettling.

Human.

And it takes as long as it takes.

The Shape We Take in Times of Change

We don't all move through change in the same way.

Temperament, the built-in way we're wired to meet the world, shapes how we respond when life shifts beneath us.

It's the quiet architecture under our personality, influencing far more than we realize.

Introvert and extrovert are often used as shorthand, but temperament runs deeper.

It's the rhythm we were born with.

The pace at which we take things in.

The way our nervous system responds to uncertainty.

Introverts tend to refuel in quiet spaces, processing change internally before speaking it aloud.

Extroverts often regain steadiness through connection, talking, moving, staying in contact as they navigate what's unfolding.

Many of us live somewhere in the middle, needing both solitude and companionship in a careful balance.

During transitions, these differences become more visible, and more easily misread.

An introvert's pause can be mistaken for withdrawal.

An extrovert's urgency can be mistaken for overwhelm.

What we're often witnessing isn't disinterest or excess, it's two nervous systems trying to find steadiness in different ways.

We judge ourselves, too.

The inward-leaning person feels "too quiet."

The outward-leaning person feels "too much." But temperament isn't a flaw. It's a compass.

If you need quiet right now, honor that.

If you need people, seek them.

If you need both, trust the mix.

Change doesn't ask us to become someone new.

It asks us to move through uncertainty in a way that fits who we already are, gently, honestly, and with as much grace as we can manage.

When we stop fighting our natural pace, something settles.

A quiet knowing:

This is my way through.

And it is enough.