

Let your worst things become
your greatest gifts.

From Hell to Healing



Jane Haridat

The experiences of Jane Haridat with her cultural Hindustani background, led her to ignore rather than embrace her roots for a long time.

But this earthly heritage would not be denied. For years, Jane felt “unfinished,” with a storm raging inside her that refused to quiet down.

Jane: “In the end, I listened to the voice of the storm.

In it, I heard the deep longing to reconnect with the culture I was born into...”

Text: Jane Mahalini Maridat

"Close your eyes, Joyce, we're going to breathe. Your journey through your body begins with three slow, deep breaths. Inhale through your nose, exhale through your mouth as slowly and deeply as possible. Breathe in, breathe out..."

Joyce and I have our eyes closed and are connecting with the Spirits and Mother Earth. Joyce has an Indonesian background and longs to come home to her roots. This is already our fourth session. In previous sessions, we worked on other themes, such as releasing blocks around her sexuality.

Broken

Where I used to follow the family rules unquestioningly, the internal storm grew stronger as I got older. “I preferred listening to Shocking Blue instead of that whining Krontjong music,” Joyce says. I understand very well why she says that, from personal experience. I too didn’t want to be Hindustani in the past. The experiences that both Joyce and I had with our cultures made us prefer to ignore our roots rather than embrace them. But our earthly heritage could not be denied.

For years, I felt ‘incomplete,’ with a storm raging inside me that wouldn’t calm down. I spoke excellent Dutch and ‘broken’ Sarnami (a Hindustani dialect), which made me feel uncomfortable around other Hindustani people who spoke the language fluently.

I felt broken not only because of the language but also because of years of abuse by a close family member. My Hindustani background was soaked with painful memories that made me feel increasingly out of place within my own culture.

On top of that, I had been baptized Catholic, which meant practicing the Hindu faith was forbidden. “Two religions can’t share the same pillow,” my father used to say.

Internal storm

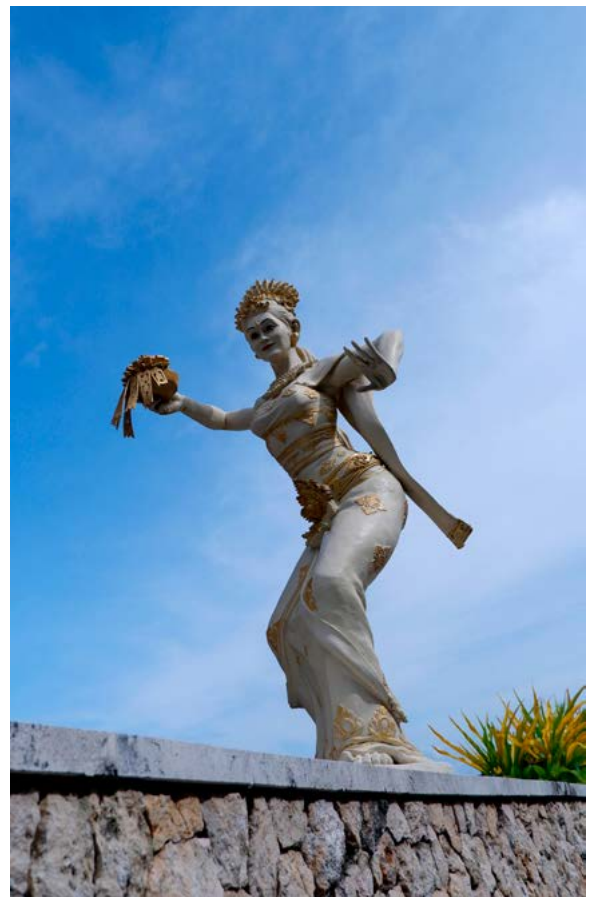
My internal storm grew stronger as I got older. The tightness around my navel became more intense whenever I was around Hindustani people.

When I listened to the calling of the storm, I heard a deep longing to reconnect with the culture I was born into. My heritage was calling me, it didn’t want to be ignored any longer.

Listening to that voice would hopefully help me feel safe in life. Due to the painful events, I lacked any sense of basic safety and lived a life where I trusted no one.

Insecurity and distrust overshadowed my happiness and joy in life, and created a downward spiral.

I didn’t know who or what I was.



“Acknowledge who
you are, acknowledge who you are, acknowledge who you are,”
Hindu God Shiva shouted

at me years ago during a workshop. With thunderous force, he suddenly appeared in front of me alongside Archangel Michael, towering and powerful. I felt cornered, pressed with my back against the wall, while at the same time, I could feel their pure love. I was searching for a way to find and acknowledge myself.

On stage

The sounds of Hindustani songs have moved me deeply from a very young age. Their vibrations seem to reach the core of my being, resonating all the way to my cells. Apparently, the meaning of the lyrics doesn't pass me by, despite my limited understanding of the Hindustani language.

In January 2009, I finally take action. I want to reconnect, to find myself again, to root myself in the culture I come from. I decide to reconnect with my heritage through dance. I book private lessons at a dance school and, at age fifty, begin Orisi temple dancing.

"One moment I feel heavenly,
the next I'm begging God to take
me back."



2009

The first time I dance to the music of Guru Brahma, tears of joy stream down my cheeks. Deeply moved, my entire being opens to come home in the embrace of the Hindu gods Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva. An indescribable feeling of joy flows through me.. But this is a homecoming to the Gods. Now, I must try to come home to the earthly, to the people of my culture.

In March 2009, the dance school celebrates its 13th anniversary. All groups will perform at the Isala Theater in Capelle aan den IJssel, The Netherlands. After barely three months of lessons, I do a solo performance on the large stage.

There are 500 people in the audience, most of them are Hindustani people. My stomach has been in knots for days thinking about having to make myself visible in front of them.

"Jane has only been dancing for three months, and she's the oldest participant. She'll be performing two pieces," announces Mila the presenter.

Nervous to the bone, I step onto the stage, release the tension, and surrender to the music.

"Ma'am, you danced beautifully. Congratulations."

During the cocktail party, I receive many compliments from Hindustani audience members I never met before. Gratitude and joy wash over me.

My connection to my roots deepens. Apparently, I am being seen and appreciated.

The feeling of safety among my culture is beginning to grow.

Men & Sexuality

And yet, beneath the surface, the feeling of unsafety in the presence of Hindustani people, especially Hindustani men, keeps gnawing at me. That constant sense of safety in my life remains elusive. Life feels contradictory. One moment I feel heavenly, the next I'm begging God to take me back.

The effects of years of abuse still haunt me, despite all the therapy and healing. Life remains unsafe.

I've had many relationships, yet I trust no man.

What now, Shiva? How do I acknowledge myself for who I am?

Tell me who I am, so I'll know too.

But instead of clear, straightforward answers, I am shown the right steps through dreams, coaching sessions, spiritual journeys, lyrics, and sudden insights, steps that guide me to find the answers myself.

The theme of 'men and sexuality' seems to be intricately woven into my life.

Despite the sexual energy blocked by fear and trauma, I continuously attract men who want something from me, or with me.

Every romantic relationship, including my marriage, ends in failure, confirming my feelings of inadequacy. The pain of rejection and disappointment runs deep.

My longing to be loved and appreciated remains unmet.

Apparently, I still have much to learn in this area.

The angels come to my aid. Sometimes, I wake up in the middle of the night feeling the angels stitching my heart to the heart of a man using 'needle and thread'. It happens a few times.

"No, please, not again. It hurts too much," I beg in vain.

What a hell!

And yet, in the midst of this hell, Shiva's voice echoes through:

"Acknowledge who you are, acknowledge who you are, acknowledge who you are."

This voice keeps me going. It drives me forward in the journey of discovering myself.

"By coming home to myself, I also came home to the Hindustani culture".

Connecting with the body

Every hell, it seems, brings a little healing along with it. By facing these painful experiences, emotions, and blockages, I gradually begin to discover the deeper meaning of sexuality as the pure creative life force from which all existence and forms of creation arise.

One insight follows another, teaching me that the ultimate purpose of sexuality is to return to complete self-love, through the recognition and acceptance of who I truly am.

I know, at least theoretically, that I am a soul. But that's not enough. I must feel my soul, by opening my heart.

My heart, however, is closed, shut tight from all the earthly pain, confusion, lack of safety, and trauma.

My connection with men forces me to feel what pain is, because even the act of feeling is something I had shut down. It hurt too much.

But feeling must happen through the body.

I would rather float in the unseen, in the spiritual realm, than truly be present in my body.

Yet I flee from it constantly, due to the abuse I endured.

"Connect with your body. Your body is your first home on earth. When you inhabit your body, you are safe and can finally come home to yourself," my guides teach me.

With much trial and error, I begin learning to connect with my body, and to love it.

Eventually, I no longer avoid any pain or sadness.

My drive to land within myself is very strong.

Through yoga, massage, breathing techniques, thought discipline, and more, I finally come home, to my body.

Now, after many years, I inhabit my first physical home on earth.

I arrived home and feel safe.

Real home

My heart slowly opened, and after years of inner work, I decide that, no matter how intense the pain may be, it will never close again.

Because closing my heart means closing myself off from earthly life, and it means that my soul will never get the chance to truly unite with my body. It means disconnecting from my own inspiration. And that can never be the purpose of being human.



Years of heartache have ultimately taught me unconditional love, by rediscovering the deep love I have for myself, no longer begging for love, recognition, or acceptance. By learning to forgive others, and, most of all, myself. I heal from the trauma of sexual abuse and become compassionate towards Perpetrators. I release the blocks in my pelvis that had restricted my sexual energy, so it can now flow freely, allowing me to connect more deeply with the Creator within. This helps me to embody my soul more fully and create from a place of soulfulness. The emotions I had swallowed, shaped by abuse, culture, and family dynamics, force me to learn how to express myself. Eventually, I become a powerful speaker at public gatherings and in the media.

By coming home to myself, I also came home to the Hindustani culture through which I received the lessons I needed to discover and recognize myself.

"If we refuse to make peace with our human origin, we shut ourselves off from a soulful life on Earth."



Through the eyes of my soul, I now view my earthly lessons, and uncover their deeper meaning. I see what I came to learn from my family. I recognize both them and myself as equal souls, exploring the human experience together, offering one another the exact lessons our soul contracts agreed upon.

In this way, I begin to release myself from intergenerational karma and family patterns.

Peace

When we look at each other through the eyes of the soul and love from that place, we awaken a unity consciousness that stretches far beyond family and loved ones, to all of humanity, to animals, plants, the universe.

Heritage goes beyond the common association with "foreignness."

It includes all of earthly existence, the human lineage regardless of color, culture, age, gender, or circumstance.

Every person, every creature, every living being has a unique heritage and their own earthly story. Peace, safety, and our existence are deeply intertwined.

From an energetic perspective, this is the role of the first chakra, our foundation. If we refuse to make peace with our human origins or heritage on all their levels, if we avoid learning the lessons they offer, we continue to fuel the feeling of unsafety, and block ourselves from living a soulful life on Earth.

We stay stuck in duality where Oneness is our soul's deepest longing.

And in that state, I believe, we will never truly feel at home on Earth, no matter how much we think we love Mother Earth.



Jane Mahalini Haridat is a passionate Spiritual Teacher & Healer in Soul Embodiment & Sacred Sexuality. She is a well-known multidimensional medium and speaker. Through her work, she makes a meaningful contribution to the personal well-being of both women and men. www.janemahalinisoulembodiment.com

That cannot be the purpose of our existence. The feeling of being incomplete, fragmented, will persist.
Hell will remain hell.
Only when we dare to take that crucial step toward peace, can healing begin.
By facing my own hell, I now help others, worldwide, to make peace with their earthly heritage, and to restore their creative connection with Divine Source.
By helping them transform blockages around sexuality, their most powerful creative energy, and reconnect with their inner divine feminine and masculine, they can ultimately live and love as an instinctively capable Creator on Earth.

Write a book

Joyce made the choice to come home to her Indonesian heritage and make peace with it. Indonesia emerged, like an extension of Mother Earth, to welcome Joyce with open arms, embracing her like a loving mother would embrace her child. Joyce is now continuing to evolve as a powerful Creator on Earth. She is just one of many whom I've had the honor of guiding on their path.

It is November 16, 2020 when the Universe suddenly breaks in during a session with Joyce.

"Write a book. The title is Making Peace with Your Heritage," whispers the voice of the Universe, powerful and clearly. "This book is meant to help humanity live from the soul, with unconditional love as its foundation".

A year before, on December 16, 2019, this voice also tells me: "We are now giving you your spiritual name. It is Mahalini. It's meaning is *The Greatnest Self*."

Lovely name, I think to myself, but I doubt I'll actually use it.

"We want you to use your name," the Guides immediately respond.

Gratitude washes over me, because I was shown my true identity. By daring to acknowledge my own greatness and embracing this name, regardless of what others may think or say, I can now help others reclaim and embody their own greatness in ways I never could before.

Shiva must be pleased with my act of self-recognition.

On November 28, 2021, during a joyful gathering, my book "Making Peace with Your Heritage" was born, alongside the recognition of my true worth as a woman.

It grew into a complete package with a workbook and a channeled healing meditation, featuring five powerful client stories, including Joyce's.

Discover readers' impressions and explore the book at www.mahalinisproductions.com.

Want to read the full story and learn how to journey from Hell to Healing?

Order the online book package through the site and celebrate this journey with me and The Spirits.

From Hell to Healing, that's something worth Celebrating!

