

A GENTLE JOURNAL FROM
NATALIA SOUL COACH

The *Grief* Journal



*For the days you miss them,
and the quiet ways
they're still here.*

NATALIA SOUL COACH

Rosebery · Sydney

WHERE TO BEGIN

They never *really* leave.

Grief is simply love with no place to go. So we give it a place here.

If you're holding this journal, you're carrying someone. And somewhere between the missing and the aching, you may have wondered whether they can still hear you, still see you, still know how much you love them.

I believe they can. In my work I've come to know that love does not end when a body does. It's only the physical body that leaves. The soul, the essence, the person you loved, does not disappear.

Mediumship doesn't replace grief, and this journal won't ask you to rush it. What it will do is gently remind you that the bond you shared is still real, that they are often far closer than they feel, waiting quietly for you to notice.

*It's only the body that leaves.
Love stays.*

Who are you holding in your heart as you open this journal?

CLICK TO WRITE

A PERSONAL NOTE FROM NATALIA

How I came to *this work*.

When my father and grandmother passed away on the same day in July 2019, my life changed forever.

I became obsessed with understanding death. Deep inside, I knew, or perhaps needed to believe, that this could not simply be the end of them.

For years, I tried to find a way to communicate with them. I tried to create a language beyond words through symbols, signs, songs, and synchronicities. I even explored transcommunication, hoping somehow to bridge the distance between us.

But nothing seemed to work. There was an overwhelming silence in my life. I didn't know how to reach them, and I couldn't understand death.

Then, unexpectedly, something happened in 2022. One night, while I was sleeping, I clearly heard my father's voice warning me to take better care of my health. That experience changed something within me. For the first time, I felt deeply that death was not the end.

Later, in a dream, my grandmother fulfilled a promise we had made each other. That after she passed, she would show me what the other side was like. I saw her peaceful, happy, and full of joy.

After years of searching, these experiences transformed the way I understood death. I began to feel that perhaps our connection with the people we love does not disappear when they leave this physical world.

*It simply changes form.
And maybe love is the language
that continues when words no longer can.*

— Natalia 

STAYING CONNECTED

How to speak *with* them.

You don't need to be a medium to feel the ones you love. Here are gentle ways to open the door.

Talk to them, out loud or inside

Speak to them the way you always did. In the car, in the shower, before sleep. They feel the love behind your words.

Get quiet

Connection lives in stillness, not effort. A few slow breaths, a candle lit in their name.

Ask, then notice

Before you sleep, ask them a question or ask for a sign. Then let it go, and watch the days that follow with soft attention.

Bring them into your day

Cook their meal. Play their song. Wear their jumper. Remembering is a form of connection.

Write to them. Say the thing you didn't get to say.

CLICK TO WRITE

THEIR QUIET HELLOS

Notice *their signs*.

The song that comes on at the exact moment you needed it. A feather on the doorstep. The number you keep seeing. A dream so vivid it didn't feel like a dream. Butterflies, coins, a familiar scent with no source.

We're taught to call these coincidences. But so many of the people I sit with already know, somewhere beneath the doubt, that it was them. A hello. A "keep going." A reminder that they haven't gone anywhere.

You're not making it up.

—
*When you wonder if that was them,
it usually was.*
—

What signs have you noticed? And what would you love a sign about?

CLICK TO WRITE

TENDING TO YOURSELF

Three ways to support *your healing*.

Grief isn't a problem to solve. It's a love to carry more gently over time.

1 *Let it move through your body*

Grief settles in the body, a tight chest, a heavy throat, a tiredness sleep can't touch. Let it move: a slow walk, a long exhale, a good cry, a gentle stretch.

2 *Keep the bond, don't sever it*

You were never meant to "let them go." Keep talking to them, keep their rituals, say their name. Staying connected isn't holding on too tightly.

3 *Be gentle, and unhurried*

Healing isn't linear. Some days will undo the last, and that's not failure. Meet yourself with the same tenderness you'd offer someone you love.

What is one small, kind thing you can do for yourself this week?

CLICK TO WRITE

NATALIA, CONTINUED

The other side is closer *than you think.*

My grandmother and I always made a pact. Whoever passed first would find a way to show the other where they were.

It took a couple of years, but eventually, she did.

She showed me where she was living. A peaceful rural landscape that reminded me of the place she originally came from. It felt as though she had created her surroundings from her own memories, shaping an idyllic place of rest.

In 2025, I began having incredibly vivid dreams, but they didn't feel like dreams at all. They felt more like thresholds. Spaces where I could connect with my father and grandmother and experience their presence with extraordinary clarity.

I remember having a conversation with my father that lasted several minutes. He showed me what I perceived as a spiritual community where he was living. I had the sense that he was doing some kind of community work there, perhaps helping newly arrived souls adjust and integrate.

He introduced me to his friends. When I asked about my grandmother, he simply said, *"I'll bring her right away."*

What fascinated me most was the sense that manifestation there was instantaneous. They could change form in a moment, move effortlessly, be everywhere at once. A reality where intention itself shaped reality.

This is what I hold onto now. And this is what I try to help other women find their way toward, gently, in their own time.

— Natalia 

WHEN YOU'RE READY

Sitting with someone who *can help*.

There may come a day when you long for more than a moment on the page, when you'd love to feel them, hear from them, or simply be held while you grieve.

That's the work I do, gently and safely. Through evidential mediumship, reiki, and sensory energetics, I help women reconnect with the ones they've lost and let grief move through, never rushed, always with your permission.

Book a session with me

Whether you're seeking a message, a moment of peace, or space to feel held, I'd be honoured to sit with you.

Book on Fresha — *link in Instagram bio*

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Rosebery Studio, Sydney

*You were never as alone
as grief made you feel.*

A C L O S I N G W O R D



*Take your time
with this.*



*Come back to any page as often as you need. Grief moves in waves,
and so does connection. There is no right way, only your way.*

I'm here when you're ready.

— Natalia

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