

# A MEDITATION ON THE HOLY CITY

Pulse of Spirit

July 27, 2022



**DAVID KARCHERE** is a speaker and workshop leader who assists people to renew their Primal Spirituality—an experience that virtually all human beings know at birth, and that ideally grows as they mature.

In this living moment of sustained communion, I invite you to open more fully to an invisible reality, the holy city. This city holds the pattern of life for all things. It is the design of your soul and mine, and for the soul of each and every human being—all humankind.

How deep could the reading of this *Pulse of Spirit* go? To what level might we attune to the holy city? Let us see.

The holy city to which I refer is not an icon of religious belief. It is a symbol of a reality. Shall we use the symbol as a way to open our awareness to that reality? Knowing that we are not really just talking about a city?

I am using this symbol wholeheartedly as part of a deep meditation to access the hidden spiritual portals in the human experience. How else would you find

them except through such a pattern of meditation?

We know that the endocrine glands are connected to consciousness. Let us find those hidden portals and open them through our meditation.

The American Transcendentalist Ralph Waldo Emerson said this:

*Let us take our bloated nothingness out of the path of the divine circuits.*

We have to do that to enter into this meditation. In the constantly emerging moment, whatever distractions might have been present are dissolving, leaving a clear and open field of consciousness for us to explore.

The holy city is the code of life. It is our spiritual DNA, containing the most

precious information on Planet Earth. It tells us who we are, how we are made, and why we are here.

The holy city is our ultimate dwelling place. It is the place from which we came and to which we return. It is a place from which we can never really leave, even though we may forget that it is forever present. It is our home.

You witness the forgetful people of the world. You might be aware of your own patterns of forgetfulness. And yet, for us all—all people everywhere—we are, even now, living in the holy city.

Yes, we live in the world as it is. There is no denying that. Still, the holy city is present, surrounding us all. The difference now is that we are deliberately remembering it.

In the holy city, the language of Love is always spoken. It is in our spiritual DNA to speak that language, and so the tones of our speech resound with Love's vibration.

In the Love of the city, we know that when we are loving another we are, at the same time, loving ourselves and loving everyone. And when we are loving ourselves, we are loving others.

In the holy city, the language of Truth is always spoken—the Truth of the city and of all its inhabitants. It is a beautiful truth,

ever-emerging, ever-revealing the essence of the city and all of us within it.

The more you listen for the language of the holy city, the more of it you hear, the deeper are its tones, and the greater the ecstasy of its joy.

The government of the city is complete and profoundly absolute. It is the government of Life. Nothing but Life enters its streets. Nothing but Life determines what shall be thought, said, felt, or done. Wholeness and unity, which are the design of the city, reign supreme.

Can you feel the holy city surrounding you now? Can you hear its laughter and celebration? Take this moment to become more aware of its presence. Let its Life overtake you and enter you. Let its morning air fill your lungs, no matter what time of day it is.

And what would a holy city be without a prince and a princess? There they are! The *Prince and Princess of Peace*! Cherished by all, and cherishing all; ones to whom we give all our Love. And yet, then we are more filled with Love than before. They are the greatest treasure of the city, and its greatest joy.

You have just been adorned with flowers in your hair so that the world in which you live may know that you are from the holy city. You carry the perfume of wild roses,

and it is the fragrance of the place in which you always dwell.

You, too, are a Prince or Princess of the holy city. It is written upon your heart and woven through your soul. You are ours. You belong to us who live here. And you are in this world for us, as our ambassador to forgetful people, and a friend to all who have awakened.

This brings us to the end of our meditation. Or does it? It is the end of the

reading. But the holy city never leaves you, night or day. Never forget it. And if you do, I am here as a brother from the holy city and as a reminder that, even though we came to earth and took human flesh, we never left it.

Welcome home.

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