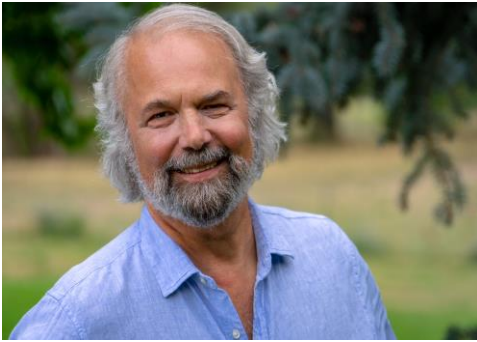


I'm Sorry

Pulse of Spirit

April 23, 2025



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.

Nearly a third of the global population is Christian. This includes Roman Catholics, protestants, orthodox churches, and a myriad of other denominations. Ten to twenty-five percent of the Christians in the world are unaffiliated with any church or denomination. Christianity is the world's largest faith group.

For better or for worse, the way a person practices their faith affects the other dimensions of their life. Certainly, that is true for Christians. For some, it inspires them to bring the Spirit of the Christ into the world. For others, it is the basis for living a life of self-righteous indignation and hard-heartedness.

Entering Easter week, friends and I began to consider Ho'oponopono, the healing prayer born from ancient Hawaiian culture. We found that each of us were meditating on the prayer separately, and

we began to think of it together as it related to the original events of Easter week.

It is common for Christians to attribute what happened to Jesus of Nazareth as God's will. The idea is that his crucifixion was God's will and, in keeping with many other ancient beliefs from other traditions, that Jesus gave his life as a sacrifice to settle the score that God had with humanity.

The thought that entered our head was this: *What a crass response to someone who endured what Jesus endured—one of the most barbaric forms of execution devised by man!* Leaving aside, for the moment, whatever belief one might have about who Jesus was and what he brought to the world, what a hard-hearted thing to say to someone who had endured that. And Jesus is someone with whom Christians seek to have a

relationship. There is a vast difference between acknowledging that he was willing to endure what the world was throwing in his face, and still bring what he had to bring to the world, saying that it was God's will that there should be a human sacrifice.

Imagine if you met someone who endured anything like what he went through. Would you tell them, *It was God's will?* Of course you wouldn't. At least, I don't think so. You would probably say something like this: *I am so sorry. I am so sorry that happened to you.* And that would be irrespective of whether you had anything to do with what happened. The tragedy of what happened is all the greater because of the supreme teaching of Universal Love Jesus brought to humankind.

Now picture a large percentage of Christian culture that takes that attitude: "*It was God's will.*" How could that hard-heartedness not affect all the other dimensions of those people's lives? And given that a third of the world is Christian, would that not have a profound impact on world culture? What would happen if, at the core of the segment of the world's population that acknowledges Jesus Christ's significance, there were a far more human response—a response in keeping with the love, empathy, compassion, and oneness he taught? I'm not qualified to speak with authority on the origins of the practice of Ho'oponopono. What I do know is that while the practice has ancient origins, the prayer most often recited in the United States was composed about fifty years ago.

It is written with singular pronouns. I have taught the use of the prayer for years. Recently, I was listening to a definition of the meaning of the Zulu word *Sawubona*. It was characterized this way:

I see you.

We see you.

It was explained that the *we* being referenced was *my family, my tribe, and my ancestors*. It made me wonder if a plural voicing of the Ho'oponopono prayer might be meaningful.

So here is what I propose to all who read this *Pulse of Spirit*. Hold the man, Jesus, in your awareness, acknowledging all that was thrown at him that is commemorated during Easter week—the arrest, the trial, and the crucifixion. Then speak both the singular and the plural versions of the prayer. Who might the *we* be in the plural version? I'll leave it up to you, but here are some possibilities: *Christianity, Emissaries of Divine Light, humankind, all Souls incarnate and not incarnate*. You might see the statement as representational, meaning you are offering the statement on behalf of a larger collective.

Here are both the singular and the plural renditions of the prayer.

I am sorry.

Please forgive me.

Thank you.

I love you.

We are sorry.

Please forgive us.

Thank you.

We love you.

ANNE BLANEY (Salmon Arm, BC): As David was mentioning last Sunday in the Service Expansion time, when we were focused on this one Supreme Being who incarnated as a man, we as incarnate beings offered a profound apology to that Being. It was very moving. When this was happening, I found that I was immediately connected with another figure whom we weren't focusing on. My heart flew out of my chest and made a strong emotional contact with the mother of Jesus, Mary, and I was suddenly taken with a wave of grief as I thought of her. It took everything not to weep. This was very surprising to me, something unexpected. In this experience, I thought of how Being was exemplified in this case by a mother's womb, specifically Mary's womb. The womb she provided, literally and metaphorically, was filled with the pregnancy of what was to be born. From the womb of Mary—with her ability to contain and abide, such an enormous achievement was brought forth. The world is still talking about it. I realized how the substance of Being, my own plus the collective experience we were all having, brought me to an awareness of the being called Mary, and into an awareness of the design that was surrounding the Master. She was part of that surround; she was part of a design of beings. In that substance we were sharing last week, and I suggest now, I found Mary. Or did she find me, find us?

In this ritual space, I'd like to speak to Mary and two other beings who came along with Mary, who made a profound appearance with her at the foot of the cross on the day of the crucifixion. I want to talk about the significance of their

presence together then and what it means for us now, and what that teaches us.

Mary...Perhaps one of the ways I connect with you is because we're both mothers. My heart goes to you when I think of your son's only 33 years of life. I understand what Luke meant when he said, "But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." How many mother-child memories, how much mother-son love, which eventually grew into an adult friendship of purpose—how did this co-exist with the tremendous tragedy you witnessed? How did you contain it all? Did you sense and understand that there was a destiny beyond your control, but that you knew you were participating in that destiny, facilitating it, as a guardian of truth? As a woman? I think you did. How large you are, holding it all in your being, and birthing such greatness. This was a special, special responsibility. As a mother, I feel you played a role that was key, and you moved from stage to stage in awareness as your son moved through his evolution. You went through a tremendous transformation yourself. And you recognized a few others who were also being transformed by your son, and you encompassed them with your son, and they acknowledged your loving and substantial presence, your stature as a woman in their Master's life.

But oh what you and a few others saw of the impure heart of mankind. You saw how he was treated by the very men you probably welcomed into your home as his friends. In the cycle you saw

hypocrisy, you saw betrayal, how people turned away and forgot what their own eyes and ears had witnessed—forgot! You were probably stigmatized by the judgment of others and seen as being different, loyal to what was shrouded in pain. All this you kept contained, and you sustained an environment of largeness and refused to turn away from where you began with your son, where you always landed, where you remained, in the unconditional Love you knew with him. I regret what you had to face. I am awed by your strength of Being as you showed up at the foot of the cross. You brought your beingness into that horror, and were there for him, and us. He saw you, he spoke of you; you were there with him.

Mary Magdalene—another being who was with the Master, one of those he had around him. I think you loved Jesus as a woman with your whole human beingness. I think he enjoyed all of you—your flesh, your mind and your strong and true spirit. As the one who sat alone outside the tomb after enduring the crucifixion's horror, there was nowhere else you would be. You were the first one to see Jesus after he left the tomb. You thought he was the gardener, and what did he do? He lovingly called your name. How perfect for you. You held your own, I believe, Mary Magdalene, and for that I love you. You were likely derided as a woman by petty jealousies, just like Mary of Bethany was by Judas, that time when she used expensive herbs to anoint Jesus' feet. She was called out as spending unnecessary money. But what

did Jesus do? He said, "Let her alone," and you, Mary, too would have been under that same protection by him. You stood, Mary, beside his mother at the cross and stood for women over time who dare to hold a space for Being, for his mother's being and for the one who ultimately exemplified the tremendous achievement of the victory of the resurrection. You were loyal to the budding collective too. You were among the followers that Jesus drew, and you followed through after he left with that collective experience. You were loyal, you were there for him. You stayed true and abided in his love.

John the Beloved disciple... You provided a place for your Master to know the safety of friendship. He knew you were with him and that you would continue in his love with him. As it turned out, you would do so long after he was gone. He was right to count on you. You had both incarnated to be a team, to work together in the work that he had come to do. But then you witnessed the transgressions. You were with him in the Hall of Judgment when he was horribly defiled by those who had no idea who he was. You watched the vileness of the empty state of mankind—knew the Center hadn't held. The Center was bereft of Being. But you held. You watched what the mind-made world did to his precious body in the Place of the Skull. You had to take on what was consequently aimed at the Master after he was gone and experience the untrustworthiness of those who had walked alongside you and him. You saw the foolishness and the immaturity, how egos crept in and

clashed, how what he had said and meant was mistranslated and used. You saw the violence that filled the vacuum, the waste of time, the waste of what was holy, and you endured and waited, and you were discreet. You kept loving him, and wisely, you recorded it in a mystical blueprint. Thank you for being there for our Lord and King. For that we are blessed. Without you, perhaps all would have been lost.

To Mary, Mary Magdalene and John the Beloved, you demonstrated a courage to show up when others stayed away. How many thousands followed this man around and listened to every word? And yet, when this occasion of his defilement was happening, where was everyone? Isn't that so characteristic of mankind, to care what others might think and to succumb to societal rules and fears, just when showing up was what really counted? You, John, and indeed the mother of Jesus, Mary, sustained in your own being what had been revealed by living in his presence and did not deny that reality. John, you showed the restraint that was called for in the days that followed. You followed the Master's instruction to tarry in the evolving consciousness, so that the substance of Being would precede any outward action. I'm sure others judged you for doing this.

You three came to be with the Master, just as we all are here today, as Beings who are incarnate now. We are standing on this same earth as these three did. And we, as incarnate right now, feel a connection that spans time

and dimension, and humbly acknowledge your living, the presence of your Being, and consciously acknowledge the design of Being we share with you.

On behalf of all Beings, we consciously use this empathic connection to allow our hearts to feel the price you paid for us, for the purpose of unifying our resolve with you, right now, in Being, in union with the One we love above all, together representing this, here on the planet where we stand. Thank you, you three.

DAVID KARCHER: I invite you to speak the Ho'oponopono to these three.

*I am sorry.
Please forgive me.
Thank you.
I love you.*

*We are sorry.
Please forgive us.
Thank you.
We love you.*

For a Christian to have a real relationship with Jesus, they have to treat him with all the dignity and respect you would rightfully treat any Being. You have to be ready to have a *real* relationship, not just a distant adoration of a religious icon. A real relationship contains reciprocity—a back and forth, an exchange. In the case of Jesus, and the profound spiritual gift he brought, what is the gift we have to give back? Maybe it starts with *I'm sorry*. And then, in the exchange, we have the opportunity to get to know him as the Being he is, in all his glory.

So it is with anyone, realizing we are not all the same. Jesus' own teaching of love, empathy, compassion and oneness guides us to honor the reality of Being wherever we find it and to enter into the uniquely appropriate relationship with the expression of Being through another. And then, the magnificence of Being is revealed to us.

Let this practice at the core of Christianity change it forever. Let it change all of humankind.

David Karchere
dkarchere@emnet.org
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