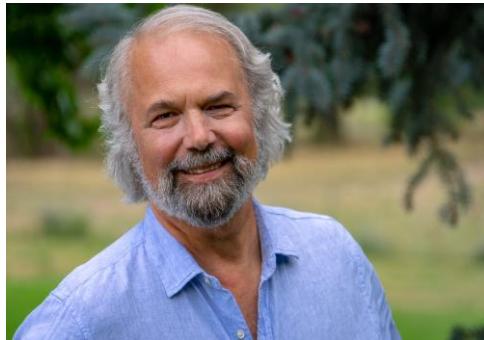


THE HOOLI OF HOOLIS

PULSE OF SPIRIT
JANUARY 14, 2026



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.

I suspect that you have figured out that this is not a politically correct publication. Neither can it be pigeonholed within some kind of religious tradition. There is something transcendent in which we are participating, and it defies any cultural box.

There is an expression that I always assumed was in the Bible. But I found out that it is not, at least not in the form with which I am familiar. It is the term *Holy of Holies*.

You may be familiar with the expression because it refers to the inner sanctum of Moses' tabernacle, erected in the Sinai Desert and in both the First and Second Temples in Jerusalem. The Hebrew Bible referred to it as the *Qodesh HaQodashim* (phonetically, *Ko-desh Ha-Ko-da-shim*). In Latin, it was called the *sanctum sanctorum*. The first use of the term was by John Wycliffe in his 14th-century Bible written in Middle English. He translated it as *hooli of hoolis*. William Tyndale—whose work formed much of the basis for the King James Version of the Bible (1611)—translated the term as *the holy of all holies*. The King James refers to it as the *most holy place*.

18th-century English poetry and sermons began to use the term *Holy of Holies* as a reference not only to the Tabernacle and the Temples of old but to the human heart as a place for the sacred residence of the Divine.

Taking the term past its historical context and its description of something in an ancient temple, it says to me that within the sacredness of life, there is one thing that makes all things holy.

Life itself is holy, or at least it can be. As Albert Schweitzer said, there is reverence for life because of our sense of the preciousness of all life. And yet the sacredness of life gets trampled in human experience.

There is something within life that makes it holy. It is holy by its nature, but somehow if the inner reality of what life is fades for a person, then the intrinsic holiness of ourselves and each other—even the intrinsic holiness of human culture—fades, and we get something else.

All life is made holy because there is something within it that makes it holy—the Holy of Holies.

What is it in life that makes it all holy and full of wonder? It is the reality of Being inside of life that makes it holy. It is that name, that Presence, that identity that makes it all precious. And if we ever forget that about another person or about ourselves, it all goes pear-shaped. If I forget that about myself, I forget it about you.

We live in a culture that spreads something unholy—unwholesome and untrue—all over the place, and we can get fixated on that if we allow ourselves to. We can buy into a way of thinking and feeling that ignores the presence of the Holy of Holies.

Jesus said, *I am the vine*, presumably referencing a grapevine. *I am the vine. I am what is most central in life.* He was owning for himself the experience of the Holy of Holies, owning for himself his expression and embodiment of what was most central in himself and what indeed is most central to all people.

In the magic of life, there is One Presence of Being, the vine, that is the holy. When turned to and welcomed into life experience, that One Presence makes a human being holy. They know themselves as a branch of One Vine of the Holy. The uniqueness and diversity of who they are is lit up with the Holy.

To be creative, the human experience depends on both the vine and the branches. If we don't dare to be a branch—the uniqueness of who we are in our unique creativity and expression—that doesn't go well in a human life. And yet, if we lose track of the Holy of Holies within ourselves and all people and in the world, it all goes to rack and ruin, does it not? There is something that makes us holy, and without it, we become unholy—broken, unwholesome, untrue to who we are.

Perhaps you could testify to that—what it is like to find yourself in a state that is out of relationship with the holiness at your core. And no matter how much a person tries to make that state work, it doesn't. It doesn't come together without the Holy of Holies.

So, we are here to recover that for ourselves and for humankind. Recovering our own name is closely

associated with that experience of the Holy of Holies, which you might say is the one name, the one identity, that all human beings share in common. The Holy of Holies is not different for a person in China, Russia, or Australia than it is for us. It is the same reality that is central to all people and all things.

The Holy of Holies is the creative impulse of Being itself, seeking to manifest itself on Planet Earth. This is a vine that we share in common. And when we have that experience, we are brought together in an uncommon way in the world with a sense of togetherness that is precious beyond words.

Do you not aspire to that experience? Long for it? I know I do.

The creative impulse of Being brings the imperative of creativity. It brings the imperative to Love and to allow the power of the universe to come through us. It brings the imperative to be true to the creative intelligence that seeks to come through us.

While the creative impulse within us brings an imperative, it is one that can be ignored. No one is going to force us to turn to the Holy of Holies and accept its creative authority.

It is possible for a human being to feel the urge of the Holy of Holies within themselves and turn their back on it—to be distracted, to live in fear, doubt, and worry, and therefore not respond to the magnificence of that urge of the Creator within themselves. And if a person keeps turning their back on it, they forget it. The urge does not actually go anywhere. But it dies within the person.

The urge grows when we admit it, when we turn to it and give it expression, and embody it. Then it becomes real for us. We know it. We know how strong the urge is and the creative imperative it brings. It is an imperative because the alternative is the undoing of the human experience. On that basis, we start telling stories and lies about ourselves: *Oh, I'm this kind of person. I'm defined by how the world treats me. I have no love to give. It is not safe for me to be in the world.*

It is plain old not true. I love telling people that. I love telling people that the stories they are telling about themselves when they are not responding to the creative urge inside themselves are just not true. It is not who they are. Who we are is that Being who knows the holiness of life experience because it's connected to the Holy of Holies that makes all people and all things holy.

Humankind has sought to have the benefits of a beautiful life, you might say a holy life, without embracing the Holy of Holies that makes it beautiful. It is a futile effort as we seem to be busy proving as best we can as humankind. Yet we have a chance to prove something else.

It might seem like Jesus was making one whopper of a claim, saying he was the vine. *I am the vine, and you are just branches.* But he was speaking not just about himself as a human being in an outer sense. He was speaking about something within him that he knew and that he was bringing to the world, pointing out that what he was bringing was the most central thing for us as human beings. If he was truly bringing it, was that some kind of brash claim or just a plain statement of truth? If he was truly bringing it, shouldn't we say *Thank you?* Shouldn't we thank anyone who brings it?

It is not about the brag: *Oh, I'm bringing the vine. I'm bringing the Holy of Holies.* But surely somebody needs to bring it. It should be made visible, made present,

plain and obvious, relatable, so that that reality is not just in some invisible world of potential, but so that it is known by us as human beings. It is hard to imagine that this reality could be brought to human culture. But why couldn't it? I understand that it is shocking if somebody brings it. Let it be shocking. This world needs a shock. What, do we want to fit in? Fit into this world as it is?

Handel's *Messiah* contains a chorus that celebrates the Holy of Holies being brought to the world. The lyrics are from the Book of Isaiah. While they are usually thought of as relating to Jesus, they could also be seen as a celebration of the Holy of Holies being born through people who have the passion and courage to express it in their living.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

—Isaiah 9:6

Let the imperative of this reality live in the world.

David Karchere
dkarchere@emnet.org
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