

LET YOURSELF BE DANCED

Pulse of Spirit

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There are seasons of intensity in life that prepare us for what's coming next. We don't always recognize what's happening in the midst of the storm, but looking back, we can see how perfectly the cycle expanded us in exactly the ways we needed.

Recently, I found myself moving through one of those seasons of intensity.

A lot was unfolding at once. My wife, Kimberly, went through hip surgery, calling for care, adjustment, and steady support as she recovered.

At the same time, we welcomed a brand-new puppy into our lives—bringing sleepless nights, early mornings, and a whole new rhythm to find.

In the midst of it all, my own body asked for attention as I moved through a bout of pneumonia that brought me to a halt and slowed me in ways I resisted.

And alongside everything at home, I was doing my part to prepare for the upcoming internship at Sunrise Ranch.

It was a stormy cycle—and at times, I could feel myself nearing a breaking point.

What that pressure revealed to me was simple—but not always comfortable. It showed me where I was lacking patience, where I was lacking compassion, and where I was resisting life as it was unfolding.

That's what these moments do—they reveal where we are out of alignment and where the foundation is asking to be strengthened.

I confess that it took some time to move through the resistance and self-judgment. As I searched for steady ground, I turned to the highest love and wisdom I know and began asking: What is mine to know here? What is mine to see? What is

mine to bless? What is mine to forgive—right now?

Each time, I was brought back to the present moment, to what is actually happening, to what is real.

And isn't that what we are practicing together? Not just understanding spiritual principles, but living them—moment by moment, breath by breath. Often, it is our challenges that offer the clearest invitation to do so.

Years ago, when I was studying the work of Thomas Troward, I came across the idea of the spiritual prototype—the understanding that there is an original design, not just for us as individuals, but for all of life.

A pattern that exists in the invisible before it ever takes form. And as human beings, we have the capacity to either align with that design or override it with our own reactions, conditioning, and ideas about how things should be. David spoke to this same idea last Sunday, in his own unique way.

The inspiration that was provided last week also made me think of another term that Troward used, which was the Original Artist. The Original Artist is the source of all creation, the intelligence behind life itself.

The invitation for us all is to tune in to that reality and let it move through us—to let the Original Artist lead the dance of our lives, and to let the Original Artist within be revealed right where we are.

But before that can happen, we have to be willing

to be led.

I remember the first time I danced with someone who truly knew how to lead.

I hesitated when he asked me to dance and said, "I don't know how to dance like that." He smiled and said, "Don't worry—I've got you."

And in that moment, something in me had to soften.

I had to let go of the need to know what I was doing.

Let go of anticipating the next move.

Let go of trying to get it right.

I had to stop thinking and start feeling.

I had to trust.

And as I did, something remarkable happened.

I began to sense the guidance—not in words, but in connection.

A subtle shift of weight.

A gentle pressure.

A movement that invited a response.

And when I followed that . . . when I allowed myself to be led . . .

The dance came alive.

It was effortless.

It was joyful.

It was as if something else was moving through us—something already whole, already knowing the way.

That's what it feels like to let the Original

Artist lead.

It is not forceful. It is not rigid. It is not something you have to figure out.

It is something you feel into. Something you respond to. Something you allow.

But here's what I'm also coming to understand more deeply...

The dance is not just about being led.

There are moments when we are called to lead.

In a relationship.

In a conversation.

In a moment of decision.

In the way we hold a space for others.

And the invitation is not to switch out of alignment when that happens—but to let the same Presence that leads us . . . lead us in leading.

To lead without taking over.

To guide without controlling.

To move without forcing.

Just like in a beautiful dance, where the one who is leading is not dominating but listening just as deeply as the one who is following. Feeling the connection. Responding moment by moment. Adjusting, attuning, allowing the dance to be co-created.

In that kind of dance, there is no struggle over who is in control.

There is only movement. Flow. Relationship.

And that's the deeper invitation here.

To become so attuned to the Original Artist that, whether we are being led or taking the lead, we are still moved by the same source.

Still listening.

Still responding.

Still allowing something greater than our personal will to shape what is unfolding.

Because there are so many other things we can be tuned into—fear, unworthiness, old history, past narratives. And those will interrupt the dance. They will make us rigid, reactive, disconnected.

But when we return . . . when we soften . . . when we listen again . . . the dance is always there, waiting.

As we move through life, there will be moments of pressure and challenge. But what if they are not here to defeat us, but to refine us? If we let the fire of Love move through us, it reveals what is ready to change.

It shows us where we are holding on to the old story, where we are seeing with eyes of judgment or fear. It reveals what is ready to be released. Not to punish us, but to free us.

When we live this way—aligned with our true origin, open to the guidance of the Original Artist—something shifts. We become an epicenter for a new world, not by striving but by being aligned. We carry a presence others can feel. And from that place, we begin to influence the field around us.

So the question becomes: What are we bringing?
What are we transmitting? Are we repeating
history or embodying something new?

The invitation is simple: Let the Original Artist
lead. Moment by moment. Breath by breath. Let
yourself be danced. And when it is your turn to
lead, let yourself be guided even as you lead.

Because a new world doesn't begin somewhere
out there.
It begins wherever someone is willing to enter
the dance . . . and remain true to the One who is
leading it all.

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