

# THE PULSE OF SPIRIT



EMISSARIES  
OF DIVINE LIGHT

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## HOME

14 MARCH 2011

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*Welcome Home.*

Those could be the sweetest words anybody could ever hear. My experience of home has been ongoing now for many years. One of the things I woke up to at some point was that this is not just home for me—this isn't some plan to get Maureen Waller safely home and then relax. There is relaxation in coming home, for sure, but there's also something to do, having come home.

I was considering the vastness of the responsibility that we have, but also of the privileges that we have been given. There have been millennia of recorded history, where there has always been a message coming through someone or some ones that there is something more, that we can break through this miasma of darkened human consciousness and find true home. That happened for me and, as I said, my interest is in making sure that I do everything I can to have it happen for people, other people who are still looking.

The other day into my head came "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." So I thought, what does that really have to do with what it is I'm considering right now? It didn't take long to realize what it had to do with it. If we keep quiet—if we, in other terms, hide our lights under a bushel—it will make it that much more difficult for those who are still seeking to find home. I'd like to read just a few verses from the psalm from which that came, because there is other treasure in there too. It is Psalm 107:

*O give thanks unto the LORD, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.*

*Let the redeemed of the LORD say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;*

*And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.*

*They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.*

*Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.*

*Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.*

*And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.*

*Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!*

*For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.*

*(Psalm 107:1-9)*

That has deep meaning to me. And in this strange human world that we've created, there is still the possibility that everyone can have that experience of finding a city of habitation and having their hungering and thirsting satisfied. It only happens with the truth. There have been many imposters along the way, setting themselves up in human consciousness as being the right way, in a structured, controlling, dark way.

We all have the opportunity of being emissaries of divine light. I am spelling that in this connection with a small "e," which then encompasses the whole world: Everybody can be an emissary of divine light. I needed help, other people need help, and that's what we're here for. It's a grand mission, it's a grand adventure, and it's time that we stop falling back as soon as we get comfortable—and I'm speaking of the human race in general—falling back into this deluded comfort zone. There is no lasting comfort to be found in the distractions that are offered to take our minds off what's coming down the pike.

In the psalm that I read, there are about five other references to the people crying unto the Lord in their distresses, and each time assistance is given—and then there'll be another occasion. Well, I believe that's the sad story of the human race, the story of man, or man as he has become. And I do believe it's time that that comes to an end. It will only come to an end through me and through each one of you. There is not going to be a big cloud that comes down, settles on us, and lo and behold, we are enlightened. Our spiritual work is what brings that about. And as we do it, we punch holes in this darkness that's in the world today and we restore the planet.

The planet, in my experience, is restored according to how, as David Karchere was saying, I think and feel. I can look at this world, I can look at the beauty of this world, and I can feel part of something really grand and magnificent; or I can listen to the news and get weighed down by

darkened human consciousness. I know what I choose and I actually can bring that sense of grandeur into listening to the news, too. Uranda described this planet as our “home among the stars.” That resonated so deeply for me, and still does. This is our home among the stars and it’s a home that needs taking care of. It’s a home that needs *real* people living in it. So welcome home.

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