

THE PULSE OF SPIRIT



EMISSARIES
OF DIVINE LIGHT

LIVE YOUR KNIGHTHOOD

30 MAY 2011

Quiet! The dreams of God are being born here.

What are those dreams? Is it for us to be good, upright citizens, righteous, and following the rules?

The dreams of God are being born here. I was thinking of the verse in the gospel of John: “I am come that they might have *life*, and that they might have it more *abundantly*.” (*John 10:10*) What a fabulous dream that is! And I realize that’s not just the words recorded of the master Jesus in some ancient text, completely unrelated to me, in some distant time. Those are the words of the spirit in me for my life, right now. I might have life more abundantly; you might have life more abundantly. Jesus just reminded us that that’s how it’s always been.

In the one-day Life Destiny Immersion program we held here at Riverdell, in South Australia, a participant mentioned how lucky he has been in his life. And that got me thinking back to a pivotal time in my life. It was 1982, and I held in my arms our first child, Sam. I was stunned to realize how little I had contributed to this marvelous creation that I was holding. Now, I’d held many babies before and delivered hundreds, but the impact of it, the importance of it, didn’t strike me until then—here was another being, another gift being given to me.

It was almost overwhelming. I found myself in a life review, thinking back to all the gifts I’ve been given that appeared, in one sense, to be just chance. It was chance that my wife, Lyell, happened to move into the student house in which I was already living and became my life partner. It was chance

that I had a nine-week rotation in my first year as a resident medical doctor to Horsham, where we would subsequently live for twenty-five years and raise our family. It was chance that I went to a talk in Melbourne on wellness, delivered by Richard Hetzel, which led me to the Whole Health Institute and into the Emissary program and standing here now.

In 1982, holding my son, I could no longer accept this was just chance. This was too good. I was being blessed. Me, not someone more worthy—me! Just ordinary me. I was being asked to kneel before the throne of the King within me and be knighted: “It’s your turn.” I didn’t know what I was being knighted for. I couldn’t see that there was anything particularly spectacular that I had done to deserve this. Yet that was what was asked of me. Would I step forward and be knighted?

And I faced this awe-full choice: I could actually sabotage this if I wanted. I could try and deny this was happening; I could stuff it up somehow. That was a choice. But the call of the spirit in me was such that I said yes, I’ll step forward. I’ll accept that I’m chosen for this. And at once I felt incredibly humble, because I realized there was nothing I had done—I was just being honored for who I was. I was being blessed for who I was, not who I thought I should be, not for any clever achievements of my mind, but simply because I was me. And at the same I felt immensely significant, because I realized I could no longer pretend that my life was unimportant. I had to face the fact that my life *was* important. I wouldn’t be kneeling before the throne to be knighted and then throw that away.

I had to be willing to accept that my life *did* have a purpose and that somehow that purpose would be my response to that knighthood. I didn’t actually know what that was going to look like, but I knew that that was the most important thing I would do in my life: to find the answer to that knighting. And this had to do with my life destiny. This wasn’t about more study, being a better person. This was about finding what it was that I came here to do, that no one else would do. I had to find that for myself.

It was only because there was a space in me in which my clever mind was willing to surrender, to give up its good ideas, because I knew there was something more reliable than my good ideas. I knew there was the King within me. I didn’t have to look outside for a King—I knew the feeling. So I knew there was the source in me that would guide me in finding my answer to that calling to be all that I came to be and discover what that was going to be like in this flesh body, and that I didn’t have to know it all with my head. I could follow the guidance of my spirit.

So this destiny quest has been unfolding more consciously for the last twenty-nine years, since our son was born, but the way remains unchanged: Make space for God the Possible in our lives. I

made space by surrendering my clever mind to the King within me. Make space for God the Possible. *Be* God the Means. Let the spirit, the King, the source within you animate you so that whatever you do fulfills the quest that's yours in response to *your* knighthood.

And when that happens, God the Manifest appears, effortlessly. Here in South Australia, we've had two weeks with Jane Anetrini and Cliffe Connor, who have been offering various programs with others here. Wonders have formed in this time—things that I didn't imagine would happen but happened. And they have happened because there has been space for God the Possible, and people willing to be God the Means. Magic happens. The way is clear.

God has many dreams for our lives, *many* dreams for our lives. These are the food of our life destiny. Let's plan time to prepare the space, personally and together, so the banquet might appear.

Andrew Horwood
ahorwood@emnet.org

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100 Sunrise Ranch Road ♦ Loveland, CO 80538
970.679.4200 phone 970.679.4248 fax