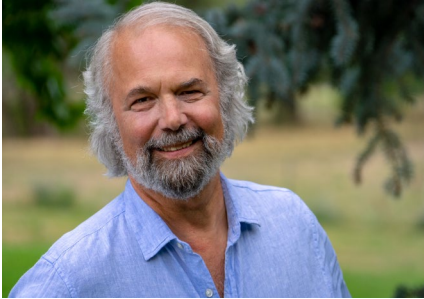


PRAISE TO THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

PULSE OF SPIRIT
MAY 13, 2020



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.

Seismologists in Brussels are seeing about a 30% to 50% reduction in the ambient seismic noise during this global pandemic. This is due to the cessation of the usual traffic and other human activity. So it has become easier for them to hear the natural sounds of the Earth Mother. They are comparing this phenomenon to Christmastime.

But it's not only the seismologists who are noticing a difference. Many of us are noticing that the ambient noise of human culture has died down, and the heart connection that we all have with the Great Mother is easier to feel. And just as on Christmas Day, when people around the world tend to still their hearts and tune in to a higher love, perhaps during this pandemic the same is happening. Perhaps the stillness we are experiencing will break through the human resistance to our heart connection.

We who share this *Pulse of Spirit* tune in to the love of the Great Mother very consciously, to amplify that love and to let it resound through the auric field. And truly, that is natural for anyone.

These words are a translation from the Gospel of Thomas, found in the Nag Hammadi library:

If you bring forth what is within you, what you bring forth will save you. If you do not bring forth what is within you, what you do not bring forth will destroy you.

Related to this teaching, I had this thought cross my mind recently:

What if the origin of grief is not a loss of connection with someone or something outside us? What if grief is a result of not giving the gift of love that we have to bring?

PRAISE TO THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

I put it to the test in my own experience. I thought about my own feelings for people close to me who have died. I asked myself: *Is the grief I feel because I miss them? Or is it because I never told them how much I love them?*

I let myself feel the profound, overwhelming feelings of love that were in my heart. I let the feelings flow and flow and flow some more. The grief left me, leaving only the warmth of love.

And so it is, I believe, in all of our lives. The angst within the human heart is so much about all the ungiven gifts.

We have the gift of Mother God, which She gives to us. And we have the opportunity to give the full measure of what we have received. If Her love stays inside us, ungiven, there is great pressure—the pressure of the gift wanting to come out. And then, if the gift within us is not given, it begins to die inside us, and there is all the angst that we feel from that dying gift.

If we figure out that what really matters is that we give the gifts we have to give, our life changes dramatically. Life ceases to be about all the people we haven't forgiven, or about the outer circumstances of our life. It is all about all the gifts that we have to give at so many levels and the people to whom we give them. And my experience is that most people have a gift of profound love and compassion to give to the world that they have hardly even dreamt of.

These words are from the song *Place of Worship*, from the Emissary songbook *Songs of Praise and Thanksgiving*:

*Earth with gladness greets Thy presence;
Kingdoms rush unto the tone.
Worlds of beauty come before Thee
In this place, our holy home.*

These are the words that convey the spirit of the Great Mother, voiced through people who are embodying that spirit. They remind me of the response of Mother Earth to Father Sun. The Earth herself embodies the Great Mother, and the Sun the Great Father.

*Sweet the lifting scent of worship
To Thy heart our love ascends.
O what glory fills Thy temple.
From this place Thy word extends.*

Sounds like a cosmic love affair to me!

*Winds of spirit touch creation;
Currents rise to bear Thee fruit.
All is drawn to breathe in oneness.
With accord, let us commune.*

It's often said that this is the time of the rise of the feminine. And it's often lamented that women don't have their due place in the world. Or that their voices aren't heard. There are calls for equality in social, political and economic spheres.

If anyone is to truly be a champion for the

PRAISE TO THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

rise of the feminine and the rise of the spirit of Mother God, certainly they must welcome it in themselves and in other people. We could pray to something that seems to be outside of ourselves, which we might attribute to Mother God or to the Earth itself. But perhaps now we are seeing that the rise of Mother God is a rising within humanity.

*Sweet the lifting scent of worship
To Thy heart our love ascends.
O what glory fills Thy temple.
From this place Thy word extends.*

The temple of human experience is now being filled by the Divine Mother, rising among us.

The fidelity and the integrity of us all in the holy temple is everything. This is the sacred cup we have become. That's true for us as an individual. And our integrity collectively as that temple invites the cosmic power of Father God, in union with the Divine Mother. We as humanity were made to be the place where these two great realities meet.

In the end, Mother God has no reality without Father God, and Father God no reality without the Mother. There is one cosmic dance going on here and we have the honor and the privilege of taking part in that dance. Yes, there is the softness, the gentleness, the wonder of the Mother. In the world in which we live, it often seems

hard for that reality to be kept safe. Perhaps only in the sanctity of our own sacred spaces. In the world at large, so often the reality of Mother God withers in human experience. Her spirit suffers in the human experience with the hardness of the world in which we live. And so we're left to ask the question for ourselves, *What does it take for us personally to allow that quality of Motherhood to be present for us?* Knowing that nothing of any value is born without someone to give it birth. For me and the community where I live, Sunrise Ranch, we can't thrive without the spirit of the Mother in this valley, rising in the human experience.

The same is true in all our lives and throughout human culture. Our emergence and rebirth as humankind requires the integrity and the strength of the spirit of Mother God to hold living and growing things as they mature and develop and come to birth. How do we let that be present, with all the things that attack the gentleness and the softness? I believe that's a profound question for us as human beings.

I've been astonished at the simplicity with which Jesus spoke to this issue. In the 10th chapter of the Book of Matthew he charges his disciples with the power to teach and to heal. The whole chapter is beautiful. It includes this statement:

*Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and
harmless as doves.*

PRAISE TO THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

It takes real wisdom to allow the harmlessness of a dove to be present and safe. That wisdom calls us to the fidelity of the Great Mother, who is always opening upward, always releasing and giving herself. And that is Her secret: She is constantly renewed in Her letting go upward. And in letting go upward, She receives the protection of the Father. She receives strength, power and radiance.

I don't know about you, but I didn't come into this world to be a martyr. I don't believe any of us did. We came here to be of service, to be strong and resilient, and to call this world to life and regeneration. But how do we do that? Not by simply bringing the softness of the Mother without the wisdom and power that protects Her. That protection comes because of Her constant union with what is symbolized by the sun. So must it be in our own experience.

Here is my poem "Praise to the Queen of Heaven and Earth." It seems appropriate on this day. I wrote it after the tragedy of the passing of Princess Diana. Here was an instance when gentleness couldn't survive in the world through her, at least not for long. I could feel how much the whole world longed for a queen like that. They wished that she would be their queen, revealing how there is the beauty of the Divine Mother within us all, which we desire to know. And within the entire field we share as human beings, it deserves to be seen and

acknowledged, treasured, valued and protected.

Praise to the Queen of Heaven and Earth;
She in whom all things are conceived, born and nourished;
All the creatures who walk on the ground,
The fox, the deer, the ants and all;
She in whom the grass grows,
And in whom the apple tree, which gives its fruit, is nourished;
She who receives the lily petals when they fall from their stems,
And who receives the baby's tears,
Who hears the prayers of the poor and the rich alike,
And who receives all as her own.

Praise to the Queen of Heaven and Earth.
Our hearts are carried to you on the wings of our songs,
And in our labors of love,
Sanctified in your rich heart which is our own,
In your work of love which we carry out in our days,
Carrying your blessing
As a kiss on our forehead,
As violets in our hair,
As a golden locket over our heart
Reminding us of how precious you are.

Praise to the Queen of Heaven and Earth.

PRAISE TO THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

*You walk among us in our children,
In our closest friends, and friends
unknown;
In our loves,
And as our mothers,
In those who know you and serve you
above all else,
And in ourselves.
Shining as bright as the noonday sun,
Or hidden like the sliver moon behind a
cloud,*

*You walk among us as we have eyes to
see.*

*Praise to the Queen of Heaven and
Earth,
All is given to you.
All lives in Thee.*

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May 10, 2020*



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