

Living in the Heart

How to Enter into the Sacred
Space within the Heart

With two chapters on the
relationship between the heart
and the Mer-Ka-Ba

Drunvalo Melchizedek



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*If someone says to you,
“In the fortified city of the imperishable,
our body, there is a lotus
and in this lotus a tiny space:
what does it contain that one
should desire to know it?”*

*You must reply:
“As vast as this space without
is the tiny space within your heart:
heaven and earth are found in it,
fire and air, sun and moon,
lightening and the constellations,
whatever belongs to you here below
and all that doesn't,
all this is gathered in that tiny space
within your heart.”*

* Chandogya Upanishad 8.1.2-3

Given to me by Ron LaPlace the day after this book was finished.

—Drunvalo

Preface

Since 1971, I have been intensely studying meditation and the human lightbody called the Mer-Ka-Ba, and my being has been absorbed in this ancient tradition for most of my adult life. It always seemed to me to be all encompassing and the answer to my myriad questions about life. My inner guidance taught me the sacred geometries that led to my discovery of the lightbody, and sacred geometry itself appeared to be complete and hold all the knowledge and mysteries of the universe. It was truly amazing.

After many years of experience within these fields of light, however, it slowly became clear to me that there was more, yet for a long time I couldn't articulate what it was. As usual, God reveals His/Her Self in unusual and often cryptic ways. Somewhere within the inner worlds of my spaces, an esoteric jewel of immense spiritual value that goes beyond the Mer-Ka-Ba gradually made its way into my life. And for what reason? I can only assume that it was to be used.

So these words are my gift to you, for truly I know who you are and I love you as the Earth loves the Sun. I believe in you, and I believe you will use this knowledge wisely—but I am also not concerned that you might misuse this information, as it cannot be misused.

Drunvalo Melchizedek

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Introduction



ong, long ago we humans were quite different. We could communicate and experience in ways that only a few in today's modern world would even begin to understand. We could use a form of communication and sensing that does not involve the brain whatsoever but rather comes from a sacred space within the human heart.

In Australia the Aborigines are still connected in an ancient web of life they call dreamtime. In this collective dream or state of consciousness they continue to exist within their hearts and live and breathe in a world that has become almost completely lost to today's Western mind. Nearby, in New Zealand, the Maori can see across the vastness of space to the United States in their "meditations." In this manner they link in actual communication with the Hopi to set up meetings to exchange their prophesies. Without sending a single "technological" communication, the arrangements are made. In Hawaii, the Kahuna commune with Mother Earth to ask for the place where the fish are swimming to feed their people. The billowing white clouds in the pristine blue sky turn into the shape of a human hand that points to the teeming fish below. In a high mountain valley deep in the Sierra Nevada mountains of Colombia, South America, lives a tribe of indigenous people who know the language that has no words. This language comes from a sacred space within their hearts.

If only we could remember! Before Babylon, the Holy Bible says, humankind was blessed with a single language that all peoples on

the Earth knew. But afterwards we were split into hundreds of spoken languages creating barriers among us, keeping us separate from one another, each in our own little introverted world.

The mistrust born of misunderstanding was our involuntary fate; in this fashion we were destined to be pitted against each other. We couldn't talk to each other. It was separation in the coldest form. Even if they were born of the same cosmic Source, brothers and sisters were unable to express their thoughts and feelings and soon became enemies. As the centuries piled upon each other, the ancient way of entering the heart to experience the common dream got lost in the isolation of the human mind.

This is a book of remembering. You have always had this place within your heart, and it is still there now. It existed before creation, and it will exist even after the last star shines its brilliant light. At night when you enter your dreams, you leave your mind and enter your sacred space of your heart. But do you remember? Or do you only remember the dream?

Why am I telling you about this "something" that is fading from our memories? What good would it do to find this place again in a world where the greatest religion is science and the logic of the mind? Don't I know that this is a world where emotions and feelings are second-class citizens?

Yes, I do. But my teachers have asked me to remind you who you really are. You are more than just a human being, much more. For within your heart is a place, a sacred place where the world can literally be remade through conscious cocreation. If you really want peace of spirit and if you want to return home, I invite you into the beauty of your own heart. With your permission I will show you what has been shown to me. I will give you the exact instructions to the pathway into your heart, where you and God are intimately one.

It is your choice. But I must warn you: Within this experience resides great responsibility. Life knows when a spirit is born to the higher worlds, and life will use you as all the great masters who have

ever lived have been used. If you read this book and do the meditation and then expect nothing to change in your life, you may get caught spiritually napping. Once you have entered the “Light of the Great Darkness,” your life will change—eventually, you will remember who you really are; eventually, your life will become a life of service to humanity.

In the last two chapters reside a surprise and a glimpse of great hope. The human lightbody that surrounds the body for about fifty-five to sixty feet in diameter, the Mer-Ka-Ba (which I wrote about in my first two books, *The Ancient Secret of the Flower of Life* volumes I and II), has a secret inherently connected to this sacred space of the heart. If you are practicing the Mer-Ka-Ba meditation in your life, I believe you will find the information in this book to be paramount to your journey of ascension into the higher worlds of light. If you are only interested in the sacred space of the heart, may these words be a blessing in your life and help you remember your true nature.

One last comment. This book is written with the least amount of words possible to convey the meaning and to keep the integrity of the essence of this experience. The images are purposefully simple. It is written from the heart, not the mind.

Chapter One

Beginning with the Mind



Clearing the Air with Technology

Clearing the Air with the Human Lightbody

Meeting the Inner World in the Heart



Almost at random I chose a seemingly arbitrary point in my life to begin my story: not while I was in meditation of the higher worlds of sacred geometry or the Mer-Ka-Ba, but in a simple everyday scene where I made a decision to help the Earth heal her environment using technology of the mind. I feel we all have this responsibility, and if I was going to talk about it as I did in some of my public lectures, I had to live it. So I opened myself to all the possibilities that might come my way of how I could personally help heal the environmental conditions on our dear Earth.

But so that you understand—it is not the subject of cleaning the environment itself that is the reason why I am telling you this story. It is what happened to me and how my life changed while I was experimenting with an environmental machine called the R-2 that began to open my spirit to a new and different manner of experiencing life.

Little did I know at the time that these technological experiments would lead beyond my mind into uncharted parts of my consciousness and deep into a secret place within my heart.

Clearing the Air with Technology

The story begins in May of 1996, when an old friend called me up and asked if I was interested in helping on an air pollution clearing project he was involved with in Denver, Colorado. I'll keep his name quiet since I believe he would want me to; I'll just call him Jon. This man was a renegade scientist studying all aspects of life and the physical world in a small but sophisticated home lab.

I doubt his IQ could even be measured, as he was clearly a master genius. He had created a new way to “see” into the reality using microwave emissions, which gave him a tremendous advantage in searching for answers in our world. Even our government, knowing his work, was not able to duplicate it until just recently.

Jon said that he and his associates, one of whom was Slim Spurling with his incredible coils, had found out something about

nature that could heal some of the environmental problems of the planet, and he wanted me to see what it was. He said that they had cleared up the air pollution in Denver and that the air was now pristine. He asked me to come and see for myself.

I could hardly believe this, since I used to live in Boulder, Colorado, just a few miles from Denver, which had at that time, in the late 70s, the worst air quality in America—worse than Los Angeles even. It was one of the reasons I'd left Boulder in the first place. Actually, I thought Jon might be exaggerating, but knowing his intellect and genius, pretty much anything was possible. So I figured, why not? I needed to get away anyhow, and this looked like something that at the very least would be interesting.

I decided to go with an open mind, with no expectations. Even if what he said wasn't true, this trip would bring me close to the snowcapped mountains of the Rockies, which always made me feel more alive.



A week later I stepped off the plane in Denver into a virginal atmosphere the likes of which I had rarely seen in my life. It was more like there was no atmosphere. I could see the trees on the mountains in the far distance, twenty miles away.

I just stood there like a lost tourist in a strange land, gawking at a cleanliness I never saw in the five years I lived there. To say my interest was piqued is putting it mildly; I was stoked. Could Jon really have done this?

An airport taxi crawled up next to me, the driver exuding a soft, relaxed state of mind. He motioned for me to get in the front seat as though I was his old friend, and within minutes we were silently gliding toward Slim Spurling's home and research lab, a place I had never seen before but had heard great stories about.

I remember looking into the taxi driver's eyes, and he seemed to be completely stress-free, an unusual quality for a taxi driver. I asked

him how he liked his job. Looking at the road ahead, he said that he loved what he did. To him, people were like open books telling him stories of their experiences as they traveled around the world.

On this note he asked me why I was in Denver. I told him I was there to find an answer to the world's pollution problems. He looked at me, this time with a childlike innocence, and said, "It's all gone now. Look, no air pollution." I told him I could see that the air was amazingly clean. "More than that," he said. "Everyone I know feels so good! Do you know what happened?"

I didn't have an answer to his question, and soon we pulled up to a series of old two-story apartment buildings on the long street that eventually ends at the Colorado School of Mines in Golden, Colorado. Here I was to meet Slim Spurling, one of the researchers compiling the experimental information on a new pollution reduction instrument called the R-2.

This was a magical invention that somehow captured the waveform of a rain cloud just as it was about to lighten and sent it over a thirty-five mile area, breaking hydrocarbons down into harmless molecules, oxygen and water vapor. Was it really true? It definitely felt like it from breathing the air on Slim's street.

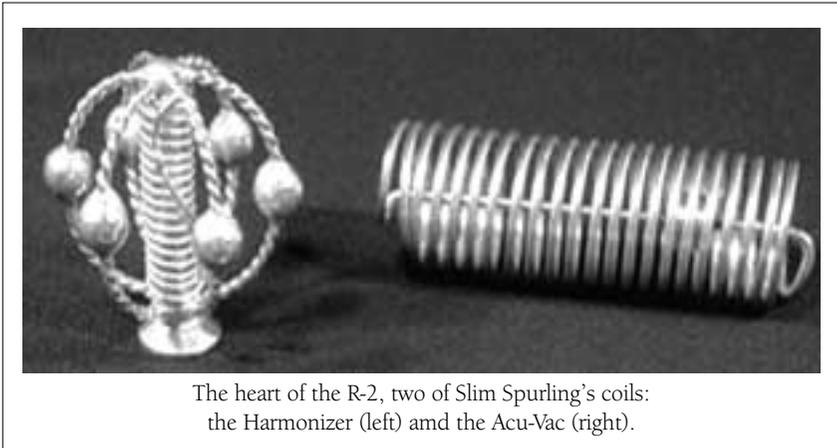
I knocked and heard Slim yell for me to come on in, and so I did. His house was definitely a laboratory and not a place to live, sleep and eat. It soon became clear that his place to live was upstairs, separate from his researching world.

Strange copper coils of various sizes were sitting around the floor, and there were other things that only God and Slim knew what they were. To this man, who looked like a cross between Merlin with his long, white beard and an old cowboy searching for a lost cow to herd home, these "old coils" were actually doing something to help clean up Denver's air pollution.

Jon was not there on the first day but Slim, his co-inventor, and two other researchers who were testing the equipment were. Soon the two left for the day and I was alone with Slim and could begin to

understand this man, who was another genius as it rapidly became apparent. I stayed with Slim and his colleagues for a few days learning what they felt they could share with me.

Here is how an R-2 works—actually, there is much more to it, but the following is an approximation: The waveform a rain cloud emits just as it is about to discharge lightning is duplicated in a special machine (this is not the R-2). It is then put on a computer chip in the R-2, whose speaker system sends it into the atmosphere through an embedded coil called a harmonizer. The waveform then grows and expands into the shape of a toroidal field (like a donut), affecting the gravity waves to clean up the pollution from a distance. The R-2 has four dials attached to the end of threaded metal rods, forming a tetrahedron. The dials can be turned to tune the toroidal field so that it “becomes alive.”



The heart of the R-2, two of Slim Spurling's coils:
the Harmonizer (left) and the Acu-Vac (right).

Jon and Slim both considered the toroidal energy fields to be “alive” (and so would I after I witnessed how it interacted with nature). I tried to keep an open mind since much of this was new to me at the time.

First I learned how to tune an R-2 by a feeling in my third eye as I turned the four dials on the unit. Really, it was very easy; as I'd had so much experience in the psychic field, doing this seemed completely natural to me. (Later I realized that only a few could do this right, but almost any sensitive can be trained.)