

Sacred Space

A place of one's own is a luxury in life. But definitely an attainable luxury.

I don't mean finally living without roommates or having a spare closet to lock yourself into when the going gets tough with those you do cohabitate with. I'm getting at something more transcendental than that.

Which is creating a sacred space of one's own on the inner planes of consciousness. A retreat, always accessible, which provides a peaceful place to seek guidance, connection, equilibrium, fresh ideas, anything, really. And a retreat that gives our spirit the chance to be an architect unhindered by budgetary constraints, logic, or the laws of physics.

How does one build such a space? How does one get there? What should it look like? What should one do there?

Quite easily, through imagination and visualization. And there are zero "shoulds!" Literally whatever combination of architecture and aesthetics that best expresses your energetic signature and whatever you're looking to experience at any given time is best.

And the best way to teach you, I believe, is to invite you into *my* sacred space and what's sort of my routine there. By giving you a tour, I'll perhaps give you ideas for a happy place all your own.

Let me preface this by saying I've been building and remodeling this personal sanctuary for years. I was around seventeen or so the first time I did a meditation that introduced me to this concept, and I conjured up a boxy red brick space that has nothing in common with where I find myself going now. And things get changed up nearly every time I visit. So, don't feel the need to be as elaborate as me, or like what you come up with at first is what you're stuck with.

Also, you may find that my ideal sacred space sounds totally unlike your ideal sacred space. Good! Use your strong opinions to inform how you'd like your unique dreamscape to be.

Now, come away with me!

We travel to my sacred space by taking our consciousness up through our upper chakras – our third eye, our crown atop our head, our causal chakra behind our head, our soul star and stellar gateway chakras above our heads, and all the other higher dimensional chakras above that – all the while following a thin silver cord. (Sidenote: we are all always connected to our higher selves by a silver energetic cord while in body.) This silver cord leads up through the clouds and stars and ethers, and eventually trails up the steps of a creamy white marble staircase.

We glide to the top of the steps and turn to the left. There we are greeted by a thick velvet curtain hanging from a massive rounded archway of the same white stone. The color of this velvet curtain changes whenever I come here, because, often, one of my purposes in coming here is to ask, and perceive intuitively, what color energy and accompanying frequency I can carry in my energy field for the highest good of all on that particular day.

It could be a royal blue exuding the vibration of patience, for example. Sometimes more than one color appears mixed together. We slip past the velvet curtain into a short corridor with a vaulted ceiling, like an anteroom all in creamy white marble. Three little torches light the way from the right wall, their flames also matching the color of the day.

You'll soon see most of the furnishings here change to match whichever color it turns out to be. I resonate a lot with colors in general, personally, and like to make it sort of a...décor scheme. (Another sidenote: I'll be doing a podcast about all the colored rays; their properties and benefits and ways of working with them. Stay tuned.)

Another curtain of matching color hangs at the other end of the small anteroom, though this one is sheer and gauzy. We brush past it into the main area of my space, which is a long, airy rectangular parlor in part, with a very rococo-neoclassical vibe.

The floor is tiled in a checkered pattern, with white marble alternating with stone slabs in the color of day.

To the right, we spot a painted vase holding a floral arrangement resting upon an ornately carved console table with a marble top, above which hangs an oval mirror with a fancy gilt frame – all somehow matching the color of day.

Moving away to the left, we stop before a large marble fireplace with a crackling fire, set into a wall above which hangs another, even larger mirror. The mantle of the fireplace is topped with a long garland of flowers and foliage – all in the tones of the color of day.

The walls all around are white, accented with 18th-century style decorative plasterwork of shells and scrolls and fruits and the like, painted in the color of the day. Sconces trail along the walls holding colored taper candles lit with minute matching flames.

The ceiling...is not really there, when I come to think of it, maybe there are some colored crystal chandeliers sort of just dangling from space, but there often is the vast open sky, tinted in the color of the day, and which can be quite sunny, overcast and moody, laced with puffy, colored clouds, or starry. Sometimes it feels like twilight or dusk.

Turning away from the fireplace and walking into the main space, still keeping to the left, we find an area where I like to meet with members of my teams of light. Which could be spirit guides, angels, ancestors, ascended masters, crystal beings, star beings, plant totems, power animals, and so on. I might just ask for whoever wants to show up. There's often a fancy dining

table, laid out with a tablecloth, place settings, candlesticks, and cushy chairs, allllll in the color of the day. I sit here and converse, get messages, sometimes even have a toast and drink a glass of some energetic libation filled with supportive vibrations alongside my guides.

Turning back again into the main space, crossing diagonally to the right, heading further back, the architecture falls away into a garden or meadow, sometimes there might be a super shallow little stream to cross to get there. This outdoor space can be on the wild side or appear more manicured, the plants and atmosphere changes, depending, because you know it all matches the color and vibration of the day. I come here to sit a few moments, commune with nature herself and the elemental beings. It's very calming to do, and like getting some fresh air in an ultimate sense.

There's also a pool, a bit left of the garden, where I ask for the elements in my own energetic matrix to be balanced as I wade into the water, which indeed, also changes daily. The color and temperature will differ, and the water can be fine and fluid or thicker and more jelly-like, always presenting a unique combination of earth, air, water, fire, or ether energies, depending on what I might require. I usually feel a few different ones coming through strongly. (Yet another side note: we are indeed all made of the elements, according to sacred geometry, and I'll get into this more in due time too.)

Getting out of the pool, I usually see myself wrapped in a colored bath sheet to dry off, and pause by a fountain that's just across the way. It's multi-tiered and wrought of heavy carved stone, its color changes, of course, and its streaming water is colored as well. Sometimes there might be a nice colored mist hanging in the air around it. I think this fountain has evolved into existence here because I just love the feeling you get from being near running water as it gives off negative ions, which always transmits very purifying, perky energy to me. Might as well experience it etherically too.

Continuing forward and around to the right is a sort of blank, white space where I like to call in my higher self, which I see sometimes as a finely dressed, goddess-like version of me, other times, more like a ball or wash of energy, that's also often exuding the color and vibration of the day. I like to have my higher self dress me in protective garments and accessories of light that are attuned to the energies of the day, which can often look outlandishly luxurious and far out in my mind. And I take the chance to ask for any appropriate guidance and intend to physically embody as much of this higher aspect as possible.

Sometimes, I'll visit what is a rather new addition to my sacred space, which my higher self once showed me behind the area we meet. It's a library! A sweet little two-story, oval library, with light blue walls and books all around, except for the right side, which is all tall windows that I saw looking out on a terrace with topiaries. I've yet to properly explore this place and see what knowledge and possibilities it holds for me. For now, it's a good example of how a sacred space can keep on expanding.

And that concludes the tour! Feel free to borrow the blueprints to this place, though I understand if what I just described sounds somehow unfathomable. Consider it the byproduct of my vivid imagination, my zeal for visual stimuli, and the way I tend to be fairly clairvoyant within my third eye.

If it does sound like a lot, know that I don't linger or stress over the details here. It's actually quite quick for me to move through my sacred space. Because doing so is familiar, in part, but also because I just let myself be pretty intuitive about it. The main elements of the space have largely been of my conscious choosing, though the many minor daily changes I rattled off just tend to show up fully formed in my inner sight, I'm not doing much but being open and perceiving as I drift through. Writing this, I realized it's sort of as if my higher self has prepared the space in advance of my arrival.

Anyway, as you can see, wandering through your own sacred space can be quite a creative, informative, interdimensional relationship-building practice, and it's an excellent practice to develop your psychic senses. It also tends to feel super cozy and inviting, and provides a refuge for your spirit in difficult times. But best of all, as I said at the beginning, it can be whatever you want or need it to be, absolutely whenever. Whether you choose to build the likes of a heavenly palace or homey hobbit-hole, it is all yours!

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