

An Invitation
to Join Me in Entering the
Sacred Temple
of
Sedona

Places That Touch My Heart™

Welcome



Come Enter With Me

For many years, Sedona has been one of the places that nourished me most deeply.

I came here to learn, to walk, to sit upon the Earth, to listen, to meditate, and sometimes simply to be still.

There is something about Sedona that has always felt sacred to me — not just one place, but the whole landscape.

So come with me.

Let us enter slowly, notice what is around us, and allow this extraordinary place to speak in its own way.



Some places are not meant to be explained.

They are meant to be experienced.



Crossing the Threshold

There is a moment when
I enter Sedona when
something shifts.

The red rocks begin to
rise around me.
The landscape grows larger.
And without consciously
deciding to, I become
quieter.

It feels less like arriving
somewhere and more like
crossing a threshold.

As though I have stepped
into a temple with no walls,
no doors, and no ceiling—
only Earth, sky, stone, and
an ancient presence that
was here long before me.

*I have entered
something sacred.*



Look Up

In Sedona,
I find myself looking up.

The red rocks rise
so far above me that
sometimes I simply
stop walking and stare.

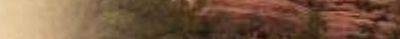
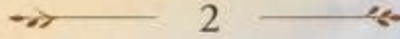
There is something
humbling about
standing beneath
something so immense.

And yet I don't feel
insignificant.

I feel held within it.

Part of the same Earth.
Part of the same
ancient story.

*Sometimes remembering
how small I am
reminds me how
deeply I belong.*



Every Step Feels Sacred

There is a different way
I walk through Sedona.

I slow down.

I notice where I place my feet.
I notice the stone beneath them.
The trees. The silence.
The people passing quietly
along the trail.

No one has to tell me
to be respectful here.

The land seems to ask for it
all by itself.

And the farther I walk,
the less interested I become
in reaching somewhere.

I simply want to be here.

*Perhaps some paths are
not meant to take us anywhere.*

*Perhaps they are meant to
bring us more deeply into
where we already are.*



The Spirit of the Earth

There are places in Sedona
where I stop and simply
place my hand upon the Earth.

I don't need to understand
what I feel.

I don't need to give it a name.

There is something here
that feels ancient and alive—
as though the land carries
a presence of its own.

Sometimes I sit quietly.
Sometimes I meditate.
Sometimes I simply listen.

And in those moments,
I am reminded that
the Earth is not just
something beneath my feet.

*She is something
I am in relationship with.*



Walk Beside Me

If you were here with me,
I wouldn't hurry you.

I wouldn't begin by telling you
what you should see or
what you should feel.

I would simply say—

Come walk beside me.

Let the red earth meet your feet.
Let your eyes wander upward.

Notice what makes you stop.
Notice where you want to linger.

And don't worry about
understanding any of it.

Sedona has a way of meeting
each of us differently.

*Perhaps the only thing
we need to bring is our
willingness to listen.*



Find a Place to Sit

Eventually, I stop walking.

I find a rock, a quiet place
beneath a tree, or somewhere
along the trail where I can
simply sit.

There is nothing I need
to accomplish here.
Nothing I need to ask.

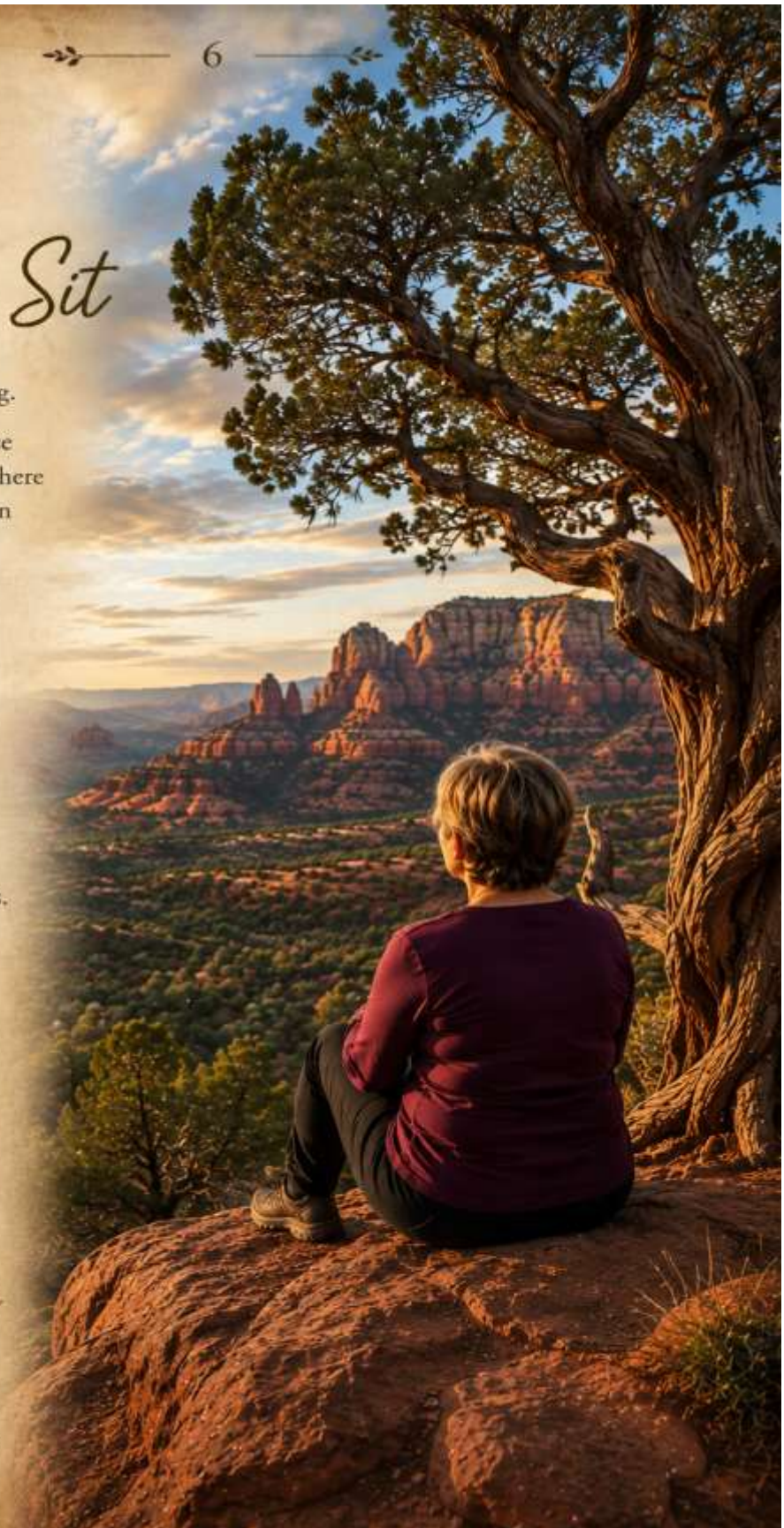
I let the red rocks
surround me.

I listen to the wind
moving through the trees.

And little by little,
the part of me that is
always thinking
becomes quiet.

Sedona doesn't seem
to ask me to do more.

*She invites me to
become still enough
to receive.*



When I Become Quiet

When I become quiet in Sedona,
I begin to notice what I could
not hear while I was moving.

The wind through the trees.

A bird somewhere in the distance.

The vast silence between sounds.

And sometimes, something
even quieter—
a knowing that seems to rise
from somewhere deeper
than thought.

I don't try to make anything happen.
I simply become still enough
to notice what is already there.

*Perhaps the deepest wisdom
does not arrive loudly.*

*Perhaps it waits for us
to become quiet enough
to hear it.*



Sedona Is Never the Same

I have returned to Sedona
again and again over many years.

And somehow,
I never seem to enter
the same place twice.

The light changes.
The clouds move across the rocks.

A familiar trail reveals something
I had never noticed before.

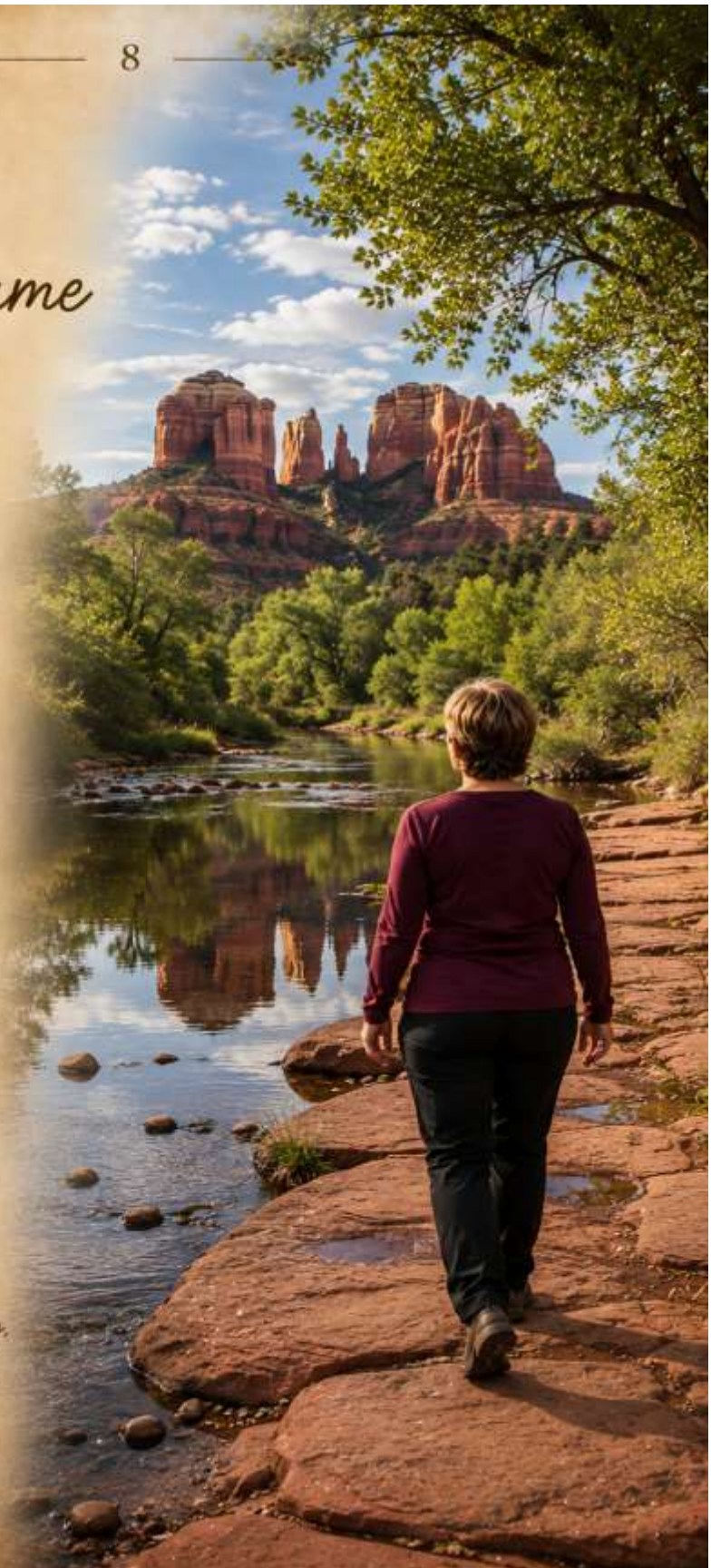
And I change too.

Perhaps that is part of
the mystery.

Sedona does not remain still
while I return to her.
And neither do I.

*Each time I come back,
I meet the land again.*

*And somewhere along the way,
I meet another part of myself.*



The Land Remembers Me

After so many years of returning
to Sedona, there are places that feel
familiar before I even arrive.

A bend in the road.
A certain view of the rocks.
A trail I have walked before.

I recognize them.

But sometimes, I have the strangest
feeling that they recognize me too.

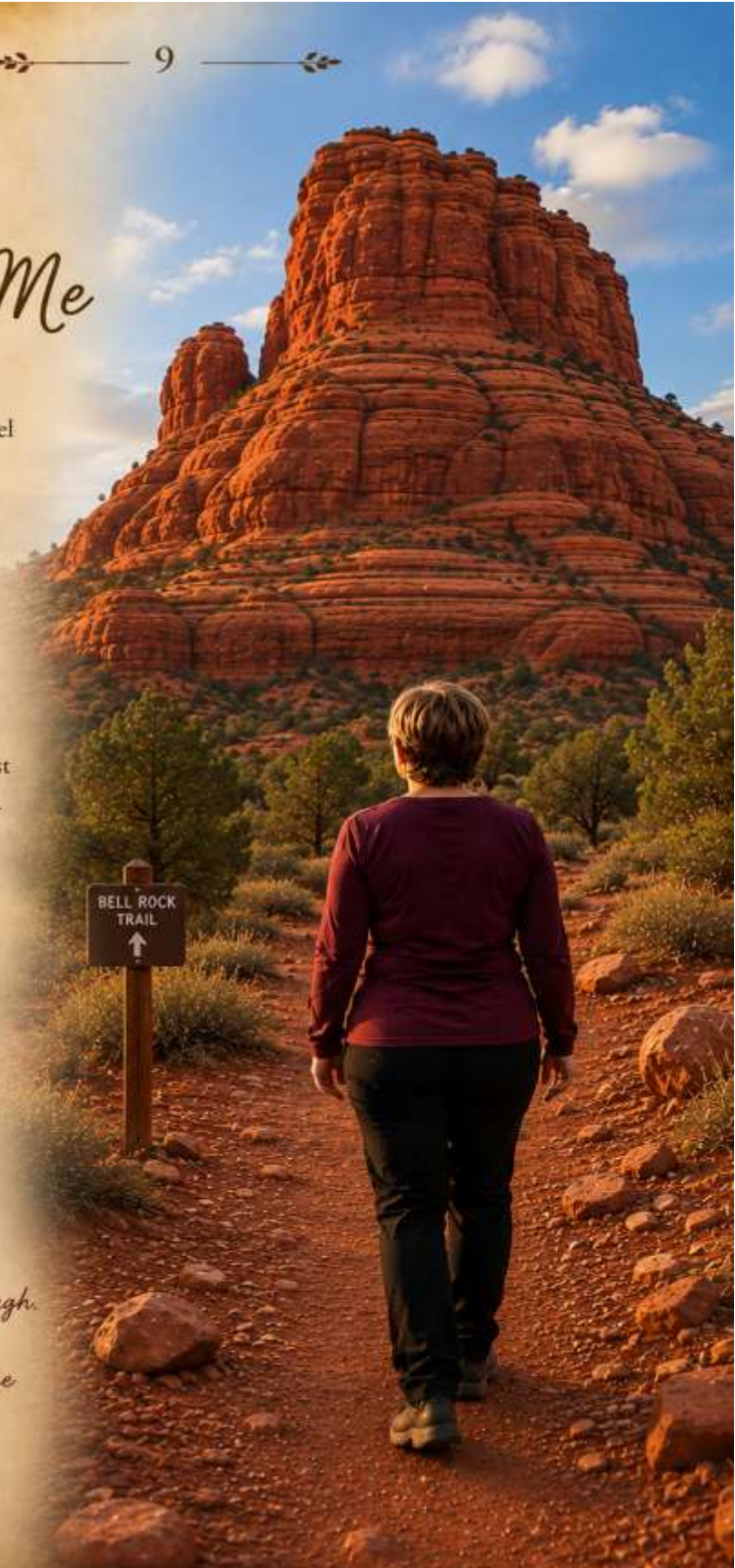
As though the relationship
has become something more
than visitor and place.

I have left something of myself
here over the years.

And Sedona has left something
of herself in me.

*Perhaps this is what happens
when we love a place long enough.*

*Eventually, it begins to feel like
we belong to each other.*



The
Chambers
OF THE
TEMPLE

*Entering More Deeply
into Sedona*

There are places we enter with our feet.
And places we enter with something deeper.

The
Chamber
of
STILLNESS

There are places in Sedona
where the invitation is not to keep walking.

It is to stop.

At Amitabha Stupa and Peace Park,
I am drawn to the quiet spaces—

a small Buddha beneath a tree,
a bench waiting nearby,
prayer flags moving softly in the breeze.

Nothing asks anything of me here.

I can simply sit.

Listen.

And remember—

*Silence is not empty.
It is full of presence.*



The
Chamber
of the
PAST

Some chambers hold silence.

This one holds memory.

Across Sedona and the Verde Valley,
ancient markings remain upon the stone—
symbols and stories whose voices
I may never fully understand.

I don't need to.

Others stood upon this same Earth
long before me.

They looked at these mountains.
They watched the same sky.

And suddenly, the distance
between then and now
feels very small.

*The past is not gone.
It is still speaking.*



The
Chamber
of
WATER

Among Sedona's walls of stone,
water continues to move.

Oak Creek winds quietly
through the red rocks—

cool beneath the trees,
catching pieces of sky,
carrying fallen leaves downstream.

I can sit beside it
for a long time.

The water never asks
where it has been.

It simply keeps moving.

Perhaps that is its wisdom.

*What is ready to move
can be allowed to flow.*



The
Chamber
of
SURRENDER

The sky grows heavy.
A few drops.

Then suddenly,
the land changes.

Dry washes fill.
Roads disappear
beneath water.

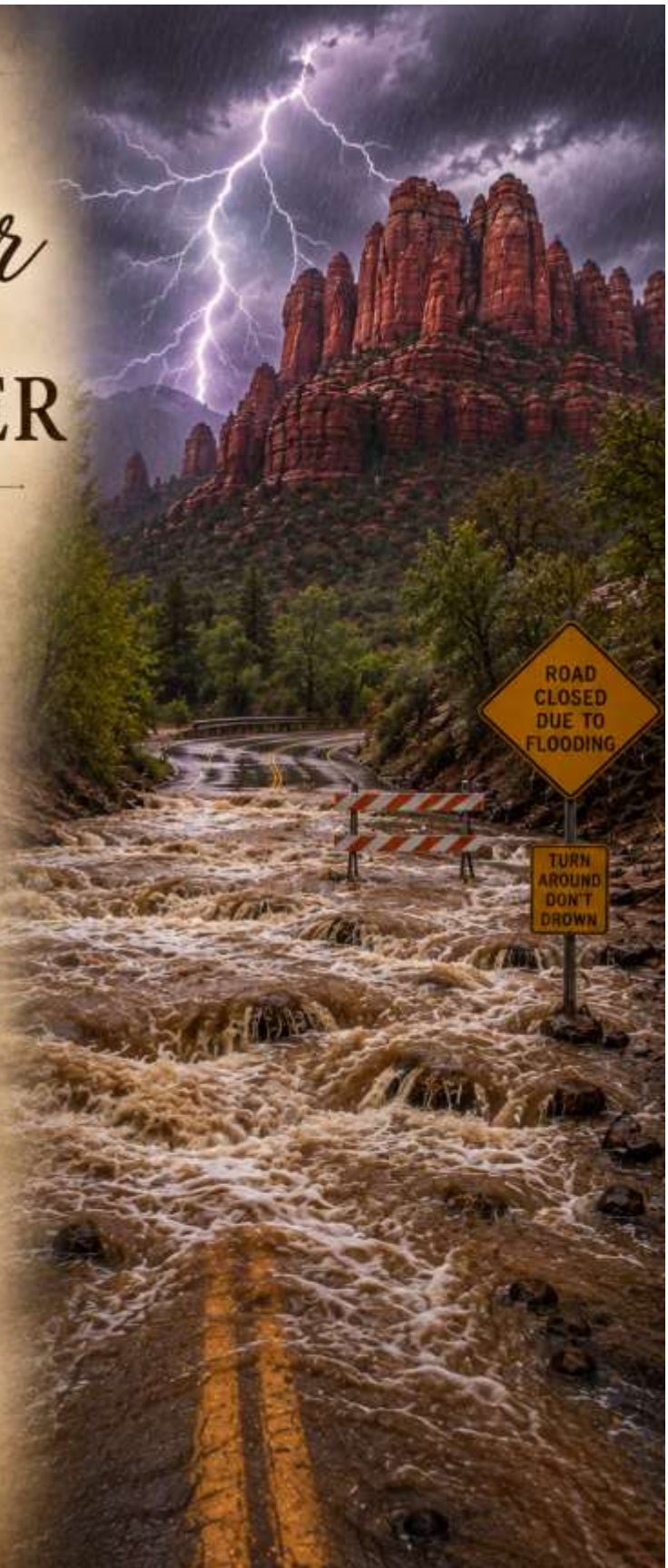
Places that seemed dry
moments ago
begin to flow.

In Sedona, the rain reminds me—
the land sets the terms.

Plans can wait.
Control can soften.

*Surrender is not defeat.
It is wisdom.*

*When the water speaks,
I listen.*





The
Chamber
of the
SKY

Above Sedona,
the temple opens.

Clouds drift.

Light moves
across the land.

I look up—

and remember
how much space
there is.

How much
possibility.

**Some chambers
invite me inward.**

**This one invites
me to expand.**





The
Chamber
of the
DARK SKY



Sedona protects
its darkness.

And beneath it,
the universe appears.

Stars upon stars.

I look up—

and remember
I am part of
something vast.

*Some chambers
surround me.*

*This one
has no end.*





The
Chamber
of the
EARTH



After looking
toward the heavens,
I return to the Earth.

Stone beneath me.

Juniper beside me.

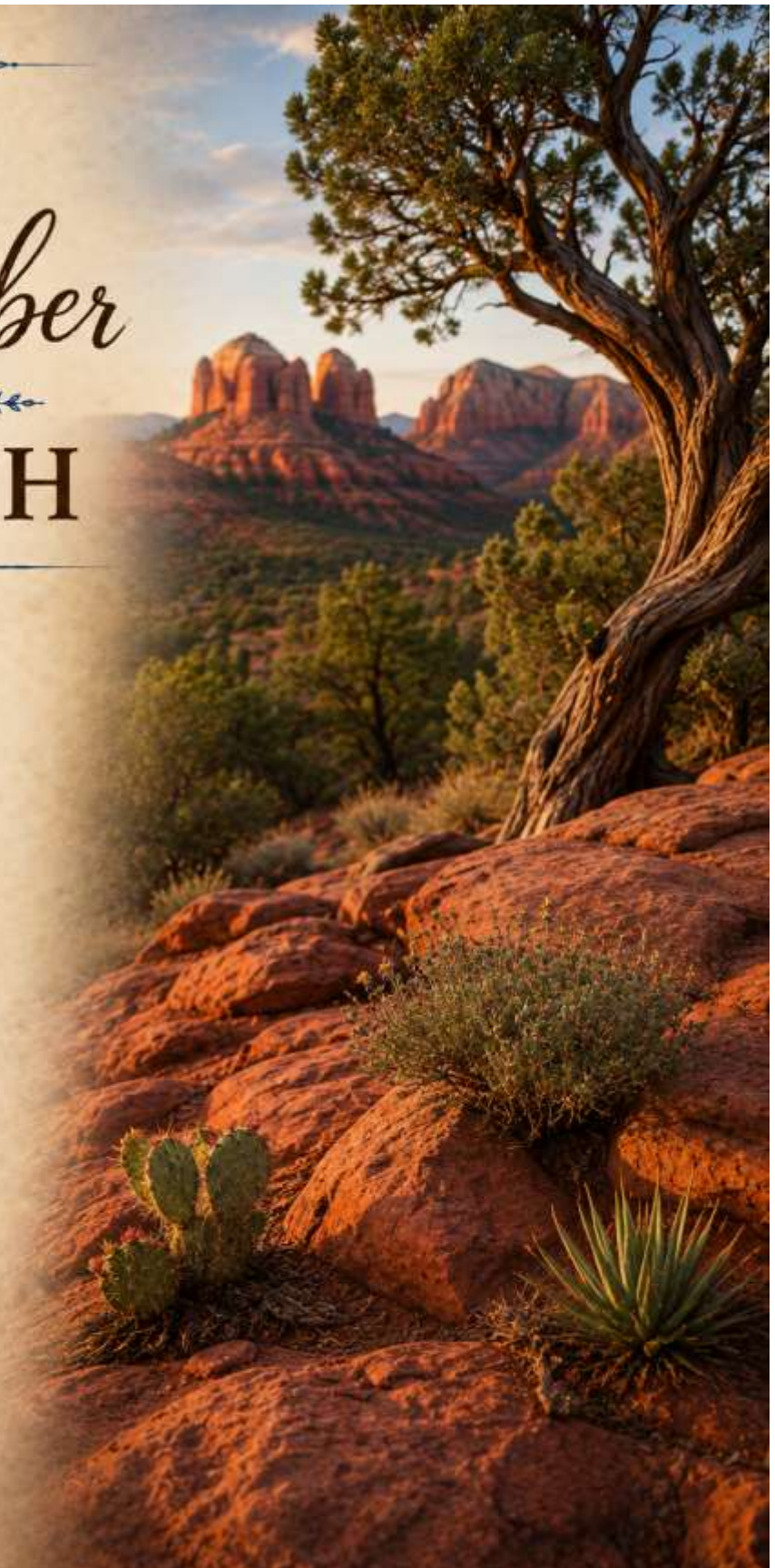
Red dust
beneath my feet.

I touch the land—
warm, ancient, alive.

And remember—

**I am not separate
from this place.**

**I belong to the
Earth, too.**





The
Chamber
of the
TRAILS



Trails are everywhere.

Some climb.

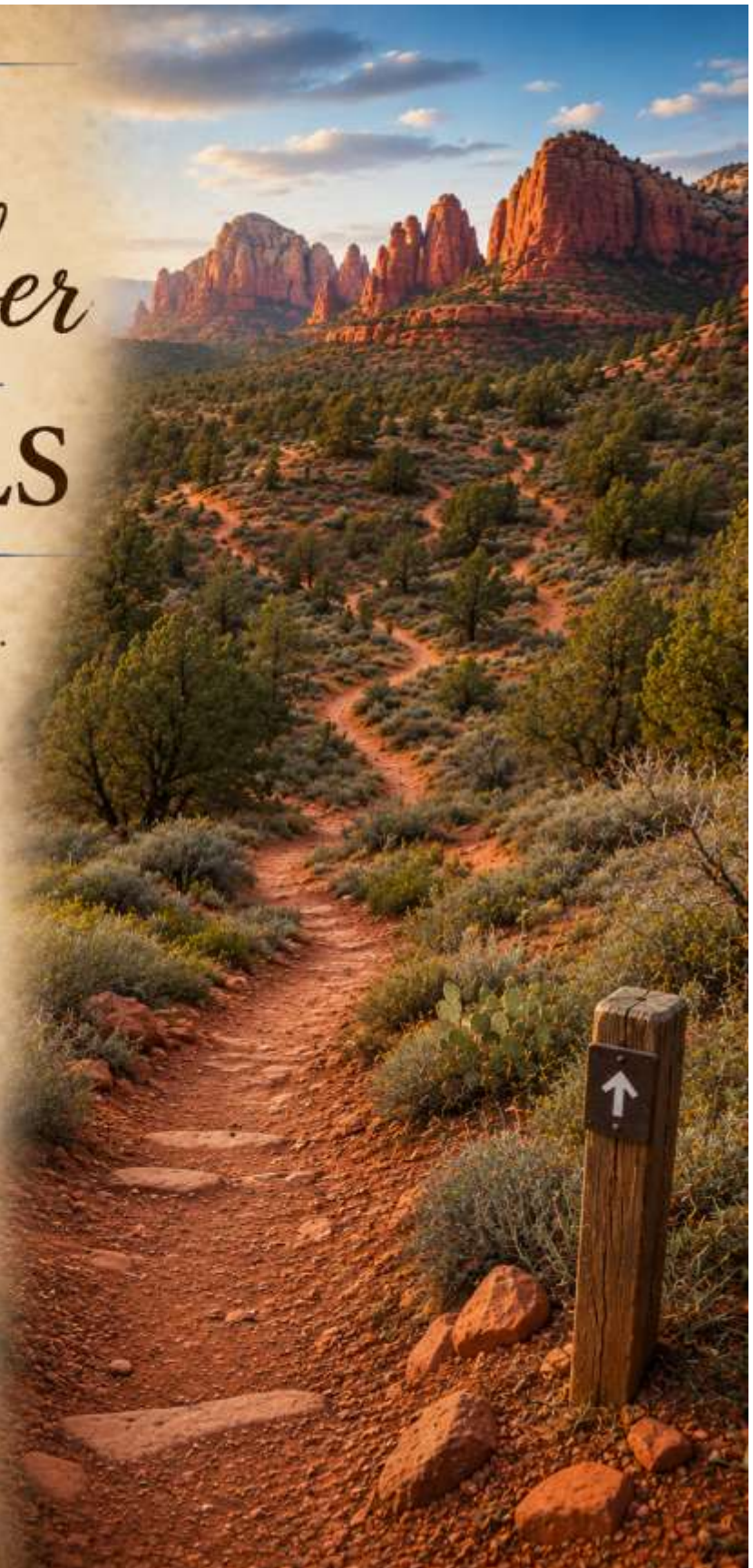
Some wander.

Some disappear
around the bend.

I never quite know
what waits ahead.

So I keep walking.

The trails are
passageways
between the
chambers.





The
Chamber
of the
VORTEX



The vortex is not one place.

It is Sedona.

I feel it everywhere.

An ancient energy.

Sacred.

Mystical.

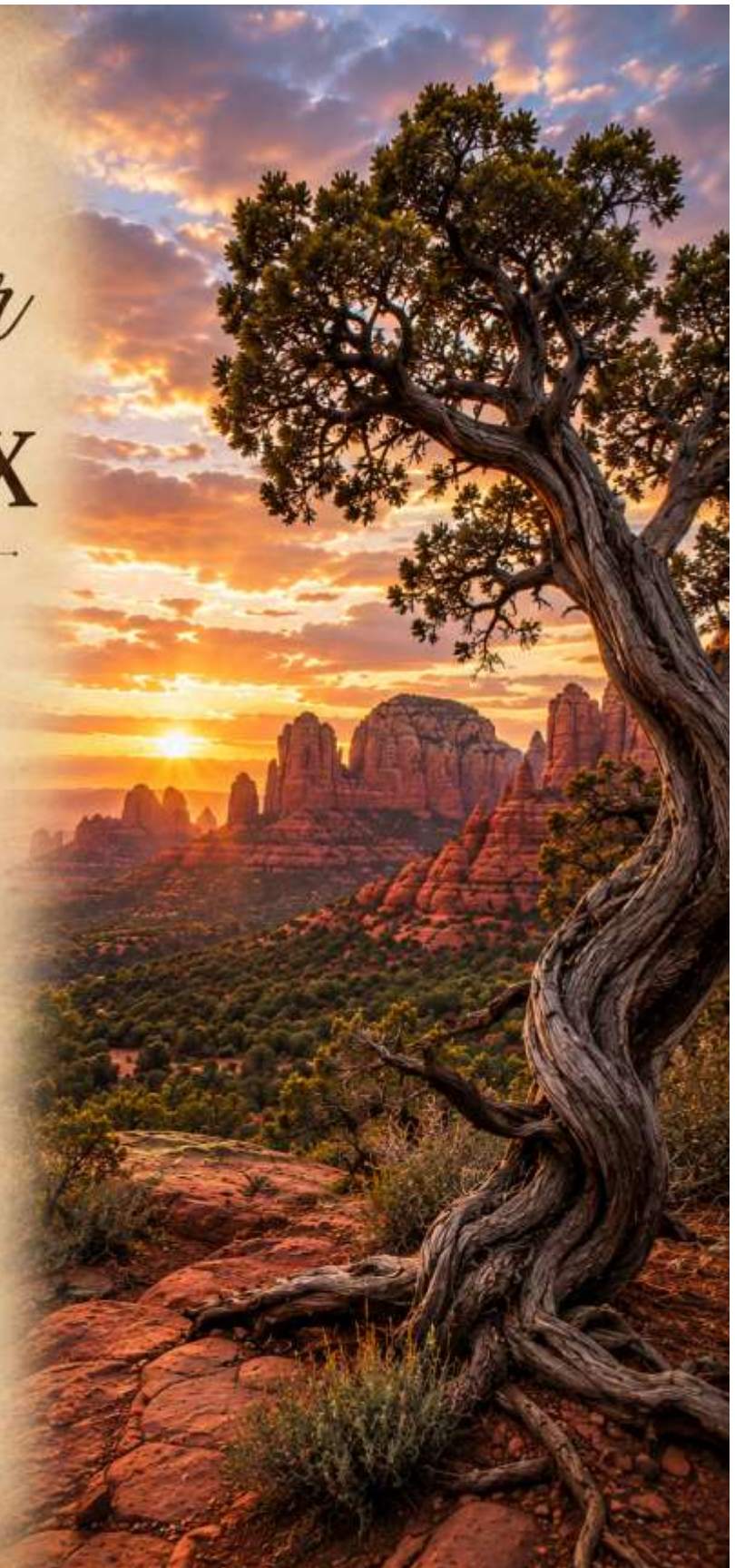
Alive.

I cannot explain it.

It doesn't simply
wash over me—

it washes through me.

For me, the whole temple
is the vortex.



The Chamber Within

After all the walking,
looking,
listening—

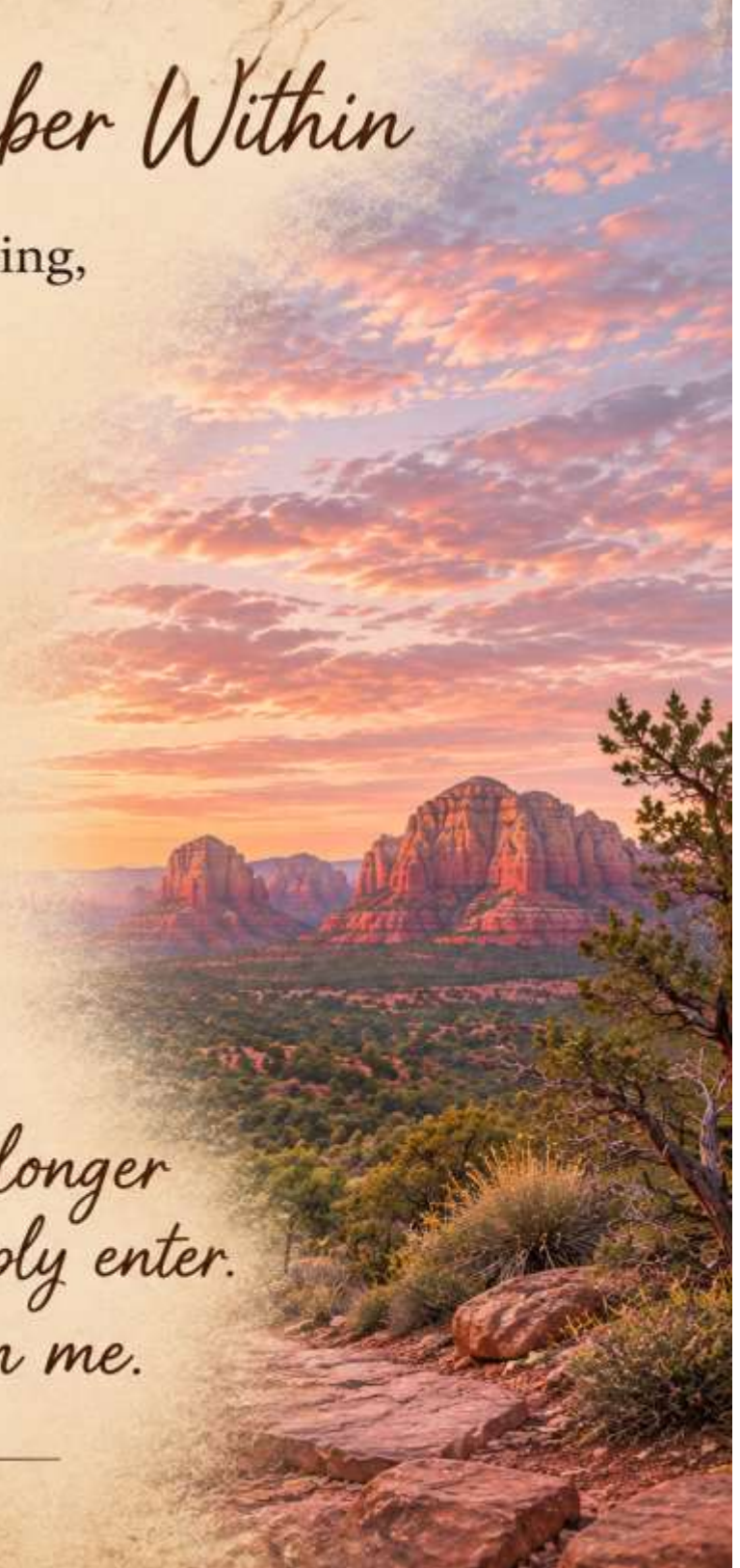
I become still.

I notice what
was always here.

The land.
The silence.
The sacredness.

And I realize—

*Sedona is no longer
a place I simply enter.
It lives within me.*



With Gratitude



Thank you for entering
the Temple of Sedona with me.

May you walk gently,
listen deeply,
and allow this sacred place
to speak to you
in its own way.

And if you come—
come slowly.

*Some places are not meant
to be explained.*



*They are meant
to be experienced.*





Places That Touch My Heart™

SEDONA:

Entering the Sacred Temple

© 2026 Julie Russell
All rights reserved.

This booklet is a gift from the heart.
Offered as a complimentary download
from the Sacred Wisdom Library.



SACRED WISDOM LIBRARY

Soul-nourishing booklets for
discovery, healing, and transformation.



Julie Russell

FOUNDER, REIKI VERDE VALLEY

ReikiVerdeValley.com
ReikiVerdeValley@gmail.com