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## CHAPTER TEN: SOCIETAL ISSUES

### MONEY

It does not take long after our incarnation's beginning for us to form the opinion that money is a powerful thing. Our parents seem to work to acquire it and think carefully before spending it. As children, we find ourselves being judged by how much of it we are able to spend on our clothes and our appearance, especially as we enter into that long phase of youth which is heavily involved in being "in." It may be possible to be popular without the right sort of clothing, the right possessions, the ability to go where it is "cool" to go and do "in" things, but it is not particularly probable. As a child I became very aware that our family did not have sufficient funds to furnish me with what I felt I needed in the way of the right clothes and gadgets. I developed a desire for having this marvelous substance that seemed to open so many doors. As I continued to mature, I became aware of the negative aspects of money. When I was thirteen, my kidneys failed, and as a result I was in the hospital for two straight months, and then at the doctor's office every day for five more months being given shots. This resulted in a staggering bill. I felt very guilty about costing my parents money they did not have, and in my first attempt to create money, I made up a tray of what I thought were beautiful artificial flower corsages, each one handmade from wood fiber by my careful toil. No one who owned a store near my home was willing to sell them for me. In my helpless frustration I became far more aware of the power of money, and the devilish unfairness of not having enough of it. As I grew to adulthood, I explored ever deeper the stewardship of what funds I was able to acquire, and the very disturbing sense of evil that I often whiffed, standing at the sidelines of the news of the day and watching people with large amounts of money wield that power for their own good, and not necessarily others' weal. One thing I did not question was the need to work for money. The work ethic was drilled into me, and I saw the need in my everyday life. My family's acceptance of the need to work for money was complete. Further, I learned to take pride in my work, and to this day, whether it is for money or not, in any effort I make, I attempt to give it my best.

Young ones within your culture are taught to work, to give a good effort, to follow certain paths in order to further ambition. The soul is taught that worth is in what one does, and so each growing spirit faces

the self, attempts to find that which will earn the money, attempts to prepare the self for doing this, and then spends the life following a certain career, profession.<sup>1</sup>

Blessed is the person whose natural path leads her through schooling or preparation of another kind to a job or career that pays her bills and fulfills the needs of her life! For most of us, at least at times, the supply of funds fails, the path from learning to working is not straight, and there is a real question as to how healthful a thing money really is. We can fall prey to money worries very easily, in spite of living in an affluent culture. Those of Q'uo say:

The question of supply is perhaps the deepest chasm of irrational concern which seduces your peoples. In the face of this, we simply suggest that as the healthy regard for money is in being sure of the daily bread and then allowing concerns to fall away as appropriate, [that] each simply move, each day or each time he feels this concern, into a conscious reorientation.<sup>2</sup>

This is sound and biblical advice, following, as it does, the wording of The Lord's Prayer, in which we are told to pray only for that which we need this day, for our "daily bread." We definitely need a certain amount of supply in order to buy the food to nourish our bodies, and to shelter them. All other concerns can and will be handled as best we can. It narrows our area of concern to a size we can handle. This does offer some immediate peace of mind, but the question remains, how to evaluate this money that we spend so much time earning and then spending. It is very tempting to try to store up as much of it as possible in an effort to be secure, but in truth, we are never truly secure. If our money is in a bank, the bank can fail. If it is in a stock market, the market can fail. If it is under our mattress, the currency itself can fail. Events can occur, such as a protracted illness, which absorb our last dime. If we are devoted overly much to amassing this source of monetary supply, we are as understandable, and as silly, as the cartoon character, Uncle Scrooge, rolling in our pile of coins, but not necessarily being good stewards of the energy and power we have accumulated. Security is a wonderful thing and I do work to conserve funds so that my life might be securer financially. But there is a sharp difference between appreciating what money can do, and loving money! Appreciation and conservation of supply is prudent. Love of money is, as the First Epistle of Timothy says, the root of all evil.<sup>3</sup> Joseph Koehm says:

The security you felt is an illusion. Tomorrow your dollars may be worthless. Your land could fall out of your hands for a million different

reasons. You could wake up dead tomorrow. There are no guarantees you will make it to retirement much less retire and much less live happily ever after. The odds are you can live happily ever after but only if you let go of the bars of your cage, the past, and set your sights on where you are going: the future. The future is eternity.<sup>4</sup>

A spiritual approach to money, then, could even include claiming that money itself is evil, or at least the love of amassing money. Certainly the teacher known as Jesus felt that the universe would provide what was truly needed, and sent his disciples out on the road with no money whatever, and ever since the advent of monastic communities, poverty, along with chastity and obedience, has been one of the three vows taken by those who follow the monastic path by joining such communities. However, to my mind it is far more near the truth of the situation to see money as a kind of energy that comes to us in varying amounts, but that which, whatever the amount, we can look upon as an energy as potentially spiritual as sexual or any other kind of energy. It simply depends on what we do with the money, in our minds, and in our actions.

To better gain access to a right relationship with money, it is well to place concerns about finances within that holy of holies which lies within your deep mind. The consciousness of one[ness] is a consciousness of infinite plenty. The creation is full of all that there is. Every need has that which can meet the need. This consciousness of infinite supply sheds a welcome light upon the soul besieged by financial worries. But what if you were to alter the term “money” and subsume it in the term “energy”? When the term “energy” is used, this may aid somewhat, for that which is energy does not need to be hoarded, but rather expresses its nature in its potentiation. Thusly, the general rule of thumb is that entities may do that which they must to gain enough energy to survive and be comfortable. This energy may be transmuted by those who see the spectrum of energies so that many things become money. And we feel sure that each can think of many instances where seemingly impossible things have occurred because of the trading of goods and services rather than the insistence upon some single form of energy.<sup>5</sup>

The idea here is to release our thoughts about money from the strictures of source and kind, to allow the energy of supply to flow into our lives without unduly worrying about it beyond being sure our expenditures do not overcome our purse. Similarly, when we are asked to be generous to those who need some of this “green energy,” it is well to think of that mental image of energy in motion, and be generous stewards of whatever wealth we

have. I have one pair of friends who have raised a family, often on practically no money at all, but they have always had just enough for what was needed. Their virtues include building their own home, planting, harvesting and preserving their own food, putting their children through home school till the end of seventh grade, and putting aside a certain dollar amount each and every monetary payday for charitable giving. It has always been my opinion that one reason they have always had plenty is that they have kept the energy moving fearlessly. Certainly they have taught their children good values of hard work rewarded by satisfaction and in their case, a wonderful place to live, but they have taught much more, by the way they never have hung on to their money, but rather have seen themselves as links in a spiritual chain of giving.

There is the example of the man who was extremely virtuous in observation of each and every commandment, yet when this seeker asked the teacher known as Jesus what more he could [do] to follow him, the one known as Jesus suggested that this wealthy man sell all that he had and thus be free. This parable has made entities which have a comfortable living nervous ever since these words were heard and written down. The parable is not so much about money or other kinds of wealth as it is about one's relationship to that which comes and goes. The body, for instance, is born and dies, yet it is not prideful to care for it, that it may be comfortable and serve well. So with one's estate in life: it is not a crime to conserve one's wealth and to so use it that one is comfortable. Yet, if one wishes to hold onto the body by avoiding getting old or avoiding death, then there is the question of what takes precedence, the body or the soul? With the wealth of money or power this same question holds true. Is there the relationship of conserver or steward with wealth, so that it be used prudently or with charity, or is there the grabbing onto or owning the wealth or influence? If there is the latter, then there are some possessions to be sold so that you may follow the mind which this instrument often calls Christ consciousness.<sup>6</sup>

It is hard sometimes to resist the temptation to be grabby with money and supply. "Money changes everything," the song goes, and we all know what that means. The money to go first class will not make us happy, but it can offer us creature comforts which are very pleasant. As in so many spiritual concerns, it is finding that balance between prudence and stewardship on the one hand, and relaxing into the rhythm of supply and met needs on the other hand, in thinking of money that is the goal. And further, we can become artists with it, and use the issue as one more way to extend our

process of seeking. Like virtually any concern, the issue of money offers an avenue whereby the spiritual seeker can learn about himself.

The illusion of separation exists so that each portion of the one Creator, the personality that each of you is, may have the opportunity to explore, within the one Creator's boundless fields, the opportunities for discovering love and service to each other, though these may not seem to be the primary purposes for which [each] was incarnated. The illusion offers many other alternate answers for why each is here: to gather wealth, to be powerful, to do this or that great thing. All of these are but means by which each entity may find the heart of love and unity within itself.<sup>7</sup>

Wanderers have a tendency not to be particularly handy with money, although this, like all generalizations, cannot be held as true in all cases by any means. Here is an example of those who have written in, talking about this issue:

I have never felt a need to accumulate wealth or goods to meet an inner drive, but have always felt intuitively that pursuing things of this world was not worthwhile. Of course, the Sermon on the Mount likely buttressed this concept, especially Matthew 6:24. One cannot work both sides of the street. Twenty-five years ago a psychic in Southend, England, told me that I would never be in need of money, the supply was assured. My life since the is confirmation of that prediction. She said I would have other troubles. True also.<sup>8</sup>

The quote she cites from the Gospel according to Matthew is to the effect that we cannot serve both God and Mammon, Mammon being a personified Greek demi-god of money and wealth, named from the Greek word for wealth, *Mammonas*. One thing that rings true about money to me is that it is part of the lesson plan of our lives. We were not all destined to have the same amount of this world's comforts. We all did come, however, with an equal amount of love to give and to discover.

Within your illusion, depending upon how you have chosen to learn the lessons of love, you will find what you consider to be shortages of power, money, influence or love. In fact, all of these shortages are some distortion of love and may be viewed as opportunities to discover the true nature of love. If you do not have enough money, you may find that your discomfort distracts you from seeking. But if you exercise another point of view, you may find that your lack of abundance has produced a simplicity that frees you to love.<sup>9</sup>

Whatever our destiny for supply, there is virtue in accepting the amount we have and finding a way to live on it and to express generosity with it, with peaceful hearts.

Each has designed for himself a special incarnation offering powerful experiences of lack and plenty, pain and peace. If you have little money, think not that you do not deserve more. If you have much money, think not that you deserve less. But whatever your environment, fill it with your love of the Creator and allow that love to reach to the infinity of the Creator's laughing face, that his light may shine infinitely through you that you may become plenty to others. Money is relevant in your illusion. Enjoy it if you have it, seek it if you must, disregard it if you can, but manifest plenty and the consciousness of love.<sup>10</sup>

Money is the symbol of love which has been developed by humans to facilitate the movement of goods and services. Its green energy is an illusion within an illusion. The illusion closer to reality is love.

Now, let us look at the values of your culture. The emphasis is always upon that which carries what this instrument calls the green energy of money. Some have more; some have less. Needless to say, this is an illusion, for all things belong to the one infinite Creator, and as you give and as you receive, you are simply moving the energy around.<sup>11</sup>

So much of the power that seems to move our culture is artificial! Let us, in our use of money, remain in real relationship with the energy that is the essence of supply, the infinite love of the one Creator. If we can see supply's infinite source with faith, and if we are generous with whatever we have and keep the energy moving, we will always be able to find our way. As in any generalization, this statement leaves out those who may have fallen through the cracks of the society, who have not eaten today and who do not have a shelter to cradle their sleep this night. If so, I pray that help may be found, and that right quickly. I sincerely hope that one day soon food and shelter will be the right of all who take breath on planet Earth.

## WORK

When I think about the subject of work, my mind immediately moves to two immensely different quotations. One is spoken in the mournful voice of the Preacher of the book of Ecclesiastes in *The Holy Bible*:

What advantage does man have in all his work which he does under the sun? A generation goes, and a generation comes, but the earth remains forever.<sup>12</sup>

The other, contrapuntal voice is that of Kahlil Gibran's in the persona of The Prophet:

Work is love made visible. And if you cannot work with love but only with distaste, it is better that you should leave your work and sit at the gate of the temple and take alms of those who work with joy.<sup>13</sup>

A good many wanderers find the first of the quotes very much their theme, as these two do:

I struggle with having a "real job." They feel like prison. I just want to serve. I don't want to worry about money. I would work my whole life long helping others, but I get stuck in the complexities of dealing with third density.<sup>14</sup>



I couldn't buy into forty hours a week, working to be miserable and have the American Dream stuff. Just because I didn't think in culturally/societally accepted terms and buy into the getting married, having kids, and working.<sup>15</sup>

The time it takes to develop a good, sound idea of what work it is that we truly want to do is often far too long to suit people who want us to be all ready to come to grips with working by the time we are out of school. Often, spiritual seekers in general feel quite hapless about their real career, over-aged and under-committed, but not wanting to hurry the process:

My biggest dilemma is that I'm what is called a late developer. I'm at an age where most people are married or at least settled in a career or profession. It's viewed as a dilemma because I'm not following the expected social constraints which, I realized long ago, that I didn't fit into.<sup>16</sup>

And sometimes, we seem to be in a period where work is just never going to come together for us:

I have been laid off twice from companies that have downsized, right sized, whatever; is someone trying to tell me something? So I decided this time to do things differently. Instead of going out and doing what I have always done, I would try teaching, coaching others. I am a wonderful motivator of others. People get excited when I talk to them about

their potential and how they can change their lives. Finding the context in which to do this is the problem. I also have a problem with making money doing this. I think learning about spirituality should be freely given, yet we all need to eat. The point is, unemployment checks are getting ready to end and I have not moved forward into any arena that will meet my financial needs, much less my spiritual ones.<sup>17</sup>

Certainly there are many reasons we can feel discouraged about working for a living. Perhaps our current training qualifies us for nothing but low paying jobs, and we feel unappreciated and underpaid. Perhaps we feel we are trapped in the wrong job for us by its good pay or benefits. Perhaps we would rather be studying or farming or on permanent retreat. But we will most likely need to be employed for most of our lives in order to support our food and shelter habits. We need to have a way to look at work that helps us to cope with our necessity for continuing to be a part of the work force. For me, that way is Gibran's way, seeing work as love made visible. 252, a metaphysically oriented health care specialist, says:

One thing you said about our central mission being to channel or pass the divine energy through us: I feel that I am able to do that. In fact, I feel that that is my purpose. It is challenging to always do this in the setting of a hospital because it gets very stressful at times, just due to the nature of the environment. Do you have any comments on how to do this even in the most pressing and stressful environments, when you have to hurry around even when you don't want to? Am I in the wrong environment?<sup>18</sup>

252 is very much in her right environment, and making the most of sharing her natural gifts, as I assured her. The best of jobs can often feel challenging, and it is easy to question if we are in the right place in our own processes. Spiritually speaking, I think there is virtue in seeing the present job, career or good work as being just right for us at this present moment, and then, if we are doubtful, looking into just what lessons of love, forgiveness and patience are being offered us along with the chance to produce whatever we are employed to do. For beyond the type of work involved, all work is an expression of ourselves, an essential prayer:

It has been said, "To work is to pray," and for those lucky enough, shall we say, to have found occupations which enable them to supply themselves with the necessities of survival which also feed the spirit, this is in the deepest sense true. You may find these people working with their hands to make beauty, working with their minds as channels of various forms of love, working among people in such a way that their very



being is of service in a substantial manner. But for so many, my friends, the connection between the daily life and love, between action and meditation, is not apparent. And in order for you to become able to link in any way the work of empty form which you find yourselves performing and the work which is love, it is recommended that you begin with the meditation rather than with the work.<sup>19</sup>

Moving in mind from thinking about our work as an empty form to seeing it as love is a powerfully enabling and energizing action which frees us to see whatever work we do with real pride. I think this is central in thinking about working for a living. I have had some very “entry level” positions in my life, as bar maid and motel clerk. I have also worked as a tax preparer, accountant, librarian and researcher, as well as the writing I do in correspondence and composition for book projects. As the copy machine operator for the university, my very first “professional” job, I earned all of \$1.00 per hour. No one in the United States can claim more humble beginnings, or lower pay, and believe it or not, I did live on what I made at that dollar-an-hour rate. Needless to say, I had to depend more on the good fortune of the universe than at a later date when I could afford medical care and insurance, not to mention furniture, gadgets like television and telephones, and more than one room to live in. But when I was there I loved my one room, and it was a good home. I was happy living on what I made. I felt quite service-oriented. A clerk or machine operator can work with an attitude of striving for excellence, as opposed to merely getting the job done, no matter how simple the work. I greatly enjoyed doing the job as well as I could, stapling my bundles of copy with great precision. Perhaps my most service-oriented job of all time, self-perceived, would be the barmaid job. Like my present job of corresponding with wanderers of all shapes and sizes, that job put me in touch with a large number of lonely people who felt grateful when I found the time to sit with them and converse. I never felt more appreciated in my life than at the ale-soaked bar where I worked that one college summer, carrying beer, listening and sharing. No matter what job we have, we can see it as the outer work, which is the form of that job, hiding or partially revealing the essential form of the job, which is learning about the self and doing work upon the self in terms of developing polarity in service to others:

If it is seen that one's own life is a gift which is going to be created by the self by life's end within this density, then it may be seen that whether one had an expected or an unexpected outcome for training, the actual work lay not in results, but in attitudes and biases which have been gained during the training, and that this process would go on regardless

of the outer circumstances changing by apparent success or apparent failure.<sup>20</sup>

To be proud of our work, then, we can well focus not just on what we are doing, but how, with what love and care, we are doing it. I can remember working as a research librarian in Vancouver, at Simon Fraser University, in 1968. It was a professional position, but deadly dull, consisting of looking up Library of Congress catalog card references in the very heavy, oversized LC books furnished by the University. It was necessary to stand and look down at the big books, and continually to heave one up and another down for examination. I trust technology has moved this work to the computer, where it has to be greatly easier to do. The other librarians in the department had a real morale problem, but my ethical nature stood me in good stead. I just challenged myself to look up each requested reference with a happy heart and a zeal for absolute accuracy, that being the essence of the job, to get it right. Within four months, I was being singled out for promotion to a much higher position. The positive attitude and the accuracy of my output had been noticed. We can invest our work with dignity and meaning, even if we are processing data for which we do not see much use. To do anything well, courteously and exactly is always a delight to me. If the work is easy enough, it also becomes a chance to meditate! Now that takes me back to the photocopying job. While sorting thirty copies of a fifty page document, I could move into a beautiful, blissful meditative state that lit up my workday. The point here is that work is not just about status or money. Work becomes “The Great Work” when we realize we are working on our life.

The difficulty in recognizing one’s true work seems to stem from that distorted value which your peoples place upon that tool of power which your peoples call the money. It is assumed that that which is done in exchange for money is that which is the work, and it is assumed that, therefore, even when one is not receiving money for something, one may still be in a training period for some time, but after a certain time it is assumed that the work itself shall begin. Such is the distortion which money has created among your peoples. It is our opinion, and we stress that it is opinion only and is not an irreducible truth, that the only work which may be called “The Work” of any entity is that work done in consciousness during an incarnational period which has a net result, as judged by the self after the incarnation, of polarizing the entity more and more strongly towards service to the Creator and to others. Thus, life is the work, and work is the life.<sup>21</sup>

This wanderer shares her vision of work as an opportunity for growth:

We raised five amazing children together including twins. We've also been through hell together. We lost a home to scoundrels once and another to fire. We were flooded out of one and lost one to poverty. We've owned several businesses, been rich and been poor and started completely over from scratch financially twice. We have both had several career changes, which have given us a wide variety of experiences. I have loved every minute of my life and am so grateful for the opportunities for growth.<sup>22</sup>

The voice of experience and the voice of youth here agree most harmoniously. I would offer the thought that all lines of work are equal, if they are done with equal love, and that if one person is doing a humble chore with love and compassion, and a second person is doing a lofty task with scorn and cynicism as well as outer competence, the first person is doing more important and better work in the metaphysical sense, whatever the human opinion might be. Russell Louie agrees:

The path of service is not an easy one. During the Piscean age the student/teacher roles were very well defined. To be of service usually meant to be in a religious, teaching or leadership role. Today, in the Aquarian age, to be of service can mean pumping gas and spreading love while just being yourself. One doesn't have to have a degree, following or be able to channel to be of service. The definition of service for the Aquarian age is to act from the heart at all times. This means being true to oneself in all our actions and never forgetting our connection to the one infinite Creator. It doesn't matter if one is teaching a new age class at a local free school or being a production manager on an assembly line.<sup>23</sup>

The concept of working as service to others excites many wanderers:

I thought about why I like my current job, and it all boils down to helping people.<sup>24</sup>



I have tried this and tried that, having no great difficulty in switching careers every four years and picking up almost anything from composing music and supporting myself as street singer, to working in hospitals, restaurants, as department store detective, sales manager, computer programmer, international consultant, teaching Tai Qi and meditation, and even running my own private company. So what, I have always

thought, I have no investment in any activities as such. Whatever currently offers me best possibilities for provoking people into feeling better with their lives, I'll have a go at it as long as it lasts.<sup>25</sup>

Need advice on how to better your position? Here are two wanderers who recommend following our temperaments, our interests and our gifts:

It was my wife Elaine, who goes by Elf, who suggested that I try the aide work in the nursing home. Having multiple health problems stemming from child-onset diabetes, she had found that my calm and my energy helped her feel better. She thought I would be effective with the elderly, and would find the work rewarding. She was precisely correct. She has always recognized my path of growth and happiness.<sup>26</sup>



In my teens I experimented first with Yoga, age eleven to fifteen, then Ouija, age thirteen to sixteen, and finally Tarot, age twenty-two to twenty-nine and again now. I learnt massage from my mother at age twelve, a skill I have developed into combined massage and counseling, intuitive massage (chakras and energy-paths) and occasional contact/touch healing. I am at present studying and integrating crystal healing and reading into my skills.<sup>27</sup>

Karen Eck suggests visualizing what we need, whether it is a home or a job that we are seeking:

I wrote down what I wanted to manifest for housing after I landed a job and got pretty close. Which reminds me, that's what I need to do here: write down the best scenario I can think of for being in this place where I now find myself.<sup>28</sup>

Mary testifies that work in consciousness has the power to vastly improve one's working conditions:

Back in '88, when I went to work for a big corporation, I was introduced to foremen, coordinators and group leaders on the production floor. One group leader would only speak curtly to me. I instantly knew that I was up against a tough old gal. Since I had a great deal of interaction with her, I decided I would fool her, and instead of returning the curtiness, I smiled and spoke softly. It took a few months, but in the end, she was asking if I needed anything. It's amazing what a smile can accomplish, and I was amazed.<sup>29</sup>

This is such an important point! Sometimes we are in a job to learn something. It may be a quality, such as forgiveness or patience. It may be that we

are to learn the job, to understand how that particular job works, as a step towards another job down the road. I remember one particular boss I had, at the Speed School Engineering Library at the University of Louisville. For one very hard year, I was assistant to the head librarian there. She had never had an assistant in the twenty-four years since she had founded that library in 1941. I came in 1965. She had some well developed habits which handicapped her. In an all-male school, she was afraid of and avoided men. She and the Dean were at loggerheads over the then new computers. He wanted them in the library, and so did I. She did not. The Dean even offered me her job, and her pay, if I could make her quit. How tempting that was, because it was very easy to upset this woman. However, I reasoned that this would not be professional behavior, or ethically correct, and so I passed up the chance, and contented myself with learning everything she knew. This she was very glad to pass along, as she had a reason for everything she did, and loved to explain it. After a year of apprenticeship to this old hand, I was able to land a challenging solo job at a private school as their school librarian and do the job really well. It is my favorite job, ever, that six year period of getting their book collections in shape and relating to all the students each week, either in daily study hall or in special weekly classes, and the faculty as well. All the technical expertise I needed I had learned from the curmudgeon who could have been my enemy.

If we are in challenging relationships on the job, it is well to work with them creatively and persistently before giving up on the job itself. Of course, sometimes it is time to move on. We may feel this on an inner level, or it may come out and hit us across the forehead, as when my violin playing friend, David, found his wrist too sore to play or to practice. What was a concertmaster to do!? I suggested that he see if there were other directions of work that would come to him in the next little while. Sure enough, he was soon offered a job at a leading conservatory, teaching gifted students, a position in which he still finds great satisfaction. Cristel Rose has a similar story:

I worked in the medical field for a while until a heart arrhythmia stopped me, so I started searching and reading everything metaphysical I could. I also had to find some kind of work that I could do with this heart arrhythmia. I have always had a great love of crystals. So I opened up a small metaphysical rock and crystal shop in my home. It has been tough because the town I live in is very closed but slowly they are beginning to open. Every day I say to the supreme being, "Send those that need the crystals and minerals, or just send those that need a friend to talk to." And some days I may only have one or two people, but I

hope the crystals enrich them and that I may be their friend. I spend most of my other time studying and in prayer, searching for the right truth. So you see, I am a fellow wanderer and I hope to find others I can communicate with.<sup>30</sup>

What a good and balanced attitude: do a really excellent job, and keep working on the self, in study, prayer and self-confidence. If we are bored, harassed or otherwise dissatisfied with our work, I certainly encourage the search for new work we can better love. But whatever we are doing, let us do it with pride, love and generosity, and we shall always find satisfaction in it, from our own processes, and from the people around us.

## HOME

What an emotionally laden word “home” is! When we say the word, our thoughts often go to that mostly mythical place where we were nourished and nurtured in our childhoods, the place where Santa Claus came at Christmas, the place the tooth fairy came when we lost a baby tooth. Whatever our upbringing, the idea of home is for most of us the idea of a place where we are safe and secure. In an earthly sense, we may well have our struggles creating our own home as adults, as 285 reports:

I never lived any longer than two years in any one dwelling. One day I thought back and counted how many times I had moved during that fourteen year period and I realized it was over twenty! I yearned to create and live in a place that felt like “home” but this didn’t seem like something I knew how to do.<sup>31</sup>

282 concurs:

At the height of the Depression, 1938, I left home, worked on a farm for a few weeks, and then, with two older drifters, “hit the freights,” boarding a trans-Canada freight out of Mission City. Looking back on my travels by side-door Pullman over the next few months, with all the hardships, near-starvation, brushes with death by being locked into boxcars by the police, and being thrown off trains, I get a pleasant feeling about this rough experience. I enjoyed the moving, the keeping company with a mobile sub-culture, satisfied my wanderlust, which from this perspective is an aspect of my true character, as one whose home was elsewhere. This deep restlessness and urge to get up, abandon whatever I was doing, has plagued me all my life, making it very difficult for me to sustain effort or really enjoy life.<sup>32</sup>

I feel that the issue of home is one that easily brings up our deepest fears and lowest feelings. We can genuinely feel suicidal as we find we have no place to deposit our little parcels of possessions, or in some cases, our huge and vast number of them. And it is such an angelic relief when we do find those empty rooms to make our own. Those of Q'uo point out that:

It is written in your holy works that the teacher known to you as Jesus stated that birds of the air had their nest, but that the Son of Man had nowhere to put his head. This was the simple truth. This entity did not operate from a home base of any kind, but rather was peripatetic and walked to different places to learn and to teach and to inspire and to fulfill that purpose for which he accepted incarnation in third density.<sup>33</sup>

A home is not essential for living on Earth. As wanderers, we sense that very deeply, and some of us become pilgrims, trying in various ways to express our feeling that we are here as spiritual beings on a quest rather than as those who put down roots, amass possessions, and save for our old age. This is a valid path for some few hardy souls, but it requires an immense amount of faith to cast oneself upon the waters, trusting that the next meal, the next sleep, will have a place to exist. Rather, most of us are in the position of needing to house ourselves and live our lives in one place. Further, there is a deep need in us to find an anchorage that has the combination of physical and spiritual security and safety for which we yearn:

Each of you is as a starry messenger that has become tangled in flesh. There is that portion of yourself that is eternal and infinite. That eternal and infinite being is steeped in unknowing, truly a mystery of mysteries. Each entity is as deep a mystery as the mystery of the Creator, for each, truly, is one face of the Creator. And in each manifested illusion, each entity is the face of the Creator and each face shall be unique. But to all these sparks of love sent forth upon the winds of free will there is given the knowledge of home and the desire to be moving in the direction that home lies.<sup>34</sup>

So the search for home is a spiritual search, although people never run ads for homes stating their spiritual qualities:

We look for intensity, passion and dedication in our lives and, due to the fact that it is very, very much a secular culture in which you live, this feeling of coming home to one's true family is often missing. And people wander the Earth like Noah's beasts, two by two, with the lonely ones slipping through the cracks in reality.<sup>35</sup>

Jim McCarty would not style himself as one who was falling through the cracks, but certainly when he set out to build his own log cabin on very rural knob land in Kentucky, he was all alone. He had bought his land, selected the trees he wanted for his cabin and cut those logs before he arrived to begin building, but he had no well, no cut meadow and no help to cushion his entry into self-sufficient living. He writes:

I had gotten the cabin enough completed that I moved in on May 7, 1974, and immediately felt great terror and anxiety, sensing all the work that lay ahead. I kept a journal of my first months there and immediately began a chart of my feelings about each day, rating each day with a number. Minus ten meant that I was leaving the next day. Plus ten meant that I was in heaven. Zero meant I could take it or leave it. It took me 35 days to get into positive numbers. At first I went to town almost every day, and then as time went on, I went out less and less. My attitude about myself, the land and life in general took a change and I began to see myself in paradise, in the beauty of the woods, living a simple lifestyle, and completely in solitude.<sup>36</sup>

Jim and his evolving home had to come into relationship with each other. As his fears flew away and he accommodated himself to his tasks and situation, he became able to give himself a home. Since so many of us are by ourselves, it is important that we are able to see that we create our homes within ourselves. Jim's account of his beginning estrangement in a new place is very evocative to me of the feelings I have had, moving from an apartment in one town to an apartment elsewhere. It is a challenge. Where is the best grocery for us? A good doctor? A place to worship, to go to the library, to get work done on the car? Will we meet new friends to fill the hole that moving from our old friends and old home has caused? It takes a while to slay the various dragons and to feel that we can cope in a new place. I think the least well defended I ever was in terms of making a home was in 1967, when I moved to Canada, and 1968, when I moved back to Louisville. My first husband had followed his lover to Vancouver in the fall of 1967, and I began making arrangements to move to Boston, where I had landed a job at the Boston Public Library as a children's librarian. Then I received a series of calls from him. He expressed his need for me, although he was unwilling to give up his lover. I reviewed my marriage contract. It had no small print, and so I decided that, as masochistic as it might seem to others, it was a matter of my keeping my wedding promise to go to Canada and support him. I resigned my job in Boston and headed north on faith alone. Down to four dollars, I was greatly relieved to land a good university job. We found housing we could afford, though to some it might have seemed rough, and



gradually purchased a bed and a place to sit, the things we take for granted when we already have them. While it was vastly uncomfortable to be living so near the edge for a while, we made it past the crises of getting settled in, although because of my husband's erratic hopes and desires, we did continue to have an emotionally challenging and upsetting time during our stay on Burnaby Mountain. My husband kept setting off for job interviews in towns thousands of miles away, only to drive the distance, get parked in the parking lot of the company, and decide the vibrations were not right for him. This went on each time I managed to save up a few hundred dollars, so we never had any money at all except what we absolutely needed for food. As was often the case in my first marriage, I picked up extra money feeding men who did not cook. We always had enough one way or another.

Finally, he decided that he really hated marriage enough to ask for a divorce, which was a great relief to me. I was happy to grant his request, feeling that he was solving the heart of his difficulty in rejecting marriage itself. I had just landed a wonderful job, as director of the professional library for the teacher's association of British Columbia, which paid enough that I could easily send him enough money to live on as well as support myself, and I offered to do that, but he was adamant that I return to Louisville for the divorce, where my family lived. He felt guilty about leaving me, and it soothed his emotions to feel that I would be near the support of family. I begged him to let me stay in Vancouver, where I had indeed made a good home, but he would not, could not, listen, so we drove to Louisville in the teeth of a late March blizzard in 1968. It was time to start over, again, and his mother had found a studio apartment for me. I again found a bed and a chair, the basics. Because I had the chance to take my old job back at the private school where I had previously been librarian, I was quickly placed in a much more secure emotional position. I ended up very much enjoying my time alone in that little apartment, which I left only to make a home with Don Elkins that November.

The point here is that an earthly home is just a house until we fill it with our presence. Our home only seems to be a place in the physical illusion. It only seems to consist of walls and furniture. It is actually the essence of ourselves, allowed to collect and to fill the atmosphere of a place. We invest a house and make it a home. Bricks and mortar remain building materials. Emotional security, that feeling of being home, is all about our trusting ourselves and letting ourselves fill a space. For some people, a small space is much more what they need than a big old place. When I was starting over, that studio apartment was all the space I felt able to fill. As I gained in strength after the beating of that marriage, I felt more and more capable of

energizing more space and “enlarging my tents.” These days, Jim and I have a big old bungalow and a magic kingdom consisting of his rock gardens and planting beds, which fill our modest lot to bursting with beauty and color all year. There is plenty of essence these days, for us. We know how fortunate we are and do not take it for granted. If the future has straitened circumstances in store for us, we will enjoy them as well. What difference does it really make whether we use kerosene lamps or electric, flush toilets or outhouses, wood stoves or gas, compared to being able to live in peace, love our surroundings, and fill them, however humble they are, with our love and energy? The deeper truth about the concept of home is that our true home, our deeper home, is spiritual in nature. It may not be practical to the world’s eye to think in this way, but it is spiritually very practical:

There are other ways in which that powerful treasure of time may be better spent but none is quite as powerful as the decision to set aside the time and the place to say, “First I will be here. First I will provide for my heart to touch its true home, to breath the air of things holy and innocent of the dirt of living.”<sup>37</sup>

If we can remove ourselves from the concept of home as walls and furniture, we can begin to see into the concept from a metaphysical point of view, which to me is very helpful in reorienting our minds so that wherever we are is a place we can invest with hominess. Those of Q’uo suggest that as we come fully into the present moment, we are coming home:

Often the bounty of deepened desire and that feeling of centeredness that spiritual ambition hopes for is contained not by adding activities or doing things differently in some way that is measurable physically but, rather, in moving fully into the present moment and becoming able to take the bounty of that moment as it passes. For each moment is itself, whole and perfect. When one is in the moment, one is not in time. When one becomes even a bit aware of the timeless aspect of the moment there is an almost automatic resonance and a feeling of coming home.<sup>38</sup>

Again, I do not mean to suggest that most of us can do without some shelter and a place to lay our heads. But knowing where the home-ness comes from, knowing that the anchorage is inside us and in the way we think about ourselves, helps us to create a real home out of any environment in which we find ourselves. We may see our home as being the infinite Creator:

When this feeling of being so loved and so precious has sunk in and taken root, in a subtle and ever-changing way the life begins to be

transformed because the self finally accepts the Creator's opinion of self and can begin to see by faith alone that whatever is upon the surface, the self is the Creator's own from its very origins upwards. This is the native land. This is the home. This is the safety of each, not the power, security or any manifested part of how the world thinks about itself, but, rather, the safety and security lie in remembering whose child you truly are, whose service you truly wish to join, whose love you truly wish to channel through yourself and into the world.<sup>39</sup>

What this handbook has most centrally to offer is a way to shift the thinking from the outer appearances and forms of things to their inner and spiritual essences. In this sense, while our life and our home appear to be in time, our true home is eternity:

Oh, how you yearn for the light of home, for the rest of eternity, for the peace of infinity, for the simple joy of living in truth, when all about you in this incarnational experience is illusion upon illusion, all of it telling lie after lie after lie.<sup>40</sup>

In fact, what it comes down to is that the home of the self is the self. The outer home is a shell only, given vitality by the self allowing that space to fill up with the vibrations of the self so that the place vibrates with our essence.

You are home to yourself at all times.<sup>41</sup>

In a culture where there is a deification of things, it is very good, it seems to me, to affirm the home of the self to be that place within us which is full of our essence, and our place of power as within that essence. This essence, then, can invest a physical place, and the house or apartment or shack becomes the home. I have been hand-to-mouth poor, and I may be so again. But wherever I am, I truly believe that not only I but all those around me will perceive whatever place in which I fetch up as a true home. I believe that each wanderer has the ability to create that Eden for himself as well. Let us see our homes as collectors for love. Invest them with our dreams and visions, our musings and meditations and hopes. Whether we open our homes to group experiences of a spiritual nature, such as meditation or study groups, or remain solitary and private, this is very appropriate.

It is far more important, my friends, that you are together in the light, seeking the light, persistently, steadily, over and over again making of this sphere which you call your home a place where there does beam light even in darkness than that any word of inspiration or information be transmitted. Were never another word to be transmitted through this light center, it is well to know as individuals and as a group that the love

collected and given to the Creator in such group meetings and each by yourselves is what will make or break your society, shall we say, as a group. The critical mass for achieving fourth density as a group is nearly reached. Therefore, each effort to add light to the planetary consciousness is by far the greatest service you can [render] at any time.<sup>42</sup>

Jim and I have long followed Don's vision of opening our home as a spiritual community or lighthouse, and have found a lot of satisfaction, as well as challenge, in serving as those who seek to add light to the planetary consciousness, by means of the prayerful daily life we live together, and of the opening of our home to those who come to our regular meditation meetings. We will talk in more detail of this later in the handbook, but no discussion of home would be complete without mentioning this aspect. There is tremendous power released when a person or a couple breaks open the personal privacy of their home in order to be of service to others. In a world starving for real spirituality, there is a realness about offering whatever modest gift we might have, as a meditation or study host, that may feel to be missing in the more impersonal institutions of cultural religion and spirituality. It is not that we as individuals have so much to give others. We all have gifts to share, and yet the power of a lighthouse where public meetings are held is not built on our gifts, but on the seeking, thirst and faith of all who come to such a lighthouse, all who share in meditations, all who travel to such a place.

The spirit of a spiritual group is enormously powerful, metaphysically speaking, and each senses this. As this instrument has often said, no individual is the reason that a light group such as this offers a magical place, a metaphysical home that works and functions, but rather the faith of all who have come to such a place, the knowledge within those that come that this is a safe place: this is what makes the power of such a light center.<sup>43</sup>

May each of us be blessed to find the most satisfying home for ourselves, and may we find the love, acceptance and forgiveness of self that makes this possible.

## CHILDREN

Many people these days would happily avoid having children in the present incarnation. 202 says:

As a child also, I decided that I didn't want to marry and have children. Everyone always told me that I'd change my mind. I knew I wouldn't and I haven't. I am now 43, and unmarried, although I have had relationships, and am with a man now whom I consider a soul mate.<sup>44</sup>

For some who eschew children, the issue is time. They do not feel they have the time and attention to spare. For some, the issue is metaphysical. These feel that their purpose here has to do with all of humankind, rather than with creating a nuclear family. For some, there is the feeling that the self is still the child, and is not ready to be an authority figure. Even for some of us who really have wanted children throughout our lives, like myself, there has not come the opportunity to settle into a family nest and raise young ones. If we have the feeling that children are not for us, then I think it is fine to proceed with this in mind. Nowhere is it written that the only way we can be of service in life is by having and raising children. I think it is well to remember that there are no mistakes! It is also well to remember this when we become pregnant and wonder what in heaven's name we have to offer to a child!

There are no mistakes. What you do in relationship with your children will affect them in a manner which will eventually result in their growth, their learning and their unity with the Creator, for there is nothing but service that is possible within this or any illusion. Worry not that you make mistakes, for it is the attention which you give your young child in the attempting to be of service to it that is of the most service to it.<sup>45</sup>

If you are with child, or considering having children, or if your children are already here and currently driving you crazy in the approved manner, keep remembering that raising children is the least appreciated but the most central single service to others generally available among our experiences. In no other case is there more utter need and helplessness on the part of those whom we serve, and never do we find ourselves more fully challenged to serve well.

There is no greater or more sacrificial service than the raising of young souls, attempting to offer to those souls that information which is grist not only for making one's way in the mundane world, but for becoming aware of eternity, becoming aware that so-called human beings have a context into which they fit.<sup>46</sup>

Even if we do not have children of our own, we can often lend a helping hand to a child, and it is always a tremendous service:

We encourage all souls within the Earth plane to focus upon the young ones, for as always it is to those born in innocence and full of expectations that information needs to be most lovingly considered in giving. Whenever there is the opportunity to interact with the children about you, we encourage each in her own way to look into the children's eyes, to make contact with spirit there. For in each of the cases, the entity is an old soul. The entity has much experience. The entity is full of potential. For each connection with a young one strengthens and bolsters that child's gifts of faith and will. If kindness comes not so easily to you, then let your kindness be for children. Let the heart open for the young ones, for much teaching shall be given in that manner.<sup>47</sup>

It is easy to panic and think, "What have I got to teach a child?" None of us is as wise as we would like, or as compassionate. And yet, the need is there, the children in our lives look to us with trusting eyes and waiting ears for anything we would care to share with them. If we have a chance to interact, I hope we will go for it. Helping a child is always worthwhile, I think. And if we are in the position of being an expectant or new parent and we feel unequal to the task, here is Mr. Friend's proposed advice to his e-mail companion, Dragonfly, who is now a single mother of college age:

All these friends who "were" have disowned her and are really, really sending her negative vibes, so I got mad, and then stopped. Not only is it their choice, but their ignorance and fears, they can't think on their own without the veils and traps of society blocking them. So I plan to tell her that she had this baby for a reason, it chose her as his mother for some reason, that everyone else is wrong for disowning you, but that is their prerogative.<sup>48</sup>

If we do have one or more children, we have had to accept this responsibility of caring for and raising them. We are now in the business of teaching souls. Not just teaching them this and that, but filling in the extensive blanks in a never-ending and rapidly growing picture of the world that is evolving in our child's mind. At this point on our path of evolution, our planet is supporting only souls who have the possibility of making graduation at this time. This means that every child we can possibly have is an old soul with great potential for spiritual enlightenment and evolution, as Linda Klecha says:

When my eight-year-old was born, she looked at me like she knew everything about me and I felt overcome with love, more than I had experienced as a new mother when my 26-year-old was born. There was an all-knowing look in my second child's eyes that told me, and I felt it

immediately, that she was an old, old soul. This occurred again when my son was born. That look of love and wisdom and depth, told me I was truly blessed to have these two ancient souls in my care!<sup>49</sup>

In addition to all new babies being old souls, there are also many ET-type wanderer babies being born, and pioneer babies of the nascent fourth density who have both third-density and fourth-density activated physical bodies as well:

Those children being born at this time upon your planet include both wanderers who have come to aid in this crossroads in this new beginning and those who have come from other third-density harvests to begin their fourth-density experience early on. Many of your children have both third- and fourth-density vehicles of the physical kind activated. As people feel that their children are more and more remarkable we remind each that there are many beautiful souls who seek life upon your planet at this crucial time, for all wish to aid in the birthing of the fourth density of your planet, and many have come to help.<sup>50</sup>

This is not to say we should allow ourselves to be intimidated by our children. Strong personalities have just as much need to learn their manners and good ideals as their gentler brothers and sisters. It is well to remember, also, that each child is already a unique and highly developed soul when it comes into incarnation. The delightful thought of a baby being a blank slate upon which we can inscribe our own ways is not accurate. Yes, we do have a good deal of opportunity to teach our children by how we act and what we say, but we have to deal with the absolute fact that each child is a person before we get to her.

No two children are alike. Each child moves into life with the personality biases strongly set. Each parent is aware that it can do nothing more than guide the arrow which has already been made.<sup>51</sup>

How do we guide that arrow? That's the question parents ask. Those of Quo suggest that one big thing we can do is live well, for we teach by the life we lead in ways that speak louder than words.

We have found that it is well, in teaching another who seeks your assistance, to first set the pattern of your own behavior in a fashion which exemplifies the basic principles which you wish to share. In this instance we feel that you desire to share in large part the seeking of the one Creator and the serving of that one Creator in all that you see. This shall be the greatest teaching to the young entity: that which he observes in the daily round of activities shall teach him far more than words and

patterned instructions, though words and instruction are indeed important.<sup>52</sup>

Where we place our values, a child will tend to place his values as well:

As the parent goes about your culture's rather complex business of creating the means whereby to purchase those things which are necessary within your culture for survival and comfort, the entity may perhaps become overly concerned with those things of the material world, for it is always seemingly difficult to, as you say, make the ends meet. By being concerned with these things, the parent is teaching the child the nature of the need for money, the need for power, the need for self-aggrandizement within the illusion. These lessons are helpful within the framework of the mundane world. However, it is well that the parent also be concerned enough about itself and about its responsibility to that young self which has come into relationship with it to create and maintain a daily, loving, persistent and genuine search for that spiritual truth which cannot be found in the hustle and bustle of the busy world of the market place and your televisions. For children, as you call these souls with small experience, learn that which is offered to them, and will learn gladly from the television. We do not say there is anything inimical to a child's growth in this pursuit. We only suggest that if the child does not see the parents engaged in earnest and sincere and persistent spiritual seeking, the child shall be vulnerable to any charismatic entity teaching whatever distortion of the laws of love and service in whatever highly distorted manner.<sup>53</sup>

In other words, truly be ourselves.

Most of all, we encourage each simply to be themselves. For this teaches more than anything else. Entities who are moving from their core outward, being as true to their feelings and sensings as possible, shall always have a head start in communicating with those called children. For as they are simpler and less devious, so are their ways of seeing. And they shall appreciate an entity who is herself far more than an entity, no matter how exciting, that is a mask rather than the person herself.<sup>54</sup>

Another huge gift to a child is the present of our sheer presence and our attention. In this day of so many families having a two-job marriage in order to make enough money to support the household, this is an ever harder gift to give, and yet the results are so incredibly generous. The appreciation from a child who is companioned is never-ending. Because my own birth parents were in the middle of many things when my brother Tommy was born, he



did not get their attention much at all. They were both working full time, plus having outside jobs at night and on the weekend as performers and musicians, plus my mother's studies and my father's golf game. In this atmosphere, I was left with both brothers almost all the time. One Saturday morning I awoke early and found two-year-old Tommy staring at the blank TV screen, waiting for it to come on, and I thought I had never seen anything lonelier. So I made a vow to myself that no matter what, Tommy could always come and wake me up on weekend mornings, no matter how early, and I would get him some breakfast and spend time with him. Tom understood me perfectly. We developed a complex and highly satisfying ritual for Saturday mornings that lasted until my first marriage seven years later, which included a good half-mile's walk up to the library and the bakery, a fancy breakfast of cold cereal, all the cartoons except *Mighty Mouse*, which I girlcotted because of its incredible violence, and reams of conversation about everything under the sun. What did I have to share? Not much besides my presence, and my love, and a ton of opinions. But that was all that my brothers ever hoped for from me. They have always assured me that for a sister, I was a pretty good parent. The key to that was that I loved them and accepted them, although that did not stop me from bending their little minds when I felt it appropriate. I believe in training small children to see what appropriate behavior is, what manners are, where to use these behaviors and why. As far as their enthusiasms, hopes and dreams, I try to be supportive if possible. We can almost always find a point of support.

The appropriate teach/learning device of parent to child is the open-hearted beingness of the parent and the total acceptance of the beingness of the child. This will encompass whatever material the child entity has brought into the life experience in this plane.<sup>55</sup>

Although the very concept of discipline is a sore subject for many involved in parenting, I believe discipline, a healthy amount of rule making and rule enforcement, has its place in the appropriate ways we work to teach children. I see children acting out of control in public places and it is never a comfortable experience. And there is simply no need for it, if the parents have established and enforced rules about appropriate behavior. In my own life, I have held jobs, as school librarian and as teacher of kindergarten students, where I was expected to enforce discipline, and I never had a problem with that. I was always very clear with children about what I needed to feel comfortable. If they did not give that to me, I informed them that they were making me nervous. My students did not want to make their beloved teacher nervous! I never raised my voice. When faced with a misbehaving child's tantrum, I would move the rest of the class to another

room, leaving the screaming child kicking away in lonely fury, and begin an interesting activity. The child would come about soon.

The concept of appropriate behavior is a very simple, logical one. Its assumption is that at home it is relatively all right to misbehave, at least to fail to mind one's table manners to an extent, or to complain or argue, but out in public it is necessary to behave oneself. This takes a little doing, in that when a child who hears this goes out in public, he will almost always try to test the boundaries of appropriate behavior. My brother, Tommy, certainly did. He had two rebellious moments. The first was at a restaurant, where he began throwing food. We got up, paid our bill, and went home, immediately. We left our meal, we did not eat more when we got home. And Tommy heard a calm and quiet repetition from me about appropriate behavior when in public. At a slightly older age, we went together to a movie to which Tommy had asked me to take him. He wanted popcorn, and I had no money for it. He began to protest quite vocally. We went home immediately, no movie, no attempt to get our money back, we simply went home.

I was, in my way, ruthless. Ming the Merciless! I never raised my voice, I never tried to push my point, but when the behavior from my brothers was not as I felt it needed to be, we went right home. While both of my brothers manipulated and even stole from my parents during their wayward youths, as far as I know, they both went through their boyhoods being very honest with their sister, knowing I was on their side, and also knowing where my boundaries were with them, what I could accept and what I could not. I think this made them feel safe with me in a way that my parents' permissiveness never did. They knew I loved them and went way out of my way for them. This made a difference to them. I think children are very fair. They know when we are really trying. Being a disciplinarian is never easy, and doing it with gentleness is even harder, but I truly feel it is worth it to both parent and child to establish rules of appropriate behavior and stick to them. We need to be able to misbehave, and part of any private home life is having that safe place to do so. We do not need to misbehave in public as well. In no way is this essential to any child's growth. Discipline is easier to establish and maintain in direct proportion to the time we are able to spend with our children. If we are giving them plenty of attention, we can also nip bad habits in the bud, as we go. Helping the child to grasp standards of public behavior and manners is good for the child and even better for the emerging adult who must make her way in society. People don't usually get to know us at first, they get to know our manners, our courtesy, how we present ourselves. As we raise our children, we are helping them set those ways of

presenting the self that are considered positive and pleasant by our society. It is an outer teaching, a shallow and surface teaching, this passing on of manners, etiquette and how things are done, but how grateful we are for the information when we need it! I will never forget my first evening at boarding school, knowing no one, and finding that all the others present were using European manners, fork in the left hand and so forth. How I blessed my mother for training me to be able to eat that way, to know which fork to use, how to serve and clear away for my elders in the right manner, all that material I had thought so dry when learning it at home. Those of Ra see discipline as a help in the child's learning the biases of service to others:

The compassion of parent to child may well be tempered by the understanding that the child entity shall learn the biases of service to others or service to self from the parental other-self. This is the reason that some discipline is appropriate in the teach/learning.<sup>56</sup>

As a balance to this discipline we offer our children, we need to find ways to support our children's choices when we can:

It is well to realize that even a small entity is an honored seeker of truth, one who has traveled as many trails as has any and who seeks within this incarnation to move with you in your seeking and to learn from you. Thus, to observe, support and appreciate the free will choices that such an entity makes is most important while balancing this appreciation of free will with your own guidance given in a fashion that respects the entity rather than confining without explanation.<sup>57</sup>

What kids do the very best is ask questions. We can find all sorts of ways to give our best advice to children:

There is the responsibility of being the friend and protector of those entities which may issue from the physical sexual reproductive activities of this relationship, in such a way that the self is offered to the so-called children in service in ways which the young entity may understand. These ways include the basic orientation of service to others, the familiarizing of the children with the concept of the Creator, and their relationship to the Creator, the family remembrance of this relationship and, in general, the best guidance each in the relationship may possibly offer to these young ones, in whatever they may encounter as they progress in the illusion.<sup>58</sup>

What constitutes good advice? We have deep opinions on what good advice is; we have great stores of it to share; and when we come into contact with kids, we can feel that store flowing forth. We all have our stories to tell, and

children are the best and most rapt audience in the world. Certainly, we need to be talking with them about being of service to others, about sharing and being good to each other. We can find wonderful stories to read to our children that bring up all these points, and help us discuss subjects like sharing and giving. It is a tremendous help if our own life involves sharing and giving also, so that we can talk about these ideals as real and present within our lives as well as theirs. Children spot insincerity with great quickness. First find ways to be generous in our own lives, then talk about sharing to our children! We can encourage them to look on the bright side, to hold on to their dreams, to believe in ideals. For the most part, we relate to our children in one long question and answer session that is called childhood by the adult who finally outgrows the birth family, and we never get it all said. But we can certainly try. Kids love to talk, to play with words, to joke and wonder. Just hang out with them and let them guide the conversation, and we will find every opportunity to share all our best ideas with them.

Perhaps the single greatest gift we can give them as spiritual beings is a sense of the divine. Children learn how beautiful nature is as we take them on picnics and out into parks, creeks, lakes and ocean. They learn how stunning the storm and the dawning are, how infinitely dark the night, how vast the stars. But without a way to worship, they are kept from many opportunities for mystic sight and fuller expression of their own spiritual impulses. Consequently, the single greatest gift to give children may well be the gift of our own spiritual practice. Most people have not formed a daily spiritual practice, but it is my feeling that daily home worship of some sort, even if it is only prayers at mealtimes and at night when the child goes to bed, is a tremendously important element of a safe and secure home for a child. Better still, let that daily worship be something we ourselves find time to do, and our child will grow up feeling that it is a normal and loving part of a day. Those of Q'uo say:

In relation to the children we would suggest very strongly that if the parents do not engage in traditional church-going, it is well if there be an altar or holy place, small as it may be, within the dwelling or close to the dwelling that may be dry from the weather and accessible in all temperatures so that one may go there and meditate each day. When children see how seriously the parents desire to know the truth, when they see dailiness and discipline in seeking, they will, by osmosis and acting like the parents, imitate and grow to feel that place within themselves that hungers for heavenly food.<sup>59</sup>



We would urge each parent to have a daily worship and to feel very strongly and passionately about it, for this is the way your children learn what life is like within this illusion. You are their teacher, each parent, and you hopefully will desire to give passion and love and a sense of peace that you feel within your heart to those children that are yours to teach and rear and tend.<sup>60</sup>

## ABORTION

Abortion is an issue that is ever before our minds today, as religious believers pit themselves against those who believe in the right of women to control their bodies. Feelings on both sides run very deep. However, beyond the gruesome details of the pictures of aborted fetuses which rabid religionists wave and the destroyed bodies of doctors and other health care workers shot and bombed by these same religionists for helping with abortions, there is the issue itself. When, if ever, is abortion right? Is there, spiritually speaking, ever a “right” abortion? I think it is a fair question, and not one with a simple answer. Certainly an abortion is justified in the case of a rape, or impregnation by a family member. Sometimes, abortion is spontaneous. It has been said often in metaphysical literature that many spiritual seekers came into this life preprogrammed not to have children, and if they do get pregnant, they will lose the fetus. This happened with me when I was 19 and got jilted at the altar. I lost a tiny scrap of life that I had nurtured within my womb for two months. I grieved long over that child, and still think of it, almost forty years later. Those of Q’uo say:

Now, there are guards put against childbirth for some. This is due to their having come to this plane for other reasons. These entities will not have children, but will not have the decision of abortion either. If an entity which has come here only for a spiritual path conceives, the child is simply spontaneously aborted, as the body’s consciousness already knows that the mission of this particular entity does not include the luxury of loving a child, but rather the entity must face the fact that that work to which he gives his love and labor is his child.<sup>61</sup>

For most who become pregnant, however, there is no spontaneous abortion, and the woman must wrestle with the decision of whether to have the child. When there are no financial means to make a confinement readily possible, when the woman will have to take responsibility for the child on her own,

she certainly has the right to ask herself if she feels capable of doing that. There is a lot to think about:

When a woman decides to have an abortion, what she is doing is taking away one opportunity for that particular entity to enter incarnation. It is sometimes a way in which painful relationships are balanced, for it is certainly abuse to be aborted, yet that same entity may well have needed this balancing so that that which you call karma would be balanced. Each entity within each fetus comes into the body at a different time. The more consciously entities live, the more that they will feel the call of the soul that awaits them and the more they will put personality into their thinking about the child to come.<sup>62</sup>

Those of Q'uo suggest that choosing abortion may be a thoughtless choice.

In essence and in depth the living of the life is a responsibility that must be seen to be completely one's own. Only in this way can each entity experience itself as a living imperishable metaphysical being. You do realize, we are sure, that no souls are lost in the abortion. It is merely that there is a carelessness and lack of appreciation for the sanctity and beauty of life itself in one thoughtless enough to engender such a child and then remove it. Many are those who skate upon the pond of life, as we have said before, and never ever find the magical kingdom beneath that thin crust in water consciousness.<sup>63</sup>

Of all the questions that we get when we channel for new audiences, the question about abortions recurs only slightly less often than questions about ascension and mass landings. I am not of the opinion that there is just one answer for those who ask. People want to know if there is a baby soul there immediately when conception takes place, or just an opportunity for a soul to come in during birth. Apparently, sometimes there is, sometimes, there is no soul in residence until late in the pregnancy. Those of Hatonn say:

Whether the abortion removes only physical matter or an entity can be known only through meditation upon the part of the mother. The mother will know if a soul wishes to be born and wishes it as mother. If such an entity cannot feel the presence of a soul those morally against abortion are incorrect. If after careful meditation the presence of a spirit desiring the experience of an incarnation with this entity as mother is felt and then the entity removes that opportunity, this action is to some degree part of a reckoning. The relationship will then occur in the future and restitution made. Love will find its balance in time.<sup>64</sup>

If you feel you must abort now, you may make a solemn promise to the soul who is waiting for you, that later in this life, or in another life, you will again attempt to have this relationship, and next time, make it a planned for and celebrated joining of souls. My own feeling about abortion is to avoid it. I do not think I could abort a child of my body. I would find an agency that would help me through the pregnancy, and offer the baby for adoption, or attempt at all costs to raise it myself, before I would abort a child. In no way am I trying to talk anyone into having an abortion. I have known mothers who felt they had to abort, and have understood and sympathized with their reasons, which have fallen neatly into two categories, extreme poverty and an abusive relationship with the father of the child that the mother greatly feared would transfer to the child. In both cases, my support was for my friend as she went through the abortion, and in both cases, that seems to have been the decision that was best able to be lived with later on. Before such a decision is made, however, I can only encourage the deepest searching of the heart. There will always be some feelings for the aborted child, in most people. It will likely be a continuing source of sadness.

One comfort for those who feel they must abort is that the unborn soul itself does not die, just that opportunity to come into incarnation:

There is no soul lost, if by lost one means unredeemed and not capable of being able to continue its evolutionary journey when that process you have called abortion occurs. However, in such an instance there is the removing of vitality from the physical vehicle which within most of your culture's definitions would equal that you have called murder. However, we suggest that the spirit which may inhabit any physical vehicle is not lost or irretrievably blunted in its search for incarnational experience by the act of the aborting.<sup>65</sup>

## DRUGS AND ADDICTION

Drug addiction seems to be a part of every society, from the most primitive to the most technologically advanced. We as human beings seem to be able to find an infinite number of ways to alter our consciousnesses with things we drink, eat, smoke or have injected into our systems. Excessive use of such substances seems to be an integral part of celebrating holidays and special occasions for many. I would be the last to condemn the more innocuous substances out of hand, for I enjoy a little, in moderation. On the other hand, having had alcoholics in my birth family, I know exactly how much chaos and distress overuse of addictive substances causes in a family. Usually,

though cigarette smoking is a nasty and mortal addiction, its excess does not break up families, nor do caffeinated substances like tea, coffee and cola. But the full range of other drugs can and will break up families and destroy people with a ravenous and impersonal hunger. In some cases, such as with hard drugs and street drugs, I would feel secure in advising us all never to pick up or try them even the first time. All the various forms of cocaine, all the party drugs, designer drugs and “safe” drugs with various names with exotic chemicals in them can be counted on to be too hot to handle by anyone. For alcohol and marijuana, however, I see appropriate usage as a matter of degree. Those of Q’uo suggest:

The nature of addiction or vice can be seen to be that which takes a good thing and simply overdoes it. What drives entities to addiction very simply is the instinct that the body, the mind and the spirit have to seek comfort, enjoyment and peace.<sup>66</sup>

The drug seeker is looking for ways to feel better. In this way, it can be clearly seen that drug usage is service-to-self in its polarity.

C. S. Lewis said that there is no neutral ground in the universe. For the victim of substance abuse, there is no neutral ground between the self-serving negative path and the positive path of service to others, and the seeking of the higher self. It is one or the other.<sup>67</sup>

For a person in pain, the service-to-self aspect is largely irrelevant, for it is felt that the drugs are needed to allay pain, and Jonathan Boyne says:

Testing highly and interested in everything, I received a scholarship, but dropped out, disillusioned by available sources of knowledge, experimented with LSD, had great insights and depression. It seemed clear that Earth was headed for disaster of all sorts, some of which I have seen from space in ships out of body, with no sane livelihood available. Suicidal at eighteen to twenty, I was hospitalized three times for overdoses, wanting to return to a more sensible place.<sup>68</sup>

Especially when we are alienated and unable to find satisfying work, Earth can seem far less than a sensible place! However, drugging the self to the point of overdose is a far cry from that thought of using a little pot or alcohol to enhance a celebration. So if we are trying to come to some conclusion about our own usage, we need to see where we are on that scale from celebratory drugs to sociable drugs to drugs as a pain killer to drugs as an escape. The first two categories are pretty safe for most people, although if we are from addictive gene pools, we must always watch any intake. The third category is not one we want to be in often, and the fourth category is



never a good idea to choose. Drugs may seem like an escape, but they are a blind alley, often a fatal one to enter.

We as a civilization seem to seek drugs and medicine a good deal, and I am certainly a participant in that. As of this date I am taking ten medications for which I need a prescription, and another ten herbal and other preparations intended to work on one or another condition of my often poorly-testing physical vehicle. Cortisone and other powerful drugs run through my body all the time, helping me mechanically to control various conditions that have not responded to diet and exercise. In addition, I drink a glass of wine probably once a week. I genuinely wish to function as fully as possible in consensus reality, and watch carefully the substances I take. But I cannot be “holier than thou” on this subject when I use the crutches that medicine and drugs represent to help blunt the edges of my own conditions and symptoms. Again, it is a matter of degree. I think this is true of any addiction. We can certainly also have addictions to work, or to avocations, for example. It is always a matter of appropriate degree. Several wanderers talk about this:

The marriage lasted six years. I gave him all the love, devotion, and compassion I had to give. I gave the marriage my all, and it didn't work, of course. That began the walk on the road to kill. I began taking drugs, drinking and an attitude that life is a sick joke. The drugs made me forget all the pain. Drugs numbed me. The stress alone nearly killed me. Drugs were all I had that made me feel better.<sup>69</sup>



He relies very heavily on daily use of marijuana and beer to soothe his soul and to take the edge off whatever harshness exists between himself and the world. I think he does this in lieu of going inward and finding strength and protection from within, or if he does go inward, it is out of paranoia or to hide, not so much to connect with the higher source. When confronted about his dependency, he shows no sign of ever giving it up.<sup>70</sup>



I take medication myself, because I came to a point where I knew the burden of my life choices was overwhelming me and that if I was going to “just keep walking” I had to be able to cope with my tests one at a time. I have difficulty even identifying physically. I feel straddling worlds can be dangerous. I have to make a conscious effort to remember to eat, get enough sleep; i.e., take care of the body.<sup>71</sup>

I think that many people can accept taking medication for a period of time in order to help deal with a certain difficulty. When there is a chronic health situation, we tend to accept prescription drugs into our daily regimen. Under a doctor's care, such uses of medicine seem to me to be relatively acceptable. In the second quote, however, the young man that 131 is talking about does have an addiction problem. No amount of marijuana and beer can substitute for working on our problems. Pharaoh writes:

I guess that for the most part my life has seemed quite a struggle. And alcohol and pot, not to mention antidepressants, have been with me for most of my last twenty years. I'm wondering, if I'm as spiritually evolved as I'd like to believe, if I should probably drop these bad habits one of these days. What do you think?<sup>72</sup>

I believe I counseled him to keep the anti-depressants but to think carefully about the extent of his other two substances, pot and beer. It is so easy to get into an excessive habit when all we really intended was to indulge in moderation. And moderation can be the difference between a very pleasant life and one rendered dysfunctional and unmanageable. I am not a puritan, but I do encourage this concept of moderation.

It is often the case that people come to consciousness-altering substance use as aspirants after knowledge, wisdom, light and realization. Perhaps some have had great insight thereby. My experience is limited to having taken LSD twice, in the early '80s, and finding no trips in consciousness taking place, just a feeling of great well-being, and an unusually ample supply of physical energy which enabled me completely to clear away all my office work that day. However, the after-effects of this usage were so severe for me, physically, that I decided not to take LSD again, and I have not. Jim McCarty comments:

Drugs, sex, and rock and roll was the new religion of the day, in the late '60s, and I was dedicated to becoming one of its saints. I smoked a lot of marijuana and took a couple of trips on acid, on one of which I heard a voice in my brain say very clearly, "You don't have to be stoned to be here."<sup>73</sup>

In this regard, as in so many others, Jim's wonderful combination of good, sound judgment and psychically accurate intuition and guidance are tremendously appreciated by me. The guidance he got, that we don't have to be stoned to achieve altered states of consciousness, is to my mind most important. I know, for instance, of several methods of altering consciousness

that have nothing to do with drugs. Sustained exercise can bring on satori, as can dancing and shamanic activity. Those of Oxal note:

Nothing is clear in your illusion, nothing can ever be permanently clear. It is possible to place the mind within a different state of consciousness, because consciousness has little to do with the illusion. That is precisely what the Sufi who dances, the shaman who twirls, the runner who goes beyond his limits, or the entity which takes mind-altering drugs intends to do. It intends to move to a point of view which is less illusory and more full of that which all humankind seeks: truth.<sup>74</sup>

The dancing and exercising, to me, are far safer for the waking personality than taking drugs. I have known several friends who overdid the LSD trips back in the 1960s who had astounding experiences, which manifested in the memory as blazes of light that were flashbacks to the original light-filled experience. The problem with this is that the experience itself, forced onto the consciousness by the substance, was not something the body, mind or spirit were ready for, and consequently there was a continuing and chronic loss of power through the higher three centers and a corresponding lack of ability to seat the awareness that these experiences brought. It was like an energy leakage. In later life, the trips were only seen as destructive experiences, the flashbacks being times when they became unable to function. Perhaps this sort of difficulty can be cured, but it is not simple or easy to reclaim one's integrity and balance, or to feel again the reservoir of personal power that has been experiencing a slow leak for decades. Drug usage can take us to a higher place, but it is likely to be one we are not ready for and cannot actually use.

Let us take the case of those who are using gadgets such as drugs, or shapes, or methods of focusing concentration, in order to aid their service to others, for their difficulties arise from a different level than others. Those who are willing to use a crutch in order to vault themselves upwards into the light, whether the crutch be drugs, or magical rituals, or whatever other occult science may be used as a gadget, have literally pulled themselves to a place for which they have not worked, and for which they well may not be ready. Whether or not they are ready to experience the wisdom and light, the love and compassion, of intercourse with the deity, [they] must reckon with the falseness of their position in the light. Drugs wear off. The magical personality may crumble between the grocery store and gas station. Occult wisdom may leave one without resources when something occurs that is completely against that particular dogmatic method of perceiving the archetypal

mind. And alone at last with itself, this entity who has no crutch now, finds itself committed to dispensing actions and words and the very beingness of its self in a way congruent with what it has learned. The crutch is gone, but the entity is responsible for the light that that crutch has gained.<sup>75</sup>

Taking addictive drugs to achieve enlightenment is a *cul de sac*. It may bring moments of enhanced awareness, but the question remains: can we be responsible for the material we have learned? Metaphysically speaking, unless we have been wholly conscious with the work all the way, we probably cannot. Trying to take short cuts to enlightenment by the use of drugs is, therefore, a false path and one I specifically recommend that seekers not take. Far better is the realization that comes in its own time. Have the faith to know that you are on a good track, a blessed path that will bring you the light you seek. We are seeking light our whole lives long. Let us do that with good judgment, wit and the skill we can bring to the moment by the experiences we have had, and the caution we have learned.

## SUICIDE

When I was twelve and a half years old, I came to a point of personal crisis. I was in despair. I had come to the conclusion, after years of trying to help out in a family which badly needed my help but could not thank me for it and, indeed, criticized me at every turn, that I was entirely unable to be of true service. I felt hopeless and helpless. I kneeled down in the tiled bathroom of my family home and prayed to die. Six months later, my kidneys failed, and I did, temporarily, die. However, once on the “other side” of this life, I immediately was given the choice of coming back in another life, with a smaller agenda of personal lessons and service, or coming back into this present life, even though I had perhaps piled too much of both lessons to learn and gifts to share on my plate this time. I was enormously elated to think I would eventually be able to be of service to someone, somehow, and, in a state of great joy, mentally chose to return to this present life. I was instantly back in my body and here I remain to this day, thank heavens. I could never fail to understand what drives people to suicide, having been there myself. I do not recommend it on any level, but I grasp the despair and hopelessness that move people into suicidal moods. A meditation member asks those of Latwii, “Could you say a few words on the subject of suicide?” To which those of Latwii reply:

My sister, it is not our intention or our right to stand in judgment over the actions of another entity. For this reason, we would strongly suggest that those present be aware that such an action is, although not positively polarizing in most cases, an acceptable form of death for those who seek a different avenue of progress. We, being of a positive orientation, regard this as a detrimental action in that, as you are aware, it terminates the possibility of attainment before a number of lessons are offered. It also acts in a less than selfless manner upon the lives of others who had chosen to interact with the now dead individual for the purpose of that individual's and their own learning. Again, this, as it exerts control and influences the learning progression of others, can be regarded as beneficial to those whose path lies in the direction of negative orientation. However, for those who seek positive polarization we, in the majority of cases, would strongly suggest avoiding this path.<sup>76</sup>

It is very difficult for those who are suicidal to see this point. To them, it tends to look like a service-to-others gift to end the incarnation. There is the feeling that this will end the pain, for the self and for those around the self. Barbara says:

I hadn't quite thought of the running away as in ending it all. There is a wall there in my psyche which prevents me from even thinking about running away like that, but I do long for this existence to be over sometimes. I think that many of us do.<sup>77</sup>

That temptation to run away from life and into the next world can be very seductive:

I'm tired of being the bunny, and I want out unless there are damn good reasons for continuing. So far I've found none; there is absolutely nothing that I want from this life or this place; I can and would leave tomorrow if opportunity offered; and if opportunity doesn't offer, I can soon create one. And whilst I abhor the use of violence, either towards oneself or others, I've had a good deal of experience with fasting, enough to know, not only that it is the best way out, but also that it's a respected and not uncommon one in the Yogic tradition.<sup>78</sup>

This Australian has been eying suicide for years, and it is to his credit that he has refrained from following its siren call in his psyche, for he has dreams of service to the planet that may well one day bear fruit, and benefit all of us. It is so easy to go from the bare idea to a discussion of ways and means, and feel that one is coping well with the subject. But to me, there is no

benefit in choosing one form of suicide over another. The result, in all cases, is the loss of a precious soul before her time has come to leave. Cheryl Hollrah puts this suicidal urge down to not appreciating her very life:

There were many times in my younger adult life that I came close to death, but in an instant a twist of fate freed me from the entanglement of death, and I came out of the experience without a scratch; smelling like a rose, I've heard. I've had an added seat belt in life. I used to take advantage of it knowing I was protected, and playing quite daringly with life. I walked on the edge for years. Why not, I didn't fear death. The problem was I didn't value my life.<sup>79</sup>

One great problem with suicide is the service-to-self aspect that I would call the selfishness of the proposed act. Having survived the suicide of my beloved companion of many years and partner in research, Don Elkins, in 1984, I can witness firsthand to the immense cost of this suicide in terms of my own suffering. It has been sixteen years since Don became despondent, then mentally ill, psychotic and delusional, and eventually shot himself. Not any hour within any day has passed since then without the images of his last illness being brought forcibly to my conscious waking mind, especially those last images of him with a gun to his own head, his eyes quite mad, his life fading before my eyes. Every all-too-honest word about my confusion at the time, everything I ever said that could possibly have helped to discourage him, play again and again in my head, even though upon severe and prolonged self-examination, I can see in every instance I was doing my absolute best, making no ethical mistakes, doing all I could to love and support him. I am not consumed by his death as I was for the first six or so years after he died. I sleep again, I have gotten over my very deep anger at him for abandoning me, I no longer have to seek psychiatric help to get through my own days. And I trust him to have done exactly as he thought best. I do not begrudge him that. But I still suffer daily and probably hourly from the guilt and pain associated with his action. And beyond all else, Jim McCarty and I simply miss him, for he was our leader and beloved companion. Life without Don is a poorer thing indeed. Those of Q'uo say:

As entities become more inclined to spiritual work, guilt is vestigial and unhelpful, for nothing can be done to ameliorate the situation about which the guilt is felt. A good example of this is the feelings of family in the event of suicide. Even those who are not related to the family member but were friends will consider to themselves, immediately upon hearing of the demise of such an entity in suicide, all of the things that could have been done had the person realized in what bad shape the

entity was. Even though the entity has moved on and nothing can be done, these phantom feelings are very real and must be dealt with as though they had something to do with consensus reality.<sup>80</sup>

Andrea Arden, an astrologer, confirms that suicide has a very real impact, not on the soul who chooses that method of passing into larger life, but on those who are close to that soul:

Death is indeed an expansion of consciousness, the spirit freeing itself from the limits of the physical body, a transition. Most of the time, to an astrologer, it can look like the person who died went on a vacation, especially if death came suddenly. The difficult aspects are present, but they tend to show more in the charts of the bereaved who are left behind.<sup>81</sup>

It is one thing to think of suicide in the abstract, as a theoretically acceptable choice of how to end one's physical life. It is another to think of dependent children murdered, for instance, because the parent no longer wants to live, and does not wish to leave them alone. That example seems to bring home the terrible error of suicide: the assumption that it happens in a vacuum. It never does, not even for the most isolated person. Even when there are no children, or even family, there are those who will be enormously distressed, not for a moment but for a lifetime. Suicide always has a detrimental, painful and lasting effect on all those around the experience. From the standpoint of being of service to others, suicide is disastrous. Sometimes the person contemplating suicide is not at all moved by this consideration, and wishes to hurt those who she may feel have hurt her. However, another central consideration which suggests not choosing to commit suicide is the consequences for the self. It is as though we have bought an airplane ticket on time. It's fly now, pay later:

When one refuses for any reason to use those abilities that are within one's scope of being, then it is that such an intensity of learning may seem a weight too heavy to bear and the entity may be, shall we say, forced by its own reluctance to resort to what seems to be extreme measures of coping with the problem that it has devised for itself. In the extreme case the entity may choose to stop its efforts during the incarnation by what you call the suicide. There are lessons in each area, for lessons cannot be escaped. They may be ignored for a time. The lessons shall eventually be faced in one way or another, in one incarnation or another. The means and time are of the choosing of the entity that has also chosen the lessons.<sup>82</sup>

Those of Ra see suicide as the making of a promise to reincarnate:

QUESTIONER: Do I understand, then, that death, whether it is by natural means or accidental means or suicide, that all deaths of this type would create the same after-death condition which would avail the entity to its protection from friends? Is this correct?

RA: I am Ra. We presume you mean to inquire whether in the death experience, no matter what the cause, the negative friends are not able to remove an entity. This is correct largely because the entity without the attachment to the space/time physical complex is far more aware and without the gullibility which is somewhat the hallmark of those who love wholeheartedly.

However, the death, if natural, would undoubtedly be the more harmonious; the death by murder being confused and the entity needing some time/space in which to get its bearings, so to speak; the death by suicide causing the necessity for much healing work and, shall we say, the making of a dedication to the third density for the renewed opportunity of learning the lessons set by the higher self.<sup>83</sup>

No matter how useless everything may seem, to my mind there is little chance that I will be in a better place to deal with life at a later time or in another life than I am now. There is in me, especially since my childhood death, or “near-death,” experience, a vital awareness of the worth of the gift of life. It is my feeling that if we are here, we have provided for ourselves lessons and services to receive and to offer, and we also have within us and around us sources of guidance and sustenance that are always equal to the moment. We may well suffer greatly, but the suffering is part of what we came here for, and what we learn from. To try to circumvent these problems and their challenge is futile: we can only put them off, and create a lot of suffering for others, by choosing to end our lives before the Creator has called for us to go. There is a less obvious way of committing suicide, and it is one which I have seen several times. It occurs when someone, as Andrea Arden says, disconnects from life:

My experiences as an astrologer and a regression therapist have led me to believe that people always choose, consciously or not, when and how they die. From a personal perspective, I watched both of my parents decide to die when they were each confronted with an illness they chose not to live with. Neither one expressed it verbally, but it was obvious that the choice was made. It was as if someone threw a switch and they



disconnected from life. In each case, death came very swiftly after that.<sup>84</sup>

How many of us have known someone who, in the latter stages of a mortal illness, stopped trying to get better? It does seem that death comes more easily to someone who has given up. I can only encourage us not to allow hopelessness to sweep us away. It is seductive, but it is false. Anthony Thomas shares his story of coming very close to suicide, and realizing that this is not what he wishes to do:

I felt lost, alone. My thoughts were too intense at those younger ages; too above the normal masses. No one could understand me and I couldn't understand myself. Finally at age nineteen or so, I attempted to end this body's physical reality, hoping to go back to wherever I came from. I knew that I was not from this plane of existence. After taking two bottles of sleeping pills with a glass of milk, I went to bed. My mind was spinning; thoughts entered and went. My mind was haunting me, scaring me out of this choice I made, telling me how selfish this choice was, how senseless it was. Who was going to take care of my mother? Of my pet kitty cat? What of my mission? Then with all my strength, I got outta bed and made my way into the bathroom. I only had enough energy left to throw up a portion of the pills, hopefully it would be enough. I then crawled into bed and went to sleep, hoping that I would wake up the next morning.<sup>85</sup>

Anthony, I am glad you made it! Suicide is a choice of fear over love, of emptiness over fullness, of nothing over everything. I think it is a very unwise choice to second-guess the Creator, and Ken Page's story really brings this out:

I felt it was time to let my body go and explore other worlds. I felt quiet. I loved the Earth but I had made up my mind that I was done here. I felt emotionally fragile and on the verge of tears. I wanted to hold back my emotions but told myself I needed to be more open and vulnerable. I knew I was dying. When I had felt something like this in the past, it meant there was a part of me I needed to let go of, yet this was different. This was total death. The time for my leaving was close. One afternoon, soon after, Mary and I were talking and laughing over a story that had come in over the fax machine. We were planning to go to a movie and she went to take a shower while I watched TV and relaxed. Suddenly I heard her cry out. I went to the bathroom door and called to her. She didn't answer. The door was locked and I panicked. I banged

on the door and called to her again. The door opened. Mary was gray, frozen in pain, and told me to take her to the hospital. The police had been called ahead to notify them and they met us with a wheel chair. Mary was in incredible pain and could barely talk. I knew this was it. Soon a doctor told me she was in shock and it didn't look like she was going to make it. I told her I loved her and was going to give myself totally to her so she could feel my love. I put my hand on her stomach and prayed. I told her over and over how much I loved her. We merged together and I felt a shift. A warmth came over us and we felt the presence of God. X-rays showed there was something the size of a grapefruit inside of her, an obstruction, a tumor they needed to operate to find out what was going on.

I stayed with Mary until they took her into surgery, my hands upon her, my energy connected to hers. I sat outside in the hall and continued to pray. I visualized the mass inside of her disappearing. Thirty minutes later two surgeons came out. They seemed confused. They told me Mary was OK, she was going to make it. They had opened her abdomen up completely and everything was perfect. They explained how they'd checked all her organs and found nothing wrong. They didn't know what to make of it and had no explanation for her crisis or the image on the x-rays. This was a miracle.

As we shared our thoughts over the following days it became clear to me I was not the same man. What had happened? The answer quickly came to me. At the moment I gave myself totally to Mary and her spirit coupled with mine, the part of me existing in the alternate reality came home. I was back in present time here, on Earth, fully in my body. My vibration had changed and the energy of creation was, once again, flowing through me. I was finally at peace.<sup>86</sup>

If you are contemplating suicide, I wish to call you back to the forces of your own unfinished life and work, this present reality with all its challenges and pain. Examine this choice with extreme care. Perhaps there is AIDS or cancer or fear of the final stages of a disease. Yet you live, and always, this is for a reason. As you read these words, I encourage you to find ways to open up to love and self-confidence, to faith and hope, to finding your feet and finding self-forgiveness. Come back to life! I do not feel we are through at this banquet until the celestial waiter brings the check! Eat and drink of life's sweetness in the tiny ways, in stepping outside and smelling the dew on the grass, the rain in the air, the honeysuckle in bloom, or taking the time to

imagine them. Renew the springs of your faith, and keep three words as your motto till you are on safe ground again: “Never give up.”

- <sup>1</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated April 19, 1998, p. 3.
- <sup>2</sup> *idem*, transcript dated September 12, 1993, p. 5.
- <sup>3</sup> *The Holy Bible*, I Timothy 6:10.
- <sup>4</sup> Joseph R. Koehm, letter dated August 3, 1998.
- <sup>5</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated September 12, 1993, pp. 2-3.
- <sup>6</sup> *idem*, transcript dated March 14, 1993, pp. 1-2.
- <sup>7</sup> *idem*, transcript dated December 29, 1997, p. 4.
- <sup>8</sup> 282, letter dated July 24, 1994.
- <sup>9</sup> Hatonn, transcript dated September 3, 1983, pp. 3-4.
- <sup>10</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated December 20, 1986, p. 4.
- <sup>11</sup> *idem*, transcript dated February 4, 1996, p. 2.
- <sup>12</sup> *The Holy Bible*, Ecclesiastes 1:3-4.
- <sup>13</sup> Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet*, New York, Knopf, 1968, p. 28.
- <sup>14</sup> Karen Eck, letter dated June 28, 1998.
- <sup>15</sup> Gypsee, letter dated October 9, 1997.
- <sup>16</sup> Marc Morgan, letter dated September 7, 1999.
- <sup>17</sup> Trixie 9, letter dated January 21, 1999.
- <sup>18</sup> 252, letter dated January 24, 1999.
- <sup>19</sup> Hatonn, transcript dated February 4, 1982, pp. 1-2.
- <sup>20</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated May 10, 1987, pp. 1-2.
- <sup>21</sup> *ibid.*, p. 1.
- <sup>22</sup> Sabra, letter dated August 21, 1998.
- <sup>23</sup> Russell Louie, transcript dated November 26, 1998.
- <sup>24</sup> Mike Korinko, letter dated May 26, 1993.
- <sup>25</sup> Heikki Malaska, letter dated January 28, 1999.
- <sup>26</sup> Andrew Laine, letter dated December 2, 1996.
- <sup>27</sup> Bjorn from Copenhagen, Denmark, letter dated March 5, 1999.
- <sup>28</sup> Karen Eck, letter dated August 29, 1999.
- <sup>29</sup> Mary, letter dated May 5, 1997.
- <sup>30</sup> CristeL Rose, letter dated July 27, 1994.
- <sup>31</sup> 285, letter dated August 27, 1996.
- <sup>32</sup> 282, letter dated July 24, 1994.
- <sup>33</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated July 30, 1989, p. 1.
- <sup>34</sup> *idem*, transcript dated April 26, 1997, p. 2.
- <sup>35</sup> *idem*, transcript dated December 17, 1989, p. 5.

- <sup>36</sup> Jim McCarty, letter dated March 8, 1999.
- <sup>37</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated October 31, 1993, p. 4.
- <sup>38</sup> *idem*, transcript dated October 18, 1998, pp. 2-3.
- <sup>39</sup> *idem*, transcript dated March 23, 1997, p. 3.
- <sup>40</sup> *idem*, transcript dated March 20, 1991, p. 5.
- <sup>41</sup> *idem*, transcript dated July 19, 1992, p. 5.
- <sup>42</sup> L/Leema, transcript dated July 15, 1986, p. 1.
- <sup>43</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated October 15, 1995, p. 4.
- <sup>44</sup> 202, letter dated March 6, 1999.
- <sup>45</sup> Latwii, transcript dated December 6, 1981, p. 7.
- <sup>46</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated October 22, 1989, pp. 1-2.
- <sup>47</sup> *idem*, transcript dated November 29, 1998, p. 2.
- <sup>48</sup> A. Friend, letter dated October 16, 1998.
- <sup>49</sup> Linda Klecha, letter dated August 21, 1998.
- <sup>50</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated April 21, 1995, p. 3.
- <sup>51</sup> *idem*, transcript dated May 13, 1990, p. 7.
- <sup>52</sup> *idem*, transcript dated April 14, 1996, p. 6.
- <sup>53</sup> *idem*, transcript dated January 10, 1988, pp. 2-3.
- <sup>54</sup> *idem*, transcript dated November 29, 1998, p. 3.
- <sup>55</sup> *Law Of One, Book II*, p. 99.
- <sup>56</sup> *ibid.*
- <sup>57</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated April 14, 1996, p. 6.
- <sup>58</sup> Laitos, transcript dated August 6, 1981, p. 3.
- <sup>59</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated April 30, 1989, pp. 4-5.
- <sup>60</sup> *idem*, transcript dated July 9, 1989, pp. 4-5.
- <sup>61</sup> *ibid.*, p. 8.
- <sup>62</sup> *ibid.*, p. 6.
- <sup>63</sup> *ibid.*, p. 7.
- <sup>64</sup> Hatonn, transcript dated March 29, 1981, p. 5.
- <sup>65</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated November 23, 1986, p. 18.
- <sup>66</sup> *idem*, transcript dated May 26, 1996, p. 1.
- <sup>67</sup> 282, letter dated July 24, 1994.
- <sup>68</sup> Jonathan Boyne, letter dated August 10, 1994.
- <sup>69</sup> Cheryl Hollrah, letter dated August 16, 1994.
- <sup>70</sup> 131, letter dated April 7, 1998.
- <sup>71</sup> Karen Eck, letter dated March 3, 1999.

- <sup>72</sup> Pharaoh, letter dated January 5, 1998.
- <sup>73</sup> Jim McCarty, letter dated March 8, 1999.
- <sup>74</sup> Oxal, transcript dated September 24, 1989, p. 3.
- <sup>75</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated March 24, 1991, p. 4.
- <sup>76</sup> Latwii, transcript dated May 16, 1982, p. 9.
- <sup>77</sup> Barbara, letter dated November 9, 1996.
- <sup>78</sup> ooi, letter dated July 24, 1997.
- <sup>79</sup> Cheryl Hollrah, letter dated August 16, 1994.
- <sup>80</sup> Q'uo, transcript dated January 3, 1999, p. 3.
- <sup>81</sup> Andrea Arden, letter dated March 5, 1999.
- <sup>82</sup> Latwii, transcript dated January 12, 1986, pp. 8-9.
- <sup>83</sup> *Law Of One, Book III*, p. 143.
- <sup>84</sup> Andrea Arden, letter dated March 5, 1999.
- <sup>85</sup> Anthony Thomas, letter dated December 20, 1998.
- <sup>86</sup> Ken Page, letter dated November 5, 1998.