
CHAPTER SIXTEEN: L'ENVOI: THE SENDING

As I write these words, the dog days of summer shine down upon Kentucky. Six months' writing has allowed me to finish this collection of gems of thought from discarnate entities and other thoughtful writers. Working with these wonderful ideas and principles has lifted me up and taught me much, and I hope that each reader has found some good resources and solid assets in these pages.

But I hope more: I sincerely hope that each of us strongly feels a new level of commitment to the service and ministry of being and essence for which we took incarnation. I am not calling us out of the world to some retreat from civilization. I see great value in the illusion this world gives us to enjoy. I am calling us to stay within the world and enjoy it for what it is, to be those who fully realize that they are in the world but not of the world. I am calling us to live in the rush hour of life as we experience it right now, with a mind to encouraging the growing realization of the sacredness of these very moments. I am calling us to the life of the open heart. I am calling us to our own style of worship, devotion, action, creation, outrageousness, commitment or adoration, whatever living from the open heart causes to occur within each of us. I am calling us to the cheerful embracing of hard times, when they come, in the faith that this is part of a good plan.

True worshipful living is a high-risk occupation. It is not a loop into the light, but rather a loop into darkness. The illusion creates an emotional, mental and spiritual twilight in which ideals, the purification of emotions from attachments, and the mindfulness of continuing awareness of the worship bloom in the darkness of blind faith. That is, the true worship is worship of a mystery, awe, wonder, a greater and greater subjective feeling of being held firmly by that which is not illusion, although one cannot understand it, so that the entity rests at last in a completely subjective and subjectively truthful journey. In this regard, worship may be seen as motion, motion of a metaphysical kind rather than a physical kind.¹

I do not encourage and send us forth on a holiday cruise but on a shake-down voyage on a boat whose seaworthiness is as unproven as are we. We will suffer as we become more real to ourselves. We are after our unique truth, our own mystery and our personal path to the Creator and to worship. My belief system will not suffice for another; another's will not satisfy

me. What we can do for each other is encourage each other in our mutually honest and unremitting search, the committed journey.

This commitment is a living thing. I wonder if any of us, at the beginning of a large promise, realizes the extent of the vows we have made. In 1991, our meditation group at L/L Research was asking about the issue of commitment. Those of Q'uo replied:

We ask each of you in all earnestness when each of you first said, "I commit myself to a life of service in this particular way," was there some special, permanent, unusual commitment, a commitment that took you from your humanity and made you into some entity with no capacity to do anything but keep that commitment? We ask you to look at this question very carefully. Can you not see, my friends, the absolute dedication of yourselves at that moment to the task of a lifetime, but the absolute ignorance in that moment of dedication of what sacrifices would have to be made to create a common path of service?²

Times of sacrifice, confusion and disaster can befall us as we attempt deeply to dedicate ourselves to serve the light. Some challenges can discourage us, and some stop us cold. Each time we feel our legs go out from under us in terms of knowing what we are doing, we enter into a desert of doubt. And yet, we remain still called, still full of the desire to serve the people and the planet of Earth. At this moment, I personally call all of us out of all deserts, to recommit ourselves to the great and single task of loving Earth, of breathing in, breathing out, and finding ways to live in peace and gentleness upon the mantle of our Mother Earth, of meeting each moment with a heart flowing with the Creator's unconditional, infinite love.

Our quest is set against a backdrop of incongruities. We are awkward beings here, we for whom this book has been gathered and written. As author, I have been writing to two awakened groups of people who seem to be the same to me in their energy and problems, their spirit and their gifts: the wanderers and walk-ins from higher densities who have wandered back into this third density in order to help lighten the planet, and the mature Earth natives who as spiritual beings are eager and ready to move on to higher densities, and remain at this time in third density only to join in the work of lightening the planetary vibration. Together, we make what Dana Redfield calls a kind of fifth column:

The soul is an alien in the world, without name or number. A conspiracy is afoot, souls gathering in the wings of tomorrow, meeting in the invisible college, snatched up by UFOs, returned to form a fifth

column, the trunk of a new tree rising up in the center of the world, the cosmic serpent uncoiling, a story in the secret book of life.³

Our wanderer's mindset tends to be alienated whether we are Earth natives or ETs, and this very awkwardness and athwartness is our great gift to the world. We are much harder to hypnotize. As we awaken to our spiritual identities as citizens of eternity, we begin to pull away from the details of the tangle of anger and territory, power and influence that reigns in the nations of Earth, and we begin to see into the energies of chaos and darkness behind each firing gun, each prison cell stopped against an innocent, each child starving because of policy. We begin to see that there is indeed a dragon of negativity. It is lashing its tail here in Earth's third density, and sometimes the energy of negativity is so intense, it is easy to believe that the dark is winning. Then we must stop upon our weary journey and rest.

As the seeker gazes down at the dusty road, at the dust that lies upon his feet and covers his sandals, he may well doubt that road and doubt the security and the promise of the journey of seeking. The staff which is intended to aid may become heavy and even those few belongings which the seeker has to carry with him begin to seem a great burden. And so the seeker sometimes removes himself from the dusty path which seems to go on forever. The seeker moves into a beautiful valley, well-watered and forested with pastures where spring the small animals and where the sweet flowers bloom. It is good for the seeker to rest in such a beautiful meadow and smell the beautiful scent of flower and bush and to rest beneath the nurturing and sturdy trunk of one of your trees. Because, you see, my friends, to go upon the journey is to become terribly vulnerable, it is to risk all for no obvious reward, for as you seek, so you shall be sought. As you polarize more and more towards the light, so your dedication to that light shall be challenged. The toll the journey takes upon the seeker is never the same from one seeker to another. And when the burden becomes too heavy, it is good that the individual seeker choose his own pasture and measure his own time of recovery.⁴

As I call us to send ourselves into the world's ripe harvest of souls with only our silent beingness in love for the work, I would sound the request for our most tender regard for our own energies and our determination to pace and relax into this long work. Soapboxes and words solve nothing. All people will awaken according to their own timing: it does not help to proselytize. We will not always be able to maintain a steady attitude, for life will at times bring most of us to our knees. We are so fond of functioning, our instinct is

to spring to our feet. But we may stagger in dark alleys for awhile if we demand of ourselves that we move ahead regardless. Let us rather feel, at such times, that we are worth the upkeep as we rest awhile from pursuing our quest of service and love. Let us nourish ourselves, and give ourselves rest when we need time for our own healing. We need not aspire to be saintly when we feel beastly. That would do us little good. Being exactly ourselves is who we came to be. This is helpful to remember in times of trial.

I do not know that there will be physical trial as part of the birth of fourth density on planet Earth. I hope not. However, I am aware of the number of predictions, from sources ancient and new, that global catastrophe awaits us in the early days of this new millennium. And I do not duck them, if they come. I only hope that, until I pass from this Earth, I may be of service.

Those of Q'uo say:

We ask you to look at these days not with trepidation and not with fear, but with enormous compassion. There will be, regardless of future events, great grieving and suffering among all peoples. We do not know what will occur in the future. It is always in the hands of free entities to choose the destiny of a people. Some of these free entities are imprisoned within their minds by concepts neither positive nor negative. This is a great confusion upon the mundane level. We ask you to move beyond it, and to be a portion of the ceaseless cry of prayer and supplication that rises so beautifully, so deeply, so richly at this time from your planetary surface, rises to the infinite One in glory and beauty. Know that your prayers are heard. Know that you are not forgotten.⁵

The messengers of the Confederation of Planets love to sound the call to meditation and prayer. It is a summoning to silence, and in my opinion, this simple invitation to silence is one of the central resources I have gleaned from this large archive of information that we have collected and tried to put into use in our life at L/L Research.

It is extremely easy to get caught up in the negative emotion of the world, at many levels. There is much negative energy around, in crimes and police actions, in court and in alley, in the many choices of people to separate themselves from each other by judgment, selfish manipulation and anger. In such a polarized outer world, it is seductive to enter into the combative thinking of the forces of light being pitted against the forces of darkness. I think many of us in the UFO field, experiencers, abductees, even researchers, are being activated. I know that each of us who awakens is being activated. But to what? In what way? Some of us have felt we were activated

to this great fight between the light and the dark. However, to my mind, this is a distraction for all awakened beings. We know the dragon of magnetic attraction and control will thrash its tail and perish in the course of evolution, in mid-sixth density. We know that in forgiving evil is our healing, not in combating it, in any density. Even if we wish to fight evil by standing with innocent victims, we need to know we are not combating anything, but witnessing to the light in joy. I feel strongly that the proper use of our dark side, that half of our universal self which is negative, once it has been known and mastered to a degree, has to do with implementing the full surrender of our wills to the will of the infinite Creator. We did not come to fight the dark, but support the light.

How to support the light? Certainly we must take thought upon that. In the Ra's first contact with our group in 1981, their first question to us was whether we had taken thought this day, and if so, what thoughts had we taken that day? It is a key question, in terms of the spiritual journey, for if we pay attention to our thoughts, we have much material with which to work in starting a powerfully effectual spiritual acceleration in the rate of our transformation and evolution of mind, emotion and soul. We can work in so many ways to forward our hope in and passion for a more loving world! But beyond this level of work lies a place within our hearts where, when we arrive there, we realize that our first priority is the discipline of utter surrender to spirit, guidance or deity, however we choose to frame this force:

As any approaches a personal or service-oriented cusp of decision, it is well to know that one has the requisite passion to accomplish what shall be and the courage to see it through. But then one may step back and ask the self to pause so that the spirit may go into the inner room and take all adornments off, all the things of the world, all the trappings of circumstance, all of the aura of success, of renown, of reputation and of desire itself. Lay it to one side and become of a quiet mind and a quiet heart, and say, "Here am I, what would you have me do? What is that highest and best that I may achieve and remain a stable person? What would you have me do?" A few moments spent in this tabernacle, asking this simple query, aid one enormously in fitting into the regalia of life's circumstances, girded within with a promise to do that which has been desired in the highest way. One may then don the garments of reputation and success and be unswayed and unimpressed by the patter and the tap dancing that all of us are capable of achieving in one way or another.⁶

“What would you have me do?” It is the question asked in the Bible by Jesus when he was hoping not to go to Jerusalem and lose his life. It was the response of Samuel when he finally realized his deity was calling him, and not his teacher, Eli. “Speak, Lord,” he said, “for your servant listeth.”⁷ Changed slightly, to “What would you have me say,” it is the question with which most channels approach contact with higher sources. Brother Philip, a member of an elder race of Earth that has remained in its inner planes in order to help lighten Earth even though its members have achieved fourth-density graduation, said in 1956, through George Hunt Williamson:

Give support, in any way that is necessary, to your own channels. And know also that ye are channels. Do not depend upon them alone, for in that day which now approaches, the day of the great telling, it is necessary that you are all channels, in one way or another. And this is not by accident. You have chosen yourselves for this particular mission at this particular time.⁸

This is a quote from a beautiful channeling, allegedly from a member of the Elder Race, one of the first that I ever heard, one that Don Elkins had brought to him from Detroit by Harold Price in 1961. It inspires me now as it did then, and that very inspiration leads me to talk a moment about this whole mythology, this mission, this day of the great telling, this whole system of thoughts I have talked and shared quotations about. For I know that on one level, this is mythology. I am fond of mythology. I have created the personal myth of my life. I have worshiped as a Christian, partaking in that mythological system with gusto and gratitude. And I have investigated, appreciated and followed in many ways the ethics of the UFO wanderer mythology. I have followed my heart, and it has unerringly led me here. I am passionate about this mission, about all of us telling our stories, about all of us making a critical difference for the lightening of planet Earth.

And yet I am totally aware that all this area of inquiry is engulfed in far more mystery than sense. Spiritual discovery is discovery of the further nature of continuing mystery. For me there have been so many hundreds of realizations, small and large, so many times of connection, and yet I remain an ignoramus in the sense of being able to create a rational and airtight defense of my structure of faith and purpose. Am I really from another planet, as I seem to remember? Does it matter? Are the Confederation entities by whom I set such store as teachers entirely as they say they are? Does it matter? Once, I remember, I asked them if they could be termed angels. They replied in the affirmative. That confused things further, I thought. Is there an ascension or liftoff, or some other end-time whirligig

that will spirit some away? Will there be a remnant that shall remain? If so, whose? Does it matter? In honesty, I am not sure that it does matter. The numinal is just that. I think we move up and down vast numbers of layers and masks of meaning and disinformation in equal parts as we seek. We cannot make this metaphysical material behave like part of the physical universe. The spirit and its concerns are not linear.

My general feeling, which I have come to over a forty year period, is that although we cannot prove any of this to others, we can safely come to trust for ourselves that these structures of principle, ideal, ethic and beauty exist, these voices from wider points of view exist and this mission to love Earth into new birth exists, but we must further our ministry by using our faith, our heart and our essence alone. The mission which we all have in common, the big one, is the ministry of being most deeply ourselves, and allowing our hearts to function naturally within the energy system of the bodies as light transducers, blessing light and sending it out into the world with a happy heart. The goal remains, despite all confusion, to keep the heart open and let the love flow through and nourish us all as creatures of light:

Approach the moment with the resonance of eternity within your consciousness so that the mundane and grimy world can not touch the light being that you are, nor can it touch your ability to act as a channel for love and light.⁹

How I long for that resonance of eternity and search for it when it is missing! If a new bloom or the sweet purr of my cat does not return me to the remembrance of love, then I must turn to those disciplines I have set about my life to increase my faith, those we have talked about in this handbook. They all have their uses at different times, but they all stem from one prior choice: the choice to have and practice a simple and foolish faith. Those of Hatonn say:

Oh, to have the faith that you to whom we speak now have! What a blessing you have, for to you all that is essential is shrouded in mystery. Only through faith do you understand that you are a spiritual being. Only through faith do you seek the truth and only through faith can you come alive and burn with an unquenchable flame. It is within your will and your power. It is not within ours. We refine. But you, my friends, you are mining. You are mining for your own precious heart. We wish you the right use of intellect, will and faith as you search and dig and search again, for the heart that lies beautiful and secret within you in the midst of this disheveled world which is third density.¹⁰

In the Christian mythology, it is said that the fields lie white with the harvest, as though we were all cotton ready to be plucked from the bolls. Harvest is also nigh in many other mythologies, however those end times are shaped by the structure of the various myths. Something is up. From deep within all cultures comes the feeling that the winds of change are sweeping, accelerating, moving things along to a new Heaven and a new Earth. We have one anchor: our metaphysical identities. If we know who we are, at the very heart of our being, what we stand for, what we live for, what we would die for, we are those who can face the physical death with as much equanimity as flesh generally attains. However we frame that knowledge, I feel it safe to say that we can all agree that we are creatures of divine love or unity with deity. We are part of the force that creates and destroys all things including time and space. I choose to call that force, that *Logos*, love. And I feel that as is our nature, so need to be our thoughts and actions those of love. As Brother Philip says:

In your own work, feel the affinity that your own heart might have with all your brothers and sisters throughout all space. I speak now of a love that is not physical, although on this planet, love is always relegated to a physical expression or experience. I speak of a love that is not even essentially mental, or a love of brotherhood which transcends female-male love. I speak even of a love that goes beyond the love of Christ. We are all one, beloved ones. And to love others is only to love yourself. When you meet men and women in your daily activities, each and every one, no matter what type they may be, look at them as part of the Father. Try to love each other with a love that is beyond that which is comprehended upon the Earth. The voice that calls out from all space, and all inhabited planets, is a voice of love. If man on Earth could only see, and could only hear! But what is more, if he could only understand. Love one another, beloved ones, for this alone is enough. Prepare yourselves now for that time which is so close, so close that you could reach out and touch it. For, beloved ones, the kingdom is not at hand. The kingdom is here.¹¹

The kingdom of heaven, the fourth-density experience, is here! It is within us, in the open and flowing heart. The time to serve is now! And I send each reader forth just as Don Elkins sent me forth on a voyage of self-discovery, learning and service so many years ago. We can do this. We can tell our stories to each other. We can love ourselves, and we can love each other. We can call ourselves to remembrance of who we are when we find ourselves wandering far from precincts of truth and light. We can breathe deeply and enjoy the companions or the quiet solitude that we dance within for this

sacred moment. We can look for ways to foster, to strengthen and to do small acts of kindness that will never be found out. We can find ways to humble our pride and encourage our better sides. But most of all, we can love. And so I send us all forth as lightworkers, brothers and sisters of the open heart, children and messengers of love. The world is hungry for this gift! Let us burn with the love of giving! And let us bring each other home.

The sun is halfway down the afternoon sky as I type this last paragraph of the handbook. We at L/L Research promise to be here, so long as we are physically able, and to respond to all correspondence we receive. We wish to honor, support and encourage all awakened beings of Earth who pass our way. Please join us and many other lightworkers around the globe who are walking a watchtower of love. Let us all be harvesters of Earth at this time of its sacred birthing of new world from old.

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The Magic Kingdom

- ¹ Q'uo, transcript dated November 4, 1990, p. 8.
- ² *idem*, transcript dated September 22, 1991, pp. 2-3.
- ³ Dana Redfield, *The ET-Human Link: We Are The Message*, Charlottesville, VA, Hampton Roads Publishers, c2000, p. 76.
- ⁴ Hatonn, transcript dated January 5, 1986, pp. 1-2.
- ⁵ Q'uo, transcript dated January 13, 1991, p. 2.
- ⁶ *idem*, transcript dated May 10, 1992, p. 2.
- ⁷ *The Holy Bible*, I Samuel 3:10.
- ⁸ Brother Philip, transcript from a tape recording dated 1956, channeled by George Hunt Williamson, p. 2.
- ⁹ Q'uo, transcript dated July 23, 1989, p. 3.
- ¹⁰ Hatonn, transcript dated December 9, 1984, p. 4.
- ¹¹ Brother Philip, transcript dated 1956, pp. 3-4.