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SUNDAY MEDITATION MARCH 3, 1985

(Carla channeling)

... and we who are of Hatonn greet you in the love and the light of our infinite Creator. We wish to use this instrument for a brief period before working and exercising with all those in the group for this instrument has been under the impression that it is less than adequate. It is always to be remembered that adequacy cannot be discovered within the human condition, as you would call it. If you allow the illusion to become real enough to mask the metaphysical boundaries under which you actually have allegiance you shall therefore become unable to be of service to yourself or to others. Therefore, we urge each as we urge this instrument most of all to dwell as your holy work says, "under the shadow of the most high," to allow the most high, that is infinitely about you, to move within your vibratory field in order that you may then be a true channel.

Without this simple realization that what you see is not what you get, that the invisible is more important to your survival than the visible, metaphysically speaking, each entity's lot for their third-density lot will be increasing bitterness and sourness and the hardening of the mind in order that new thoughts do not find pathways by which to enter. Living in the human condition, my friends, is the easiest way to fall asleep, and with vibrant life all about you, to remain outside the strength of living waters. It is an effort of will to look for hope where there seems to be no end to difficulty, and yet we do

not ask you to dedicate more than a single moment. That moment, my friends, is always the present moment. It is the most difficult state of mind within which to remain. It is also the most important in terms of spiritual evolution.

We would this evening, if it is acceptable to all instruments, spin a tale for you through each instrument, that is, each instrument speaking a small portion of a story in what this instrument would call a round-robin fashion. When we do this practice work with each instrument, we refrain from our name in order that the flow of the story may be more simplified. We do, however, encourage each instrument to challenge inwardly before beginning to speak. It is not ever to be taken lightly that you are a contact for those of Hatonn or any other entity whom you wish to hear. It is always well to challenge. And so we shall tell our simple tale.

It was a hot, hot summer day in Mexico. The land was arid and insects filled the air with their buzzing as they ate what little foliage and grass there was. Although the small and humble house was only a mile or so from the gathering place where all the people celebrated on the days of feast days and market days, there were no buildings around it. This was a hard land upon which to live, a land in which water was priceless, land that thinned the blood with its heat and killed the brain with the numbness of hard, repetitious activity which must be done to earn the daily bread. The young boy sitting by the

roadside gazed at it and turned to his mother. "Where does the road go?" he asked. "How should I know?" she answered.

We shall transfer.

(L channeling)

"The road leads to places I have not traveled, for as a child I had some interest in the road but soon lost my interest as the details of the adult world became more pressing, more insistent. I can only say, my son, that the road leads from here to another place or places, and the choices are yours to make, for one chooses when traveling the road first whether to travel at all, again in which direction to travel, and finally whether to be satisfied where one has stopped or to continue further."

The child wondered about the road in the ensuing days, for the road existed, yet he could not understand what maintained its existence, for rarely if ever did one see a traveler upon the road proceeding in either direction. It seemed apparent that most of those who inhabited this place on the road chose to remain where they were. And in wondering at this, the child realized that those remaining were much like the lizard which in early morning pauses to sun himself atop a rock, glorying in the pleasure of the light and warmth, yet, in remaining immobile, gradually becomes stupefied by the increasing heat and light, not realizing that he was slowly dying simply from his reluctance to move away further on his own path.

We shall transfer our contact.

(Carla channeling)

The young boy thought about what his mother had said sitting by the side of the road. It was a sparse place but it was pleasant where he sat. The water which was all-important was to be had in a deep well which had been dug at much labor. There were people to play with at the church, there were young women to please the young men. And yet to the little boy who was so quickly growing, he could hear no song within this whole town, no lullaby at night, no anthem in the morning, no psaltery at night. But even above the loud throng of insects as they buzzed about he could hear a song coming from the road. He gazed into the shimmering distance, the heat waves making all things strange, wavy and surrealistic, and could see no one and nothing that would account for the song. When he put his hands

over his ears, the song became louder and one day he knew that he must go.

We shall transfer.

(Jim channeling)

As he packed those few things that he wished to take with him upon the journey, his mother looked at him imploringly and asked if this was truly his heart's desire, for she had not herself been upon this road and knew very little about it and would worry over his welfare. He replied that there was nothing else that held any interest for him, and though he did not know what he would find or precisely why he must go, yet he must go. So he set out upon the journey with his small bundle of possessions, and as he journeyed, his uneasiness at the traveling into unknown areas was somewhat abated by the song that he continued to hear within his own inner ears and this did give him comfort.

His first day's travel was uneventful. The heat of the day beginning to grow, he decided that he would nap for awhile and under a lonely tree he found a small patch of shade and rested there.

We shall transfer.

(L channeling)

His rest was brief. It seemed that he had slept but a moment when he gradually realized that the song seemed louder, somehow more insistent. He moved uncomfortably this way and that, trying to drown out the song, but each time that sleep approached it seemed to tug at his sleep, urging him back to awareness.

In despair, he arose, again shouldered his bundle and moved again onto the road, plodding on, tired yet feeling a sense of correctness in again undertaking his journey, for as he progressed, the road seemed to rise to his feet, his bundle seemed lightened and though still tired he felt that the rhythm of his paces in some manner supported him, soothed his aching, and the song seemed to pull him onward.

By nightfall he had traveled a great distance and again sought the comfort of rest. He lay upon the ground seeking sleep. Yet as he dreamed, the road was before him, and as his body rested, he still traveled in his mind further and further, following the endless road.

When morning came, he arose, shouldered his pack and again strode forward. The way seemed easier now, as though somehow he had traveled this road before, and, indeed, many things seemed different. The sun seemed to shine as a friend now rather than beating down fiercely. The air seemed in some manner richer and full of life, so different from the brittle, arid air of his childhood home, and along with the constant companionship of the song within his ears, he was able to hear a gentle murmuring from somewhere before him.

By mid-afternoon the murmuring had become a rhythmic pulse, the voice of eons of tides breaking against a shoreline, and for the first time the boy beheld an enormous quantity of water, so great that he had never dreamed that it could exist. He approached it cautiously and with reverence. From the land of his childhood water was the wealth through which survival was purchased, and before him lay a sea so vast that its shores curved away gently into the distant horizon.

We shall now transfer.

(Carla channeling)

The boy moved towards the vast body of water which lay before him, tentatively touched it with his bare and dusty feet, and with a shout, waded into the breakers upon the shore. His joy, however, was short-lived as he found he could not swallow this water. He looked again for the road but the road ended at the ocean, and he was no longer in the land which he understood. He did not know how to find water. It came to him that he had not seen a single soul in all his journeying. Yet still he heard the song.

And so he knelt upon the sand and held out his arms with their palms upward. He spoke to no one in particular, yet he had to speak and he did so beseechingly, saying, "I know not why I began this journey, and I know not whether it might lead from here as the road disappears. Oh, singer of the song, speak to me and tell me what I must do." All day he prayed thusly and there was no answer, only the continuation of the song. In the deep blue gloaming that lives briefly before the dusk deepens to night, the young man decided to go backwards, to retrace his steps, to live in the home of his mother. But the road had disappeared, and so he knelt once again lost, lonely, confused. "Oh, singer of the song," he said, "I have changed my life because of the beauty of the music. Are you only a siren to lead me astray

that I may never again see home or kindred? To what terrible purpose is this song sung that leads to the thirst of death?"

With dawn came the first sight of another being which the young boy had experienced upon the journey. A small ship lay at anchor and a boat had been dispatched to the shore. The man who rowed shipped his oars, beached the small boat and came to where the young man lay, deep in prayer. The young man looked up, astonished. "Are you the singer of the song," he said? The other man only smiled and shook his head, "No. I am a fellow traveler," and that was all he said as he offered the young man a seat in the small boat which he began to row out towards the ship. The young boy said, "If you are a fellow traveler upon my journey, how do you know the path?" The other man shook his head. "I do not know the path. I seek the path." This did not make sense to the young man. He said, "I too seek the path and the singer of the song but when I wished to go back to the home of my mother, I could not even find the path which I had traveled."

The other man smiled as he helped the young boy aboard the ship. "You will learn many things, you will experience great joys and sorrows. And there will be those who are companions along the way when you need them. Water, fresh water ..."

(Side one of tape ends.)

(Carla channeling)

"... fresh water when you need it, all things as you need them. Yet," he said, "you will find that your journey has changed you. I cannot give you comfort in offering a road that goes backwards. You will never again be who you were when you first heard the song. You will never visit the home of your mother, for even were you to go there now, you would be a stranger to her. Your ways would be strange and your thinking outlandish, for you hear the song; she hears the insects as they sing their summer's anthem."

I am Hatonn. To all of you who journey upon the path and who hear a song, know that you have comrades, that that which is needed will be provided, but that you cannot go back. You can only refine your ears that they may listen better to the song of faith, hope, love and peace. Each person wishes for personal power—power to control, the power to shape the destiny, and this is your right,

my friends, this is your obligation. Yet know that the first and greatest power is given to you in the act of surrender, for the heart that has surrendered can hear the song which will lead you. Those who close and stop their ears and demand that things be thus and so, thus and so, will indeed hear a siren's song. And the manifestation of sorrow in the life of one who controls shall be less and less. These are the ones who are wayward and lost, for they cannot go home yet they are not able to go forward. Surrender, then, and purify your ears to the song of life, that life which is beyond life and death.

We of Hatonn leave you in that omnipresent love, that omniscient light, that infinite life that is the creation of the Father. Wend your way in joy and hope. Farewell, pilgrims. Take what you can use from our poor story, toss the rest away, and join us in the infinite quest for the Infinite. Adonai, my friends. Adonai vasu borragus.

(Jim channeling)

I am Latwii, and we greet you, my friends, in that same love and light which our brothers and sisters have so joyfully left you in. We are again privileged to be with you. As each knows, we attempt to serve by answering those queries which have been placed before us. Without further ado, then let us begin, if there might be a query at this time.

Carla: I have one. For the last several months I've been trying to work my way through the feeling that I should be dead. It seems very irrational, but my feeling for my friend, Don, is such that I feel that I failed him in an attempt to save him. I have sought professional help with the doctors that work with the mind and the body and although my grief or guilt or both are somewhat softened by the medicine that I'm given, I never know when I'll get an attack of such a depth of sadness that it does seem in all honesty quite logical that I should have been dead, and I feel quite guilty at remaining. Now this does not fit with the true facts, so I know that I'm a little bit crazy right now. And I wonder what suggestions you might have that I might link up the crazy self with the one that knows that she did absolutely everything only after a lot of prayer, a lot of thought, and a hundred and ten percent trying. The two simply don't seem want to become one.

I am Latwii, and we feel that we have the grasp of your query, my sister, though the query is one that covers a great deal of ground, shall we say, both

within the illusion which you have your present incarnation, and in the metaphysical sense of the greater portion of your being and your relationship to the one known as Don. There are for each pilgrim upon the path, as the story just completed by our brothers and sisters of Hatonn just illustrated, a number of challenges which will be faced. The situation in which you now find yourself is one that indeed could have been ended, shall we say, as an incarnational pattern at an earlier time, for your existence for a significant portion of your life has been that afforded by the exercise of will and faith. These qualities are those which each pilgrim attempts to develop and refine, for within your illusion there is not the possibility of achieving perfect action, that is, providing service that is undeniably service and is not mixed with any lesser quality.

Therefore, the exercise of will and faith is most salient, for as you enter your incarnation and proceed through it, you attempt to serve the one Creator, to know the one Creator, to be the one Creator in some fashion. In your attempt to be of service to others, you move within a darkness of knowing in which true knowing does not exist. Therefore, you must in some degree fashion a framework of faith in a larger, broader, deeper, richer, purer reality or else the life in which you move has no meaning. As you fashion this greater reality within your own mind, and attempt in some means or manner to reflect it in your life, this attempt then generates or is generated by, we should say, the exercise of will. You take that which is unknown and you fashion that which is not apparent. You take the illusion, the manifestations in which you move, and in some way attempt to transmute it by your own will and faith into a greater reality.

These are together woven into the fabric of any seeker's journey. They are as the rod and the staff that comfort the seeker in what has been called the valley of the shadow of death. As you find yourself passing through this valley with shadows of death, know that your own shadow is upon that wall as well as are the shadows of all seekers, for to this life, truly one day each shall die. Yet it is not this life that is the great treasure to be clung to with all the effort and fiber of being. Yet it is that which this life can provide, the learning of the Creator, the serving the Creator, the welcoming of those opportunities to do

both, the accepting of the outcome of any opportunity, the praise and thanksgiving to the one Creator for being provided such opportunities, and the moving forward with the will and the faith intact to continue the journey.

For as long as you draw breath within this illusion, you have the treasures that this illusion can offer, these being the opportunity to transmute what is mundane to that which is sacred, to take that which has darkness and to shine upon it a light, to look where there might be sorrow and to offer a gladdened heart and hand. Dwell not overlong within those opportunities which you feel were less than adequately met, for you shall fall short in each opportunity. You are limited beings attempting to reflect the limitless. Yet, each opportunity comes as a gift from the one Creator to a portion of Itself that that portion might be nourished and continue upon its path of gathering experience that will glorify the one Creator thereby.

In short, my sister, we say to you, look not just at a portion of your journey; look to its overall length and breadth and attempt to move as the Creator would move through you, that your will might be given over. Even in your despair give it over to the one Creator. Let it be worked upon, and let it return to you as renewed faith and a renewed will to learn and to serve within this illusion that at times seems tedious and endless but when viewed from without is but a short, brilliant burst of opportunity and light.

May we answer you further, my sister?

Carla: No, thank you very much.

I am Latwii, and we thank you, my sister. Is there another query at this time?

L: Yes, Latwii. I have a friend who has recently become enthralled with Christianity and is troubled at the fact that I attend these sessions, viewing my lifestyle as somehow one which endangers my soul in that it doesn't conform to a strict path of adherence of Christianity, his concept being that that is the only path through which people on Earth can hope to achieve whatever it is he believes we're trying to achieve. I'd like to ask for whatever help you can offer, not in helping me dissuade him, because it's his choice, but simply to assist me in explaining to him that—first of all, that the two beliefs are complimentary rather than in opposition, and

second, that it's not necessarily the end of the world for a person not to conceive of Christianity as the only route of development. I realize that's a broad order, but anything you'd have to offer for assistance would be appreciated.

I am Latwii, and am aware of your query, my brother. As we look upon the points of view of each of you, we see that each has the opportunity to express the heart of each point of view, and that is to love and to accept that which seems unlovable and unacceptable, for it is seemingly in opposition in some degree, each to the other. Those who seek the, shall we say, holy grail, the ultimate truth of existence, do so upon a certain path. It has been said that this path is straight and that it is narrow. Many take this to mean that there is only one path, and no matter what the belief or what the entity, the entity is likely to believe that it is upon that path that others are not.

Yet we may suggest to you that this statement is a statement of the necessary focus or discipline, if you will, that any seeker must exercise as it travels whatever path it travels to the one Creator. One cannot travel two paths or three or four or more and hope for the efficiency, shall we say, and the degree of utilization of the will that is necessary in order for any seeker with any viewpoint to reach its goal. Therefore, each of you have the opportunity to demonstrate the heart of any path that seeks the one Creator that is at its heart, love.

We find that within the holy work known as the Bible, in a portion of this work authored by the entity known as Paul, in his description of various gifts that would come unto those seekers in the, shall we say, latter days, there is listed a gift that it described as the ability to discern spirits. This suggests that even within this belief known as Christianity, it was known in earlier days that communication with other entities was possible and that there were communications that were of a positive and acceptable nature to those known in those days as Christians.

Indeed, as those entities known to you as Christians move within these latter days, there shall be, and have been already, the expressions of these gifts becoming more widely experienced and this phenomenon shall continue and the points of view shall continue to widen as the heart of love and acceptance within this philosophy is uncovered.

May we answer you further, my brother?

L: No, that's given me much to go on. I thank you.

I am Latwii, and we thank you, my brother. May we attempt another query at this time?

(Pause)

I am Latwii, and we find that though the queries have been few, there has been a good deal of thought given to each query, and we are honored to be able to focus our humble attention and experience upon these queries. We thank each for presenting these gifts to us and we hope that in some manner our poor responses have been able to point a direction for your own thought.

We at this time shall take our leave of this group and this instrument with the reminder to this instrument that though it is hopeful in a way to be, shall we say, absent and vacant of mind, it might be more helpful to focus more closely upon this contact. We leave you, my friends, in the love and in the light of the one infinite Creator. We are those of Latwii. Adonai. Adonai vasu. ✨