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SUNDAY MEDITATION

JANUARY 26, 1986

(Jim channeling)

I am Hatonn, and greet this group in love and light. We are honored to be asked to join this group once again. It is through efforts such as this that our contact with the older instruments, shall we say, is strengthened and given new opportunities to develop in those areas which yet await the development.

We thank each present this evening for calling for our presence and humble words to aid in the seeking of those who have awakened to the need for seeking. This evening we are quite happy to agree upon the format and will speak a small story through each instrument. As always, we remind this instrument that it may speak as it feels the concepts moving into the mind without the fear of the break in contact, for the type of channeling which is now being experienced is somewhat at variance with what this instrument has become accustomed to. The answering of questions, or more precisely, the channeling of the answers to queries, when undertaken over a long portion of time to the near exclusion of this type of contact, tends to give somewhat of a false security to one such as this instrument, for it can be imagined by such an instrument that the channeling of answers to queries is a kind of channeling which can more easily be created by the subconscious, for it is frequently the case that this instrument feels a source of information within it exists for whatever query is

presented. However, in this type of contact, this instrument has no idea of the concepts which shall be transmitted through its instrument, and must once again, as in the beginning of its experience with vocal channeling, open the mind and relax the analysis in order that the contact may proceed in a smooth fashion.

We have taken some extra time this evening to describe the process which this instrument has undergone in its channeling experience in order to enable it to gain somewhat in the confidence that this kind of contact can indeed succeed. We shall now begin this story.

Once, as most stories begin, there was a young woman who was quite sure of herself and of her abilities, for many had praised both her and her abilities throughout her young and developing years. She was able to converse easily with not only peers but with her elders upon subjects of a wide-ranging variety. She was one easily able to solve the new and unique problems of her immediate surroundings, the management of her personal affairs, her business affairs, and was one who found an easy comfort in the friends and social intercourse of friends and strangers.

This young woman, in the terms of her day, had success at her feet. Her efforts were easily rewarded. The efforts were of the kind which one would expect the young and successful woman to take part in. The

development of this young woman's mind was rapid and moved quickly from those areas of social acceptance and career successes to the more abstract in which the young woman began to question herself in her quiet moments as to why her life had seemed to unfold with such ease and comfort, for she observed many around her who struggled for but a fraction of what this young woman was able to reap in each area of her existence.

We shall transfer.

(Pause)

(*Carla channeling*)

I am Hatonn. We apologize for the delay. This instrument was attempting to be fastidious concerning the tuning and the challenging of spirits. This was especially difficult for this instrument at this time as there was a target of opportunity offered when the instrument received the message, "I am Ra." The instrument was pleased at the contact and at the same time requested that this entity leave, for it was forbidden that this instrument would channel that particular social memory complex without adequate protection. The contact was a negative contact pretending to be that which it was not. However, it took some of your time for this instrument to remove the unwanted entity and to open itself once again for our contact.

We would take this opportunity to offer our opinion that no matter how long it takes to be satisfied within one's mind as to the tuning and the nature of the contact, it is the most important part of the contact for the instrument, for those who have these words then made available to them may have words which can be trusted. If the initial work is not done, there is no trustworthiness in the contact and the integrity of the light source which [the] group represents is undermined increasingly with each failure to be patient with the tuning and the challenging of spirits as this entity and its cultures calls those of us who, though persons, are not human but dwell in other bodies and other time/spaces and with, shall we say, alternate modes of thinking and expression.

We shall continue with the story.

"It is not acceptable to me," said the young woman, "that there should be such disparity betwixt my good fortune and others' ill luck. Who am I to have been born under such a fortunate star? And how can I

dispense justice where no justice is possible, for were I to change places with a poorer, less advantaged person, yet still I would learn and I would once again be fortunate, for it is within me to work and to learn. And yet these traits will not talk to me, thus it is not a virtue but a mere trick of nature that I am who I am."

These thoughts made the woman feel lonely and full of sadness. Lonely, for she had no teacher, for those who attempted to teach her did not move as quickly as she, thus she became the teacher and the teacher the pupil. "What a tragedy," thought she, "and how unfair that one is given opportunity upon opportunity, and yet to another that little which has been given seems to vanish."

We shall transfer.

(*Jim channeling*)

The young woman pondered for some time this unwelcome state of affairs. She wished within her own heart that there was some way that she could aid those she saw about her who were seeming to struggle for what came so easily to her, and in her experience it was soon apparent that what had been given to her seemed in a relative fashion to be greater than that which those about her enjoyed. Yet as she continued her own personal inquiry into the nature of her life and the lives of others, there were from time to time new thoughts and resources that came within her reach, bringing with them the possibility of the further refinement of those gifts which were hers. Soon she came to ...

I am Hatonn. We apologize for the delay. This instrument is somewhat concerned that it has lost the thread of thought—and indeed it has.

Jim: I'm going to quit, Carla—it isn't working well.

Carla: Shall I just take it then? Are you in a good enough state to continue meditating?

Jim: Yes.

Carla: Okay.

(*Carla channeling*)

I am Hatonn. We are with this instrument, and although we may seem to dally, commenting overly as we tell this story, it is of necessity in our opinion that we thank the instrument known as Jim, for this contact has been threatened by those entities which would if they could desire to reduce this group's

productivity or to pollute the messages promulgated. The instrument known as Jim has the integrity to recognize and state clearly the limits of his ability, and we may say that under difficult circumstances this entity was able to make some strides in improving confidence and clarity, two necessary prerequisites to helpful channeling.

We shall continue through this instrument with a story which may seem to have wandered a bit. However, the story is as an arrow, seeming to arc a bit, but coming to its target nevertheless.

Soon the young woman was granted the wish she did not know she had. Another young woman of a different creed and color was brought in to the company for which she worked. They both held the same office, and as high-ranking executives were called upon to function at a very high rate of competency. The black woman had qualities which the young woman recognized as being those qualities which she did lack. It was the first experience that she had had in being able to depend upon another upon an equal basis for the exchange of information. And so she carried to her friend and co-worker her ponderings about the unfairness of life, about her great good fortune and all the power she had and about others' lack of good fortune and lack of power within this illusion.

Her friend gazed at her long, smiling very slightly. "Girl," she said, "you are working so hard to pat yourself upon the back within the illusion that you have forgotten what power really is." "What do you mean?" asked the young woman. "Do you think power is equal to money? To position? To great intelligence?"

"Why, yes," replied the young woman. "That is the way the world measures power and that is why the world is so unfair."

"Now sit down," said her friend, "for I want to talk to you about power. What do you think of me?"

The young woman looked puzzled. "You are my friend and I trust you."

"Last week," said her friend, "I cut in front of another car when I was driving to work. I did not damage my car, but I did not stop to see if there was any damage to the other person's car. What do you think of that?"

The young woman pondered briefly and said, "That sort of thing happens all the time. I suppose I would have been tempted as you to move on since the damage was so slight."

"Then do you forgive me?" said the black woman.

"Do I forgive you?" said the young woman. "If you need to be forgiven, then, yes, I forgive you."

"Aha," said her friend. "Now you are exercising power. Do you forgive those who kill and are put in prison? Would you set them free today?"

"No, I wouldn't," said the young woman. "The streets would not be safe."

"Ah," said her friend, "You have not forgiven. And so, no matter what the fate and destiny of those who dwell within prisons not of their own making, they are bound in chains by your power, for if you do not forgive, then there shall be no forgiveness."

"I don't buy that," said the young woman. "What can my opinion be worth?"

Her friend smiled (*inaudible*). "The hardness of your heart or its softness or compassion are all in all. There is no power for justice that is greater than your opinion which you hold within the silence of your own mind or heart. As you open your heart, so you exhibit power for that which is beautiful and good. As you harden your heart to beauty and sanctity of all that is alive, so your denial becomes law, binding those whom you would bind. Yours is the ultimate power—yours and mine and all peoples.

Dwelling upon your great good fortune will get you nowhere, literally, my friend, for you see that when you accept the illusion and look upon your life experience as a game in which one may win or lose, you then become imprisoned by that which is not. You are not fortunate because you have worked in many lifetimes before this one—you are distinctly unfortunate in that you have not yet grasped that which you planned that in this incarnation you would accomplish to increase the light upon this planet and to share compassion with all those radiant ones about you who, like you, shut themselves up in the darkness of intelligence and stupidity, winning and losing, and all the dualities by which men judge things fair when they have not gone within to find that which is."

For the first time in this young woman's life, she had fetched up against an idea that was almost impossible to fathom. "I am going to need some time to understand what you are saying," she said.

"But you know, it rings clear to me that what you are saying has merit. There is fairness—the fairness must come from me within the privacy of my heart—is that what you are saying?"

Her friend smiled again, eyes twinkling merrily. "Do not forget," she said, "that within the illusion there are things which you have accumulated far beyond your need. Even within the illusion, radiancy of compassion may manifest itself by physical giving. I ask you only," she continued, "that it is within the heart that compassion resides and not within any action. It is only within the illusion that like actions are accepted as similar."

My friends, each of you is a being waiting and watching for a time when you may be acceptable so that grace may come to you and you may be the radiant and compassionate being that you seek to be. We encourage you to find inspiration before your attempt to manifest, for manifestations which come from one's sense of duty or from outrage at the injustice and unfairness which are apparent in that experience will be unable to share that which makes others joyful, the reason being that without the compassion and the joy within the heart, there is only a mechanical transfer of illusory objects from person to person.

It is easy to feel that some among your peoples have all the advantages and others almost none. It is well to remember that the fortune of each individual is illusory. Some who seem most fortunate had what you would call karmic situations in which they must face the seeming responsibilities and duties of this good fortune and face them not mechanically but from the heart. There are similarly many, many of your peoples seemingly born and living and with expectations of dying with almost no advantages who are working upon lessons of love which demand apparent adversity, for the shining of light in the darkness that is the building up of faith is a lesson of love in which the will is strengthened and the advantage which is so priceless spiritually and which is then chosen by the individual is that there is no false pride to overcome. Many are those seemingly poor who are untroubled by pride and therefore are untroubled by the illusion and whose faith and will

move and move and move again ever closer to the goal of seeking the source of love and light which is the one unmanifest Creator whose mystery is shared by all.

We ask you to reconsider, if you need to, your good fortune. Use the intelligence which seeming good fortune may have given you to list that which is of the illusion and then find for the self that which is not of this illusion. And as your heart warms and becomes soft, radiant and giving, as you forgive, as you give up yourself, so shall your seeking produce great fruit.

(Side one of tape ends.)

(Carla channeling)

For love which is unmanifest does not have to be guarded or governed. The channels through which love may wind are everywhere. The only governance needed is the choice of the direction your eyes of compassion shall turn. And as all beings are one being, and as all beings are the Creator, unmanifest love made manifest through any means is love offered to the Creator.

May the reality of your good fortune shine upon you, and may you seek it with all that is within you. And if you are disheartened, we ask you to remember that you too are the Creator and you too must be the object of your forgiveness. You too are slave to yourself until you free yourself. You too are poor until you give yourself the coin of unbridled compassion. Rejoice and shout in the joy that is freedom, the true freedom of unmanifest love and of manifest service. You are in the Kingdom of Heaven within your heart, and yet you stride a planet and have the opportunity to manifest the giving, the forgiving, the freeing, and the spending of ineffable and infinite love.

We are most grateful to have been able to work intensively with the one known as Jim and to be able to speak through each instrument. We thank you that your desire to serve continues and we wish to affirm the spoken thought by the one known as Jim that fidelity of a perceived service, when lit by the compassion of the heart, is the cornerstone upon which all services and polarizations depend.

We leave you as we arrived, in the love and in the light of our infinite Creator. Go your way in peace. We are known to you as Hatonn. Our hearts touch

yours in joy. Adonai, my friends. Adonai vasu
borragus.

(Carla channels a healing melody.)

I am Nona. We greet and leave you in the love and
light of the One Who Is All. Adonai. Adonai. ♫