

The LOOP NEWSLETTER

The Law of One Prisoner Newsletter is a publication for incarcerated seekers to participate in a discussion of the Law of One.

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Letter from the Editor

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Welcome to the third issue of the LOOP Newsletter. Thank you to everyone who has participated in making this newsletter a joy and a help to those who have chosen to subscribe. I receive letters all the time thanking me and L/L Research for the LOOP, but the thanks go to you. The words written here are your words, your thoughts, your teachings, making this your newsletter. And for that L/L Research thanks you.

There are three pieces of business I would like to take care of before preceding to the rest of the LOOP.

First of all, we have a new column that will be appearing regularly called Wandering Thoughts by Bill Ackerman. Bill has been a regular correspondence of L/L's for over 20 years. Carla and I have come to appreciate his learn/teachings and loving words. I hope he will inspire you as well.

The next issue is that I have been asked by several of you if I would open this Newsletter up to those outside of prison. I have responded that I see no reason to restrict subscriptions if a non incarcerated seeker wishes to learn from these words. However, participating in the discussion is something I think should remain in the hands of those with prison experience. I have invited one who has been released to participate, since he has served a prison sentence. But since this is your newsletter, not mine, I would like to hear your responses and, if you permit, to share these responses with the rest of the LOOP community.

And lastly, what would you like to see in this newsletter? Do you like having Channeling transcripts? Would you like more philosophical questions to ponder? Are there topics or issues of concern you would like to address or have addressed by others? What can I do as editor to make this newsletter fit your needs? I wish this newsletter to be of the best possible service and your comments will help me make it so.

Thank you for all your help. Love and Light from all of us at L/L Research to each and every one of you. Lorena Lucille, Editor

Wandering Thoughts by Bill Ackerman

When you gaze upon the rude address of negativity, think of the sick child and reach out your hand in compassion and take cool water, and comfort that negativity with compassion and great feeling of brotherhood. You are that negativity just as you are positive, and to heal negativity is to take it into the open heart and love it. All that is not love will fall away. Hatonn, May 26, 1991

As an awakening Wanderer in prison, I have continually questioned my pre-incarnational choice of spending more than 30 years (in this vibratory sound complex known as "Bill") in a correctional setting. I understand I am a beacon of Love/Light and that Love/Light is requested everywhere, but to have myself locked up for so long....It is not that I do not appreciate the honor/duty of being able to provide such a difficult service in a negative environment, it is the fact that I am a creature who loves the outdoors. Before incarceration, I was one who explored the woods, enjoyed swimming, skating, boating, and basking in the sunshine. There are many times (through meditation and dreams) where I have seen terrain that is unfamiliar to me here on Earth. I assume it is my home planet. The images do not last long but the clarity and beauty of the landscape is breathtaking. I long to return, but first I must finish the lessons I have chosen to learn/teach in this incarnation.

Opening the heart and loving each and every soul unconditionally in an environment breeding hate, ego, false pride, enslavement, judgment, shame, and sorrow takes every bit of my strength and courage. I am continually questioned about my relationships with certain convicts in my prison, specifically child molesters, who are considered to be at the top of the list of targeted people. Although I am appalled by the actions of some entities, I understand they are all one with the Creator, while caught in the illusion of darkness and struggling to see the light. Who am I to judge another? There is no me. We are all One. He is my brother, he needs guidance, and isn't that what I am here for in this incarnation? I am not disliked in here for being a beacon of Love/Light. I am just misunderstood.

As much as I want to be free from this environment, I think of the words that the Principle of Q'uo say in the channeling excerpt included in this newsletter: "It is humorous to us that you would describe the planet of your choice as a prison, because each and every one of you in this room, and each and every person upon your planet that is alive at this time, fought tooth and nail, as it were, to get into line to have a body and come here at this time."

We think we understand the relevance of our present situations. We believe what we see is real. The "veil", while thin enough to allow us to peek at the truth, still shrouds us in the illusion created by our own 3rd density experience.

If we fought so hard to get here on Earth, if we are so privileged to be a part of this harvest, then we need to understand that whatever we are doing at this particular space/time is exactly what we want/need to be doing. It is through these situations, whether good or bad, that we learn about the self, accept the self, and enjoy this journey of enlightenment.

So, I continue my service and thank the Creator each day for any opportunity/lesson offered. When my work here is done, then it will be time to move on. It is not my choice. There is no me. I am One with the Creator. Adonai. Vasu. Borragus.

Question from Larry

Have you or anyone in your L/L Group heard of or experienced a phenomenon, if you will, of walking under or driving by sodium vapor street lights and this inexplicably turning the lights off randomly? Ten years ago, when I lived in Los Angeles, this happened to me routinely. At first I thought it was my car's electrical system having some weird thing causing the effect, then I noticed it would happen when my girlfriend at the time and I would take evening walks together. Same thing!

Out of the 11 of us at L/L that responded to this question, 4 have had what is termed Street Light Interference (SLI) occur to them personally. 3 people have had electrical interference of another type, like watches stopping or cell phones losing charge, but not SLI.

Have any of you experienced electrical interference, SLI or otherwise?

The Gift of Prison

By Mike Stringer

Masters and mystics have tapped into the underground stream of spiritual knowledge that flows beneath the bedrock of all great traditions. Prison has allowed me the time to study their writings—the writings and lives that unite the world's religions, washing away their surface differences. It is through these spiritual guides that I have sought a way to gain access to the collective wisdom that feeds the human spirit that filters into our psyches, souls, and biology.

As a young boy in Sunday School, I asked the big questions. I just knew in every fiber of my self that there was something more. I was usually scolded or told to be respectful. At that time, I believed in God, but I also believed in something larger.

For a long time after I turned away from God, studying the occult and white magik. Some of the answers I was seeking were in these studies, but not all. Eventually I came to understand that God was there also. I have been given the time I needed to reflect on this, and for that also, prison has been a gift.

Other gifts in my life have included L/L Research and the LOOP Newsletter. I've been a seeker all my life, but recently the answers I've been so desperately seeking have been coming to me. The right information has come into my life at the right time for me to begin a true understanding.

This understanding has come in part through the materials of L/L Research, such as The Secrets of the UFO, from which I wasn't sure what to expect. But the simple truths found in the contactee information that I've spent the majority of my life seeking, were right there in a few very informative chapters. I'm very excited about my study of the Law of One. It's been a long road to get to this point, but I feel I'm on the road to the one true Creator.

I would like to thank Don Elkins, Carla Rueckert, Jim McCarty, Lorena Lucille and everyone at L/L Research for truly making a difference in my life.

Jail-Bird

An excerpt from the book Bahuroopee Gandhi by Anu Bandopadhyaya

Gandhi preached rebellion, launched mass civil disobedience and was repeatedly jailed. When arrested, he pleaded guilty and asked for the severest punishment. In South Africa, the charge against him and his co-workers was proved by witnesses furnished by him. The horror, shame, and hardship of jail-life, originally a punishment allotted to criminals, scared the Indians. He removed this fear from their hearts.

He was jailed eleven times. Once he was arrested thrice within four days. If he had to complete all his jail terms, he would have spent 11 years and 19 days in jail. Occasionally, his punishment was reduced and altogether he spent 6 years and 10 months in prison. At the age of 39, he first entered a jail. He came out of the prison gates for the last time when he was 75.

Gandhi first entered a jail in South Africa with five satyagrahis [followers of Gandhi who practiced non-violent resistance]. He had heard terrible stories about jail-life and was a bit nervous and wondered whether he was to be specially treated as a political prisoner or was to be separated from his co-workers. A feeling of awkwardness crept in his mind, when he stood in the dock of the very court where he often appeared as a counsel. He got two months' simple imprisonment. From the court he was stealthily driven to prison in a cab to evade the big crowd waiting outside the court. On reaching the prison, he had to give his digit impressions. He was weighed, totally undressed and made to wear very dirty jail clothing. Every second or third day, more comrades joined him and, in a fortnight, the number rose to 150. They were huddled in a room meant for 50. Tents were pitched to accommodate some prisoners at night only.

The jail inspector, Governor and, chief warden visited the prison four or five times every day. Gandhi and others had to fall in a row, cap in hand. He volunteered to do manual labor but that was not allowed.

The jail diet was unsuitable to the Indians. In the morning and evening, they were given mealie pap (a

sort of maize porridge) without sugar, milk or ghee and this they could not eat. Some evenings only boiled beans were served. No sugar and no spices except salt were allowed. European prisoners got meat, bread and vegetables. Peelings of those vegetables, cooked with other vegetables, were served to the colored convicts. Gandhi sent a complaint bearing the signatures of 100 Indian prisoners to the jail authority. He was told: "This is not India. This is a prison, no palatable dish can be allowed here." Within a fortnight, Gandhi succeeded in getting a ration of rice, bread, vegetables and ghee sanctioned for the Indians. They were also permitted to cook their own food. Gandhi helped in cooking and twice a day distributed the food. Without clamoring for better food or more rations, [Gandhi]'s followers ate the half-cooked porridge without sugar. During his third jail term, food was no problem to him. He lived on fruits and got enough bananas, tomatoes and nuts. He liked some disciplinary rules of the jail and, after release; he stopped taking tea and continued to take the dinner before sunset.

Gandhi suffered many hardships in his next two convictions in South Africa. He was awarded hard labor and was led in handcuffs from the same court where he had practiced for ten years. He was clad in the dress of a "native convict with a small military cap, loose coarse jacket bearing a convict ticket-number and broad arrow marks, short trousers similarly marked, thick grey woolen socks, and leather sandals." He had to march six furlongs carrying his bed on his head in pelting rain. He was lodged with the worst type of Negro and Chinese prisoners. Some Zulu prisoners abused him and beat him. There was no privacy in sanitary arrangements. Their indecent manners scared him. He could not understand their language. He soon was removed to a dark isolation cell-4 ft. by 6 ft. There was a small window near the roof for ventilation. Gandhi had to take his meals standing behind the locked doors. Every day he was taken out twice for exercise. In protest, he did not take rice for 15 days because no ghee was given with it. He lived on one meal of mealie pap a day. Ghee and bread were thereafter given to him. He was given a coir mat, a small wooden pillow, two rugs, and some books. He was daily supplied with only one bucket of water. The slop bucket placed on a large tray lay in a corner of the

cell. For keeping a watch on the prisoner an electric light was kept burning after dark, but that was too dim for reading a book. If, as a change, he walked up and down the cell, the warden shouted: "Don't walk about like that. It spoils my floor." And the precious floor was made of tar.

When Gandhi asked permission for a bath, the warden ordered him to go undressed. Gandhi could not walk 125 feet stark naked. His request for hanging his clothes on the curtain of the water-closet was granted. But before he could clean his body, came the order: "Sam, come out." If Sam was not prompt in vacating the place a Negro would knock him down.

He had to cut shirt-pockets, sew pieces of torn blankets or polish varnished iron doors for nine hours a day. After rubbing the doors and floors for three hours, he found them same as before. He was also ordered to clean the lavatories. He bore all these hardships with a smile but when he joined his colleagues, their plight moved him. The fatigue made some of them weep, some to faint. He was responsible for dragging them from their homes to this life of suffering and shame. He believed that self-sacrifice and suffering was the only remedy for ending their slavery and that helped him to regain his peace of mind.

By six in the morning, ablution [washing or regular hygiene] and toilet had to be finished. Work started from seven and they all had to labor for nine hours. Gandhi walked a mile and then began digging dry hard ground. He lost weight. His back ached, water oozed from the blisters covering his palms and with difficulty he could lift the spade. If he rested awhile, the guard shouted: "Go on, go on." Gandhi warned the guard that if he did not mend his manners, he would stop working. This mellowed the guard. Gandhi prayed to God to defend his honor by giving him strength to finish the allotted task.

When Gandhi stayed in "His Majesty's Hotel" [what Gandhi called the prison] in India, his expenses were borne by the Government, yet he disliked to incur any extra expenditure for his maintenance. Once he asked the jail superintendent to remove all furniture and extra pots and pans. He used one iron cot and a few utensils. He could never forget that the whole of this expense came from taxes collected from the

dumb millions of India. Referring to his last detention in the Aga Khan Palace [where Gandhi was imprisoned after arrest in August 1945—this is also where his wife, Kasturba, died during her imprisonment], he said: “The huge palace in which I am being detained with big guards around me, I hold to be waste of public fund. When the people are dying of starvation, it is almost a crime against humanity.

The first trial scene of Gandhi in India was a memorable incident. Before taking his seat, the English Sessions Judge nodded a respectful salutation to this native standing in the dock. He awarded six years of simple imprisonment to Gandhi for his rebellious activities. He admitted: “Even those who differ from you in politics look upon you as a man of high ideals and of noble and even saintly life.” Gandhi said: “I know that some of the most loved of India’s patriots have been convicted under it. I consider it a privilege to be charged under that section. I know I was playing with fire, I would still do the same.”

When Gandhi entered and left the courtroom, the entire court rose to pay homage. In telegrams the police secret code referred to him as “Bombay Political No. 50.” His name was struck off from the roll of barristers [lawyers—Gandhi went to London in 1888 at 19 to study law]. In jail, his height and special identification marks were noted down. He was confined in a solitary cell. He had nothing but a loin-cloth on, and yet his groins were touched and his blankets searched. Gandhi made no protest till his water-pitcher was touched with boots. Out of disgust, he sometimes stopped having visitors or writing letters.

Gandhi never became bitter or fretful under duress. Every time he came out of jail, his mind grew richer and more poised. To him jail was a rest-cure where one learns to be more regular in one’s habits and where good books make up for the absence of good companions. He felt as happy as a bird, in jail. He was fond of reading, but outside the prison he kept so busy with numerous activities that he could get little time for reading. In jail he followed a strict routine for study. He learned Urdu and read books in Sanskrit, Tamil,

Hindi, Gujarati and English. In two years, he read 150 books by noted authors on religion, literature and social science. He read the Gita, Koran, Bible and books on Buddhism, Sikhism and Zoroastrianism. He read the Ramayana, Mahabharata, Upanishads, Manusmriti and Patanjali Yoga Darshan. At 65, he took his first lessons in astronomy from a co-prisoner. He succeeded in getting a telescope from the jail authorities to study the stars.

In jail, Gandhi regularly prayed, spun for four to six hours a day [Gandhi was famous for spinning thread to make kadhi to be worn by Indians in order to be self-supportive instead of reliant on Britain for clothing] and took brisk walks. In the Aga Khan Palace, at 75, he gave lessons to Kasturba and to his grand-niece on geography, geometry, history, Gujarati grammar and literature. Previously he had taught English to a Chinese co-prisoner and Gujarati to an Irish jailor. In jail, he wrote a textbook for children and the history of the satyagraha struggle in South Africa. He translated hymns from the Upanishads and poems by Indian saint-poets into English and that collection was published as Songs from the Prison. He wrote hundreds of letters from jail to the ashramites, co-workers, and the jail authorities, Governors, Viceroy, and British Prime Minister.

Every week he sent such charming notes to the ashram children as, “If you learn to fly without wings, all your troubles will vanish. I have no wings yet I come flying to you every day in thought. Here is little Vimla and there is Hari.” Gandhi noted down the advantages of the disciplined life in jail and described how a model prisoner should behave. He wanted the prisoners to do whatever work was given to them and to obey jail regulations so long as it was not immoral to do so. Also they were not to start a hunger-strike until they were humiliated or were given unclean food. He and his followers never sat in a crouching position or shouted “sarkar salam.”

Gandhi admitted that we shall have to maintain jails even under swaraj [Self-governance—Gandhi’s idea of Indian independence from Britain]. He wanted to convert them into reformatories and workshops - a school for education of those who in fact were temporarily deranged and misguided.

While in prison, he once suggested how the prisoners could do productive work and make the jails self-supporting. The jail authorities did not accept any such scheme from a prisoner.

This ideal prisoner at times proved very exacting and put the jail authorities in a fix. When he was permitted to eat bread, he demanded a knife to cut it, as he could not eat untoasted bread. He asked for more space for his daily walks. He treated his comrades as wards kept under his special care and he wanted to bear the responsibility of treating somebody who suffered from asthma or someone else who needed nature cure or Ayurvedic treatment [Ayurveda is the herb and mineral-based medical philosophy of India] and asked for special facilities. He indirectly coerced the jailors to meet his demands by resorting to long fasts. When his condition grew worse, the jail authorities set him

free. They did not want to take risks with the life of a renowned citizen of the world like the Mahatma. They showed great concern and promptly got him operated when he developed appendicitis. He twice fell ill in jail.

Gandhi invariably entered the jail with a retinue of friends and relatives. Kasturba and his secretary Mahadev Desai were detained with him in the Aga Khan Palace. They both died there and were cremated inside the jail compound. Gandhi said: "They lived up to the 'Do or Die' mantra and laid down their lives at the altar of the Goddess of Freedom. They have become immortal."

Bandopadhyaya, Anu. Bahuroopee Gandhi. Bombay, G. G. Pathare, 1948.

Channeling Excerpt

February 10, 2008

Group question: We're wondering just exactly what are we doing here? It seems to many people who have awakened that we're just trying to get out of a bad situation; get out of a prison; go someplace else. Isn't there something more that we're doing here in this third density than just trying to escape?

We are those of Q'uo, and are aware of your query, my brother. It is very humorous to us that you would describe the planet of your choice as a prison, because each and every one of you in this room, and each and every person upon your planet that is alive at this time, fought tooth and nail, as it were, to get into line to have a body and come here at this time.

When one is not within the incredibly intense atmosphere of Planet Earth in extremely late third density, it looks like the best party in town. There is a unique opportunity that you have here in third density to make rapid changes in your balance between love, wisdom,

and power. And so many, many wanderers have come here with the desire to serve the planet secondary to their desire to alter the balance within their own deeper natures.

Now, this begs the question of why the planet is indeed such an intensely vivid density, or why third density on this planet is so vivid. And in order to answer that query, we must take a step back to look at the sweep of the octave of creation of which you are now a part. This and every octave begins and ends in the Godhead principle of intelligent infinity resting, utterly asleep in the oneness of all. The vibration of love is all that there is, and yet it is not known to itself, for it is resting. Just as your heart,

for one instant between each heartbeat, is at rest, so is the Creator's heart at rest between creations, or between octaves.

At the beginning of the octave, of which you are a part, the creation was resting in timelessness and spacelessness. By the agency of the first distortion of the Law of One, free will, the Creator decided once again to know Itself. And so it became potentiated into a Thought. And that Thought was full of the characteristic of the Creator, which is unconditional love.

The creation itself dwells in a state of ecstasy, much like your sexual orgasm. Yet there is no vector to this ecstasy. It is an

ecstasy that rests completely. So, this first distortion of free will caused the Creator to form a potentiated version of Itself, that which could act. And that was the one great original Thought of Love. And Love in its turn created Light, and sent it forth to manifest the creation in all of its stupendously infinite systems of illusion. And so your solar system and your planet and you yourself were created.

In the middle of first density, timelessness began to evolve into time and space. The vibrations that were in chaos began to organize into roughly circular or elliptical forms, creating the coalescing suns, which in turn threw off material that coalesced into planets. And so the creation of the Father was born as a part of first density. Later in first density came the organization of this coalescing mass that you could call a planet into earth and water, so that the elements might have distinct places and habitations within second density. Then the creation further developed the energies from that which had no movement, such as rocks and water and so forth, which may be moved but have no voluntary or independent movement of their own, into life forms which had movement.

This movement, naturally, was that movement towards the Light and the Love of the one infinite Creator, that which calls all things at all times. Yet these animals and plants that were second-density had no sense of themselves. They had no veil. That is, they knew all that there was to know. They knew that

they were one with everything. They knew that destiny lay in harmony and cooperation. Yet other than turning to the light and seeking sources of light, second-density entities did not experience that self-awareness that makes people self-conscious or question their motives or their motions. If you have known second-density entities, such as your pets, you know that they do not question what is occurring to them but rather adapt to it.

Third density is that density that begins the path back to the one infinite Creator. It is the precursor of all that is to come from fourth density through seventh density. It is a bright, brief, intense density compared to all the others, which take millions of years to complete. In contrast, third density on this planet is designed to last only 75,000 years.

It is a period that is long enough for those entities who have come into incarnation at the beginning of the cycle of third density to have time and experience to build their intelligence, their information, to the point where they realize by faith alone that there is more than simply battling for that which is available and then dying. It is that time in which entities may choose the manner of their further progress.

There are many hints that are built into third-density life. Your physical form is created in such a way that you need other people, and you must interact with other people. In order for the species to perpetuate, you

must form relationships with other entities. And so the hints concerning service to self versus service to others are built into the human being's very nature, both physical, mental, and emotional.

And so as entities begin to lift themselves up from total immersion in the business of survival, they can begin to see that there is a way to live which they prefer. And so they begin to choose to live in Love and in harmony with nature and with the Creator. Again, it is part of the human instinct to seek for the Creator. Part of what makes a third-density entity who he is is that instinct to seek for the Creator of his being and to give Him thanks and praise. And so you will not find populations or races or tribes of humankind, no matter how remote or undeveloped according to the earmarks of civilization, that do not have what you would call spirituality or religion as part and parcel of their society.

So, you have a school of souls. It is not a school that pushes entities to make decisions or that makes them at all obvious. Rather, it is a rich environment in terms of potential for choices. And as each choice is approached, there are hints from the positive polarity that a choice for love and service to others is a good choice. There are also corresponding hints from the dark and shadow side of service to self that service to self is a good idea. Indeed, in fourth density, there is what they call in your literature the war in heaven of those fourth-density entities who, in early

fourth density, have not yet learned to put down the sword and still feel the need to do battle, the forces of light against the forces of darkness. There is a theme underlying much of the deepest parts of the human spirit which include those thematic notes of struggle. The positive and the negative are continually in dynamic opposition to each other, offering to the entity behind the veil hint after hint after hint of the nature of the choice that is before each human being.

Each of you has long since awakened. Those in this circle are ready to work beyond the simple making of the choice the first time. Each of you has made that choice. The cornerstone of your life's work has been laid. And yet, you are still behind this veil of forgetting. You cannot know what others are thinking. You cannot sense or see for sure how rich the unseen realms are in those who would help you, and those who love you, and those who wish only to be of service to you as you make your choice.

Oftentimes, entities who are waking up feel terribly isolated and alone. This is not in fact the case, because of the enormous amount of unseen help that each entity has. Yet in terms of that which is apparent to the sight of

the physical eyes, it is indeed so that many, many entities are very isolated and must make their choices in isolation and without the comfort and comradeship of groups of like-minded people.

And so you find groups such as this being very helpful as those centers which are available for gatherings such as this one, where entities may find many other compatible entities with whom to talk, that they may find ways to encourage each other and love each other and bring each other home.

In a way, the beauty of this density is its very sharpness of suffering and difficulty. For the extremely harsh conditions create ways in which one may change one's polarity or emphasize one's polarity very quickly, indeed, almost instantaneously. You may do in fifty years, or twenty years, or even five years that which it would take us a million years to do, because of the fact that we see the whole picture. We understand all that there is to understand in terms of the Creator's plan for us. Therefore, it is an open-book test, and that which we learn, we learn in painfully slow increments, gradually refining, and refining again, our choice.

You are making that choice. So the energies of your density may well seem very, very difficult, not so much that of a prison as of a testing field or a fiery furnace, as it is called in the Old Testament of your Holy Bible [book of Daniel].

By faith alone is it allowable to know the truth in this density. You hold in your hands the keys of unknowing. There were several during this weekend that said it's not the answers that matter, it's the questions. And my friends, we could not agree more. The answers do not lie within this density. It is the questions that lie within this density. We can offer you the answer that we know to offer you, and that answer is love, love, love.

Yet, how you shall realize that love in your life is completely up to you and your faculties of faith and will. And we wish you every good fortune in persevering until you have managed to find all possible love and light within your heart and within your environment, knowing that that which is in your heart is that which paints the colors of your environment.

All omitted portions are indicated with the word [edit].

Any subscriber may submit material to the LOOP Newsletter for publication. If you would like to comment on articles, answer open questions, or submit your own queries for consideration, please write to The LOOP Newsletter, C/O L/L Research, PO Box 5195, Louisville KY 40225-0195