

The Newsletter

The Law Of One Prisoner Newsletter: a publication for incarcerated seekers to read about and participate in a discussion about the Law of One and other spiritual issues.
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Welcome to 2012!

This day is once again, a new beginning to a glorious time in the Light of the One Infinite Creator.

Seekers have often ask this student of the Law of One, what do I think will happen come 2012? I think the same thing will happen that has been happening for all of humanity. We will continue to seek our home and grow toward the Light.

While working in his garden, Saint Francis of Assisi was once asked what he would do if he knew he would die tomorrow. He said, "I would finish hoeing my garden."

Keep hoeing your garden, my friends, and offer the Love of your Sonship to all your brothers, come what may.

Now, is always the time to open your heart to the awareness of who you are.

Be aware of who you are when you are afraid in the night.

Be aware of who you are when you are lonely on the streets.

Be aware of who you are when the walls come crashing in around you.

You are my brother. The Light Itself!
Give it freely to all your brothers.

In Love and Light,

Lorena Lucille, Editor
The LOOP Newsletter

LETTER EXCERPT

By Dennis Kearns

The only thing I ever found in print about a personal experience I had when my grandmother passed away was in one of the L/L Research publications.

My grandmother was at home in bed. The family were standing around her bed. She was talking normal to us when all of a sudden she looked up and said, "Oh! What a big angel!" A couple of seconds passed and she continued talking to us as if nothing had happened. Not long after that she looked up at the same spot she had seen the angel and then said; "What are all of you doing here?" At which point she strained to leave her body, but did not make it on the first try. After a second

or two rest, she tried again and passed away. The angel came to claim her and then the family members who had passed-on before, had come to help her into the spirit world. What a joyful time that must have been for her.

Of the six of us standing around her, it seemed I was the only one who could understand what was happening. So many Christian beliefs quote the passage, "the dead know nothing" and use it to prove that a spirit world does not exist. That belief might as well be taught along with the world is flat and the earth is the center of the universe and there is no other life except which is on Earth.



SNAKE CHARMING IN PRISON

By Cristobal Garcia

As a prisoner, I try to avoid living the typical immature, violent, and senseless stereotypical lifestyle. Here I am, trying to be human and live in harmony with peace and goodness. Unfortunately, here it is the equivalent of a Chihuahua living among Pit Bull dogs.

Through the matrix-prison grapevine, it was whispered to me that my life might be in danger from my new neighbors. (My neighbors whom I will refer to as Itchy and Scratchy.) For over 15 years now, I have established this prison code to never underestimate anyone here. The threats and meaningless acts of violence come and go. If every little or perceived threat affected me, I would have become a hermit and would never leave my cell.

I have, on and off, had to deal with Itchy's immaturity. I have no major concern about him as he is all bark and only acts up to be the center of attention. I'll admit now that I have embarrassed Itchy. He lies so much that when his lies somehow cross my personal domain, I expose them. So it was no surprise to me to find out that he was plotting against me with Scratchy. The conversation went about

how Scratchy said he wanted to burn me (this means to hurt me in some way).

Itchy concurred to do the same and volunteered how he knew of ways to use me and get to me. Maybe I should be upset at Itchy. But I am not. He does not have many friends. Not anyone in this building. Out of 264 men he remains friendless. I do know he has a best friend on the other side of the prison. It is his lies and actions here that have isolated him.

For some time now, Scratchy has been on a personal crusade to hurt and victimize people. He targets inmates, guards, staff and everyone. An equal opportunity exploiter. He is very devious and brutal. A hardcore bully. I have had my run-ins with Scratchy, and I am a 6'3", 231 pound old-school convict. Too big and too intelligent for him to victimize. And, Scratchy has never been able to find someone to help him attack me. That is how he operates. Scratchy cannot do it by himself. He has to find someone to help him hurt others.

The difference between the two is that Itchy does not have an agenda. He lives idiosyncratically. He will forget to shower if no one reminds him. Whereas Scratchy has a mind that is filled with fanciful agendas. In layman's

terms, Itchy would never blow himself up for a cause, yet Scratchy would blow up Itchy, himself and everyone he could to appease his megalomania. I have had to think about how to respond.

Usually, I would do a modified SHUT DOWN, where I push them away by silence and prudently situate people between us, until I had a wall of no communication and obscure people to make me invisible. Then I would keep out of sight like a hunter in the woods, waiting and planning to engage in an apocalyptic revenge upon them.

Here is the harsh reality where I stoop to their level. By reacting with a habitual pattern of violence I place myself in the harmfulness zone. It is an addictive cycle that constantly plays out among prisoners. "Do unto others, before they do to you." "I will get you before you get me."

In a modified SHUT DOWN, I shut down to a negative state of superficial consciousness. I am no longer Cristobal, the son/brother/father and intelligent soft-spoken gentleman. I become some bad ass cyborg. This sleeper-virus awakens and I take on the persona of the reputed criminal convict that emerges from the darkest prison hellhole. In a way, I have done that all my life. I SHUT DOWN and this other-person who does not give a damn takes over.

As a child, this was how I was able to run away from an abusive home and survive on the streets. Habitually, when I am cornered, I SHUT DOWN and metamorph to escape. Here in prison, I have utilized every negative force

imaginable to excuse my actions as a justifiable means of self-defense. Except, to be honest, in most of the situations, I reacted in a pre-emptive strike. The retrospect being, "I had no choice."

"I remember the incident that made me clearly advert to the fact that I was out of control." I quote Mr. William Toward (LOOP, April/June 2011). These words have haunted me. Although, usually after the fact of my actions. No doubt that every prisoner can look back and see that first wrong move that placed them in jail, the hole, or standing in front of the judge on a new charge.

Is there another way for me to handle Itchy and Scratchy? Honestly, at times I feel like one of those snake charmers in India. I know I am around the deadliest snakes in the world. I have to always be careful. I can never let my guard down. For the snake charmer, it is just a way of life. He does not kill the snakes. He respects them and treats them with kindness. Bill Ackerman said "We are not strangers. All of us are One." (LOOP, Oct/Dec. 2011) Even the snake charmer has embraced this Oneness with the cobras. Why can I not do this with Itchy and Scratchy?

There is a song by the alt-rock band Staind. The song "Outside" goes "I can see through you/see to the real you/inside you're ugly, ugly like me." When I meditate and empty myself until I am released into the Oneness, I then see life like this song. How real my own ugliness I find in others. And, the only way to change the ugliness in others is to first and foremost change the ugliness in myself.∞

From the Inspirational Journals of Felix

SPIRITUAL RECYCLING

by Felix

In the same way that all material objects (rocks, metals, plants, people, etc...) are made up of sub-atomic particles, which were once a part of stars that went supernova; so also might our immaterial essences ("souls") be composed to subtle quantum particles, which are not limited by general notions of time and space.

When our bodies die and decay, they are chemically broken down by decomposition and eventually re-assimilated into the mass of the planet ("recycled"). Likewise might one's subtle consciousness be recycled into a new body ("vehicle") upon reaching entropic maximum ("e-max"), or death of the old body, and reincarnation into a fresh one. Then it

might be said that one's true essence is reused (by the Logos), and thereby, gradually becomes upgraded in the sense that it is—over a span of perhaps millions of years—evolved each time into something slightly more advanced than it had been previously.

And so, as in the evolution of a plant and animal species, the soul also evolves, and in turn requires, each time, a slightly more advanced vehicle through which to experience the nature of this physical reality in greater clarity, and to gain the full benefit of catalytic growth from such an ongoing symbiotic association of the subtle with the gross physical.

After some thousands of births, deaths and rebirths (seemingly without end), accumulating the innumerable lessons (pleasant

and not-so-pleasant) there from, the soul comes to "outgrow" the human (*Homo Sapiens*) body/vehicle and must then move on to something more efficient and functionally appropriate to its ever-more-specialized evolutionary configuration.

I've no doubt that—as a species—our next vehicles will have the full capacity of engaging in certain paranormal activities (i.e. telepathy, telekinesis, levitation, teleportation, etc.) that we currently find extremely difficult, if not impossible, in our current physical reality of third-density experience.

Let those who might, move boldly and with a unified purpose into the next dimension of reality!



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