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MONDAY MEDITATION

APRIL 15, 1974

(Don channeling)

I am Hatonn. I am sorry, the instrument has made an error. I am Oxal. I am with the instrument. I am Oxal. I greet you, my friends, in the love and in the light of our infinite Creator. It is a great privilege to be with you this evening. I am the one known to you as Oxal. I am here with you in the room. I am Oxal, and I am here.

(The instrument is receiving conditioning at this time.)

I am Oxal. I am Oxal.

(Conditioning continues.)

I am Oxal. My friends, I greet you in the love and in the light of our infinite Creator. It is a great privilege to be able to speak to you this evening using this instrument. We are having some difficulty, but it is because of his inability at this time to clear his mind. If you will please be patient, we will remedy this.

(Conditioning continues.)

I am aware of questions within this group. I am here, at this time, to attempt to answer some of these questions. We of the Confederation of Planets in the Service of the Infinite Creator are attempting to serve to the very best of our ability those who seek our service. This service will include the answering of any questions that we are able to answer.

(Conditioning continues.)

There are, at times, difficulties with an attempt to answer certain questions, for the answers are not within the limits of interpretations using your language. But there are some things that we can speak of.

(Conditioning continues.)

I ... *(The recording is difficult to hear.)*

(Carla channeling)

I greet you, my friends. I am Hatonn. We are most pleased to be speaking with you this evening. We wish to state that we have been aware of this group's activities. We are aware of the difficulties of our brother in maintaining contact. We will at this time therefore give you a few small thoughts to think about while our brothers from Oxal are conditioning a channel for their use.

We would like you to consider, my friends, an island in an ocean channel far out at sea. There is no land in sight and this small rock, washed by waves, bleached by the sun with small flora and fauna growing upon it, looks out upon the world, and its limited consciousness attempts to grasp the reality as it eddies and swirls about it. The little island detects many strange things as they enter its purvey. It lives through differences in climate and feeling and mood. It experiences the seasons of its flora and its fauna and it attempts to piece together a reasonable and holistic view of its reality.

It is fixed in position, my friends, a poor small rock. The far limits, wherefrom come the waves, and the far limits to which they return, will be forever unknown to the island. The island can never know or fully understand that which appears at [its] doorstep, so to speak.

This, my friends, is a very rough and perhaps shallow example of the type of instrument the intellect is. The intellect upon your planet is very useful within the imagery for which it was made. But the attempt, my friends, to use the intellect to understand the far limits of your origin or the far limits of where you shall return again is impossible. For in the image, which your intellect works upon, you are a rock changed to one (*inaudible*). This is not reality, nor can your intellect give you a picture of reality. Rather, my friends, in meditation seek to be the water. Seek the consciousness, the oneness, the unity, and the adventure of water. All water is inseparable. There is no separation: it flows, it is as one. And each wave that breaks upon this shore may have broken anywhere and may move to another. Let your consciousness flow like the water—not like an island—inwardly.

We are most pleased to have had this opportunity to give you these few thoughts. We will leave this instrument at this time. I leave you in the love and in the light of our infinite Creator. I am Hatonn. Adonai. ✽