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SUNDAY MEDITATION

AUGUST 8, 1982

(Carla channeling)

[I am Hatonn, and] I greet you, my friends, in the love and the light of the infinite Creator. To be with you is exquisite pleasure, and we thank you for requesting our presence. The opportunity to share our thoughts with you is the greatest opportunity for which we could hope. We should like to offer philosophical thoughts framed in parable this evening, and we shall move from one channel to another with some frequency. Therefore, we suggest that if you have tuned and challenged us mentally that you may dispense with the beginning and ending greetings until the end of the message.

Once upon a time there was a wooded copse, a beautiful leafy glade, and within that small forest lived many creatures that you would call spirits of nature; others have called them fairies and elves. To them, the smallest peony was as a towering tree and the red clover was enough to make a roof for their house. We shall transfer.

(C channeling)

This world was to this fairy an idyllic place of beauty of peace and harmony between yourself and nature. They took not but they couldn't give back and lived in quiet serenity for some time.

We will transfer.

(Jim channeling)

These entities felt the great peace of oneness, yet in that peaceful unity, there was something that was missing, for though their daily routine provided all that was needed for their simple sustenance, there still was felt in each the yearning for something more, and on certain occasions these entities would gather in what you might call a council circle. There were at these times, shall we say, certain ritualized celebrations. Yet the heart of the council was the attempt to resolve the matter of what was lacking in the lives which seemed so rich and full of pleasure, of harmony, and of peace.

We shall now transfer.

(C channeling)

Into this setting at times creatures other than the small fairy folk would enter. Most were passive forest dwellers seeking sustenance from nature with whom which [the] small fairy folk existed harmoniously. But it came that into this setting entered one different from any the small fairy folk had ever encountered. It seemed strange to them, for instead of harmony it seemed to emote a discord.

We will transfer.

(Carla channeling)

This entity, so unlike the forest denizens, stood upright and was even taller than the peony bush. It

was a five-year-old boy, and he was deeply troubled because he saw things he did not understand. But he was unafraid, and knelt down and put his face very close to the ground to speak with it. "Who are you?" he asked. All the nature spirits laughed and said, "Oh, we are the spirits of nature. Call us the folk of Fairy. We cause your flowers to bloom, your trees to grow tall, your grass to smile in the sunshine. We tell the butterflies when to pop from their cocoons and we speak to the busy insects. We have converse with all that is within our ken." "Oh," said the little boy. "You are so beautiful. Can you fly with your wings?" "Of course," said the fairies, "Would you like to see us?" And they took a gigantic flight all the way up to the top of the peony bush and back down again. "Ohh!" said the little boy, clapping his hands and making thunder roll for the fairies. "That was splendid. And can you show me where I lost my marbles last year, for I was shooting near here." "Of course," said the fairies, if you speak of those huge boulders that we cannot move." "Yes, yes," said the little boy.

We will transfer.

(Unknown channeling)

The little boy was delighted that he had found beings such as the fairy folk, and his troubled mind at their unusual nature was soon put to rest by their gleeful acceptance of his questions and presence. He had many questions for them concerning how he saw his world, questions that the five-year-old mind ponders frequently and with much determination. He asked if they grew old, and when they replied that they grew very old and did not die, he compared their situation to the one he knew was true for his family and friends, where death had been known once or twice. And he asked what was the meaning of the life and the meaning of the death. And they began to explain that in their lives meaning was found in the services which they provided to the various plants and animals which appreciated assistance in carrying out their normal functions of growing and blooming, living and dying.

We shall now transfer.

(S channeling)

As the little boy pondered the growth and blooming and death of the flowers and the other things that were found in this fairyland, he seemed to become

somewhat less fearful, for had not the flowers brought beauty to his world and to the world of the fairies, and had they not returned that which had been given to them by the little ones who had aided in its growth and development? The little boy pondered similar, and wondered if he too might be as this flower who would grow and become strong and with the help of many from his own world be able to return that which was done for him. He thought of the many times he had been caressed when he had fallen and skinned a knee. He thought of the many kisses planted on his cheek so that he might sleep feeling safe, secure and loved, and he thought of the happy faces which greeted him in the morning and prepared his breakfast and sent him off to school.

And he wondered if he had been returning all the smiles and warmth and love that was brought to him by those around him. And he thought to himself, "Perhaps I am not showing my appreciation for these gifts that I am indeed so grateful for. Perhaps I should make my gratitude known so that those who are dear to me will realize that I appreciate the caresses, the kisses, the smiling faces, and the touch of one who loves me." He pondered similar and made up his mind to return home and plant a kiss on his mother's cheek, though she was not going to bed, and give her a big hug, though she had not skinned her knee, and to tell her he loved her for no apparent reason other than he wanted to be sure that she knew.

We will transfer.

(Carla channeling)

Before he left the glade that day, he thanked the folk of Fairy and told them of his plans. They laughed merrily as they so often did, and one of them said to him a bit shyly, "Perhaps you do not need to speak of where you found this wisdom." "Oh perhaps," said the boy rather absentmindedly. He jingled his clanking marbles together in his pocket, and practiced whistling all the way home. His mother was in the kitchen. "Hi, mom." "Hello, dear," was the reply. "Bend down, mom, because I'm going to plant a kiss on your cheek, just like you plant the roses in the garden." Laughing, the mother bent down. "And I am going to give you a big hug," he said. "This is my lucky day," laughed his mother. "I love you, mom," said the little boy.

His mother, glad enough to have the embrace, looked at him and smiled. "Now, what put that in your head?" said his mother. "Oh, the little people." "What?" said the mother. Then the little boy remembered what the fairy had said: "Do not tell them of us." But the mother had heard. "What little people?" Said the boy, "Oh, just little people in the forest that make things grow and found my marbles that I lost last year." His mother sat him down carefully. "Now, listen son," she said, "I'm very happy that you found them, but you know there are no such thing as little people in the forest."

We shall transfer.

(C channeling)

The boy's mother was unable to understand what the little boy's openness and innocence had allowed him to see in the forest. She was afraid that because the small boy was seeing and hearing entities in the forest, that he was not living in the real world but in one of imagination.

We will transfer.

(Jim channeling)

The little boy had discovered that those things and thoughts of most importance to himself were often not exactly shared by those around him, and he began to realize the wisdom of the fairy creature's warning not to speak of the presence of little folks in the woods. He began to consider that what he had learned of love and of expressing it to those whom he dearly loved could be done better than it could be described. And thus, he began to show what he knew in his actions and to be somewhat shy with his words. Yet, his being radiated the love which the little folks had aided in its growth just as they aided the growth of the flowers, the trees, and the birthing of the butterflies.

We shall now transfer.

(Carla channeling)

One ...

(Side one of tape ends.)

(Carla channeling)

One day he put down his school books, for he had become older and begun school, and went as he so often had before to the lovely copse where he had so often spent a happy hour. He could no longer find

the little people. "Where are you," he cried, "Where are you?" Carefully he got down upon his knees and began to peer under the clover. "I am so afraid I will step on you", he said. The fairy folk watched him, knowing that the world had finally become more real to him than the kingdom of the Creator. Safe in their own dimension from any stepping feet, and filled with the greatest of love, they watched their young friend, the giant among them. His blond hair picked leaves from the bushes, and his eyes were blue and wide with distress. "Where are you, where are you?" he cried. His tears began to fall. "My friends," said the king of the folk of Fairy, "It is for this divine gift that we sit in circle and do our rituals, for as wise as we are, we do not have the gift of tears. We do not have the love that cries for loss, for all has become one to us. And yet we remember. Mark well, my people, as you grow old but do not die, this precious gift."

We shall transfer.

(C channeling)

The fairy folk watched the boy, saw that he was experiencing something they were unable to know, for to them was given all they needed to exist in a finely arranged harmony, but [he] existed within a harmony they were denied, an aspect of love that enabled love to search within, to draw forth the deeper understanding of the Creator. They had not the opportunity to grow by experience.

We transfer.

(Carla channeling)

We shall close through this instrument, as we find the energies are somewhat variable and would suggest retuning after this contact.

We of the Confederation of Planets in the Service of the Infinite Creator are full of sorrow as we gaze upon your people. We hope to inspire you and aid the butterfly within you to be birthed and the flower within you to bloom, yet we cannot quiet you. It is you who may bring to the service of your planet the gift of your tears. You are those who have faith in things unseen, in the ideals of love and truth, and you gaze upon that which is not there. That which is not there gives you the desire to manifest love, radiance to glow, to grow, and the feeling that there is more, far more balance, far more holiness than is visible to the objective beholder of circumstance. You bring to your planet the gift of your perception,

the gift of your faith. Can you cry out for fear lest you lose those things, lest those about you lose those things? Can you cry out that those about you deny them, and live and die with no knowledge of perfection?

The ideals which you seek in meditation have enabled you to find that which you had lost; to love and reach and give. Remember the gift of tears. You who are in the illusion, whose spirits dwell in flesh, are full of wonder and full of folly. Which will you choose? How much do you care? You may do a service that we cannot with all our knowledge. We encourage you to remain open and innocent and childlike, no matter what cynicism greets you, no matter what horror awaits you in the illusion. Leave your consciousness in the hands of love and truth and give to a planet desperate for your light, that powerful fire—your caring, your salt tears of remembrance and faith.

We are those of Hatonn. We thank each of you for the great gift of your service in working with us to create thoughts which may be of aid to those among your peoples who seek love and truth. We leave you in that love and in the light of our infinite Creator. Adonai vasu borragus. ✽