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P.O. Box 5195  
Louisville, KY 40255-0195

# L/L RESEARCH

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## SUNDAY MEDITATION

JUNE 23, 1985

*(Carla channeling)*

I am Hatonn, and I greet you and bless you in the love and the light of our infinite Creator. We come this evening with great joy to welcome those who are new to this group as well as those who are old in membership, to thank you most humbly for allowing us to be of what small service we can by sharing our thoughts with you. We ask you to remember at all times that we are as you, seekers along a path, seekers who have not found the ending of that path. We are fallible and foolish and know little more than you. That which we know that you do not we are most happy to share. But we ask you to remember at all times that beyond any knowledge that we can share with words, you have within you a discernment, and to that discernment certain things will speak and certain things will not.

We ask you to take those things which are helpful and, without a backward glance, forget anything we have said that is not helpful to you at this particular moment, for we wish to be of service, not to be a stumbling block like so many other spiritual stumbling blocks that ask you to believe this or think that. We offer to you ideals and opinions and we hope that we may be of aid. We are eternally grateful for the opportunity. We are attempting to use this instrument's voice in order to make each word audible to the room, therefore this instrument will be speaking more loudly than usual, and we apologize to those closest to the instrument.

This evening we would tell you a short story about a young man who was seeking and had been seeking for many years to find out what the truth was about himself and about the Creator. Who was he? Where did he fit into the plan, into the scheme that kept the planets and galaxies in place?

This he sought, and at this time he was on a ship which was temporarily harbored off a rocky coast. A terrible storm came up and the young man threw himself into the sea, for it appeared that his ship was breaking up around him. Portions of wood lay all about him in the white and frothy water, and although the water was not deep, as the young man clambered toward the rocky shore, yet it was perhaps the most physically difficult thing he had ever done to climb out of the stormy waters and onto the rocks of land. As he gazed at the land, he found that there was something mysteriously entrancing and magical about it. There were few trees, but there were dark rocky hills which seemed to climb ever upward and which ended in a magnificent castle. Somehow the young man knew that within that castle was the answer to the questions that he had been seeking. The young man studied the mountain very carefully. It seemed almost impossible to achieve the climb and indeed it took him three days and two nights. He was able to find good water but was not knowing enough of plants to find food, and when he finally clambered to the top of what was almost a sheer cliff, he was starving and exhausted.

Now he was faced with more water, water over which a bridge could be put down but there was no bridge; he was not expected. He called out and called out again and no one heard him. And so he plunged into the moat, swam to the other side and again carved his way up the steep bank until he stood at the gate of the castle itself. The front door opened easily. There was no one to welcome him. There were, however, many, many closed doors. Each had a different lock, and so he began to try the doors, knowing somehow that behind one of them lay the answers to the questions that he had been asking for so many years.

He could not get any doors open, not with a battering ram which he made of his shoulder, not with his amateur lock-picking, but he found that a simple knocking at the door would open each one. And so he began knocking upon the doors. The doors opened, one after the other. Some rooms held great gold and silver, some rooms were veritable treasure houses of precious stones, and many rooms held one person or a small group who turned and looked into the eyes of the young man who sought entrance.

The young man attempted to speak with these beings. He had for years worked on the most clever and intellectually precise set of questions that he could formulate about the nature of his being and the nature of his Creator. Each entity or group of entities in each room gazed in love and said nothing in return. The young man mounted the stairs, trying doors, finding no thing that answered his questions, becoming more and more agitated.

Finally, in what appeared to be a kind of dungeon, he came across a double door of beaten copper. He requested entrance from it, and the doors swung outward to greet him. He began to explain to this room which was empty exactly what it was he wished to know. He was interrupted by a voice belonging to someone he could not see.

“Have you been in each room of this dwelling place of the spirit?”

“Yes I have; this is the last,” he said desperately.

“Do you still wish to seek the answers to the questions that you have, regardless of the cost?”

The young man looked about him. He did not see implements of torture, he could not imagine the implied threat of what it might mean, but he was

quite sincere in his seeking. “Yes,” he said, “I wish these answers more than anything in this life which I live.”

“Very well, then,” came the unseen presence, speaking to him in [a] voice of gold.

Suddenly the room was filled with the same storm-tossed water which he had left at sea. He was caught up in the maelstrom. Somehow, he did not have trouble breathing, but he was moving very quickly and in directions of which he was not at all sure. Darkness had descended upon the face of the ocean and there was no moon, so it came to him after several minutes had passed that he was out at sea being tossed to and fro in the stormy ocean. A sense of despair came over him. He could not see land and he said to no one in particular, as far as he knew, “I surrender. I give my life. I welcome the deep. If there are no answers, that is well. I surrender.”

Suddenly, the storm ceased to rage about him, and he was basked in a peculiarly effulgent golden glow. It seemed to take the place of a boat, for he was now dry and he could now rest. So he lay back his head and began to try to come to grips with what had happened to him. He could not. After what seemed to be an infinity of time thinking to himself, he spoke to the light about him.

“Who are you or what power do you represent?” he asked the light. Into his mind came a concept: “I am love,” it said.

“Who is ‘I’?” asked the young man. Suddenly, the young man was again in the stormy waters.

“Love, come back,” he called. And again he was safe.

The young man was dumbfounded. He did not know what to ask; he could not formulate any questions any longer. And so he simply spoke to the light that was around him.

“I have sought long to know the truth about myself and about the Creator. I do not understand what has happened to me, what the meaning was of my shipwreck and of this craft of light that keeps me from the storm.” He was back in the water immediately, the storm raging about him.

“Love, come back,” he called, and again he was in the craft, safe and dry.

Love then spoke to him, briefly. “My child,” spoke the glowing light, “I am love. You are love and all is

love. This is the truth about who you are, this is the truth about who the Creator is, and this is the truth about your connection with the Creator. If you wish the storm, so you may learn of the Creator; if you wish peace, so better you may learn of the Creator. But love speaks only to love and tempest to tempest.”

Each of you may make that choice at any time—the tempest or the peace. Both are equally full of love; one is intellectually distorted, the other distorted by the biases of compassion and unity. If you accept tempest into your mind or your heart, then you shall learn by the tempest, and it shall be a good learning, though hectic. If you accept the calm within the storm, then love shall speak to you plain and clear. We urge you, my friends, to seek the calm within through the quiet of meditation and contemplation. What inspires you may not inspire another, what aids you in meditation may not aid another. Each is unique, and it does not matter how you attain those few moments each day of quiet. What matters is that you intend to rest in the love and in the light of the one infinite Creator.

All of you move across the face of the deep. All of you are ocean voyagers, and a long, long way from home. We bid you a fair voyage and a craft built with love. And when you are in the midst of tempest, we bid you rejoice that you learn from the storm.

We shall leave this instrument, again thanking you for allowing us to blend our vibrations with you and to share these few moments. We are those known to you as Hatonn. We leave you in deep waters and golden light. We leave you in the creation—where else is there to go, my friends? How far can you search to find one thing? We leave you in the love and the light of the one infinite Creator. And if you should wish us to be with you to aid you in deepening your meditation at any time, please mentally request our presence and we shall be glad to be with you. Adonai, my friends. Adonai vasu borragus.

*(Jim channeling)*

I am Latwii, and I greet you, my friends, in the love and light of the one infinite Creator. It is also our great joy and privilege to be asked to join you this evening. We come, as always, in hopes that our simple service of attempting to answer your queries might have value in your seeking. We are as those of

Hatonn, and like yourselves seekers of truth, quite fallible and wishing each to know that we give our opinions but have no final words as to the truth. Take those words that are of value to you. May we begin with the first query?

L: I'd like to ask a question, Latwii. In the Ra material, mention is made of the fact that there is a sort of seniority system established for entities who wish to incarnate on this planet at this time. Being that the lines are long and the time is short, would it not be an act of service to those entities desiring to incarnate for one who had already incarnated to simply kill themselves, thus making room for another incarnation? I was reflecting on this and it seemed to me to be about as far as a person could go towards service to others. Could you comment on that, please?

I am Latwii, and am aware of your query, my brother. This is a query which has many ramifications which would be quite lengthy in giving of the complete insights. We shall attempt to make comment which shall be brief and hopefully clear. The intentions of any entity are the most salient or important feature of any thought or action. The intentions determine then one's polarity, one's service, and one's, as it has come to be called, harvestability. Each entity in proceeding through an incarnation then will color or charge or empower each thought and action by its intention. If one should then decide that to be of the greatest service possible to another, that it should take its own life that another might live, this then would be well. This is the path of what has been come to be called the martyr. Yet it is not a path which is easily chosen. Nor is it one that is suggested, for as one attempts to be of service to others, one cannot know the final or total outcome of any thought or action. One must move then through the incarnation in accordance with an inner voice for assurance which is the product of long and dedicated service, for the intellect cannot know these things.

Thus, an entity in the position of which you have described would be well advised to seek clearly, calmly and with great intention for that inner voice, that its own will might be given over, that the will of the Creator might move through it. When such has been accomplished, then no matter what action it is that is being contemplated, one may move in the greatest assurance that one moves appropriately

according to the plan of the one Creator and the plan that each entity in its higher self forms, constructs before the incarnation, having at that time the greater view of purpose, service and lessons to be offered.

May we answer you further, my brother?

L: No, that was a good response. Thank you.

I am Latwii, and we thank you, my brother. Is there another query?

**Questioner:** I have a question of sorts—really, I'm just asking for a comment. I've had some thoughts recently about patience sort of being the basis for forming our attitudes and our ability to like and accept other people and ourselves, and I would just like some comment on that. Just on patience in general in our spiritual development.

I am Latwii, and we are aware of your query, my brother. The patience of which you speak may be likened unto the peace or the love which our brothers and sisters of Hatonn began with this evening as their topic. As each seeker moves through the illusion that is your reality, there are many storms of seeming difficulty which beset each seeker along the path. There is much to sway one's attention, much to seemingly detain the progress. Yet, if one can maintain an attitude of patience, of tolerance, and of developing what we might call the light touch, then one might rest where others flail madly about, and in this resting a greater view might become apparent to the patient eye, for it looks keenly and evenly at that which is about it and that which is within it, and reserves judgment, motion and action until a later time, as you would call it.

During this time, a greater view is made available to the patient eye. More, shall we say, pieces of the puzzle come before the attention, that the thoughts and actions which shall be this entity's response to the storm shall carry the consideration that has been carefully determined. Thus, patience is a great virtue, my friends, but one which is most usually preceded by a great deal of flailing about, and making the rash and quick judgments which in their own way teach quite well, yet may leave some bruises here and there.

May we answer further, my brother?

**Questioner:** No, that's fine. Thank you.

I am Latwii, and we thank you, my brother. Is there another query?

N: I have one query. Is it better to leave the veil of forgetfulness in place, or can some entities benefit by lifting the veil, by whatever means?

I am Latwii, and am aware of your query, my brother. Each of you, my brother, every instant of your incarnation removes yet another small portion of that veil of forgetting, as you have called it, which seems to separate you from the one Creator and all creation. The conscious attempt to penetrate this veil is the path of the adept. Each who seeks in a conscious manner, therefore, is an adept of one degree or another. To penetrate this veil through whatever means is available to you is what we might call an enhancement upon your journey, for within the illusion created by the veil, there is much which seems confused, much which seems broken, much which seems evil, much which seems other than one's own self if you remain within this illusion with no effort to shine the light upon the confusion and to make whole that which is broken. To see the Creator in that which seems evil, and to see the self in all things is the purpose of your incarnation.

May we answer further, my brother?

N: Thank you.

I am Latwii, and we thank you, my brother. Is there another query?

*(Side one of tape ends.)*

*(Jim channeling)*

I am Latwii, and we are again with this instrument. We thank you each for inviting our presence this evening. We hope that our humble words have had some small value in your own journey in seeking the truth. Know that your queries and your presence and your invitation for our presence have been of great service to us in our own seeking of the truth, for in each of you we see the Creator in yet another expression, and we rejoice in your uniqueness and in the unity of all. We thank you again. We are with you at your request in your meditations, and we shall leave you at this time in the love and in the light of our infinite Creator. Adonai, my friends. Adonai vasu borragus.

*(Carla channeling)*

I am Yadda. I greet you in the love and in the light of our infinite Creator. We have, as you see, we come when we call and are called, then, that makes sense, so we are here with you. Is that not so? Hello. And good evening. We talk a little bit, and then we go, for we know it is a long meeting when we hear the tape flip over.

We talk to you of light, for we speak to you in love and we speak to you in light, and yet how often do we concentrate on the light? The light—what is the light that we welcome you in and leave you in? Perhaps you may think that you know what love is. It is doubtful that you know; you may know. But it is difficult or more difficult to think of what light is. But we say to you that light is all that you can see, and all that you cannot that is manifest to any consciousness on any level so that all that is builded that is not with the original Thought of love is builded with light.

Let us take examples: the air is light, both physical light and metaphysical light, that is, light that feeds the eye and glows between; metaphysical light that nourishes your being, that being which is far beyond any physical manifestation at all, for you have been, and you will be, and you are now, but your body is only now—it will go away, and you will probably be glad to get rid of it! What you will have left is another kind of light.

*(Background sound of chuckling, presumably at Yadda's accent.)*

We are doing better with our “L’s.” We are proud.

Therefore, what you see is always the same thing. It is not even lightness, brightness or heat only; it is chairs and swimming pools and air conditioners and popsicles and people and thoughts and ideas. You name it—it’s light. That’s all, it isn’t anything else. Light is a vibration and this vibration is infinite in variety. Through the process of free will moving in love, those things which are created are created, some by the infinite Creator of which you are all a part, some by co-creators such as yourself.

Therefore, make your light shine, for you are beautiful. And you can become more beautiful as you stop worrying about how beautiful your light is. The less you worry and the more you rejoice, the more light with metaphysical light your global

sphere shall be and the more watchtowers you will find lighting up a dark planet.

So you see, we speak to you of light, and we speak to you of our accent. We would leave you by answering a totally ridiculous question, and that is, why do we speak with this accent? We will tell you why we speak with this accent through this instrument who is bending its wittle tongue in many funny directions. We were on the planet in several capacities with those in what you would now call China. This was a few years ago—many, many years ago, many of your centuries ago. We were very fond, fond in the extreme, of the possibilities, the adequacy and the excellence of the Chinese language, and of its written precision. Now we speak English, because to speak Chinese to this group would be a little silly. So we won’t do that, but we have just begun learning the English about—wait a minute, we must work with this instrument a moment, for time is difficult for us to tell.

Twenty-seven years we speak English. That is not very long for us, and we hope that you can understand us. But we also hope that you know that though we love and though we are with you because you are part of us, because you are part of the one Creator, because you are all light and all love, we still cannot be for you the teacher that will give you all the answers; we have no reputation, we are fools. And as serious fools who step blindly forward, we step with you.

We thank you. And we greet you as we leave, in the love and in the omnipresent light of the One. We leave you in that unity. Adonai. We are those of Yadda. ✨