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SUNDAY MEDITATION

JANUARY 19, 1986

(Jim channeling)

I am Hatonn, and am privileged to greet each of you this evening in the love and in the light of our infinite Creator. We are most happy to be with you this evening, and offer our services in a joint effort in seeking the One who resides behind all mysteries of being. We thank you for inviting our presence this evening, and thank you doubly so for inviting the opportunity to exercise both instruments in the telling of a story. We delight in the sharing of our humble opinion by means of the story, for in such a manner may we point a direction with less chance of seeming dogmatic upon any point, for with the story comes the opportunity for each individual to interpret the story in an unique fashion, a fashion which shall have the most meaning and impact to that entity and to each so listening.

We would begin by suggesting to this instrument that as it attempts to regain the ability to speak without a beginning focus or query, it release from its mind all preconceptions as to what should be said, and thus emptied, speak those concepts which move through its awareness. It is as though in one sense this instrument were beginning for the first time to learn to talk. This is not so, but the rustiness, shall we say, needs the oil. We shall begin.

There was once a young man who was ... we pause.

(Pause)

I am Hatonn, and we apologize for the delay which was requested by this instrument as it heard the sound which suggested to it that perhaps this small group would be joined by another. We shall continue. There was a young man who with some small experience in its life pattern, determined that while it was young in years and strong of body, it would make a journey out to the world about it and seek its fortune, for it observed in the small community in which it had been raised that life was ever the same, moving at the slow and steady pace, the cycles of days and seasons repeating one after the other with predictable movement. And this, though providing for a secure upbringing and grounding in certain ethics of work and devotion, was not sufficient to cause this young man to desire to remain within the repetitious cycles from which it was spawned.

Thus, the world that was unknown and the tales of this outer world that had come to this young man seemed a great attraction and promised to the yearning spirit within the adventures and the opportunity that would allow the young man to find its freedom and its purpose within the life. Thus, it left its community of friends and family, bade each a heartfelt farewell and with but few possessions for the road struck out upon that road with hopes of adventure and promise.

We shall transfer.

(Carla channeling)

The sun rose; the sun set; the sun rose again. The young man drove down roads large and small. He refrained from using the map, for his concept of freedom suggested no reliance on any plan, but rather the desire to be lead by the spirit of freedom. Days without number followed. Towns flashed by, forests, hills and plains. Finally, the lad fetched up at the shore of a great port. A great ship was hiring and the young man signed on board and they steamed off, he and a large crew and the cargo, bound for places with exotic names, faraway places that tasted and smelled of adventure.

We shall transfer.

(Jim channeling)

After but a short period of time, the young man had experienced the pleasures and the pains of the daily existence on the steamer and had accumulated experience within a handful of ports of call and had tasted of the unique flavor of each. As the days upon the ship continued to multiply and one port after another had been reached and investigated, the young man felt yet another yearning, for it was apparent to his adventurous nature that life upon the ship, though offering far greater excitement than the village within which he had been raised, was itself beginning to become somewhat repetitious. And the young man yearned to explore in depth one of the more exotic of the ports and to see what the citizenry and surrounding countryside of such a place might have to offer a young man such as he.

Thus, after deciding to make yet another journey, the young man did so and set out at the next port of call upon a journey which seemed most thrilling, for the land in which he found himself was one far different from any he had seen before. With the ocean at their feet, the mountains of this land rose majestically and their tops were circled with clouds that drifted down into valleys rich and lush with life and peopled with inhabitants that were most interesting and curious to this young man.

We shall transfer.

(Carla channeling)

The nut brown people of this land welcomed him, not as one would welcome a stranger, for in this land there was no concept of that word. He moved freely between settlements and sat at the feet of many men

he considered wise and women whom he considered full of vision. He felt that he had never before been challenged, never before been sounded to the depths, for in this land there was no concept of philosophy except all of life. There was the concept that all things were holy and there was the most unexpected respect and manifestation of this ideal in the lives of those who dwelt in this lush land.

No longer in any vehicle, unbuffered from the winds of change, he weathered the elements and walked through valleys thick with fog, the fog curling and rising about him in wisps so that the sun shone golden and brilliant, refracted in a million tiny sparks. Within the gloom in the mist there revealed shadow trees—then, as he approached them, he could see the sturdy dignity of each tree. He felt enveloped by the nacreous glowing mist and each turn in his path showed him another glory. He puzzled over this, for had he not seen trees and fog and light in his own birthplace?

We shall transfer.

(Jim channeling)

He thought to himself that these experiences were not new, yet their effect upon him indeed was new, for now, for the first time in his young life, he began to ponder the meaning of the cycles and seasons that produced such simple miracles as trees, mountains and weather. Here in this far distant land, people moved according to a rhythm not unlike that which he had left in his home. They shared a dignity of being and purpose of life that was also not new to him. Yet whereas those friends and family which he had left seemed somewhat boring to such a young and energetic man in their regularity and predictability, the people of this land exhibited much the same qualities, it seemed, as the trees, to spark within this young man's heart and mind a response that was new to the young man. The response spoke of a center to seasons and cycles that went beyond the outer repetition of the daily round of activities and beyond even the seasonal reappearance of harvests, festivals and community affairs.

The young man wondered why he should travel so far and see things that in many ways were far removed and much more exotic than that which he had left in his home yet which upon close examination seemed so like his home, friends and family. And why here in this distant land did he now

for the first time begin to notice the center of things, people, thoughts?

We shall transfer.

(Carla channeling)

It appeared to him that he must learn the language of this place more carefully and examine more carefully why this place had resonance for him, resonances that were missed and [he] could not find in places familiar and exotic.

At the next village he stopped the first person he saw. It was a young woman with glossy black hair and beautiful, glowing brown skin. Of a sudden he spoke to her, saying, "Can you tell me what it is that you know?" She smiled at him, her sloe eyes dancing, her lips quivering with suppressed mirth. "I do not know what you mean, my beloved brother," she said. "Wait a minute—wait a minute," said the man. "Why am I your beloved brother? I have not seen you—I have not spoken to you before in all my life." This was greeted with open laughter. "Are you not holy?" she asked. "Do you not need the water of life, of conversation, of communion?" "Yes, I do—I do," stammered the young man, "and I receive that here. But why?"

The young girl put down what she was carrying and went to the well close at hand. She carefully pumped him a cupful of water. "What do you see?" she said. He gazed at her. "Water," he said. She said quickly, "What sort of water?" He replied, "Water—mere water. Only water—in a cup. What would you have me say?"

We shall transfer.

(Jim channeling)

The young girl simply replied, "I would have you speak of that which you see, for to one the water in this cup may be mere water, good for quenching the thirst of the moment, and to another the water may be symbol of that which is greater than any moment and of that which gives birth to each moment, for within the water of life do we all not move and have our being? And does not the water that nourishes our physical bodies represent in a symbolical form the breath of life, the refreshing waters of spirit if you will, which are at the heart of all being?"

The young man thought upon these words and replied to the young woman that he had never looked at things like that before, that to him life was

quite simple. "Water is water. A cup is a cup. A road is a road. And what I learn is what I experience."

The young woman replied, "If that is so, why have you come so far to do this simple thing which could have been done at any place that you found yourself? Indeed, one would never have to leave one's home for such experiences as those of which you speak."

Again, the young man thought. And he replied to the young woman, "But it seemed to me that there must be more than such a simple existence somewhere in this world. And if it did not exist in my home, then I would go and find it. And I thought perhaps I had found it here. Mayhaps I have. Yet now it seems to me that I have come a long distance in order to do a simple thing. Can you tell me why it is that seeing beyond the surface of things is easier for me here than it was for me at home? I do not understand."

The young girl replied, "The journey of seeking upon which you have set yourself is one which may take a good deal of time during which you may move from one place to another many times. Yet at some point, no matter where you find yourself, you will begin to look more deeply into your surroundings and eventually into your own desires for accumulating surroundings. In this way is your gaze sent outward to the world about you and then reflected back to you to the world within you.

"For you see, you seek not that which is other than yourself or far distant from yourself, but that which is within yourself. The world about you will help you in this journey by showing you that beyond the surface of appearance which beats at the heart of all creation. When you learn, as you have begun, to look beyond seasons and cycles and sameness and see what lies within these "things" of the world, you will find your quest lies not in things or places or people, no matter how far distant, exotic or interesting, but lies instead within your heart of hearts, for there, my brother, will you find the answers to your questions of why you live and how you do it.

"The world about you will show you what you are ready to see. The world within you will show you what is at the heart of all that which exists about you. And this, my brother, goes by many names, for each who seeks the answers to such riddles travels a journey much as you have traveled, yet accumulates a peculiar way of viewing the journey and the fruits thereof, and calls these fruits by familiar names.

Having made a portion of this journey myself and having recognized in you the qualities of the pilgrim, I share with you my name for that quality, and it is love that beats with a rhythm known to any heart and with a purpose of being known to every heart, yet veiled enough to require from each heart a desire to know more than the surface of things reveals.”

The young man stood somewhat dumbfounded, yet aware also in his confusion that he had been touched by words and feelings from this young maid that made a kind of sense to him that quite exceeded description. And he determined at that point that he would return to the land of his youth and continue there the seeking which there had begun. And upon his return it was his pleasant discovery that the feeling of newness which he had obtained in distant lands remained with him, for now his eyes looked upon a new world, one no longer bounded by the surface of things and one which opened in promise in any direction that he gazed of providing a deeper taste of the rhythm and life inherent in all creation.

I am Hatonn. We are pleased to have been able to utilize both instruments this evening and most especially to have been able to use this instrument in a fashion to which it has grown unaccustomed. It has been helpful for this instrument to, shall we say, penetrate beyond the surface of its own abilities and find more treasures within. We feel that this instrument has grasped the greater portion of that which we wished to convey, yet has in some degree omitted portions here and there that might have increased the richness and depth of illustration. We can only suggest that it would be helpful for this instrument to continue such, shall we say, undirected experiments in channeling.

We shall close this contact through the one known as Carla. We transfer.

(Carla channeling)

We share at this time some nuances of the tale so that the one known as Jim may grasp possibilities which may be experienced and shared with perseverance in this practice which we encourage and are most grateful for.

There is a land which is blessed as are its people with a sense of that which is holy. It is a land of mists and rivers, ocean and mystery-shrouded mountains. It is a land where feet touch earth, sole to soul. It is a bare-foot land, a touched land, a land loving and

loved. It is a land which may be dreamed and from that dreaming a man may rise, awake for the first time to look beyond the dream of sameness. For is not every moment new? Is not every breath a new beginning and every out-breath the ending of what was?

Cycles there are, yet they are not the same, one upon another, any more than it is possible for one leaf to be like another or one snowflake to be identical to another. Once a dream has been given by grace, there is new vision of the spirals of infinite possibility. To be in touch with this vast infinity of possibility is to be in touch with the creative power of love. The young man may become an old man and die—die to his body and die to his personality, and yet remain awake in infinity, experiencing the water of forever and the joy of newness.

Thus, the story ends in foreverness, the story which is new, the message which is always the same yet ever spoken afresh. Love and love and love. We spoke three moments the same word and yet each ear heard three separate moments, each moment not a repetition but a new beginning. Breathe in the new, then, breathe out the old, and find joy in the newness of that which seems the same to those who sleep. See, taste, touch, hear and love that which is holy and know you then that you are in love with the universe and all that lies within it.

This we offer humbly through this instrument in order to encourage the one known as Jim to feel free to meander patiently and with perseverance while listening to the inner voice, for there is that within that instrument which is most eloquent. We encourage, as we have said, these workings and we thank the one known as Jim for opening himself to us in this manner. With a heart full of love for each, love made new each moment, and in the light of foreverness, we leave you. We are those of Hatonn. Are we ancient or are we new? We are—as are you. May you be blessed. Adonai vasu borragus. ❀