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# L/L RESEARCH

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ABOUT THE CONTENTS OF THIS TRANSCRIPT: This telepathic channeling has been taken from transcriptions of the weekly study and meditation meetings of the Rock Creek Research & Development Laboratories and L/L Research. It is offered in the hope that it may be useful to you. As the Confederation entities always make a point of saying, please use your discrimination and judgment in assessing this material. If something rings true to you, fine. If something does not resonate, please leave it behind, for neither we nor those of the Confederation would wish to be a stumbling block for any.

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## SATURDAY MEDITATION OCTOBER 13, 2007

**Group question:** (*Read by Jim*) Our question tonight, Q'uo, has to do with how we, as seekers, can deal with adversity. Our third-density illusion has the purpose, it seems, of providing us catalyst and by using this catalyst we hopefully can grow into greater understanding of our place in the universe and of how to be of service. Sometimes, though, the catalyst is either too much, or we feel like we're getting burned out, or it's boringly repetitive and we're getting tired of doing the work, or for some reason, we just feel discouraged and could use some words of inspiration, something perhaps other than, "Well, remember that you're all one," or "Persevere, persevere."

Is there some way that you could recommend that we could look at the concept of catalyst that seems to be a bit much and overwhelming as we deal with it in our daily round of activities?

(*Carla channeling*)

We are those known to you as the principle of Q'uo. Greetings in the love and in the light of the one infinite Creator, in whose service we come to you this day.

It is indeed a pleasure and a privilege to be called to your circle of seeking and we thank you for the honor. We are glad to speak to you on the subject of difficult times and attempt to share inspiration with you. But first, as always, we would ask that each of you be discriminating in that which you choose to take away from our conversation, for we are not

authorities over you and would not wish to influence you unduly.

Please follow the path of resonance in your own thoughts and trust your judgment. If you may do this for us, then we may share our thoughts much more freely, being unhindered by the concern that we may have for infringement upon your free will otherwise.

We thank you for this consideration, my friends. It makes us smile that you ask us to offer words of inspiration. The concept is somewhat foreign to us in that our experience of life in every breath is inspirational, if you would call it that. We are in the fortunate position of having no veil that hides from us the infinite inspiration of the moment.

We find in the mind of this instrument the story of the disciples of Jesus the Christ. It is a story told about him and the disciples at a time after he had gone through the crucifixion and had arisen. The disciples had seen him several times before but it was while they were still in Jerusalem. Now, sad and weary but wanting to go on with the great work which he had left them to do, the disciples decided to travel about and offer the information that Jesus had left with them and also to offer themselves as healers in the name of Jesus the Christ.

They were walking along the dusty road to a town called Emmaus. Part way through the day they were joined by a stranger who joined their conversation. Soon the stranger was offering them thoughts upon the scriptures which they were discussing that

seemed most inspiring. It was not until later, when they had stopped for the evening, prepared a fire, and were cooking fish to eat for their supper, that they became aware that this stranger was the risen Lord, Jesus the Christ, among them and speaking with them as if he were still alive, earthly and with them in flesh as well as spirit.

To us, this is a perfect example of inspiration in that the inspiration was with them and unrecognized for a considerable length of time. It was only in the relaxation and perhaps the weariness that heralded their evening meal and the end of the day that their rational minds let go and released them from the limitations of logical thought. In that state alone did they finally recognize their beloved teacher and savior.

Inspiration walks with you, just as the one known as Jesus, the Christ, on the road to Emmaus. Like the disciples and the apostles, it is quite common for you not to recognize or in any way be aware of this Companion of your every thought, word and action. The one known as Jesus said also, "I am with you until the end of the age."<sup>1</sup> The Holy Spirit and tongues of fire leapt upon the disciples' heads and the message was the same: "I am with you."

"Send forth your spirit, says the prayer, and I shall be created and you shall renew the face of the earth."<sup>2</sup>

Can you move away from this Companion of every moment? No, my friends, you cannot. Physically speaking, you can climb the highest mountain or plunge into the depths of the sea and your Companion, unconditional love, shall still be with you. In a metaphysical sense, can any toxic emotion drive away the beloved from your side? No. The beloved presence is with you always in every hour and every moment, day and night, relentlessly, eternally, loving, loving, loving.

There is, as the one known as R would say, a glitch, a catch, to this infinite supply of unconditional love,

<sup>1</sup> *Holy Bible*, Matthew 28:20: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

<sup>2</sup> From a prayer of the Episcopal Cursillo: "Come, Holy Spirit! Fill the hearts of your faithful and kindle in us the fire of your love. Send forth your spirit and we shall be created, and you shall renew the face of the earth. O God, who by the light of the Holy Spirit did instruct the hearts of the faithful, grant that by the same Holy Spirit we may be truly wise and ever enjoy thy consolation. Amen"

and that is the veil of forgetting that divides your mind, so that it becomes preoccupied with that which you can see with your senses, hear, feel, taste and touch. You cannot smell the infinite One as He walks beside you. He is intangible, invisible and usually unheard. Yet unconditional love is your Companion, has been your Companion, and shall be your Companion.

Love is an inextricable part of your nature. It is your founding father and your nursing mother. It is the child at your knee. Any way that speaks to you personally of perfect companionship, that is the nature of your Companion. You may think of this Companion as Jesus, the Christ. You may think of this Companion, as does this instrument, as the Holy Spirit. You may think of this Companion in a structure which we have given you many times before, which is that of a guidance system.

You may think of this Companion as your unseen guru, whose love and affection for you outlasts death, so that even if your teacher is no longer incarnate in flesh, yet still he is the angel on your shoulder and the Companion of every move, every thought, and every word.

How to remember that you are companioned by love is often a great challenge in this atmosphere of heavily veiled experience. Perhaps the slanting rays of sunshine on a beautiful day may give you that hint that reminds you that you are in full contact with love. Perhaps the blessed sound of rain when all has been dust and the rain is needed offers you that chance to recall that you are not alone. But one cannot depend upon a sunny day or a blessed rainfall. Perhaps a beloved face, your mate, your friend, or your teacher reminds you that love walks with you in every step. But you cannot depend upon the presence of a particular person.

In some ways the mechanics of helping yourself to remember that you are practicing the presence of the one infinite Creator seems so very mechanical that it does not seem possible that such mechanical actions could possibly have the results for which you hope.

This instrument is a singer and when she is producing music through her vocal instrument, her thoughts are very often on the mechanics of producing sound and tone. If she speaks the vowel, "e," you will find her in a broad smile because that lifts that vowel into the facial mask and creates a more pure sound. She has to remember to phrase the

tones that she produces so that it is not a mechanical or rote expression of praise, thanksgiving or prayer that she offers, but rather is musical, with the rising and falling cadences of beautiful speech.

Sometimes it seems that an entire performance may go by without this instrument's experiencing the gestalt that the choir of which she is a part is producing for those who listen. And yet because of these mechanical-seeming techniques, the instrument is able to maximize her contribution to the beauty of the music sung by her choir.

It is in this wise that we encourage you to go through the mechanical rituals which are the resources of those who wish to break through the veil, as the one known as Jim said, to "break on through to the other side."<sup>3</sup>

Friends, you live in two worlds simultaneously. One world is that world in which you become discouraged and feel that your work is in vain. The other world is a world of vibration, color and texture. It is a world of light without the heavy forms of the physical illusion. You are a citizen of both worlds equally. It often seems that there is a choice to make as to whether to live in one world or the other—the world of form or the world of vibration and light.

It is our humble opinion, however, that it is not necessary to choose. What is needed by the spiritual seeker who wishes to access the joy, the aliveness, and the unconditional love of the world of light is a dedication to the techniques involved in unifying those two worlds.

The seeker begins by realizing that there is another world, a world far more beautiful, real and profound than the everyday world of form. That is the time of awakening and it brings to the seeker a hunger and a thirst for light and love. The seeker wants to find out just how to live in that world. So the seeker begins to meditate or to contemplate. And this is an excellent thing. At the same time it creates within the conscious and rational mind a sense of separation between the person that you are when you are not

meditating and the person that you are when you are meditating.

It is often the work of many years of moving into the silence and the meditation and coming back out of it into the everyday world before the seeker becomes aware in a moment that the everyday world is permeated and imbued with the Companion. Everyday things are saturated with the love of the Beloved. There is no nook or cranny within your mind or your emotions and your fears that is not drenched and marinated in love.

This is so in an unalterable and irresistible way because at the heart of every cell of your body is the one infinite Creator, and that Creator has a nature. That nature is love. When your heart beats, it beats love. When you breath in, you breath in love. When you breathe out, you breathe out love.

I have spoken to you many times about the discipline of the personality. It is this discipline of which we speak now again, for the only barrier between your rational and conscious mind that so limits you and creates for you the deadliness of sameness and ennui is the rational mind's basic assumption that that which it beholds is the sum of that which there is.

There are as many ways to help trigger your remembrance of the Beloved that walks beside you and holds your hand and comforts you as there are entities who seek the one infinite Creator.

We cannot create for you the perfect mnemonic. Each person's memory will be jogged by a different mnemonic. Recently we suggested to the one known as R that he wear a bracelet with the word "remember" etched upon it so that each time in his work as a technical expert that he looked down upon his hands on the computer he would see that word and remember who he is and why he has brought himself to this particular moment at this particular time.

This instrument was speaking in the round-robin discussion that precedes the seeking through meditation of this particular group about loving everything that she does and we would comment upon that, for the statement that this instrument made, though she is not aware of it, is not a statement that is literally true. There are many things that she does within her day which she does not, with her rational and conscious mind, love. Indeed,

<sup>3</sup> This lyric is from a song written by Jim Morrison and sung by The Doors on their debut, eponymous album in 1967. It was also released as a single the same year. Partial lyrics are:

The gate is straight  
Deep and wide.  
Break on through to the other side.

she must encourage herself and even goad herself into taking care of many of the details of her day.

Yet her statement was true insofar as it was her honest and sincere experience. Yet this is not because of the work. Friends, it is never because of work that you find your joy. It is because you have accessed or remembered that you walk with a beloved Companion whose name is unconditional love. It is because you have remembered who you truly are and why you chose to be here now.

We would offer each seeker the assurance that, no matter how dreary life may seem at this particular time, everything in your life is moving just as it should. For you are receiving those experiences which you carefully planned before your incarnation began. No matter how dark or seemingly difficult the moment, it comes with gifts in its hands.

The writer of Ecclesiastics said long ago that there is nothing new under the sun. Did this wise entity write those words out of despair? We do not believe so. We believe that this entity wrote those words to pierce the veil. If nothing under the sun is new, then even that which is new to you at one particular time will inevitably be repeated and repeated.

Were you to leave the type of work that you do in order to receive the money that pays your bills, as this instrument would say, and were you to find something that is exciting and new to you, within a matter of days or weeks, months at the very most, your new occupation would seem repetitive and wearisome and you would think fondly of the possibility of lifting away from these responsibilities and of, as the one known as R said, having just two days in which nothing whatsoever was related to that which this entity does in order to earn his daily bread.

One cannot change things around in the world of form and thereby come into one's joy. One cannot change one's circumstances and thereby arrive at a sense of peace and contentment. In seeking otherness, one ultimately finds that every gift one has opened becomes old; every wine, once tasted, becomes stale; every luxury, once repeated sufficiently, pales to nothing. In the world of form there is no escape from weariness and ennui, and this, the writer of Ecclesiastes knew.

When you seek for inspiration, do not seek far, for the inspiration is walking beside you. It is filling

your heart. It is the air breathing in and the air breathing out of your lungs. It is the pounding of your blood. It is the rustling of every dry leaf and the song of every bird.

It is not because all is one that these voices speak to you. It is because you are a larger self than you can possibly be aware until you ask for that awareness to become open to you.

There in your workplace [is] that which speaks to you of the Companion. Would it interest you to know that in every key of the computer there is a spirit sitting upon it, laughing and sharing with you the joy of being used, of serving, and of being a part of that dance which you and your computer keys are doing?

Would it make a difference if you could see the angel that is sitting on the edge of your wastebasket or resting, literally, upon your shoulder or placing its head upon your knee, so happy is it to be in your presence?

We speak to you of consciousness that has so many facets and so many levels that there is nothing that is not inspired. Who lives your life? Who sees through your eyes? Who hears through your ears? Who is it that is you? The request for inspiration when looking at mundane things comes down to the heart of who you are.

Perhaps mechanics are involved in allowing consciousness itself to live your life instead of your personality shell. Yet, my friends, those seemingly mechanical actions and rituals of remembrance and recall yield fruit as you begin to be aware that you truly are practicing the presence of the one infinite Creator in every mood, in every situation, in every moment. There is glory all around you and within you. Open to it, and let joy become your experience.

We are aware that a good deal of the angst which entities feel occurs when they are in a position of working at work that seems to them to be of no great service to others. Then this question truly intrudes and becomes almost an obsession, because there is that enormous desire to serve others. That desire is also spiked and pushed by one's own observation of others who seem to be of more service than you, because of having been born with or having developed more gifts of the spirit, more ways to serve. Yet if your work here upon your sphere of Earth was intended to have to do with outer gifts,

then you should have received them. If you do not perceive within yourself the outer gifts that are so obvious in musicians and poets, then your gift here, your purpose here, your mission at this time, is not to sing, or to write, but to be.

That which shall assist you most in cleansing yourself of that feeling of sameness is the ability to release the mind. Certainly many among your people have done this by artificial means. Perhaps they drink an intoxicating beverage. Perhaps they ingest the smoke of some mind-altering substance or they ingest food that creates an alternate reality. We are not suggesting outer substances as a solution for one who chafes under the sameness of the work-a-day world. We are suggesting that that very work-a-day world is full of angels and spirits and guidance and the Beloved.

It is the peculiar nature of those who live with that veil of forgetting that the very last thing that is thought of is faith. Faith is your stoutest ally in becoming re-inspired. Faith is the spiritual breath of life. And sometimes you need resuscitation, spiritually speaking. The great and fortunate thing about faith as a tool and a resource for the seeker is that you do not have to do it well. You do not have to "believe," as it were. You have only to claim it and say, "I have faith," and suddenly your eyes open and you can see that the comrade beside you on the road to Emmaus is none other than love itself.

We are those of Q'uo, and thank you for this query, my brother. May we ask if there is a follow-up to this query at this time?

**Jim:** Not for me.

We are those of Q'uo, and would then ask if there is another query that we may answer at this time. We are those of Q'uo.

*(Pause)*

We are those of Q'uo, and are again with this instrument. We grasp that we have exhausted the queries in this circle of seeking at this time. We would say a word or two before we leave you, for we do perceive that there is that hunger and that thirst within this circle this evening. There is a yearning too deep for words to break through to a bright and joyful land where the beauty of life creates meaning all its own.

We would that we could share with you on a steady-state basis our perception of life itself as a miraculous and utterly incandescently beautiful thing, a treasure, precious and rare. We cannot. We can say the words and always we can share with you our love. And you have but to ask for us mentally and we shall be with you, surrounding you and bathing you in our love.

Yet that which comes from the outside, as it were, is never the answer to a spiritual seeker. It is when that which blossoms in the heart then blooms up through all the senses and out into the world that you behold with new eyes.

Remember to relax and release your conscious, rational, fact-driven mind whenever you feel depressed and discouraged by the sameness and the repetitiveness of everyday life. Within the folds of that repetition lie infinite in newness and infinite, sharp pleasure. Open, allow, and it shall come. For it is within you, waiting for you to release the strictures of your rational mind.

This instrument was told by a friend who was a missionary that they were working terribly hard at a hospital which they had founded in a very backward and primitive area. There literally were not hours enough in a day to do that which they felt desperately needed to be done. Each evening they would fall onto their cots exhausted and wondering how they could arise the next morning and do it again.

One of them, this instrument's friend, got the idea to arise even earlier and spend the time in prayer. It was this entity's testimony that this decision completely renewed and revitalized their lives. Suddenly the sun shown brighter, the rain smelled sweeter, the hours flew more gracefully and graciously, and everything felt different. Yet they were doing precisely the same things and meeting the same difficult challenges that they had been meeting before.

The difference was time set aside within an intense desire to see deeper; to see with the eyes of the heart; to experience as the beloved Companion experiences. We commend to you whatever you may do that will help you to combine the worlds of form and spirit, so that you are never without a keen and present awareness of the power of love.

We leave you in that love and that light. We are  
known to you as the principle of Q'uo. Adonai.  
Adonai. ✽