

# The Newsletter

The Law Of One Prisoner Newsletter: a publication for incarcerated seekers to read about and participate in a discussion about the Law of One and other spiritual issues.  
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Spring is here and the Sun has shown itself to many parts of the US previously covered by clouds and snow. It is a time to rejoice in the nourishment of the Light.

Carla's surgery on her vertebrae came through without incident. The last word is that she is doing well and healing up.

On a down note, nine letters from people in prison were lost in the mail on their way from L/L Research to my house. Luckily, I knew whose letters were lost this time, but it may not always be the case. I encourage all those who do not hear from me to write again. Letters to you or to me may never arrive. It is L/L Research policy to respond to all people who write.

To continue the theme, several people did not get the Winter 2010 issue of *The LOOP Newsletter*. If you fail to receive any issue, please inform me and I will resend that issue.

Finally, as a request by the L/L Research administration, it is asked that books not be requested when you are in transit from one prison to another. I know this is hard to predict, but books often come back due to this situation and it costs money to send and resend them. Also, there are often strict rules on sending books. Please inform us of all rules for your prison each time you request a book.

With that, enjoy this issue of the LOOP. In Light and Love,

Lorena Lucille, Editor

Any subscriber may submit material to the LOOP Newsletter for publication. If you would like to comment on articles, answer open questions, or submit your own queries for consideration, please write to The LOOP Newsletter, C/O L/L Research, PO Box 5195, Louisville KY 40255-0195

## Wandering Thoughts

by Bill Ackerman

### CAN DEATH BE LOVE?

*When an entity approaches the end of an incarnational lesson, if that entity has been exhausted by this learning it will be given the opportunity either to embrace life with all of its confusions and distresses or to embrace the dropping of the physical body and the movement into whatever healing modes the learned lesson has created the need for. When this moment occurs the choice is freely offered in silence, and the love of life of the entity, or the disdain of life, create the potential for greater health within incarnation and a new lesson to be learned, or the gentle or rough path to the passage into larger life.*

*Taken from A Wanderer's Handbook  
Chapter 8, pgs 232-233*

Those of you who have been reading the LOOP from its inception know that my sister, Patti, has been battling cancer. Last month she died.

Can death be love? Death is only the end of the physical body. The indigo body will go through a healing process and a review. The entity playing the role of my sister and guardian angel is very much alive. Only the physical body with the disease of cancer is gone. The Creator, in all His love, has expressed to my sister that whatever incarnational lessons she needed to learn were embraced and she was given the opportunity to learn new lessons whether it be repeating 3<sup>rd</sup> density or moving on to 4<sup>th</sup>. That is love. She no longer suffers in this time/space.

Our tears for the loss of a loved one should be tears of joy. Sometimes we decide to take a short life. We leave the body at a young age. Those who knew us mourn that we were unable to live a "full life," but in terms of that

incarnation the life *was* completely full. Everything was done that the entity came to do. Obligations were fulfilled.

None of us should fear death. When it is our time to go we will know that our incarnational lessons have been exhausted. Whatever we pre-programmed has been fulfilled. Do we always know what these lessons are? Of course not. But if we stay focused on our spiritual evolution and not on the illusion around us, we will see the lessons the Creator offers us.

Maybe we shouldn't mourn for those who come and go from this world. Each person does what they come to do, no more and no less. There's no reason to get overly sad when someone "Checks-out." Like my sister, they are finishing their part in this act of the cosmic play. Peace be with you, Patti.

Adonai. Vasu. Barragus.

∞

### Invitation To Daily World Healing Meditations

From the bring4th.org website

### GAIA MEDITATION

*A friend of L/L Research, who channels the personality of the Earth, wrote to Carla in 2001 that our planet had stopped speaking to him. Out of concern, he asked for Carla's assistance. She promptly started the Gaia Meditation for the healing of Earth.*

Our Gaia Meditations are at 9:00 AM and 9:00 PM, Eastern Standard Time (8:00 AM and PM Central, 7:00 AM and PM Mountain, and 6:00 AM and PM Pacific), and usually last between 5 and 15 minutes, depending on who is offering the closing prayer.

On September 16, 2001, Q'uo said, "We would recommend to each entity that within the meditative state one see the ruptures in this planet's beingness. Perhaps you can locate them geographically within your mind, seeing them as dark and hurting, in pain and

confusion. And then, begin to bring the light and the love of the one Creator into the image. See that rupture of hurt and pain lightened by this love of the one Creator, shining forth through the eyes of all. Focus upon the injury, the hurt, and the pain until it is also as bright as the noonday sun...It is those within all cultures and religions, who have the deep desire to truly serve the one Creator in all, that may see beyond and behind the illusion of separation, to that which binds all entities into one."

We have been meditating twice a day for world peace and for the safe and easy birthing of Gaia's fourth-density self for some time now, and the group that joins us has grown to include thousands of meditators, prayers, visualizers and fellow travelers, who meet together in the room of silence and intention. We greatly appreciate every person's joining this group, and if you have not yet started taking just a minute or so with us, we invite you to join us in this service to Mother Earth.

How might you want to approach these meditations? Jim and I are focusing on affirming that we are part of one group being, one body of humankind on planet Earth. We are trying to see those who are acting in terrorism and war as part of our self. We are seeing that we are all connected. Thus, the image becomes the Self, hurting the Self. This leads to a deeper understanding of our true unity as the people of Earth, which opens our springs of forgiveness and compassion.

Jim has an opening ritual for the 9:00 PM meditations, which, here at L/L Research, are wholly devoted to peace and Gaia, unlike our morning offerings, which include many other things besides prayers for Gaia and peace. It runs as follows:

"Always seeking, seeing and serving the Creator in all."

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"Always seeking, seeing and serving the Creator in all."

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"Opening my mind, my body, my spirit, my heart, my soul and my entire being to the

infinite love, light and healing energy of the one Creator."

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"Feeling the infinite love, light and healing energy of the one Creator moving through me, moving to Mother Earth, to heal Mother Earth as she brings forth a new Earth in fourth density."

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"May every soul in pain on Earth tonight feel infinite love, light and healing energy."

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"May there be peace and love in the hearts of the men and women on Earth tonight."

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Visuals are also a good resource for those who wish to join in this meditation. You could envision yourself as a conduit for the Creator's infinite supply of light and love, or a crystal instrument of the spirit, vibrating for the Earth. In a powerful way, as incarnate beings of Earth, we are knit of these meadows and forests, rivers and oceans, winds and storms which are the living being of our Mother Earth.

You might envision a net or web of love, a golden seine that catches all the globe up in its skirts. I have seen this image myself sometimes in visions, with angels weaving ever more threads of light into the strands surrounding the planet.

You could also see this as the "Christ-consciousness grid" that Drunvalo Melchizidek writes about enhancing at this time. Another image you might like to use is one of myriad wanderers arriving on Earth, from the cover of our book *A Wanderer's Handbook*, which you can obtain by writing L/L Research. You can simply see Gaia in labor and giving birth, and hold her hand. These are some suggestions. Please feel free to create your own way of working on this. If this is resonating with you, please join us in meditation at nine o'clock (Eastern time) each morning and evening, whenever you are able. The more we can open our hearts and bless the love flowing through us to the Earth, the more quickly she will be able to heal her distress, and her peoples' as well. I think as we work on opening our own hearts and helping the love energy have a free

flow through them, we are doing significant and substantial work upon our world as well as upon ourselves. "As above, so below." To work on the heart of the self is to work on the heart of the planetary being (that is, all of us, all the souls of third density together) and the heart of the planet itself. That is an easy mental affirmation to create: "Earth, I love and thank you!" These days are excellent times for doing what we came to do, for being a witness and

channel for the love and light of the infinite Creator. Join us in unity, power and peace when you can. In becoming more and more our whole selves, known to ourselves and beloved, we prepare ourselves to do the work we came to do. May we serve together with joy and thankfulness. This is one of those times when a few people can make a big difference!

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## **Prison Ashrams, Part 5 of 5**

by Vinoba Bhave

### FREEDOM FROM INSTITUTIONS

As soon as I was released from jail after the individual Satyagraha, I went to see Bapu. I remember that he said to me then: 'Vinoba, this is not the last of your trips to jail, you will have to go again.' 'I am quite ready,' I said, and we went on talking. 'Have you brought any new ideas back with you from jail?' he asked. 'Yes,' I said. 'I think that I should now free myself from all institutions, for otherwise I shall not be able to make any progress in non-violence.' He said at once, 'You are quite right.' Then he went on, translating my thought into his own language: 'That means that you will be of help to all the institutions but will not accept office in any of them.'

Ashadevi was sitting near [Ashadevi, with her husband Aryanayakam, was a leader of the Hindustani Talimi Sangh (Indian Education Society) founded to promote Gandhi's principles of education.]. Bapu said to her: 'It is good that Vinoba should free himself from these things. It is only when we

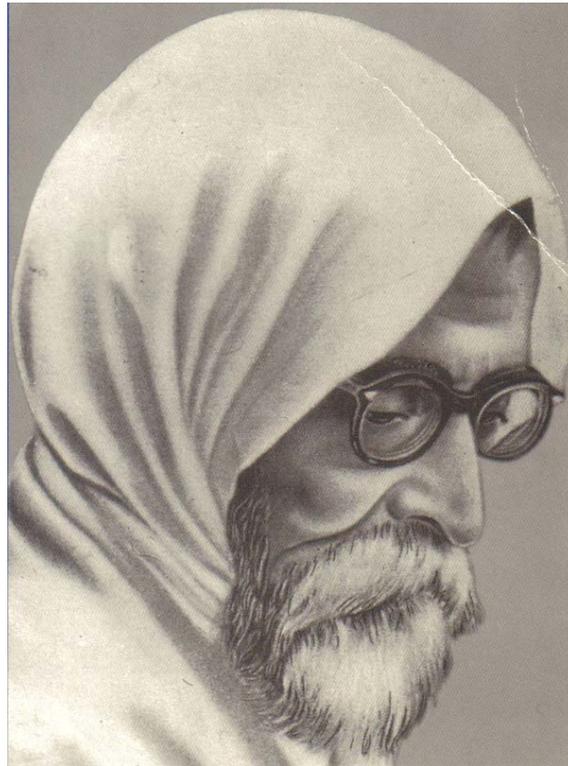
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can get away from such involvements that we are able to think to good effect. If our hands are loaded with daily affairs, we are not at liberty to think, and no new discoveries will be made.'

So Bapu set his seal of approval on my decision, and no one could say much against it. Bapu himself acted on my behalf, and explained my decision to those who were managing the institutions.

My last trip to jail was in the 1942 Movement, and I was released in 1945. I had done some more thinking during that time, and

decided that after my release I must do scavenging work [sanitation worker who properly disposed of human excrement produced in the community before the advent of indoor plumbing and sewage systems in rural India], so as to help in 'the raising of the lowliest'.



# HOW WE BELIEVE

By Dennis Kearns

When we are young, we believe what we are told by those older than we are. There are times we test what we are told: pushing the limits on our belief system. When we are told by a parent we will get a spanking if we do or touch something, we sometimes did it anyway and found out it was true, we did get spanked! After awhile you believed what that parent said. This included such things as Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, Tooth Fairy, or that you were bad or stupid. Being repeated over and over you began to accept them as being true, and in that moment in time to you it was true.

The lucky ones tested and retested everything they were told. They asked how, why, when, what, and where. They wanted proof! The unlucky ones went along believing whatever they were told no questions asked. Growing up you began to figure out some things you were told were not really true after all. But no matter who tells you something is true or how many others believe it, the real truth always seems to shine through like God's Love for us.

Mr. John Steinbeck was the winner of the 1963 Nobel Prize for literature. He said, "people...automatically believe in books. This is strange but it is so. Messages come from behind the controlled and censored areas of the world and do not ask for radios, for papers and pamphlets. They invariably ask for books. They believe in books when they believe in nothing else." Often a film is made of a book. Now you have 2 sources for your belief system to take root. One validates the other.

Why would anyone want us to believe something which is not true? The answer can be broken down into two main reasons: a) because it protects us ("Don't open the front door or the boogie man will get you!") or b) for the benefit of someone else ("It doesn't matter what happens to them because they are the bad people!"). The second reason includes power over others. Control by fear: Create a danger which needs to be protected against. Most small wars you never hear of are one example.

Closer to home is the idea that "Those people should be locked up and the key thrown away!"

Large groups of average people are used for their personal time to help the cause, and used for their money to keep the wolf from the door. They are used even for the lives of their children to fight a war which is not about safety or freedom, but making the rich richer, taking of other country's land, their labor, and their personal goods. Religions with all their off-shoots have always caused one group to kill another in God's name because each are the only true religion. How can both sides claim the same God as being on their side?

Some people act as though God and Santa Claus are one and the same. They only come to ask for something, expect it to be given at once, then they curse when it doesn't appear. God doesn't hand out wish books telling us when we want something to just thumb through the pages and ask for it.

All the things we have come to believe our whole life could very well be a lie. Question and test each thing which you believe and see how many can stand in the light of truth. Edgar Cayce never believed in past lives, and at first could not accept it even though in his trance state he spoke of it and the relationships between people he gave readings for. His belief system really had a wake-up call.

Personal experience should play a larger role in forming a belief system than the written word. Do not even take this article to be true without testing it against any and all known truths and belief systems. Although those belief systems you use may need some dissecting and proving themselves. Personal experiences I have had, most learned groups would dismiss as being created by the mind, are upheld and more fully explained by the investigative research of both Edgar Cayce and L/L Research. Both may be used to test your beliefs. To know what you believe you need to know the source of that belief. When you locate the source then look for the reason it

was given to you. If it falls into either a) or b) in this article then you may want to reconsider why you still believe it, why you go along with it, what good or bad has it caused in your life, and if you should reconsider it all over again.

If believing because the masses believe something without question the world would still be flat and earth would be the center of Creation. Leaches would still be used to pull blood out of sick people, airplanes would not exist, man would not explore space, and the dead would still know nothing. Peace and Love. ∞

**Dennis Kearns welcomes all reader feedback.  
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## EXPERIMENT

In the last issue of The LOOP Newsletter, I proposed an experiment to those who write wishing to work on mental development through practices such as dreams, telepathy, remote viewing, etc. Since January, an image has been taped to the wall above the printers I use to produce *The LOOP Newsletters*. That image is the drawing of Vinoba found above in the article Prison Ashrams.

I would like to continue the experiment throughout the year. A new image has been placed in the location of the last. Anybody wishing to submit a possible solution to this image may write me. If it is wished, I will publish your submission in the next LOOP along with the new image.

Good luck and have fun! ∞

## I AM

by Victor Franco

The “I” that is me—you cannot see.

You see only the form you think is me.

This form that you see, will not always be;

But the “I” that is me lives eternally. ∞

## THE REMAKING OF MY FIELD OF CONSCIOUSNESS, PART 1 OF 4

by William Toward

When asked to consider contributing something to *The LOOP Newsletter*, my initial reaction was reluctance. In installments, I have spent 35 years in California prisons, thus my negative bias against the convict mindset. But it was a fleeting reaction, as I realized I would be sharing with minds shaped by Ra’s teachings. I am honored in the way of teach/learn to be able to share some of my story and insight.

During a span of fifty some years, four events in my life have been influential in either profoundly altering my consciousness or giving me mega evolutionary thrust through the moral choice the event set up. Perhaps the best way I can serve is to relate those events.

I can’t remember how I came upon Ra. (I believe it inevitable once you start to surf evolved spiritual sites on the Internet.) But it was a couple of years ago. The profound wisdom and intellectual depth of Ra radiating love was instantly recognized, as was the authority of truth in Ra’s teachings. Accepting the cosmology and metaphysics of Ra has been an ongoing intellectual discovery that fits seamlessly within the constructs of my life’s understanding: that evolution from unreflected disbelief to spiritual awakening that took me through Roman Catholicism into the dogma-absent openness of Eastern spiritual tradition.

Perhaps you will get some idea of how cosmically fitting it was for me more than 50 years later to discover Ra and its profound

teaching on the nature of this density's polarity, when you know that my conversion/awakening vehicle was a Thomas Merton paragraph capturing that polarity with a passion that was eloquent and incisive. (Thomas Merton was an American Catholic writer who wrote more than 70 books, mostly on spirituality and social justice. He was also a trappist monk. He died in Bangkok in 1968 while attending an ecumenical conference between Roman Catholic and non-Christian monks.)

### THE FIRST EVENT

I was eighteen when the personnel manager fired me from my job as a bellhop at the new Beverly Hilton. He took revengeful delight in it because a friend of a friend had influence with higher ups in the Hilton chain and went around him in securing the bellhop position for me—a position the personnel manager denied me upon first applying for it. Being the focus of his resentment, he took extra investigative steps and found I had been in reform school for car theft. That was all he needed to justify the firing, as it was well-established hotel policy not to hire anyone with a criminal record for sensitive positions involving trust. The firing set in motion a string of events that set the stage for the most dramatic and profound experience of my life.

In my immaturity and self-pity, my attitude toward the firing was "Fuck the world!" That evening I stole a new Cadillac convertible from someone's garage in Beverly Hills and embarked on an adventure to Las Vegas, where I was arrested a few days later and returned to California to be sentenced to reform school yet again.

This time, however, I was sent to a work camp, an easy way to do time—although when you're young, all time, even short stints, seems forever. But I was bored at camp. My intellectual curiosity impelled me to read a lot, but at camp the reading material consisted mainly of comic books. So I was exhilarated to find one day a hard-cover book laying on one of the picnic tables. I quickly scooped it up and hid it in my locker. Its title, Seeds of Contemplation, by Thomas Merton, gave me

no clue as to content. Had I known it was a book on spirituality, I would have left it there. In my sophomoric atheism, I mocked religious belief. I was not able to discriminate between religion and spirituality, so they were lumped together in my mind. That mocking attitude was illustrated by the sport I used to have with one of my devout religious friends. I remember one incident where I declared, "May God strike me dead if I spit on the sidewalk," whereupon I spat on the sidewalk. My amusement at my friend's shock and horror was quite satisfying.

When I opened the book a few days later, I was disappointed to discover what it was about, but I went ahead with the reading. I found the book difficult because I was unfamiliar with the subject matter. Approaching it with a closed mind also made for reluctant engagement with the material. Many passages were incomprehensible to me—I could not relate them to anything in my limited life experience and understanding.

I was just about to toss the book when I came upon these words:

*People who know nothing of God and whose lives are centered on themselves, imagine that they can only find themselves by asserting their desires and ambitions and appetites in a struggle with the rest of the world....They can only conceive one way of becoming real: cutting themselves off from other people and building a barrier of contrast and distinction between themselves and other men....*

*I have what you have not. I am what you are not. I have taken what you have failed to take and I have seized what you could never get. Therefore you suffer and I am happy, you are despised and I am praised, you die and I live; you are nothing and I am something, and I am all the more something because*

*you are nothing. And thus I spend my life admiring the distance between you and me; at times this even helps me to forget those who have what I have not and who have taken what I was too slow to take, who have seized what was beyond my reach, who are praised as I cannot be praised and who live on my death.*

I was stunned, for this eloquent indictment of total self-centeredness and divisive competition was a description of me. Here in bold stroke was the depiction of the background whisperings of my own consciousness. I was exposed by the words, but more importantly I was receptive to them. In an honest posture of humility, I saw the reality of my inner condition, and there was instant awareness of the greater Awareness enveloping me.

In post reflection over the decades, I find the quoted passage to be an unusual vehicle for a conversion experience. But at the time, in that moment, the words were telling and brought about a profound change in my understanding, just as so many other writings

serve others in the awakening or deepening of their spiritual understanding. Reading that passage was my emergence from a limited world of cynical understanding into a larger world of being. I had passed through the portal that separates the mundane and material dimension from this larger whole.

Intellectual assent to the reality of intelligent infinity is not the same as the surrender of the heart—the mystic’s journey into the depths of spirit. The severity of many hard lessons still awaited me. But reading that passage began the remaking of my field of consciousness.

Whenever I returned to my criminal lifestyle, my relationship with Creator was a sober acknowledgment that I was on my own. I had silenced the dialogue. In relationship, I put Creator into a compartment of understanding barren of heart movement. My lifestyle when free, while younger, delayed the yearning that grows as consciousness purifies of the thought forms preventing or adulterating the heart’s connection. I delayed my deepening for the experience of sense pleasure and the indolence of my outlaw drift.

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