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Rock Creek Research &
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P.O. Box 5195
Louisville, KY 40255-0195

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www.llresearch.org

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WEDNESDAY MEDITATION

JULY 5, 1978

(Carla channeling)

I am Hatonn. I greet you in the love and the light of the infinite Creator. I am with the instrument. It is a blessing to speak with each of you and we greet those who have not sat with this group for awhile and offer them our love.

My friends, we always speak to you of one simple thing: the love of the Creator. We are aware that, from your horizon, this love does not seem to be accessible in many ways in your daily life. And yet we say to you, my friends, that this love is closer to you than your breathing; more easily accessible than your own hands and feet; more familiar to you than your own thoughts. This love was the pattern from which each of you was stamped. Yes, my friends, each of you stamped in complete identity. And that same love that made you each the same has touched each with a unique part in that identity so that the universe is an identity and a harmony at the same time.

Where are you going, my brothers, that you can use this information? To what can you reach out, my sisters, so that you can make use of the knowledge of love? What dramatic inquiry can you prosecute so that you can demonstrate love in the court of your daily life?

Perhaps some of you, my friends, have had the experience of having an object in your lives, some, shall we say, daily, simple, physical object such as

what this instrument would call a carpet which has become dull and worn and perhaps torn in places through years of daily, careless use. And yet, my friends, if you pick it up and look on the unused side, it is still perfect.

In daily use, love becomes worn and shabby. This, my friends, is through carelessness of use. We always urge meditation and it is simply because, in meditation, you establish contact with that part of yourself that understands the nature of love.

No matter how worn and shabby your ideals, your actions, or your concepts have become, there always remains the eternally pristine side where love flourishes in its original form. It is a great trick of mental discipline to reverse your understanding of love so that the clean, new side shines forth through your actions and words but it is infinitely possible at any time for you to do so.

We are aware of the moving picture which you saw this evening and although we are aware of the many yawns and giggles which were the reaction of each of you due to the aesthetically inadequate presentation of these ideas, yet, we wish to share with you the basic truth of, as you would call it, life beyond physical death.

We are aware, my friends, that death is a transformation which seems most final and frightening. And it is because of this very nature of death that your peoples avoid contemplation of their

lives in the perspective of their eventual demise. Yet, what we urge you to do—namely, to meditate, to learn, to grow, to love, and to remember the Creator—would be quite senseless were it not for a continued existence in which you would be able to reap the benefit of your growing and learning. For, indeed, my friends, we are aware that there are times when, in order to grow, to learn and to give, you must make decisions which are not as much, shall we say, fun as decisions which have little obvious spiritual advantage.

Therefore, we take this opportunity to affirm to you that you, my friends, live. Indeed “live,” is not a meaningful word, for we all are. To live suggests that one dies and this is not the case. We all are. It is our understanding, my friends—in our limited understanding, we wish to stress—that we all are, regardless of time or space or dimension or mortality. All of these things are illusions and there are many, many illusions in the Father’s creation; many ways of experiencing consciousness. You, my friends, experience it only one way of many.

You have experienced much, each of you, and slowly, slowly, you add to the store of experience. And slowly, slowly, that experience adds to your store of personal wisdom. And slowly, my friends, your wisdom draws you closer to the love of the Creator. It is as though you were the moth going about the flame or the planet going about the sun. The orbits seem perpetual and yet, in the fullness of time, the moth is attracted to the flame, the sun explodes and becomes one with the planets and the universe; unity is achieved.

My friends, I will pause at this time and condition each of you. My brother Laitos is with me. I am Hatonn.

(Pause)

I am Hatonn. I am again with this instrument. I am conditioning this instrument. At this time I would open the meeting to questions. Does anyone have a question?

(Pause)

I am giving the instrument an image. It is that of a sea anemone waving beneath the waters of the ocean. It moves ceaselessly with the tides and the currents, never still, always giving beauty, always responsive to its environment. You, my friends, are rooted in love. The waters move about you as it is

proper for them to do, bringing you joy and sorrow. The good clean waters of experience move about you one way and then another. Rooted in love, my friends, you may bloom at full tide and empty. Rooted in love, my friends, you may always be graceful, always full of joy.

The concept of beauty is very dull upon your planet for beauty, my friends, is everywhere. Rooted in love, my friends, you may see that beauty and feel that joy and those about you may, through you, feel and see that which is true and that which is real.

My friends, we are among you as those who drop seeds. As it is said in your holy works, the seeds are dropped—from whatever source, my friends. As the seeds drop into your life, my friends, see that you welcome them and cultivate them and as you go about, if there is someone asking for a seed, a thought, a boost from you, be aware, my friends, for you are creators too.

I leave you in the love and the light of the infinite Father. I am known to you as Hatonn. Adonai, my friends. Adonai vasu borragus. ❄