



L/L Research is a subsidiary of
Rock Creek Research &
Development Laboratories, Inc.

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

L/L RESEARCH

www.llresearch.org

Rock Creek is a non-profit
corporation dedicated to
discovering and sharing
information which may aid in
the spiritual evolution of
humankind.

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.

CAVEAT: This transcript is being published by L/L Research in a not yet final form. It has, however, been edited and any obvious errors have been corrected. When it is in a final form, this caveat will be removed.

© 2006 L/L RESEARCH

MONDAY MEDITATION OCTOBER 9, 1978

(Carla channeling)

I am Latwii, and I greet you in the love and the light of the infinite Creator. As always, we of the Confederation of Planets in the Service of the Infinite Creator send out blessings and our love to each of you, and we welcome those who have not sat with this group for awhile. We especially appreciate the opportunity to speak through this channel, for we have not used her for some time, and it is always a pleasure to use you as a channel. *(Inaudible)*.

I come to you because we of Latwii would teach you meditation. Each of us, you see, my friends, has, shall we say, a specialty. Each of us aspires—in intention, in attitude, in personality, shall we say—to *(inaudible)* planetary Earth that makes us specialists in one type of information. And we of Latwii are specialists in a type of information that has to do with a simple *(inaudible)*, one which we bring to the people of your planet, one which is centered around meditation, one which also speaks with you: time to recognize who you truly are.

In your busy lives, my friends, in all the hurly-burly of your everyday lives, when do you have time to realize who you are? And if you, indeed, think who you are, are you not then judging yourself and asking yourself to be a better person and berating yourself for your failures? *(Inaudible)*. This is not what we of Latwii will send you, for we wish to bring you only the love, the infinite and ever-present

love of the Creator that pours to you like the sun pours its warmth upon your planet.

You humans, my friends, with the creation of man, have built walls between yourselves and between you and love so that you experience the winter, and you become cold in your heart and can feel that the love is limited between you and your brothers and sisters and between you and the Creator who needs you. But we say to you, my friends, there is a place that is within you in which it is always summer. It is high upon a hill, and to this hill you must climb. You must seek and gently—very gently, my friends—remove your senses from the world around you, from the world around you which may be cold and harsh in its emotions, and step-by-step walk up an inner hill in silence, leaving that part of yourself behind that may in any way feel the tiredness and the toil of your everyday life. Cleanse yourself in the waters that you may find in the pond by the hill that you will climb. Dress yourselves in clean, white garments and proceed upward. You will finally be healed in consciousness, my friends. And at the top of that hill is this place. Now sit in the meadow, and listen to the birds sing, and smell the sweet smell of the flowers, and feel the warmth of the sun. This, my friends, is the Creator's love. It is infinite. It is omnipresent. It is closer to you than your own breathing and your own thoughts. This be done to you, my friends. This is our succor. We ask you—find the key to love in yourself, in your daily life.

(Pause)

I am Latwii. The contact with this channel *(inaudible)* and to touch with each of you is our privilege. We send each of you our love and our light, and we leave you, as always, in the love and the light that is only the Creator's, for *(inaudible)*, my friends, the Creator. Adonai vasu.

(Pause)

I am Hatonn, and I greet you in the love and the light of the One Who is All. My friends, we are most pleased that you have included meditation in your plans this evening, for we were aware that your evening is full and that we have come late. We shall attempt to be brief.

We wish only to tell you tell you the story, my friends, of a seed, a small seed. This seed, my friends, grew deep in the darkness of the soil, responding to its nature and put forth one leaf, and then two, and then three, and then four, and then many, all in good time. And at a certain moment *(inaudible)* was plucked and eaten, that which was useful, by the standard of the one who planted the seed. We ask you, my friends, to remember that it is not only the seed that is planted that is *(inaudible)*. We ask you to remember that you may see tension in your own lives as you put forth your leaves, for the seed knows not when the fruit may come, it knows only that the process must go on.

We ask you to have faith in your missions, whatever they may be. We ask that you grow, not judging your leaves because they are not fruits but being in a state of complete joy that you are going forward, that you are producing your leaves, that you are alone, that you are *(inaudible)*.

There are many fruits, my friends, that have been planted by the Creator, and they will all be true and found to be good in their own time. This time is not a time that you can tell. This goodness is not a goodness that you can tell. *(Inaudible)* for your patience and your confidence in yourselves and your lives.

At this time I would ask if there are any questions.

(Pause)

If there are no questions I will leave this instrument. I am known to you as Hatonn. I send my love to you, and my light. Adonai vasu borragus. ❀