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## INTENSIVE MEDITATION April 15, 1982

## (Carla channeling)

I am Hatonn, and I greet you in the love and light of our infinite Creator. It is a great privilege, as always, to be with you. Our brothers and sisters of Laitos have been with you, and have been conditioning each. However, we wished to work with the one known as S if this is agreeable to that instrument. We should first condition that instrument and then speak a few words through that instrument if she would relax. I am Hatonn.

## (Pause)

## (Carla channeling)

I am Hatonn, and am again with this instrument. We apologize for disturbing your pet. We shall speak a few general thoughts through this instrument before we leave as we know that there are many things upon your minds, and it is sometimes possible that by turning over in the mind a few concepts, a path may become remarkably clearer than previously seen.

We would like to observe the seeming delicacy of all that surrounds you, the extreme delicacy of the parameters which guard the ability of your physical vehicles to dwell in safety upon this sphere in space, the fragile chain of life which the creation of the Father has provided for all creatures from the smallest to the greatest. Yet we would like to point out that this seeming fragility houses an imponderably huge and immense role of an evolution which goes so far beyond the evolution of the physical form that there are no words to describe this everlasting evolution. It may seem at times that each is a fragile and easily wounded and torn entity, yet there is no possibility of true harm, for there is no ending to consciousness. Physical death cannot touch it, and any experience can only aid it.

Moreover, it may seem that in addition to fragility the third-density experience has a great loneliness, a great separation of being from being, brother from brother, Creator to Creator. We have often said that this can be gone beyond, shall we say, in the depths of meditation, that the roots of being and of consciousness can be seen to be one. But, my friends, even in your everyday existence, in the greatest illusion possible, you may see signs of the oneness of all things. How many times, my friends, just when you thought that this illusion held no ideals, have you heard of some entity who acted in such a way that the light of the one infinite Creator and the love of this marvelous unity radiates to the world?

You may see stories upon stories of the difficulties and the travails of your planet, and travails there will be, for this is the proper time for such to occur. Yet in the midst of these you will see again and again the story that you are lucky enough to hear of one just such as yourself, who has turned from being the sheep and has awakened into the shepherd, and tends the flock. What might this flock be? It might be a person defending the beauty of an ideal against those who would misuse it for money's sake or for power. It might be a person who has given much to aid a group or a cause at great personal sacrifice, or it might be one person who serves one other person with such selflessness that all who see it may marvel. This is the creation of the Father. The illusion can be pierced.

Now, just as you have the ideals within you which are your birthright, you have also these things which are called travails by the world. Accept them in yourself and in the world, these seeming imperfections, and, no matter how great the error, attempt to see yourself in each circumstance that comes before your vision. Imagine yourself in the place of one who has greatly erred, and then forgive yourself, for although you have been wrong, yet you are still the child of an infinite Creator and there is time enough and more to mend any error.

We thank you, my friends, for providing us with the great service of your presence and the blessing of your vibrations. We would at this time make room for our brothers and sisters of Latwii. Consequently, we leave this instrument, wishing all about you the love and the light of the infinite Creator. I am Hatonn. Adonai, my friends. Adonai vasu borragus.

(Transcript ends.) 🕏