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SUNDAY MEDITATION

APRIL 1, 1990

Group question: The question this evening focuses on the points of the journey rather than the goal of the journey, how we are all in a process, and at times struggling quite mightily to meet the various challenges that come our way, whether it might be sickness or monetary problems, relationship problems, finding out exactly who we are [in] different facets of our being. We tend to focus upon making some sort of resolution and judge ourselves by how well we succeed in our own eyes at solving these problems. We would like some information this evening concerning the process and how this process works, not so much in helping us to achieve a goal, but in becoming a new type of person, a new soul, a new being by going through the process, by going through the struggle, the heroic struggle.

(Carla channeling)

I am of the principle known to you as Q'uo, and greet you, my friends, in the love and in the light of the one infinite Creator, whose servants and messengers we are. We are most grateful for this opportunity to be called to your group, for the energy which each has offered, moving through this instrument, that we may have good steady contact. May we say what a pleasure and a blessing it is also for us to share with each of your vibratory patterns. As we seek together, so the blending becomes ever more harmonious, and we find great joy in the springtime that is in all of your hearts this evening, that springtime sense of renewal and of growth, of movement and rebirth, of transformation and transfiguration.

You ask us to speak of the journey of the pilgrim, of the search for the Holy Grail, of the quest for the impossible dream, of the seeking of truth in an illusion whose purpose is extraordinarily bound up in there being no perfect truths, (*inaudible*) [only] pragmatic solutions which have nothing of the ideal in them, only compromise and expediency. There are more and more such as you upon the surface of your sphere at this time that seek that which they cannot know, rather than what has given them their gadgets, their toys, their weapons of war.

Let us first examine the condition into which each of you was incarnated. Into each of your preincarnative programs there was inserted the spirit of willfulness, that is, the spirit to wander, to roam and to do as one wilt no matter what the cost to others. And in almost each life at some time there is the necessity to break free from old bonds of seeming righteousness and propriety, to seek a truer, better, more resonant and halfway remembered road upon which you have trod before. This is the road you call home. You are always on the way. See you then a tree? There is your home. Pitch your tent, drink from the spring, and move on. Within you there is a single self that seeks. The outer self in the great illusion of third density is violently bombarded at almost every turn by attempts to distract one from the contemplation and the seeking after that which you would call the pilgrim's journey.

Let us examine but two of your myths to see the basic similarities and dynamics of that cosmology into which your own personal faith is the central

portion. The first is that parable so familiar to you within the works attributed to those who knew the one known as Jesus. He spoke of a prodigal son, a son who wished to take all that was his and go and have adventure, in the glory of his youth and manhood, and a fine time did he also have, till his pockets were let and empty, and he no more than swine, eating that which the pigs left behind.

What is most often forgotten in this parable was the plight of the faithful son, the one who never took a chance, the one who never did anything wrong, the brother that stayed at home and worked hard for the father. Years later, after many painful and disastrous experiences, the prodigal son, hoping to be hired on as a slave at his father's estate, limped slowly and wearily toward the great castle which had once been half his and was his no more. Yet the father saw this entity, this son, and to correct the biases of your holy work, this daughter, moving wearily towards a home that [he] no longer knew might exist, wearily hoping to find the humblest and lowest position in the household, for simply to be in the gates of his father's house was reckoned enough by the prodigal.

The prodigal was aware of the journey it had made. It was not easy upon itself, and, indeed, it had done many things seemingly amiss. Yet did the father's love respond in any way to judgment when he saw that his son, his daughter, was coming to meet him at last? No, not at all. Rather, he gathered all together for a great feast to celebrate that son, that daughter, whom he thought he had lost, and in free will could not bring back; that prodigal child who had of its own accord turned back to the father's house, not knowing the outcome, not knowing the reception, being content to be as one of the dogs at the table catching the crumbs of the meals of those worthy to sit at the high table of his lord the father. Ah, what a welcome this child received, how gloriously happy was the father that that which had been lost to him was found again.

In another of your myths the deep dark of winter is brought about as the hero is chopped up and his parts strewn so that they may not ever be found again. Deep winter dwells upon the Earth as the father is seemingly no more and chaos reigns. Yet such love has Isis that she goes about gathering up those pieces, and putting back together the great prodigal scattering of godhead. Each part within itself could be nothing; it was only as it was put

together that it regained unity, and made all the people joyful, the flowers bloom anew, the leaves dance and clap their hands, and the mountains laugh with joyful abandon, for once more that which was lost had been found.

Within your culture this day, my friends, many, many are those who see spiritually oriented or metaphysically oriented groups as those whose duty it is, whose responsibility it is, and whose pleasure it is to reassure, comfort and tend to the needs of those others within the group. Each is felt to be a shepherd to all the rest, and the world becomes one great pasture, where none ever leaves the fold of the father, as the father expresses itself in each son that has stayed at home, for all that the father has is the son's also.

The comfort, the tenderness, the poignancy and the security of the pastoral sense of community cannot be gainsaid, nor would we wish to. But we address you as pilgrims. You are not of a pastoral faith, you are a pilgrim people, and you move forward into uncharted lands, strange adventures, unknown happenings. The end of your journey is something of which you know not, neither can you know at all. We, who have had some slight more experience than you, know this not at all ourselves.

So we urge each, in the beginning, to recognize the benefits of the pastoral, loving, nurturing community of seekers, but we remind you also, that each of you is a teacher to each other, each of you is a mirror held up to each other and you must hold up an honest, straightforward and fearless mirror that shows whatever is there, whether it may be called that which is spiritually desirable, or that which is considered otherwise.

The pastoral part of your community is excellent for raising the trust of each member for each other. What love is born as one listens, pardons, consoles and gives, as pilgrims who have almost nothing but give what they have to each other, companions upon a dusty path that leads they know not where, in search of an ideal in a land they know not to be ideal, in search of a hollowness of self, when they feel that self overflowing with personality and character and opinion and bias.

Can a pilgrim afford these attitudes of judgment? We say to you, no, a pilgrim cannot. It cannot judge itself, for it is merely a dusty-footed pilgrim upon a very, very long path whose ending lies at the source

of all things, the home to which all strive to attain. Although you may find many, many dear companions along the way, each of you is his own pilgrim self, whole, complete, male and female together. There is no need to balance in pairs, there is no need to find balances so that your so-called yin and yang energies are balanced betwixt two entities or more, for the true balancing is done as the prodigal child turns and says, "No more, no more. I am not in a state of enjoyment or happiness, all those things I have sought with money and with debauchery have proven to be false. Let me turn now and listen to that which before I did not hear, see that which I saw before but did not perceive, and understand in my heart those things which made no intellectual sense whatsoever."

We find that the central image in each which suggests the path that is taken is that path called the path to the Holy Grail. First let us gaze at this great prize. It is a hollow, empty vessel. It waits to be filled with that which is holy. Know you not, then, that that which you seek is within you? That your cup is too full of yourself? You must spill yourself out in your pilgrim walk. You must drop bag after bag, and garment after garment, bias after bias, and prejudice after prejudice, until at last you stand, vulnerable, without the ability to defend the self, yet having no fear, for you have become empty and you wait for the grail of an Earthly self to be filled with the immediate presence of the love of the one infinite Creator.

It is difficult to speak to entities who do not see through the veil of a seemingly objective journey that is also seemingly subjective. In just the way that the creation shows itself through the telescope, but shows itself also within you, so is there the symbol of a glass waiting to be filled with love and light outside the self which may be translated into the cup of the self deliberately and sacrificially emptied day by day by day, until you have the capacity to be hollow, to be humble, and to accept the glory of love divine and imperishable. The cup of your body shall cease to be, yet if you have fashioned it lovingly enough in your thoughts, this cup shall be your metaphysical statement, the centerpiece of a tapestry woven in purity and love and desperation and desire, the tapestry of the life of a pilgrim.

We have said this before and shall say it again: we ask you above all things to be merry in your journey.

It is not pleasing to the self, or to one's companions, to become so involved, so agonized about the spiritual side of the self that it simply cannot think beyond itself. Many spiritual seekers are solipsistic, and therefore not able to polarize towards the positive, for to polarize positively is to see in each face the face of love. It is not looking and searching within the self in the mirror, contemplating the navel, meditating, organizing the life, starting grand projects of spirituality. All these things are good in their place, but realize first of all that when you have become clear enough to open the heart to unconditional love it is time to empty the vessel of yourself of all that is clay and dust, and become that hollow self through which the light and the love of the one Creator may flow.

Is there an answer to the question you ask? We must tell you: if there is one, we do not know it. All we do know is that we are experiencing a journey, a journey without time, a journey without space, in the subjective sense; a journey very much in time and very much in space in your outer experience. We suggest that you study not the fortune-telling aspects of the tarot or the archetypical mind but the symbols themselves, for they show to the self that blueprint of that which any entity has the capacity to attain. Sincerity, humility and persistence, the daily, constant centering and meditation, all these humble things are those that open the self to be a pilgrim.

Stay not at home, tend not your father's flocks, until you first have discovered your own limitations, your own compassion for those whom you previously thought quite unlike yourself, for you are everyone you meet, and it is only when you have the humility to recognize yourself in all that you see that it is possible for you as a pilgrim to shine forth in each dark corner with the infinite love of the great Spirit that hovers over, around, beneath and within you. Bow to that which is within yourself. Die to that dross which keeps you from the grail. Be a pilgrim people, and exhort each other as each becomes discouraged. Listen to each other, not to change each other, but simply to listen. Trust each entity to heal itself once difficulties have been expressed.

The freedom to speak and communicate clearly is born a very hard birth by most entities who do not have within them the native trust to confide, to be open, to be foursquare against all odds and in all situations. Consequently, we ask that as you walk

the dusty road you gaze at those things which you have not thought to trust before: the beating of your heart, the warmth of the sun, the rustling of the trees, the song of the birds. All these things are there to give you that which you may learn from and in which you may abide as you begin and continue an arduous yet most exciting and exhilarating journey full of epiphany, transformation and change.

There are no answers that we have to give you. We can only say that you are asking the correct questions. We cannot promise you riches, fame, security or happiness. We offer you only the dust, the coarse roads of the pilgrim, the harsh sun of the desert which is often traveled while the soul is in travail and a new soul is being born within. We offer you discomfort, the discomfort of change, and as you meditate and seek to know your own deep self, seek to deepen your trust, you shall find yourself more and more uncomfortable as you change more and more. This discomfort is a divine discomfort, an excellent discomfort, an encouraging discomfort, for it means that you are in truth prepared to change. You have allowed your rigidity of belief to melt into the malleable, impressionable thought processes which are powered by the energy gained from dropping the old programs that have been to you in some way destructive.

Each of you has a different way of destroying self-esteem within the self, a different way of rationalizing. Do not condemn yourselves, pilgrims. Move to one who is in pastoral relationship with you and speak your thoughts freely, for you are the Creator speaking to the Creator, and you must needs find entities whom you may trust to that extent, else you shall be alone and confused in the outer world. But when you have expressed yourself and have been heard, then it is time to carry on that which you have begun, the infinite processes of change and transformation.

You will always be on the way, you will never see the face of the one infinite Creator, for could you but see it, it would appear only as light, a light that would blind you. You are not ready for an unbiased look at the infinite One which broods over the universe and gazes upon Itself with a love so compassionate and so complete that there is no end to the loving you are receiving at this very moment, not simply from us, messengers of the Law of One, but from the Creator Itself, whose love sparkles in

the air that you breathe, comes through the soles of your feet as you touch the earth, moves through the body enlivening, refreshing, restoring.

Once you feel so restored, remember you are a pilgrim. Pick up your staff and trudge on, for there is more to learn about love, and as long as you are in the physical body that you enjoy for this incarnation, you are gazing at your path of service not in some far off way of extreme asceticism, not in the travels from one group to another to sample the spiritual supermarket, as this instrument likes to call it. You are here to gaze upon an illusion, to come to some basic conclusions about that illusion, and that is that it is a dualistic illusion. In your heart you know there is no duality. The illusion expresses duality in every way possible. Expect your spiritual pilgrimage to be full not only of mystery but of paradox, yet go forth rejoicing, for this present moment intersects with eternity and resonates with joy and love and peace right now, this moment, and this moment, and this moment.

Be ye mindful pilgrims, be ye open to change, be ye not content to stay at home, but move into challenging and unknown ways, freely to examine, to sample and to experience the nuances of the choice that you must make in this density. Nations have made this choice, entities have made this choice. Shall you serve others or shall you serve yourself? In both nations and individuals the answer is usually that of the brother that stays at home where it is safe. Live dangerously, my friends. As this instrument would put it, die behind the wheel. In your content, find the divine discontent of one who seeks always the wider viewpoint, the clearer, more lucid expression of the gemlike self which is the Christ, the great One within. And keep your quest and your questions before you.

As you correctly surmise, the persistent quest of your ideal in an illusion which is not ideal is both foolish and the wisest thing you shall ever do within this illusion. Seek, seek ye, and what shall you find? If you knock, what shall open unto you? Pilgrims, we call you, take up your walking sticks and come along. It is a fine journey. And be very careful as to that which you seek and that which you desire, for you shall receive that which you desire.

We would like to leave this instrument at this time, as this instrument has been explaining to us again that we have outstayed our allotted time period.

Pardon our prolixity. We do get wound up, do we not, in what we have to say? We feel our cup is not yet quite hollow ourselves, and we join you in your search. We thank this instrument, and we now transfer in love and in light and in the merriment of brother and sisterhood together, to the one known as Jim. I am Q'uo.

(Jim channeling)

I am Q'uo, and greet each again in love and light. At this time it is our privilege to offer ourselves in the attempt to speak to any queries which have arisen during this gathering, or to any other query which is upon the mind of those present. We would preface this offering by reminding each that we offer but that which is our opinion. Take that which is useful to you and leave behind any words which do not ring with your own truth.

Is there a query at this time?

K: I have a brief one. Could you please give me as exact a transliteration as possible of "Adonai vasu borragus," and what the origins are of those words?

I am Q'uo, and am aware of your query, my sister. These closing exaltations are from a language which some upon your planet know of as Solex Mal. These words ...

We pause.

(Pause)

We apologize, there was a disturbance with this instrument. These words are those which offer a thanksgiving to the crystal pure light within each being that has called for the presence of the contact speaking through an instrument. "The lord of the light" is one literal translation of the "adonai." The "vasu" and "borragus" have meanings that are approximated by "the One who reigns within and forever." This is seen as the essence of each entity and is felt to be a fitting closing for messages which are in truth spoken from the One to the One.

Is there a further query, my sister?

K: Not for now, thank you.

I am Q'uo, and we thank you, my sister. Is there another query?

C: I have a query as to this time of year, the season, it being a time of growth and blossoming on this planet, and as to what activities and pursuits we can

engage in singly and in combination with others to further the process of growth within ourselves and all that is around us.

I am Q'uo, and am aware of your query, my sister. Your planet at this time experiences each of those rhythmic cycles which you call the seasons. Within your own hemisphere there is the springing forth of new plant life as your days lengthen and warm to the greater presence of your sun body. It is a natural portion of each entity's life pattern to respond in an harmonic fashion to those seasons which paint the background of your daily round of activities. Thus, to those who are sensitive to such cycles, one may see the harvest of the fall being taken into the heart of the self to be reflected upon in the depths and cold of your winter season. This reflection and burying of seeds within then makes way for the bursting forth of new ideas, new directions, new energies and growth in that season of spring which you now begin to enjoy, to produce its own crop of nourishment for the soul in your summer season.

It is well for those who have this sensitivity to engage in the group ritual observations of the changing of the seasons so that the essence of each is understood and practiced by the individuals who bring themselves and offer themselves in group worship, rejoicing and ritual. These are the milestones of the yearly procession of each day that you walk as a pilgrim upon your journey.

As a conscious pilgrim on the journey it is within your abilities to look upon each day as complete and to see the portions of the day as yet another cycle in a somewhat shorter season, so that you are completely free to bring forth new beginnings at any moment, to share the fruit of your learning of love and compassion and wisdom and of service with any entity that may for a moment walk upon the path with you. To share the smile, the helping hand, the understanding ear in any manner with any entity is to share the best of that which is yours, the fruit of your journey thus far within this illusion.

Thus, you are creatures of free will, moved by feelings, moved by tides within your own subconscious minds, and moved by a desire within your being to know that which is called the truth, and to experience that which is love, to learn that which is wisdom, and to serve in the power of the One, which you may do at any moment, according to your renewed desire that begins with your waking

from your slumber, and extends throughout your day as you travel with each of your brothers and sisters upon this same journey.

Thus, what you do is to share that which you have when it is your moment to share as you are moved by the opportunities of the day and by your own desire to expand upon the opportunities and your abilities.

Is there a further query, my sister?

C: Not at this time, thank you.

I am Q'uo, and we thank you, my sister. Is there another query?

Carla: I guess not, Q'uo. Thank you so very much for being here.

I am Q'uo, and we also offer our gratitude to each of you who have invited our presence. We rejoice at these opportunities to share our opinions and our thoughts with you. We hope that within the many, many words which we have shared this evening there might be a few which are useful to you. Go forth, my friends, and use that which is helpful in your own way to further your own journey and those of your brothers and sisters as they walk with you.

At this time we shall take our leave of this instrument and this group. We are known to you as those of Q'uo, and we leave you as always in the love and in the light of the one infinite Creator. Adonai, my friends. Adonai. ♣