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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.

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THE LAW OF ONE, BOOK V, SESSION 103, FRAGMENT 53 JUNE 10, 1983

Jim: The information in Session 103 concerns the continued spasming condition of Carla's abdominal region. Large amounts of pain accompanied the spasming and caused her to be less and less able to function in any manner of service at all. Thus she felt useless, and her natural joy became reduced and was the focus for this series of questions. Further, Carla had decided to stop buying clothes for a year because she felt that she had devoted too much time and attention to a transient part of her life, and wished to break that habit, and this decision added to her loss of joy.

Carla: By June of 1983, Don and Luther, our lessor and the owner of the house in which we had lived for all of the Ra sessions, were locked in a Mexican standoff. Because Luther raised the asking price an arbitrary \$5,000.00 in the middle of negotiations, and because Don was absolute in his refusal to buy the house without Luther's adhering to his original price, all bets were off. At this point, I was just trying to get Don's deposit out of escrow. Luther would not release it after we agreed not to buy the house. He felt it should be his, regardless. Luther was not a great help. Eventually, I was to agree, long after Don's death, to give him over half the escrow amount. It really didn't seem to matter what was fair. There was more confusion because our lawyer for the purchase of the house did not do his paperwork. I did not want to go to court, feeling that Don would not have done so. Nothing would resolve; everything felt like we were moving in molasses. This was the sort of baffling energy that seemed to have overtaken us. Nothing seemed to work well, me

included. Don was feeling poorly, too, though in a vague and generalized way rather than anything acute. Jim alone was regaining health every day.

I was concerned about Don without knowing why, really. At this stage of his mental illness, it was very subtle. He simply felt very low, and was very prone to think and plan for the worst case scenario. While he, all his life, was always rigorously careful and cautious in his dealings, a change of address was in order, and his normal response was not this slow. We had to move. But month by month, looking constantly both here and in Atlanta, we could find nothing that Don was pleased with. I would target this point as the time period within which I was becoming aware that something was really wrong. As was always our pattern, I responded to the feelings of concern by asking for help and communicating. Don responded to the same with an increase of reserve. He could be firm about only one thing: that nothing we were looking at was the right place.

In this atmosphere, we were all uneasy, unsettled. I tend to get busy when I get worried. I was busy. All the records were in order. I went on my walks and did my time in the whirlpool and tried to remain hopeful. I felt constantly a bit irritated with Don, because I could never figure out why he rejected every single house we found in the listings or saw from the street. He seemed to be dragging his feet for no reason. Don was never one to share in his motives for doing things. He just said no, much as Nancy Reagan suggested later. It wasn't a solution for either environment. This is the first place I

can think back and say, HERE I was feeling both of us losing ground, Don and myself.

I was heavily dependent upon him. I had been raised a most independent person, and I had to learn to let go of everything except what Don needed from me. And Don had needed all my choices to be made around him. He wanted me to be at home and right there, a person he could count on to be loving and willing to do whatever he decided. He never really consulted me, and it sounds very chauvinistic, but he did not mean this personally. He simply consulted no one. He never had. And his view on women was so bad that I could only look better! I quickly formed the opinion that when I stopped getting interference for an idea, that idea was the right one. It took me at least the first six years of our relationship to figure out that no matter what, I should never take a job that took me away from him, even as far as my desk. He even stopped me from working on our projects, many times, when he was at home. "When I am off, you are off," he would say. So I had pretty much given over my decisions to him. It is to be noted that I was aware of the unhealthy tinge of this relationship. However it was and remains my opinion that this was the absolute best Don could do in the way of having a relationship. And that was good enough for me. Where Don was concerned, I was ready to do whatever he needed. Period.

And at this point, with my health compromised and aiming for more sessions, I was not "allowed" to do much except follow my regimen and try to keep my weight above 80. I was whole-heartedly into this model for living, for what mattered most to me from the first was to see Donald really happy, as only the contact with Ra made him. So our every effort was towards that goal: just to have one more session.

However, what had always before gone hand in hand with my dependency was his willingness to steer our course, indeed, his insistence upon that. I was glad to give this leadership over to him, and to do what he said. He was far wiser than I was or ever could be. When he stopped giving orders, and indeed seemed not to know what to do, I was quite lost. My mode was to find out what he wanted and do it. But with the question of moving, we entered an arena where I could not succeed. No house, no apartment, was acceptable. I do not find it at all odd that I had "lost my joy." I was totally bewildered. My sense of reality had been compromised.

The comments about clothing address a facet of my personality of which I am not proud, but do own: I absolutely love to wear a new dress or pair of socks or whatever else might catch my fancy. My childhood had been very low on pretty clothing, as our family finances were tight. My mother and I, when I was grown and her career as a psychologist had begun, had a standing date on Saturday for lunch and shopping which we kept faithfully until her death in 1991. I would find wonderful things with her, as she was a champion shopper, looking through great masses of sales racks with the patience of an archeologist, sifting for good labels and just the right bargain. To this day, when I can, I love to go bargain-hunting, and just thrill to be able to wear something new.

I kept my promise to myself, and did not buy clothes for myself for a whole year. However, I cheated, in that I bought things for Momma, and she bought things for me. I kept the letter of the promise anyway!

Session 103, June 10, 1983

Questioner: The instrument asks the question why she lost her joy in the recent past? Could Ra comment on that ?

Ra: I am Ra. The instrument made a free will decision not to address the physical catalyst causing great pain by means of the allopathically prescribed chemical compound which the instrument was sure would be efficacious due to its reliance upon the suggestions of Ra. Thus the catalyst was given in a more complete form. The outer service to others became nearly impossible, causing the entity to experience once again the choice of the martyr; that is, to put value in a fatal action and die or to put value on consciousness of the creation of the one Creator and, thereby, live. The instrument, through will, chose the latter path. However, the mind and mental/emotional distortions did not give the support to this decision necessary to maintain the state of unity which this entity nominally experiences and has experienced since its incarnation's beginnings.

Since this catalyst has been accepted, the work begun to remove distortions blocking indigo ray might well be continued apace.

Questioner: Could Ra recommend work appropriate for removing indigo-ray blockage?

Ra: I am Ra. We cannot recommend for the general situation for in each case the distortional vortex is unique. In this particular nexus, the more appropriate working is in the mental and mental/emotional powers of analysis and observation. When the strongest and least distorted complex is set in support, then the less strong portions of the complex shall be strengthened. This entity has long worked with this catalyst. However, this is the first occasion wherein the drugs to dull the pain that sharpens the catalyst have been refused.

Questioner: Can Ra recommend anything that the instrument can do or that we can do to improve any of the energies of the instrument?

Ra: I am Ra. This is previously covered material. We have outlined the path the instrument may take in thought.

Questioner: I didn't mean to cover previously covered material. I was hoping to add to this anything that we could do to specifically focus on at this time, the best possible thing that we or the instrument could do to improve these energies, the salient activity.

Ra: I am Ra. Before responding we ask your vigilance during pain flares as the channel is acceptable but is being distorted periodically by the severe physical distortions of the yellow-ray chemical body of the instrument.

Those salient items for the support group are praise and thanksgiving in harmony. These the group has accomplished with such a degree of acceptability that we cavil not at the harmony of the group. As to the instrument, the journey from worth in action to worth in esse is arduous. The entity has denied itself in order to be free of that which it calls addiction. This sort of martyrdom, and here we speak of the small but symbolically great sacrifice of the clothing, causes the entity to frame a selfhood in poorness which feeds unworthiness unless the poverty is seen to be true richness. In other words, good works for the wrong reasons cause confusion and distortion. We encourage the instrument to value itself and to see that its true requirements are valued by the self. We suggest contemplation of true richness of being.

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