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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 106, FRAGMENT 56 AND EPILOGUE MARCH 15, 1984

Jim: We lived in the house on Lake Lanier for five months—from November of 1983 until April of 1984—before deciding that that experiment had been a failure. We were only able to have one session with Ra during that time because Don’s physical condition was worsening, and his worry was increasing his mental distortions as well. Most of the time Carla’s physical condition was also below the level necessary to safely attempt contact with Ra. In January of 1984, Don’s condition became so bad that he was forced to call in sick for the first time in his nineteen years with Eastern Airlines. He would only fly a few more trips before his death that November.

However, as we were about to move back to Louisville, Don was able to gin himself up to be in good enough condition for a Ra session so we could ask about the metaphysical cleansing needs of our new home as well as ask about Don’s and Carla’s difficulties. Ra’s reference to Carla’s “inappropriate use of compassion” concerns her response to Don’s continued worrying about his job, his health, and the continuance of our work. One afternoon while, Don was sharing his worries, Carla simply told him that she would take over those worries for him, and he could do what she usually did: relax, have a good time, and be carefree. Don innocently agreed. The bond of unity between Don and Carla was apparently of such a nature that this simple agreement resulted in a deleterious transfer of energy between them. This occurred at a time when both

were apparently undergoing an internal process of transformation that is usually called initiation.

We can assume that our friend of negative fifth density found targets of opportunities within these combined experiences of initiation and the negative energy transfer and was able to increase their intensity. The mystery-filled nature of the cumulative situation becomes more evident here as we do not know why Carla survived and Don didn’t. We can only remind ourselves of Ra’s parting words after this last session when Ra suggested “the nature of all manifestation to be illusory and functional only in so far as the entity turns from shape and shadow to the One.”

Carla: At the time of this session, I had gone through every kind of alarm and concern you could possibly imagine. Don had stopped eating, more or less. He was acting extremely unlike himself, and while I had not yet realized he was psychotic and not entirely in our usual reality, I was disturbed and scared by these changes. Don’s entire pattern of previous behavior with him had trained me to respond to his wishes. Don picked our meal times, our movie dates, he liked and received total control over my life. Call me dependent and you’d be right. However, it was the only way Don could bear the intimacy of a live-in relationship. I could object and be heard; I could suggest and sometimes get lucky, but on the whole, Don was an old-fashioned man who liked me to be at home, period. I awaited his fancy. Meanwhile, I read, or did quiet desk work.

Suddenly, he was always asking me what I had to do next, and then driving me, a chore which hurt his piles and which he usually left to Jim (I was at that point no longer driving, it hurt too much.) He simply sat while I went to church, to exercise class, to the folk song rehearsals. Even though Jim was swamped with things to do for L/L business, for the landlord, who had him dig a root cellar out of red-orange clay, and for the house, Don began to try hard to stay in and eat at home every night, also a radical departure from his usual wont. Jim was off-balance—I think that’s as far as his humor was affected. He was puzzled. But I was in full nervous collapse.

I feel that B.C. and I really did merge into one mind, one person, in that “inappropriate” transfer between us triggered by my suggestion to switch roles, and his agreement. Between us, we had a simple dynamic: he was wise and I was loving. Actually, we shared much ground, but our deeper natures were quite polarized between wisdom and love. In that transfer, Don received the extreme sensitivity with which I receive all sense impression, and the fully expressing and open nature of my heart. And I received in full strength the stark terror that lived behind Don’s calm and oh-so-blue eyes, tempered by his firm and very solid grasp on the big picture.

I have come to feel that in the time from this session, which was done two weeks before we left Atlanta thankfully to return to the blessed hills of Kentucky, until B.C.’s death in November of that year, Don was able to complete an entire incarnational course of how to open his heart. I cannot express how much agony and suffering he sustained in this time. The concrete walls that were so very strong, and had protected him always, fell away as if they were never there, and he felt everything. And how he loved! He could not watch television, even the sitcoms, because there was too much suffering. He, the lifelong observer by actual oath, cried at the Mary Tyler Moore Show. And when he was in the same room with me, he tried, over and over, to explain to me just how bad the situation was. This one thought was uppermost in his mind, always. The sheer horror of what he was feeling wiped him fairly clean of most other emotion, and he was unable to remain collected for long around me.

Meanwhile, I was utterly and damnably unaware of Don’s fears that I preferred Jim. When Don began snatching me to him and kissing me, not knowing his strength, he hurt me, cracked a rib, split the skin of my

lips against my teeth, left bruises, even, when he was in hospital in May, put me into the hospital with him, with sciatic nerve pain which I’d gotten having to stay in an uncomfortable chair for several hours. (To Don, this was the only chair that was not bugged.) I became frightened of Don. I began waking up in the morning to find Don sitting beside me, waiting patiently for me to awaken. When he had said “Good morning,” he simply began telling me how bad everything was. No matter how I attempted to get him to relax, take it easy, do what the professionals had said about exercise and medication, and trust in time to heal—all of which I tried to retail to him, with absolutely no success, he was utterly sure nothing could get better, ever. For him, reality really began to slip away, to the point where I was afraid to ride with him. My nerves broke under this most difficult strain. I was completely downcast, for I could not find Don, and all I could think was that I didn’t have him to go to—I had to keep together by myself on behalf of me AND L/L Research, because Don was no longer with us. He seemed a different person altogether. The color of his eyes even changed from deep, brilliant sky-blue to navy. I’d been doing his paperwork for a long time. I knew that Don had slightly more than two years of built-up sick time with the airlines, and had interacted with everyone who had to be notified of his illness. Everyone, to a man, wanted nothing more than that Don take all that time, if that’s what it took, to get it together again. The crises in his head were not real to me, or to Jim. Only he had the awful sense of impending economic doom. Don made a comfortable salary. His expenses for all three of us and the kitties cost him about half his check, usually, each month. But Don lost all hope, and truly that being that he became was living in hell.

And how can I look at that and say that it is all part of a perfect pattern? Only by having been given the grace to see it, finally, after many years of gazing at the riveting scenes in memory, probing them and working with them over the days, months and years since Don died. Fifteen years have passed, and that gives a much clearer perspective. In accepting at last the importance of the open and giving heart to balance wisdom, Don completed the personal lesson he intended to learn. Opening his heart killed his body, but truly he was rejoicing not a day after he was gone from the physical illusion, for he appeared to me several times joyful and laughing and telling me all was well. And I, my nerves permanently less than they were before the Ra contact and Don’s death, have embarked upon that balancing

of the compassion I have been given and earned in this next lesson, which began the day Don died.

When I woke the morning after Don's suicide, I expected my hair to be completely white. There was no outer change. But I began a completely new life at this point. Until November of 1990, I spent my time in self-judgment almost entirely. I had found out about Don's suspicions of me, and felt that he had enlarged these fears until he'd killed himself over them. It was my fault, not because I was guilty of any sort of infidelity, but because I should have guessed what he was thinking and reassured him. But this never occurred to me, in my foolish pride. I just assumed that he would KNOW that I, that paragon of virtue, would never break an agreement. I really have a continuing problem with pride, because I do try to be exact in my ethics. I got completely blindsided with Don's illness.

It was further confusing that every doctor, social worker, and friend suggested the same thing—that Jim and I needed to let him alone, not to try to bribe him to do things, because he was going to have to make the decision to get well himself, and we would only lengthen the process if we fussed. Looking back, how I wish I had had the vision to say “NUTS” to that and just stay with him no matter what. And yet, as I tried my best to do just that, vowing to stay if it killed me, my body simply went dumb on me, and I woke up one morning pretty out of touch with reality. From March onward, my beloved Don was in full and fast decline, and I was walking through a complete nervous breakdown.

The allergies which had Don so worried about the Hobbs Park house were on his mind because of the lake house's unhappy brush with being flooded by burst pipes that frigid Christmas Eve. The damp had penetrated deep into the thick wall-to-wall carpeting in the hallway, and rendered about half the house unlivable for me and Don. When we arrived here, we found a dry basement, or rather a basement with a sump pump and no unusual drainage problems. The humidity was fine, and the place was, indeed, a very angelic-feeling place, one which Jim and I have come to love deeply. It was Don's last work in the world, to pick out this place. As always, he did a fantastic job. It has been a privilege to be able to abide here, where my Donald was alive, where he suffered and died, and where he loved me so well. Jim and I have turned to this lovely little bungalow and its modest yard, and have made more and more of it into gardens. We are still working for Don! That gives us both great comfort. Whatever we

do, it is only the continuation of that which he so wonderfully began with his sharp mind and wide and thoughtful nature.

It has been a dark-hued experience for me, complete with literally years of suicidal feelings and self-condemnation. Yet through this catalyst, I have learned to love myself, really to love and care for my self without trying to justify or defend. And this is not so much an advance in loving as it is an advance in wisdom—for one learns to love the mistakes only through wisdom. While I shall definitely never come vaguely close to being as wise as Don, I can feel the gifts he left with me. My intelligence has a persistence and clarity I feel are his gifts to me. And I see it as my remaining personal lesson to follow the pattern of devotion and love through every day and hour of the rest of this earthly life. I live now for both of us, as he died for both of us. And I feel the peace that comes with cooperation with one's destiny.

Session 106, March 15, 1984

Ra: I am Ra. I greet you in the love and in the light of the one infinite Creator. We communicate now.

Questioner: Could you first please give me the condition of the instrument?

Ra: I am Ra. The parameters of this instrument are marginal, both physically and mental/emotionally. The vital energy of this entity is biased towards strength/weakness.

Questioner: What would the instrument do to make the marginal condition much better?

Ra: I am Ra. The instrument is proceeding through a portion of the incarnational experience during which the potential for mortal distortion of the left renal system is great. Less important, but adding to the marginality of distortion towards viability, are severe allergic reactions and the energizing of this and other distortions towards weakness/strength. The mental/emotional complex is engaged in what may best be termed inappropriate compassion.

Questioner: Would Ra recommend the steps which we might take to alleviate or reverse the conditions of which you just spoke?

Ra: I am Ra. We can do this. The renal distortions are subject to affirmations. The entity, at present, beginning what may be called initiation, is releasing toxins and, therefore, larger amounts of liquids to

aid in the dilution of these toxins is helpful. The allergies are already being largely controlled by affirmation and the near-constant aid of the healer known as Bob. Further aid may be achieved by the relocation of dwelling and future vigilance against humidity exceeding the healthful amount in the atmosphere breathed.

The mental/emotional distortions are somewhat less easily lessened. However, the questioner and instrument together shall find it possible to do such a working.

Questioner: How serious or critical is this renal problem? Is drinking liquids the only thing she can do for that, or is there something else?

Ra: I am Ra. Note the interrelationship of mind and body complexes. This is one example of such interweaving of the design of catalyst and experience. The period of renal delicacy is serious, but only potentially. Should the instrument desire to leave this incarnational experience the natural and non-energized opportunity to do so has been in-built just as the period during which the same entity did, in fact, leave the incarnational experience and then return by choice was inlaid.

However, the desire to leave and be no more a portion of this particular experiential nexus can and has been energized. This is a point for the instrument to ponder and an appropriate point for the support group to be watchful in regards to care for the instrument. So are mind and body plaited up as the tresses of hair of a maiden.

The nature of this entity is gay and sociable so that it is fed by those things we have mentioned previously: the varieties of experience with other-selves and other locations and events being helpful, as well as the experience of worship and the singing, especially of sacred music. This entity chose to enter a worshipful situation with a martyr's role when first in this geographical location. Therefore, the feeding by worship has taken place only partially. Similarly the musical activities, though enjoyable and, therefore of a feeding nature, have not included the aspect of praise to the Creator.

The instrument is in a state of relative hunger for those spiritual homes which it gave up when it felt a call to martyrdom and turned from the planned worship at the location you call the Cathedral of St.

Philip. This too shall be healed gradually due to the proposed alteration in location of this group.

Questioner: Then as I understand it, the best thing for us to do is to advise the instrument to drink more liquid. I think water would be best. We will, of course, move. We could move her out of here immediately—tomorrow say—if necessary. Would this be considerably better than waiting two to three weeks for the allergies and everything else?

Ra: I am Ra. Such decisions are a matter for free-will choice. Be aware of the strength of the group harmony.

Questioner: Is there anything, with respect to the present spiritual or metaphysical condition or physical condition of this Hobbs Park Road house that Ra could tell us about that would be deleterious to the instrument's health?

Ra: I am Ra. We may speak to this subject only to note that there are mechanical electrical devices which control humidity. The basement level is one location, the nature of which is much like that which you have experienced at the basement level of your previous domicile. Less humid conditions would remove the opportunity for the growth of those spores to which the instrument has sensitivity. The upper portions of the domicile are almost, in every case, at acceptable levels of humidity.

Questioner: How about the metaphysical quality of the house? Could Ra appraise that please?

Ra: I am Ra. This location is greatly distorted. We find an acceptable description of this location's quality to elude us without recourse to hackneyed words. Forgive our limitations of expression. The domicile and its rear aspect, especially, is blessed and angelic presences have been invoked for some of your time past.

Questioner: I'm not sure that I understand what Ra means by that. I'm not sure if the place is metaphysically extremely good or extremely negative. Could Ra clear that up, please?

Ra: I am Ra. We intended to stress the metaphysical excellence of the proposed location. The emblems of such preparation may well be appreciated by this group.

Questioner: Would the cleansing by salt and water be necessary for this location then? Or would it be recommended?

Ra: I am Ra. There is the recommended metaphysical cleansing as in any relocation. No matter how fine the instrument, the tuning still is recommended between each concert or working.

Questioner: If the instrument stays out of the basement, do you think that the humidity and the physical conditions will be good for the instrument then? Is that correct?

Ra: I am Ra. No.

Questioner: We must do something about the humidity in the whole house then to make it good for the instrument. Is that correct?

Ra: I am Ra. Yes.

Questioner: I want to come back to a couple of points here, but I want to get in a question about myself. It seems to be critical at this point. Could Ra tell me what is physically wrong with me, what's causing it, and what I could do to alleviate it?

Ra: I am Ra. The questioner is one also in the midst of further initiation. During this space/time the possibility for mental/emotional distortion approaching that which causes the entity to become dysfunctional is marked. Further, the yellow-ray, chemical vehicle of the questioner is aging and has more difficulty in the absorption of needed minerals such as iron and other substances such as papain, potassium, and calcium.

At the same time the body of yellow-ray begins to have more difficulty eliminating trace elements such as aluminum. The energizing effect has occurred in the colon of the questioner and the distortions in that area are increasingly substantial. Lastly, there is a small area of infection in the mouth of the questioner which needs attention.

Questioner: Could Ra recommend what I should do to improve my state of health?

Ra: I am Ra. We tread most close to the Law of Confusion in this instance but feel the appropriateness of speaking due to potentially fatal results for the instrument. We pause to give the questioner and the scribe a few moments of space/time to aid us by stepping away from those distortions which cause us to invoke the Law of Confusion. This would be helpful.

(A few moments pause.)

I am Ra. We appreciate your attempts. Even confusion on your behalves is helpful. The questioner has, in the recent past, allowed a complete transfer of mental/emotional pain from the questioner to the instrument. The key to this deleterious working was when the instrument said words to the effect of the meaning that it would be the questioner and be the strong one. The questioner could be as the instrument, small and foolish. The questioner, in full ignorance of the firm intent of the instrument and not grasping the possibility of any such energy transfer, agreed.

These two entities have been as one for a timeless period and have manifested this in your space/time. Thusly, the deleterious working occurred. By agreement in care and caution it may be undone. We urge the attention to thanksgiving and harmony on the part of the questioner. We may affirm the previous recommendation in general of the skills and the purity of intention of the one known as Bob, and may note the sympathetic illness which has occurred due to the instrument's sensitivities.

Lastly, we may note that to the one known as Peter several aspects of the distortions experienced by the questioner, the instrument, and the scribe may be quite apparent and rather simply traduced to lesser distortions.

Questioner: What is Peter's last name? I am not familiar with who he is.

Ra: I am Ra. The name by which this entity chooses to be known is Inman.

Questioner: Does Ra think that surgery in my case would be of any help?

Ra: I am Ra. We assume you speak of the colonic indisposition and its potential aid by your surgeons. Is this correct?

Questioner: Yes.

Ra: Again, I am Ra. Please blow across the face and heart of the instrument.

(This was done as directed.)

Ra: I am Ra. We shall continue. The atmosphere has been meticulously prepared. However, there are those elements which cause difficulty to the instrument, the neurasthenia of the right side of the face being added to other arthritically energized pain flares.

Such an operation would be of aid in the event that the entity chose this physical cleansing as an event which collaborated with changes in the mental, mental/emotional, and physical orientations of the entity. Without the latter choice, the distortion would recur.

Questioner: Now, going back to summarizing what we can do for the instrument is through praise and thanksgiving. Is that all that we can do other than advising her to drink a considerable amount of liquid and moving her into a better atmosphere. Am I correct on that?

Ra: I am Ra. We examine the statement and find two items missing, one important relative to the other. The chief addition is the grasping of the entity's nature. The less important is, for little it may seem to be, perhaps helpful; that is, the entity absorbs much medication and finds it useful to feed itself when these substances are ingested. The substitution of substances such as fruit juice for the cookie is recommended, and, further, the ingestion of substances containing sucrose which are not liquid is not recommended within four of your hours before the sleeping period.

Questioner: With my experience with the dehumidifiers I think that it will probably be impossible to lower the humidity in that house much. We can try that, and probably if we do move in there, we will have to move out very shortly.

Is there anything else that needs to be done to complete the healing of Jim's kidney problem?

Ra: I am Ra. If it be realized that the condition shall linger in potential for some months after the surcease of all medication, then care will be taken and all will continue well.

We may note that, for the purposes you intend, the location, Hobbs Park Road, whether humid or arid, is uncharacteristically well-suited. The aggravated present distortions of the instrument having abated due to lack of acute catalyst, the condition of the location about which the assumption was made is extremely beneficial.

Questioner: Then you are saying that the effect of the humidity—we will try to get it as low as possible—is a relatively minor consideration when all of the other factors of the Hobbs Park Road address are taken into consideration? Is this correct?

Ra: I am Ra. Yes.

Questioner: I am quite concerned about the instrument's health at this point. I must ask if there is anything I have failed to consider with respect to the health of the instrument? Is there anything at all that we can do for her to improve her condition other than that which has already been recommended?

Ra: I am Ra. All is most whole-heartedly oriented for support here. Perceive the group as here, a location in time/space. Within this true home, keep the light touch. Laugh together, and find joy in and with each other. All else is most fully accomplished or planned for accomplishment.

Questioner: Is it as efficacious to cleanse the house with salt and water after we move in as it is before we move in?

Ra: I am Ra. In this case it is not an urgent metaphysical concern as timing would be in a less benign and happy atmosphere. One notes the relative simplicity of accomplishing such prior to occupancy. This is unimportant except as regards the catalyst with which you wish to deal.

Questioner: Can you tell me what the instrument's difficulty was with her last whirlpool?

Ra: I am Ra. The instrument took on the mental/emotional nature and distortion complex of the questioner as we have previously noted. The instrument has been taking whirling waters at temperatures which are too hot and at rates of vibration which, when compounded by the heat of the swirling waters, bring about the state of light shock as you would call the distortion. The mind complex has inadequate oxygen in this distorted state and is weakened.

In this state the instrument, having the questioner's distortion without the questioner's strength of the distortion one might liken to the wearing of armor, began to enter into an acute psychotic episode. When the state of shock was past the symptoms disappeared. The potential remains as the empathic identity has not been relinquished, and both the questioner and the instrument live as entities in a portion of the mental/emotional complex of the instrument.

May we ask for one more full query at this working and remind the instrument that it is appropriate to

reserve some small portion of energy before a working?

Questioner: I would just ask if there is anything that we can do to make the instrument more comfortable or to help her and to improve the contact, and what would be the soonest that Ra would recommend the next contact? I would certainly appreciate the return of the golden hawk. It gave me great comfort.

Ra: I am Ra. You have complete freedom to schedule workings.

We suggest the nature of all manifestation to be illusory and functional only in so far as the entity turns from shape and shadow to the One.

I am Ra. We leave you, my friends, in the love and in the glorious light of the one infinite Creator. Go forth, then, rejoicing in the power and in the peace of the one infinite Creator. Adonai.

Epilogue

Jim: After we moved back to Louisville the mental/emotional dysfunction which Ra spoke of concerning Don occurred. Don was noted all his life for being very cool and extremely wise, emotionally unmoved by events which caused others to fall apart. His observations and advice always proved to be correct. Now, as this dysfunction worsened, Don saw himself intensely affected by even the smallest stimuli. His worrying deepened to depression and he sought healing counsel from every available source, yet nothing worked, and he resigned himself to a death which he saw quickly approaching.

After seven months of this mental, emotional, and physical deterioration he became unable to sleep or to eat solid foods. By November he had lost one-third of his body weight and was experiencing intense pain. He refused further hospitalization which we saw as the last hope for his survival. The thought of having him put into the hospital against his will was abhorrent to us, but we decided to do it and to hope for a miracle, knowing of no other possible way to save Don's life at that point.

When the police came to serve the warrant a five and one-half hour standoff resulted. Don was convinced his death was imminent, and he did not want to die in a mental hospital. When tear gas was used to bring Don out of the house, he walked out of the back door and shot himself once through the brain. He died instantly.

After his death Carla saw him three times in waking visions, and he assured us that all was well and that all had occurred appropriately—even if it made no sense at all to us.

So we give praise and thanksgiving for Don's life, for his death, and for our work together.

Though this book is a more personal portion of that work, we hope that you can see that the principles underlying our experiences are the same ones which underlie yours. Though expressions may vary widely, the purpose is the same: that the many portions of the One may know themselves and the One as One. Or, as Ra put it:

“We leave you in appreciation of the circumstance of the great illusion in which you now choose to play the pipe and timbrel and move in rhythm. We are also players upon a stage. The stage changes. The acts ring down. The lights come up once again. And throughout the grand illusion and the following and the following there is the undergirding majesty of the one infinite Creator. All is well. Nothing is lost. Go forth rejoicing in the love and the light, the peace and the power of the one infinite Creator. I am Ra. Adonai.” (From Session 104.)

Carla: Jim and I have wished to open this personal material for those who feel they might find it useful, because we see in our experiences a good example of the kind of stress that working in the light will produce. The more full of enlightenment the channeling received, the more enlightened the patterns of living and talking need to be. In the case of Don, Jim and me, all of our outer behavior was correct, and it was not to be held against Don that he didn't become a talker when he got sick. He had never taken another's advice, and he did not want mine or Jim's then any more than usual. And so the tendency Don had of being paranoid bloomed until he was sure I was no longer his love. For him the world without me was unacceptable.

Looking deeper at the timing here, it is crucial that it be seen that I was at this point weighing in at around 84 pounds, at 5'4". Each session was extremely hard, and yet I never flagged in my desire to continue. I was perfectly willing to die in the process of gaining these sessions' contents. Don was very worried that I would indeed die, and fussed over me continually. There was some mechanism within him which persisted in trying to figure out how to substitute himself for me in taking the brunt of the contact. He spoke about it from time to

time, and I always discouraged that line of thinking. But he did just that, in the end. His death ended the contact with those of Ra, and we have never been tempted to take it up again, as we are following Ra's own advice not to do that except with the three of us.

I want to express to each reader the profound feeling of peace that has come to me in the healing of my present incarnation. There will always be that part of me that wishes I could have either been able to save Don or to die with him. I think that is one valid way I could have gone. Then he and I would be a vastly romantic, and quite dead, part of L/L history. But this is not the lesson that was mine. Mine was the lesson concerning wisdom. Ra put it to me quite bluntly when he asked what my time was for going to Jerusalem. He was asking me whether I wanted to martyr myself. This was in the context of questions Don asked concerning the possibility of more frequent sessions. My response to that was to go on my first vacation in eleven years. Don and I had adventures, NOT vacations!

Don's lesson when our energies and mental distortions were exchanged and merged by our talk in Georgia was concerning the complete opening of his heart. By remaining an observer, he had not yet succeeded in unblocking that great heart of his. In his illness, he truly thought that he was dying that I might be well and live peacefully. There is no more utter devotion and sacrifice than the giving of one's life. It does not matter, in this context, that he was dead wrong. He never lost me, far from it. He lost himself. In his moment of death he was completely open of heart, and uncaring of the pain of living or of leaving. Of course I have many and conflicting emotions about this. But always I am absolute in my faith that Don's ending was as noble as his life as a whole. To me, he is beyond words. I just adore that soul.

My lesson was the opposite: that of adding wisdom to completely open love. My heart chakra is usually quite unblocked, but my sense of limits has long been shaky. The mind-meld we shared at that time left me with a choice of dying for Don's sake or living for his work, for L/L Research, and all we had done and been together. I did exactly what I had to do to stay in this world. It was touch and go for me for a long time, long after Don's death I was working the energy of death through my own mind, body and spirit. Through the years I plumbed the depths of despair, anger (how dare he doubt me!) grief and sorrow. I faced my own physical death and knew that the crux had come, and the joy of

living was still strong within me. This was during the difficult days around Christmas of 1991. I have never been in that much extremity before, not even when my kidneys failed. But my love felt never stronger. I felt as though all was being burned away, and I welcomed that. In the heat of that pain I felt cleansing and completion. From that time, it was as if a whole new strength had poured into my frail body. As I have achieved a rise from wheelchair and hospital bed, I have felt more and more joy-filled and at the same time transparent. This is a new life I am experiencing, in a new and much replenished body. Indeed, at the age of 54, I feel a grounding and balance that are solid and healthy. I am glad to be here, and feel that have entered into the working out of the second pattern that my divided life offers. I bless Don's and my sad tale. And I bless all that has occurred. We loved; we were human. It seems as though we often erred. We did not, for we truly loved. And though I shall always feel orphaned by his absence from my side, I embrace the wonderful things that are now mine to treasure. Jim and I are fueled constantly by the blessing of being able to carry on Don's work.

Any group that stays together and works harmoniously while being of service to the light will begin to attract psychic greeting of the sorts we experienced. In this crucible, every fault and vanity, however small, is a weapon against the self. Ethical perception needs to remain very alert and cogent of issues and values being tossed around. This is a matter of life and death. L/L Research is a special and wonderful place, and not unlike many other light-houses other wanderers and seekers have lit. Many, many others are awakening now and wishing to become ever more able to be channels for light. And it is a wondrous ministry, to be there as a metaphysical or spiritual home for wanderers and outsiders everywhere. We hope this helps you and your group to stay in full communication, to refuse to offer each other less than joy and faith no matter what! And never, NEVER to make a deal with the loyal opposition!

We at L/L Research continue to keep our doors open for regular meetings, and many visitors come through our doors, through the snail mail and e-mail, and as our books continue to be spread around, those who are aware of Ra's ideas are all over the globe. Our web site is www.llresearch.org, and our snail-mail address is L/L Research, P. O. Box 5195, Louisville, Kentucky 40255-5195. We answer each piece of mail, and are

always glad to hear from readers old and new. Our hearts are eternally grateful for each other, for Don, for those of Ra and the contact they shared with us. Blessings to all who read this book.

L/L Research

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December 20, 1997 ♣