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Rock Creek Research &
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P.O. Box 5195
Louisville, KY 40255-0195

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www.llresearch.org

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THURSDAY MEDITATION JANUARY 13, 1983

(S channeling)

I am Hatonn, and am now with this instrument. We greet you, my brother and sisters, in the love and the light of the one infinite Creator. We are pleased to be called to this meeting this evening, my friends. Those within your circle have experienced our contact for quite a period of time, and have advanced well along the path of being a telepathic channel. We congratulate them heartily for the desire and the love that they have given to this service for others. The desire which is shown is indeed pleasurable for us to see. We appreciate the effort, but we feel that there may be only a little confidence lacking. Therefore, my brother and sisters, we at this time would like to share this small story with you, and as has been done in the past, go from instrument to instrument, as we feel this is the best way of upping the confidence of each instrument.

There was a time in your past, my friends, that for many, many of your years the people upon your planet were seeking, looking, striving. But my friends, they knew not of what they were looking. There seemed to be an ever-moving mirage in front of them. They would go one step, and that for which they were seeking, my friends, would seem to move three or four more in front of them. So, at one point, many of these people decided consciously to forget the mirage that never seemed to be within the grasp of actually holding in the hand. They saw

more and more only what was a step in front of them, that they could pick up and hold to themselves and possess. This seemed like reality. This seemed to have some consequence within themselves, something with meaning, something they could physically see and have.

So, as time progressed, and as more and more of the peoples saw that there was an immediate pleasure in possessing things of their illusion, the mirage seemed to be forgotten.

We would like at this time to transfer this contact. I am Hatonn.

(A channeling)

I am Hatonn. And over the years as generations passed, the mirage was forgotten by many. A few spoke of it to their children, but there was uncertainty in their words, for the mirage was not something easily described with the words that could describe the food that was eaten, or the ground that was walked on. The children as they were told of the mirage would wonder of what it was, and once again footsteps started towards the mirage, and once again the mirage would take its three steps back. As the children grew older, many of them also started taking what was in reach, what could be seen and touched, and called this what was real, while a handful continued to seek for what they were not sure of, for the mirage which was in front of them, which they did not understand but wished to know.

There was no sure path ahead of them, no line which to follow, and the path was always laden with the temptations of something that could be held, touched and seen, smelled. But their desire was so strong to learn, to seek out more, that they were able to overcome the temptations, and not feel satisfied by them. Along the pathway these few individuals found that there were other similar people seeking the same mirage. A few of their elders also continued on, and they saw that a few children were also starting out on the path. There was some comfort in seeing others along the pathway, and this too almost caused them to stop seeking, to stop in the pathway with others, and to find the comfort from that as those before found comfort in the tangible objects that they owned.

And we would like to now transfer this contact. I am Hatonn.

(Jim channeling)

The journey which these people had long undertaken was one which had gained somewhat of a mysterious air among the few who still continued its path. Through there was some consolation to those pilgrims seeking the ever-changing mirage, this consolation was felt only by those few who undertook the arduous and seemingly profitless journey. By now most of the peoples had long forgotten that the possibility of such a journey existed. The illusion which had from time to time entranced the peoples had by now become quite heavy upon the shoulders of their consciousness, and their attention was weighted down with the necessity of day-to-day survival, and the accomplishing of those tasks which though as mundane and repetitive as could be imagined, yet were the focus for most in this culture.

There was from time to time the speaking that was heard from solitary voices within these peoples, which reminded the people that there was something beyond the illusion which was not mundane, nor was it boring, nor did it weigh heavily upon the existence and the attention and determination to live. The speaking often mentioned the illusive quality of the search, and did nothing to encourage the perception that the journey towards this mirage was easy. Therefore, few among the peoples listened, for already it was felt and generally accepted that life as it was was difficult enough. Why undertake yet more difficulty for that which could not be touched,

could not be exhibited for others to see once it had been gained?

We shall now transfer this contact.

(Carla channeling)

I am Hatonn. And though all that is clay rebelled against considering that which was invisible, there came a time when clay mixed with the mirage, as that which is followed so long must most certainly take. And there was that being which was both clay and unearthly. The entity began to teach, and those things that he said seemed to move in and out of the world of clay. And as he said those things, he would extend a hand and a healing would occur, for part of the mirage was hope. And as he taught again, the heavens would open, and those about him would see the glory of the creation. This glory was part of the mirage. And yet again he would speak, and all that seemed broken in the beliefs of the past seemed to be made whole once again. For reconciliation is a part of the mirage. And again as he would speak, someone would spitefully scorn him and he would show love. For love above all is part and parcel of the mirage. And ultimately, when all the signs and wonders had been seen and news ran from mouth to mouth, this entity of clay and mirage was killed by those who feared him. And darkness, the darkness of clay, came to this people. And yet as they felt forsaken, so did a great light shine upon them and they saw the manifestation of the mirage personified and gone. Once again the people were left with a choice between that which could be seen to value and that which cannot be seen, but can be felt to value. However, the manifestation of the dream, having once been seen, was enough to instill within the hearts of those who sought the mirage, generation upon generation, hope, reconciliation, love and light.

We shall transfer.

(S channeling)

I am Hatonn. The mirage which you seek, my friends, is ever there. And if you would but look within the self you would find the mirage. You will find the love of one and all that is one throughout the creation.

I am Hatonn. We leave you now in love and in light. Adonai, my friends. Adonai vasu borragus. ✨