

# The Arbor of Prayer

A Commentary

by Lama Sing™ & Al Miner

Borderland Project – Reading #6

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LAMA SING: Yes, we have the Channel then and, as well, those intents and purposes as are a part of these works. As we commence herein, let us join together in this humble prayer.

*O Holy Father-Mother-God, as we come before Thee, we seek, according to Thy will, to be in service. Guide Thou us upon this chosen pathway, that we shall not only follow it according to Thy will and purpose, but bear those gifts which are most needed by those whom we shall encounter. In each experience, let us see and know the wisdom of Thy guidance, and let us bring these to the forefront, that we might manifest them according to the need of those who we are serving. We thank Thee, Father, for the presence of The Christ Spirit in and about these works, and we claim His gifts of His grace, love, compassion, and wisdom. All of these we know as those good tools which can bring about healing. These we offer unto those who seek of Thee, O Father. And for those who have lost their way and have none in joyful prayer in their names, here are we, offering humbly that which is unto your need. We thank You, Father, for this continued opportunity of joyful service in Your name through this, our Channel, and his mate in the Earth. Amen.*



Here the Channel has found the cross to be covered with wondrous crimson flowers. Then, secondarily, the first appeared with the beautiful white blossoms of previous encounters. Now these two have merged, that the cross is interspersed with the purity of the Master and His love. The hands appear from unseen places, and all come together to join with his in a pledge of service.

The Channel is guided to the path where Michael stands already, and they proceed. We are immediately behind.

As we proceed to the entry of that called Michael's Sanctuary, it is the Channel who brings us to a pause and turns and requests that someone summon Zachary. And Zachary is here momentarily, and the Channel states to him,

"Are you aware of the conversation between Susan and I?"

And Zachary, smiling, nods.

"If you haven't already constructed these, would you do so?"

And Zachary simply smiles and nods, gesturing off to a mid-point just gently down the slope. And the Channel beholds the coming together of many graceful arches, heavily laden with beautiful flowers. Smiling as he turns back to Zachary, he states, "I might have known. But thank you."

Zachary states, "And those of Susan's heart are also at the ready."

The Channel merely nods and glances at Michael, who is standing, gazing off over the Sanctuary. He turns to look at the Channel, and with a gentle smile outstretches his hand for the Channel to move. Mind you, this is, in truth, the Channel's first movement into the Sanctuary.

As the Channel moves, he glances about, looking at the water cascading. And turning to speak to Zachary, he hears, "It's in there. Just a touch of prayer. Enough for them to start with now, but it's there."

The Channel turns back, looking at the water passing to his left, and notes that it does seem quite luminous.

Moving ahead, we find him coming to the exit and turning to follow a path which parallels the one stream. And glancing at it, and quickly turning to look at Zachary, who simply smiles and nods an affirmation, indicating, "Yes, the prayers of those in the Earth are in that stream, too."

We move along here, and we come to small groupings, and the Channel pauses as they recognize him immediately. Some bow their heads, some gaze at him, and one speaks.

"Thank you," the entity states.

And the Channel courteously walks up in front of the entity, perhaps a meter and a half distance. A comfortable distance for, as he approaches, several of the others of this grouping become visibly uncomfortable, which he notes.

"You are most assuredly welcome. I assume you are stating that in regard to," and the Channel gestures with his arm, "this beautiful place."

And the entity responds, "Yes. It's not going to go away, is it?"

And the Channel looks quickly at Michael, whose eyes are steady upon him. The Channel sighs heavily, recognizing that Kallak's battering of these entities was quite thorough. And the Channel pauses for a moment as a thought comes to him, obviously. And he follows it, and we hear him state,

"Do you want it to go away?"

The entity's mouth opens and a look of surprise appears on his face, and several of the others whisper to each other guardedly, and sort of cower, bow over. The entity straightens himself and sits upright and states,

“No. No, we don’t want it to go away. But it’s a common trick. But surely you would not do this to us.”

The Channel simply looks for several seconds, Earth time, at the entity, and smiles and states softly,

“No, I would not. Neither would anyone here. This is your Sanctuary. We have named it after Michael here,” turning to gesture to Michael, who, for all practical purposes, would appear to not even have heard that reference to him, and then finally turns his head just a little and glances at the Channel, as though to say, “That’s enough.”

We hear Zachary chuckle in the background, as is quite expected of him.

The Channel pays Zachary no heed, but turns back to the entity and states,

“This realm is surrounded with a power that you may have forgotten. But then, I don’t know that for sure. Perhaps you, yourself, have encountered struggles between opposing forces.”

The entity states in a resonant, firm voice, “I have.”

“Well, then, you must know the potential of those forces.”

“I do,” the entity responds.

“Well, this realm is preserved by the highest and best power of the forces of the Light. Now, before you react to that, let me remind you that that was a trick on the part of Kallak. The Light does not seek to destroy you. It only offers. It does not take, it does not destroy. It offers you freedom and wondrous gifts, potentials.”

“I don’t buy that,” comments the entity, with no expression. “I’ve seen others deal with the Light, and I can tell you first-hand, it wasn’t pleasant.”

This truly puzzles the Channel, and he pauses for several moments, trying to place himself in the entity’s position of past, trying to imagine what it must be like to be of the shadowy or dark forces and encountering the Light.

“Could you tell me,” finally the Channel questions, “what was it like?”

“They took our energy, nearly drained us dry. We barely made it back. We ... well, I don’t think some of them got out of there.”

“Where do you think they are, then?” questions the Channel, hopefully looking for an opening here.

“Who knows? Kallak said they were destroyed, broken into tiny bits and scattered, so that they could never be re-assembled, not even by him.”

“Re-assembled?” questions the Channel.

“Yes, re-assembled. But I don’t want to talk about that. All I want to know is, are you going to take this away from us? Is it a trick? Is it a way to get us together so that you can destroy us in one fell swoop?”

The Channel is incredulous. The entry into Michael’s Sanctuary was one, in his heart and mind, filled with hope, with a new idea and a new dream to offer to them. And this is his first challenge, his first encounter. It seems incredulous to him. And yet, he struggles to put himself in a position to deal with it, for the entity’s obvious attitudes and impressions run very deep.

The Channel takes a deep breath and feels the presence of Michael pressing against his side gently.

“What do you mean, drained you?”

The entity stares blankly at the Channel, as though wondering if it’s even wise for him to answer. The thoughts of the entity, which we can reveal to you, are “Will this weaken my position? Will he take advantage of this knowledge? Is it possible that Kallak could resume control? And then I will be considered a traitor ... or Bayab or Otto or any of the others.”

He glances to and fro for a moment, as though making certain that the realm is intact and preserved.

“No one can enter in here,” comments the Channel, observing the entity, who is clearly demonstrating his concern. “Look around you and notice all the Beings of Light. Not a one of them has come over to take your energy, to destroy you, to do anything to you. Have they?”

And the entity looks down for a moment and then back up, and states, “Well, no, but I didn’t like the looks of a couple of them. They were looking at me odd. You know, a person never knows. One of them, when you’re not looking ... well, I don’t even want to talk about it.”

“Well, listen,” comments the Channel. “You brought this topic up, not I. So, we are going to talk about it.”

This sternness startles the entity at first, but the Channel thinks that he can see a flicker of smile and a softening of the eyes. And again, he feels a slight pressure on his side from Michael, and he remembers what Michael told him before, “Authority”.

A rush of light and joy pass through the Channel, as though his colleagues in the Earth just inundated him with their prayer. The Channel stands more straightly now and states to the entity with a smile, but with sternness,

“So, listen to what I’m going to tell you. And I’m not going to tell you this again, so remember it. There is no one here ... Look around, pick out the two you spoke about, and I’ll call them over if you like, and make them bow to me. And you know my power.”

And the entity stiffens.

And Zachary has to work hard to stifle a chuckle.

Even the Channel is smiling broadly. “So, no one is going to destroy you. Now, you may feel some changes. And I’ll tell you what, you’re going to come with us, and I’m going to show you something that we have built. Zachary here,” turning to take a hold of Zachary’s arm and pulling him to the forefront. “This is Zachary. He works for me.”

And both Zachary and the Channel look down, truly struggling to keep from laughing. “I’ve had him construct these. And you’ll recall Susan, she’s had some built, as well. And Zachary is a master at this. You’re going to enjoy these. He built those for her. Come on.”

And the entity looks at the others, almost pleading. And the Channel says, “Nope, just you.”

And he turns about, grasping Zachary’s arm, and whispers to him as they are walking: “Zachary, if you laugh, so help me ...”

And Zachary states, “I won’t. I promise. But listen, that was really good.”

And the Channel snickers, and he turns about and the entity is standing, trying to take a step. And the Channel says gently, "Would several of you help him?" gesturing to two of the sisters who have come up, whose attention was drawn here, perhaps, by the energy, the authoritative energy that the Channel displayed. Whether literal or mustered, it was seen.

The entity looks from one to the other and then at the Channel, a hint of fear on his face.

"Remember, I told you. No one here ... I won't permit it ... will take anything from you. All they want to do is give to you, believe it or not. And if you trust me and want to follow on this pathway with me, I promise you, you will learn more about this. Just relax. No one can reach you to do you any harm. And all here wish you only goodness."

He turns to begin walking, and he can hear the entity speaking behind him.

"Why do they wish me goodness?"

The Channel stiffens and stops. It is this time Michael who almost collides into the back of him. And when the Channel turns about, Michael is smiling and just takes a step to the side.

"Okay. I've got a friend. He, too, like I, has a physical body in the Earth. And he's here, and he's going to help you." And the Channel thinks to himself, "I hope", with a note of loving humor.

This time, the Channel steps up alongside the entity and says, "Here, take my arm."

And the entity looks down and states, "No, I can't."

"Why can't you? Don't tell me it's that 'worthy' stuff again."

And the entity, looking down, simply nods an affirmation.

"I think you have too much power, and if I touch you ... well, Kallak said if you touch anyone who has power greater than yours, they can take your power. And that's what I was talking about before, you know. The light beings nearly drained us into nothingness. And if they drain you too much, you'll cease to exist. You'll just be gone. I know they do this, because many of our grouping just vanished when they encountered the light beings. Not a word ever heard from them again. Kallak says that they take the power and they use it for strange things. We don't know what, but we know they can do it. We've seen it."

The Channel glances over at Zachary, who simply shrugs his shoulders and states, "Looks like we've got a lot to do."

And the Channel shakes his head just ever so gently and turns to look back at this entity, who is still looking down.

"Look at me when I speak to you."

This shocks the entity, but he responds.

"Do I look like someone who would want to take your power? Why would I need your power? What would I do with it? You said that you saw my encounter with Kallak, and that I emerged and he did not. Do you think I have need of your power?"

The Channel is hopeful this tactic will have impact on the entity, and it does. The entity's face begins to soften. And slowly, his hand comes out, almost trembling.

"Thank you. You know what? You're doing really well. And I can tell you why. Because you putting out your hand is a demonstration of trust and belief. And you may not think that's much, but it is."

And the Channel slowly reaches out and clasps the entity's hand. When he does, the entity's eyes flutter. And he can, the Channel can, feel the entity stiffen momentarily, and then slowly relax.

"See? I'm not taking anything from you. I just want to take your hand, because I think if you walk with me like this you will know that you are safe. Don't you?"

The entity is smiling a little now, and his eyes have softened, and he nods an affirmation.

"Well, then, come on. I want to show you something very lovely. And I won't force you to use it. None of us will. But if you let me show it to you, I think you'll find it something you will enjoy."

And the entity simply nods again. And the Channel steps forward and, at first, it's like pulling along a reluctant child whose legs do not seem to function too well in taking steps.

Zachary has fallen in alongside the Channel on the other side and is smiling and nodding, winking at the Channel.

Michael is in the traditional position, behind and to the right of the Channel, about mid-way between this entity and the Channel.

The Channel begins to chat casually as he walks along the path, which seems to be made of some fine white substance. It's not sand, the Channel thinks, but it's very white. And not pebbles, for it seems resilient, and yet, no sound of grating or abrasion. He looks to his left as they walk along the stream's edge, and small flowering trees which crown over their heads as they walk. And just beyond is another path that swings off to the right and then meanders downwards a little.

The Channel is pointing out the trees and the flowers, and how nice the water looks and sounds, obviously trying to relax this entity, whose hand feels more so like a wet, limp rag in his than a hand. But the Channel ignores this, and he ignores the other essences that are not all that pleasing to encounter at such close quarter.

"Have you ever seen flowering trees like this?" questions the Channel.

"I have," the entity responds.

"Really? Where have you seen them?"

"In the Earth."

"Were there many like this?"

"No, only two," responds the entity.

"Can you tell me where?"

And the entity suddenly clouds over and looks down. "I'd rather not."

"Why?" comments the Channel.

"You will not like me if I tell you."

"Why do you think that?" questions the Channel.

And he notes that a tear is running down the entity's cheek. And suddenly, he realizes that it must have been some act which was not of the light.

"I would like to tell you," comments the entity, suddenly looking up. "I know that you have forgiven some, and they have said that they felt better immediately. Perhaps if I tell you and you know of it, do you think you could forgive me? Do you think you could take it away?"

The Channel sucks in air heavily as the impact of what the entity is asking of him strikes him. And he feels Zachary's shoulder casually bumping into his ... you know, like you would when you walk abreast and someone takes a misstep. Only this time, he knows it's not a misstep, that Zachary is trying to tell him something. He glances at Zachary, and Zachary's face is quite serious. And he nods.

"Tell him. Tell him yes. Do it in the Master's name. You can do it if you do that. You know that."

The Channel recognizes the gift from Zachary and states, "Thank you."

He turns back to the entity and, gazing into his teary eyes, states, "Yes. But look, here's a lovely little alcove. See the benches? And look, this is one of the things that Susan and I wanted to show you. See the trellis over our heads, and the beautiful flowers? We have dear friends in the Earth who have been directing good thoughts here for you and any others who would like to have them. They are gifts. And if we sit here and you tell me, perhaps those beautiful thoughts from our friends in the Earth will take the place of whatever you are feeling that is not joyful."

The entity is glancing back and forth at the Channel and the curved, not quite a half-circle, but a curved arrangement of lovely, almost iridescent, benches; snowy white lattice-work reaching up and going overhead; lush, truly lush roses hanging from beautiful greenery that shine with an iridescence of their own. And the fragrance is, oh, so lovely.

"I love roses," the entity states wistfully. "Once I raised them. It's difficult, you know."

And the Channel is marveling at how the entity has suddenly softened. And he glances at Zachary, who is smiling and nodding, as though to say, "It's already the effect of the prayer."

And Zachary nudges him with an elbow, and the Channel responds. "Well, how about sitting under them? Wouldn't you like that?"

"Oh, I would. I would truly like that. I haven't seen such beautiful specimens, I couldn't tell you how long. I was a gardener once, you know."

"No, I didn't," comments the Channel, as he guides the entity to seat himself. And he does so as though he's momentarily concerned that he is going to soil the beautiful, lustrous white of the benches.

"It's okay," comments the Channel. "It's okay."

Michael does not seat himself but moves over to the right upright of the arbor, and just sort of leans up against it, gazing at the flowers and greenery, which are obviously pleasant to he, as well.

The entity is seated on the Channel's left, and Zachary has invited himself to sit down on the Channel's right, much to the Channel's joy.

The two sisters who came to aid had fallen back when the Channel took over, and now they are just a distance away under one of the great umbrella-shaped flowering trees, smiling.

The entity looks at them and then the Channel, and states, "They're not going to interfere, are they?" a resumed stiffness in his voice.

"No, they won't."

And he glances quickly back at the two female entities (his words) and tosses them a stern look.

The Channel looks down and smiles as he sees this.

"Well then, you said you were a gardener. I love flowers and plants very much. Susan does, too, probably more than I. I just love to be out in them. Isn't this lovely?" pointing up.

The entity softens again and states, "It is. It is truly lovely. Did you say that you had this constructed for us?"

"Yes," comments the Channel. "And Zachary here did it," leaning back so that the entity can see Zachary.

And he notices a familiar figure moving down the path from above. And as he does, the Channel smiles broadly as he recognizes one of his dear friends from the Earth striding for them. He gestures to James, and he smiles back. And he points to the ladies, for James to stop and be with them for just a moment. And he turns back to the entity, who hasn't noticed, for he is still concentrating on the flowers.

"Oh, I love the fragrance. Some people, you know, think it's a little on the heavy side." And the Channel makes a note of this, mentally. "But not me. The more profound the aroma, the fragrance, the better I like it. And you know, usually, most people, even though they might later say the odor is heavy, when they first encounter it, you can just see their face light up. Don't you think?" questions the entity quickly of the Channel.

"Yes, I do. Tell me now, if you'd like, do you feel better here?"

And the entity looks to his left and right. And as he does, he notices James standing with the two sisters. And they are reiterating to James what has transpired and what is now taking place, for they are clearly attuned to it.

The entity pauses to look at James, and questions the Channel softly, "Who is that?"

And the Channel remarks, "One of my friends. You might as well meet him now. Is that all right with you?"

"He's from the Earth, isn't he? He doesn't have all that stuff around him."

"Yes, he has a physical body."

"Okay. Sure. If he's your friend, I'm ... I'm willing to meet him."

The Channel sighs deeply, a sigh of relief, and glances at Zachary, who nods and blinks his eyes that this is a good turn of events.



The Channel rises and, awkwardly, the entity also fumbles to his feet, while keeping one hand close to the bench, for it is giving him some sort of curious sense of security, though he knows this not consciously yet.

And James walks up to the entity before the Channel can speak and states, “Hi. Mind if I join you?”

And the entity gazes piercing eyes into James, and the Channel realizes that this is a capability that they have. The entity is actually probing James, looking at him, looking within him. A chill runs down the Channel’s spine, as he realizes that he must not underestimate where these entities have been, what they have done, what their talents and abilities are, at least some of them. For to do so could possibly set things back for some of them, for they might ... well, who knows? But he does make clear note of it and turns to look at Zachary, who obviously, having stepped around the Channel and looking at the two of them, James and this entity, and Zachary notes it too, blinking at the Channel that he knows.

James is just smiling. His hand is outstretched, and the entity is still piercingly staring at James. His face is beginning to twist a little, as though this is requiring some considerable effort on his part.

Which, by the way, we might mention, it is. For this is Michael’s Sanctuary, and these are works which were not of the light. So you can deduce from that that even though the Channel noted this and had concern, we will convey to him later not to be too greatly concerned. Noted, yes, because it’s an automatic reaction within many of them, but no concern.

Now, for all practical purposes, the entity cannot find anything in James. He can’t find a weakness. He can’t find any hostility. He can’t find any intention that would put him on guard or cause him mistrust. But that, you see, is not because he is truly probing James, for he can’t here. See? But he thinks he is.

Now, were he to probe James, James cloaked himself in prayer and meditation and did his other works prior to entering here. So there would be naught visible, regardless. See?

What is transpiring now is a balancing. The entity is finding himself in accordance with those things which the Channel has stated to him. So, slowly he extends his hand to meet James, and his eyes soften and his face relaxes. And James identifies himself and stands, holding the entity’s hand, and asks, “And your name was ... ?”

The Channel looks down at the smoothness of that, and the entity, without thinking, answers, “Arn. My name’s Arn.”

“Well, Arn, do you mind if I join you? I don’t mean to interrupt, but ... gosh, this is lovely, isn’t it?” pointing up and reaching over to touch the trellis-work. James leans forward and says, “Zachary, did you do this?”

Zachary, again, works just a bit to contain his humor, for he is fully cognizant of what is transpiring.

“Yes ... uh ... I and a few others. We had, you know, a nice time doing it. Do you like it?”

“Very much. I’d like to have one of these for Lynne. She’d like it.”

And the Channel looks down again, smiling, for he knows precisely what James is doing.

“Well, don’t let me interrupt.” Jim leans back. “I’ll just sit here and enjoy this. Arn, been here long?”

And then they all stop and pause and look at each other, and James starts laughing aloud. “That was a joke. You know, a joke? Do you remember jokes?”

And Arn goes, “Vaguely. But I do remember laughter, and that was pretty funny.” And he chuckles aloud.

The Channel sighs inwardly.

“Well, look, Arn, could you finish telling me what it was you wanted me to forgive you for?” says the Channel aloud, hardly believing his own words. “Because I have other things to do. But, listen, you and James can stay here and enjoy this place. James builds things in the Earth. Lots of things. You wouldn’t believe it.”

“Really?” comments Arn. “Do you like gardens?”

And Jim smiles and states, “Yes, but Lynne *really* loves gardens.”

“Well, where is she?”

Jim smiles and states, “Perhaps one of the sisters will bring her. Would you like to meet her?”

“Yes. Does she have flowers?”

“Oh, yes,” comments Jim. “She loves flowers. And I’ll tell you what, doing pretty good with some roses, too.”

“Oh, well. Then do bring her.”

And one of the sisters smiles and gestures and moves off.

“Well, listen, Arn. What about these two flowering trees? What about it?”

Arn looks down and becomes gray, darker and darker.

“Hey,” comments Jim, putting a hand on Arn’s shoulder.

And Arn stiffens, jolts upright and glances at Jim, first fiercely, defensively. But Jim’s smile softens him.

“It’s okay. Hey, you know, just tell it. Get rid of it.” And bending over, he points at the Channel and states, “Besides, he’ll forgive you and then it will be okay.”

Zachary is nearly rolling as he stifles his laughter, and finally straightens up and whispers to the Channel, “This is beautiful.”

And the Channel says, “Yes. Come on, Arn. Don’t you feel good here? Look up here at these beautiful blossoms. Did you have any like that?”

“Well,” comments Arn. “I had some nice ones, but I have to tell you, Zachary, these are beautiful. Could you show me how to grow them?”

Zachary, obviously pleased, states, “Either I or one of those who work with me will be delighted to show you.”

“Oh, good,” comments Arn. “Could we do that soon?”

“Yes. Yes, we can.”

Arn turns back to the Channel and states, “It was a mission. A mission for Kallak. It was a widow. She was near her departure, and Kallak sent us because he wanted her. And she had a weakness, and we were to lure her to the weakness and get her to believe

that she was unworthy, which, of course, she was. And when we arrived, we sort of came in the back way, if you know what I mean. And there were these two beautiful umbrella-shaped flowering trees like those right there. And I stopped to admire them, and I got chastised and, well, I finally followed the others in.

“And we waited until she departed and, you know, we only have a distance, a certain area, where we can continue to influence and point out to them the benefits of joining us. And then something happens after that, and we can’t go any further. We lose our power. You know, it’s that thing I talked to you about.”

He is bent over, looking at the ground, and we can see a tear hit the beautiful stonework underneath the bench.

“I was successful.”

“You mean ... ah ... that woman ... ”

“Yes,” Arn states. “We have her.”

“Where?” questions the Channel.

“Well, not in the places of our true power, but on the periphery.”

Jim leans forward, and the Channel and he make eye contact, and they both know the entity is talking about the Sea of Faces.

“Do you remember where she is?” the Channel questions.

“Yes.”

“Would you like to help her?”

Arn stiffens and straightens up and looks at the Channel and states, “I ... I can’t help her. Once she’s there, she’s there. We can’t change that.”

“Maybe we can,” questions the Channel further. “Would you?”

“Well, Kallak and the others, they can reach us there. They can go there. They do that all the time. They don’t stay, because their power is not as great. The energy begins to go, you know, the closer you get to the light.”

“We would go with you,” turning to glance up at Michael, who is standing now turned and looking down at Arn.

Arn looks up at him. “I couldn’t go with you.”

But Michael does not blink and looks at him.

Jim finally puts a hand back on Arn’s shoulder and states, “Well, look, you don’t have to decide that now. But think about it. You know, maybe you’d feel better if you could just tell us where she is or how to get there, if you don’t feel comfortable with coming. We can understand that. But you don’t need to decide now. Is that the thing that ... well, is that why you feel unworthy?”

“Well, that’s one of ’em,” comments Arn, looking down again. “I just did that, you know, not very long ago. And I can hear her weeping. Still, I hear her weeping.” And he puts his hands over his ears. “Can you take the weeping away? Please.”

And the Channel glances up at Michael and the others and takes a deep breath and states, “Yes, I can.” And he stands up, turns and faces Arn, whose hands are over his ears ... simply reaches out with his right hand and places it atop Arn’s head. “I claim the power eternal and ask that Arn be forgiven.”

There is silence, absolute silence. The one sister who is still standing a bit away has bowed her head, and her hands are over her heart, and she seems to be luminous, golden. And the goldenness begins to move from her. And as though it were a visible fragrance of some enchanting aroma, undulates to the Channel, through him and his hand, to Arn. The Channel feels it, James sees it, as do Zachary and Michael. The Channel slowly removes his hand and closes his eyes, stating, "Thank you, Father. Thank you, sister," for he knows who has given this. It is Rebecca.

Arn is slowly moving his hands only a short distance to and fro his ears, and finally he looks up into the Channel's face and states, "It is true. It is true Oh, thank you. You are the one. Thank you." And he clasps the Channel's hand and kisses it.

"It has tormented me. Kallak told me it would always be with me, to wear it as a badge of accomplishment. But to me, it burdened me. It grieved me."

"See?" comments the Channel, "If you were truly unworthy, you would have no grief. If you truly were what Kallak said, you wouldn't have had remorse. But you did, and your asking, the very fact that you asked, made forgiveness possible. You may think that I did this. And that is okay, for we can all do this for one another. But there is a far greater power, and it is offered to you. But, hey, look, we have to go. Are you okay?"

"Am I okay?" comments Arn. "I feel really good. I can hear without those sobs always in the background. Do you think she'll be okay?"

James states to him, "We'll make her okay. We'll find her for you. And maybe we can bring her here, who knows?"

"Oh, no, she'll hate me."

"No, she won't," comments Jim. "But look, here comes Lynne. See her?"

Arn turns quickly and states, "Oh, she looks very nice. She does look like a gardener."

At that point, the Channel rises, goes and embraces Lynne, and states, "Can I leave you with Arn?"

And James is standing with his arm about Lynne and another over Arn, over his shoulders, and states, "Sure. We're going to be great. Aren't we, Arn?"

"Yes. Do you ... Listen, he said you have roses. Thank you," he states to the Channel, all excited to be talking to a real gardener in the Earth.

The Channel moves away from the beautiful rose-covered chamber, arbor, if you will, and goes up to Rebecca and Susan, who is at her side, and states, "Ah, thank you. Thank you so much. Susan, look. What we talked about ... of course, he's done it."

And Zachary, stepping forward, looks at her and states, "Piece of cake. Hope you like it." And they embrace.

And the Channel states, "Do you want to keep an eye on them for a little while? You know, I don't know if there's any more explosive buttons on this guy, but, boy, he's had some power. I'll tell you what, it made a chill go up and down my spine."

And Susan states, "Sure. Be glad to."

And Zachary states, "We'll check on you shortly. But I want to show the Channel what we've built according to his thought-form and the one you discussed with him."

"Sure," comments Susan. "Please do."

And they meander down the path, with Michael behind them. It wanders here and there, and the Channel turns and gestures back to Susan and Rebecca, who gesture from their hearts.

Susan and Rebecca find themselves a small bench which curves around the flowering tree above them. And they seat themselves.

“Isn’t it wonderful?” comments Rebecca. “Look at them.”

And Susan nods. “They are very dear friends. Of course, you know that. And it’s amazing. Look, he’s actually laughing.”

“He was a difficult one, too,” comments Rebecca. “We had to practically drag him to come. In fact, one of your grouping is responsible for him not being left behind. Can you imagine? Look at him now. I just hope he doesn’t fall back into another bout of darkness until this can solidify itself somewhat.”

“I think it will. I think the arbor of prayer is a beautiful thought. And look how well it’s working.”

Susan bends her head, smiling, and sheds several tears of joy.

Zachary states to the Channel, “We made the entries nice and generous. You know, so that two or three could enter abreast, in case someone needs a little encouragement.”

“Good idea,” comments the Channel. “And I’m so pleased to see its size. You made others, I know, but I thought one should be staturely, special, where groups could gather.”

“Good thinking,” responds Zachary. “As others of your group gather and are accepted, as your friend James was. My, that was something. He said just the right thing at just the right time.”

“I know,” comments the Channel. “Wish I’d thought of that.”

And they laugh aloud.

“Isn’t it good to work together? Don’t you just love it?” comments Zachary.

And the Channel places an arm around Zachary. “I do love it, Zachary, and I love working with you.”

“Oh, gosh,” comments Zachary. “Me, too. But, hey, take a look around here. We don’t want to get, you know, stuck in mushy stuff here. Let’s get to work.”

“That is fine with me.”

And Zachary shows him a very low reflecting pool, with wonderful luminosity coming out from it. Tiny streams, like jets of water, are coming up from all around the circular ledge, which is wide enough to seat oneself on the edge.

“And look here, water flowers and the central little cascading water. I thought that was nice. Don’t you?”

“Couldn’t have done it better myself, Zachary. In fact, I don’t think I could have done it,” comments the Channel, and they both chuckle.

Zachary shows the Channel how all the trellises curve and swirl to form a beautiful shape, cone-like but with graceful curves, so that it looks like each one is reaching up, anticipating the touch of the other. It is incredibly beautiful. And hanging down from the central point, which is formed when all the trellises come together, are crystals of varying

different colors, spinning on almost invisible threads, cascading the light reflections from the pool itself, so that they dance about. Even with the daylight they can be seen on the underside here.

“That’s always been something I’ve thought of as helping people to move outside of themselves and their thoughts. These crystals, I have some friends who are really involved in them,” comments Zachary. “Beautiful souls. And so, we thought we’d ask them, and they generously gave these to us, and they are blessed.”

“Zachary?” questions the Channel. “Would that be our old friend Wilbur<sup>1</sup>?”

“It is, indeed,” comments Zachary. “And you wouldn’t believe ... well, you probably would ... but he’s grown. He is such a very beautiful sight to behold, claiming more and more of his unlimited nature. Who knows, one day, perhaps, we can all visit him again. Perhaps the Peter grouping, or perhaps just we.”

“I would love that,” comments the Channel, “if it’s possible, if I wouldn’t be intruding.”

“Good heavens,” comments Zachary. “You’re beginning to sound like Peter. You know better.”

“I do. Thanks. So, I’ll rephrase that. One day we *will* visit him.”

“Very good,” comments Zachary. “I have my hands full most of the time with Peter. Don’t need another.”

And they both chuckle, and the Channel comments, “I don’t think that’s really true any more. It sounds like he’s doing incredibly well.”

“Oh, yes, he is. But his potential is still so magnificent, comparatively speaking. I still have my hands full, but I love it.”

Then Zachary shows the Channel how the seating has been arranged, and how different types of seating apparatus, and various ornamental statuary and such have been placed here and there.

“That’s to invoke some joyful memories in some of the entities. We’re hopeful that as they see some of these they’ll remember some of the goodness of creativity in the Earth. Don’t you think?”

And the Channel responds, “Absolutely.”

And so they finish their tour, and the Channel states, “Could we return to Susan and Rebecca?”

And Zachary states, “No need. I’ll call them.” And he closes his eyes for a second and opens them and states, “They’ll be here in a moment.”

The Channel smiles profusely, and nods.

“Come on, let me show you over here,” walking through one of the openings between the trellises. “You notice how this is shaped? I know you did from the inside, but see, the focus of the energy moves upward. And if you notice the symbol at the top”, and

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<sup>1</sup> Wilbur – was an individual encountered in “The Peter Project.” In 1991, the path Al uses as he’s leaving finiteness for his channeled readings crossed with that of a man who was leaving his body through the process we call death. That process and the saga that followed was recorded in what came to be called The Peter Project readings.

the Channel does, “it’s intended to be, well, nothing kooky here, nothing even mystical, but something filled with truth.

“The symbol is an ancient one, and it has to do with thought-forms. So there are some in this group who are familiar with it, and we thought that might be an opening for some of them. It actually is Persian and had to do with some of the ceremonies at the healing spring in Persia quite some time back. It was believed that anyone who proclaimed their faith while standing under this would be empowered by the symbol. In those times, it was considered a blessing and an honor to be allowed to so do. So we put it in the center this time. Of course, the fountain’s beneath it, but we thought, you know, it’s a bit of hope for some of them, for some do go back to ancient Persia, or Iran, as it’s called now. What do you think? You don’t think it will be a put-off to some of the others, do you?”

And the Channel studies it for a moment or two and states, “No. As a matter of fact, I didn’t even notice it at first, because I was engrossed in the structure and the flowers. They’re gorgeous.”

“Good,” comments Zachary. “Well, we’ll keep an eye on things. But I know of several of these entities. I hope it touches them. They are really hard cases. Been with Kallak a long time. I mean, thousands of years.”

“Whew.” comments the Channel. “You gonna help us with some of these?”

“Yes, I already am. What do you think the symbol is for?” counters Zachary, then beginning to laugh. “I know. I know what you mean, of course. But that’s the first one. This Arn, he’s the first one that would even tolerate me being within ten feet. So, maybe that’s a breakthrough. Maybe the prayer is starting to work. Who knows? But here they are.”

And Susan and Rebecca enter. And Susan is looking around, smiling, laughing, and states, “It’s even better than we thought.”

“Yeah, it is,” comments the Channel. “It’s just great. Thanks, Zachary. How are they doing with Arn?”

Susan shakes her head, smiling ever so broadly. “It is incredible. It’s working. I believe it’s working. They’re talking about gardening, and he’s gesturing and laughing. And, you know, Jim is just sitting back now, Lynne’s taken over here.”

“Wow,” comments the Channel. “Well, what about the places Susan mentioned?”

“Oh, yep. Come on.” And Zachary moves briskly across the beautiful, beautiful structure and out the other side. “Come on, let’s go. They’re gonna call you back again. I can tell from the way Michael’s looking.”

And they move rapidly down a gentle hillside. Here the greenery is very dark but lustrous. Everywhere the light strikes one of the leaf surfaces it seems to reflect. And on the underside are tall flowering plants. Beautiful colors. And in the center of a double row of tall flowering plants is a small tree. It is dark green, like your ... let us see here, live oak leaves, dark, see? Somewhat like some of the magnolias, as well. See? That should do.

And around one side of the tree is a beautiful golden-red, wooden bench that is almost architecturally carved. It swirls, as though it were inviting a person to sit in it. Big enough to hold two, but certainly a delight for one.

“Oh, thank you, Zachary. That’s just the kind of thing I had in mind. Secluded enough for someone to get away, or two. And yet, so ... it’s beautiful.”

“And the prayer comes up here,” comments Zachary, smiling jokingly, “and comes out here,” pointing to the beautiful flower petals at the top of the plant. “Actually, you know I’m joking, but we thought that would make a nice focal point. It shows these multiple colors according to what we saw in you.

“But I want to tell you something unique about them. Whoever approaches them, whatever their need is, the prayer will adjust to that, and the colors will all change to complement and draw that entity out. In the technical sense, limitation has definition and could be defined in terms of vibrations which, of course, include color, sound, light, even odors and such. So we have created this, so to say, to react to whoever comes here. If they need blues, the flower will turn into collages of beautiful blues and complements. Conversely, if they need red, that’s what they’ll be given. And it will occur before they can even see it. See? Nice touch, huh?”

Susan chuckles and shakes her head, walks over and embraces Zachary. And he states, “Aw, shucks, it wasn’t anything.”

And they all laugh, until Michael steps forward and looks at the Channel.

“Oh, my,” comments the Channel. I guess it’s time, huh?”

And Michael nods.

“Zachary, take Susan to see Madeleine. And how is Theresa?”

“Oh, you wouldn’t believe it. Next trip, if you want, I’ll take you to them. But Susan, come on. I’ll take you to Madeleine right now. She’ll love to see you. Keeps looking for you.”

And the Channel embraces them both and turns to walk with Michael. They walk in silence, as Michael looks about and seems to be a bit softer in some way. And the Channel looks this way and that, gesturing to those he sees, and marvels at how much more relaxed everyone and everything seems to be.

When he turns back again, it is to meet the smiling eyes of Michael. Soon they pass beneath the waterfall and follow the path, and we join them as we follow the Channel and Michael down this growing beautiful path, to the point at which he shall return to his body.

Michael has an arm about the Channel, and we know he is speaking to him. But it is not for us, not now.

And so, we conclude here.

Fare thee well for the present, dear friends.





For information on additional topical readings and other services, please write to:

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**SPECIAL NOTICE:** This material has been prepared specifically for use as research information only. In readings where such is pertinent, application of the material should be attempted only under the guidance of an appropriately accredited practitioner.