

Humming Giants

A Commentary

by Lama Sing™ & Al Miner

Expectant Ones Series – Reading #11

CHANNEL: This is February 24, 2002.

We come to You this evening, Lord God, asking once again that You would guide us to that information which you know to be the very highest and best. As ever, we ask this of You in the name of the Master, The Christ, remembering His promise to us as we do. We offer our prayers to our dear friends and those who have asked of us. And we offer our prayers, as well, unto those who have lost their way, and don't know to ask. We thank You, Father, and all those beautiful souls who walk upon this path. Amen.

LAMA SING: Yes, we have the Channel then and, as well, those references as are indicated just above, and as are held in the hearts and minds of those who are about these works. Let us offer this song of joy unto Our Lord God prior to our commencement

Look Thee upon us, Lord God, and see our joy. For we know that Thy Spirit is The Way. In this knowledge do we find ever the brilliance and glory of that which is Thy Truth. As we claim this within ourselves and express it outwardly, we find ever before us is the pattern unto The Way. From He, then, do we claim those gifts of His healing grace, love, compassion, and wisdom. So doing, we thank Thee, Master, for these, and for the light Thou has set before us. All of these things, Lord God, we know come from Thee. We offer our love unto You. We thank You, as well, Lord God, for this continued opportunity of joyful service in Thy Name, through these, our Channel, and his mate, and those who are with them upon Thy path in these works. May all of these blessings go before the needs of those who would seek of Thee, Lord God, and be offered as a gift awaiting the awakening of those who have lost their way. Amen.



It is a very beautiful day here. And as we find the peoples gathering, some several months have transpired. And many more, we might call them fragments or stragglers, of the Essene peoples have been found and guided here. The number now is a goodly one. And the children's laughter can be heard all about.

As we move away from the encampment wherein the children are for the most part focused, we come before a large grouping which has gathered. Among these here we find that many of the revered elders, seers, and other such, of the Essene peoples have been recovered and are now here, much to the joy of the peoples who look to them for their light and guidance.

Also among this gathering are many of those from, as called, the School of the Prophets. And as we are now moving into the grouping, we find the following transpiring.

"It is important," Elob comments, "that we begin now with the preparation for the works which lie ahead. It is again time to offer a prayer of gratitude and affirmation unto the One God for the gift of so many of you having found your way here to this, our place of study and reverence."

One of the elders is called upon to offer the prayer, and does so, of course, eloquently. And the conversation resumes.

"As we are now prepared to offer ourselves unto service for all of you, dear brothers and sisters, we should like to offer, as well, some of the insights that we have found given to members of our grouping. And as we have discussed some of these with your elders and seers, we know that these are pertinent, if not immediately relevant, to consider."

Elob turns and nods to Zelotese, who is again at his left.

"As the process of the unfolding of The Promise begins, we know that there will be those things which need preparation well in advance," Zelotese comments softly. "We appear to agree that He who will come shall be guided through many experiences which are of this realm called Earth.

"And accordingly, many gifts will be prepared and await Him, and thereafter, carefully will be given. There will come a time, we have seen, wherein this One, who we shall call The Christed One, or The Christ, will honor many of our peoples by journeying to the many-fold lands which are represented here by our brothers and sisters," gesturing with his hands to his left and right and up and above and behind him.

"This will serve as several works, if I might call it such. First, there will be the reinforcement of those teachings, which we humbly offer to you, and which we believe will benefit The Christed One.

Secondly, we have been foretold of His journey to many of our lands where He will teach our peoples, those who are open and aware, just so as upon His return here, He will teach these peoples in these lands. Therefore, I ask now is there confirmation of this aspect?"

There is small discussion, murmurs, and among the council of elders, which are from all of the tribes of the Essenes, one stands. And there is a hush over all of the peoples, for this one is very respected and revered.

“We have seen and know of that which you speak, Zelotese. And so we do concur, and honor you and your brothers and sisters. I speak now on behalf of all of my colleagues, and all of our peoples. There will be those challenges which will come similar to that which we have already met and endured, and thanks to the grace of God, surpassed. Some of these will affect certain of our peoples more so than others. And we shall look into these, as we might call them challenges to The Promise, for the gifts they contain. For if we anticipate them and prepare ourselves, strengthening our faith and our love of the All, naught can withstand such an inner strength.”

Many heads bob up and down, and many silent prayers are offered at these words.

“But wisdom is such that as we anticipate the alternatives, the many-fold paths that will lie ahead, we can gain much in terms of recognizing what choices and what directions are the best of all in support of the work. We have concurred with our brothers and sisters, who are so gifted and so filled with love,” gesturing to the adepts from the school. “And it is important to recognize that some order needs be developed now.

“Therefore, I, Benjamin, and my colleagues, ask of you to look into your hearts and spirits. Look for that place wherein the Call resonates within you. And then, we ask you to answer that Call, and to come forward to assume the tasks, the gifts, the blessings, and the responsibilities of the many different works that shall be needed.

“At the forefront of these is the need to prepare those who will be as emissaries, envoys if you will, who shall go forth into the near and distant lands. And who shall make ready a way to be passable for The Promise to traverse through same, and enter into those lands as have been spoken of by Elob and Zelotese.

“These will be arduous works. They will be separate from the source of our community. But our love, our faith will be with you. And Elob and his brethren will be with you in spirit in their unique ways. Further, from the adepts there will be one to journey with each grouping to guide unto the distant lands. Many of these, we are told and we know first hand, are diversely skilled in languages and customs that will be those encountered by you, if you should choose to be one of these peoples.

“We tell you now, that you can consider it, that while we shall make every effort to provide for you all that is unto your needs, there will be many challenges. And your dedication unto The Promise must be sufficient so as to endure, if that work should inadvertently fall on your shoulders singularly.”

A murmur passes all throughout the large grouping, as they contemplate the hardships, the dangers, and the possibility that it could be a journey they shall not return from. Some hearts are visibly heavy by this, and their heads bow in silence as they search within. Others look up into the beautiful clear sky above. Benjamin continues,

“Others, while they will have not so great a distance to travel, will face no less the challenges as the result. There will be the need for those of our peoples to be among that which is the activity in the near lands. It is important that we, as a people, be apprised of the consciousness, the direction, of those who would oppose us, and those who can be reminded of the many gifts that our healers and seers have given to them over the years before.

“Already we have, as many of you know, those of our peoples who have become accepted into the varying levels of the structures in the near lands. You will be guided to these, and they will help, as best they can, knowing full well that their positions cannot be revealed, must be kept inviolate. For certain of these will play important parts in the journey that lies before The Christ.

“Others of you, who are skilled in various works, will be asked to work with the adepts, and visa versa, of course, that we can develop that which will be of the most contributive value to The Promise, which is held within the spirits and hearts of our blessed children.”

Benjamin continues in such a manner, covering the somewhat logistical needs that lie ahead. Here and there, entities stand or raise their hand, already knowing in their hearts and minds, this is that work unto which they are called. As each one does so, the grouping aloud celebrates them, and calls their name aloud. And there is rejoicing at the gift they are offering to The Promise.

And so it continues for a goodly time. And several of the other elders speak, as well. The two seers from the distant land, who have been with the Essene primary grouping for quite some time, also offer their insights. And so it goes.

There is a point at which Anna and Judy are called to the forefront. And from the school of the adepts, come Madra and Louisa.

“We have agreed,” speaks Benjamin again, “that these four shall head, in essence, the planning and direction for the children. With them shall be a grouping of our brothers who will support and offer the counterpart balance to their feminine energy, recognizing that this force, whether one considers it native to the Earth, or eternal of God, is the primary one.

“So we have called upon Joseph, Jacob, Phinias of the adepts, and Zelotese here, whom you know quite well, to be the balancing forces to these four. This will comprise a council of a sort. We ask that those of you who receive guidance in dream or vision, bring them to this council. Of which, we shall contribute four of our own to guide and to provide insight and blessing. This makes then our sacred number,” and Benjamin stops to gesture in reverence.

“Now we shall begin. We have called upon all of the seers, those of the school, and those of our own peoples. And we have seen many things, for which we thank our Lord God for this guidance. Some of that which we have perceived is unclear. And thus, we know there are pathways to be met and works to be about before that can be discerned.

“In the recognition of this, we also consider that, as we discover the twelve maidens, it is possible that many events could transpire. Therefore, we believe that the sacred trinity of spirit, mind, and body be represented among the candidates for the Maidens. Thus, each Maiden shall be represented in the trinity. And we shall fashion a method, a schedule, whereby for a time until the clarity comes forth, none of these will know which is the candidate.”

There is a long silence as they consider so many of the children being involved.

“We will send each of these groups occasionally apart from the others. The intent here will be always to preserve an opportunity for The Promise to manifest, and for each Sacred Tenet, or Truth, as called by the School of the Prophets, to be preserved. Should there befall one, that which is unforeseen, there will be three others who can be reviewed to take her place.”

The possibility of this raises a murmur of emotion among the great grouping.

“But fear not, my brothers and sisters. We have not foreseen this. Though we know challenges await us, we know not the nature of some of these.”

One of the Essenes, a slender young man, raises his hand. And Benjamin nods at him.

“If I am understanding correctly, we will have in total four groups?”

Benjamin merely nods.

“How will this be conducted?” he asks. “What is the method? Is there a plan or such? Will they be kept together and taught together beyond that which you have just spoken?”

Benjamin glances at Elob, who nods and answers,

“Not all of this, good Thomas, is known as yet. Much of it, of course, will need to be fashioned according to the needs that come before us. But essentially, we shall begin with what we know. Which is to take smaller groupings here and there to study various things, giving us all the opportunity to observe them, and to discern. As we accomplish this, our intent is to, as Benjamin has stated, separate these groups somewhat. Not only for the logical preservation and insurance that no matter what hardship might befall us, or they, some will remain to carry the Truth forward.”

Thomas works to smile gently, and then looks down.

“Hold your head up, Thomas,” comments Benjamin softly. “This is a time to rejoice. Do not build the future out of today’s fear. I know your heart and your strength are true. Call upon those, my son.”

And Thomas looks up, his eyes brighten, and his face visibly indicative that he has done just so. And so the conversation continues, and others offer insights and suggestions. And by the time of the approach of twilight, much has been discussed. And the scribes have recorded it. And many of the peoples are chosen. And their works are now being discussed.

In the next several days, it is remarkable how quickly these peoples, with their diligence and dedication, move into the effective manifestation of these plans and schedules.



The sounds of the children’s laughter can be heard bouncing off the craggy walls as Jacob leads them, twisting and turning, pretending he was some creature of the Earth, following a path that cannot be seen by those who are in physical body.

Mingling with this group are Madra, and Anna, and a number of the other of the sisters, and several of the brotherhood. The group of children is numbering twenty-four in all. And we find they are delighted to be led by their beloved Jacob.

“Who knows how to see?” questions Madra gently, having already become well loved by the children for the cheer and lightness of her heart, and the resonance of something within her, which they have no words to describe. Some of them glance about looking at their beloved Anna. And Jacob, pretending to hear not, continues bobbing and weaving, moving slowly along, winding along this makeshift path.

One of the children in the center raises her hand timidly.

“I know how to see,” she responds.

Madra, smiling brightly, asks, “Jacob, let us pause.”

Which he turns abruptly, and two of the children walk right into him, giggling and being tousled and jostled by his hands as they do. In a swift singular motion, Jacob seats himself with two of those who collided with him, resting one upon each knee, joyful to be so honored.

“Tell us then, sweet child. If you know how to see, tell us how do you do it, and what do you see?”

Sitting cross-legged, her hands in her lap, folded one upon the other, she looks this way and that and sees twenty-three pairs of tiny eyes looking at her with anticipation. Glancing down at the embarrassment of the attention, she now looks up.

“I have learned to see, of course, with my eyes. But I also see in here,” and a thumb pokes her own chest.

“Would you explain that for us?” Madra states.

“Yes, I will,” comments Josie.

And one of the other children giggles. And Madra looks at her.

“You have something to add?”

“I do,” comments Abigale. “She sees with her heart. I’ve seen her do it many times. Don’t you?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Well, tell us how do you do that?”

“When I feel things, then I know to look not only with mine eyes, but with mine heart. And it feels like a buzzing.”

And the children giggle.

“And then, after the buzzing, there comes a thing that goes all through my body,” pointing from her toes to the top of her head with her index finger.

“So, all in all, when I feel this thing, it is like a tingling. I can tell if it tingles good, I know that what is before me is good. But if it tingles bad, I know to watch out.”

There is a long silence. And Madra, glancing to and fro, catches another pair of eyes staring at her steadfastly.

“Ah ha! Is it possible that you are seeing now, sweet child?” pointing to her.

“Yes, I see you.”

“How are you called?” asks Madra.

“I am called Eloise.”

“What do you see when you see me?”

“I see that you have a light glowing from within you.”

“Can you see into me to see this light?”

“Oh no,” comments Eloise, giggling and leaning and twisting this way and that. It is so bright it shines outside you. See there?” pointing to the area around Madra’s head.

“See the pretty blue, and over here the pretty pink?”

The children are leaning and turning. Several of them stand to get a better look.

“I see it,” shouts one.

“I, too. I see it!”

Madra smiles and claps her hands. “Well done. Well done, children. Now, let me offer you a contest.”

And the children murmur with joy, for they know that such events have at their ending a reward of some sweet treat.

“When Jacob leads us onward again, whichever of you can see something, let us say, that has that same light, as you say you see around me, raise your hand, and we will stop. And if anyone else can see the light, then you shall have won the contest.”

There is a murmur of happy giggles and clapping and such. But several of the children shake their heads to and fro. It is apparent that they cannot see the light around Madra. And therefore, they presume, they shall not see and win the contest.

“And for those of you who don’t know that you can see,” smiling at several of those whose faces are now brighter, “those of you who can find a flower shall also win a contest.”

These now clap their hands together. For so many of these feel quite adept at such a challenge.

“And for those of you who might not see, nor find a flower, if you can hear the call of a creature, and tell us what it is, then you, too, shall win a contest.”

And so it goes, Madra essentially presenting all of the children with something to excel at. And off they go again, following Jacob, who occasionally raises his hands up, murmuring a little song, leaning this way and that, the children, of course, oft emulating him. Some concentrating so hard at seeing, or finding a flower, or hearing, that they stumble into one another, and burst forth in spontaneous laughter here and there.



“When shall they be dispatched?” questions Joseph of Elob.

“I would think in the coming of the change of the season. Several months should be adequate for preparation.”

Joseph shakes his head and looks down, “I shall miss them.”

“Indeed,” responds Elob. “And they will miss you and your people, as well. And so we will unite that there can be, after the evening’s meal and prayer, an agreed upon time wherein we might all join one another.”

Joseph, looking up, his face brightened and inquisitive, “Your people know how to do this very well in a remarkable way, don’t they?”

Elob smiles and nods. “And we will share that with you, Joseph, and any of your colleagues who are so inclined to participate.”

Several of the Essenes, who are also present, raise their hands and ask to be included. And, of course, Elob nods.

“Come with me then,” Elob states. “I should like to share something with you.”

As they move upwards between the rocky crag outcropping, one begins to hear the beautiful soft chanting of a small group. And suddenly, as they continue their movement, they are upon the group, who pause only for a brief moment in their work, smiling and nodding, and return to their chanting.

Elob moves the grouping off to the side a respectful distance from them, that they can speak without interfering.

“There is considerable power in what they are doing,” he begins softly. “But then, you know this, knowing it in a way, perhaps, seemingly different from what they are doing. In your sacred prayers, in your chants, in your song and dance, you are doing, in essence, the same thing.”

Studying them carefully, Joseph responds, “I know you have purpose in explaining this. Has it to do with our just previous discussion?”

“It does,” Elob nods. “Soon they will reach a point, the four of them, when they have attuned themselves, so to say, to sight beyond the finite. Because they are accustomed to what I shall call the essences of their brothers and sisters whom they are striving to connect with, it is like following a pathway, well worn into the earth, that perhaps your peoples might identify with, and be more familiar and comfortable to follow. But these two of my brothers and sisters,” for there are two of each, “feel the same about the energies, the essences, of those whom they are connecting with. But wait. They are near at the ready.”

One of the brothers straightens himself and leans his head back. And without seeing, for their eyes are closed, the other three pause, their voices becoming silent. And we hear a name being called. It sounds like Esson. Again and again, Esson.

One of the female entities makes a soft tone, and then we hear her speak.

“We are with you, my brother.” And there is silence.

One of the others comments, “He is well, though weary. We must send him that of ourselves to nourish and infill him.”

They immediately place their hands upon one another’s shoulders. And they begin a gentle, almost indistinguishable, swaying. From a distance not too far, curiously one can begin to hear a soft rhythmic thum, thum sound.

“You see,” Elob comments, “the sound is the same as the heart beat of Esson. And so, he will know when he hears and feels the pulse of his own life being sent to him, and he will accept it, and he will reach out to touch these four in response to their greeting.”

“To what purpose?” questions Judy. “What is the purpose of such action?”

Smiling, Elob pauses a moment and then responds softly, "Consider your question, Judy."

And she does.

"I see principles. I see concepts. What is the manifestation of this?"

"It is very straightforward," Elob responds.

"Where there is fatigue, there will be the rejuvenation, the energy. And the recipient will know it. And when they awaken from their own prayerful meditation, they will be as though they have slept a goodly time."

"Truly?" questions Judy.

"Truly," he responds.

"What other works, what other purposes. Tell me please?"

Stimulated by the excitement and interest, genuine interest, from this one who is as a priestess in the Expectant Ones, he answers softly,

"Were there to have been an injury, a wound, or some such, or a disease having befallen one of our brethren, they would tend to it."

Gesturing with her hand, "From here? How so? I know the power of many of these works. But if your brethren is at a goodly distance, how are they to receive this? Who is there to tend their wound, or heal their body?"

Elob, smiling, gestures upward. "Our God, yours and mine, are the one and the same. And they know this. They live it. So within the Spirit of God which is in life itself, can these four raise their consciousness, so to say, and become one with their spirit form. As you know, spirit is not limited. That which governs the Earth and finiteness cannot fetter the power of one's spirit. This, of course, I am aware you know."

"That I do," responds Judy. "But what I am striving to understand here is how this functions."

"It functions because all of them, all of us, know it, claim it, and believe it with our life's expression. Thus, it is a small thing to shift from this finiteness to the infinite. And from that position, carrying our consciousness from here to our spirit, which is there," gesturing beyond, "has become a matter of considerable ease. Because, to anticipate your question, dear Judy, we have lived it, we have, therefore, become it."

Beginning to realize the nature of the gifts being offered, Judy smiles broadly.

"I have seen this. I have experienced it, as have we all," gesturing to Joseph and the others. "But to see it as you and your brothers and sisters are practitioners of it, is truly a gift of God. I am inspired. Will you show me the way?"

"That I shall. It is not unlike that which you performed with your two brothers there," pointing to the tall seer and his companion, who smile and nod at the recognition.

Judy reflects for a moment. "Yes, I remember only too well the calling of the Word of God."

"The storm," Elob comments softly.

"Yes, I remember. I was, forgive me my friends, most apprehensive, particularly," and she looks down and then up and laughs softly, "when they each placed a hand upon my knee."

Elob smiles and just nods. Glancing at the tall seer and his companion, they merely smile in return, no inflexion, nothing, just an affirmation.

“This was done to unite the energies. And because time was of the essence, they could not explain to you. And if it seemed awkward for you, as surely we can understand, perhaps you would understand, as well, that it was of some difficulty for them, as well, to perform this action.”

Judy’s face brightens, for she hadn’t considered this. And she glances back at the two seers, who smile now with a bit more emotion showing.

“Oh, forgive me,” she comments softly to them. “It is a valuable lesson, is it not, Elob?” turning back to look at him. “That one tends to look from their vantage point, from their perspective. And to react based upon that which they are and know to be.”

“Yes, it is very true, and it is a valuable lesson,” he responds. “What is also important here is that you did not let this inhibit or limit you. But you went beyond it to claim the power of your spirit, which they could see you were capable of, which is why they called upon you.”

Judy is obviously pleased. This knowledge has freed some aspect of her, which is apparent to those who can see in this grouping. Suddenly the thumming stops. And all cast their attention upon the four seated across the way.

Their hands still placed upon one another’s shoulders, they lean forward until their heads are touching. And Judy notes that they, too, have been seated knee to knee, and that their grouping is very close, very connected, literally as well as spiritually. They lean back, and they begin to laugh. And the laughter is contagious.



“Look at all these wonderful flowers,” Jacob comments, gathering them up in a woven basket before him. “Now, it looks to me like everyone has won the contest, at least the flower-gathering one. But Madra, Anna, who among the grouping has won the other contests?”

“Here we have a goodly number,” comments Anna gleefully, “who heard many things. This one here heard the call of an owl.”

“Goodness,” responds Jacob, “in the mid-day? That must be a very spiritual owl.”

And all of the children giggle mightily. And she goes on to explain that many others heard different creatures and such. And then there is a pause.

“And this one,” she continues softly, “heard a voice speak to her.”

“Indeed so?” questions Jacob? “And how was it? Who was it?”

And the child begins to giggle.

“Rebecca stand and share with the others.”

And obviously quite pleased, she stands, and straightens her garments, and shifts her weight from one foot to the other, moving her fingers between one another, first in front of her, then behind her.

“It said to me, ‘Good day, my child.’” And the children giggle. “‘I know who you are.’ And I looked all about to see if one of you was playing a trick on me,” shaking her finger at all of her colleague children gathered about.

Many of them shake their heads to indicate, no, they wouldn’t do this.

“But it was not any of you, nor was it anyone I could see. And yet, did it speak.”

“What else did the voice say to you?” questions Joseph, the seriousness of his question shining through his outward countenance of mirth.

Madra has moved a bit closer to her, closer, closer, weaving in and amongst the children seated cross-legged. And Rebecca continues on.

“The voice said to me, ‘One day I shall give you a shining gift.’ And I said, ‘How will I know you. I cannot see you. And what shall your gift be? Why, also, will it shine? Is it a gem?’ And the voice laughed and said, ‘Sweet Rebecca it is an eternal gem. Be watchful, I will speak with you again.’ And I called it again and again. I said, ‘Who are you? I know not your name, please.’”

And she begins to look down obviously saddened, “But it did not answer me.”

There is a moment’s pause of hush. And Rebecca can feel a gentle hand on her shoulder, looking up into Madra’s eyes filled with love.

“The voice will speak to you again. That was The Promise. And the gift, I am sure, awaits you. But of immediate importance is this: you, sweet daughter, have won this contest.”

And she swoops down and lifts her up, perching her on one shoulder, parades around among the children.

“Rebecca has won the contest for hearing.”

And all of the children clap and applaud. Anna, looking over to the side, sees a pair of small eyes wistfully staring.

“What is it my child?” directing the attention of the group.

“My teacher, I saw naught. I heard naught. There was naught for me to win a contest.”

“Oh, my child, come to me here.”

And the child raises up and walks awkwardly through the group of children to come and stand by beloved Anna. Anna embraces her and pulls her to her side.

“Is there anything about our journey that you would like to share?”

“Well, I did see some curious things, but they were, you know, real.”

Laughter comes from the Essene sisters and teachers and guides.

“Well, what made you notice them? Was there something of distinction?”

“Yes, to me. But no one else saw them or mentioned them.”

“Well, perhaps you have a certain gift.”

“Well, I don’t know. It was strange. I went to this great rock. And when I put my hand upon it, because I felt something from it, I could feel a strange energy that, you know, like you feel when the thunder talks, and such as this.”

And the children giggle again.

“What kind of thunder?” questions Jacob lovingly, but with a hint of seriousness.

“It was something that was not fearful. But it was curious, strange.”

The silence encourages her to go on.

“It was the same sameness as I feel when I close my eyes to offer my prayers before sleep,” she continues. “Sometimes when I do that, I hear a voice, too.”

And the children giggle here and there, but sparsely so.

“What does that voice say to you as you enter into your spirit rest?” questions Jacob softly, the seriousness self-evident in his voice.

“It calls my name first of all. It says, ‘Zephurah, Zephurah,’ over and over again. And then my mind does a dance, and it moves all around. And I bump into lights and colors. And they make me feel good. And then, I feel that same thing as I felt from the rock. It is like a giant humming. It is like, you know, like Editha’s giants were going to sing.”

And everyone laughs at this. Jacob is smiling, but glancing from Madra to Anna and several of the others.

“When you touch the rock, where did you feel this thunderous giant’s voice?” Jacob mimics, bringing laughter again.

“Always the same, Jacob, right here,” she stands up, and pokes her thumb into her solar plexi.

“Ah ha.” Jacob states with great interest and love evident. “Then this must be a part of your life’s being. For is it not written that this part of the body knows such things.”

“This I have heard,” Zephurah states with excitement that there is an authority giving approval.

And she smiles, tipping her head up just a bit as she glances at all her peers, as though to say “see?”

“Well, then,” Jacob states, “you have won a very special contest.”

“I have?” Zephurah states.

“Yes.”

And Jacob, placing the children on the ground, rises up.

“You have won Jacob’s tummy contest,” he states, and reaches down and tickles her tummy.

Everyone giggles and laughs, especially Zephurah.

“But what you have also won is the same thing the others have won. For all of you children shall have good treats upon the conclusion of our journey. And Zephurah, I would be honored if you would ride upon my shoulders, and tell me more of the humming giants.”

Everyone laughs and applauds and cheers for Zephurah, who raises her hands. Jacob bends and sweeps her up, perching her upon his shoulders. And she waves and giggles to all her companions. Off they go, Jacob bounding this way and that, his hands wrapped around her dangling legs. Zephurah begins to imitate Jacob, and does quite a good job of it.



Zelotese stirs the embers of the fire. And all those who are gathered here begin to share their experiences with the children. They tell of the giant. They tell of the calls and the sights that certain of these children have manifested.

“I am certain of these five,” begins Zelotese, indicating to the marks the scribes have made at his direction.

Passing the parchment about, each one looks, and a flash of recognition and a smile comes over their face. Anna is the last to receive it.

“Some never spoke,” she comments softly. “I think the number is too great. Some are shy.”

“This, too, I have seen,” Zelotese comments.

“I, too,” responds Judy. “We must make the number smaller. Let us use the sacred number. Let us take these five as the core grouping and continue to add others to it. They will show us who they are. Of this, I am certain.”

“I was troubled particularly,” continues Anna, “by Mary. You know she is within herself very much of the time.”

“This is true, very introspective,” comments Phinias softly. “That is a powerful sign as I see it,” he continues, his voice fading.

“You think it so?” Ruth questions.

Phinias only looks at her and gently nods a yes.

“Rebecca, too,” comments Madra. “There’s a child filled with the fire of life. It needs to be channeled. It needs to find its pathway.”

“All of them do,” Elob comments in response to this. “Then it is done. We shall separate them into groups of twelve. And we shall compare our observations and their actions to discern who might be the other seven.”

“I think there is an easier way,” Louisa states.

“We are open,” comments Ruth quickly, smiling.

“There needs to be more discussion of their visions, their dreams. And there needs to be, in my humble opinion, more preparation prior to slumber, that they shall have their spirit, mind, and heart opened to remember and to know.”

“These things we do in our evening prayer and ceremonies to the best of our knowledge,” comments Joseph. “Have you other methods?”

“Indeed, we do,” she responds softly. “It is time, I believe, for them to learn more about the seven temples that lie within the body physical.”

“The energy centers,” responds Joseph, acknowledging this.

“Yes. But we believe, many of us, that these are not only centers of energy and such as that, but powerful steps. Not necessarily important in their movement upward or downward, for one is at a loss without the presence of the other. We can bring several of our brethren to assist. Perhaps one or two in each of the groups of children. We will

show you the techniques and methods that we will offer, that you might tell us if you believe them acceptable to their level of consciousness and receptiveness.”

“Wonderful,” responds Anna quickly. “When can we do this?”

“Now?” questions Louisa.

And they all laugh softly.

“Now is a good time,” Anna responds.

“Then come with me. If those of you who have no immediate interest or need of this will excuse us, we shall tend to this.”

Joseph comments softly, “There is no need to excuse yourselves, we are all interested in it. Please stay, share with us.”

“Very well,” comments Louisa lightly, briefly. “We shall do so as succinctly, as directly as possible. And then you can reflect upon it, all of you. And if you wish, we can retrieve answers for any questions you would have on the morrow.”

“Agreed,” comments Joseph smiling broadly, always one willing to receive new knowledge.

“Much of this you will know. Some will be new to you. But if we might begin,” she comments gesturing with her hands, “by seating ourselves cross-legged in this manner and quite erect.”

All of the grouping follow her lead.

“Here upon the earth is the base of the energy of life. We believe that the life force of God is resident within the earth itself, in many different forms. That is why you will see plants rooted into the earth, of course, which is apparent. And so much of our needs, as we recognize them, are found within or upon the earth itself. Here is a step-stone then, as one affirms it. Now, there are many ways that can be utilized to activate it. And this is a part of what I am suggesting we share with the children prior to sleep.”

And she utters a single tone. Her hands are together before her, and she repeats it again and again. All note that her eyes are closed. And they can, they believe, see a bit of shining taking place around her.

“If you will replicate this,” which all do.

And again she moves to the next chakra, or energy center, and repeats the process. And again and again, until now her fingertips are pressed against her forehead.

“This is a sacred sight place as, I presume, most all of you know.”

And nods of affirmation come from all.

“It is important for the children, especially, to recognize that they control this.”

Some of the Essenes are obviously moving into new areas of thinking, for their faces are bright with anticipation of what Louisa will give next.

“Applying pressure with the fingertips is not a casual thing,” extending her hands out. “These are the instruments of our minds, our hearts. The hands and the fingers do the work of the mind and heart’s intent. The hands and the fingers are instruments of power, literally, and spiritually. The energy centers we have spoken of here combine to form one great orb of energy that envelopes our bodies in differing forms and differing ways,” glancing about to see that everyone is understanding, many smiling, for they know of this.

“The hands, as you know, are unique in the sense that they can direct where they are, what they do,” and she reaches her arms out. “My hands are now at the moment beyond what I shall call my essence, my life force. My hands now become an instrument of uniqueness. So when I reach out in prayer, I claim oneness with the God of All. And I bring that back. And as I do, I touch my forehead, making a connection between my sacred sight and the All. I would not go beyond this with the children for now. For the seventh center is of special import and work. And I believe,” glancing around the grouping, “that that should be kept until the twelve are known.”

“I am not sure I agree with that,” Judy comments softly, “if you will forgive me. I think it is important for all the children to be equally prepared.”

“I agree,” continues Louisa softly. “But what I am intending is for them to discover their Sacred Truth.”

“Our Tenets, then,” responds Judy, smiling warmly.

“One and the same, with a variation of how we see it and how we utilize it.”

“This I am anxious to learn from you.”

“And I from you,” responds Louisa, “for I know the power of your Tenets, equal to that which we call our Truths. How say you all to my proposition? Shall we give these teachings to the children? Do *you* feel any different, having followed this to this point of the sacred sight?”

All are smiling and nodding.

“Indeed,” responds Anna. “It is like a fountain of light being raised up into my body. Tell me, do you perceive this coming from the earth, or from above, or both?”

“There is, in truth, no separateness,” Louisa comments. “But for sake of description, and for understanding for the children, we shall define it individually, I should think, teaching them to draw it from within, from the base of the spine, or the foundational energy center, and drawing it upward. In this way should there be a need to the body, or to the heart, or the mind, they will have this as a resource, which is more literal and understandable. For they can always put their hands down and touch the earth, can’t they?”

Everyone chuckles at this intended humor.

“Then, conversely, I suggest that we show them how the energy also comes down from above. And, as Zephora found, it comes together right here in the center of our being. That is a magical child, that one. Believing that she didn’t have the abilities, the gifts, the talents of the others, and quietly awaiting to be called forth from her is a special blessing, gift, a Truth that is unexcelled.



The building of a concept, dear friends, is such that one must be fluid. Even among these very learned teachers, Sisters of the Light, who are calling forth the Maidens, there is the willingness to understand that consciousness is never idle, nor stationary. That a concept, when considered a living thing, becomes empowered with a great Force

called Joyful Expectancy. It is the Principle upon which the opening of the children shall be strongly based., for as children, being guided to anticipate, is as being guided to create.

For a concept is as a blueprint, a pattern, a mechanical drawing, if you will, that someone has seen, or perhaps more than one. And they have expressed it as a pattern, as a concept. And now, as more and more come to behold it and to take it within themselves, the concept moves inalterably to becoming a reality.

It is the expectancy of the concept's manifestation that is a key, to not only empowering and awakening the children, but a key good for all.

We have been honored to have given this information from the references eternal of the Maidens themselves, as foretold in our last work with you. It is our prayer, humbly, that we have presented this in a manner which has stirred something within you: the expectant child.

May the grace and blessings of our Lord God's wisdom ever be as a lamp to guide you upon your pathway.

Fare thee well then for the present, dear friends.



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

Al Miner
P.O. Box 357
Waynesville, NC 28786

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.