

# Doest Thou Call Me

A Commentary

by Lama Sing™ & Al Miner

The Expectant Ones Series – Reading # 40

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*As we come to You today, Lord God, we do so humbly and joyfully. We ask that You would guide us to whatsoever information You know to be the very highest and best for Susan and I, and for the groupings, and for whatever other works You would see to be purposeful. We thank You, Master, for guiding us, and we thank all those beautiful souls in the Earth and beyond who we have the honor of walking upon this path arm in arm with. Thank You, Father. Thank You, Master. Thank you, Lama Sing. Amen.*

LAMA SING: Yes, we have the Channel then and, as well, those references which apply to the intent and purpose as is given just above, and as are held in the hearts and minds of those who are seeking. As we commence herein, let us join together in this joyful prayer.

*Into the silence do we quest, Lord God, knowing that so as we do, we shall hear all things. For in the consciousness of that which appears to be, is there ever that which has gone before, built as the intention, built as the expectation and that which is held to be all that is. Thus do we find Thee ever in that which is of golden light within us, and there, Lord God, do we dwell calling out to Thee, guide Thou us that we might the better serve unto Thine ideal, and that purpose, and those goals as are kept holy. We give thanks unto Thee, Master, for the brilliance of Thy Spirit's Light, which guideth as we journey from the within to the without. So doing, we claim Thy gifts and bring them unto our own that each step of the way we shall become the greater unto the oneness so as we are intended. We offer that which we have unto those who are seeking and/or are in need, and exceptionally so, do we stand at the ready for those who have lost their way and know not to ask. We thank Thee, Lord God, for this continued opportunity of joyful service in Thy Name through these, our Channel, and his mate in the Earth, and all those good souls who are open and willing. Amen.*



It was near unto twilight that the vessel made its dockage, giving them then the cover of the darkness of night to unload themselves and those things that they had gathered upon the Master's journeys. So doing, they had placed these unto carts and made their way out of the seaport to the edge of same, whereupon finding the caravan awaiting them and embracing those sent to meet Him – by name of Justus, Jeremiah, Nathanael, James, Andrew, Sarah the younger, Eloise the younger, Miriam the younger, Andra, Abigail, Hannah, and Zephurah.

Unto these were there given great gifts of joy and the embrace of the Master unto each one. Yet, did they not tarry, but loaded their goods upon the beasts of burden and began their journey under the cover of the moonlit night to the south towards the City of Knowledge, the Great Library.

Upon reaching the designated point, there was the pause, and the encampment, and much was discussed.

Upon the arising in the morn, those who had come from Jerusalem, from the sacred mountains, from the great School, and such – broken up into smaller groupings that their movement would be of little note – they return from whence they came to greet the Master and the others, each one carrying, then, a portion of those precious gifts as were designated unto them as guardians by the Master.

The caravan – resuming its journey to the south, somewhat inland, but very near to the sea – quiet, only the jingling sound of the ornaments dangling from the tasseled pads of the beasts of burden.

“Why do you think they placed those jingley things on the camels?” he asks softly.

“They say,” responds the other guardian, “to drive away evil spirits. Seems to me it gives away our coming too audibly,” and he chuckles softly to himself.

“Well, out here,” responds the other guardian, “it would be difficult to be not observed or heard.”

And the first guardian turns to cast an eye about the horizon, and there is naught, for they are directly to the eastward of the great School. Much to the interior, yes, but the guardian knows it and remembers it, for he is called Obadiah.

As they continue their journey, others move to and fro along the length of the considerable caravan. Here Nicodemus speaks to the Master as they walk along slowly. “What has been the measure of your journey, O Brother?”

“Much,” the Master responds softly. “Much has been given and much has been received.”

Glancing at several of the burdens carefully wrapped and secured on the camels before them, Nicodemus speaks softly. “I cannot wait to learn of these.”

Looking over at the Master, he receives but a soft smile, and the Master extends a hand, the forefinger tapping Nicodemus on the chest. “You already have them in the best place of all. Right here.”

“Ah,” responds Nicodemus, not one to be taken off guard, “but it is here that I would like to know of them,” tapping his own forehead, and the Master laughs sumptuously.

“Knowing things here,” tapping His own forehead, the Master comments softly, “is a wonderful thing, indeed. For thou art knowledgeable, my brother,” looking at Nicodemus. “But the issue is not so much so what one has in mind, but what one is in heart. For it is the heart that speaks. It is the heart that holds life eternal, and it is the heart which can heal. The mind knoweth many things, but the heart gives them life.”

Ever holding to the Master’s words – each one of them as a treasure – Nicodemus becomes silent, pondering carefully as they trod along, he moving very swiftly to keep up with the Master’s easy, long strides.



“Did you see Him?”

“Oh, we did. He looks marvelous. He is so mature, and His eyes, they have a greater light than ever, and His skin is so mellowed and so beautiful, and He speaks with the ease of one holding great wisdom.”

Anna and Judith sit, their eyes closed, rocking gently as they listen to the recounting of the Holy Maidens and other sisters returned from greeting the Master, having just returned from His journeys.

Justus is pacing all about, waving his arms, and then folding them within his garment, speaking in soft tones.

“What is the matter with you, Justus?” questions Andra softly, but with a measure of authority.

“I cannot stand this.”

“What?” she asks, somewhat mockingly.

“I have just seen Him again after all these years, and now we are separated. I want to go to the school and be with Him and the others. Why can we not do this?”

Andra, looking over at Abigale, Zephorah, and Hannah, who also are evidentially pining, in a manner of speaking, to be with Our Lord. “Remember The Promise,” Andra begins softly, glancing over at Anna and Judy.

Then little Sophie, who is seated beside Judy, reaches a hand out, and Judy, seeing it, takes it. “Speak little sister,” she comments.

“My heart is so filled with the joyful wonder that it is so. He has fulfilled the prophecy, and He has placed The Promise in diverse places, and He has received from those who are the messengers of God in each land the gifts of Truth. And to think that even as we speak, He walks upon our lands again. Oh, my heart is leaping with joy just to hold the thought of it.” She turns and comments, “Justus, come. Here, sit by me, take my hand and I shall place into your heart the gladness and peace that are within mine.”

Looking down at her, Justus smiles, for he knows that she can do this. He seats himself, and alongside comes the younger Eloise, who takes his other hand. “Look at you, how grown you are. I remember when you first came unto us,” Eloise begins softly. “And now, few of us can encounter you without looking up to see your eyes.” She chuckles loudly.



The ceremonial fires are very small and not built upon the ground, but in special urns. The inside of the great meeting chamber at the sacred School is well illuminated by them. Tending each of the sacred flames are two of the adepts, each one representing the balancing forces of that point of the geometric pattern made manifest by the careful placing of these sacred flames.

To the upper point from the entranceway do we see the priests seated, four of them. They are garbed in their ornamental ceremonial robes. And each one upon their head wearing a special headgear, each of which has its own unique meaning and purpose, for it is intended, according to the ancient teachings, to awaken certain levels of awareness in each.

And the four of them – after their prayer, which is barely audible – reach out to grasp one another’s hands in a small quadrangle. And then, dutifully, one takes a position behind the north point, another to the south, and each of the others to the west and east of the geometric pattern.

All about are many of the great teachers, prophets, seers, and, of course, Elob is the first to stand and speak. Stepping forward into the center of the geometric pattern, he extends his arms and turns about slowly to greet each one, pausing perhaps just a moment longer as his eyes connect and embrace those of the Master’s.

“We are honored to have you all here,” Elob begins softly, “and we thank you for your prayers, for your ceremonial gifts, and the treasures which you bring in the form of your souls, your light. As we gather here to harvest the gathering of this,” gesturing to the Master, “our Brother called Christ, may we join together in this prayer of oneness that the works we seek to preserve in the days ahead shall be those of the greatest possible light and hope for those who shall follow.”

He brings his hands together, folding them first before his forehead, then to his mouth, then to his heart, and, with his arms bent at the elbow, palms up, he begins this low prayer.

*“O Great One, see into our hearts and minds and give unto us that light of wisdom which is eternal. O Great One, awaken within each of us that which is eternal, and guide us to bring it forth as an offering to all those who are gathered. O Great One, let us know of Thee as we commence these works in Thy Name, and let the eternal Light of Thy Spirit be that which shines through each of us by intent and by offering. We hold in this moment the vision of each of our brothers and sisters wheresoer their bodies may be in these moments, and we give them of our light.”*

And there is a prolonged pause, and as you look about the grouping, somewhat circular in its layout, you can see some are swaying to the right and left. Some are seated erect, heads bobbing slightly. Others are striking their chest with a clenched hand. Yet others are bent forward, almost touching the earth of the Great Hall. And so it goes all about, each in their own way, according to their custom and their teaching, offering their spirit's light and all that is within them unto those who are loved and at a distance.



“I tell you, He is back,” Andrew begins softly, but Peter pays no serious attention to his brother, pulling mightily on a great net over the bow of their small vessel.

“And what does He say?” Peter speaks, sort of over his shoulder.

“The things He has seen and done and the works that they have completed, they are incredible. I think we should go and find Him and be with Him.”

His arms straining under the load of the net before him, he continues to pull, removing a small fish here and there and tossing it into a basket mid-ship, so to say. “Well, I don’t know about what you were taught specifically, though we were told it was the same as our teachings. And quite simply,” turning to glance at his brother, Peter comments softly, “we were told that He would come to us, not the other way around,” and he turns to pull more of the net into the vessel.

“You are a stubborn one,” Andrew offers softly, “but as so oft the case, you are also accurate. But I’ll tell you, I can barely contain myself, and I know we have a bit of a wait yet – too long for me.”

Standing erect and turning to look at his brother eye to eye, Peter smiles. “Well, I’ll tell you what, dear brother, if you’ll take hold of part of this net, the time will go faster, and the moment will arrive sooner, if you help out just a bit.”



“It is said...” James begins softly across the table, in the center of which a small oil lamp glows brightly, its flame dancing around a bit here and there from the movement of the air from a gesture, or a bit of laughter expelling air to disturb its otherwise stately presence.

“So many things to consider,” John responds. “So much lies ahead and not that distant.”

Studying him carefully, Jessie responds, “There is sufficient work – good measure of it, I might add – each day until then.”

“I know,” John responds, “but think of it. The Promise will unfold. It will become known soon. I measure not more than two Earth years, and all will know of Him. All these years, all this preparation ...” and his voice trails off in speculation in his heart and mind. “And where are the others? I haven’t heard of any activity at the river of late. Where are John and those with him?”

“To the interior,” Jessie responds softly. “No one knows really why, but they are about something, no question. I suspect,” she adds, “that they are being taught that which they need for the time just ahead. So many of them, as you well know, my brothers, hadn’t the gift, the blessing, that we did.”



In the predawn dampness there is a chill as the wind moves slowly. It is audible, but barely so. As he stands erect, his eyes scanning the horizon, with the entree of the predawn light casting curious, majestic shadows of color and light here and there, leaning upon his glistening staff, Nathanael turns slowly. He feels a twinge or two in his body and remembers a past event or two wherein he had taken a blow to the body in this encounter or that.

A sharp pain runs up one side, and he gasps aloud, clutching his great staff, his hands and knuckles whitening under the pressure of his grasp due to the pain. He cannot stand, but falls to one knee. His head slumps forward, and he calls out, “My Lord, it is I, Thy servant Nathanael. Doest Thou call me?” And again, and again the pains course through his body, and his left arm falls from the staff, useless, limp, to his side.

His face is twisted with the pain growing inside his body, and yet his eyes are bright and shining, reflecting the predawn light like two tiny mirrors of perfection, and again, he calls out, “Ah, my Lord, you *do* call me. I struggle to free myself from the garb of finiteness. Give me but a moment, Lord, and I shall be free. But I must first bless those before I depart.”

He begins a soft, barely audible prayer in a sort of singsong chant, typical of the warrior priests called guardians. And we can hear and see as he calls the names of all those his heart and arms have embraced, and we see the vision as he projects it forward in his prayer. It is a collage of memories of joyful times and moments of service. And finally, he looks up. “I am ready, Lord.”

And slowly, as though unseen hands gently cradled his great form, his body comes to rest comfortably upon the knoll where he kept the watch. His right hand brings to his side the glistening staff that had so long served him as a guardian in service to The Promise.



There is the clatter of the armor and the weaponry as the soldiers march out the main gate. Group by group so do they march, the predawn’s light glistening off the highly polished accoutrements and such. And along the sides and to the forefront, mounted soldiers who are of higher stature.

“Where do they go, such a great number?” Jeremiah asks of his companion.

“I don’t know, but we must strive to discover this,” Miriam whispers softly. “There is something taking place, and it cannot be but trouble for our people.”

They move though the side streets and along the passageways, narrow between the structures, pausing here and there to greet some who they know casually, and offering small bags of herbs for sale to others who are passing by, as is their custom – a manner of, it might be called, service, or merchandizing in other terms, by way of which they are able to interact with travelers and all sorts, even unto the legions themselves. For it is known that these peoples and those who are the brethren of that one who is called Prophet, meaning the forerunner, can heal, can do wondrous works unto almost any need.

“How did the word get out?” James asks softly, his face tensed up with concern.

“That I don’t know,” Jeremiah answers him softly, “but Miriam and I have heard much from many different groups. So it appears to be widely known, and perhaps it is some one of the sailors, or a merchant, or who knows? It doesn’t really matter. What does matter is that they are looking for Him.”

“Do they know what they are looking for?”

Glancing at Miriam, Jeremiah turns back to James and answers, “Not specifically, and I guess you could say, no. But they are looking for anything unusual.”

“Well, to where do they journey at this point?”

“We heard from some of the guards at the gate,” glancing at Miriam, who looks down and then up, her face flushed, “one in particular who favors her,” Jeremiah laughs softly, “that they are going to search in several directions. Which is why they are of such a sizable company, some to the north, some to the seacoast, and what concerns me most is some to the south, southwest.”

James glances at his brother John, and then over to Nathanael, who has also come to join their company.

Nathanael speaks softly, “The Master travels south towards Alexandria. Others of our company have traveled to the southwest where they are looking – many of them. But that was a time passed, I’m sure that they are secure. And the guardians, they’ll see them long before they represent a danger.”

James and John nod in affirmation of this.

Miriam begins again softly, “But I think they’ll seek out John first and those with him,” and she strikes her heart thrice, for she knows him to be a brother.



“It is not a question of what the dis-ease is,” John begins softly, “for the Master always said it is not the dis-ease that you are seeking to help them be free of, but the seed which has borne it into reality. Just like the fruit of a tree, you must find its root, and therein do you find that which is sufficient to give birth unto the fruit. It matters not whether you consider this from the literal wordage, the fruit representing something of goodness, for every dis-ease offers the opportunity for goodness.”

“How can this be?” one of the newcomers asks of John.

“Because as it manifests and you are there, you can bring it the goodness of God, and with the power that you have in your heart, through your belief, and on occasion ... ” tapping his side, where it is widely known he has a goodly store of tiny pouches contain-

ing various herbs, “and on occasion, help from some of these,” patting the side of his overcoat.

“And in whose name do we speak the words,” Lamosah asks of John.

“There is only one God,” John responds softly but directly, “and there is but one messenger of that one God. He is our elder Brother, The Christ, The Promise of God. In His name, so as He has given it unto I and many of my brothers and sisters, and charged us, ‘As I give this unto thee, my good brother John, so do I charge you give it unto others who would receive it, and I give it with thee unto them.’”

“So on the morrow, we shall all gather by the river, and we shall cleanse ourselves of that which would strive to detour, to limit, to distract, or to create the illusion. And the water of life borne in the river as the Spirit of God giving life to this world, so shall it give life to you. And if you believe, it will be given unto you for eternity.”



The differing scrolls and various forms of, we could call them, woven fabric scrolls, are wondrous to behold. There are so many, and they are grouped in small areas here and there to represent the varying lands and varying teachings. The four priests are studying with others of the school who are adepts, who have come from those lands and who speak those tongues.

And as they translate the writings, the inscriptions, the diagrams, and all that sort and the greater, the priests nod and annotate their own scrolls in languages which are agreed upon to hold the sacred teachings of all time.

One of these studies carefully a beautiful multi-colored diagram. And to his right is seated the Master, and on His left, Elob, and Zelotese, and Marta. “Incredible,” the priest comments softly. “It takes all of our teachings all the way back to the beginning and puts them in graphic form, a picture of Truth.” Gently leaning forward to open the scroll a bit more, “Look you here, the beginning of consciousness, and here, the movement of consciousness throughout all that has gone before. And here, see this – Abram, the Messenger of God. And here, look you – David, and from this, the many spires of light indicating the paths of the tribes of our people. And over here, *Your* people,” turning to look at several of the Essenes, who are seated, as always, just behind the Master. And his eyes connecting with the Master’s, he comments, “And here, here are You are my Lord.”

Jesus, glancing down, having already studied these in the years of His travels, and having spoken to those who were the guardians of these sacred teachings, knows them well. Leaning forward with graceful ease, the Master extends His arm and places His forefinger on the scroll, running it along a line – the main, one could call it, lifeline of the entire scroll – pointing to special places indicated with diagrams and symbols in diverse tongues. “And here are *you*, my brother, and your teachings, and those who have gone before you.” The priest is studying Jesus carefully. “I say unto you, what you see here *is* you. And you are the fruit of the tree of your own spirit, born into this life that you could



take these gifts,” running His finger down the main line of the diagram, “and bring them to this point, here.”

Running His finger to and from the point the priest had just indicated in reference to He, Jesus points, “And here are we. See? Where the lines come together from the many diverse places, it is where we are – here,” and He raises His hand, “and all of you a part of it.”

The priest, studying, watching, listening carefully to the recounting of Jesus, becomes illuminated with the joy within, and it radiates from his face in smile. And he closes his eyes and begins to bob forward and back just a bit, striking his chest as he offers prayers to all of the ancient ones of whom he has knowledge.



“It’s important for us to find them and warn them,” Judas comments softly.

“Why us?” Phillip asks.

“Because we are not so well known in association with the others. We will raise less concern, be less noticeable, and you traveled this way a lot, my brother, so it’s normal, and that’s what we need.”

Phillip only nods, and they continue on.



A bit more to the south, another small grouping moves slowly but deliberately with a steadfast pace, as all of them search for their brothers and sisters who they believe to be in the outlands. Hopeful to find the whereabouts of John, and their brothers and sisters who are with him, so do they travel this way and that like tiny fingers of light.

All the while, John and the grouping have returned to the river and have begun their ceremony of initiation for the newcomers, those who will answer The Call, and who will travel and do those works according to the word of the Master, the man called Jesus.



There is a considerable outcry as the other guardians bear the form of Nathanael to the main encampment, near the three holy mountains, by the sea. There is rapid movement this way and that, and the herbs, and spices, and garments are prepared. The Holy Maidens gather in a great circle, and Nathanael is in the center of same. Some of the other brothers have gone up to the hillside and have prepared a cavern in which he will be placed to rest.

Others of the younger sisters, who are initiates, have begun to prepare the scrolls of testimony to honor Nathanael and his deeds, to speak of his service on the eve of the Master’s entry into the Earth, to speak of his service by the great sea to ward off that which would seek to quell the light of hopefulness illuminated in the Earth.

And as he is prepared in body, there is the great ceremony and prayer that eve, and the special anointment. And flanked to either side of the long carrier which holds his body, shoulder to shoulder kneel those of the guardians who are yet in this place, their heads bowed, looking down upon the form of their brother. Yet none speak, but all of the Expectant Ones can hear the silent prayer in their own hearts. And their own spirits rejoice to celebrate the birth of Nathanael into life beyond.



As is so common for them, the Holy Maidens have gathered by the great healing Spring. Some, their eyes still tear-filled, are recounting in loving tones their experiences with their brother, Nathanael. And Abigale talks about that time when Nathanael, the younger, was brought in by this great guardian, and how her heart leapt for joy at the sight of him, and how the guardian Nathanael granted him the great honor of the gift of his own name.

And Andra begins to laugh softly. Without speaking, her eyes somewhat unfocused, glancing at the top of the small pool of water at the healing Spring, turns to her sisters and comments softly, “Do you remember that time when Nathanael, the elder, came upon our grouping here,” and she begins to laugh, “and we were purifying ourselves? Do you remember his face?” and they all begin to laugh.

“Oh, yes,” Zephorah comments with a chuckle. “He was so embarrassed. I don’t think we saw him for three days afterwards. He couldn’t look upon us even though we were but children.”

Hannah comments with a chuckle. “I know, and the elder sisters laughed and laughed to have a guardian come upon us in our purification ritual. Well, I think it’s a mark that he must still carry,” looking up gesturing. “Wherever he is, bless you, brother,” she gestures to the evening, brightly lit sky.

“Oh my,” little Mary comments. “This is what it’s going to be like.”

“What do you mean?” Eloise questions her.

“You know, when our elder Brother leaves us, this is what it will feel like.”

As though someone had clamped a large inverted bowl over them, all sound and movement seems stifled as each one uniquely visits the time ahead when the Master called Christ shall, according to the prophecy, and His honoring of it, depart the Earth.

Shaking herself vigorously, Mary looks up and, glancing at each one of the now elder Holy Maidens, smiles. “But there are many beautiful works between now and then. And many times of joy as we see the Truths that we have offered unto Him, and which He has so beautifully woven into the oneness of the Light of God, which is He, being given to the world.” Many of the elder Holy Maidens sigh deeply, and their faces become transfixed with wondrous, enchanting smiles of love and peace.

“And so is it ... so *is* it,” Abigale comments in response, “unto *us*, to hold that joy now, at the moment of His departure, and thereafter. We know. We hold in our hearts Truths. And we know that this journey is but one of many. Let us,” her arms outstretched to all the other sisters, “in the remembrance of each of us holding Him, rocking

Him in our arms as a babe, giving unto Him and all the others from our hearts and from the golden cup within that which we are and have to give, let us sing. Let us sing and rejoice right now – for our brother Nathanael born into the life eternal, for our Brother Jesus, and all of our brothers and sisters who are out there right now,” gesturing with a wide sweeping motion of her arm, “preparing. Preparing for The Promise to be made manifest. Let us, I say to you, my sisters, let us sing and fill our hearts, our minds, and this sacred ground with the joy of our faith.”

And with that, she begins to softly, rhythmically, clap her hands together and sways to the left, and the right, and back, and back, and begins to sing softly, her clear sweet voice piercing the night. And laughter and giggles here and there among the other Holy Maidens as they, too, begin to clap and weave, and they sing.

The sweetness of their song of hope seems to reverberate across all of the terrain.



And to the other side of the great stream – the Sacred Spring, flowing downward as though to gift the Earth with the sweet freshness of the waters of life – to the other side one can perceive, if they have eyes to see, the shadowy luminous forms of the ancient ones, gathered arm and arm in great circles of light, dancing in the song of joy that is The Promise of God.



If you look into your own heart, dear friends, and you find therein a guardian – some aspect of your own being that is always at the ready, that bears only love and compassion as its intention to give into the Earth, and yet, holding on to the Truth and Honor of God that the balance of these wondrous polarities should become manifest in the Rod of God, itself, called Righteousness – then unto these, so as ye cleave, shall come forth the joy of The Promise of God.

Whatsoever must be given of self unto that which comes before thee, in challenge or in askance, give thou it. For so doing, unto thee shall the greater be given.

We are through here for the present, asking that the grace and blessings of our Father’s wisdom shine forth from within thee to bless all about and to ever guide thy footsteps.

Fare thee well then for the present, dear friends.



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

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