

It Has Begun

A Commentary
by Lama Sing™ & Al Miner

The Expectant Ones Series – Reading # 41

CHANNEL: This is March 3, 2003.

As we come before You today, Lord God, we do so humbly and joyfully. We ask only that You would guide us to whatsoever information You know to be the highest and best for us. We give thanks for the presence of the Master, The Christ, in these works and for all our dear friends here in the Earth and beyond. And we offer special thanks and loving gratitude to the Lama Sing grouping and all those who are in service with us in these works. Thank You, Father. Thank You, Master. Thank You, Our Lady, and you, Lama Sing. Amen.

LAMA SING: Yes, we have the Channel then and, as well, those intents and purposes as are given just above and held in the hearts and minds of those who are seeking. Let us join together in this joyful prayer of affirmation unto our Lord God.

Thy Name, Lord God, is all that is, and as we speak Thy Name, we know that the empowerment of our intention is given wings to fly unto that which is our intent. So do we, then, give ever unto those who seek of Thee, in the knowledge that so doing, we are blessed. We call upon those forces, one and all, who strive to serve and know Thee better, that we might together come unto the One Work and make The Way passable. We give thanks for Thy presence, Master, and in the joy of being with Thee, so do we accept humbly those gifts of Thy healing grace, love, compassion, and wisdom. In turn, so do we offer these unto all whom we meet, giving unto them in the gladness of our hearts and in the joy of our intent. We offer our prayers, as well, unto all those in all realms for whom there are none in joyful prayer. 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 hand in hand with all those who strive to serve Thee. Amen.



There's a curious effect to the drumming. It is rhythmic. It is mellow, not harsh, and yet, something about the cadence seems to call deep within ones spirit, ones soul. The Master, watching peacefully, joyfully, as those of the School who are from the East, the Persians, perform their ceremonial dance to the rhythm and cadence of those who are one with them.

Here and there the Master can be seen swaying in accord with the rhythm, and smiling, as He perceives the spirit being manifested in one or more of these Children of God, performing their ceremony in honor to God's very Name.

Other activities take place, and all celebrate the accomplishment of the preservation of those Truths which are known to be the call of righteousness, and that as those shall come forward in times ahead and seek them, here it shall be at the ready that which can serve unto them in terms of their intent and their awakening.

All the while, Jacob's eyes move about the sizable gathering, for this is a time that has been foretold and long anticipated. His body, now aged in the Earth, moves not so easily, and yet, there's an air of rebirth, renewal, and he drinks it in as he also drinks in the vision of the Master, now a grown mature man, seated beside him. His eyelids flutter closed for a moment or two, and he recalls a time long past where upon one dawning's light he was atop a large boulder and began to celebrate the entrée of a new day, dancing, singing, finally looking down to reach and grasp the hand of young Jesus standing atop John's shoulders. His face, eyes closed, breaks into a smile, and when his eyelids flutter open, they meet the warm, loving gaze of the Master, who has turned to study him.

"Those were joyful times," the Master whispers softly. "I, too, hold them here," placing His hand over His heart. "And I say this to you, my sweet brother Jacob, ever shall they be the foundation upon which the truth of The Promise can rest securely. And in any time of need or challenge, thou art with me here," tapping His chest.

There's an exchange, which continues of such a nature. And in a pause, Zelotese leans forward to look at Jacob and smile, for his part in service to the preparation has been meaningful, loving, and great. "When shall it begin? Do you know?" Zelotese asks softly.

The Master, now looking at a number of others in the circle, comments softly, His eyes glazed over with a strange light. One could perceive it to be the reflection from the various ceremonial fires, but Jacob and Zelotese know it is the Light of the Spirit of God, ready to express itself though this, The Son of God.

For a time, the Master simply appears to be in a blissful state, and with a sweet serenity on His face, He turns to Zelotese and extends an arm to rest it across his shoulders. "Very soon, my brother. And let me give of my heart to you for the many gifts we have received from you and your brethren here," gesturing His other arm outward, "and for preserving the Truth, and all else, far beyond expression, that you have given."

They lean to touch their heads together for a moment. Then in one swift graceful motion, the Master rises to His feet and brings His arms up. In just a moment, all become quiet, and smiling, looking at this man, they listen with heart, mind, and spirit.

"My Father, it is I. Look You through mine eyes unto these," and he turns ever so slowly to look upon and embrace each one present, receiving in return an equal smile of

loving warmth and profound understanding. *“See then, My Father, through mine eyes and the joys of my heart. That which I have to give, multiply it. As I now give it to them, let Thy eternal Spirit rest upon each one, and may they ever walk in the peace of the power of Thy Name.”* He brings His hands together and bows His head, and all present do the same.



“Why do we continue into the wilderness? What is the destination?”

Turning to look at this young (we could call him) adept, John answers with a smile, “The destination is to discover ourselves.”

“Is it a place?”

“Perhaps so,” John retorts, smiling. “But then, that is for *you* to decide.”

“How would I make this decision?” Samuel asks.

“That you must discover. That, indeed, is the purpose of the journey.”

A soft chuckle comes from Iliam, who is at the other side of John, who continues to stride strong, long, measured paces, as though he were following in the footsteps of some predetermined path.

Finally, as they come to a small hollow and take rest, Samuel comes again. “Lord, we thirst.”

Casually resting back upon an upslope behind him, John turns to look at the grouping, considerably more than a score. His mind wanders, speculating upon what lies ahead for these whom he shall send to walk with and serve The Promise.

After a time, his eyes come back to rest upon Samuel. And now, Jessie has moved to sit beside him, smiling. John looks at her and can see that her lips are parched, and he looks about, and the signs of thirst are self-evident. But there is no concern, and he turns to his side to glance at Iliam, who simply smiles and finally shrugs his shoulders, as though some unheard message of communication took place between them ever so briefly.

Rising to his feet, John strides to the center of the grouping and turns ‘round and about. “I’m told by Samuel that he has thirst. Is it so for any of the others of you?” They quickly look at one another and then at John, curiously, for is it not evident, they think, that this one should know of their need? “Come, let us join together, then, in prayer and meditation, in oneness with God, and unto our need shall be given us.”

Without waiting for any response, John seats himself, and Iliam comes over to seat himself just off to his left. John begins to offer a soft prayer, and then he begins to rock his body just a bit, Iliam, with his eyes closed, performing the identical movements.

There is a long pause, and we can hear John say, “Wheresoer thou art, whatsoever might befall thee, if ye ask it in His Name, it will be given unto thee. Believe unto this, and thy way shall be made aright. Deny it, and thou art lost.”

It is difficult to measure the time that passes, for in such a state time is, indeed, an illusion. The abruptness with which John claps his hands and the loud sound startles some, but not those who are of long standing brothers and sisters to John.

Looking up into the air, John then walks over to one of the young maidens, extending a hand. "Give unto me, sweet maiden, some bread." All look at one another quickly, for not only are they without water, but their food is all but gone as well. But unhesitatingly, she reaches to pull a loaf and hands it to John. John leans to touch her forehead, and he whispers, "Faith, you see, is a very good thing."

He turns and strides up the hillside to stand atop a dune. As one looks about, the desolation is wearying to the eye and burdening to the spirit, but not John. His hands up, clasped in one of them, a great loaf. He turns this way and that, and soon the others can see what apparently John knew was there.

A great winged creature begins a slow, spiraling decent, and from the distance, it appears that the creature will land atop John. Several of the new adepts, the new brothers and sisters, look at each other pensively. And finally, the great creature comes to a rest and bounces across the short distance to come and stand before John.

John, holding the loaf behind him, bends and speaks. No one can hear the words, but they hear a bit of laughter. John removes a morsel from the loaf and holds it out, and the great creature takes of it and bounces a few paces away. And above, they can see another, perhaps the mate of this one, circling. And John gives it again unto the winged creature. And then, he kneels and bows his head. His hands outstretched, he gives unto the creature the entire loaf.

In a swift, graceful motion, the bird takes flight again, soaring mere meters above the surface of the terrain, rising up and down, circling over those who accompany John, and then, reaching a certain height, begins a slow, easy, lazy, flapping movement. John gestures with an arm for all to follow him. And he turns without another word and follows in the direction of the great creature.

They travel on and on, and finally, they see John stop atop a ridge before them. Many are wearied to the point of near exhaustion, and John stands looking away from them, and then his hands come up. And to their utter amazement, if not shock, he begins to sing and dance, his hands up, turning about in little circles, clapping, leaning this way and that.

And finally, he turns to look upon the grouping, and laughing vigorously, "Come my brothers and sisters," and with an extended arm pointing down beyond the ridge, "Come, and satisfy your thirst."

For below the ridge upon which John stands, the winged creature can be seen bouncing along the edge of a beautiful pool of water. The trees swaying gently in the mid-day wind, abundance of date and such hanging sumptuously, ready for John and his followers to harvest and take unto eat.



Near the edge of night and the end of day, their fires warming them, their thirst quenched, their bodies purified, bathed in the cool fresh water of this spring, they look as they see John standing, looking into the distance, alone. And atop a distant dune, they see something moving.

John speaks not, but raises a hand, and there is a chill that runs through them as they hear the Ur-Ur-Ur sound of a desert lion. Then, several other of this pride appear and seat themselves to look down upon this scene. John kneels and, obviously, offers a silent prayer. And as easily, as swiftly as they appeared, they are gone.

He rises again and walks to the very edge of the campfire's light. Peering across the dunes, he bows his head. "Art thou with God?" he asks softly, and only Iliam hears this, for as so oft, he is only a pace or two away from his dear friend.

In the inner chambers of sacred light of the heart of John, we hear, "I am with God."

John strikes his chest, and without a word, Iliam follows, doing just the same. "I shall miss the sight of thee," John speaks aloud, hearing, within, the voice of a beloved guardian, called Nathanael.

"Be of good cheer, brother," John hears, "The time is nigh. It is well for you now to return to the river, and let the Word be made manifest."

"Who art thou that speaketh such to me?" John questions.

"I am he who is ever with thee."

"Art thou Shem?"

"That is I," he responds. "Take thy rest, for He comes!"



"How wonderful to be together again," Mary begins softly. "I have so missed being together with you all," glancing about the circle of Her beloved sisters.

Andra asks softly, "How have you fared, my Sister?"

"It has been a long, I might call it, empty journey, in a way," Mary begins softly. "The presence of my beloved, who is not only husband, but brother and teacher, this is a great void. And yet, in dream and vision..." and She looks around to smile – all remember Her as a child talking about the Spirit of God spilling down all over Her, "...so, now, the light of Joseph surrounds me and embraces me. But enough. What of all of you? I have heard so much. James and John have been active, have they not?" turning to look at Jessie and Moira, who have come to join this grouping.

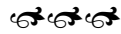
"Yes, they are active alright," Hannah responds with a bit of humor just beneath the surface, just barely.

"And John?" She questions, a smile crossing Her face.

"Soon I and the sisters will go to join him," Hannah answers softly, a wistfulness in her voice as she so does.

"It is soon to begin then?" Rebecca asks, fully knowing the answer, but speaking it, feeling somehow that by vocalizing it, it will soften what they know must come.

“It is very near unto the time,” Mary answers, Her eyes now softening, Her gaze seemingly transfixed on something invisible. And yet, every sister feels it, knows it, for they are one.



“You must cast off that which binds you. You must set aside that which distracts you. You must repent from that which has been, and claim that which *can* be. It is not that the Lord God punishes you for wrongdoing. That, which is, is done unto you by you.”

“How so?” questions one in the great throng gathered at the river’s edge. “The Romans come and take what they would from my house. I do not do this to myself, they do it.”

“Do you not hear the truth of my words?” John, focusing upon this one. “If you look beyond that which seems to be, you will find the answer to your question. But so long as you cling to that which is known and familiar, so will it become that which you experience, that which you are.

“I say to you, go within yourself, and find that place which is you, and call this your Truth. For in the light of that which shines from within, all things are possible, all things can be known. But unless you strip away that unto which you cling out of habit, that which is the greater within can never be seen.

“So do I say to you cast these off. Repent from that which is known, and joyfully go forward into that which calls to thee. Come you here. Stand with me in this river of God’s Spirit. And in the Name of that one greater than I, who is soon to come, together we shall cleanse your mind, your heart, your spirit, that you can be anew, that you can step forth from this river, and as you will it, as you claim it, be born again.”

Something within this frail-looking man seems to drive him forward. And as though he is outside of himself watching with curiosity, he moves into the water, now to the waist of his body.

“Give me your hand, my brother,” John speaks softly. And robotically, the man extends his hand. John takes it, and the contrast between the strong, beautiful hand of John, is the frail, thin hand of this man. “Know this,” John speaks softly, “the greater that thou art is at hand. Look you. See my hand in yours? With me is the Spirit of The Promise, which is to come. In His Name, my Brother, Jesus, do I call upon the Lord God to awaken His Light within you, and to free your spirit.”

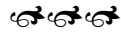
The man begins to shake a little. His lip quivers. “I have such sadness within me.”

“I know,” responds John. “Here in my hand is the hand of the Grace of God given in the Name of The Christ. Take it. I give it unto thee.” And he extends his hand to take the man’s other hand. “Let this be as a circle of the living Light of God coursing through us, brother to brother.”

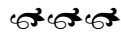
The frail man’s head slumps and he begins to sob. In an easy, gentle motion, John embraces him, rubbing his back, and speaking softly, “Let that which has limited and

burdened you be free. Send it forth like a great bird, and let the Light within grow and shine all throughout you, and you shall become transformed. For the gifts of God await you, but you, and only you, can claim them.”

Momentarily the man looks up into John’s eyes, and what he sees he knows is Truth, eternal Truth. “Heal me. Cleanse me.” And John, reaching within his outer coat, pulls forth a bowl and baptizes him.



It comes to pass that the Master comes forth, and all the maidens and the glad brothers and sisters gather. And the Light of God is awakened in Earth.



The odors are foul and the air barely moves, stifling. There is the smell of hatred, yes, even that of death. “Someone would see you, Prophet,” a guard growls. And John looks up and sees the warm, smiling face of Iliam peering through the bars. “Be brief,” the guard comments. “I could have great troubles for doing this, and all the coin you could give me couldn’t solve those,” and the door thuds shut, and Iliam walks in.

John, seated on a bit of straw against a wall, looks up at him, but Iliam looks at him not, but hands behind his back, walks around. Looking up towards the top of a wall are some bars, and a bit of light can be seen through them. Looking up and around, Iliam finally turns to look at John, smiling. “Nice quarters.”

And John throws his head back and laughs robustly. Turning to glance around as well, he states, “Well, I’ve seen better, but this will do. Come. Join me. I have naught to offer you, save the bread of life within,” and John chuckles softly.

“Well, I do,” and Iliam reaches within his outer coat to pull a small flask and loaf, and states softly, “May we celebrate, my brother.”

John, arranging his legs beneath himself and sitting upright, “You gladden my spirit. Please, let us celebrate.”

And so, in the traditional Essene manner, they make their prayers and offerings. And they remember all those who have gone before, calling them out name by name. They remember the ancient ones and honor them. And they take of the bread, calling it the Bread of Life, and each gives unto the other that which they remove from the loaf. And they take of the bread and the wine, and they move into prayer and meditation. And in mere moments, their spirits come together and soar off into the light, joyful, laughing.



“They have taken him,” Nathanael comments softly to Jesus. But Jesus responds not, looking off into the distance.

Jessie, Moira, Hannah, Rebecca, and so many of the others are gathered with the Master one last time at the great healing Spring. He turns to look at Rebecca and asks, “How did he fare upon my awakening?”

Rebecca, clinging to the hand of Hannah next to her, looks up at the Master, and a brightness in her spirit shines through. “My sister and I tended him until he was of strength, and he began his journey, knowing, of course, that it would lead to where he is now.”

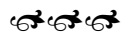
“And he was well?” the Master asks.

“Yes,” Hannah responds, “only asking of my sister and I that we would speak to you that his spirit is ever with you and The Promise.”

The Master simply nods and looks down for a moment, brushing the pebbles and soil on the earth before Him. Then, with His right hand He scoops up a handful and holds it up. Loosening His grasp on the soil, it begins to trickle from the bottom of His hand back to the ground from whence He has obtained it.

“We are as this,” the Master speaks softly. “Each grain of sand, each pebble unto itself of no great significance,” and He opens His hand and it all returns to the ground before Him. “But look you,” as He looks about, “together these many grains of sand make the Earth upon which we now rest.” And pointing to the small stream of water coming down to the pool, the healing Spring, “There, each drop unto itself minute, but together, that which can give life.”

There is a prolonged silence, and the Master turns and looks at all these beautiful brothers and sisters. “So are we, and so is our brother, John, as that, the healing Spring, as this, the very Earth upon which we rest, for he wishes it to be such.” Turning to look at Nathanael, “I am with him. Though my body is here, I am ever with him.”



“Why do you chain me,” he asks directly, boldly.

“Because thou art a prisoner.”

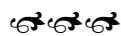
“Do you see purpose in these chains?” raising his hands so that they can be seen.

“Of course, has your mind left you already, before your head does?”

“These chains do not bind me, for I am already free. You are simply performing that which concludes my flight.”

And as they guide him along unto his destination, John looks about, for there are many here and there in recesses, in alcoves, who look upon this Prophet of God, so he has come to be called. Some calling out to him, “Call upon your God. Free yourself.”

And John, shuffling, smiling, answers, “Look carefully, for I am already free.”



“It is important that you sustain your spirits brightly,” Anna comments softly, “as you have lived that brightness. As you go forth, know that our hearts, our spirits, journey with you.”

“Will you not come with us?” Zephorah asks, her eyes moist with love for these great teachers.

“As Our Lord has said it, we are always with you,” Anna responds softly, and Judy merely nods.

“But she means we’d like to have you *physically* with us,” Sophie adds humorously, but with a serious intent.

“It has begun,” Judy whispers softly. “All these things you know.”

“Well, I know them,” Kelleth interjects, “but I didn’t *know*, know them. I mean I didn’t know the specifics. I thought you’d always be with us, especially now.”

“No,” Judy answers softly, “it is time for you to go, all of you.”

“What will you do, sweet sister?” Hannah questions softly.

“We will complete our journey,” Judy answers. “And look you, we have a bit more to do with these young ones,” pointing down the slope to where other groups of children are playing and singing.

“Oh,” little Mary begins, “as I look upon them, my heart sings, and yet, a part of me grieves. Sweet sister and teacher, help me with my sorrow. Help me cast it aside. I know its name. I know its nature. Why does it keep visiting me?”

With considerable effort, Judy rises, and makes her way across the space separating her from little Mary, and one can almost feel the effort required as she bends to kneel before her. Straightening her outer garment, she takes little Mary’s face in her hands, and pulls her forward to kiss her upon the forehead.

Reaching down to take her right hand, she brings Mary’s fingertips up to her forehead, “Whosoer such grief or sorrow visits thee, do this,” and she puts her fingertips upon her forehead, “and remember me, and remember my kiss, for I and you are ever one. All of us, sweet sisters, we are the hope. We are that which gives birth to what can be. Build upon what has been, and visit it often in celebration and joy, but not in the garb of sorrow or remorse, lest that shall be what goes before you.”

Rising to her feet and taking her sister Anna’s hand, they stand together in the circle of the sisters and others. “His work has begun. The journey is a brief one, but an eternal one,” Anna begins. “He will look to you in His own Spirit, and outwardly to let His eyes come to rest upon each of you. And as one who thirsts goes to a well to drink, give unto His need whensoever He asks it, and give it in joy. Let joy go before you, not sorrow, that in His moment of need and coming unto you, you replenish that, and you give your hopefulness, your expectancy, your love, your compassion, and all the Truths that have been woven into the oneness which has become The Promise of God.”



“Where is he now?” Nicodemus asks softly.

“Captured.”

Nicodemus bows his head and strikes his chest, “Then it has in truth begun?”

“Yes, it has, as you say, begun.”

“And, what of the maidens and the others?”

“They are now journeying to join Him.”

Nicodemus is obviously filled with emotion. Several of his aids come to his side, seeing him struggle, and he waves them away. “No, I must know this. I must feel it. I

must become one with it. For that which lies ahead will call upon the greatest within each of us, and I, Nicodemus, shall not be found wanting.”

“Might I take my leave of you?” Justus asks softly.

Glancing at Justus and young Nathanael, he nods, smiling. “A moment,” and he gestures, calling for his servants to bring food and stores to keep them. “I suspect your journey to find the Master?”

Young Nathanael, looking down, evidently impacted by the loss of his brother, John. “It was *his* wish for us to do. And so it is a parting, of no small measure of longing, to be with Him again. And yet, we rejoice as he encouraged us, and are anxious to be one with Jesus and The Work.”

“Take these, then,” thrusting stores into their hands, wrapped in simple looking woven bags and such. “When you see Him, would you say this unto Him?”

“Anything, as you wish it,” Justus answers.

“Say to Him, ‘Thy brother, Nicodemus, prays that the peace of God ever be upon Him.’”



In each journey, dear friends, there is a point at which you begin, and another at which you conclude that journey. The measure of each journey, then, is not so much where you begin and where you end, but how you have traveled between each. None can measure this for you, in truth. They can see it and speak unto it, offering gladly the reflections of their good intentions for you, but only thee can measure thy journey, and the joy that is the harvest from same.

If there is that within you which is burdened, inlabored, or which holds – as little Mary spoke – remorse, or sorrow, or grief at what will be, then not only is that time ahead (which is looked to with such grief or sorrow) lost, but the shadow of it takes away the now, as well.

Thus, ever strive to let joy shine forth in whom and what you are, and upon your journey. For as John spoke to his captors, “To what purpose do you chain me, for mere chain cannot bind me?” Say unto yourselves, as well, no thing in the Earth can bind you, if, in truth, your spirit is free.

We give profound thanks unto all those who have come forward to offer that their records could be given here, in that which has gone before.

We give thanks unto those who are in service to God for the light that has preserved these works and made them possible.

We give our thanks and love to the ancient ones and all those who have gone before, and exceptionally so, these who are called the Expectant Ones.

This is not the ending of these works, and yet, it is an ending. For what lies ahead is the beginning of the Hope of God – yes, *The Hope of God* – that the Children of God shall be about their journeys in the intention of His joy for them. So do we then in service to this, offer our joy and our love to each of thee. May thy journeys be those of gladness.

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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