

After the Light

A Commentary
by Lama Sing™ & Al Miner

The Expectant Ones Series – Reading #43

CHANNEL: This is September 8, 2003.

We come today to You, Lord God, humbly asking that You would give to us that information which You know to be the highest and best. Our hearts are filled with a collage of emotion as we ask that we be given the continuation of the story, the beautiful recounting for which we thank you all, of the Expectant Ones. We open ourselves to this work, and I ask that I be taken to a place of neutrality, loving neutrality, that information can be given as complete and as thoroughly as possible. We give thanks to You, Father, and to You, of course, Master, for Your beautiful gifts. We send our blessings to Our Lady and to all the Maidens and the others whose names we may not in this moment remember, but whose faith and light and love we hold in our hearts today. We thank you, members of the Lama Sing Grouping, and you, Lama Sing, for the splendid gifts you've given, and for that which we know lies ahead. Thank You, Father, and all you beautiful souls beyond the Earth, and those of our dear friends who are walking on this path with us. Amen.

LAMA SING: Yes, we have the Channel then and, as well, those intents and purposes as are at the core of the request before us. As we commence herein, join us in this humble prayer of joyful praise unto God.

O Lord God, we lift up our voices in song, for our hearts are gladdened, our spirits are illuminated with the rejoicing that is all about. For where there was once before darkness and illusion, here now stands Thy light in the brilliance of its truth, its love, its compassion, and wisdom. Here now is The Way opened and passable for those who would ask and seek to find their way of return unto oneness with Thee. As ever, we give thanks for this opportunity, which we approach in humbleness and joy that we might be chosen to serve in such a way. We give thanks unto the faithful, for theirs is that light which has made this work possible. And in the center of which, we give thank to this, our Channel, and his mate, and equally so, all those who walk with them, be they known or nay. So, Lord God, do we

commence this work in Thy Name. May it be unto the glory of the truth and grace which we are so blessed to be endowed with through Thy Spirit's light that goes before all that shall be given. We thank thee, one and all, and Thee, Lord God. Offering this to all those who are seeking, yeah verily so, and as well, to all those who have lost their way and in the present, know not to ask. Amen.



The eyelids flutter open, and the first impact of that which is seen resonates within, empty, hollow, as though there is but a shell of what was present. Her breath, drawn in sharply, seems to sting the body as the realization of that which has gone before impacts her. Struggling to shrug off the experience of the Master's departure, and yet, it is heavily upon her as though a great weight was suppressing her own breathing, in and out, she struggles to normalize this. Feeling the body with dullness, an ache, a bit of pain here, a stiffness in the legs and arms. Knowing full well these are nuances of the impact of the emotion. Knowing full well that the journey must continue, the work yet lies ahead. For His message, His truth, and yes, His light now rests as a mantel upon the shoulders of those with whom He has shared and given so very much.

She looks across the room, dimly lit by the embers of the evening's last fire, and perceives her sisters, some who are stirring, several over here sitting somewhat glassy-eyed, peering at the embers on the fire's hearth. Hannah brings herself up as best she can to a seated position, and drawing up her knees, places her head upon them, her chin struggling to find a comfortable position between them, her arms locking around her legs. She begins to rock. She feels the movement of the tears as they well up. Her heart leaps here and there with the memory of her Brother, who has gone on. From Rdg 20030906]

The chamber is filled with those of the faithful, including the Expectant Ones and all those who have become associated with them. Indeed, in many other locations are similar gatherings seen, for no one place can hold them all. But here in the house of James and John, do we see him leaning back in a corner, head bowed, and covered with the layers of his outer garment. While his eyes are open, his head is bowed, and they are looking down, seeing naught, as though he were not present in the sense of a living being, but that his mind and spirit have gone on, leaving behind the shell of the staturely form of the one who has become known as The Rock.

Some of the others have apparently dozed off, exhausted from the emotion and the strain, and yes, the physical demands that the last several days have drawn from them. Some are looking up towards the ceiling, others glancing about aimlessly. The embers on the hearth occasionally flicker into tiny flames here and there, for the hearth is broad and deep. Yet, none rise to fuel it again, seemingly preferring the dim, but warm, light that is being cast by the final vestiges of the earlier fire.

His head comes up, and his eyes flutter as he looks into the fire, as it has sprung up towards the rear. His mind is reeling with the events of the last several Earth days.

He smiles inwardly at the realization that his own heart feels moreso like the name given to him – his heart feels like a rock.

Without aforethought Peter slowly moves to his feet, quietly, and with careful measured steps walks over to the edge of the hearth. Bending down, he grasps in his fingers some of the cold ash, which is scattered around the periphery of the fire. Straightening up and holding the ash in his hand, his fingers work it to and fro, and his hand becomes blackened. Ever so slowly with deliberateness, he raises his hand to his face and slowly spreads the ash all about his face, his eyes again dull, but his hand moving so slowly, rubbing, feeling his face as he covers it with ash. He places his forearm against the mantel and leans his head upon it, gazing down into the embers below, and for some moments, he stands there. And then he feels a soft touch upon his left shoulder.

Instantly there is a flood of the realization of life coursing all throughout his being, and a collage of memories race through his head at dizzying speed. Unable to process these, he lifts his head from his forearm and shakes it, and then turns to look into the warm, loving eyes of Mary.

They gaze at one another for prolonged moments, in silence. Here and there, several of the other Maidens have noted this and are watching carefully, lovingly. His ashen hand rises without a thought, and he places it upon Mary's hand, which still rests upon his shoulder. The dusty ash that he has spread upon his face flakes off here and there, and She raises Her other hand and brushes it from the cheeks beneath his eyes.

"All is forgiven," She whispers softly. "Thou knoweth this. And before it came to pass then, even then, was it already forgiven, else He would not have said it to thee, but to tell you that He knew it. And yet, then and now does His love flow to you. If you dwell in your current place of sorrow, and if you hold unto that which is your feeling of betrayal of Him, knowest thou not that you close yourself from Him? Thee, of all who followed Him, did He recognize and honor," and She reaches to grasp a portion of the hem of Her robe and brings it up and begins to wipe the ash from Peter's face.

The musculature of Peter's face moves this way and that, as it is evident of the struggle taking place within. He swallows, and his eyes flutter as he attempts to stay the flood of emotion, the array of thoughts which he has held in these last hours and minutes.

She leads him by the arm as one would a child and gestures for him to seat himself. She turns to look into the eyes of Her sister Andra, who has brought a bowl of warm tea. Nodding and smiling to one another, Mary turns with the bowl in her hands, holding it before Peter. "Drink of this. Think of Him as you do, and let the warmth of this tea and our love for you remind you of what is within you, that awaits being called forth that is to be your gift as He has given it unto thee. Honor that and honor yourself, as He has so done."

As he is looking up into Her warm face and glancing at Andra, whose traditional staturely (it might be called stoic stoicness) and authority, is softened by the flow of love, given as she assesses it unto a brother who is in need. This, as much as the warmth which might be well anticipated from Our Lady, seems to revitalize Peter. And with one hand holding the bowl of tea, he extends his ashen hand to Andra. And as she glances down at it, blackened by the ash, and then into Peter's eyes, now wide, filled with the

willingness to receive from these beautiful Maidens, whose lives have been dedicated unto giving, so does she break into smile as she bends to take this great ashen hand in her own. And she bends to place a kiss upon it.

You can barely make out that it is a physical form. Rather, at first glance, it appears to be a collected pile of outer garments tossed casually into the corner of the room. But here and there, you can see the movement of certain of these fabrics pulsing up and down, indicative that there is a form beneath them, and that that form is softly sobbing. From beneath the pile of garments, there is movement and finally one can see an arm that comes up and sweeps the covering from the head, exposing the face of Little Mary. Hers is a position furthest from the hearth and the flame, and perhaps one might reason that this is why she shudders, as though cold. But in her heart lies the coldness, the emptiness that she feels, for that which she has loved most of all in this life has been taken from it. Her cheeks are dry, for there are no more tears that can flow down them. Her jaw juts forward, indicative of the clenched nature of the struggle going on within her. While her eyes are awide and moving about the room, there is no light in them, nor any indication that the eyes recognize anything that they are seeing. It is like watching one whose thoughts are somewhere else, and whose body and sight are merely automated reactions, outcroppings of the force of life within, but including none of the heart and none of the spirit's light.

She studies her sister carefully, and she realizes, for she, too, feels this same call within. She shifts her focus as she and the other sisters were carefully, lovingly trained to do, and closing out the sight of Little Mary for a moment, Eloise looks and seeks. And she hears the voice of the Comforter that each of the Maidens holds within, and she asks, "It is I, Thy sister Eloise. Guide Thou me that I might know how to serve this light of my spirit, this joy of my heart, which glows eternally, as I know it shall. Tell me, sweet Father, how do I serve my sister Mary?"

Her face brightens. Her eyes jump open, round with amazement. "I will do this, my Lord." Straightening herself and sitting erect, she brings her hands together over her heart, and she begins to rock this way and that. At first, one can only hear – barely audible – a single sweet tone, and then it grows, and the moreso it grows, the moreso does she sway left and right, her eyes filled with the light of guidance of God.

Mary's head turns with a sharp movement to look to see where this sound is coming from, incongruous to the event and the environment that has followed. At first, she feels she wants to say, "Hold thy tongue, sister. Thou blaspheme!" But as her eyes connect with Eloise, she sees and remembers with a flood of light, a surge of warmth, and you can see her body as all the many muscles that were tensed begin to relax as they bathe in the love and sisterhood of her sweet sister Eloise. At first a flicker, and then the corner of her mouth turns up, as it is so common for her. All of her sisters know that her smile is sharp to the one side, and lesser to the other. So much so that she has always countered anyone who mentioned this by saying, "This side points towards God, the other side brings God into the Earth." Little Mary begins to sway, her face brightened, her hands come up, and she, too, places them in the Maiden's tradition, over her heart. Soon her clear, beautiful voice adds her own tone to that of Eloise.

Across the way, we hear Editha adding a chordate to the other two, and now Hannah, Abigale, all of them lift up their faces and add their voices to what is now a beautiful, undulating, rolling embrace of sound.



He walks brusquely through the portal into the commander's chambers, and the commander looks at him with anticipation so intense that it seems to fill the entire room. Utterly out of character, the captain does not salute. He has removed his headgear and has placed it underneath his arm, yet his right arm remains hanging down as though it had no life at all.

"I've been waiting for you. Report! Is it completed?"

His jaw works this way and that, his eyebrows pinched together as he strives, it would seem, to find some way to speak. The commander, seeing this and noting – though commenting not upon it – that the captain has not saluted, he leans back studying the captain. "Well?"

"It is completed," the captain responds.

"How many of the others did you gather? I want all of the potential troublemakers silenced once and for all. They can join their so-called king in his new kingdom, wherever that might be."

The commander's words sting the captain, and the twisted motion of his face causes even this stoic commander, filled with the ego of his stature and the longing to return to Rome to be honored, to take a place perhaps even in the Senate. The commander's face goes white as the captain speaks not, but reaches up and unbuckles first one side of his armor and then the other, his eyes fixed upon the commander, his face rigid with the tension of the muscles flexing in it. The thud of his armor, falling upon the floor in the stillness of this room, seems to echo though, of course, it does not, and yet, he does not speak.

He reaches to take the helmet from underneath his arm and places it on the table before the commander. And then, from under his tunic, he withdraws a small parchment, and he holds it forth in his outstretched arm. "I am tending my resignation. I have served Rome faithfully and honorably for these past many years. I believe in honor, as you well know my commander, above all else, and I cannot serve beyond this point with honor. Therefore, I have chosen as a freeborn citizen of Rome to resign my position."

The previously ashen face of the commander seems to unbelievably become even more so. He twists and turns, striving to find some words with which to respond. For here is one of his most trusted captains, one whose last several decades of life have been dedicated in the pursuit of the troublemakers, of those who would resist, of those who strive to build (as they called it) the Kingdom of God here in Earth, in this area that is his to command. So often he heard and saw the vengeful hatred this same man spit out in moments of anger and frustration as he sought to find those called the Expectant Ones, and so often was thwarted in this way or that.

Shaking with the disbelief and surge of emotion that follows this, the commander rises to his feet. Placing his hands upon the table between them, he leans to be not more than a meter, perhaps less, from the captain's face, which is rigid. "I do not believe what I am hearing and seeing," the commander states softly at first.

And now pacing back and forth, turning occasionally to snap a glare at the captain, the commander states, "This is the fruition of your quest, captain. You should see this as the ultimate success of your service. You will be honored greatly, I have no doubt, by Rome. Indeed, if it is your wish, place your armor back on your body, and I will send you on the morrow to Rome, where you and your company can be honored appropriately for finally stopping this uprising once and for all and forever."

The captain does not respond.

"Have you gone deaf, man? Do you not recognize what I am offering you? Stature, wealth, freedom, perhaps positions, untold positions. Perhaps you can command a legion, or greater. The honor is awaiting you, and the recognition that Rome will bestow upon you, you sir will be remembered forever. The children will sing songs about you. The poets will write odes to your name and your works. You can even take those you have gathered of his followers to Rome with you as living testament as that which can perhaps bring you great boons. Indeed, they will be purchased from you. What say you, captain? Speak man!"

The captain's head goes down as he looks seemingly on the floor of the commander's chamber for words to speak. But seeing none, he lifts his face to fix his eyes upon the commander's, which are flashing with the incredulity of the event before them. "I have none to take to Rome, commander."

"What?"

"As I said, let me tell you what transpired. As you ordered, I took my men, and during the event, we wandered, carefully studying all of the crowd, the throng, many, multitudes. You would not know how many came and perhaps are still gathered even as we speak.

"When one of the men pierced His side with a lance, I expected them to curse him, my soldier, for so doing. Yes, I expected *Him* to curse the soldier, prophet or not, but He only gave a small cry, and then," and the captain looks down for a moment, "I, sir, heard Him say to my soldier, 'I forgive you.'"

"I looked about, and none were out-crying. None raised their fists. None fostered an aggressive act against any of us. I tell you, commander, in that moment, we could have had a rebellion that would have reached your very quarters, for the multitude was great, and had they desired to so do in their hearts, they could have easily overwhelmed us, and the entire garrison. And you, sir. They could have come here by the hundreds, by the thousands, and taken you from these quarters to that dreary mount and placed you and I, just so as we placed Him. And so could they, as well, have thereupon pierced our sides with a lance.

"Instead, sir, I looked into eyes and saw no hatred. I heard no threats, no curses of we. I tell you, some even were singing softly. And as I looked about, some of my own

men cast off their weapons, loosed their armor, and turned to walk away. I am sure never to be seen again.

“The power that I felt, sir, seemed to equal the power of my own emotion of hatred and anger, as I pursued these very people for several dozen years, and here they were. And for the first time, I saw them, and I saw him.

“Could I bring any back to you as you ordered? Could I find any who bore treason and rebellion in their hearts? No, sir. These hearts hold only love and peace, and if there is that which they would do unto us and, yes, Rome itself, I would have to call it goodness, for none – I say to you, none – of these of His followers had even a moment’s flicker - I tell you, a moment – of hostility or anger towards me or my men. So do I give you my report. These are as a remarkable flock of sheep whose shepherd has left them.

“I have no wish for anything further from Rome. but that which is my birthright – my freedom. I wish you no disrespect, sir, and ask only that you respect my wish, remembering the many years in which I have faithfully and honorably served you and Rome. I await your decision.”

The stillness in the chamber seems to have substance, as though one could gather it up and containerize it, so thick is the energy of disbelief and wonder.

From the captain there flows a light, an essence, never before seen of him by the commander. Indeed, in many respects, were it not for the difference in station, they could have been brothers.

Thus it is from the position of brotherhood that the commander once again leaning upon his table to look into the captain’s eyes, which are unblinking. In disbelief, in wonder the commander states, “I respect that which you have stated, and know you for your honor and your truthfulness. Thus it is without question that I receive your report and shall take no action in your failure to bring other of the rebels to the garrison. But I say to you once more, not just as your commander, but as a fellow-at-arms with you, and remembering the many tasks you have performed for I and Rome with valor, reconsider your decision. Take a fortnight’s leave and enjoy the foods and other pleasures that await you and your station. Then at the fortnight’s end, come, and we shall talk of it again.”

Again, the silence has substance, and the captain’s words seem to be as objects floating about upon a sea of this substance. “My commander, I thank you, and I give unto you this last salute, for my decision is my decision. In my heart now is only the desire to know myself, and that which His eyes awakened within me. For I tell you, as I walked beneath Him to chastise my soldier for his action, I glanced up at Him, and His eyes were open. I saw no fear, no horror of death approaching so swiftly to descend upon Him, but I saw something I must find. All else falls away, sir, but this light that is now in my heart, which His words to me placed there,” and the captain in that moment looks down.

“Well,” the commander responds after a pause, “what were these words that have so enchanted you?”

The captain looks up, his eyes soft and round, his face relaxed, and even so smiling. “He said, sir, ‘I shall make a place for thee.’”



The rectangular chamber within Nicodemus' home is sizeable, and yet, there is little more than room to walk about. Here, there, all about, there are people, individuals in varying positions, some bobbing up and down in prayer (as is the custom) with a prayer cloth draped over them. Others have found a bit of incense, and the fragrances of same hangs like a blue haze just above their heads. Several of the other maidens, who have come to tend honorably Nicodemus and the household, have busied themselves preparing foods.

There is the knock upon the portal, and Nicodemus turns to glance, and his servant moves quickly to the portal. Opening the peering place, the portal, she speaks softly and receives an appropriate response, for the dark of nightfall is so thick and heavy, naught can be seen without a flame. She peers, bending as she does around the door's edge to be certain that her decision is correct, and several of the elderly guardians of the Expectant Ones have notably moved to position themselves by the portal just in case they are needed, their aged hands and worn, bruised knuckles of some firmly grasping their stout staffs, as they have done for so many years, completely at the ready to use them if the need is evident for them to so do.

He strides into the home of Nicodemus in the forechamber, and in the glow of this hearth fire, he appears as one of wealth and stature. The fine embroidery and ribbing around his head garment catches a flicker of the light. The multiple layers of his garments are not soiled by the dust and grime of travel, but appear to be freshly prepared, and he and his countenance are, equally so, well groomed.

With upstretched arms, Nicodemus comes swiftly to greet him. "Oh, Joseph, what joy to have you here. You honor my abode. The others... Come, the others will be so reassured that you are here."

As Joseph of Arimathea is announced, many come to bless him and thank him. And he moves about to converse with many whom he has seen only seldom over the past decades, and finally, he comes to take a position of honor as a guest in the home of Nicodemus. And several of them, who have come from the household of Zebedee, are now gathered with him.

"We will ask for Him, then," James begins softly.

"Yes," Joseph moves about and Nicodemus seats himself at the side of Joseph. "All is prepared, all is at the ready."

"Do you think they will honor our request?"

Turning to glance at the younger Nathanael, Nicodemus nods and smiles softly. "I believe we can express it in a way that will have no threat of any kind to them, and we have a place of honor and respect prepared to receive Him. And a number of the Maidens have prepared the cloth and ointments. Indeed, all is at the ready," and Nicodemus casts a careful glance around those who are now gathered about them at the table, some standing two and three deep here and there.

"And the prophesies, what think you, brother?" James inquires softly of Nicodemus.

“He has said it, and it has been prophesied. We can do only what we know to do, and all of this is prepared. What shall follow,” and he looks up, “is in their hands. And God’s.”



They look carefully into the flame as several of the new maidens fuel it and stir the contents of the great pot that is being heated above it. Those who have remained because of their inability to journey are positioned close to the flame to draw in the warmth of it.

“It is a time for the work to begin anew,” Zelotese begins softly.

“Indeed,” Iliam, his face blank, answers softly.

With considerable effort, Judy raises herself up, and glancing at Zelotese, smiles, her face displaying the years of service. The small rivulets that form in her skin do not diminish the beauty of her. “Would that we could join you, brother,” Judy offers softly, to turn and glance at the equally warm and aged countenance of Anna. “Our days are few here, and we await with joyful anticipation seeing Him again. But know this, oh brothers, as He has said it unto all of us and to so many, the words, ‘I am always with you,’ so then, too, am I and my sweet sister ever with you, as well.

“Now, as He so oft reminded us of this, His light must be carefully sewn into the hearts and minds of those who will follow, that they might bear it forth, and that His light might grow and brighten and bring hope, forgiveness, and love to those who lie ahead on the journey called life who will ask for it.”

And the slender forearm and her hand come up as she places her hand over her heart, and we hear her and her sister echo these simple but powerful words. “The peace of God be with thee.”



We shall conclude these works at this juncture, and as we so do, we remind any who may hear these words, what we have chosen to give unto the Earth in this recounting, we give in absolute humbleness and utter service to the Word of God called Christ.

Know ye well everyone, the Word of God is within you, not apart, nor distant, nor gone, but ever with you. Thus, is it our humble prayer that what has been given will give you, just so as it did that captain, cause to search joyfully. For, indeed, He makes a place for thee, as well.

We give thanks unto all those forces, which have come forward and offered this information in the individual and collective sense, and we give thanks unto God for the joy of this humbling service.

As we return our Channel and his mate to the Earth, we do so by embracing them with the very cloak of this One, affirming that they shall come into completeness in their singular and unique personages, and that naught else but goodness shall be permitted to

enter in, but only so as is in accordance with their own personal choices. So sayeth we, so let it be written.

May the grace and blessings of our Father's wisdom ever be as a lamp to guide your footsteps. Fare thee well then for the present, dear friends.



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