

**I am able to receive channelings like this
due to the teachings of Rev. Neusom and the support of the
members of the Sacred Light Fellowship --Ginger Glasser**

**For months I will take the time each day to sink into the quiet,
following my breath until it carries me to the threshold of the
Infinite. One day, without effort, I dissolve into the presence of The
One—no separation, no boundary, only the vastness holding me. For
thirty timeless minutes, I rest in that radiant stillness. And then, one
day, I stop meditating. No falling away, no crisis—just a quiet ending,
as if the river simply decided not to run that day.**

**It happens with my body, too. I move faithfully through my exercise
routine for months, my muscles alive, my mind clear, my spirit
steady. Then, as suddenly as the tide recedes, I abandon it. No
reason. Just absence.**

**And sometimes, instead of leaning into the open arms of peace—
where God, the Holy Spirit, Mother Mary, Jesus, and so many others
wait—I choose the heat of anger. I sink into it, stirring the pot, tasting
the bitterness. I stomp and flare, gripping the throat of an imagined
enemy with white-knuckled insistence. Letting go takes time.
Sometimes a long time. On the darker days, it takes me feeling
hollowed out, unmoored from reality, and hovering somewhere
outside my own body before I finally loosen my hold.**

**In time, despairing my lack of intention for meditation or exercise,
or in the arms of anger, I find myself in the presence of Master
Hilarion. His smile is warm, radiant, as if lit from within. “Bring it on
home, my dear,” he says gently. “Come, sit with me awhile. Feel my
peace. Know my love. Rest in my ease and comfort. I have a story to
share with you—a story of love... a story of you.”**

Jubilant soul,
Bearer of joy,
Zestful dancer,
Scattering stardust through the heavens with every step.
Singer of rejoicing,
A living harmony in motion.

You are one with all souls—from the smallest bird in flight
to the mighty polar bear roaming the ice. The whales and
sea creatures follow in your wake as you glide through the
oceans—pure grace in liquid form. This is your paradise.
When the angelic choirs begin to tune their voices,
You gather countless souls to join the celestial resonance.
Joyful, joyful, joyful—lifting your voice before the Mighty
One!

Singing of Its boundless love, of blessings flowing into all
creation.

Weaving harmonies that affirm the wholeness of all that is,
And all that we are made to be:
Love, fulfilled.

Gently, I return to this world—settled, at ease, my spirit
anchored once more in my body. As I am, I am whole, I am
loved from within, I am fulfilled.

Thank you, Hilarion, for all that you are.
And so it is. Blessed be.