

A Greater Reality:

***The New Paradigm of Nonlocal
Consciousness, the Paranormal
& the Contact Modalities***

VOLUME FOUR: Experiencer Chapters

Editors

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A Greater Reality

Table of Contents

Volume 4

Book Endorsements	5
Jeffrey Long, MD, NDE Researcher	4
Jeffrey Mishlove, PhD, Consciousness & Contact Modalities Researcher.....	5
Steve Mera, Contact Modalities Researcher.....	6
John B. Alexander, PhD, Consciousness & CAP/UFO Researcher	8
Whitley Streiber, Experienter & CAP/UFO Researcher.....	10
Grant Cameron, CAP/UFO Researcher	11
Alan Steinfeld, CAP/UFO Researcher)	13
George Knapp, CAP/UFO Researcher	14
 <u>Forward</u>, by Mary Rodwell	17
 <u>Preface</u>, by Jeffrey Kripal, Ph.D.	25
 <u>Reinerio Hernandez, JD, MCP</u> <i>Introduction to Volumes 3-6: The Experienter Chapters for the A Greater Reality book series</i>	29
 <u>Reinerio Hernandez, JD, MCP</u> <i>Introduction to the CAP-UFO Contact Research.....</i>	40

Paulina Howfield

*A Lifetime of Contact Experiences with Non-Human Intelligence:
Contact via A Near Death Experience, Spirits/Ghosts, Orbs, Angels,
Galactic Beings, UFO Aliens, & Other “Life Forms”*73

Reinerio (Rev) Hernandez

Introduction to Raymond E. Fowler – One of the Pioneers of Ufology 109

Raymond E. Fowler

*Coming of Age as a Ufologist: Relationship Between Ufology,
Near Death Experiences & the Contact Modalities* 112

Carolyn Clarke, BA, MEd

Knowing But Not Knowing: My Experiences via the Contact Modalities.....208

Dandan Cui

A Chinese Experiencer’s Message from the Future238

Bri Lafferty

My Near-Death Experience (NDE) Cured My Incurable Disorder.....247

Giles Campbell & Mary Rodwell

*The Giles Campbell Story: My Experiences with Shadow Beings,
Mantid Beings, Orbs, UFO, PSI, Telepathic Communications
& Other Experiences via the Contact Modalities*258

Tamara Caulder Richardson

*My Mystical Magical Journey via the Contact Modalities: My Six NDEs,
OBEs, Astral Travels, Contact with Spirits, Demons, Angels &
Spiritually Transformative Experiences*278

Tony Woody

*My Moment in Eternity: My Near Death Like Experience,
OBE, and Meeting with GOD*330

Lena Ohlson, PhD

*A Lifetime of Experiences via the Contact Modalities: An NDE, many OBEs
& Astral Travel Experiences, PSI & Telepathic Abilities, Miraculous Medical
Healings, Past Life Memories & UFO Contact*.....337

Marc Abrams, BA, CPA

*An Expansion of Consciousness and Contact: My Multidimensional
Spiritual Reality of Contact with Spirit Guides, Non-Human Intelligence,
Deceased Relatives, & Energy Beings.....* 372

Bill Spicer

My UFO Contact Experiences 402

Ruth Ann Friend

*Daily Living with Christ Light Council of Extraterrestrial Beings:
My NDE, Living with Deceased Souls, OBEs, UFO Contact &
Daily Communication with my Deceased Son.....* 406

Martha Asela Galvez Olivares

*A Lifetime of Contact: Seeing Dead People, Spirit Possession,
Astral Travel Experiences, Precognitive Visions, Seeing Jesus,
Receiving Many Telepathic Messages, Past Life Memories.....* 466

Linda Marie Noyes

*A Lifetime of “Paranormal” Contact Experiences
via the Contact Modalities 479*

Danica Champion

Contact with Harvey, the Non-Human Intelligence & the Ouija Board 538

Mindy Tautfest

*Haunted by a Shadow Person, Poltergeist Home, Precognitive Dreams,
Communication with the Deceased, My NDE & Spiritual Transformation 559*

Barbara Jean Lindsey

*How my Near-Death Experience induced my “Paranormal” Experiences
via the Contact Modalities, including Contact with various forms of
Non-Human Intelligence.....* 595

Sharon Milliman

*My Four NDEs, My Spirit Visitations, Physical Contact with Jesus,
Shown the Future & Shown my Past Lives 643*

Zoli A. Browne

*My Lifelong Contact, with Thousands of Diverse Forms
Of Non-Human Intelligence.....* 699

Bri Lafferty

My Near-Death Experience Cured My Incurable Disorder 750

Jimmy J. Jones, Captain, U.S. Army (Retired)

ALL IS LIGHT - A Close Encounter of the Fifth Kind: An Unidentified Aerial Phenomenon (UAP) event that involves direct communication with Non-Human Intelligence 761

Zuzanna Vee

In Search of the Nature of Reality: A Lifetime of Contact with Various Non-Human Intelligence via the Contact Modalities with Non-Human Intelligence 781

Summary of the Dr. Edgar Mitchell

FREE Foundation CAP-UFO Experienter Research Study 808

Documentary: “A Greater Reality:

One Man’s Journey of Discovery” 815

Amazon Book - A Greater Reality: The New Paradigm of Non-local

Consciousness, the Paranormal, & the Contact Modalities 816

Amazon Book – The Mind of GOD: A Spiritual-Virtual

Reality Model of Consciousness & The Contact Modalities 817

Amazon Book - Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness

and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence 818

Amazon Book – A Greater Reality:

One Man’s Journey of Discovery 819

October 1st – Experienter Liberation Day 820

Book Endorsements

Jeffrey Long, M.D.

Author of the New York Times best-selling “*Evidence of the Afterlife: The Science of Near-Death Experiences*” and “*God and the Afterlife: The Groundbreaking New Evidence for God and Near-Death Experience*”. <https://www.nderf.org/>

The six-volume book series, each 800 pages in length, titled “***Greater Reality: The New Paradigm of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities***”, edited by my friend, Reinerio (Rey) Hernandez and his distinguished co-authors, is a groundbreaking work that reshapes our understanding of consciousness and the nature of reality. These books are establishing a new paradigm of viewing the nature of our reality. The first two volumes are theoretical volumes that delve deeply into the theoretical underpinnings of consciousness as the fundamental source of existence, expertly connecting it to various paranormal “**Contact Modalities**”, a term that Rey has coined.

By demonstrating that these seemingly separate phenomena-- like Near Death Experiences, UFO encounters, Out of Body Experiences, seeing and communicating with the deceased, Remote Viewing, various PSI phenomena, Hallucinogenic Journeys, etc., are actually interconnected facets of one consciousness-based reality, these volumes challenge conventional materialist views and introduce a cohesive, consciousness-centered model of the universe. The third, fourth, fifth and sixth volumes are a captivating collection of firsthand accounts from major experiencers of these Contact Modalities, giving readers an intimate and transformative look into encounters with Non-Human Intelligence across multiple dimensions.

Finally, Rey's book discussing his personal experiences, "**A Greater Reality: One Man's Journey of Discovery**", offers an illuminating, profound journey that is essential reading for anyone interested in the deeper mysteries of consciousness and our place in the cosmos. His journey and transformation are similar to the NDE journey and spiritual transformation that I have encountered in my 30 plus years of NDE research. All of Rey's books in the **A Greater Reality** book series are scholarly, yet a joy to read. They are all essential reading and highly recommended.

Jeffrey Mishlove, Ph.D.

Host of New Thinking Allowed

<https://www.youtube.com/@wThinkingAllowed>

Author of "***Beyond the Brain: The Survival of Human Consciousness After Permanent Bodily Death***" (Winner of the BICS Survival of Consciousness Essay Contest), and "***The Roots of Consciousness: Psychic Liberation Through History, Science, and Experience***"

Rey Hernandez is a man on a quest and on a mission. By the grace of the absolute, his life has been transformed in miraculous and synchronistic ways. He has been shown, via a wide variety of experiences, that the wide variety of paranormal experiences (what Rey has coined "**The Contact Modalities**"), reported by thousands, if not millions, of people around the world, have a single source. That source is pure consciousness itself, mind-at-large (as some would put it), or in Rey's own language, the "**Mind of God**". Of course, such experiences and visions are not uncommon. But what is truly rare, is Rey's determination to collect data and reports from thousands of experiencers and dozens of academic researchers investigating their claims. This he has achieved with ceaseless energy. This six-volume book series, 800 pages for each volume, titled "**A Greater Reality: The New Paradigm of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities**", is a gift from the realm of spirit to the entire world and

help to establish a “new paradigm” connecting consciousness to the paranormal Contact Modalities. These books are truly historic and an invaluable resource by arguing that all of the paranormal phenomena are actually one integrated phenomenon under consciousness.

Volumes 1 and 2 are academic books, with chapters written by many PhD academics and MDs, many who are my personal friends, is a valuable resource for academic research on the topic of the paranormal Contact Modalities and consciousness. Volumes 3-6 are a collection of articles written by major Experiencers of the Contact Modalities. These experiencer written chapters demonstrate the interconnectedness between the paranormal Contact Modalities and consciousness. Most of these individuals have had experiences with 3 or more different Contact Modalities, once again demonstrating that the paranormal phenomena are not separate and distinct from each other but instead are ONE interrelated phenomenon under consciousness.

Finally, Rey’s well documented academic book detailing his personal experiences, *"A Greater Reality: One Man's Journey of Discovery"*, provides additional supporting documentation that the “paranormal” involves a multidimensional consciousness-based phenomenon involving a manipulation of spacetime. These collections of books are one of the most important resources that detail the relationship between consciousness and the paranormal. They are an invaluable resource for any consciousness scholar and a must read!

Steve Mera - Investigative Researcher

Founder: SEP - The Scientific Establishment of Parapsychology
Publisher of “Phenomena Magazine”.

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The six-volume book series, “***A Greater Reality: The New Paradigm of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities***”, edited by Reinerio (Rey) Hernandez and his distinguished team of co-authors, represents a ground-breaking body of work that fundamentally challenges and reshapes our understanding of consciousness and the nature of reality itself. In the first two volumes, the authors dive deeply into the theoretical foundations of consciousness as the primary, underlying source of all existence. They skillfully explore its connections to various phenomena traditionally classified as “paranormal”, what Rey has coined “**The Contact Modalities**”. These include Near-Death Experiences, UFO encounters, Out of Body Experiences, communication with the deceased, Remote Viewing, various PSI phenomena, and Hallucinogenic Journeys, among others. Rey and the other authors propose that these seemingly disparate experiences are not isolated or mysterious events, but rather interconnected aspects of one universal, consciousness-based reality. In doing so, they challenge entrenched materialist perspectives and offer a cohesive, consciousness-centered model of the universe that transcends conventional scientific paradigms.

The series' third, fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes take a dramatic turn, presenting a rich collection of first-hand accounts from individuals who have had direct encounters with Non-Human Intelligence across multiple dimensions. These personal stories, drawn from major experiencers of these Contact Modalities, offer readers a profoundly transformative window into the nature of these otherworldly interactions, deepening our understanding of how consciousness operates beyond the physical world. Together, these volumes offer not only a scholarly investigation of these extraordinary phenomena but also a deeply personal and thought-provoking exploration of human consciousness in its most expansive form.

Rey has also completed a book about his personal experiences via the Contact Modalities titled “***A Greater Reality: One Man's Journey of Discovery***”. This book presents Rey’s personal “paranormal”

experiences in a scholarly manner. He dissects the details of each of his paranormal experiences and provides an academic, yet easily understood hypothesis to explain his many experiences that is both innovative and pedagogical.

In summary, the *A Greater Reality* book series is a must-read for anyone seeking a more profound understanding of the mysteries of contact with non-human intelligence, consciousness, our place in the cosmos, and the nature of reality itself. Both intellectually stimulating and deeply engaging, these books are highly recommended for anyone eager to explore the deeper dimensions of human experience.

John B. Alexander, Ph.D.

Former U.S. Army colonel, Los Alamos National Laboratory (retired). Author of “*Reality Denied: Firsthand Experiences with Things that Can't Happen - But Did*” and “*UFOs: Myths, Conspiracies, and Realities*”

A Greater Reality: The New Paradigm of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal and the Contact Modalities, edited by Reinerio (Rey) Hernandez and a team of distinguished academic professors, is an extraordinary compilation of materials that span the breadth of anomalous phenomena. Rey was the first researcher to name this cross correlation of paranormal experiences as the “*Contact Modalities*” -- as one integrated phenomenon under consciousness where consciousness is fundamental and not our perceived physical reality. All of the editors and academics associated with this book series also argue that all of the Contact Modalities should be viewed as one integrated phenomenon under consciousness.

Rey was the first academic researcher to actually collect data demonstrating the cross correlations between what were commonly believed to be unique fields of inquiry. While the concept of the Contact Modalities as one integrated phenomenon under consciousness had been postulated by some of us, Rey was the first to engage thousands of people to evaluate their personal experiences and compare them with those with similar experiences via the Contact Modalities. A massive undertaking, the results were published in Rey's first pioneering academic book titled ***Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence.***

Moving beyond his personal research, Rey was instrumental and successful in bringing together a who's who of the serious scientific Ph.D. academic and MD researchers in the fields of anomalous phenomena and consciousness studies and formed the **CCRI**, or **Consciousness and Contact Research Institute**. The result was a six volume book series, each over 800 pages in length, titled "***A Greater Reality: The Science of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities***".

The introductory book to this six-volume book series is titled ***The Mind of GOD: A Virtual-Spiritual Reality Model of Consciousness and the Contact Modalities.*** There is no better place for anyone interested in these topics to survey the topics and be pointed to areas for further exploration and study. While consciousness is considered a quintessential "***Hard Problem***," and quantum physics a keystone to our understanding of the nature of the universe, these volumes provide a substantial foundation to the explorer at any stage of development. All is interconnected, and consider that if you are thinking globally, you are thinking too small.

Whitley Strieber

Author of “*Communion*”, “*The Afterlife Revolution*”, “*The Super Natural: Why the Unexplained Is Real*”. www.unknowncountry.com

A Greater Reality: One Man’s Journey of Discovery, is a rich exploration of the truly extraordinary life of one of the legendary figures in UFOlogy, Reinerio (Rey) Hernandez. It takes the reader on a riveting journey down some pathways that even very few close encounter witnesses have ever dared to tread.

Rey was the first researcher to academically research the relationship between Consciousness and not only UFOs but all of the paranormal. He assembled a large team of Ph.D. academics and UFO contact researchers to undertake a comprehensive worldwide academic statistical research study of UFO contact experiencers whose data was published in his historic book titled “*Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence*”. Much of this data contradicts much of what is currently circulating in materialist Ufology.

The *Beyond UFOs* research study clearly demonstrated that the UFO contact phenomenon was much more complicated than what the field of materialist Ufology is presenting. The study demonstrated that UFO contact was both a physical and a “paranormal” phenomenon. His new 6 volume book series, “*A Greater Realty: The Science of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities*”, is a historic book which argues that not only UFOs, but all of the paranormal, what Rey termed the **Contact Modalities**, needs to be viewed as ONE interrelated phenomenon under Consciousness. All of Rey’s books are academic, easy to read, yet mind-opening and fascinating reading! They are a historic treasure that will certainly be appreciated for generations to come.

Grant Cameron – UFO and Paranormal Researcher

Author of “*Beyond Magic*”, “*Tuned-In: The Paranormal World of Music*”, “*Contact Modalities: The Keys to the Universe*”.

A Greater Reality: The New Paradigm of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities, edited by Reinerio (Rey) Hernandez and other distinguished academics, is a six-volume book series that is required reading for anyone researching the relationship between UFOs, consciousness and the other paranormal “**Contact Modalities**”, a term that Rey coined in 2013. This book series centers on “consciousness”, what is the nature of our reality, and its relationship with the paranormal Contact Modalities. Rey and the other academics featured in this book series argue that UFOs need to be studied as a paranormal related phenomenon. In addition, this book series argues that not only UFOs, but all of the other paranormal “Contact Modalities” are not separate and distinct from one another but in fact need to be researched as ONE integrate phenomenon under consciousness.

I firmly believe that understanding the paranormal lies in understanding what is consciousness. I have written 22 books on UFOs and the paranormal, and have quoted Rey’s research more than any other author. We either go down the road that Rey is on, or we will spend 80 more years chasing lights in the sky and paranormal stories and get no farther than we did in the first 80 years. These six volumes are a prolific academic collection of the data that has been collected, data that has been sadly ignored by the field of materialist Ufology and academia in general.

This 6-volume magnum opus, should be read in corollary with Rey’s personal book, “*A Greater Reality: One Man’s Journey of Discovery*”. This book contains many of Rey’s personal paranormal experiences, detailing his personal contact with large and up-close UFOs, which Rey calls “CAPs”, or **Consciousness Aerial**

Phenomenon. It is a wonderful read of stories I have heard Rey tell over the years since I have known him. The book, with all the synchronicities and paranormal events he experienced, illustrates that Rey is truly on a mission to bring the truth about the nature of reality, what is consciousness, to the world, as directed by a greater intelligence, an intelligence that Rey has termed “**The Mind of GOD**”. Rey relates his experiences in a no BS “tell it like it was” manner.

I consider Rey’s work with experiencers and scientists to be some of the most important research ever done in any field. Rey was the first author to publish the direct connection between the paranormal Contact Modalities and Consciousness by arguing that what we initially viewed as separate phenomena, are instead one interrelated phenomenon under consciousness-- all the paranormal, including UFOs, need to be viewed as ONE phenomenon under consciousness.

"A Greater Reality: One Man's Journey of Discovery" tells Rey’s personal story of the drive and dedication of the man behind that research. It discusses his personal experiences via the Contact Modalities and should be read as a continuation of his 6-volume book series, *“A Greater Reality: The New Paradigm of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities”*. All of Rey’s books are required reading for anyone interested in researching the relationship between consciousness and the paranormal Contact Modalities. These are the most important books ever written on the relationship between Consciousness, our greater multidimensional reality, and the paranormal Contact Modalities. They are required reading for anyone interested in not only the UFO field but also the fields of paranormal research and consciousness studies.

Alan Steinfeld

Author of “***Making Contact: Preparing for the New Realities of Extraterrestrial Contact***”.

Some people desperately search for a greater reality; some people stumble upon them out of curiosity, while others have a greater reality thrust upon them. This is the case of Reinerio (Rey) Hernández, whose second book, “***The Mind of GOD: A Spiritual Virtual Reality Model of Consciousness and the Contact Modalities***”, serves as an introduction to his epic 6-Volume book series titled “***A Greater Reality: The Science of Non-local Consciousness, the Paranormal and the Contact Modalities***”, the most important books ever written on the relationship between the paranormal, UFOs, and consciousness.

In the midst of ongoing revelations from the government about the UAP/UFO reality, it is strange times we are living in and this is exactly why this book is most needed at this time. Rey’s writings navigate the unexplored levels of consciousness, which will give us insight into the vaster cosmos of consciousness we are part of.

Like the subjects it covers, this is not an ordinary text, it is an attempt on a grand scale to explore a universe filled with wonder, magic, and possibilities yet to be dreamed. This excellent series of books is a greater sampling of this evolutionary moment. It is indeed a welcome treasure and a companion for the ongoing revelation of who and what the human being really is. Thank you, Rey.

George Knapp

Chief Investigative Reporter for KLAS TV 8newsnow I-Team, weekend host Coast to Coast AM radio. Co-Author of “*Hunt for the Skinwalker: Science Confronts the Unexplained at a Remote Ranch in Utah*”

Interest in the UFO mystery has spiked in recent years, and most of the attention has focused on government secrets, whistleblowers, crash retrievals, what the Pentagon might know, what kind of classified studies, reports, photos, and videos might be stashed in various stovepipes inside the DOD or intelligence community. This is the materialist approach to Ufology. But what if the truly important information isn't hidden inside a deep, dark Pentagon cubbyhole, but rather is in plain sight? What if the UFO mystery is much more complicated than this materialist approach?

The story told by Rey in the “*A Greater Reality*” book series is historic, compelling, credible, and global in scope. The true significance of human contact with Non-Human Intelligence (NHI) might have nothing to do with the quest for advanced technology and materialist Ufology, but rather, with the nature of our interaction with some other form of higher intelligence under the rubric of consciousness, our greater reality. While Volume 1 and 2 of this book series are academic and theoretical in nature, Volumes 3-6 provide thousands of pages of detailed contact experiences of experiencers of the **Contact Modalities** - paranormal experiences where these individuals are having contact with NHI via Near Death Experiences, UFO Contact, Out of Body Experiences, Remote Viewing, Hallucinogenic Journeys and other paranormal phenomenon. The collection of these books argue that our true reality might not be a physical one but one that is much more complicated.

Secondly, the “*A Greater Reality*” book series argues that all of the Contact Modalities, all of the “paranormal” contact experiences with NHI, including UFO contact experiences, need to be viewed as one interrelated phenomenon. This was the same conclusion reached by the NIDS research team, the National Institute for Discovery Science, in their extensive research of Skinwalker Ranch-- the lesson is that somehow all of these phenomena are related, now it’s up to you to figure out how. Rey’s books go a long way to providing an ontological framework that begin to explain the nature of how all paranormal phenomena might be interrelated. This is truly a historical piece of academic research.

The overall message as described in the “*A Greater Reality*” book series is positive, almost hopeful. The esteemed writers who contributed to this massive effort, many who I personally know, make the case that humanity is being transformed, one encounter at a time. And while most of these encounters are terrifying and bewildering at the time of their initial experience, the humans who've had these experiences eventually come to the conclusion that contact with NHI changed their lives for the better. Whoever they are, wherever they are from, they seem to be interested in slowly preparing us for whatever comes next.

All of Rey’s pioneering books, while academic in nature, are easy to read, illuminating, and a must read for anyone interested in understanding the complexities of the UFO and paranormal contact phenomenon.

Forward

by **Mary Rodwell**

It is my pleasure and honor to write the forward for the six volume book series, titled “*A Greater Reality, the New Paradigm of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities*”, co-edited by my dear friend and research colleague Reinerio (Rey) Hernandez. I personally believe Rey Hernandez’s contribution to this subject with his research into the complexity of human interactions with Non-Human Intelligence (NHI) is seminal in its reach and scope. I am not aware of any other source or individual who has compiled such a wealth of information and personal accounts of contact with Non-Human Intelligences to date.

Rey Hernandez’s personal experiences, referenced in his new book, “*A Greater Reality: One Man’s Journey of Discovery*”, offers more understanding of the motivation and deep commitment Rey has demonstrated by exploring the complexity and mystery of his own personal experiences and spiritual journey. In this book, Rey details how his personal Contact with Non-Human Intelligence provided the inspiration and on-going connection to this intelligence, who Rey refers to as “**The Mind of GOD**”. Rey explains how his Contact experiences inspired the focus to his groundbreaking research, and the creation of an academic research institute, the Consciousness and Contact Research Institute (CCRI), comprised of more than 25 Ph.D. academics and medical doctors. Rey should be applauded for his attempt to scientifically explain and demonstrate the validity of multidimensional reality behind Contact.

He also needs to be acknowledged for his development of the term “**The Contact Modalities**”, that all of the paranormal is actually ONE interrelated phenomenon under consciousness, which in turn connects human consciousness to Non-Human Intelligence.

Rey’s research demonstrates that the materialist perspective of ‘nuts and bolts’ Ufological research was trapped by its own limits into what data was deemed credible. Many researchers have demonstrated through their own research that the UFO phenomenon is a multidimensional experience involving a manipulation of space-time and as such could only be explored through a broader ‘lens’ if it was to be fully understood. The Experiencers of the Contact Modalities are often connected to other realms or dimensions of the multiverse through what is termed human ‘consciousness.’

Rey through his personal experiences was led to challenge all his previous beliefs, and courageously stepped into the ‘unknown’ with this expanded awareness. Rey, and countless of other Experiencers, have been led to challenge the boundaries of conventional wisdom, exploring scientific parameters in the quantum realms of our multidimensional reality. Rey was inspired to study a layman’s version of quantum physics research and the vast academic research literature on Consciousness Studies and the Near-Death Experience phenomenon because these subjects help explain and indicate that Consciousness is primary and not our perceived physical reality. Rey has argued that not only Consciousness, the nature of our true reality, is “fundamental”, but also that all of the “paranormal” Contact Modalities need to be viewed as one integrated phenomenon under Consciousness, including the UFO phenomena.

He argues that this hypothesis helps us to better understand our multidimensional reality and the experience of Contact with Non-Human Intelligences via the Contact Modalities, which include: Near Death Experiences, Out of Body Travel, UFO contact, contact and communication with the deceased, Remote Viewing, Hallucinogenic

Journeys, the ESP phenomenon, and other forms of contact with Non-Human Intelligence.

Rey's viewpoint is innovative and unique and his many books and publications establish a "New Paradigm" of understanding the nature of our consciousness-based reality and our role in this complex multidimensional existence. No one's work compares to the breadth and scope of the innovative approach of my friend, Rey Hernandez.

It has become increasingly evident that academic research into the fields of Quantum Physics, Consciousness Studies, the Near-Death Experience and the UFO contact phenomena all point to the hypothesis that human contact with perceived Non-Human Intelligence is a consciousness-based phenomenon involving a manipulation of space-time. The academic research of the Dr. Edgar Mitchell (FREE) Foundation, an organization co-founded by myself, Rey, the late Apollo 14 Astronaut Dr. Edgar Mitchell, and Harvard Astrophysicists, Dr. Rudy Schild, demonstrated statistical data that supported this hypothesis.

The FREE Experiencer Research Study was the first and continues to be the only comprehensive statistical academic research study of UFO Contact Experiencers. It provided data from 700 quantitative and 70 open-ended in-depth questions on UFO related contact with Non-Human Intelligence. Over 4,350 individuals from over 125 countries responded to our English language surveys. FREE also conducted these surveys in several other languages. This information is detailed in the 820-page historic book titled ***"Beyond UFO's: The Science of Consciousness and Contact with Non-Human Intelligences"***.

This groundbreaking 6-year academic research study indicated that 75% of Encounters were experienced in an Out of Body (OBE) state, which clearly demonstrated why the previous Ufological methodology researching this phenomenon had been inconclusive.

Such data once again demonstrated we are dealing with non-ordinary states of consciousness.

Much of the FREE survey data contradicted what is still circulating in the field of materialist UFOlogy. The FREE data findings demonstrates that almost everything that one reads in the internet and in materialist UFO books is either wrong or misguided. Materialist Ufology focuses on a physical “flying” UFO, argues that the intelligence behind the physical UFO is a physical being coming to visit us, in most cases for less and 30 seconds and is coming to visit us from a physical planet. The focus is on UFO crashes, UFO sightings, UFO videos, UFO photos, in essence, on the physicality of the UFO phenomenon.

This materialist perspective completely ignores the main essence that the UFO phenomenon is a “Consciousness-based Phenomenon”. All of Rey’s books do not use the term UFOs or UAPs. Instead, his preferred term is **CAP, or Consciousness Aerial Phenomenon**, to properly define the phenomena as one that is Consciousness-based.

What was significant from the FREE survey data is that it indicated that many “Contact Experiences” were the result of a multidimensional experience and this was a catalyst for awakening them to be more consciously aware of communication with NHI. Rey Hernandez named the catalyst to this Contact with NHI as “**The Contact Modalities**” -- a term that demonstrates that Contact with NHI may occur not only after a ‘sighting’ of a CAP-UFO but from numerous other experiences such as a Near Death Experiences (NDE), a shamanic experience, Astral Travel, Remote Viewing, mediumship, clairaudience, clairaudience, clairvoyance, channeling, a Kundalini awakening or other paranormal experiences, etc. The term the “**Contact Modalities**” suggest that all of the paranormal needs to be viewed and researched as ONE integrated phenomenon under Consciousness instead of separate and distinct phenomena.

For many individuals, the interactions often began from early childhood but may have been interpreted through spiritual or religious belief, such as angels, spirit guides or religious entities. The individuals were unaware this may be Contact with NHI but their personal spiritual or religious beliefs may provide a different interpretation. Unfortunately, due to the limits of such beliefs it can often take a pivotal event to dissolve and reconfigure a more expansive and open attitude to what is possible, to create a more expanded understanding of reality. A seminal event such as a sighting of a UFO, a 'missing time' episode, or a miraculous medical healing experience that was unexplainable, would be pivotal to activate the awakening of the individual awareness, which in turn, leads to further exploration as to the nature of their consciousness-based reality. Each individual will have a unique story to how this occurred for them, although there may be similar patterns to this awakening. In many cases it can be unique to the individual soul. The bottom line is that all of the Contact Modality experiences lead to a spiritual awakening where the Experiencer, over many years, reaches the conclusion that they are eternal spiritual beings within a complex multidimensional reality. Rey has presented this complex evolution leading to spirituality in all of his books including his book on his personal experiences titled "***A Greater Reality: One Man's Journey of Discovery***".

I am a therapist first and researcher second. My role has been to assist the individual to make sense of their own personal journey to connect the dots to their own personal understanding what these experiences mean to them. Initially it is to help them understand and I am a therapist first and researcher second. My role has been to assist the individual to make sense of their own personal journey to connect the dots to their own personal understanding what these experiences mean to them. Initially it is to help them understand and validate, through offering of information of similar accounts, but also to look deeper into their own experiences to help them discover more about their Contact and what this means as they seek to understand pivotal questions such as: Why me?; Who are they?; What is the purpose of this

experience? The answers to these crucial questions may take them on a deep spiritual journey into questioning reality and their place in it. The outcomes of “Contact” may lead to huge changes in philosophy, motivation, values and their individual worldviews appear to be pivotal to the experiences including the awakening of “intuitive multidimensional” abilities.

I can be tasked to assist the individuals integrate such changes in perspective and to help the individual manage expanding multidimensional awareness which for some is uncomfortable and challenging depending on their religious and educational programming. There is a deep fear for some that exploring such awareness will cause them to fear they will become mentally ill. This is why *Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6*, the Experienter chapter books in the “*A Greater Reality*” book series, are incredibly valuable and supportive as it covers many sensitive aspects of Contact.

The challenge to the Experienter of the Contact Modalities, is how can they embrace their expanding abilities and awareness without losing their sanity. Western society and conventional psychology is still reluctant to accept multidimensional abilities as valid. Hence, many Contact experiences, are mis-judged as fantasy or illness. This means that in many cases the individual will keep such a reality to themselves or share to a few trusted souls. These experiences result in isolation, and often, because of this, many experiencers remain with further doubt or are confused by their experiences.

The “Truth Embargo” on this subject by “authorities”, including many in the field of materialist UFOlogy, has done so much damage as it negates the truth of these realities. However as more of this phenomenon has been exposed as true and other paranormal multidimensional realities are accepted, it provides the opportunity for more courageous souls with the plethora of extraordinary accounts of multidimensional experiences to share their stories. Rey’s new book on

his personal contact experiences and the six volume “**A Greater Reality**” book series, will provide the required revelation to stimulate this new paradigm of thought. All of Rey’s books convey how we are interacting with the consciousness matrix, what Rey calls “**The Mind of GOD**”. This thesis argues that all is interconnected, all is ONE, that there is no separation from the physical and non-physical realms, all is consciousness.

It is hard for many of us to realize that we are educated into a very limited reality matrix. The awakening of humanity into its true nature is what is now happening. Its challenging us to face all our fears and to be open to what we don't know. *A Greater Reality: The New Paradigm of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities*, Volumes 3-6, are personal accounts of human experiences with Non-Human Intelligence.

In my opinion, these books will amaze, surprise and raise many questions as to who or what we are. These books will educate us to better understand and appreciate the possibility that we are part of an expanding consciousness within a matrix of awareness. I believe these volumes are a gift to help us explore such questions. Rey's contribution and dedication is to bring such profound stories into the light of day. As I often say to myself “We don't know what we don't know”. However, the salient point is as follows, “unless they are true, what point would there be in sharing them?” I recall replying to a TV interviewer on a breakfast TV show some years ago who asked me if I believed the Contact accounts I heard. I replied: “***I have never been to Alaska but if enough people have been there, and shared their stories of going there, then I have to believe Alaska exists.***”

There is no reward or publicity for this phenomenon, but more often judgment, isolation and fear. Thus, Rey, and the many courageous individuals who share their truth, need to be commended and supported. For those that resonate or have similar experiences,

these extraordinary volumes of Experiencer accounts will give not only validation but hopefully more confidence to share their truth.

Thank you, Rey, for your generosity of spirit in bringing this extraordinary information to the public awareness. A riveting read of all volumes of the *A Greater Reality* book series, will validate and support countless souls who will be grateful for all those who shared so openly their personal lives and for their work and dedication of bringing this valuable information to humanity.

Mary Rodwell

Principal of ACERN (Australian Close Encounter Resource Network)

Author of “*Awakening: How Extraterrestrial Contact Can Transform Your Life*”, and “*The New Human: Awakening to Our Cosmic Heritage*”

PROLOGUE

Consciousness & the Contact Modalities: Three Moves into Strangeness

by Jeffrey J. Kripal, Ph.D.¹

I am happy and honored to be asked to write a brief Prologue for the six volume book series, “*A Greater Reality: The New Paradigm of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities*”. As a historian of religions, that is, as someone charged with the task of taking *everyone’s* extraordinary experience seriously and not just this or that culture’s convictions, I have encountered almost all of the exceptional events described in these six volumes in some form or another, either in living people or textual deposits. So, I have been thinking about these matters for some time, decades really. I have also been watching contemporaries react to them, often not so well, often, alas, rather dumbly.

Not here. Rey Hernandez and his colleagues, most who are well known Ph.D. academics and medical doctors, treat an exceptionally broad range of these experiences of transcendence. Rey calls them the “*Contact Modalities*”, a term that he has coined, and speculates that they all have something to do with the primacy of consciousness or Mind as the fundamental base of reality. I strongly suspect that they are correct, or correct enough. I also suspect that, once we take such Contact Modalities seriously and what they imply about our place in the universe, things are going to get stranger, *way* stranger.

¹ Prologue copyright by Jeffrey J. Kripal, Ph.D.

Are we ready for that? I think there are three moves into strangeness that we very much need to make, all of which are made in this important six volume book series, *A Greater Reality* and in his personal accounts of his experiences via the Contact Modalities, titled “*A Greater Reality: One Man’s Journey of Discovery*”.

The first move involves the realization that *all of these Contact Modalities are connected*. In fact, everything is connected to everything, but this is especially true in this twilight zone. This move, I want to suggest, is one of the real markers that separates the novice from the mature thinker and Rey and his research colleagues are certainly one of these mature thinkers. The novices think that their particular specialty is somehow a specialty, that it is set apart from all of that other “crazy” stuff. You know, UFOs are real, but Bigfoot is not. Or maybe telepathy happens, but certainly not precognition. And forget about levitation. That sort of thing.

The seasoned thinkers are not so tricked. They know that the UFO phenomenon and the NDE phenomenon are not the same, but that they are also definitely connected. So are parapsychological phenomenon (precognition, clairvoyance, remote viewing, even levitation, teleportation, and bilocation). So are spectral presences of every kind (from ghosts, angels, and demons to cryptids and monsters). The more one knows, the weirder it gets. Things, in actual fact, never really “makes sense,” and for one glaringly simple reason: such phenomena have little to do with the five senses.

The second move we very much need to make involves the realization that *the imaginal is the Contact Modality*. Put a bit less elliptically, once we realize that everything is connected, we have to come up with a model that explain why all of these things are connected *but are also so different*. We have to become comparativists. This is one of the hardest things for people to do in my experience. The believer wants to believe. The debunker wants to debunk. Neither can

recognize the partial truth of the other. Neither can hear the secret—that the imaginal is a symbolic translator, a medium of communication, the dimension of consciousness that connects all of the dots.

By invoking the imaginal, I do not mean that these things are “imaginary.” I mean rather that, under very special circumstances, the human imagination is somehow empowered and becomes, for a while, not a spinner of fantasy but a medium of contact. What this means in turn is that no such contact modality should be interpreted literally but all should be interpreted really. Do not confuse the dream with the dreamer, but recognize that the dream *is* the dreamer, or rather is a symbolic expression and art form of the dreamer.

To invoke a simple metaphor, I have used in other contexts, these Contact Modalities are all functioning like the stain glass windows of the church in which I grew up as a kid. The images and stories told in that glass are all culturally and religiously specific, as is the lead and glass art that constructed the windows many moons ago. But the sun that shines through them is neither culturally determined nor locally specific. And, of course, other places of worship will have other kinds of stain glass windows with other images and stories. What unites them all is the same sunlight shining through them and the subsequent process of artistic illumination and local mediation. There is real difference. And there is real sameness. But, in order to balance these two truths, one needs to recognize the artistic expression, the translation, the medium of contact. Otherwise, one will simply be confused, focusing on the images in the glass as literally true (the believer) or as obviously absurd (the debunker).

The third move involves what comes after, speculative ontology, that is, the positing of new models of reality and, specifically, new models of reality that are not strictly physicalist or reductive, that is, that do not frame everything as causal products of material reality. In our present reigning model, essentially different forms of scientism, most all of these extraordinary things are not

extraordinary at all. They are simply impossible. They cannot happen. And so, or so we are told, they don't. But they do.

As you read through the remarkable academic essays contained in Volumes one and two and the Experiencer essays contained in Volumes three to six of the *A Greater Reality* book series, you will see the gifted authors making these same three moves. They make them in different ways and toward different ends, but the six volumes as a whole shout their triple truths. It is all connected. The imaginal is the contact modality. And we need to imagine new realities in order to bring these strange things into belief, acceptance, and, eventually, human knowledge.

Bio: Dr. Jeffrey J. Kripal is the Associate Dean of the School of Humanities and holds the J. Newton Rayzor Chair in Philosophy and Religious Thought at Rice University, where he chaired the Department of Religion for eight years and helped create the GEM Program, a doctoral concentration in the study of Gnosticism, Esotericism, and Mysticism that is the largest program of its kind in the world. Jeff is the author or co-author of eleven books, seven of which are with The University of Chicago Press, including, most recently a memoir manifesto entitled “*Secret Body: Erotic and Esoteric Currents in the History of Religions*” (The University of Chicago Press, 2017). He is presently working on a three-volume study of paranormal currents in the history of religions and the sciences for The University of Chicago Press, collectively entitled “*The Super Story*”.

Website: <https://jeffreyjkripal.com/life/>

Introduction to Volumes 3, 4, 5 & 6:

The Experienter Chapters for

***“A Greater Reality: The New
Paradigm of Nonlocal
Consciousness, the Paranormal,
and the Contact Modalities”***

**Reinerio (Rey) Hernandez
JD, MCP, ex-PhD Candidate UC Berkeley**

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Our 6-Volume book, titled ***A GREATER REALITY: The New Paradigm of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities***, is comprised of 6 volumes. Each volume is approximately 800 pages each. The introduction to this 6 volume book series is titled ***The Mind of GOD: A Spiritual-Virtual Reality Model of Consciousness & The Contact Modalities*** and is published as a separate book.

Volumes 1 & 2 are our theoretical volumes and feature articles by more than 45 Ph.D. academics, medical doctors, and researchers who focus on researching the connection between Consciousness and the Contact Modalities.

Volumes 3, 4, 5 & 6 features articles written by more than 75 major Experiencers of the Contact Modalities who each have had many diverse contact experiences with perceived Higher Forms of Intelligence via the Contact Modalities. These individuals have written a summary of their diverse paranormal experiences with many different Contact Modalities.

A GREATER REALITY aims to articulate a new paradigm that seeks to integrate the findings of consciousness research and the phenomenology of extraordinary experiences, what we at the **Consciousness and Contact Research Institute (CCRI)** call the **Contact Modalities**. CCRI is an academic research institute, comprised of 25 Ph.D. academics, medical doctors, and researchers, committed to an integrative approach to the entire spectrum of psychophysical anomalies. In the future, we hope to undertake a comprehensive academic statistical research study, in multiple languages, administered on a worldwide scale, to Experiencers of the Contact Modalities. We hold that it is the Experiencers of the Contact Modalities that may provide humanity with clues as to the question of "**What is Consciousness-- What is the nature of our reality**"-- a question that has been addressed by the academic fields of Philosophy, Neuroscience,

Psychiatry, Psychology, Theoretical Physics, Theology, and by humanity at large since the dawn of human existence.

In their contact experiences via the Contact Modalities, these individuals have had experiences that can be considered multidimensional where they experienced a manipulation of space-time and where they have had a diverse array of contact experiences with Higher Forms of Intelligence. Another term I use interchangeably with Higher Forms of Intelligence is the term Non-Human Intelligence--which can be defined as all higher forms of intelligence that are not physical human beings living in our physical Earthly reality. Examples of Non-Human Intelligence can be as follows: perceived deceased human beings, spiritual beings and guides, demons, extraterrestrials, arch angels, fairies, and thousands of different physical and non-physical forms of Higher Forms of Intelligence seen by humanity over the ages. These experiences involve contact with a cornucopia of an almost infinite community of conscious sentient beings. For example, the FREE academic research study, the world's first and only comprehensive, statistical, worldwide, academic research study on UFO Contact Experiencers, demonstrated that the 4,350 individuals from over 125 countries who took our 3 surveys, saw thousands of **different** types of physical beings.

In my book, *The Mind of GOD: A Spiritual-Virtual Model of Consciousness & the Contact Modalities*, I argue that these contact experiences can be seen as extensions of the Universal Mind of GOD, as an extension of "Consciousness" itself, our multi-dimensional reality, instead of the hypothesis that these are "physical beings who are visiting us from thousands of different physical planets". The overwhelming number of these physical contact experiences on our Earthly plane, with thousands of different types of physical "beings", interact with humans for at most a few seconds to less than one minute. Yet, the majority of Experiencers and researchers of the paranormal Contact Modalities, perceive these experiences as physical experiences instead of conscious-

based experiences. The issue of whether these experiences are physical, consciousness-based, or both, was detailed in my book *The Mind of GOD*, which serves as the formal introduction to the *A GREATER REALITY* six volume book series.²

The majority of academic authors and researchers in Volume One and Volume Two of our book, *A Greater Reality*, view these contact experiences with Higher Forms of Intelligence via the Contact Modalities as ONE consciousness-based phenomenon and not necessarily as many diverse physical-based phenomena. While we, as humans living in our Earthly physical reality, perceive these experiences as merely physical, in fact these experiences involve a symbiosis between our 5 physical senses within our 4-dimensional space and our multidimensional consciousness-based reality.³ Unfortunately, given the physical limitations of the human body, we are not able to perceive our Greater Reality, a reality involving a hierarchy of multiple dimensions under the One Mind of GOD, Consciousness itself. In Volume One of *A Greater Reality* and in *The Mind of GOD*, I argue that we are living in a multi-dimensional spiritual and virtual reality, a reality that Dr. Edgar Mitchell termed the “*Quantum Hologram*”, and that our individuated units of consciousness (our spirit/soul) can travel within these many dimensions, or astral planes, within this “Greater Reality”. Examples of this thesis are Near Death Experiences, Out of Body Experiences, Astral Travel Experiences, Remote Viewing and all forms of Clairvoyance, and many other

² Reinerio Hernandez. (2022) *The Mind of GOD: A Spiritual-Virtual Reality Model of Consciousness & The Contact Modalities*. Amazon Press

³4-dimensional space can be briefly defined as the 3 dimensions of Euclidean Space plus the additional dimension of spacetime, as defined by Albert Einstein. We now commonly coin the concept of 4-dimensional space as “Space-Time”, also written as spacetime.)

paranormal” contact experiences, including CAP-UFO Contact Experiences.⁴

All of the **Contact Modalities** experiences involve a manipulation of space-time. Not only can human consciousness travel within this “Greater Reality” to other dimensions of existence, but the consciousness of a vast array of Non-Human Intelligence can also travel within this Greater Reality into our physical reality. Example of this is the CAP-UFO contact phenomenon and the physical sighting of deceased humans, commonly called ghosts or spirits. In fact, tens of thousands of **DIFFERENT FORMS** of “physical beings” have been described in the hundreds of books in the field of Ufology, in the literature on ghosts/spirits, in the NDE and OBE literature and in the “paranormal” literature. The human consciousness of Experiencers of the Contact Modalities has also been brought by Higher Forms of Intelligence to other astral realms, also called multidimensional realities, where they have received consistent and similar messages of Unity, Oneness, Spirituality, and the need for humanity to become a more loving species and to promote love for each other and for our mother Earth. I am a witness to this type of personal human consciousness Astral Travel Experience. This experience seems incredulous to almost all of humanity but once you have had a similar experience you are no longer a skeptic.

The academic researchers of CCRI have concluded that only by understanding the Experiencers of the Contact Modalities can one begin to fully understand the nature of our Greater Reality. Scientists, Ph.D. Physicists, Ph.D. Neuroscientists, and Ph.D. Philosophers cannot

⁴I argue throughout this book, and all of my other books, that the UAP/UFO phenomenon is a consciousness-based phenomenon. Thus, instead of the term UAP or UFO, terms that do not define nor explain the phenomenon as one that is consciousness-based, my preferred term is **CAP or Consciousness Aerial Phenomenon**. This term is much more explanatory of the true nature of the phenomenon. Therefore, throughout all of my books, I use the term **CAP-UFO (Consciousness Aerial Phenomenon)** to signify what is commonly called the UFO Phenomenon. I will articulate on this new term later in this chapter.

address the riddle of “***What is Consciousness***” but the information from Experiencers of the Contact Modalities can lead us in the proper direction of addressing these questions: “**What is Consciousness?**”, “**What is the Nature of our Reality?**” and “**How can humanity begin the process of preventing its self-destructive behavior?**”

In the Fall of 2013, I introduced the term the “**Contact Modalities**”.⁵ This term is now used by many researchers instead of the term “paranormal” because many major academic researchers, including most of the Ph.D. academics, medical doctors and researchers within CCRI, have long suspected that all of what we call the “paranormal” is actually ONE integrated phenomenon under Consciousness involving a manipulation of space-time. The term “paranormal” does not provide a consciousness-based explanation of the phenomenon while the term Contact Modalities suggests that all of these contact experiences should be viewed and researched as one integrated phenomenon under the rubric of consciousness.

The term “**Contact Modalities**” is defined as “*all of the diverse ways that humans are ‘piercing the veil’ of our physical reality and having perceived contact with consciousness-based Higher Forms of Intelligence*”. Examples of the Contact Modalities are as follows: Near-Death Experiences (NDEs), Out of Body Experiences (OBEs), Astral

⁵In the Fall of 2013, I introduced the term “**The Contact Modalities**” when I published an article in the Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE Foundation website, *Experiencer.Org*, titled “***The Quantum Hologram Theory of Consciousness and the Contact Modalities***.” I wrote this paper shortly after I had an Astral Travel Experience (ATE), while I was driving my car in a traffic jam and where I was shown the relationship between Consciousness and the Contact Modalities. Please note that the FREE Foundation website no longer exists and is replaced by the CCRI website, <https://agreaterreality.com/>. I continued to use this term in two peer-reviewed academic articles published in the *Journal of Conscientiology* and in the *Journal of Scientific Exploration* and in my co-edited book, published in May of 2018, titled *Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence*. I continue using this term in my new book, “***A Greater Reality***”. Since 2013, my understanding of the term the Contact Modalities and my hypothesis on the question, “What is Consciousness”, has undergone a profound evolution which is now being presented in my new books, *The Mind of GOD* and *A Greater Reality*.

Travel Experiences (ATE), which are very different from OBEs, Conscious Aerial Phenomena (CAP-UFOs), (commonly called UFOs), contact experiences with perceived deceased humans (commonly called Ghosts or Spirits), contact experiences via Hallucinogenic Journeys (via entheogens such as DMT, Psilocybin, LSD, etc.), contact experiences via Remote Viewing or other forms of clairvoyance, contact experiences via Channeling or Mediumship, contact via the many forms of Post Death Communications, contact experiences via Lucid Dreams, contact via perceived Poltergeists experiences or spiritual attachments, and many other types of “paranormal” contact experiences with tens of thousands of diverse forms of Non-Human Intelligence.

The CCRI Ph.D. academics and medical doctors (MDs) also hold the view that **“Consciousness is Primary and that our physical world is a manifestation of Consciousness and not our physical reality”**. This hypothesis was articulated and defined in Volumes One and Two of the *A Greater Reality* book series and in my book *The Mind of GOD*.

Before we continue, I want to clarify my use of the term UFOs or Unidentified Flying Objects. This is not a very appropriate term for this phenomenon. First of all, these perceived physical objects do not “fly”. Secondly, even though these objects are perceived as “physical”, the Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE UFO Experienter Research Study confirmed that these perceived “UFO crafts” might not necessarily be physical objects. This is also the hypothesis by the fathers of modern Ufology, Dr. J. Allen Hynek (in the later years of his life), Dr. Jacque Vallee, and numerous other Ufologists such as John Keel, Raymond Fowler, Dr. Leo Sprinkle, Dr. John Mack, Brad Steiger, and numerous Ph.D. academics such as Dr. Jon Klimo, Dr. Edgar Mitchell, Dr. Rudy Schild, Dr. Kenneth Ring, Dr. Jeffrey Mishlove, Dr. Jeffrey Kripal, Dr. Joseph Burkes, Dr. Michael Grosso, Dr. John Alexander, Dr. Edith Fiore, Dr. Peter Sturrock, Dr. Glen Rein, Dr. Raul Valverde, Dr. Massimo Teodorani, Coast to Coast radio show host George Knapp, and many others. Instead, all of these scientists, Ph.D. academics, medical doctors, researchers and I hypothesize that UFOs and UFO intelligence,

might not be a physical “craft” operated by an “alien being” from a physical planet. Instead, the hypothesis held by the majority of the authors in *A Greater Reality*, and all of the previously mentioned individuals, is that ALL of the Contact Modalities are ONE integrated phenomenon under Consciousness and that the perceived CAP-UFO might be a consciousness-based phenomenon involving both a perceived physical and a psychic (consciousness-based) component. This hypothesis is articulated further in this book and in Volumes 1 and 2 of the *A Greater Reality* book series and in my book *The Mind of GOD*.

The findings of the “**Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE Foundation UFO Contact Experienter Research Study**” were published in 2018 in our historic 820-page academic book titled *Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence*. This book demonstrated that a small percentage of the 4,350 participants from more than 125 countries, who participated in our 3 surveys, saw a physical “flying saucer”.⁶ The overwhelming majority saw thousands of different “light or energy configurations” which were not perceived as a physical flying craft.

More recently, US military intelligence has used the term UAP, or Unidentified Aerial Phenomenon, instead of the term UFO. While UAP is a better term, this term also ignores the consciousness-based aspects of the phenomenon. I argue throughout this 4 volume book series, similar to the numerous UFO researchers and Ph.D. academics previously cited, that the UAP/UFO phenomenon is a consciousness-based phenomenon. Thus, instead of the term UAP or UFO, terms that do not define nor explain the phenomenon as one that is consciousness-based, my preferred term is **CAP or Consciousness Aerial Phenomenon**. This term is much more explanatory of the true nature of the phenomenon. Throughout my writings, I will use the term **CAP-**

⁶Hernandez, R., R. Schild & J. Klimo, eds. (2018). *Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence*. Create Space Independent Publishing (Amazon Press).

UFO (Consciousness Aerial Phenomenon) to signify what is commonly called the UFO Phenomenon. In my book, ***The Mind of GOD***, I detailed my arguments for the use of this new term CAP-UFO instead of the term UFO or UAP.

In 2019, the Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE Foundation was replaced by the **Consciousness and Contact Research Institute**, or **CCRI**. The 25 members of CCRI include academics in the fields of Astrophysics, Philosophy, Psychiatry, Psychology, Neuroscience, Sociology, Quantum Biology, Information Sciences, Theology, and Parapsychology. The five co-authors of our 5-volume books of ***A Greater Reality*** are as follows: **Dr. Rudy Schild**, who is a retired Harvard University Astrophysicist, **Dr. Jeffrey Long**, a Medical Doctor and noted NDE researcher, **Dr. Michael Grosso**, a retired professor of Philosophy, who has authored many books on Consciousness and the “Paranormal”, **Dr. Jon Klimo**, a retired professor of Psychology for more than 45 years who has also authored countless books and articles on the topics of Consciousness and the “Paranormal”, **Dr. Joseph Burkes**, a retired Medical Doctor and longtime UFO Experienter, researcher and author, and yours truly, **Reinerio (Rey) Hernandez**, a now retired US federal attorney, an ex-Ph.D. Candidate at the University of California at Berkeley and researcher on the relationship between Consciousness and the Contact Modalities.⁷

The academics and medical doctors of CCRI argue that "Mind" and Consciousness are fundamental, non-local, and that matter, energy, and information are ultimately grounded in “One Mind” and Consciousness. For a materialist, these are not easy concepts to grasp but these concepts have been articulated by numerous Nobel Prize winners in Physics, Nobel Prize winners in Medicine and Physiology, and Ph.D. academics in the fields of physics, astrophysics, biochemistry, engineering, and Ph.D. academics in almost all of the

⁷Please refer to the CCRI website where you can read more about the many authors in our book. Our website is: **AGreaterReality.Com**

social sciences. These concepts are not “woo woo” science but concepts that have been articulated by various Nobel Prize winning Ph.D. physicists such as Max Plank (Nobel Prize in Physics, 1918); Erwin Schrödinger (Nobel Prize in Physics, 1933); Niels Bohr (Nobel Prize in Physics, 1922); Werner Heisenberg (Nobel Prize in Physics, 1932), Eugene Wigner (Nobel Prize in Physics, 1963); Charles H. Townes (Nobel Prize in physics, 1964), and other physics pioneers such as Sir James Jeans, Sir Arthur Eddington, and David Bohm. All of these geniuses spoke about the topic of Consciousness, our ONE Mind. The Consciousness writings of each of these noted pioneers of modern physics are discussed in my book, *The Mind of GOD: A Spiritual-Virtual Reality Model of Consciousness & the Contact Modalities*.

The *A Greater Reality* book series introduces the post-materialist hypothesis that “Consciousness is Primary” -- the philosophical position that the only thing that exists is consciousness and that our physical reality is derived from consciousness.⁸ This is the philosophical hypothesis held by almost all of the authors in our 2-volume theoretical books in our *A Greater Reality* book series. Volume One of our book series also includes numerous academic articles discussing the topic “**Is Consciousness Primary?**”

We also hypothesize that all of the Contact Modalities are interrelated via a manipulation of spacetime, involving a spiritual and virtual reality and by definition might be multidimensional in nature.⁹ We argue that there is a range of states of consciousness, the Contact Modalities, where we, as individuated units of human consciousness, can access both non-physical and physical realms, where we interact with perceived Non-Human Intelligence via our ordinary senses within

⁸Schwartz, S., M. Woollacott & G. Schwartz, eds. (2020). *Is Consciousness Primary? Perspectives from Founding Members of the Academy for the Advancement of Postmaterialist Sciences*, Vol 1. AAPS Press.

⁹The terms multidimensional and interdimensional will be defined and discussed throughout our 6-volume book of *A Greater Reality*.

this "Greater Reality". Clear examples of this include the well documented Near-Death Experience and Out of Body phenomenon. Numerous theories might explain this greater reality but our book argues that we are living inside a "Spiritual-Virtual Reality" as detailed in the 5 volumes of our book.

I presented a model of our "Spiritual-Virtual Reality" in Volume One of our 6 volume book series and in my book "*The Mind of GOD*". We argue that our perceived physical experiences, via our 5 senses, are actually "Maya", an illusion where things appear to be physical but are not what they seem to be. This concept of "Maya", an illusion, was defined and detailed in Volume One of our books, *A Greater Reality*, in the section titled "*Is Consciousness Primary-- A Brief History of Idealism*". Why is our material reality an illusion? The answer is that our true reality, and our personal individuated unit of consciousness, are part of a larger living system inside a "Greater Reality"-- part of a larger consciousness system which I have coined "*The Mind of GOD*". For all of these reasons, we assert that the Contact Modalities need to be studied as **ONE PHENOMENON**-- as manifestations of a single greater source of mind and consciousness. For further clarification on these complex topics, please refer to Volume One of *A Greater Reality* and to my separate book titled *The Mind of GOD*.

Introduction to the CAP-UFO Contact Research

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The vast majority of the experiencers writing articles in Volumes 3-6 of the *A Greater Reality* book series have had many diverse types of contact experiences via the Contact Modalities. They have had Near Death Experiences, Out of Body Experiences, Astral Travel Experiences, Hallucinogenic contact experiences, they have seen perceived ghosts/spirits, among many other experiences via the Contact Modalities. Approximately 3/4ths of the Experiencer authors in Volumes 3-6 have had CAP-UFO-related contact experiences.¹⁰ All of the UFO Contact Experiencer authors have also had other types of contact experiences via the Contact Modalities. Because the CAP-UFO contact aspect of the Contact Modalities is such a large component of these articles, It is important to educate the readers about the CAP-UFO academic research data on this phenomenon.

The majority of the researchers in the field of “Ufology” are materialists-- they hold the belief that the CAP-UFO related contact hybridization program on human beings. Three prominent Ufology researchers, David Jacobs, Budd Hopkins, and Richard Dolan, argue

¹⁰I argue throughout this book, and all of my other books, that the UAP/UFO phenomenon is a consciousness-based phenomenon. Thus, instead of the term UAP or UFO, terms that do not define nor explain the phenomenon as one that is consciousness-based, my preferred term is **CAP or Consciousness Aerial Phenomenon**. This term is much more explanatory of the true nature of the phenomenon. Therefore, throughout all of my books, I use the term **CAP-UFO (Consciousness Aerial Phenomenon)** to signify what is commonly called the UFO Phenomenon. I will articulate on this new term later in this chapter.

that 100% of CAP-UFO Contact Experiences are negative and that they result in highly traumatized individuals who suffer from a lifetime of trauma and fear. **David Jacobs, in particular, has argued that he has NEVER met a CAP-UFO contact experiencer that has had a positive experience-- NEVER!** Today, with the rampant circulation of conspiracy theories on the internet, we now understand that if you repeat a lie over, and over, and over again, the lie will eventually become a “fact” in the mind of the intended audience.

In their hundreds of radio interviews and numerous presentations at major CAP-UFO conferences over the last 40 years, David Jacobs, Budd Hopkins, Richard Dolan and other “Abduction” researchers have articulated negative views of the UFO contact phenomenon, and in turn, these lies, misinformation and disinformation began to establish the mainstream view within Ufology that all CAP-UFO contact involves an abduction by a physical being from a physical planet and that all abductions are highly negative experiences involving the hybridization of humanity.

All of this propaganda is sheer nonsense which was destroyed by the only academically derived data of the 5 year academic research study of the ‘***Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE Foundation UFO Experiencer Research Study***’ which was published in our historic 820-page academic book “***Beyond UFOs***”. In addition, the two principal pioneers of Ufology, Dr. J. Allen Hynek and Dr. Jacques Vallee, have dismissed the traditional view of the Alien Abduction Phenomenon as documented in their numerous recorded testimonies and books.

The majority in the field of Ufology, in particular Richard Dolan, one of the most well-known materialist Ufologists, has supported the work of Budd Hopkins and in particular David Jacobs. **In one of his radio shows in 2018, Dolan stated that David Jacobs was the “best researcher” in the CAP-UFO contact phenomenon field.**¹¹ The

¹¹Richard Dolan interviews David Jacobs.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xQE6qkwfaGo>

YouTube video that Richard Dolan released his interview with David Jacobs had the title “**This Planet will be Theirs, interview with Dr. David Jacobs, the Richard Dolan Show**”. The interview date was December 10, 2018. The interview begins as follows:

*“Welcome to the Richard Dolan show... My guest for this program is Dr. David Jacobs. I think that Dr. David Jacobs is **unquestionably the world’s leading researcher in the generally neglected field of alien abduction**... His take is that it is not just bad, it is very bad... He states that we are in the midst of what he called a planetary acquisition... **David is remarkably careful, and yes, scientific in his approach**...”*

It is important to restate that David Jacobs has publicly stated in numerous of his recorded radio interviews over the last 30 years that **he has NEVER met a CAP-UFO contact experiencer with a positive experience-- NEVER!**

Richard Dolan, based upon his relationship with David Jacobs, Budd Hopkins, and many of the so-called “Abduction Researchers”, also claims to know what is “The Alien Agenda”. In 2020 Dolan published a book titled “***The Alien Agenda***” even though he has never done any primary research on the CAP-UFO contact phenomena nor has he conducted any academic statistical research on this phenomenon. All of conducted any academic statistical research on this phenomenon. All of his research was based upon secondary sources derived via the hypnotic regression work of David Jacobs, Budd Hopkins and other Alien Abduction hypnotic regression researchers and not on any academic statistical research or any primary research on UFO Contact Experiencers. An old saying in academic statistical research can be applied to the case of Dolan, Jacobs and Hopkins: “**Junk In and Junk Out**”.

Yet, Dolan, whose book “*The Alien Agenda*” has sold tens of thousands of copies, has presented these claims at numerous CAP-UFO conferences, radio interviews, and his Netflix and Ancient Alien appearances over many years. It is the view of Hopkins, Jacobs and Dolan that pervades the field of modern materialist Ufology-- a view that was dismissed by the Fathers of Modern Ufology, Dr. J. Allen Hynek (last years of his life), Dr. Jacques Valle, and Dr. John Mack (in his book “*Passport to the Cosmos*”). The world’s only comprehensive academic statistical research study on UFO Contact Experiencers, conducted by the academics and researchers of the Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE Foundation, have also dismantled and dismissed the views of Jacobs, Hopkins and Dolan.

Are the views of Jacobs, Hopkins and Dolan correct-- that CAP-UFO Contact Experience with Non-Human Intelligence (NHI) result in highly negative experiences from physical ET beings? Are all of these contact experiences negative? Are these so-called beings conducting alien hybridization on the human species? Are these “beings” physical beings from other planets? Neither Jacobs, Hopkins, Dolan, nor any other Alien Abduction researcher, has ever conducted a comprehensive academic worldwide statistical research study on CAP-UFO Contact Experiencers. All of the data presented by Hopkins and Jacobs has been based on pre-selecting individuals for hypnotic regressions, in particular individuals that perceive their experiences to be a negative phenomenon. Anyone that had a positive or neutral experience were dismissed and not invited to one of their hypnotic regression sessions.

Yet Richard Dolan states that David Jacobs is unquestionably the best researcher in the field and that “*David is remarkably careful, and yes, scientific in his approach.*” Let’s investigate whether Dolan’s statements are an accurate assesment on the “research methodology” of David Jacobs and Budd Hopkins and whether his views reflect the data from UFO Contact Experiencers.

The wife of Budd Hopkins, Carol Rainey, in her article in Volume 3 of the *A Greater Reality* book series, titled “***Priests of High Strangeness: Co-Creation of the “Alien Abduction Phenomenon”***”. Her article highlights numerous examples of how Hopkins and Jacobs, through their biased work, created an environment of misinformation and disinformation which resulted in the creation of a fictionalized “***Alien Abduction Phenomenon***”. I highly recommend this article written by the ex-wife of Budd Hopkins to get a better understanding of the biased work of Hopkins, Jacobs and their supporter, Richard Dolan.

It was not until the formation of the Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE Foundation UFO Experienter Research Study (FREE Research Study) that the contact phenomenon was studied academically and statistically for the first time. Before the FREE research study, there were no previous comprehensive, worldwide, statistical, academic research of CAP-UFO Contact Experiencers. There were small studies on CAP-UFOs, on perceived “physical crafts”, such as the Condon Report, but never a comprehensive worldwide academic statistical research study on CAP-UFO contact experiencers-- Never! Some of the previous small studies focused solely on “abductees”. In addition, some of these previous research studies on UFO Contact Experiencers had at most 50 respondents and had less than 50 questions-- all related questions focused on a physical abduction. These studies were severely limited because they focused only on so-called abductees and because of the small preselected sample size of 50 individuals and the 50 questions, focused on the abduction phenomenon.

The FREE Research Study represents the first comprehensive academic multi-language and cross-cultural statistical investigation of individuals who have reported to have seen a UFO and have had various forms of UFO related Contact Experiences with Non-Human Intelligence. The FREE research committee, comprised of more than 8 Ph.D. academics and 8 CAP-UFO non-academic researchers, developed 2 quantitative surveys, comprised of 700 questions, and a qualitative survey, comprised of 70 open-ended questions. FREE received more

than 4,350 responses from individuals from more than 125 countries for our English language surveys. Our Spanish language surveys had responses from an additional 1,200 Spanish speaking respondents. Our research was much more comprehensive than the previous research studies that had only 50 questions and received responses from only 50 individuals who claimed to have had an abduction experience.

Our FREE research study findings contradict almost all of the views currently held by mainstream materialist Ufology and the “alien abduction researchers”. Thus, the FREE research study is the only game in town and the data findings from this academic research study totally contradict all of the abduction hypnotic regression information presented by Hopkins, Jacobs, Dolan and the other “abduction researchers”. These data findings were published in 2018 in the academic book titled “*Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence*”.¹²

As previously noted, this book is available for FREE as a PDF file in the CCRI website: **AGreaterReality.Com**. If you want a paperback copy or an eBook such as Kindle, you can purchase a copy via Amazon.

Even though there is no other statistical research study on UFO Contact Experiencers, our book *Beyond UFOs* has sold only a few hundred copies since its publication in 2018 but meanwhile, the books by Dolan, Jacobs and Hopkins have sold hundreds of thousands of copies. In addition, these individuals were invited to hundreds of UFO conferences and radio shows over the last 40 years. Yet, the Ph.D. academics of FREE, including Dr. Edgar Mitchell, Dr. Rudy Schild, Dr. Jon Klimo, Dr. Bob Davis, and others, were never invited to a UFO

¹²Hernandez, R., R. Schild & J. Klimo, eds. (2018). *Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence*. CreateSpace Independent Publishing (Amazon Press).

conference or radio show. So much for academic research! As usual, conspiracy theories, fear mongering stories, outright lies, misinformation, and disinformation have reigned supreme in the field of materialist Ufology and this worldview of “*Alien Abductions*” resulting in a “*Hybridization of Alien Babies*” has remained the predominant view within the field of mainstream materialist Ufology.

For these reasons, in my opinion, the field of materialist Ufology remains clueless of the complexities of the UFO contact phenomenon and for this reason other Ph.D. academics and scientists have totally dismissed the field of materialist Ufology, certainly almost all of the academics associated with CCRI-- academics whose primary research agenda is on the topic of “**What is the relationship between Consciousness and the paranormal Contact Modalities**”.

In order to have participated in our FREE Research Study, the participant must have been able to respond to these two questions: 1) the participant must have seen a CAP-UFO, commonly called a UFO or UAP, and must describe what he saw and the details regarding the sighting, and 2) the participant must have had a “contact experience” with a Non-Human Intelligence-- the contact can be contact with a perceived “physical being” or the contact can be via a “telepathic communication”.

The above-referenced FREE data collected from thousands of “Contact Experiencers” clearly indicates that CAP-UFO Contact is overwhelmingly a positive experience and that the majority of individuals call themselves “*Contactees*” instead of “abductees”. Out of the 4,350 UFO Contact Experiencers from more than 125 countries who took our 3 surveys **only 5% claimed that their experiences were negative-- that is it, only 5%. Hopkins in particular has claimed that he has NEVER met a UFO Contact Experiencer that has had a positive experience. So much for the so-called hypnotic regression “research” of Dolan, Jacobs and Hopkins!**

In addition, over 85% of these contact experiencers have claimed that they have undergone a dramatic positive transformation of their values and worldviews. Such transformations include an increase in spirituality, they became more loving and caring to others, they became more ecologically friendly, they no longer cared about acquiring material wealth, they became more consciously aware, they no longer feared death, and this was just a few of the more than 70 transformational questions we asked. We borrowed these 70 questions from the work of Ph.D. academic Dr. Kenneth Ring¹³ in his work ***“The Omega Project: Near-Death Experiences, UFO Encounters, and Mind at Large”***.¹⁴ The data findings from the FREE surveys matched the data findings from Dr. Ring’s statistical research findings.

Over 84% of those that took the FREE surveys stated that they did not want their CAP-UFO Contact Experiences to end. 70% claimed that their CAP-UFO contact experiences changed their lives in a “positive way”. The data also did NOT reveal any evidence of a hybridization of humanity like David Jacobs has alluded to. In fact, over 67% stated that they have seen CAP-UFOs and have seen a perceived Non-Human Intelligence but they never had an “abduction”. Of the 30% that stated that they “initially” thought that they had a perceived abduction experience, over 70% of these individuals now claim their experiences were highly positive and that they now consider themselves a “Contactee” instead of an “Abductee”.

¹³ Dr. Kenneth Ring is Professor Emeritus of Psychology at the University of Connecticut, and an internationally recognized authority on the subject of near-death experiences, a topic where he has written five books and nearly a hundred articles. He is also the co-founder and past President of The International Association for Near-Death Studies and the founding editor of its quarterly scholarly journal, *The Journal of Near-Death Studies*.

¹⁴ Ring, K. (1992). *The Omega Project: Near-Death Experiences, UFO Encounters, and Mind at Large*. William Morrow and Co.

Thus, 70% of the 30% who initially thought they had an “alien abduction” experience now perceive their experiences as a positive contact experience and not as a negative abduction experience. Remember, David Jacobs has publicly stated that he has NEVER met a UFO Contact Experiencer who has had a positive experience—NEVER! Yet Richard Dolan has stated that Jacobs is “**unquestionably the world’s leading researcher in the generally neglected field of alien abduction**” and that “**David is remarkably careful, and yes, scientific in his approach.**” For Dolan, hypnotic regression from a biased researcher, who preselects the person he wants to interview and who asks one leading question after another, is superior to a non-biased statistical academic research study developed and supervised by various Ph.D. academic professors.

The overwhelming majority of the UFO contact experiencers now state that they are not an abductee but instead they now call themselves a “Contactee” and that their experiences were overwhelmingly positive. All of the data for these statements are presented in Chapter One of our book “*Beyond UFOs*”. **So much for the views of Dolan, Jacobs and Hopkins that ALL UFO Contact Experiences are negative!**

One additional and important research finding is that the CAP-UFO contact experiences are primarily “paranormal” experiences instead of physical experiences. The numerous articles in Volume 3-6 of our *A Greater Reality* book series also confirm this fact. Raymond Fowler, a UFO researcher, who has spent over 60 years researching UFO Contact Experiencers, presents hundreds of examples supporting the hypothesis that UFO contact is primarily a “paranormal” experience instead of primarily a physical experience. Raymond Fowler’s article, presented in Volume 4 of the *A Greater Reality* book series, clearly substantiates the hypothesis that the UFO Contact Phenomenon is primarily a Consciousness-based “paranormal” phenomenon involving the Contact Modalities, including a relationship between CAP-UFOs, Out of Body Experiences and the Near-Death Experience (NDE)

phenomenon. This was the same conclusion also reached by Dr. Kenneth Ring, Harvard Medical Professor Dr. John Mack and by the academics of the FREE Foundation.

The FREE Experienter Research Study demonstrates that these individuals have seen a perceived physical CAP-UFO and have physically seen a perceived “physical being”, but more than 90% of their experiences can be considered “paranormal” in nature. For example, 80% have had an OBE; 78% have received telepathic messages from Non-Human Intelligence (NHI); 50% have stated that they or a family member has received a “miraculous” medical healing from NHI; 37% have had an NDE; 67% have had a past life memory; 55% have physically seen an orb; 76% have seen a ghost or spirit; and the overwhelming majority have had other types of paranormal experiences in their home.

There were over 75 different types of paranormal experiences described by these individuals in our statistical questionnaire. While these types of paranormal contact experiences have been documented in the past, the FREE research study, for the first time, quantified each type of CAP-UFO associated paranormal contact experience. Remember that this data was derived from more than 4,350 UFO Contact Experiencers from more than 125 countries for our English language survey. Volumes 3-6 from the *A Greater Reality* book series documents the detailed experiences of more than 75 individuals that highlight the positive aspects of the CAP-UFO contact experience and its paranormal nature.

Initially, some of these individuals viewed their experiences as negative, but when they took the survey, sometimes more than 30 years after their initial UFO Contact Experience, all now view the initial UFO Contact Experience as highly positive. This data is in contrast to the views of Dolan, Jacobs and Hopkins and almost all materialist Ufologists who have never acknowledged the paranormal aspects of the CAP-UFO contact phenomenon. **Once again, so much for the so-called alien abduction “research” of Dolan, Jacobs and Hopkins.**

It should be pointed out that neither Jacobs, Hopkins nor Dolan has ever conducted nor published any statistical research on CAP-UFO related contact experiences with Non-Human Intelligence. Meanwhile, the academics of the FREE Foundation published 2 peer-reviewed academic articles in two academic journals, on our FREE Research Study.¹⁵ It should also be noted that the FREE research did not allow memory recollection based upon hypnotic regressions, which can be very biased (see the article by Hopkin's wife, Carole Rainey, in Volume 3 of *A Greater Reality*) but almost all of the information received by Hopkins, Jacobs, Dolan and the other "abduction researchers" has been derived via hypnotic regressions. Carole Rainey's article details numerous examples of how Jacobs and Hopkins co-created the "Alien Abduction Phenomenon" via biased selection of their candidates for hypnotic regressions, the many leading questions they asked, and their refusal to admit when one of their interviewees have been caught in numerous lies and deception.

Unlike the opinions of Jacobs, Hopkins, and their supporter Richard Dolan, who both believed that ALL of the contact experiences revolve around an "alien abduction breeding program," the FREE study revealed that only 7% of our entire sample population reported that a fetus "**might have been taken**" from them, even though this 7% of the survey participants did not present any detailed written response nor evidence of their suspicions of an "alien hybridization program".

Many of these individuals later told us in their open-ended questions that the information of hybridization came from a hypnotic regression even though the survey instructions told them not to include memories from a hypnotic regression. Of the 7% that mentioned that they "might" have been involved in an alien hybridization program, only 5 individuals wrote down the details of these hybrid pregnancies in our open-ended survey. All of them, however, stated

¹⁵ Hernandez, R., Schild, R., Klimo, J., Davis, R., Scalpone, R. A Study on Reported Contact with Non-Human Intelligence Associated with Unidentified Aerial Phenomena. *Journal of Scientific Exploration*, Vol. 32, No. 2, pp. 298–348, 2018

that the information was recalled via “hypnotic regression” and not via “conscious explicit memories”.

Were these 5 individuals hypnotically regressed by David Jacobs? In statistical language, the small numbers that answered the “alien hybridization” question can be viewed as an “outlier”, possibly due to the influence of Jacobs, Hopkins, Dolan and other “abduction researchers” who began publishing their views of “Alien Hybridization Program” over the last 30-40 years at all of the major UFO conferences and in UFO related radio shows. All of this *indoctrination* was bound to affect a small group of individuals over a 30–40-year period. In statistical analyses, these “outliers” are thrown away because they are not consistent with what the overwhelming majority of the 4,350 participants in our 3 surveys have told us. Unlike David Jacobs and Budd Hopkins, who argued that 100% of the Alien Abduction involved an Alien Hybridization Program, our FREE data found just the opposite. **Once again, so much for the so-called “alien abduction research” and “alien hybridization findings” of Dolan, Jacobs and Hopkins.**

While initially, 37% of the FREE survey respondents viewed their experiences as negative, **over time**, only 5% came to view their experiences as negative-- **that is it, only 5%!** This initial rate of negativity is understandable and were described in the cases of Dr. John Mack who stated that these initial experiences can be described as an “ontological shock”, due to the anxiety, confusion, and searching for answers, etc., of these initial contact experiencers. Nevertheless, with repeated interactions with various forms of Non-Human Intelligence, in many cases lasting 20-40 years, such as the case of UFO Contactees Whitley Strieber and Kathleen Marden, the majority of CAP-UFO contact experiencers came to regard their experiences as highly positive and transformative. This was the same conclusion reached by the FREE Foundation researchers Dr. Leo Strieber, Kathleen Marden, Barbara Lamb, Mary Rodwell, Rosemary Ellen Guiley, Brad Steiger, and non-FREE researchers such as Raymond Fowler, Dr. John Mack, and so many others. What all of these researchers lacked was an academic statistical research study to provide data for their initial hypotheses.

What accounted for this extreme rate of positivity over the long term in the thousands of FREE survey participants? Both the quantitative and qualitative data findings confirm two reasons why initially the rate of negative experiences decreased from 37% for their initial experiences but later only 5% viewed their experiences as negative. First, their initial experiences were perceived with fear and were an “ontological shock”. Their past worldview of reality came crashing down. Nevertheless, over time, both the nature of their experiences changed to more positive experiences and, over time, their experiences became more spiritual. These perceived additional experiences triggered them to reflect on the nature of our reality and the spiritual aspects of their lives. Again, this hypothesis is reinforced by the finding that, 84% of the FREE study population reported that they did not want their contact experiences to end. In addition, 80% stated that they became more spiritual after their “Contact Experiences” started. In summary, approximately 5% of survey respondents regarded their Contact Experience (CE) with NHI as “negative” while more than 71% stated that their CEs were “highly” positive.¹⁶ As further proof for this argument, I encourage everyone to read the numerous experiencer written articles in Volumes 3-6 of the *A Greater Reality* book series.

Dr. Joseph Burkes and researcher Preston Dennett, in Chapter Six of “*Beyond UFOs*”, a chapter titled “*Medical Healings Reported by Contact Experiencers: An Analysis of the FREE Data*,” described that 50% of the thousands who took the FREE surveys stated that they had a “*miraculous CAP-UFO medical healing*”. FREE defined a **medical healing** as “a physiological improvement of a severe medical ailment as the result of an encounter with Non-Human Intelligence (NHI)”. CAP-UFO medical healing cases have appeared regularly since the modern age of CAP-UFOs, in historical religious texts, and continue to be reported today. Once again, thousands of experiencers have documented

¹⁶Hernandez, R., R. Schild & J. Klimo, eds. (2018). *Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence*. CreateSpace Independent Publishing (Amazon Press).

a medical healing but Jacobs, Dolan and Hopkins never bothered to mention the fact of UFO medical healings. These medical healings were totally dismissed by these 3 individuals.

In 1996, prolific UFO researcher Preston Dennett released his book, ***UFO Healings***, that discussed in detail more than 100 cases of medical healings by CAP-UFO related Non-Human Intelligence.¹⁷ In 2019, after the FREE Foundation published its 820-page book, ***“Beyond UFOs”***, Preston published a second book, but now with over 300 new cases of CAP-UFO medical healings.¹⁸ While many researchers now agree that these cases exist, little was known about how common they actually were until the FREE study. The data from the FREE survey revealed that 50% of the thousands of respondents that took our surveys, reported a CAP-UFO related medical healings by Non-Human Intelligence-- **again, over 50% had a medical healing!**

Alien Abduction researcher Budd Hopkins stated, ***“The question is whether we hear about healing cases. We do sometimes, very rarely, but they do turn up”*** (Dennett, 1996). Alien Abduction researcher David Jacobs in his book, ***Secret Life***, writes, ***“In extremely rare cases, the aliens will undertake a cure of some ailment troubling the abductee”*** (Dennett, 1996). The FREE surveys documented that not only “mere ailments” were medically healed, but cancers, complete paralysis, and other MAJOR illnesses, which are certainly not “mere ailments”. Retired medical doctor, Dr. Joseph Burkes, reviewed the medical records of many major medical healing cases and confirmed these “miraculous” medical healings. Many of these major healing cases were fully documented and presented in Chapter Six of our book ***“Beyond UFOs”***. One case was from Kathleen Marden, a major UFO

¹⁷Dennett, P. (1996). ***UFO Healings: True Accounts of People Healed by Extraterrestrials***. Wild Flower Press.

¹⁸Dennett, P. (2019) ***The Healing Power of UFOs: 300 True Accounts of People Healed by Extraterrestrials***

researcher, author and a FREE Research Committee member. Before the book's publication she did not want her name to be identified as one of the 10 UFO medical healing cases. She has now publicly discussed her own UFO medical healing. A second case of a UFO medical healing was from another emergency medicine doctor, who I personally know, and who wished to remain anonymous. Dr. Burkes interviewed this other ER MD and all of the individuals in the 10 presented healing cases were mentioned in Chapter Six of *Beyond UFOs*. He also reviewed and confirmed the medical records of these individuals.

While Hopkins and Jacobs both asserted that such accounts are “very rare,” Harvard Medical School professor of psychiatry, John Mack MD, in his book, *Passport to the Cosmos: Human Transformation and Alien Encounters*, a book that was a watershed event for the CAP-UFO experiencer community, writes “...*many abductees have experienced or witnessed healing conditions...*” (Mack, 2000). Edith Fiore Ph.D. concurs with Mack and writes, “*One of the most interesting findings that emerged from this work was the many healings and attempts to heal on the part of the visitors...In about one-half of the cases, I’ve been involved there have been healings due to operations and/or treatments*”.¹⁹ FREE’s data matches exactly Fiore’s cases-- one half of contact experiencers have had a medical healing! Again, this data is not from a small group being hypnotized on the couch of David Jacobs or Budd Hopkins. Instead, the medical healing data was derived from more than 4,250 individuals from more than 125 countries that took our 3 surveys.

This example clearly illustrates that while many major researchers have uncovered thousands of cases of medical healings, these cases have been minimized by mainstream materialist ufologists and the majority of the “Alien Abduction” researchers. Why? -- because quite frankly, many have a mindset, like Jacobs, Hopkins and Dolan, that all of the CAP-UFO contact experiences with NHI are

¹⁹Fiore, E. (1997). *Encounters: A Psychologist Reveals Case Studies of Abductions by Extraterrestrials*. Random House Publishing

primarily negative, evil and that medical healings do not buttress these worldviews.

The topic of “***UFO related Medical Healings***” is just one of the many prime examples of how David Jacobs, Budd Hopkins and Richard Dolan tried to misinform and disinform the public with their negative spin on the CAP-UFO Contact Phenomenon. **Once again, so much for the so-called “Alien Abduction” research of Dolan, Jacobs and Hopkins.**

Many well-known individuals who wrote about their early negative abduction experiences are now stating that their experiences, viewed after many years, were actually highly positive and were not abductions. Two well-known CAP-UFO researchers who initially viewed themselves as “abductees”, Whitley Strieber and Kathleen Marden, now consider themselves “Contactees” and now claim that they became deeply spiritual because of their contact experiences. They underwent a complete psychological profile transformation for the positive and became deeply spiritual just like the thousands who took our FREE surveys.

UFO and Alien Abduction researcher Kathleen Marden many years ago wrote a book titled “***Captured! The Betty and Barney Hill UFO Experience. The True Story of the World’s First Documented Alien Abduction***”. This book buttressed the negative alien abduction scenario created by Whitley Strieber, David Jacobs and Bud Hopkins. If you read this book you were frightened to death. Kathleen, who is a dear friend, recently wrote a book titled ***Forbidden Knowledge: A Personal Journey from Alien Abduction to Spiritual Transformation***.²⁰ In this latest book, Kathleen moves away from the “negative abduction genre” to the spiritual aspects of the UFO contact phenomenon. She has also recently revealed that she also has had a miraculous medical healing of a major disease by UFO related Non-

²⁰Marden, K. (2022). ***Forbidden Knowledge: A Personal Journey from Alien Abduction to Spiritual Transformation***. Independently published.

Human Intelligence. Her recent lectures over the last few years have moved away from the “horrors” of the abduction phenomenon to the spiritually transformative aspects of CAP-UFO contact phenomenon.

Whitley Strieber is arguably the most well-known “Abductee” known to humanity. His abduction-related books have sold hundreds of thousands of copies and have freighted an equal number of readers. His early books, together with the books by Jacobs and Hopkins, helped to establish the negative abduction stereotype. Yet, even Whitley Strieber has moved away from the negative abduction narrative to one of spiritual transformation.

His book *Communion* was a New York Times bestseller and spoke about the horrors of the CAP-UFO “abduction phenomenon”. After the publication of *Communion*, Whitley was invited to speak at all of the major UFO Conferences and major UFO and paranormal radio shows all over the world for the next 40 years. Whitley, together with the “evil alien” narrative of Jacobs, Hopkins and Dolan, set the initial narrative that ALL CAP-UFO contact was evil, negative and involves an alien hybridization program. Now Whitley is presenting a contrasting view.

For over 40 years the majority of CAP-UFO radio shows or CAP-UFO conferences would prominently feature either Strieber, Jacobs, Hopkins, or other “abduction researchers”, as featured speakers who would usually speak of the horrors of the abduction phenomenon. They set the tone, the worldview so to speak, of the CAP-UFO contact phenomenon. Remember that this worldview took root without any comprehensive academic statistical research on the phenomenon-- all of their “findings” were based upon “hypnotic regression” from biased researchers working on their living room couches. All of the positive aspects of the phenomenon demonstrated by researchers Dr. Kenneth Ring, Dr. Leo Sprinkle, Dr. John Mack, Barbara Lamb, Mary Rodwell, Raymond Fowler, Dr. Edith Fiore, and so many others, were ignored and the preference was to have the appearance of Jacobs, Hopkins, and

more recently Dolan as featured speakers at these major UFO conferences and UFO radio shows. As the old saying goes, “**Fear Sells**”. This allowed their hypothesis of the evil alien, and the negative alien abduction phenomenon, to become firmly ingrained in the world view of materialist Ufology. Anyone hypnotically regressed during the 1980s, 1990s, until recently was heavily influence by the 30 years of non-stop propaganda campaign of the evil aliens who are capturing humans, the evil aliens doing wild experiments on us, and the evil aliens impregnating human females with hybrid babies. All of this hypnotically induced false information was promoted by the biased regression therapist teaming up with a propaganda filled experiencer who jointly created the perfect environment for propagating this false alien abduction narrative.

As previously mentioned, I encourage everyone to read Volume 3 of *A **Greater Reality*** book series which contains an article, written by Carole Rainey, who was the ex-wife of Budd Hopkins, which provides numerous details how the false narrative of the alien abduction phenomenon was propagated by Jacobs and Hopkins. She describes this process as the “***Fabrication of the Alien Abduction Phenomenon***”.²¹

Would it come as a surprise that UFO Contact Researchers Kathleen Marden, Mary Rodwell, Barbara Lamb, and the late Dr. Leo Sprinkle, individuals who have jointly researched over 10,000 UFO Contact Experiencer cases, have recently stated that the alien abduction phenomenon has almost completely disappeared over the last 15 years. It is now rare to hear of a new “evil alien abduction” case. What could be the reason for this dramatic decline? In the 1980s, 1990s and early 2000s, almost anyone that saw a UFO later stated that they “might have been abducted”. Why are these evil aliens no longer capturing us? Why are they no longer inseminating human females in hopes of producing hybrid babies? Why are these evil beings no longer doing

²¹ See the article by Budd Hopkin’s wife, Carole Rainey, in Volume 3 of the *A **Greater Reality*** book series, titled “***Priests of High Strangeness: Co-Creation of the Alien Abduction Phenomenon***”

wicked experiments on humans? Could it be that the good aliens have killed off all of the evil aliens, a rumor spreading all around the internet? Or could the reason be that Hopkins is dead and that Jacobs is no longer on the UFO lecture circuit? You decide!

Over the years, Whitley Strieber's books changed their tone-- he moved away from the horrors of the alien abduction phenomenon to his current position that the CAP-UFO contact is highly positive in the long term and that this contact experience results, in the long term, in a positive spiritual transformation of the experiencer. Whitley's latest books, titled *The Afterlife Revolution*²² and *Jesus: A New Vision*, speak about his movement away from the alien abduction narrative towards a narrative of spirituality, resulting from his "Contact Experiences". In one of his recent interviews, he stated that he literally prays to his "Visitors" every night for making him a spiritual person and allowing him to communicate with his deceased wife.²³ Again, here is an example, just like Kathleen Marden, and the thousands who took our surveys, of individuals starting off with a fear-based perspective of their experiences, but over time, eventually came to view their experiences as highly spiritual and highly positive. **Once again, so much for the so-called "Alien Abduction" research of Hopkins, Jacobs, Dolan, and other Alien Abduction researchers.**

Numerous other individuals, such as Debra Kauble, Rev. Michael Carter, and many other individuals who were publicized in the books of David Jacobs and Budd Hopkins, also represent examples of individuals who moved away from the negative aspects of their initial experiences to the spiritually transformative aspects of their experiences. They initially were horrified and scared by their initial experiences but now they view their experiences differently and now promote the view that

²²Strieber, W. (2020). *The Afterlife Revolution*. Beyond Words Publishing.

²³Jeffrey Mishlove interviews Whitley Strieber.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oBQ33MyNBr4>

their experiences were highly positive and deeply spiritual.²⁴ **Once again, so much for the views of Jacobs, Hopkins and Dolan who view ALL CAP-UFO contact as highly negative.**

John Keel, one of the pioneer Ufologists during the 1960s and 1970s, and author of numerous Ufology books, eventually reached similar conclusions to Dr. J. Allen Hynek and Dr. Jacques Vallee. Keel stated:

*I abandoned the extraterrestrial hypothesis in 1967 when my own field investigations disclosed an astonishing overlap between psychic phenomena and UFOs... The objects and apparitions do not necessarily originate on another planet and may not even exist as permanent constructions of matter. It is more likely that we see what we want to see and interpret such visions according to our contemporary beliefs.*²⁵

In the last few years of his life, Dr. J. Allen Hynek, who I consider the Father of Ufology, began to speculate that the CAP-UFO phenomenon was both physical and psychic and that the phenomenon might be a consciousness-based interdimensional phenomenon. In Curtis Fuller's book titled "*Proceedings of the First International UFO Congress*",²⁶ he quotes Dr. Hynek as follows:

²⁴ See the chapter in Volume 2 of *A Greater Reality*, authored by Rev. Michael Carter, titled "*The Spiritual Transformation of the UAP Contact Experiencer: An Analysis of the FREE Research Data*"

²⁵ Raynes, B. (2019). *John A. Keel: The Man, The Myths, and the Ongoing Mysteries*. Self-Published.

²⁶ Fuller, C. (1980). *Proceedings of the First International UFO Congress*. New York: Warner Books.

... in addition to the observations of materialization and dematerialization, he cited the “poltergeist” phenomenon experienced by some people after a close encounter; the photographs of UFOs, sometimes in only one frame, and not seen by witnesses; the changing of form in front of witnesses; the puzzling question of telepathic communications... the sudden stillness in the presence of the craft; levitation of cars or people; and the development by some of psychic abilities after an encounter. “Do we have two aspects of one phenomenon or two realms, so mysterious to us today, may be an ordinary part of an advanced technology”. Fuller, C. (1980).

Note that Hynek was not specifically referring to an advanced technology of a physical alien being from a physical planet. Towards the end of his life, he was publicly discussing the consciousness-based aspects of this “advanced technology”. From the above-referenced quote of Dr. Hynek, the Father of Ufology, one can easily apply the Virtual Reality Hypothesis to the phenomenon of Ufology. What Hynek was missing was the spiritual aspects of the phenomenon which would make it the Spiritual-Virtual Reality Hypothesis. Hynek, unfortunately, was not privy to the extensive academic research data we have today from the field of Near-Death Experience research or the UFO data from the Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE CAP-UFO Experienter Research Study, which details the spiritual connection to CAP-UFO Contact. This connection between NDEs and the UFO phenomenon was discussed in Dr. Kenneth Ring’s 1993 book titled “***The Omega Project: Near-Death Experiences, UFO Encounters, and Mind at Large***”.²⁷ The connection between NDEs and the UFO phenomenon is also articulated in the attached article in Volume 4 of this book by noted UFO researcher Raymond Fowler, titled “***The Relationship Between Ufology & the Paranormal: The UFO and NDE Connection***”.

²⁷Ring, K. (1992). *The Omega Project: Near-Death Experiences, UFO Encounters, and Mind at Large*. William Morrow and Co.

Dr. Jacques Vallee is in my opinion, the Father of Modern Ufology. He basically took over the mantel held by Dr. Hynek after his passing. As of this writing, in October of 2024, Dr. Vallee is still alive. Dr. Vallee has written over a dozen books on the topic of Ufology since the mid-1960s. He initially was a Research Astronomer and later received his Ph.D. in Industrial Engineering and Computer Sciences from the same university that Dr. Hynek was a professor of Astronomy at, Northwestern University. They were very close friends and shared many similar worldviews.

During that same time period when Dr. Hynek was changing his views on CAP-UFOs from a materialist to a consciousness-based position during the late 1960s and early 1970s, Dr. Vallee also began to speculate that the intelligence behind the CAP-UFOs might also be a consciousness-based phenomenon. In Vallée's many books, he speculates that the CAP-UFO phenomenon might be a multidimensional phenomenon based on consciousness and that CAP-UFOs might not be a physical flying saucer from a physical planet. Instead, he argued that the UFO phenomenon might be a multidimensional intelligence from another reality-- part of an informational mechanism of "Consciousness". Two of my books, "***Beyond UFOs***" and "***The Mind of GOD***", have greatly expanded on this initial hypothesis of Dr. Vallee. Dr. Vallee stated in an interview with Dr. Jeffrey Mishlove the following:

*"My personal contention is that the [UFO] phenomenon is the result of an intelligence, that is technologically directed by an intelligence, and that this intelligence is capable of **manipulating space and time** in ways that we don't understand... The essential conclusion I'm tending to is that the origin of the phenomenon of the intelligence is **not necessarily extraterrestrial**... I think we are dealing with something that is **both technological and psychic**, and seems to be able to **manipulate other dimensions**. This is neither wishful thinking nor personal speculation*

*on my part. It's a conclusion that comes from interviewing critical witnesses, and then listening to what they have to say.*²⁸

Dr. Vallee is stating a CAP-UFO hypothesis that mirrors both the model previously stated by Dr. Hynek and what I have presented in my two recent books -- a model that the CAP-UFO phenomenon is a multi-dimensional consciousness-based phenomenon. The difference between the positions of Dr. Valle and myself is that I am presenting the

Dr. Vallee is stating a CAP-UFO hypothesis that mirrors both the model previously stated by Dr. Hynek and what I have presented in my two recent books -- a model that the CAP-UFO phenomenon is a multi-dimensional consciousness-based phenomenon. The difference between the positions of Dr. Valle and myself is that I am presenting the CAP-UFO phenomenon as a phenomenon integrated with all of the other Contact Modalities under the rubric of Consciousness, our multidimensional Greater Reality. I also differentiate from Dr. Vallee because I incorporate a spiritual component within a Universal Mind of GOD, a model revealed by the research on the Near-Death Experience phenomenon. Thus, while we share some similarities, our hypotheses on the CAP-UFO Contact Phenomenon are very different. I also contend that all of the Contact Modalities, including CAP-UFOs, need to be researched and viewed as ONE integrated phenomenon under Consciousness because all of the Contact Modalities, including the phenomenon of CAP-UFOs, involve a manipulation of space and time.

Needless to say, Dr. Vallee was ostracized by mainstream Ufology, especially the Alien Abduction researchers, who still cling to their nuts and bolt materialist approach. Vallee did not believe in a physical ET being and certainly did not believe that these perceived physical beings came to visit us from a physical planet in our physical

²⁸ Dr. Jacques Vallee, Ufology research pioneer and consciousness scholar. (YouTube video titled "Thinking Allowed – Implications of the UFO Phenomena"), interviewed by Dr. Jeffrey Mishlove, dated 2003)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sP10HPJkJ4Q&t=86s>

universe. Even though Vallee is the most well-known and respected Ufologist of his time, and one of the few Ph.D. trained scientists in the field of Ufology, he had decided to speak at only a few recent UFO conferences over the last 20 years. Dr. Vallee chose to ostracize himself from the many Ufology conferences circulating around the world and the field of Ufology. He rarely discusses his Psyche Non-ET hypothesis.

Ufology today still remains a field with almost zero academic research and zero academic credibility. Ph.D. academics, certainly not the Ph.D. academics associated from CCRI, will not associate with Ufology organizations. Mainstream materialist Ufology organizations still have not embraced the controversial non-materialist theories of Dr. Hynek and Dr. Vallee, the two pillars of Ufology.

Dr. Jacques Vallee's classic book, "***Passport to Magonia: On UFOs, Folklore, and Parallel Worlds***", first published in 1969, became a highly controversial book because it completely broke with the theories of materialist Ufology.²⁹ One of Vallée's major accomplishments in this classic book is that he thoroughly documented hundreds of events in human history that detailed contact with gods, angels, demons, fairies, dwarfs, giants, monsters, and numerous other types of diverse physical beings. Vallee argues that these experiences were very similar to the modern CAP-UFO descriptions. He then speculated that all of these experiences appear to be manifestations deriving from a common origin-- a consciousness-based psyche origin.

It was in this book where Vallee first speculated that ***the CAP-UFO phenomenon demonstrated both a physical and a psyche, consciousness-based component***. It was with the publication of this book that Vallee became a heretic among heretics and he was soon ostracized from materialist Ufology. Why? Because in 1969 the field of

²⁹Vallee, J. (1969). *Passport to Magonia: On UFOs, Folklore, and Parallel Worlds*. Contemporary Books.

Ufology was comprised of materialists and this remains to this day. Dr. Vallée's approach was not a traditional Ufology materialist approach but a much more complicated one involving a consciousness-based approach involving both materialist and psyche (Consciousness) based components.

My research and publications in the field of Ufology and Consciousness Studies can also be considered as the writings of a heretic among heretics. First, research arena that merges the topics of Consciousness Studies and the Contact Modalities is comprised of a small niche of researchers. Also, my writings have been rejected by the materialist Ufologists because of my Consciousness-based approach of Ufology. I have been ostracized by those in charge of UFO conferences and UFO radio shows because I am not a materialist and I hold the view that "Consciousness is Fundamental".

Even though I was one of the academics responsible for the only academic statistical research study on UFO Contact Experiencers, I have not been invited to speak at any of the major UFO conferences or well-known radio shows except for George Knapp, the host of Coast to Coast radio who invited me to his show one time. By the way, Mr. Knapp also shares the hypotheses of CCRI which is that 1) Consciousness is Fundamental and 2) that all of the Paranormal (Contact Modalities) might be ONE integrated phenomenon under Consciousness; and finally; 3) that "little green" are not visiting us from a physical planet to promote the alien hybridization of humanity. I conducted a lengthy interview of Mr. Knapp at the home of Dr. John Alexander in Los Vegas a few years ago which will be revealed in my upcoming documentary titled "***A Greater Reality: One Man's Journey of Discovery***".³⁰

³⁰The documentary, titled "***A Greater Reality: One Man's Journey of Discovery***", co-produced with Kevin Layne and Helene Layne, is expected to be released in 2025. A draft trailer of this documentary can be viewed at the bottom of the CCRI website, <https://agreaterreality.com>

In addition, most of the researchers that study the Contact Modalities still believe that they are all separate and distinct phenomenon. In contrast to this, I have argued that not only the phenomenon of Ufology, but all of the Contact Modalities, is ONE integrated phenomenon under Consciousness (Our Greater Reality). I am also one of the few Consciousness researchers, together with the majority of the academics and MDs in the CCRI organization, that argues that Consciousness is Fundamental and not our material reality.

As one can see, I am also a heretic among heretics. My worldview, my new paradigm of reality, has to wait for later generations to shatter the previous old paradigm. At this time, very few are able to digest the hypotheses of my books. This will be left for future generations.

Dr. Vallee, in many of his books, stated that UFO “crafts” and UFO “beings”, could possibly be holographic projections and might not be “physical”. As I stated in my book, “*The Mind of GOD*”, I also share this hypothesis and I amplified on this view with numerous detailed examples in my new book on my personal experiences titled “*A Greater Reality: One Man’s Journey of Discovery*”. In this book, I discussed in detail how I learned that the UFO and the UFO related beings are actually “*Holographic Projections*”.

In his book “*Passport to Magonia*”, Vallee introduced this concept which was later discussed in almost all of his later books-- that UFO crafts and UFO beings might be “**Holograms**”. Vallee states:

*“If it were possible to make **three-dimensional holograms** with mass, and to project them through time I would say this is what the farmer saw... Are we dealing... with a parallel universe, where there are human races living, and where we may go at our expense, never to return to the present?... **From that mysterious universe, have objects that can materialize and “dematerialize” at will been projected? Are UFO’s “windows” rather than “objects”?**”³¹ (Vallee, J. 1969)*

In addition, regarding the hypothesis that both the thousands of diverse forms of CAP-UFOs and the thousands of diverse forms of Non-Human Intelligence seen by humanity might be **“Holographic Projections”**, please read the article by medical doctor, Dr. Joseph Burkes, in Volume 3 of the **“A Greater Reality”** book series, titled **“Report from the Contact Underground: Human Initiated Contact, The Consciousness Connection, Holographic Projections & the Virtual Experience Model”**. I also share this view that the CAP-UFOs and the Non-Human Intelligence seen by Experiencers are also **“Holographic Projections”**. My book, **The Mind of GOD**, presents numerous reasons for the **“Holographic Projection”** argument.

My writings, in addition to the Ufology works of Dr. Jacques Vallee, Dr. John Mack, Dr. Jon Klimo, Dr. Edgar Mitchell, Dr. Rudy Schild, Dr. Claude Swanson, Mary Rodwell, John Keel, Raymond Fowler, and many others, argue that the materialist approach to Ufology has contributed very little since Kenneth Arnold described seeing a **“Flying Saucer”** in 1947. What has this materialist approach contributed to our knowledge about CAP-UFOs? My answer is **ALMOST NOTHING!** We know that CAP-UFOs exist, that is about it. We have seen pictures and videos of CAP-UFOs, none of them up close. We know that they move very fast and that they have materialized on radar and then quickly dematerialized from the radar

³¹Vallee, J. (1969). *Passport to Magonia: On UFOs, Folklore, and Parallel Worlds*. Contemporary Books.

screen. We know that they change their appearance right in front of your eyes. We know that while a large group of individuals are looking up, only a select few are “allowed” to see the CAP-UFO. Allegedly, Ufologists have recovered metal from crashed physical UFOs but there is not one shred of documented evidence to support this statement. So, what are we left with? Almost nothing! If you truly want “**UFO DISCLOSURE**”, why are you waiting for the US Federal government to release additional videos and photos? Instead, I recommend that you read our books “*Beyond UFO’s*” and Volumes 3-6 of the “*A Greater Reality*” book series where you will read “**DISCLOSURE**” from thousands of UFO Contact Experiencers.

If you want to understand the CAP-UFO phenomenon, you need to understand the CAP-UFO Contact Experiencer and not rely on a materialist Ufologist who clings to their collection of long-distanced UFO videos, photos and who promote a biased use of hypnotic regression.³² The approach of the older Dr. Hynek, Dr. Vallee and the FREE Foundation research team was to focus on the Experiencer, the witness to the CAP-UFO phenomenon and not to use hypnotic regression as data in interviewing the CAP-UFO witness. It was this approach, of detailed investigations of UFO Contact Experiencers that led them to hypothesize the consciousness-based and not the materialist approach, to Ufology.

Unfortunately, only a few of the major materialist Ufologists have even bothered to read the data findings from the Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE Foundation 5-year academic research study on CAP-UFO Contact Experiencers-- data that contradicts the more than 80-year history of materialist Ufology. For this reason, the majority in the field of Ufology remain clueless about the complex nature of this phenomenon and will remain clueless for the foreseeable future. How ironic that one of the very few academic research studies on the CAP-

³² Hypnotic Regression can be a useful tool in the hands of an unbiased professional.

UFO contact phenomenon has been totally ignored and criticized by most of these well-known materialist Ufologists.

Richard Dolan, for example, in his radio show has publicly stated that the Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE Foundation UFO Experienter Research study is “**not scientific**” and called our work “**woo-woo science**”, when in fact the FREE Foundation had over 8 Ph.D. academics and scientists (we had 3 Ph.D. physicists, a Ph.D. Neuroscientist and several other Ph.D. scientists and medical doctors in the FREE Foundation). Dr. Jon Klimo, who taught “Statistical Research Methodology” to Ph.D. students for over 40 years, was the chair of the FREE Research Committee and was the lead academic in our development of the 3 FREE surveys and our research methodology. Unlike the FREE Foundation, the CCRI organization has many more Ph.D. academics, scientists and medical doctors, totaling more than 25 individuals, as can be viewed in our website (<https://agreaterreality.com/>).

Yet how many materialist Ufology researchers are academic Ph.D. scientists? Almost none! I can count them with one hand. I should remind everyone that neither Dolan, nor Hopkins is a Ph.D. and they are not scientists or academics. Jacobs is a Ph.D. historian but unlike the academics of FREE or CCRI, he is not a scientist. Thus, whose work is considered “woo-woo” science? Is it the work of FREE’s or CCRI’s Ph.D. Physicists, Ph.D. Astrophysicists, Ph.D. Neuroscientists, Ph.D. Biochemists, and Medical Doctors? Should their work be considered “woo-woo” science? Or is the hypnotic regression work of Hopkins, Jacobs, and their supporter, Richard Dolan, considered woo-woo science? One uses laboratories, scientific instruments and statistical analysis to gather data while the other group uses a living room couch and the tool of “hypnotic regression” with leading questions to acquire data. Yet Dolan has stated that Jacobs “**is remarketably careful, and yes, scientific in his approach.**” You be the judge.

The materialists within Ufology have avoided stories from Experiencers that have had contact with Non-Human Intelligence. Raymond Fowler has researched the UFO phenomenon since 1963 and was involved with all of the major UFO organizations over the last 50 years. In Fowler's article in Volume 4 of *A Greater Reality*, he informed us that almost all of the early research in Ufology during the 1950s, 1960s, and 1970s would dismiss all cases involving UFO Contact cases which also involved the "paranormal".³³

The materialist approach to Ufology seeks to explain a CAP-UFO as simply a physical ET "Alien" being who is visiting us, usually for less than one minute, from a physical planet. Nevertheless, this materialist approach cannot explain many facts: this approach cannot explain the tens of thousands of different types of CAP-UFO-related physical beings that usually appear for less than 30 seconds; this approach cannot explain the tens of thousands of different physical UFOs seen by individuals; it cannot explain the numerous and diverse paranormal experiences associated with CAP-UFO contact phenomenon; it cannot explain, as both Dr. J. Allen Hynek and Dr. Jacques Vallee have shown, that CAP-UFOs have the ability to "manipulate spacetime"; this approach cannot explain the fact that 50% of UFO Contact Experiencers have had a miraculous medial healing; it cannot explain that 50% of the Contact Experiencers have been brought to multi-dimensional realities where the majority have received spiritual teachings; it cannot explain that over 85% of these Contact Experiencers have had their worldviews shattered in a positive way and are making positive changes in their lives. This is just a small sample of facts, out of thousands of facts, that materialist Ufology is not able to explain away. It is only recently that many Experiencers are becoming aware that there are thousands perhaps millions of individuals around the world that are having similar experiences. Some of these

³³ Raymond Fowler. "*Coming of Age as a Ufologist: The Relationship Between Ufology & the Paranormal Contact Modalities (NDEs, OBEs, PSI, Ghosts, etc.)*" in *A Greater Reality*, Volume 4.

“Experiencer stories” are presented in Volumes 3-6, the Experiencer chapters, of *A Greater Reality* book series.

A few of the materialists within Ufology are slowly accepting the CAP-UFO Experiencer contact phenomenon but very few are accepting the consciousness-based explanation of the phenomenon. At best, they are arguing that the tens of thousands of different physical beings encountered in the CAP-UFO phenomena are actually tens of thousands of different physical beings coming from tens of thousands of physical planets. In contrast to the materialist approach, the “New Age” metaphysical approach to Ufology is that these physical beings are coming from every constellation known to humanity-- they are coming from the Pleiadeans, Sirius, Arcturus, Andromeda, Orion, etc., and many even argue that they come from planets in our solar system-- this is Venusian, this is a Martian, etc. Are there really tens of thousands of different physical beings, arriving from tens of thousands of different planets, interacting with selected individuals, usually for only less than one minute? Or is the explanation more complicated than this simplistic argument?

Both Dr. Vallee, Dr. J. Allen Hynek, Dr. Edgar Mitchell, Dr. Rudy Schild, Dr. John Mack and the many authors of the FREE Foundation, and now the CCRI organization, and the many books that I have published, disagree with the views of materialist Ufology, in particular the view of David Jacobs, Budd Hopkins and Richard Dolan. If anyone wants to truly begin to understand the CAP-UFO Contact Phenomenon, there is only one game in town-- there is only one comprehensive, academic, statistical research study, administered in multiple languages, on a worldwide basis, prepared and supervised by a team of Ph.D. academics and experienced researchers in the UFO contact arena, and that is the work of the Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE Foundation UFO Experiencer Research Study, as published in our 820-page book, *Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness and*

Contact with Non-Human Intelligence.³⁴ In addition, Volume 2 of the ***A Greater Reality*** book series also contains 11 chapters that discuss the consciousness-based aspects of the UFO contact phenomenon. Once again, I want to reiterate that all of these 11 UFO chapters in Volume 2 are available for FREE as downloadable PDF files at the CCRI website, (<https://agreaterreality.com/>).

In conclusion, if you continue to rely on the “Alien Abduction” research of biased individuals such as David Jacobs, Budd Hopkins, and Richard Dolan, you will remain clueless as to the complexities of the CAP-UFO contact phenomenon. I emphasize that Richard Dolan stated that David Jacobs is “***unquestionably the world’s leading researcher in the generally neglected field of alien abduction***” and that “***David is remarkably careful, and yes, scientific in his approach.***” Yet, David Jacobs has repeatedly stated that he has NEVER met a UFO Contact Experiencer who view their experiences as positive. For Jacobs, all UFO Contact are negative and evil.

It should be emphasized that Richard Dolan is not a Ph.D., he is not a scientist, he is not an academic, and he has not done any academic statistical research on the UFO Contact Phenomenon. He considers the methodology of David Jacobs, which is to preselect biased individuals to “hypnotically regress” this person in his living room couch as “***scientific***”. The Ph.D. academics in the FREE Foundation and the CCRI organization disagree.

Once again, the FREE Foundation and the CCRI organization, comprised of Ph.D. academics and scientists, do not view the biased selection by Hopkins and Jacobs, of less than 100 individuals who they have hypnotically regressed over the last 30-40 years, as “scientific”. Compare their sample of 100 preselected individuals that they have hypnotically regressed with many leading questions, over 40 years with the sample of 4,350 individuals from more than 125 countries from our

³⁴Hernandez, R., R. Schild & J. Klimo, eds. (2018). ***Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence***. CreateSpace Independent Publishing (Amazon Press).

FREE academic research study. These 4,350 survey respondents were also not “pre-selected”-- they were volunteers who chose to answer our surveys based upon the fact that they had seen a UFO and had some form of “Contact” with a Non-Human Intelligence. These surveys were also developed and the data collection was supervised by numerous Ph.D. academic professors.

**Thus, which approach is “scientific” and
which one is “woo woo” science?**

I encourage every one to download the free PDF copy of our 820-page academic book, “*Beyond UFOs*” if you want to get educated about the UFO Contact Phenomenon.

You can also download free PDF copies of Volumes 1 and 2 of our “*A Greater Reality*” book series. Volumes 1 and 2 are theoretical chapters written by Ph.D. academics and medical Doctors. Volumes 3-6 contain chapters written by major experiencers of the Contact Modalities. Each of these 6 volumes are approximately 800 pages each. In addition, my book “*The Mind of GOD: A Spiritual-Virtual Reality Model of Consciousness and the Contact Modalities*”, is also available for free as a free PDF file at the CCRI website:
<https://agreaterreality.com/>

**A Lifetime of
Contact Experiences
with Non-Human Intelligence:**

**Contact via
A Near Death Experience,
Spirits/Ghosts, Orbs, Angels,
Galactic Beings, UFO Aliens,
& Other “Life Forms”**

Paulina Howfield

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When Paulina Howfield underwent a Near Death Experience it suddenly made sense to her of a life that had been constantly accompanied by encounters with Non-Human Intelligence.

Not a day goes by that I don't have some kind of psychic, telepathic, or physical contact experience with a non-human intelligence (NHI). I regularly encounter and communicate with ghosts, spirits, orbs, angels, galactic beings, aliens, and other non-human life forms. I have pre-cognitive experiences, and I spend a lot of time remote viewing into the non-visible realms on this planet and other galaxies. I also pray with Non-Human Intelligence and receive comfort and protection from them.

For the many years that I've worked as a medium, telepath, clairsentient, and clairvoyant, I have regularly interacted with the dead, engaged with trees, animals, stones, dragons, mermaids, elementals, crystals, cosmic guardians, and more. I have also had a near-death experience where I was activated for deeper contact with NHI's; had tangible experience of the Afterlife; and developed a more 'conscious' understanding of the many realms of Consciousness that we are all a part of. While this potentially alienates me from the mainstream way of 'being' and 'thinking' on this planet, there is no other way that I can be ME and exist in this current life and the vehicle I have chosen. It is relevant to the work I came to do and is part of my Soul journey. Undertaking this journey, I've learned many lessons about the relationship between ourselves and the cosmos and our developing spirituality, and some of the most important areas, to my mind, are as follows:

Soul Awareness

This relationship between soul development and consciousness is also an important part of my experiences with contact modalities. I have found all my experiences and every type of contact to be cumulative,

inter-connected, and symbiotic, and part of a profound, progressive journey of spiritual growth and soul understanding through this life and others.

Contact experiences and all the types of contact modalities, have a purpose and meaning in our lives and help us develop an awareness of who we are – as a human with a mind, body and emotional field; as an incarnating Soul choosing a human experience for soul development; and as a Galactic essence that is timeless, endless and inter-connected with all Consciousness.

This means that all the experiences are valuable, no matter how minor or significant. I believe this distinction, is an important consideration to researchers who review people's experiences, as there is often a focus on an isolated incident, or the drama of one encounter, rather than an awareness of the 'cumulativeness' and potential metaphysical and spiritual remembering that takes place because of, and during, contact experiences.

Consciousness

As a result of my contact experiences, and my near-death, I also know without any doubt, that we exist within an amazing, pulsing inter-connected, multi-dimensional, Consciousness, that everything in it is alive, and everything in it communicates very intelligently. How we engage with the many different forms of intelligence is relative to our own unique expression of this Consciousness, as well as our own frequencies, vibrations, soul, past-life experiences, and cosmic memory.

At the foundation of this Consciousness is love, and nothing exists in isolation of it. This love is all knowing and completely unconditional. It is so profound and so embracing that it is difficult to explain it in terms that the mind, or at least the left-brain hemisphere, can comprehend. Our human language hasn't yet touched it, but once the heart, mind and matter IS touched by it, nothing is the same again.

For me, this unconditional love and my unique expression of it is relative to all my encounters with non-human intelligences. So too, is the profound journey of 1) Remembering – who I am, where I come from and what I came to do; 2) Reconnecting - to the soul, galactic consciousness, and absolute cosmic memory; and 3) Healing and Integrating - to cleanse, clear and align the subtle bodies, heal and integrate at all levels of Consciousness, and return to Consciousness in full memory and conscious awareness.

Since my near death-experience it also involves working as a colleague or associate with all sorts of beings and intelligences. This working relationship aims to facilitate the collective spiritual awakening of the human species, and our planet's journey of becoming a Star. It is a working relationship that is benevolent, enlightening and extremely harmonious. I am a member of galactic councils and spiritual alliances, and I am regularly asked to work with all sorts of entities, elemental beings, spiritual guardians, master energies and cosmic forces. Yet each experience also teaches me something and helps me on my soul journey of returning to Consciousness with full cosmic memory.

Contact Experiences

Having had so many different contact modalities means it would be impossible for me to relate all my experiences here, so I have chosen to share those which I hope will give a sense of how they happen, how I interpret and integrate them, how inter-related they are, and their cumulative action in my life.

I have been interacting with different energies and intelligences for so long that the recognition of their unique calling card, has become second nature to me. As a result, many of my experiences are now easy for me to interpret, understand and make sense of, which means in a professional capacity I also help other people examine, clarify, and integrate their own unique contact experiences. When I was a child, though, I did not understand my experiences that I do now.

I would sit in trees and talk with faeries. I ‘heard’ and ‘felt’ what animals, trees, and humans were thinking. I believed in and remembered past lives. I ‘knew’ we had a strong connection to the Stars, and I ‘knew’ that this human life had far greater meaning than was expressed by those around me.

I also ‘knew’ that dying was not the end. I believed in UFOs, beings from different planets, and regularly talked to ghosts and dead people, angels and spirits. I could ‘see’ into things taking place on other parts of the planet and in other galaxies. And I ‘knew’ that the planet we will live on is alive and has a soul and consciousness.

All these things I ‘knew’ when I was growing up. Yet the activation that occurred during the near-death, that enabled me to fully access and live my cosmic memory, had not yet taken place. I had not yet realized that my encounters with non-human intelligences; my connections to other realms; and what I believed in and ‘knew’ to be true; was related to Consciousness itself, and what my unique soul aspect of Consciousness had come to continue with, in this lifetime.

So, as I look back on my encounters and contact experiences when I was a child as well as those that took place in my early twenties, they were significant and definitely had an impact, but they feel like they were kind of ‘priming the pump’, or ‘oiling the wheel’ to keep things working before the near-death experience (NDE). They began to show me there was something else present; to establish contact and skill sets for future contact experiences; and took place to confirm my connection to the other realms and intelligences. I have included some of those here, as they help create a picture of how it was then and share the foundation that was built on for future contact experiences, after the NDE.

The Witch and the Watchers

When I was six, we moved house and for the first time I had my own bedroom. My bed was pushed into a corner of the room. I always did this because of the ‘Watchers’ who have been with me ever since I can remember. The ‘Watchers’ watches me and monitor my thoughts, feelings and actions. They never hurt me, and unless I am in danger, they don’t interfere with my life and choices, as it is not part of their portfolio. However, because back then their presence always felt the strongest at night, and I couldn’t ‘see’ them but ‘knew’ that they were watching me, I wanted my bed close to the wall so that I could guard at least one side of it. I also wanted my blankets off the ground, so that nothing could climb up, and I spent many nights trying to hide myself under the covers.

One night, shortly after moving in, I was lying in bed in the dark. As usual I had the covers up around my chin, and I was peeking out to make sure there was nothing there. Suddenly a bright haze of stars appeared in the corner of the ceiling at the foot of my bed. They were swirling and getting brighter by the second. As I looked at the swirling stars, and listened to a slight humming sound, the head of a witch appeared in them. She was partly in profile, and she was looking at me. Her right eye was sort of squinting with the effort. She had a long pointy nose, a long chin and she had on a dark blue, or black, pointy hat.

She laughed and cackled at me and I was frightened. I called out to my parents. As they came into my room, the witch and the starry haze disappeared. I told my parents what I had seen and heard. They were sure I’d simply had a bad dream, but as I was frightened to be alone, they put a mattress on the floor in my sibling’s bedroom.

A few days later I returned to the room, and the witch visited again. This time I didn’t tell anyone. For the next two years the witch came almost every night. She always appeared in the same spot, she

always looked at me quizzically, and she always cackled loudly. When we moved house. The witch stopped coming.

Many years later I was speaking at an Alien Encounters event. There were five of us speaking. Backstage we offered each other support, and also shared a few encounters. As we discussed some of the ways non-human intelligences can appear, and the forms of disguise that they take, I realized that there was more going on than I had previously thought about the witch who came into my room and recognized her as a disguised Being from a particular galaxy that was connected to a particular past life and my soul connection to that specific constellation.

I also reflected on a conversation that I'd had with my mother some years previously, when we discussed the events of that first visit from the witch and how frightened I had been. During that conversation she told me that when she was a child, she had also seen a witch's head in a haze of stars. However, she did not see this in her bedroom, instead the witch's head appeared while she was sitting on a stair at the top of the landing.

It seems when she was about five or six, she had been in the habit of getting out of bed at night and sitting at the top of the stairs trying to get the attention of her parents. She would sit and sob a bit and wait for them to 'rescue' her and take her down into their living room for a while.

On the night when the witch appeared, she was sitting at the top of the stairs looking out through the window in the front door, to the light that hung on the gate at the end of the garden. The witch's head suddenly appeared on top of the gate. She was wrapped in a haze of stars, had a long chin, a long pointy nose and a long black or navy hat, and she laughed at my mother and watched her intently.

Like me, my mother got a fright, and called out to her parents. They called back in annoyance and told her to go back to bed. As she went back to bed, my mother was sure the image of the witch was a punishment for being naughty and getting out of bed, and from that point on, she stayed in bed at night rather than have a chance encounter with the witch. She also never sat at the top of the stairs at night or in the daytime again.

While my mother never told me if she ever actually saw the witch again, our discussion also highlighted to me the inter-relatedness of such contact encounters, their connection to DNA patterns, and their cumulativeness across generations. Another interesting aspect of my encounters with the witch, is that it was location related. It started when my family lived in a particular house and stopped when we left.

This is also something that I have experienced - both through my own contact experiences, and in helping other people understand and integrate theirs - that in certain places, activities and encounters will be more frequent or heightened, and in other places the contact experiences will happen rarely or not at all. So, for me, these encounters and contact experiences are also connected to the energy magnetic frequencies, the presence of water in the land and the geomantic atmosphere, and star templates that are active in an area. Plus of course DNA patterns.

Pre-cognitive Warnings and Claircognizance

Throughout my life, I have also experienced what many researchers might call 'pre-cognitive awareness' of upcoming events or accidents. I have also 'seen', 'heard' and 'felt' accidents and events via remote viewing, clairvoyance, and mediumship.

When I was a child, this pre-cognitive awareness would only happen if it was an event or accident that involved me, or someone I knew well, however as an adult, it can involve people I don't know, and often includes upcoming planetary and cosmic events, accidents and planned incidents.

Experiences that involve warnings to take care of, or avoid certain places, people or activities, usually happen as a ‘knowing’ – not in an intellectual way, but in a claircognizant way. It is also a visceral experience and I usually feel physically sick and want to vomit. The overwhelming ‘sense’ in my emotional field is that something bad is going to happen and I just want to get away from it, or not do the ‘thing’ that is connected to that feeling.

On two occasions as a child, I ‘knew’ that the activities planned for that day would involve something bad happening to me, and I ‘knew’ this via a visceral sensation that acted as a warning. The first time it happened I was nine, and there was a chance to visit someone, and maybe go for a horse ride. Normally I would be enthusiastic, but this time, I knew something bad would happen. I didn’t know what the bad thing was, but I knew it involved some potential harm and I didn’t want to go.

I told the people involved that I didn’t want to go and why, but they were sure that the ‘feeling’ or ‘knowing’ wasn’t real and that nothing would happen. I accompanied them. A few hours later I was in a car accident where the car rolled. As soon as the accident had happened the bad feeling went away.

A similar thing happened when I was twelve and my mother had planned a day out. We would be visiting a lake for a picnic. When I woke up on that morning, I knew something bad was going to happen. I talked to my mother and told her I didn’t feel well, and asked could we stay at home. She was disappointed as it had taken some planning to arrange, plus we would be meeting other people at the lake, so I ignored my ‘bad feeling’ and went. Two hours later we were in a car accident where once again a car that I was a passenger in rolled over. After the car accident, the bad feeling left.

When I was thirteen, I was sitting in an English class one morning, when I suddenly had a bad feeling. Then I saw ‘a vision’, of my sister and her boyfriend travelling along a country road. He was driving and she was sitting quite close to him. An animal suddenly ran out in front of the car and he swerved to miss it. They ran off the road, and into a ditch that damaged the front wheel. Both of them were okay but the car was too damaged to drive and had to be towed out. Once I had ‘seen’ the accident, and ‘knew’ they were okay, I felt better. Later that day I was told about their accident, how it happened and that they needed to be towed home.... they described the accident just as I had ‘seen’ it.

Nowadays when I have these pre-cognitive bad feelings and sensations, I trust my ‘knowing’, and I know how to manage them. Plus, I can make my own decisions and choices about what I do, and how I act upon them. That said, I don’t usually share these premonitions or pre-cognizant experiences with others unless it is necessary. This is particularly relevant when it comes to a global event or planetary happening, as there are many timeline potentials for a particular pre-cognition. While the ones I experience are usually correct, they are often only relevant to me and my work as a medium, and also my understanding of different levels of consciousness.

My pre-cognitive experiences can also happen without a visceral response, where I have a claircognizant knowing, or a clairsentient recognition. For example, I often know who is going to call me, or I will think of someone, and they will call. When I am going to travel on a plane or on a long journey overland or by sea, I ‘know’ dates that I should travel on. This may be relevant to the actual travel; the potential of meeting the right person at the right time; or it can be a date of return that ensures I arrive back at a particular time to be present for a certain activity, or event.

Often when I meet someone for the first time, or early in the connection, I will get a pre-cognitive insight as well. It may be about something that we will do in the future, or if we are connected from other lives I will ‘see’ that life and have the memory of our interactions come forward.

Déjà Vu

I have also experienced déjà vu in certain places. Mostly they are connected to past lives that I have lived in specific areas and a ‘knowing’ and clairsentient recognition arises about the location and how it was when I lived, worked, or visited there. It may happen in a street, house, building, town, city, or natural landscape and is informed by my connection to it and the soul memory I carry.

I did have a different kind of déjà vu experience though when I was about twenty-two and working in a new hotel in a ski resort. The building was so new that the construction company had only just finished part one of three phases of construction, and some of the rooms were not finished or fully furnished. Yet one afternoon as I walked across the dining room to serve food to some guests, I was suddenly in another time, doing the same thing, serving exactly the same people but in a time zone that melded the past, present and future. It was very discombobulating, as I could see the snow on the mountains outside the window yet felt like I was crossing the floor on some kind of vehicle that was flying through space in both the past and the future.

Trees, Animals, Rocks, Water and Earth

Throughout my life I have also had intelligent interactions and loving communication with trees, rocks, plants, flowers, insects, and animals. Over the years of interacting, listening, and sensing, I have developed very clear ways of communicating with, and understanding, these non-human intelligences, and this clear communication is an

important aspect of my mediumship, earth energy, land healing, and space clearing work.

However, some of my ‘contact’ experiences with the sentience of trees when I was a child, were confusing and frightening, because they have powerful energies and strong intelligences. For example, from the age of nine through to my early teens, I regularly walked to and from my house at night to do basketball and other activities. I lived at the top of a hill and the route there was almost all downhill, on a footpath next to a main road. It was safe for a child to walk alone, and well lit, however at one section there was a large cluster of trees on either side of the road. At night the trees would talk to each other, and also walk around. As I walked past and through, I would hear them talking and also see them moving.

At the time of these encounters, I didn’t realize that the voices I heard were actually from the trees, and I didn’t think trees could walk around and move. Therefore, I thought that the voices came from people who were hiding and moving around amongst them. It would always give me a fright, so I would run as fast as I could to get past the cluster, thinking that one of the whispering, sinister humans, may do me harm.

Today though, I am familiar with how trees communicate and ‘feel,’ and we have regular interactions. I find them to be very loving and supportive, and extremely wise. Throughout my adult years, many trees have apologized to me for that fear I felt when I was a child, and we have chuckled together about my response. I too have apologized to them on many occasions, for not realizing who was speaking and that they meant me no harm. This capacity for us to apologize to each other and laugh together has greatly strengthened our bond and relationship.

Protection by Non-Human Intelligences **and the Power of Prayer**

Another part of my contact with non-human intelligence involves prayer - to offer healing or support when people, land, animals and nations are in need. In these situations, and in my other work, I interact with angels and beings from Arcturus, the Pleiades and Sirius, as they step forward at times of need for myself or others. The 'Watchers' will also intervene to help if it fits into their portfolio of 'limited interference'.

Many people rely on the 'power of prayer' in times of need, and 'call out a prayer' or make some kind of 'request for help', which intelligences will respond to. This 'call out and response' is not just a momentary life changing experience, it can also be a starting point for various other contact experiences. In my particular journey, protection and seemingly miraculous assistance, is not always prompted by a literal call for help, but occurs after I make a concise comment about the specific problem or dilemma.

The following three contact experiences are examples of how this kind of intervention can take place. Each of them involved one or more NHIs and each one manifested differently. Two of them are examples of extreme protective interventions that affected the time-space-continuum. These interventions, and many others I have experienced, have led me to believe that in certain situations - many of which I know nothing about - I am being protected, kept alive and led in certain ways, to ensure that I fulfil the tasks of my soul journey. This makes me very grateful for their help and assistance, the trust they place in me, and their belief in my soul's purpose.

1. A Guiding Light

In my early twenties, I lived near Hampstead Heath and would often visit a friend who lived a few miles away. There were no trains in the area, and the bus service was unpredictable, so we often walked to and from each other's homes. During the day, we would walk via the Heath. But after dark, we would walk along a footpath next to the road that the bus took – always hopeful that a bus may come along.

It was a good footpath, but the road and the pathway were not well lit. An occasional car would drive past, or sometimes a bus, and occasionally there would be someone walking a dog, but it was generally a dark route that felt a bit isolated. Frankly, I often felt a bit unsafe on such a dark route by myself, and kept my senses heightened to be aware of any potential danger.

One evening as I walked home from my friend's place, I was on a dark section of the path walking through some bushes and small trees, when a jogger suddenly appeared on the pathway in front of me. We were both startled and as we tried to reassure each other, I wished that there was a light in that area. As I thought this, a light came on a few feet above my head, and lit up the path in front and behind me.

I was grateful that the light came on but didn't consider it as some kind of supernatural event or non-human intelligences at work. Even when from then on, the light always came on in a specific place and then went off about twenty paces later. I assumed that it was a new lighting mechanism that had been activated by some kind of sensor, and my meeting with the jogger just coincided with the first time it worked.

About six weeks later, however, I was walking along the path with my friend, and the light came on. He looked at me and said, 'Wow, they must have finally put a streetlight here...it's about time too, as it's so dark here it always spooks me out'.

I was surprised and told him that there had been a light in this area for at least six weeks. I explained where it came from and where it went off. He was surprised too, because he walked that road twice a day to get to and from his workplace, and at least one way each day was in the dark, but the light had never come on. As we continued walking, the light stayed on for twenty paces and then turned off. Just as it always did. It was puzzling. So, we doubled back on the path to look for a sensor or a streetlamp, but we couldn't find anything physical that could be the source of the overhead light.

We decided to do an experiment. Over the next few months, we monitored it. Whenever I walked there at night either alone or with others, a bright light always appeared above me that lit up both me and the pathway. However, whenever my friend walked the path at night, either alone or with anyone else, the light never came on.

Eventually he and a couple of our friends - who also experienced the light coming on when walking with me, but not when walking with him - decided that the appearance of the light was connected to me, and assumed it was a guardian angel or protective ancestor that was looking after me to keep me safe, when I walked along dark footpaths at night. It became a kind of joke, and my friends wanted to walk with me in all the dark places.

These sorts of things happen to me often, and at certain 'energetic periods' in my life, or when I am living in a certain area where the magnetic forces in the energy template are strong. Most particularly they occur when I am having a lot of contact experiences from the star beings or angelic realms – which was happening at the time of the light above my head experience.

2. Divine Intervention

A few years later, and after my near-death experience (which I will also share in this chapter), I lived in the south of Spain, and worked at a Retreat Centre for personal and spiritual development. It was an area that I had a strong past life connection with. It had two significant galactic energy templates that I interacted with, and I also had regular encounters with ghosts, landscape angels, mountain devas, trees, dragons, and other non-human intelligences. While I lived in this area, I experienced three protective interventions. This is how one of them took place:

Part of my job at the Centre was to take people to and from the international airport, which was a four-hours return journey. It involved driving on bitumen roads that were cut through and around mountains. In the mornings or late at night, these roads could be very slippery and covered in black ice.

Early one morning I was in the car alone, driving to the airport to pick up some workshop participants. I was on a very windy section of a steep road, that was almost all hairpin bends. I was driving on the right-hand side of the road. On my left was the mountainside, on my right there was a steep drop. In certain places the road had not yet felt the rays of the morning sun, and it was slippery, so I was paying attention and driving with care.

At one point, about twenty feet in front of me there was a sharp bend, and just before it, on the mountainside was a small area to pull-in to allow a car to pass. As I made a note of this, a car coming in the other direction appeared round the bend. I gently squeezed the brake to slow a bit and my car hit black ice.

The two back wheels lost their grip on the ice and spun out to the right. I was suddenly heading straight towards the side of the mountain via the pull-in area. The driver in the other car looked at me, veered quickly to the pull-in area to avoid me, and then kept driving. I gently pressed the brake again and nothing happened. The car didn't slide, and it didn't veer off anywhere, nor did it lose speed. The mountain wall was now very close.

I considered turning off the engine to try to stop the car, but I knew instinctively that there was nothing I could do. So, I leaned back into my seat, and prepared my body to be in a car that hit a mountain. As I did so, I thought, 'I can't stop. The brakes aren't working. I am going to hit the mountain'. I took a breath and waited for the impact.

Inexplicably, the car suddenly stopped moving forward, and came to an abrupt halt. With the combined momentum of going forward and some unknown force stopping it, the car rocked left to right, as did I. From my seat, I looked over the short bonnet of the car and closely examined the color, shape, and grain of the jagged mountain wall. I was so close that if there was no windscreen on the car, I could have reached out to touch it. I felt very grateful that I had not actually contacted it as it looked very solid and jagged, and hitting it would've hurt a lot.

Relieved and shocked, I took some deep breaths, released my seatbelt, and got out of the car. Whatever had stopped the car had done it just before impact, as I could just fit the width of my little finger between the front bumper and the rock. I was safe and unharmed, with just a few millimeters to spare!

In those few seconds of preparing to hit the mountain and the car actually stopping, I never heard, felt or saw the presence of a guide, angel, or guardian. But I am certain that some kind of ‘intelligence’ intervened because of hearing my thoughts and comment. My sense and claircognizance of it, is that one of the intelligences behind it was the mountain deity herself, as I’d had numerous intelligent conversations and interactions with her, as well as the over-riding landscape angel in the area, and they are likely to have intervened on my behalf. Whoever and whatever, was behind the stopping of the car, it or they, definitely had the ability to influence the effects of propulsion and movement across third-dimensional time and space.

3. Popping dimensions

Many years later, I was travelling along a busy motorway in a small car, when some sort of time-slip protective intervention occurred. Just like the previous two stories it was in response to a clear, concise comment about the nature of my situation.

I was driving in the second lane on a four-lane motorway. There was a large lorry behind me, and another immediately in front. Being in a small car that barely reached the top of their wheels, I wasn’t sure that either driver could see me, and felt boxed in. I put my indicator on and prepared to move to the right, into the next lane. There was nothing coming behind me, so I started to move out when a lorry on the outer lane moved left without indicating and took that space. I now had three lorries around me. One in front, one behind, and one to my right. Then another lorry drove up on the inside lane and moved into place to the left of me. I was now really feeling vulnerable, boxed in, between four big transport lorries.

A few moments later the driver of the lorry on my left, put their indicator on and began to move over onto my lane. I realized that the driver hadn’t seen me and was now about to drive over the top of me. I had no lane to move into to avoid a collision, and ‘knew’ I was about to end up underneath at least one lorry. I knew that we could not all safely

fit in this physical space. I thought to myself, ‘The lorry has moved over, but there is not enough room for all of us to fit in this space’.

I then heard a loud ‘pop’ and all the three lanes, and five vehicles stacked together in multi-storied, multi-dimensional layers. It felt like every driver (including me) had a momentary existence in their highest possible frequency, and we meshed and melded together for a few seconds until there was a space for each of us and our vehicles, to be safely on the motorway without crashing in the third dimension. Almost in an instant, everything went back to ‘normal’ framework and dimensions, and all of us continued on with our day.

While I do know what I experienced, in that situation, and also know what I perceived and how it felt, I don’t actually know if any of the lorry drivers experienced anything unusual happening. But in my perception, something unusual happened, and similar to the previous example, some kind of help from a fast-acting non-human intelligence, prevented me from experiencing serious injury and perhaps death.

What I do know is that a crisis situation was manipulated by forces unseen, and we all just kept on driving along the motorway. Someone or some-thing had averted it via a time-slip continuum. Or perhaps it was a deliberate lesson for me about how time and matter manipulation can happen!

For a few months prior to that ‘non-accident’, I had been doing a ‘practice’ which was about surrendering the body, manipulating matter, and changing time realities in consciousness. During those months, I’d had all sorts of strange things happening that were tests to my understanding of how matter and time are manipulated. For example, on one occasion, I arrived at an event an hour before it started, when due to sleeping in, I had actually left my home (which was a ninety-minute car drive from the venue) just ten minutes before the event was due to start. Knowing I would be very late, I had spent the ninety minutes journey, practicing what I had been taught, and hoped that I

may get to the venue twenty minutes after it started, instead of the logical one and a half hours late. But I certainly did not expect to get there one hour early, before the actual venue gates were opened and the hosts arrived.

On another occasion during those months of practice, I was driving along a road which I had travelled many times before, without prior incident, and as I drove up a hill, I watched my fuel indicator go from being three quarters full to almost empty. I was at least forty minutes away from any place to get fuel. The fuel indicator then dropped again, to empty. I wondered if something had punctured the fuel tank and was about to pull over and check, when I heard a voice in my head ask 'Is the fuel tank really empty?' I mused on this. Then I heard, 'Do you trust that it is actually full even if the gauge indicates it is empty?' More musing from me, then I heard, 'If it was empty and you could not get any fuel, could you get the car to drive without it?' Hmm. Still more consideration from me. Then I heard, 'What would you do?' followed by 'Could you, yourself, manifest matter to create a full fuel tank?' and so, the lesson went on.

This is how many of my contact experiences with non-human intelligence occur. While I often work with them as a colleague, they also work with me within a framework of them as the teacher and me as the student. It often involves initiations, and practices to facilitate evolution of consciousness.

My contact with them is ongoing over multiple lifetimes and facilitates a deep learning process. While they helped me to not have a potentially fatal 'accident' on a motorway, over a period beforehand, they had also offered experiences to help me to understand more about different dimensions, the relativity of time, and the reality of matter. In fact, sometimes I wonder if they created the entire 'time-slip with lorries experience' as a part of my teaching syllabus.

Near-Death Experience

The near-death experience (NDE) happened when I was twenty-five. I was working in a spiritual community in Israel. I'd had a lot of pain and discomfort in my stomach and pelvic area for a few months. Initially I assumed it was because I had bought and drunk contaminated water while on a boat from Turkey, but after seeing a doctor, I was referred to a gynecologist. I was told I had a large cyst on an ovary, and was warned to be careful, as it could rupture or twist. If it did rupture or twist, I should immediately go to a hospital.

As I left the specialist's rooms, I was not actually sure how I would tell if a rupture or twist occurred, however it turns out it was not hard to identify that at all. At about 10 pm that night, I had a searing pain in my pelvic area followed by a feeling of something toxic flooding through my body. I found it very hard to breathe properly and my body was shuddering. I was aware I was in a dangerous situation and needed to get to a hospital. I called out to a flat mate for help.

She went off to find someone with a car. She was directed to the community nurse for medical help, as well as a student doctor who had a car. While the student doctor went to get the car, the nurse came to get me. She and I walked outside to a small four door car, and after some discussion about who would sit where, I got into the back.

The nurse, who sat in the front passenger seat, next to the student doctor who was driving, suggested that I lay down and place my arm between the two front seats so that she could monitor my pulse. While I instinctively knew that if I did lay flat, I would not survive the journey, I was also too tall to lay flat in such a small car. Instead, I bent my legs and placed my feet at the end of the back seat, with my toes pushing against the right-hand door, and rested the top of my body and head on the window of the left back door. The glass window felt cool against my face and was a pleasant antidote to the heat in my body.

The main hospital was about a thirty-minute drive, and as the student doctor put the car into gear, the nurse wondered if it was too far to go. They proceeded to discuss if there was a medical post or smaller hospital anywhere closer. I had no idea where anything was, so I left them to discuss it, and concentrated on my breathing.

As the car moved forwards, I felt drawn to look out the window at the sky above. It was a clear night without clouds, and I could see many stars. Their quiet beauty helped me to stay focused and breathe through the pain and the constant shudders that I was experiencing in my body.

A short time later I shut my eyes to rest, and I ‘saw’ and ‘felt’ the presence of a very big blue eye shimmering at the top of my head. It was beckoning me, and sort of pulling me out of my body via my third eye and crown chakra.

I paid attention to its call and suddenly my conscious awareness was outside my body and above the car. I could see the road from above, and the car moving along the road, with three people inside it. Inside were the doctor and the nurse in the front, and my lifeless body in the back. I could also see the tops of houses in the distance and the junction of inter-connecting roads about three miles away.

My awareness/consciousness then went higher into the night sky. I could easily see the large city about thirty miles away and all the roads, houses, buildings, and trees that were part of it. Then, without any thought or action by me, I became aware that I had moved further out. I could see the many lights and roads and highways of cities all over the planet. Then I could see the curve of the planet.

One breath later, and I was out in space amongst the stars. I could see other planets, I could hear the sound of the audible life stream, and then I was way out in the cosmos and could see different galaxies. Then the element of air whipped through my ‘consciousness’ – and it felt like it was moving through my physical body. It took my

breath away. As I climbed back my breath, the element of fire whipped through and burnt everything away. Next came the element of water and washed everything clean.

I felt a transformation taking place as each element whipped through my consciousness. Then earth whipped through to stabilize the matter. I felt the four elements working with my mind and body to help heal the damage and re-connect me with who I really am. As this happened, I realized that we come from the stars and we are made of the elements – earth, air, fire, water, and ether. How these elements come together is part of the geometry of life and is the foundation of all things that are created.

With that awareness, I then moved into the ether of consciousness and was everything and nothing at the same time. I was in wonderment, as I realized that if anybody asked me a question about anything, I ‘knew’ the answer. I was all and nothing at the same time. I ‘knew’ without asking that we are not our bodies, we are not our thoughts, and we are not our emotions. We are all simply Consciousness in Matter – and everything is consciousness experiencing itself.

I became aware I was ‘in’ the Light, and I ‘am’ the Light. It was bright, powerful, omnipresent, wise, unconditional, and loving. And it had a consciousness that was communicating with me both telepathically and via a strong vibrant pulse or heartbeat. I became aware of all that ‘was not’ me, and all that ‘was’ me at the same time.

I felt it was okay to let the ‘not me’ aspect go, as I did this, I fully entered White Light. Soon after, it became apparent that I was in some kind of corridors of Light that were part of a great hallway. There were ‘doors and doorways’ in the hallway, that were entrance points to akashic records, memories of my soul experiences, and information about the real history of the universe.

I move through these corridors of Light and ‘felt’ through the doorways. I was absorbing the memories and unconditional love. I felt I had come home. It was familiar. I knew it intimately, and I belonged there. I wanted to stay and couldn’t imagine leaving, but suddenly something pulled on the wrist of the body I had left behind.

I arrived back at my body with a jolt. It was still in the car and the nurse was moving my arm and wrist to try to find a pulse. She was calling my name in a panic...and telling the student doctor, ‘I can’t find a pulse, I can’t find a pulse’. He suggested she reach up to my neck and try my pulse from there. I heard her seatbelt click open and she turned in her seat to try to reach my neck. I took a breath. The nurse said...she’s breathing! The student doctor said, ‘Good, we’ll soon be at the hospital. They’ll know what to do.’ Not long after, we arrived at the hospital, and I was taken into emergency for treatment.

Over the next two days I ‘jolted’ out of my body three more times, and each time was out in the cosmos, and in the stars, or just floating in space. I don’t know how long I was out each time, but just like in the car, I was ‘jolted’ back into my body when someone touched me. After the third time out, I had a ‘knowing’ that my ‘Overself’ was struggling to stay in, and I intuitively ‘knew’ that if it could not tether to my body I would not survive.

What the Overself is, and what it does, was not part of my conscious understanding at that time and was a result of claircognizant knowing rather than an intellectual and logical integration of information. Even now, when I try to explain what that meant, I find it difficult to describe in words that make sense in third dimensional reality. But the best way I can describe it is to say that it is the 10th dimensional aspect of who we are, that acts like an overseer to the ego and remembers all that has happened to us as a soul and aspect of consciousness.

During the near death, I had been immersed in that aspect of ‘me’ and the combination of the frequencies of the experience, as well as the frequency changes in the physical body, meant that the Overself part that needs to be able to integrate in the body, to keep the subtle body energies stable while also maintaining the connection to the other realms, for some reason could not stay tethered.

I ‘knew’ via this claircognizance, that if my Overself could not stay in, I probably would not live, and if I did live, my body could not recover and get well. I also ‘knew’ that water flowing over the body would enable everything to start to come back together, and help the body energies balance and integrate as they adapted to a higher frequency of awareness and electro-magnetic current. I soon found a way to access water and let it move over my body and drank some as well. My electro-magnetic frequencies started to re-align.

Results of the Near-Death Experience

During the NDE I permanently changed frequency, and this sometimes causes problems in my physical body. It also plays havoc with electrical circuits. My energy field will often impact computers and lights, other electrical and digital equipment, as well as water and wind generators. It also affects other people’s energy patterns, energies in the land and imprints in the natural world. Which makes sense as part of what I incarnated to do is to use my mediumship, telepathic, clairvoyant, clairsentient, and clairaudient skills to work as an esoteric mapmaker and earth energy worker to cleanse, lift, balance and align energy frequencies and facilitate the journey of cosmic remembering that fosters humanity’s collective spiritual awakening.

The NDE also strengthened my communication and interactive encounters and experiences with other intelligences. While I will always be in their tutelage and guidance, I am also a friend and colleague to many beings. Every day I get to interact with beings from all sorts of dimensions, who take numerous forms and share profound skills and

knowledge with me. Some live ON the Earth, some live IN the Earth and others exist in the far reaches of other constellations and galaxies. Others still are galactic and cosmic beings, who are responsible for our knowledge and seeding, as well as the continual maintenance of our glorious planet. While I am constantly humbled by the trust and respect that they show me, and I will always be grateful for the faith that they show in me and my abilities, I also ‘know’ that our relationship is mutually symbiotic and inter-connected and enhances each of us in different ways.

I was also reminded that we are not our bodies, thoughts, and emotions, and that everything is alive and is an aspect of consciousness experiencing itself. Consciousness doesn’t judge, it just is. Judgement and conditions are part of the human paradigm. As souls who volunteered for a life on Earth, we chose what our soul needed for this 3D expression of itself to help it grow and learn. We chose our family, place of birth, color of skin, sexuality and more, and our soul aspect of consciousness, placed specific triggers in our subtle bodies to help us meet who we needed to and experience what was necessary to help us along. None of it is based on judgement. Everything is based on the potential for experience, that is underpinned with a deep foundation of love. When we get back to Source, we are not asked what we did wrong and why. We are embraced by the deepest, most profound love, and given the opportunity to explore how our life was and what we learnt.

During my interactions with the corridors of light I fully remembered thousands of past lives and my esoteric knowledge was consciously activated so that I could use it in my life and my work. At the same time, my earth born INFP personality was activated at a soul frequency so that I could use it to facilitate what I came to do. So, the introverted, intuitive, feeling and perceiving aspects of my personality were heightened and enriched. This soul expression of these frequencies means it is easy for me to connect with different beings and I also trust what I perceive and feel, whether anyone else recognizes this or not.

This is good news, because as a child this was difficult for me, and I often felt isolated and unsure of my skills, particularly as the people around me did not seem to have the encounters that I did. Also, as a predominant clairsentient and feeling oriented person, I quickly realized that back then, and even now, ‘feeling’ and ‘sensing’ to make sense of the world, is not highly valued in western culture, as both these methods of understanding and being in the world, are considered unreliable and cannot be tested and measured in the left hemisphere model of engaging with the world. And yet, in my contact with intelligences across the strata of the dimensions and non-physical world, this way of communicating is greatly valued and esteemed, and they seem to like the way that I communicate with them.

My experience during the near-death, also re-activated my cosmic memory. It helped me fully remember my past life contact experiences and skill sets and reminded me of the role I played in the star seeding of this planet as well as the later epochs in Atlantis and Lemuria. It also triggered me to remember my ‘mission’ for this life.

Consequently, beings from cosmic and galactic dimensions began to make contact with me, and I was asked to work with them as a colleague to a) assist in the collective spiritual awakening of humanity; and b) help bring forward the awareness of the divine feminine. It has been an honor to do this and has involved working with all sorts of beings from one-celled amoebas to enormous galactic forces and cosmic beings.

Some days I interact and work with devic beings, unicorns, bunyips, griffins, dragons, and mermaids, and other days I work with ray masters, the Gods of Olympus, master beings, ascended masters, and cosmic and galactic forces. I have also interacted many times with Oannes – also known as Manu, Odacon, and Nommo - who is the God who taught our species reading, writing and arithmetic, agriculture, architecture, and astronomy. He is also the spiritual law giver for our species who helps us connect with the higher levels of consciousness.

Helping Ghosts, Lost Spirits and Dead People

I am also always contacted by dead people, ghosts, and lost spirits. While I ‘saw’ and ‘felt’ the ghosts of dead people and animals before the NDE, and could also communicate with them, because of the near death I am now consistently approached by the dead or dying, as well as lost spirits and beings caught in the astral realms. Invariably they want me to help them a) complete unfinished business in the third, fourth and fifth dimensional planes, b) access the ferryman or ferrywoman, c) connect with the Light, and/or d) navigate the Afterlife to return to the Stars.

As I mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, our contact experiences are connected to our vibrations and frequencies, and what happened to me during my near-death experience has left an imprint that prompts dead people to make contact for help to move across to the non-physical realms. They also know that I have no judgement on their situation and will do all I can to help...including calling in the assistance of beings in other realms if needed.

During the NDE, it was also made completely clear to me that we are not our bodies, we are not our thoughts, and we are not our emotions – which is a foundation of all the ancient teachings about enlightenment and spiritual liberation. Understanding this as a mental concept is valuable, however ‘knowing’ it and living it in heart, mind, and body changes everything and releases an egoic stronghold to existence and management of that existence that is fostered in the west.

Recognizing that death is not the final frontier and life continues after death of the physical body is also extremely liberating. The fear of death and annihilation and the concerns about what happens after we die, are age old issues that have been explored and discussed in every era we have known. Knowing what happens after death; knowing about the Afterlife; and knowing how to consciously get back to the Stars after liberation from the body is profound. This understanding also negates the perpetual mind programming in our community about fear

of death, and enables us to step out of the control systems that are based on being hurt, being unwell and experiencing annihilation from the death process. The body will die, but consciousness will continue, and the memory of each existence can be held in our memory bank, which means that nothing is annihilated, it just changes form, dimension and levels of consciousness.

Integration and Accumulation

While the NDE helped me feel better about my contact experiences, telepathy, mediumship and seemingly weird skill sets, it took time after the experience for my body to heal and repair. It was also a process of discovery as I got used to being in a body where everything was functioning at a higher frequency. I was also drawn to do some training and integrate some past life skills, that would better equip me for the work that is connected to the development of spiritual and galactic consciousness in our species and the star ascension of this planet within the galaxies. So, I re-learnt energetic and shamanic healing modalities, studied sound frequencies, sacred geometry, color therapy, touch for health, space clearing, transpersonal counselling, and herbs and plant medicines. I also did a postgraduate degree in integrative arts therapy, both for my own journey of integration, but also to help others, particularly those who were ill and dying.

I also joined a mediumship circle and studied past life therapy and spent six years visiting and walking in the crop circles that were appearing in the UK. While I was fortunate to witness a few of them arriving, the intelligences involved in their creation and the symbolic and metaphoric wisdom they contain is something that I really align with, and their energy patterns also helped me make sense of the other things I had come to do.

I have also spent many years interacting with the energy templates at sacred sites and ancient temples around the world, learning from the intelligences and energies present at these sites, and I write

about these experiences and often discuss them when speaking at conferences. I also now share more about: my near death; how the soul triggers our lives; how to develop galactic and cosmic consciousness; and how to navigate the afterlife in harmony with the fundamental forces of the universe.

I mention the things I do, what I have studied and some of how I work, to try to highlight the journey that we can travel as a result of contact modalities and experiences with different multi-dimensional intelligences. Near-death researcher and experimenter, PMH Atwater discusses that it takes approximately twenty years to ‘unpack’ a near-death experience and integrate it. My understanding and integration of my experiences align with this...as do those of many people that I have worked with. While there are of course immediate recognitions and ‘ah-ha’ moments, more things unfold as our life continues. My journey has been, and continues to be, one of profound unfoldment, and I feel privileged by my experiences and what they have taught me. I expect my journey will continue like this for the rest of this life and into the next, because that is the kind of accumulative energy behind all my encounters.

Where To From Here

I spend much of my time listening to and learning from the Soul Consciousness of Earth, so as I approach the end of this chapter, I want to recommend to each of you to start doing so yourself. Or, if you already do it, think about increasing your contact.

While many people still think of our planet as a giant rock that revolves around a brilliant sun, she is a living Cosmic consciousness with a unique soul and profound intelligence. We are all designed to have a mutually beneficial symbiotic relationship with her that benefits HER in her journey towards being a Star, and benefits each of US in our journey towards galactic consciousness and deep remembering.

Every other living thing on her body also benefits from this, but unlike us humans, they don't need a reminder to connect with the consciousness of the Earth, as they have never strayed far from their connection to our planet, and still live a mutually symbiotic life. Humanity however, has taken a collective journey of separation and dislocation. Many feel isolated, disconnected and alone. But we are not meant to be dis-located or isolated from the consciousness of our planet, or Consciousness itself. Our connection is in our DNA, it is in the etheric ribbons of intelligence that we are part of, and we remember it in our soul.

We were each born with a deep and powerful connection to this consciousness and it is only our beliefs, thoughts and lifestyles that separated us. So, it is the cultural programming that has created the separation not consciousness itself. And it is the cultural programming that continues to feed our sense of separation and inhibits learning how to re-connect.

Yet when we fully engage with the many realms of consciousness that include the cosmic soul of our planet, and do so in a symbiotic, loving, and inter-connected way, we feel profound love, and a deep connection to all living things and all that exists. It also creates a wonder in being alive in a human 3D form on this planet currently.

This wonder is the foundation of our journey into full cosmic memory. A journey that involves facing and embracing who we are, cleansing and cleaning the residues of trauma and forgetfulness within our subtle bodies, and engaging with how that manifests in our life and keeps us believing that we are separate.

It also facilitates our interactions with the invisible realms and effects the way that other intelligences send messages, communicate, and interact. This journey of conscious engagement with other intelligences is a privilege and the primer of these experiences is 'willingness' – willingness to love; willingness to surrender; willingness to trust; willingness to embrace things that don't look and

feel the same to you; willingness to embrace all that exists; willingness to release the cultural logical and sequential identification with the world; and willingness to take self-responsibility for who you are, and what you came to do.

The ‘need to succeed’, and the ‘try hard’ paradigm of western culture; the continuous obliteration of anything that helps us feel connected; and the constant fear of death; has taken a toll on every human, our planet and every other living thing. And many humans I talk to want a ‘get out now’ clause in their contract and want to leave this broken world behind. But the point of this journey into full cosmic memory is not to just hang out in the ethers, or to exit as soon as possible and leave the horrors you perceive on this planet and in your own life. This is just a ‘perception’ of what is going on, and not the real truth. The journey to truth about consciousness, all that exists, and everything that we are, has a different focus. This is what we volunteered to be a part of, and it is important in these current times to remember that truth.

Deep remembering is not always an easy journey and is a step-by-step process of remembering and surrendering, that involves loss, heartache, absolute joy, profound love and the most extreme wonder. It is not a ticket we have to buy. It is imprinted in our DNA, blood, intelligence, right brain and memory bank. And once we start the journey there is no going back - even over lifetimes.

Fortunately, our planet knows all about this journey and can help us in our quest for deep memories. And when we connect with her as a soul consciousness with profound intelligence that is connected to everything else that exists in the multiple realms of consciousness, our lives on this planet are never the same again.

Non-Human Intelligences

My final comments in this chapter relate to the term ‘non-human intelligences’. I have used it for the purpose of fulfilling the brief, however for me, using this term makes me feel awkward and out of integrity with my friends and colleagues in the many realms of consciousness. We are all consciousness experiencing itself, no matter how we manifest and what form we do or don’t take, and I don’t feel comfortable delineating them or separating myself from them in such a way.

While I understand this categorization aims to help everyone recognize that they exist, and writing about them may help people understand how they manifest and what they might be, this ‘terminology’ for me, fits into the paradigm of how the left brain perceives the world, and informs itself according to difference. So, my intuition tells me that the term actually inhibits the capacity for boundless and unconditional contact experiences and creates a subtle separation from them based on judgement and categorization rather than the complete holistic inclusivity that is fostered by the right brain. The right side of our brain is highly undervalued for this kind of interaction yet for me is the foundation of its success, as it embraces ‘what is’ and brings together that which exists without the need for categorization and specific identification, allowing it to manifest and engage according to rhythms, pulses and frequencies, which is the foundation of what they are.

It also hints at the sense of superiority that humans generally have, based on a belief that humans are either THE only intelligent species in the universe, or are at the very least THE most intelligent. Which has never been true in my world.

I know that some things I have shared here may seem incredulous to you, and may stretch your parameters, beliefs, and paradigms, not just about my sanity, and my perceptions of my encounters, but also perhaps that I have deluded myself all my life.

I know that some things I have shared here may seem incredulous to you, and may stretch your parameters, beliefs, and paradigms, not just about my sanity, and my perceptions of my encounters, but also perhaps that I have deluded myself all my life about their existence. But these stories are only a small part of my everyday encounters that fit into an inter-connected journey of often profound inexplicable experiences. I would love it if all humans knew how to do what I have described here and could change frequency, matter and form in an instant, and maybe that will happen sooner than later in our journey towards conscious awakening and cosmic memory. But we are definitely not the most intelligent beings in the cosmos, and I suspect the belief that we are, is one of our greatest setbacks of all in relation to understanding and engaging with the many kinds of contact modalities and types of intelligences that exist in the many multi-dimensional realms that make up the inter-connected consciousness that we are all a part of.

I have experienced the Contact Modalities all my life, in numerous ways, and in many different countries, and I feel our collective understanding of such experiences and how we help others navigate and integrate them, would benefit from some changes.

For many years I have talked about my experiences at conferences and specific events, and also shared them in books and articles. While I have noticed change in the way contact experiences are researched and discussed, and there is a more inclusive 'consciousness' aspect to these discussions, many experiencers are still met with ignorance, wonder or skepticism, and mostly a combination of all three.

Yet if we collectively had a deeper understanding of how contact modalities manifest, and also knew about their connection to consciousness, researchers as well as the public, could view them as a developmental stepping stone to a greater understanding of the many facets of consciousness, rather than just something weird and inexplicable that happens at random.

Such a change in understanding could also have a great effect in my life, because unless I am speaking at a conference or doing some kind of presentation, when people ask me to share about my contact and consciousness experiences, I usually take a few moments to consider it. While I know that sharing my stories can potentially help individuals develop a better understanding, and they can educate the ignorant, they can also create great tension.

On many occasions in my life, I have been on the receiving end of the critical stare, the non-verbal squirming and the inability to make eye contact. I have also many times been asked to defend my experiences as if I hold some kind of defiant position in my truth.

I have also been asked to share my encounter experiences while eating meals with friends or sitting in cafes during casual encounters. While I am comfortable sharing what happened in my contact experiences, and I am happy to discuss the many different types of contact modalities that we know about, my stories about my contact with non-human intelligences, as well as what happened in my near-death experiences, are not party fodder and delightful tidbits to be shared at a dining table.

Contact experiences have deep meaning, especially when seen in the context of a belief in, or confirmation of, the invisible realms, angels, UFOs, aliens, dead people, consciousness, life after death, and so on. Social discussions about such topics, somehow give permission to those who don't believe in such realms and existences, to vehemently state their disbelief, personal opinions and skepticism.

While investigators in the field of UFO encounters and contact research can refer to their 'healthy skepticism' or 'interest in the topic' whenever they are placed in a situation where they need to explain how they got into the field, or defend a difficult and weird contact event, those of us who have the encounters are often treated as strange, delusional study subjects. Or we are asked invasive and defiant questions based on the questioner's skeptical opinions and beliefs. I

have found this to be both tiring and intimidating, and is one of the reasons why I have chosen to share some of my experiences in this chapter, in the hope that people's attitudes to those of us who have encounters and contact experiences will change, and that our collective community will foster better relationships with experiencers, and investigate them from a level of connected consciousness rather than scientific labelling, skepticism and denial.

I hope too that western society can move towards a collective embrace of such encounters (as indigenous and eastern cultures have done for millennia). I am also hopeful that my contribution can assist in changing awareness of how they manifest, what we experience, their capacity to bring us back to conscious awareness, and the 'everydayness' of it, because experiences and interactions with different Contact Modalities are my NORMAL.

Introduction to Raymond E. Fowler: One of the Pioneers of Ufology

Reinerio (Rey) Hernandez

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Raymond E. Fowler is one of the pioneers who has researched what is now commonly called “The UFO Contact Experienter”. Raymond E. Fowler is 91 years old and very much alive and still researching and writing. He recently sent me the following article “*Coming of Age as a Ufologist*” for publication in this book. In this article, Raymond discusses how he became a UFO researcher in 1963 and how he originally approached the UFO phenomenon as a materialist-- the UFO is a physical craft and the UFO occupants were physical beings that are visiting us from physical planets. Raymond’s first book, published in 1974, titled “*UFOs: Interplanetary Visitors*” is a classic materialist Ufology book. The Forward his classic book was written by the legendary Dr. J. Allen Hynek, the Father of Ufology.

In the 1960s and 1970s, Raymond served as an associate member and eventually chairman of NICAP (National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena). NICAP was the most prominent UFO organizations during this time period. NICAP publications, however, rarely mentioned the “paranormal” experiences of the UFO Contact Phenomenon.

During the 1970s, Raymond served as the Scientific Associate for the Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS). After the demise of NICAP, CUFOS became the most important Ufology research organization. CUFOS was founded in 1973 by Dr. J. Allen Hynek, who at the time was chair of the Department of Astronomy at Northwestern University. Dr. Hynek was the most prominent Ufologist for more than 50 years. Dr. Hynek acted as scientific advisor to UFO studies undertaken by the U.S. Air Force under three projects: Project Sign (1947–1949), Project Grudge (1949–1951) and Project Blue Book (1952–1969). Raymond became a close friend of Dr. Hynek and as previously stated, Dr. Hynek wrote the forward to Raymond’s first book, “*UFOs: Interplanetary Visitors*”, published in 1974.

With the decline of NICAP, and with the death of Dr. Hynek in 1986, a new organization took up the role as the leading Ufology organization, MUFON. Raymond served as Director of Investigations for MUFON and even wrote one of MUFON's first field manuals for UFO field investigators. Over the years, Raymond has consulted for the media, and contributed reports to Congressional hearings, military publications, and numerous newspapers, magazines and professional journals.

As one can observe, Raymond E. Fowler is one of the pioneers of modern Ufology. In my opinion, Raymond, together with Ufologist John A. Keel, are the two most prominent Ufologists who documented the relationship between the phenomenon of Ufology and the phenomenon of the "Paranormal". Both individuals documented hundreds of UFO cases that also involved almost all of the "paranormal" Contact Modalities, including Near-Death Experiences. In Raymond's case, both he and academic professor Dr. Kenneth Ring, were first two individuals who hypothesized a relationship between UFO's and Near-Death Experiences. In 1992 Dr. Kenneth Ring, one of the recognized pioneers of NDE academic research, authored a book that everyone in the field of Ufology must own, titled "***The Omega Project: Near-Death Experiences, UFO Encounters, and Mind at Large***"¹

In this article, titled "***Coming of Age as a Ufologist***", Raymond E. Fowler writes about his evolution from a materialist Ufologist, into someone who now understands that the UFO phenomenon involves a manipulation of spacetime involving Consciousness and our multidimensional reality-- our Greater Reality.

¹Dr. Kenneth Ring is Professor Emeritus of Psychology at the University of Connecticut, and an internationally recognized authority on the subject of Near-Death Experiences (NDE's) on which he has written five books and nearly a hundred articles. He is also the co-founder and past President of The International Association for Near-Death Studies and the founding editor of its quarterly scholarly journal, ***The Journal of Near-Death Studies***.

**Coming of Age
As a Ufologist:**

**The Relationship
Between Ufology,
Near Death Experiences
& the
Contact Modalities**

Raymond E. Fowler

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Introduction

I am writing this article about the relationship with Ufology and the paranormal in response to an invitation from Reinerio (Rey) Hernandez, one of the co-founders of the Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE Foundation and now the Director of CCRI, the Consciousness and Contact Research Institute. In my early days as a UFO investigator, I would throw articles like these and UFO reports that contained paranormal phenomena in the wastebasket-- Every UFO Contact that contained a paranormal experience was dismissed and rarely reported. This was also the policy of almost all pioneers in Ufology, including the early reports of well-known UFOlogist and Astronomer J. Allen Hynek. Later in his life, Dr. Hynek became deeply interested in the relationship between Ufology and the paranormal.

Later, I watched in dismay as several respected UFO researchers moved from a physical to a parapsychical interpretation of the UFO phenomenon. Little did I know then that my own view would also slowly but surely be honed to accommodate ever deeper levels of the psychic component triggered by my UFO experiences. This is my story of how this came to be. It includes the people, places and experiences that you will meet along that contributed to who I was and who I am now.

The Father of Ufology, Dr. J. Allen Hynek, in his forward to my first book, *UFOS: Interplanetary Visitors*¹ writes: “*In this book, Fowler tells the story in an easy and open style as a UFO investigator*”.² All my books were written in an easy and open style as if telling a story. I will continue this style for this article. When one thinks about it, everyone’s life is a story. Meaningful coincidences or synchronisms make us aware of this fact if we pay close attention to

¹ Fowler, Raymond E., *UFOS: Interplanetary Visitors*, New York: Exposition Press, 1974.

²*UFOS: Interplanetary Visitors*, xii.

them. The proverbial sixty-four-dollar question is: *Who or what is writing our stories?*

Genesis

From my very beginning and throughout my adult life, four obsessions colored every aspect of my *Coming of Age as a UFOlogist*. These obsessions were intertwined with so many remarkable guiding *synchronicities* that my father often said that I was born with a silver cup in my mouth as it related to things going well in my life. Indeed, sometimes literally. When my mom entered a photograph of me at one year old into a national baby contest sponsored by Sears and Roebuck, I must have really impressed the judges because I won first prize. I not only received a silver spoon but an engraved cup much to my parents' delight. Synchronicities would be so much a part of my future life that I would study and write a book about them entitled *SynchroFile*.³

Childhood Obsessions

Flying Saucers

It was a hot sultry day on Saturday, July 5, 1947. I was way ahead of others thinning parsnips on Wrest Farms at Danvers, Massachusetts as I wanted a drink of water which waited at the end of the rows.

As I reached the end of the row, *it* appeared. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted a whitish [Glowing?] oval *something* in the sky approaching to my right. I shouted to friends working behind to look. but they did not hear me.

³ Fowler, Raymond E., *Synchrofile*, iUniverse, Inc. New York, 2004.

At first, I thought it was a parachute canopy reflecting the sun but there were no shroud lines or pilot. It stopped, hovered directly in my line of sight. Then descended with a falling leaf motion behind distant trees. I had gotten my wish. I had seen one of those flying saucers being reported all over the United States.

Looking back in retrospect, it, might as well have been saying: *Here I am. What are you going to do about it?* However, knowing what I know now, it was not an introduction but a *reminder*. [Note: In my books, I assumed that the date was July 4th but weather records for Danvers show July 5 at a temperature of 83 degrees. July 4th was only in the 70's].

Astronomy

When I was four years old my sister Dot took me to an amateur astronomy exhibit. I was so fascinated with the telescopes and photographs of stars and planets that she kept her book *Astronomy*⁴ on the bureau beside the couch where I slept near a window in the Big Hall that overlooked 4 Dodge Court where we lived in Danvers, Massachusetts. I found it fascinating to look at the pictures and later reading it. I mention this book and couch because very soon I would have a companion sitting down with me looking at it and *she was not of this world*.

My deep interest continued and as a child my parents bought me a basic telescope which I used to show the moon and planets to neighbors and friends. Little did I know that as an adult I would build a planetarium and observatory on my property to conduct shows and views through the lens of a 14-inch Schmidt-Cassegrain telescope.

⁴ Harding, Arthur M., Ph. D., *Astronomy: The Splendor of the Heavens brought down to Earth*, Garden City Publishing Company, Inc., Garden City New York, 1935.

Religion

I persuaded my parents to take in a friend who came from a broken home. He was staying with the local Baptist minister until they could find a place for him. He was a *born again* Christian and soon convinced me to become one. So, on May 19, 1950 after we both had settled down in bed, I sincerely prayed the prayer that Dave suggested that I pray to God. He had no idea that I was doing this when suddenly he shouted. A “light”! Come and see it! However, concurrent with his request I suddenly was experiencing a wonderful tingling sensation. For some reason unknown then, I did not jump out of bed to see the light because I either did not *want* to move or *could not* move. Neither of us remember what happened after that and thought we just fell asleep. Dave told me the next day that a bright light enveloped the area outside his window but that he did not remember what happened afterwards.

The bright light that coincided with my prayer was considered by both of us to have been a divine sign accompanying my Christian born again experience. I became a Bible-thumping fundamentalist Christian. The numinosity of this experience changed my life and was to color all my thoughts and activities for years to come until I discovered the *real source* of the that light many years in the future. Unknown to me at the time, it would be one of the primary experiences influencing my *Coming of Age as a UFOlogist*.

Fishing and Hunting

Each year I would anxiously look forward to getting my fishing and hunting licenses and head for the local Burley Woods at my home town of Danvers, Massachusetts. If I were not fishing or hunting, I would be roaming these same woods just for the delight of being outdoors. One October day in 1948, I hurried home from school, changed my clothes and headed for the *Burley Woods*. Once in the woods, I took my usual path that led to a pond down a dirt road. It was probably around three o’clock in the afternoon. Suddenly it was dark

out and I was lying on the ground. The sun was just setting behind the trees.

I was frightened and confused and, in a panic, thrashed my way through woods and thickets heading for home as darkness set in. By the time I got out of the woods it was pitch dark and I ran all the way home arriving a bit after seven o'clock. My parents were terribly worried and about to call the police when I arrived. They demanded to know why I was so late. I did not want to tell them that I must have fallen asleep so just said that I lost track of time.

When I got undressed for bed, I noticed a small round puncture on my shin and showed it to my mother. I told her it must have been caused by the buckles on my boots pressing against my skin. Later, Mom gave me a book and suggested that I read it. It was entitled ***Book of the Damned*** by Charles Fort. I had no idea then why she would do this and never got around to reading it.

Many years later I would realize that Mom recognized my missing time experience as being related To UFOS because Mom had UFO experiences herself. Giving me the book was her way of trying to help me for the book contained reports of flying objects and other strange phenomena.

In any event, for reasons unknown at that time, this incident completely vanished from my mind until revived by an unimaginable catalyst later.

UFO Investigator

Background

My obsessions with UFOs and Astronomy continued through an enlistment in the Air Force and graduation from college. In nineteen-sixty-three, I decided to become a *UFO Investigator*. My source for sightings to investigate were reports from newspapers. I designed a

report form and began sending unsolicited investigation reports to the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) and the Air Force's Project Bluebook. NICAP liked my reports and made me a member of the NICAP Massachusetts Subcommittee headed by Walter Webb. Walter helped train me as NICAP investigator. We became good friends. He was assistant Director of the Hayden Planetarium in Boston and in the past had assisted Astronomer, Dr. J. Allen Hynek, while working at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory. Dr. Hynek later became the Air Force's Project Bluebook's Scientific Consultant. Dr. Hynek was also impressed with my investigations and after Project Bluebook closed, he invited me to serve as an investigator for his *Center for UFO Studies*. Shortly after this I was invited to become an Early Warning Coordinator for the Air Force Contracted Study at the University of Colorado.

Early Position Statement

When I entered the arena of UFO investigation in 1963, I brought along a mindset influenced by fundamentalist Christian faith and NICAP. NICAP in its early days considered witnesses who reported repeated UFO sightings were thought to be hoaxers. Witnesses who reported psychic experiences were considered mentally unstable. Reports of UFO landings and contact were considered hoaxes. My early position on UFOS and my report on a classic multiple witnessed sighting at Exeter, New Hampshire, was included in Congressional Hearings on UFOS.

WENHAM, MASS., April 1, 1966.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES,
House of Representatives, Washington, D.C
Attention, Speaker John W. McCormack).

DEAR SIR:

After years of study, I am certain that there is more than ample high-quality observational evidence from highly trained and reliable witnesses to indicate that there are machinelike solid objects under intelligent control operating in our atmosphere. The aerodynamic performance and characteristics of the true UFO rule out manmade or natural phenomena. Such observational evidence has been well supported in many instances by reliable instruments such as cameras, radar, Geiger-counters, measurement of electrical interference, physical indentations in soil and scorched areas at landing sites, etc. I am reasonably sure that if qualified civilian scientists and investigators are to be able to come to this conclusion, that the USAF, supported by the tremendous facilities at its disposal, have come to the same conclusion long ago. However, present official policy deliberately attempts to discredit the validity of UFO's and a wealth of data and facts are not being released to the public. I trust that you will examine the attached UFO report and related correspondence in detail. Sightings such as the Exeter, N.H., sighting have and are occurring throughout the world at night and in the daytime. It is high time that the real facts about UFO's are released. A public information program should be inaugurated that presents facts. I am urging you to support a full congressional open inquiry on the UFO problem.

Sincerely, RAYMOND E. FOWLER,
Chairman NICAP Massachusetts Subcommittee. ⁵

The Reports

All the reports that we thoroughly investigated dealt with in the 1960's were reports that fit my position statement that the objects seen flying in the skies were physical in nature and were to be treated as someone's manufactured vehicles. We dismissed reports involving paranormal phenomena, UFO occupants and landings. I chose Seventy-

⁵House Report No. 55: *Unidentified Flying Objects, Hearing by Committee on Armed Services of the House of Representatives, Eighty-Ninth Congress, Second Session*, Washington: Government Printing Office, April 5, 1966, 6011.

two reports of this type that we had investigated between 1963 and 1972 as material for my first book.⁶ However, a number of reports occurring in the 1960's began to impact my initial position statement. They were the catalyst of the beginning of my becoming.

UFOS, Abductions and Psychic Phenomena

My position statement regarding UFOS continually *evolved* over the years. Important events in the 1960s were the UFO landing at Socorro, NM with two child-sized occupants at Socorro, NM on April 22, 1964 and the UFO abduction by Barney and Betty Hill first publicized in 1965. In the remaining 1960's and throughout the 70's there were many UFO abduction reports. Some were prefaced by a *bright light* from above shining from above through house windows that paralyzed the inhabitants. Follow-on investigations using hypnosis revealed that the witnesses were abducted from their homes and physically examined by small-sized entities.

**“Witnesses of UFO abductions
reported that their initial UFO
experiences were accompanied by a
variety of
psychic phenomena.”**

The following cases are brief summaries of experiences that involved psychic phenomena.

Case 1

⁶ Raymond E. Fowler, *UFOS Interplanetary Visitors*, Exposition Press, New York, 1974.

Edward became a member of our team because of a UFO sighting which was followed a week later by a brilliant light shining through and illuminating his bedroom at 3:15 a.m. He heard a *pinging sound*. He felt tingling sensation and he became paralyzed. Next, he awoke in the morning confused and wondering what had happened. Afterwards he had dream-like memories of seeing bald child-sized entities in the house.

Edward left the area. Later his wife phoned me to inform me that he had died. She told me that Edward was anxious about his memories and decide to undergo hypnosis. Under hypnosis he relived being taken from the house by bald gray entities in white suits onto the street where he saw a UFO hovering over the neighborhood. He watched them taking neighbors from their houses. Her son wanted her to send the transcripts of the hypnosis sessions to me, but she felt Ed wanted them kept private.

Case 2A

On February 27, 1968, Grace was asleep in her trailer and was awakened 4:30 by a *pinging sound* and a *brilliant light* that illuminated the inside of her trailer and caused the fan beside her bed to slow down. Threatened, she reached for her gun but became paralyzed. Next, she awoke in the morning confused and wondering what had happened during the night.

Case 2b

I had recently finished an investigation of a UFO abduction and wondered if Grace, like Edward had experienced an abduction and perhaps paranormal aftereffects. She had given me her mother's telephone number. So, I dialed it. Amazingly, Grace answered the phone. I arranged to meet with her and her friend at my home. I was astounded when Grace began by telling me that she had been experiencing psychic phenomena. She felt the presence of people who had passed on including her deceased father and was able to

communicate with them. She had seen misty apparitions of people and even had OBES and experienced *bilocation's* of her body.

Under hypnosis Grace relived a typical abduction experience of being taken out of her trailer and finding herself being examined by entities. Of interest is that the entities' suits had a figure of a bird on it which reminded Grace of the legendary *Phoenix*. Betty Andreasson's captors had the same insignia on her captors' uniforms.

Case 3

Joanne Lebel [Pseudonym] phoned in April 1978 and reported strange happenings on their property. A priest's blessing of the house had been fruitless. They had decided not to call the police anymore lest they get a reputation for being crazy. The chief of police, their priest and local businessmen in town vouched for their honesty. I assigned Solar Physicist David Webb [Walter Webb's brother] to this fascinating case.

The Lebel's owned about eight acres of lonely land in Middleton, Massachusetts., much of it wooded, but accessible by logging roads. Joanne told us that the series of weird events seemed to have started with her son Allan's UFO experience – *a light through a window*.

ALLAN: The light basically, was our first sighting. It must have come down in the backyard or close to it. The light was so penetrating! My drapes were down – same heavy drapes that are in there now and the white shades were down. Yet the light was so intense that it lit the room up like infrared lighting.

R. FOWLER: What did you do?

ALLAN: I looked out the window....and a big cigar shape was up behind the pool. The pool was an eighteen-footer and it made it look like a drop in the bucket for size.

R. FOWLER: How long did it stay there?

ALLAN: It went straight up.

In 1977 and again in 1978, the Lebel family began sighting a strange helmeted prowler who exhibited several abilities including what seemed the ability to float and pivot just above the ground.

NANCY: He turned just his body. He didn't move his feet at all!

RAY FOWLER: Did you see his eyes, nose and mouth?

NANCY: No. I really couldn't see. The lights were not on.

JOANNE: But you could see him because the shirt seemed so white. So many times, my mother would walk across from next door and be upset that someone was standing up near the trees. And she said, "he has a white shirt on and dark slacks."

R. FOWLER: Now, when you were closest to him, did you hear any noise when he walked?

JOANNE: No. There was no noise, and from what I could see, there was no shadow.

David Webb: No one in the family has ever seen footprints?

NANCY: No.

JOANNE: Joe took a baseball bat and cut it off; and made a Billy [Club] and he went around with that all summer long.

JOE: I'd start walking along right behind him, and then he's not there! I thought I was going crazy.

Another time the entity was seen examining Joe's car. Joe ran out and said:

JOE: I had a Thunderbird out there, a '64, and he was right at the back of the Thunderbird. I walked around the Thunderbird and I went to put my hands on him, and he's gone!" Once Joe's grandson began screaming from his bed. Jerry, his father dashed to his son who cried "a man dressed in white was trying to touch me." When the children went mini bike riding near the woods, they saw small bald entities with large eyes watching them from behind bushes.

DOUGLAS: My cousin and me were mini bike riding. We went down in the back woods and right past the piggery house. It's like a cement platform and we pulled in there. She sat down on the ground to have a cigarette and I waited until she was done. When we were getting up, I turned around and two large white heads stuck up out of the brush; it looked like someone was lying down or kneeling there. And the eyes were very large. They were like a dark bluish-black navy blue and it looked like they were moving back and forth. We didn't stay. I said' "Let's go!"

RAY FOWLER: Were there any movements other than the eyes? You couldn't see any part of the body or anything like that?

DOUGLAS: No. It was a head with no hair on it. Once they saw an oval object with four struts land behind distant trees. Upon investigation, they with David Webb, found physical evidence where the struts hand sunk into the clay.

Case 4

This case took place on December 6, 1980. A thirteen-year-old named Jimmy was riding his bike across a field. When an object as large a house suddenly appeared above him. A beam of light emanated from the object and temporarily paralyzed him. Jimmy biked home and told his parents. His mother, Carol, notified me and I dispatched two

investigators who arrived on scene two and a half hours after the incident took place. Carol reported that they heard Jimmy talking in his sleep as if he were reliving his experience. He seemed to be talking to someone. While they listened, he woke up and told them that he had a dream that the occupants of the UFO told him that they could *mold time* so that he need not worry about getting home in time for his Boy Scout meeting. He said that the person that told him this was Amelia Earhart!

Under hypnosis he relived looking up at the craft from his bike and saw a *being* in a window telling him *in his head* that he would not be harmed and that “they wanted to examine him.” Again, he said that that the person he was talking to aboard the craft was Amelia Earhart! This amazed me as after my Big Hall experience with the *lady in the light*, I connected her with Amelia Earhart.

After the encounter the family was plagued with poltergeist phenomena. It was not malicious but was frightening. Keys and cigarette lighters disappearing and appearing, strange footsteps, drops of water falling out of the air and the dog afraid to go into certain rooms at certain times. Glasses tipped over on the table, the TV switched channels when the tuning knob rotated by itself. Articles of clothing sometimes flew away from him while he dressed and doors around him slammed with such force that Jimmy was afraid that he would be injured. All the phenomena were centered round Jimmy.

Case 10

My enquiry into what has been called the *Andreasson Affair*,⁷ after my book with the same name, would go on for twenty years and result in detailed reports and a total of six books that chronicled the seeming relationship between UFOS, Near Death and After Death Communication. I divided my investigations into Four Phases. The initial Phase I abduction was the report that was sent for our

⁷ Raymond E. Fowler, *The Andreasson Affair*, Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, 1979.

investigation by Dr. Hynek. Phase II was a follow-on investigation to Phase I.

Phase I

The Phase I report involved a bright light shining into the house, a power failure and paralysis of Betty's Mother, Father and Children. Small gray entities entered a door by *literally floating themselves through it*. They communicated *telepathically* and then floated themselves with Betty *through* the door and to a small craft outside. It, in turn, rendezvoused with a larger craft.

Betty, like many others, was examined with a variety of instruments and had a tiny object was removed from her nose. One of the incredulous segments of Betty's abduction experiences was the reported reason she was abducted. The entities made Betty stand before a giant holographic-like image of the Phoenix bird and watch it go through the birth and death process. It was a highly emotional experience for us as we listened to her describe what happened"

Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, that bright light. We are stopping and the two are getting off the thing. And I'm just there before the light. I'm seeing something like a large bird – huge, huge bird. It is standing with its wings and the light in back of it. Whew! It is hot I'm so hot I feel like I'm burning. I'm so hot! Oh, it's just standing there, and I see gold specks flying around, like little tiny god specks. Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh, It's hot! [Blows her breath out] Oh, Lord Jesus, I'm hot. Help me. Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh- [Heavy breathing] Oh-Oh-Oh-. [Begins to cry] Take me out of it! Take me out of it! Oh-Oh-, Oh [Quick breaths] Ah, Ah, Ah. I can't feel my hands! Oh wow, wow, wow! OH, my hands and my legs. My feet Oh-Oh-Oh, it feels like my hands are vibrating so much and my feet are just vibrating like – oh-oh. ⁸

⁸Andreasson *Affair*, 83. 84.

Suddenly, Betty's body relaxed, and she quieted down. It all happened so fast that no one had time to react. We had become riveted to our seats with surprise. Betty's voice was filled with wonder. The blinding light had dimmed. The seething temperature had dropped. Slowly she squinted her eyes open. The huge bird was nowhere to be seen. In its stead was a small fire. She watched it burn down to a fine ash and she saw a fat gray worm lying there. Then a *booming chorus of voices* spoke to tell her that she had been chosen to *show the world* the significance of what she experienced. [This is just a summary of this complex experience that had religious overtones].

We were wondering whether to continue this investigation because of the bizarre ending of Betty's abduction. What on earth did a presentation of the Phoenix have to do with a UFO abduction experience.? For myself, it would take many years before I realized its significance. However, since everything else checked positive, we decided to continue our enquiry to see where it led.

Unfortunately, during the Phase I investigation we could not discover how the tiny object got into her nose. Betty suffered pain and a mental block each time the hypnotist attempted to find out how it got there so Phase I was terminated.

Curious, I researched into the myth of the Phoenix and found that its symbolism, like the mystical bird itself, dies and is reborn across cultures throughout time. Other sources state that the legendary bird dies and simply decomposes before being born again. One wonders if the entities with a Phoenix patch on their uniforms, like Christian missionaries, were presenting their Gospel to Betty to show the world! Carl Sagan writes that one of the reasons for extraterrestrial visiting earth would be as religious missionaries to promote their beliefs.

One of the primary motivations for the exploration of the New World was to convert the inhabitants to Christianity – peacefully, if possible; forcefully, if necessary. Can we exclude the possibility of extraterrestrial evangelism? ⁹

Phase II

Afterwards Betty left Massachusetts to visit relatives in Florida where she met Bob Luca who also had a UFO abduction and missing time in 1967. Betty also told me that that she and members of her family had experienced a variety of strange phenomena: an *OBE*, *unexplained rapping sounds, voices and small floating balls of light*. In 1980, I decided to launch a Phase II investigation of both Betty and Bob to find out about the nasal object and to investigate Bob's missing tie. During thirteen hypnosis sessions, both relived childhood and adult UFO abduction experiences in vivid detail. One of her experiences was *of a small marble-sized glowing orb that landed between her eyes on two occasions*. [I had a similar experience as a child]. She had her *eye removed* and something placed behind her eye socket, was taken under water in a craft that exited at a *cave chipped out of rock* and saw a line of cubicles containing preserved *inanimate* people dressed from different cultures and ages. Betty again had a painful mental block trying to remember further abductions, so Phase II was terminated. Seven years would pass before a Phase III probe was initiated. During this time period, Betty and Bob married.

Phase III

In the winter of 1988, I initiated a Phase III investigation of Betty at her request. She had been having recurring nightmares of a frightened woman's face and wanted to know who she was. She turned out be a woman on a table having fetuses removed by the gray entities. Betty had been awakened by a bright light through her bedroom window and

⁹S. Carl Sagan, and I.S. Shklovskii, *Intelligent Life in the Universe*, Holden Day, Inc., San Francisco, 1966.

the entities entering and beaming her up to a craft hovering over the field outside. A wealth of material was recovered during three hypnosis sessions in January and February 1989. Betty and Bob experienced a number of OBE Abductions during this overall time period.

Hiatus

Somewhere between the Grace and Phase II investigations I began to retreat into a state of denial. Nothing made sense anymore. I had been convinced that UFOs were material nuts and bolts spaceships from another solar system located in our galaxy. For years I had ridiculed witnesses who reported psychic phenomena in association with their UFO sightings. I thought again of my *hazy childhood memories* that seemed to mirror some of the abduction experiences that I had investigated. All of this and what my own investigations seemed to be telling me was that I was a UFO abductee myself. I had no place for all of this within the context of my still-strong conservative Christian world-view so I submitted my resignation as Director of Investigations on MUFON's Board of Governors but agreed to refer reports to MUFON. I decided to take some time off. Later, I decided to do personal research into UFOS and their strange side-effects upon witness and write books that recorded my findings. My next book would be entitled *Casebook of a UFO Investigator*.¹⁰

Hazy Memories

I believe that the recall of childhood memories was influenced by several things along the way in my *Coming of Age as a UFO Investigator*. Edward A. told me he could not say that his memories of his abduction were clear sharp memory. He said that there were hazy and like still pictures. Perhaps my slow but steady recall was influenced by the experiences of Edward and Betty Andreasson's experiences with

¹⁰Fowler, Raymond E., *Casebook of a UFO Investigator*, Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, 1981.

bright light and small entities. The late Dr. John Mack who had investigated many cases like mine stated that:

Although some abductees may recall only a single dramatic experience, when a case is carefully investigated it generally turns out that encounter have been occurring from early Childhood. Frequently the child will tell the parents of these encounters, that the child knows to be real, and are told by the parents that they were dreaming. They learn eventually to go “underground,” and often resolve to tell no one until, as adults, they finally decide to investigate their experiences.¹¹

Love Light

My earliest memory of an extraordinary happening to me was when I must have been around two or three years old. On several occasions, I can remember waking up and seeing a bright light beam shining on my bed from the window. It was so bright that I could see dust particles moving around in it. Each time that I saw it, I would crawl out of my bedcovers and allow it to shine on me. When I entered the light, I would feel a loving warmth that would be hard to describe in mere words. I called it the love light. I wish that I could remember more about what happened after entering the light but that’s where my memory of such events terminates. The next strange experience also involved a brilliant light.

The Lady in the Light

The next experience took place when I slept on a couch beside a window and the stairs to the attic in what we called the Big Hall. I once thought that I was seven years old because I was sleeping there when my grandmother died in nineteen forty-two. However, now I realize, because of the circumstances I must have been four years old.

¹¹ John E. Mack, M.D., *Abduction* (New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1994), p. 29.

Sometime during the night, I sat up on the couch and was confronted by what I believed to be a *lady in a robe encased in brilliant light*. As I gazed at her I felt no fear but was filled with an overwhelming sense of love and wellbeing that literally *vibrated* through my body.

The rest of my memory was sketchy. For some reason I wanted to show her my children's Bible Storybook ¹² and Dot's on Astronomy that I used to look at as a child. She asked me to get them off the bureau. I can't remember what we looked at in the Bible Storybook. However, I can still visualize myself sitting on the couch with her looking at the Astronomy section of the Dot's book Astronomy including my favorite picture, a black and white photograph of Saturn, and the sketch of airplanes flying to the planets. My memory goes blank after that.

The next thing I remembered was being engulfed in light and floating through the window. [Later, under hypnosis, I felt weightless and was terrified looking down at the flower garden below and kicking my legs against nothing]. The light that we were in stretched upward to lights up in the sky. My memory is fuzzy but at this point, because of my fear, I think that the lady made me close my eyes. I do not know what happened next. I can visualize coming back down in the light and opening my eyes.

What I saw when my eyes opened is still etched in my mind. I saw the small crescent-shaped attic window very close to us as we descended in light beside the front of the house. In fact, the whole front side of the house was bathed with light. The next thing I remember is standing in the middle of the Big Hall facing the Lady in the Light. She told me that I was going to do *something important for mankind*.

¹² Sandison, George H., *The Great Stories of the Bible*, The World Syndicate Publishing Company, New York, 1925.

When I awoke in the morning, I remembered everything. I was terribly excited and ran downstairs to tell my mother. She was already up and dressed standing in slippers dry mopping the linoleum carpet in the living room. I could hardly get the words out to describe what had happened because of my excitement. Much to my surprise, she would not even listen to me. She told me that I had been dreaming and ordered me to go back upstairs to dress.

When I came down for breakfast, my memory of what happened continued to slip away. away. However, I distinctly remember a name associated with the visitation. It was *Amelia Earhart*. I wondered if this were the lady's name. When I went back downstairs, I asked my mother who she was. She told me that she was a pilot and to ask Dad about her when he came home from work. I vividly remember waiting at the front door to greet my father. I can still see him in my mind's eye opening the door. He was wearing a blue overcoat. Upon opening the door, Dad was taken aback when I greeted him with – “Who is Amelia Earhart?” Dad told me that she was an aviator who had disappeared while flying an airplane.

It is interesting that I received a letter on October 10, 1994 from Jean Booth-Maurer Indiana who had a similar experience with Amelia Earhart [And, as you read earlier, a young boy abductee named Jimmy as well.] Here is an excerpt from her letter.

I was about 4 or 5 years old and I can see myself sitting on the kitchen floor showing my mother a cut on the pad of my left foot. It was not a fresh bleeding cut, but obviously a recent scar. She was wondering how I managed to cut my foot without her knowing about it. It was healed, but it was fresh. I recall telling her that a beautiful angel came and took me away and that was where I got the cut. Her response was “Oh Jean, you have such a great imagination that you should be an actress when you grow up!” I asked her what actresses do, and she proceeded to tell me that they pretend on stage for audiences of people. Then she told me about an actress called Sarah Bernhardt. What I clearly

remember saying to her was “No Mommy, the angel isn’t an actress, she’s an angel and her name isn’t Sarah Bernhardt, it was Air-Heart!” I remember being very joyous about that angel and went around repeating “Air-heart, Air-heart, Ari-heart” for days afterwards! I never heard anything about Amelia Earhart. until I was much older, but I remember my angel called “Air-heart.”¹³

I have many synchronistic happenings involving Amelia Earhart recorded in my diary and in my book entitle *Synchrofile*.

Tiny Ball of Light

I was sitting at the end of the bed relishing the taste of Vanilla Junket when suddenly a bright sharply defined fiery ball of light somehow appeared out of nowhere. It seemed as bright as the Sun, but I could look at it without hurting my eyes. It was about the size of a marble and hovered within a foot of my face. For what seemed like a long moment I just stared transfixed at the bewildering sight before me. I then screamed for my parents This did not affect the glaring ball of light. It just sat there in mid-air staring me in the face. Strangely enough, I do not remember moving. I do remember that I kept on hollering to my parents about it. When Mom came up the stairs to see what I was talking about, the object suddenly darted away. [Of interest. Betty had two similar experiences as a child]

The Autogyro

Other flashbacks occurred when a wingless aircraft called an *Autogyro* swooped over our house in preparation for landing at nearby Beverly Airport. I became terrified each time that I saw it. I would run and sit on the attic stairs beside *my couch* and look out the Big Hall

¹³ Jean Booth-Maurer, Letter to Raymond Fowler, October 10, 1994.

window shouting that “they’re coming for me!” My mother got very upset at me when I did this.

Wrest Farm

The flying disk-shaped object that approached, hovered in front of me and descended in a falling leaf motion behind trees on July 3, 1947. I was 13 years old and believed it was one of the flying saucers being reported. Dad had been following the subject told me that they were space ships. As far back as I could remember he had related some equally extraordinary claims to both family and friends. These claims related to many paranormal events and phenomena that he had claimed to experience after being struck by lightning while serving as a Navy radio operator. Later, when I became a fundamentalist Christian, I would argue and tell him his paranormal experiences were satanic in nature.

The Cloudy Cylinder

Later, that same summer at age 14, my sister was visiting. She, my mother, three brothers and I were all out in the backyard enjoying a beautiful sunny day. For some reason, one of us glanced up and pointed out a solitary sharply defined cylindrical shaped object in the sky that seemed to be swathed in a white cloud-like vapor. At first, we thought it must be a weird cloud. But, after periodically glancing at it for over a half-hour, it did not change its appearance or location. It just hovered in one place. Now very curious, we continued to watch off and on for a few hours before going in the house around noon for lunch. When we came out to look for it later, it was gone.

The Burley Woods Incident

It would have preposterous to me if told at the time that my several hours of missing time during a hike in the woods and the scoop mark on my shin had anything to do with UFOS until much later in my life.

My Conversion Experience?

At the time I would not have had a clue that this experience that changed my life, my family and only God knows how many others, had anything to do with UFOS. At first, I was devastated when later, I realized that the familiar brilliant light at our window, tingling feeling and paralysis fit a UFO abduction experience and not what I *thought* was a Christian born again experience. I became even surer of this when Dave and I had an exciting opportunity to be shown through our former house by its owner. When we were just about to enter the back-cellar door, I pointed out the window of our former bedroom. David looked up and stopped in his tracks and said, "I'm not going up there"! The owner and I could not understand this, and we tried to persuade him to follow us. He would not come and when asked why, he really could not come up with a rational answer. I think that he may have subconsciously remembered exiting that window with me into *that light* during an abduction.

As my views concerning UFOs evolved along the way, so did my views about religion. I am convinced that the OBE and PLE have been the core elements of organized religion. These experiences have been part and parcel of the natural life cycle - these experiences did not just start happening. I think that Humankind got the ideas of heaven and Hell from these experiences and built their religions around them but hiding their true reality by adding theological beliefs and constraints to them. I came away from my experiences and those of others to define my "religion" in terms of Loving the Creator - Loving Self and Loving others in practical and compassionate ways.

My Personal Hypnosis

The Phase III sessions ended on July 9, 1988, but as they were coming to an end, I was coming to terms with my memories of my own experiences. Against my Evangelical Christian family's wishes I signed up for three sessions [July 21, September 7 and October 29] by a local

hypnotist named Anthony (Tony) who later became a consultant for MUFON. David Webb, the MUFON State Director attended and taped all sessions. Tony covered each of the experiences that I remembered. It was fascinating to *experience* my memories. Unfortunately, I was told by the entities not to remember the details of the Burley Woods experience. However, a very significant memory came out of the Burley Woods experience because under hypnosis I *saw myself* on the ground in a flannel shirt and felt sharp stones or sticks digging into my body. Neither of us saw the significance of this then. However, I did several weeks later when my wife Margaret and I were walking in some woods. Tony said that from time to time the mental blocks might resolve themselves later due to the hypnosis sessions. He was right. I discovered that the Burley Woods incident was an OBE abduction! The memory block disappeared while *walking in the woods* with my wife.

Suddenly my mind was in two places at once. On the one hand I saw her walking with me but on the other hand I was watching a scene of myself lying on the ground in a flannel shirt and dungarees. A life-like movie-like scene began and repeated itself around six times. I found myself rising from my body and moving upwards. Then the scene reversed itself. I saw my body below on the ground and my going back to it. [A Possible case of *Doorway Amnesia* where there is a memory lapse between entering and leaving a UFO.] During this time, I felt like I was there. I could not break out of this scenario and just kept walking with Margaret. Then, as quickly as it happened, everything came back to normal again.

Branded - Scooped Again

When I returned home from the July 21 hypnosis session, I began to doubt again whether these memories under hypnosis could be real. As if answer to my doubts, the powers behind the UFO phenomenon decided to dismiss any doubts about the reality of my experiences. They struck again!

On August 15, 1988, Betty phoned to tell me that three *scoop marks* had appeared on her right arm! They were smaller but identical in appearance to a *scoop mark* on her thigh that she had mentioned in a letter dated June 1, 1987. I asked her to send me photographs of both sets of scars to send to a medical doctor who was interested in them. He and other UFO abduction researchers had noticed that such scars were showing up on UFO abductees.

On the following evening, Tuesday, August 16th I felt on edge. The uneasiness increased as I climbed into bed. The air seemed to be filled with an electric tingling feeling as I tossed and turned trying to get to sleep. I woke up tired and drained out in the morning. But had no memory of the strange electric-like tingling sensation and sleep problems that I had experienced during the night.

In the morning, I took a shower. When I leaned over to wash my right foot, I saw something that sent chills up and down my spine. There, just as plain as could be, was a freshly cut *scoop mark* just above my ankle! It looked and felt as if a miniature cookie cutter had removed a tiny plug of flesh. There was no pain and no signs of bleeding. I wondered how it got there. Soon after, it dawned on me that it was exactly what appeared on my ankle years ago after my missing time experience in the *Burley Woods*! I immediately photographed it and, in the evening, showed it to Margaret and casually asked her what she thought might have caused it. She took a cursory glance at it and said that she had no idea.

Then, one of those on-going weird synchronistic happenings, Betty's letter arrived in the mail. In it were photographs of the three scoop marks that she received a few days ago on August 14th and an older one on her thigh! Both of us received them within a few days of each other!

During the last two hypnosis sessions from time to time Tony would leave my other experiences and try to get me to remember how I

received the wound. The best he could do repeatedly went like this brief sample excerpt from the sessions.

TONY: Is it true that you don't know how the scar got there? Yes or no? I immediately choked up and could hardly force the answer out my mouth to Tony

RAY: I, I think I know. That dream.... That dream I had.

TONY: What dream? Tell us about that dream. Just relax.

RAY: My dream was about I couldn't see things. I wanted to see things [pause] I feel as if I'm being moved around. [pause] I can't move. I opened my eyes black. I say, "What's going on" And want to wake up! I want to wake up! I want to see what's going on! And I can't do that. And suddenly, I wake up [pause] And the first thing that comes to my mind is "they're operating on my leg!" And I say, "I must remember this!" But the crazy thing is that, ah, I didn't remember the next morning

TONY: Does your subconscious remember? Quickly! Yes or no?

RAY: [sobbing] I don't want to remember! I don't want to remember! I don't want to remember! [shouting] Don't! Don't! Don't! [hysterically] Please don't make me remember. Don't, Don't, Don't, [now shouting] I don't want to remember! It took some time for Tony to calm me down but as he did my voice began to trail off, it seems as if the truth of the matter may have leaked out inadvertently.

RAY: Not supposed to remember [pause] Not supposed to remember. On March 10, 1989 I had my annual physical and showed the photograph and puncture to Dr. Herrick, my physician who resided in Beverly Farms, Massachusetts. I told him that it appeared overnight. He was shocked and very puzzled and referred me to Dr. W.A. Flanagan for an appointment on March 21., 1989 with Dr. Walter Flanagan, 55 Popular Street, Danvers, Massachusetts. He examined it and said simply

that it was a healing punch biopsy and wondered why I had made the appointment. However, his attitude immediately changed when I told him that it appeared overnight. He essentially told me that there was nothing he could do and that as far as he was concerned it looked like a punch biopsy as he turned and walked out of the room.

Nasal Artifact

March 29, 1991 [A.M.]: Last night in the early hours of the morning [I can't remember the time] I had a very realistic dream. I suddenly found myself lying in a bright room with three entities. One looked human. He was bending over me. The other two were the typical grays although one was shorter than the other. I can't remember what the human entity was wearing or what he looked like or even what he did or said but the two grays were dressed in form-fitting white coveralls.

The smaller one was reassuring me that I would be okay. He seemed nice. The taller one just stared. I had the feeling that I knew all three of them and that I did not like the tall one. What woke me up [in the dream] was the feeling that something was touching the inside of the right nostril of my nose. I remember opening my eyes and seeing one of them holding a needle like device that ended with a small right angle-like hook. Prior to opening my eyes, I could only feel, not see. I could feel something being pushed into my nostril. I could not move and was lying down. I had felt something being pushed into my nostril and pry it open.

It was painful at first but then just became numb although I could still feel my nostril being expanded. Then I felt blood begin to flow profusely out of my right nostril. I felt completely helpless and thought that it might be all over for me. Then, whatever it was, it was either removed or put into my nose. I found that I could now move right hand because I immediately reached up and cupped it over my nostrils and felt blood still coming out.

The next thing that I remember was being alone with the small gray that again reassured me. I felt that he was caring and friendly. I lay there and could move again but for some reason wasn't frightened and did not try to get away. The small gray asked me if I wanted to see something. I think it was a book or diagram, which depicted what, had just been done to me. I reached for it, but no sooner had I started to look at it, when the taller gray came in from my right and saw me with whatever it was. He was angry at the small gray. I could hear and recognize his voice in my head from somewhere. His voice was different from the smaller one. It was stern, uncaring and businesslike. I saw what looked like a paper or plastic cup of water on a table-like piece of furniture pulled alongside where I had been reclining. I was now sitting up. I asked if I could have a drink of water, as I felt extremely dry. The taller one just gazed at me and said no very sternly. The next thing I knew I woke up in my bed from what seemed to be a very realistic nightmare. I felt that I must remember it, so I reached behind me and put a Kleenex box up on my bureau to remind me of the dream in the morning.

I got up in the morning still remembering the dream. When I got dressed, I reached to place my pajamas under the pillow and was shocked to find blood on the pillow where my nose was resting! I then took a pad of paper and outlined everything that I could remember about the dream. I also examined my nose but found no sign of bleeding nor did my nose feel abnormal in any way. However, because of the realness of the dream and the blood found on my pillow where my nose lay, I felt that this incident should be recorded. Unfortunately, when I awoke, some parts of the dream were drifting away from my conscious mind. I'm sure there is more to it, but I just can't remember.

Several other of my abduction dreams featured something being done to my nose and blood on the pillow. I have had several doctors examine X-Rays of a bright round thing that I felt in my nose including the Chief Radiologist at the University of Connecticut. He felt it was a calcified anomalous artifact. Others dismissed it a calcium deposit. My

dentist X-rayed it for me and said it was shrapnel. I thanked him and did not discuss it further.

Family Affair

Another important discovery that contributed to my *Coming of Age as a UFOlogist* was that the powers behind the UFO Phenomenon are interested in tracking families and sometimes guiding abductees unknowingly, together to form families much the same way humans purposely interbreed animals for specific purposes. My mother and father, my brother and his wife and Betty and Bob are examples of this and perhaps Margaret and me as her mother made some things to me that were associated with UFO abductions that will be mentioned later.

The scoops found over the shin (tibia) and hip bone like mine and Betty's are a common area for obtaining bone marrow according to Dr. Richard Neal who writes that:

It is significant that it is through a human's bone marrow and blood that it is possible to study their individual chromosomal pattern....Initial blood, bone marrow aspiration and tissue samples taken from abductees between 5 and 20 would be the time frame for specific and early genetic studies on the chromosomes of abductees as a follow-up from another generation, with studies performed to see if a certain pattern is consistent within a particular family. . . . During the abductions, an implant may be inserted so that the individual can be followed at a future date – after further analysis of samples obtained by earlier alien researchers.¹⁴

¹⁴ Neal, Richard M.D., *Genetic Cod under Siege*, UFO, Vol .3, No. 2, 1988, pp. 284, 329,333.

In my new book, *The Watchers*¹⁵, I went public with my experiences and those of my family that I previously discovered. Of course, others who received the book began adding their experiences as well. It was amazing to me that their UFO and psychic experiences had been kept to themselves for years but synchronistically downloaded into my proverbial lap just when I was writing a book about my own experience. [I will very briefly describe each as well as an interesting case involving our family, a UFO and missing time during a vacation with Margaret's parents in England.] I will include instances of psychic phenomena in the experiences noted below.

Family Together

S. Casco, Maine

I asked my wife a few years ago what she thought was our worse vacation and she immediately snapped back and said, "Thomas Pond!". I had forgotten all about what happened there until going through some old diaries, I came across an entry that we had vacationed there between August 11 – 17. Then I remembered.

We both awakened in the night to feel a *strong presence* in the room and *an electrical-like tingling feeling*. I turned on the light, but no one is the room. We turned off the lights and tried to get to sleep but still felt very strange. I finally fell asleep but then awakened feeling *paralyzed* and someone touching me. *I could not open my eyes* then I fell back asleep.

Margaret had horrible nightmares that night but cannot remember them or says that she cannot. She hates to see drawings of the typical gray entities. Once she told me that one of the reasons, she did not want talk to me about aliens was because of some dreams but she refused to tell me the content of the dreams. I now recognized what we

¹⁵ Fowler, Raymond,E, *The Watchers*, Bantam Books, New York, 1990.

experienced that night was probably the onset of the typical abduction experience.

Hornsea Beach, Yorkshire, UK

While visiting Margaret's parents in Cottingham, England we decided to take the children to Hornsea beach on July 21, 1969 and have a picnic lunch. We planned to stay for perhaps an hour and a half. On the way down a country road I saw, in an instant up ahead, a disk-shaped object descending towards the ground so fast I expected it to crash. I shouted to Margaret's father who was driving and yelled "Did you see that?" He did not know, nor did the family in his large rented car know, what I was talking about.

When we arrived at the beach Margaret's father could not understand how late it was in getting there. We could only stay for a short time and headed back home to turn in the rental car. Her father was upset and again brought us back to the beach on July 23 where we had plenty of time to enjoy our stay. Afterwards, I had flashbacks of seeing part of an object gently settling down outside the car with a rocking motion. Margaret's father was staring ahead gripping the wheel tightly as if in a trance. I could only see my daughter Sharon standing in the back like in a trance. Everything pointed to a UFO abduction and period of missing time during our first trip to the beach.

Margaret (Wife)

She sighted cylindrical silver object over a field. I missed seeing it. It was gone when I turned around to look. She has nightmares about UFOS and aliens. Once she woke up with anomalous bruises on her body. Another time she woke up to see *a beam of light coming through the bedroom ceiling onto me*. It presented 3 different types of waves within it. She thought she was dreaming and placed her hand in the light which became illuminated. When she realized it was real, she thinks she got under the covers and went back to sleep. She drew it on an envelope in the morning. She also has heard anomalous voices, music and our

piano playing by itself. She hates to see drawings of gray alien entities faces. UFOS are a forbidden subject to talk about. However, despite this we have a happy relationship and close-knit loving family.

Margaret's Mother

During a visit to England to visit Margaret's mother, we were having tea in the afternoon with her friends who wanted to visit Margaret. Suddenly in the midst of general conversation her mother blurted out "Do the little men take you too? All of us were shocked and didn't say anything. I laughed and said, "I refuse to answer on grounds it might incriminate me." afterwards I took her aside and tried to find out what she meant. I told her if she told me that I would share my experiences with her, but she refused to say anything more about it.

Another time when I went into her bedroom to say good night, she was closing the curtains on a large window and said, "I keep them closed so the little men can't come in!"

Fredrick (Brother), Nancy (Wife)

Abduction dreams and experiences. She once saw aliens through a window coming to the house. When they arrived, they told her that they wanted Fredrick, not her However, Nancy has the typical scoop mark on her shin. Fredrick, [Like Betty Andreasson's daughter Becky], was missing from this crib when an infant and found outside locked doors. Nancy's mother and brother have had abduction experiences. Nancy's mother also suffered poltergeist attacks.

Richard (Brother)

On October 1, 1964, he sighted daylight disc. In August of 1968 walking home from night shift spotted a cluster red light descending over a river. He felt like he was being watched. On the same night someone living beside the river saw dark object with red lights. In July 1966 while traveling Route 90 in New York State, Richard and his

companion sighted a triangular object in the sky following their car. Richard has precognitive dreams. He notices identical numbers on digital clock lined up repeatedly same as I do. I call it the *clock phenomenon* in my books.

John (Brother) Kathy (Wife) John Jr. and Mark (Sons)

John had a blimp-shaped UFO hover over him while walking across parking lot at night. He remembers an abduction from a hotel room to an off-the-road lake site nearby. He has a scoop mark on his shin and has experienced poltergeist phenomena, vivid visual premonitions that come true and a seeming after death communication from a deceased girlfriend. Kathy had a brief message from her deceased Grandmother over a security intercom on their front door. John's son, John Jr. has two scoop marks on his shin. John Jr. Mark as one on his shin. Neither knows what made the scoop marks.

Sharon (Daughter)

While flying home from England Sharon [Fundamentalist Christian] and passengers on the aisle opposite me, saw two rectangular objects flying beside the plane. The Pilot ordered all passenger to sit and fasten their safety belts. Sharon has had many strange experiences which she believes had a divine source. She keeps them to herself and does not want me mixing them with UFO and psychic experiences.

Bethany (Daughter)

Diary December 12, 1990: During the preparation of my manuscript for the Watchers, I asked my daughter Bethany Plante if she would do some proofreading for me. She sat at the dining room table with the Manuscript and started looking at Betty's drawings. When she saw the drawing of a fetus being removed from a woman by the aliens, she shoved the Manuscript aside and started sobbing, saying; "They aren't going to take my baby!" And, at another point, sobbed, "I know who they are!" I felt terrible and took the manuscript away from her and

she calmed down. I apologized to her and decided to say nothing further about the incident until a later date. However, when I brought the subject up later, she had no recollection of the incident and denied vehemently that she had cried or said any of the things that I attributed to her. It is interesting to note that prior to this incident, she miscarried after three months of pregnancy. No fetus was found.

Raymond (Son)

Raymond (Preschool) got out of bed in the morning and excitedly told me that he was outside at night in his pajamas and went to spaceship parked in a field behind a neighbor's house.

David (Son)

During a Canaan, Vermont Vacation on the Canadian border, I was carefully backing out of our cabin's driveway as there was a dangerous drop-off near the back edge. The back of the car was facing Wallace Lake. David was looking out the back window that faced the Lake. Suddenly he yelled that the Goodyear Blimp was hovering over the lake. I could not see it from my vantage point and remarked that it was strange to see it way up here. Then he said that it suddenly ascended upward in a step- by- step motion and flew off. He told me that the cockpit was on the top rather than on the bottom. I had him draw what he saw. It was a typical domed disk UFO.

Mother

In 1916 or 1917, my teen age mother-to-be, and friends, were frightened by a dark object with multi-colored lights. It suddenly appeared low above them while they were taking a short cut through a golf course on the way home from a church youth group.

In 1966 when I visited my mother and father who lived in Surrey, Maine, Mom told me that one evening when she was being driven home by her neighbor Mrs. Dow, they were startled to see a big,

round glowing orange object approaching and hovering the bay next to the road. It looked like as big as a full moon. As they slowed the car to get a better look, suddenly, an identical object sailed silently out of the northeast. It pulled up and stopped beside the hovering object. That was enough from them. They drove off fast for home. Mrs. Dow refused to leave Mom's house until her husband, who was away, returned home.

Mom said that she was out riding a bike one day and saw a disk-shaped object descend toward her out of a cloud and then ascend back into the cloud. She does not remember what happened in between. [Another case of Doorway Amnesia?] Later, as an adult, she saw a similar object hovering over Pease AFB, Newington, NH. At Age 72, she saw a bright light shining through a bathroom window from an object hovering in a field behind the house.

Father

Dad had many paranormal experiences but could not remember having a typical UFO experience involving the small gray entities. His experiences were with the tall robed entities sometimes encased in light. But he did have typical abductee benchmarks – a scoop mark just above his shin like mine psychic experiences like other abductees. I have many photographs of abductee's scoop marks that appeared on their shins after an abduction.

Near Death Experience (NDE)

Navy Radio Station, Otter Cliffs, Bar Harbor, Maine on September 20, 1922: Dad was told through an intercom to ground the antenna and leave the station because of a terrific thunderstorm.¹⁶ As he did so, lightning hit him, and he had an NDE. A beam of light appeared and broke through the rain and the floor like an X-ray. Three robed beings descended within in the beam of light revived him and then

¹⁶Bar Harbor Times, *The Lightning was very vivid and almost continuous*, p. 4, September 20, 1922.

ascended within the beam to a light in the sky somehow unaffected by the rain. Two years later, he married my mother who lived locally and had UFO experiences as a teen and later in life. This initial experience seems to have given Dad the ability to have OBEs and psychic experiences.

After Death Communication (ADC)

Sometime in the mid-70's Dad was operating his ham radio when a bright light appeared about five feet from him. In the light was a man who had been Chief Radio Electrician in the Navy and a good friend. He told my father that they would be together again and then disappeared.

Out of Body Experience (OBE)

A good friend of our family, Charles Furbish, who lived on 208 Old Country Road in Wenham, Massachusetts, asked Dad to help them as his wife was near hysterical not knowing how their son was during World War II. Dad prayed, then left his body, crossed the Atlantic Ocean and came upon American troops in pouring rain retreating from German gunships that interfered with their building a bridge. Dad descended into the crowd right beside Buddy Furbish who was carrying a puppy under his raincoat. Dad then returned to his bed and told his friend that all was well. Later a letter arrived from Buddy who told them that his Captain had given him permission to keep the abandoned dog for a Company mascot. Unfortunately, although our family friends were grateful, the incident also scared them. The friendship gradually ended. My mother confirmed this story as some of Dad's accounts seemed unbelievable to me at the time.

Time Slip

One bright sunny day, Dad had to drive to Ellsworth, Maine which bordered their retirement home in Surrey, He decided to take an old back road rather than the highway. While on the way, the sky

suddenly darkened. He instantly found himself in the middle of a terrible thunderstorm. The rain was coming down so hard that he could barely see the road. Suddenly, coming right at him was an old model car. It was swerving back and forth as if it were out of control. He could see a look of panic on the driver's face. Then it was as if the storm had never happened. The sky was blue. The sun was shining. There was no sign of rain on his car or on the road. Dad did not know what to make of it. He told my Uncle Oscar about his weird experience. Oscar told him that others had had the same type experience on that road. Locals attributed it to a terrible car accident that occurred there years ago. Apparently, the incident projected itself forward in time on several occasions. I have experienced incidents like this that have fantastic implications,

Aunts, Priscilla, Lois and Emma

During the 1966 UFO wave all three Aunts lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Emma was watching television and suddenly was attracted by a bright light through their picture window. According to Priscilla, Emma glanced out and remarked to them: "There's one of those flying things that they talk about!" They all went to the window and saw an oval object with flashing-colored lights hovering across the street. Priscilla was comforted by the appearance of her mother after she died. Lois, who took care of my Uncle Charlie saw him appear in his rocking chair after he had died.

Myself

Recorded below are samples of a variety of *paranormal phenomena* that I experience, and I assume are side effects from UFO abduction experiences.

Electrical Sensitivity

I counted at least sixteen entries from my diary where the computer, and sometimes the printers would come on by themselves. I

checked with the Tandy company to see how this could occur with their circuit breaker hooked up. They said what was happening was impossible. Several diary entries follow:

April 3, 1993 [A.M.]: Again, I was in the room directly below the computer in my classroom upstairs when I heard the printer come on and off, I dashed up to pull the plug but when I entered the room it stopped. I started downstairs and it started again so I pulled the plug. Later, when I plugged it in, it operated normally.

July 11, 1996 (A.M.): I was sitting beside my computer reading my daily devotional material when suddenly it came on all by itself. (Also, both printers came on as they are interconnected to go on when the computer comes on.)

January 7, 1993 I had wandered by the phone at 10:23 P.M. I stopped to look at it. It read 0 messages but as I glanced it, it flicked from 0 to 7.

January 8, 1993: I was going by the clock, glanced at it and I thought to myself that what happened last night had never happened before and probably won't again. Just as I thought this, there was a click and the LCD display flicked from 0 to 7 and then flicked back to 0. At that very time, I heard a ringing sound in my left ear which stopped few minutes after the event.

Visions

Margaret and I were trying to make up our minds whether to use one of the songs [*Sweethearts in Paradise*] that my father had written in our concerts for senior citizens. It was old-fashioned and we were not sure how it would be received. Soon, I found out that someone would be pleased to have us do this via a glowing vision of a sheet of his music that took up a third of the ceiling in our bedroom.

December 23, 2007: This afternoon I took a nap. When I awoke and glanced up at the ceiling, I saw a projection of a huge sheet of music with notes that were very tiny compared to the music that I had been transposing. I blinked my eyes, but the vision remained. I got up to walk downstairs and glanced up at the ceiling. The vision was fading.

December 24, 2007: I took a nap in the afternoon and when I awoke, I was shocked to see the same huge vision of a sheet of music with very small notes. There were also fuzzy unreadable lyrics. Again, the vision stayed with me until I got out of bed and walked out of the room. They were like the notes printed on the sheet music of *Sweethearts in Paradise*. I could not read the lyrics as they were fuzzy.

December 26, 2007: I again took an afternoon nap and awoke to see the same sheet music on the ceiling but much fainter. Again, it was huge, taking up most of the ceiling on my side of the room. A few weeks ago, I was considering using some sheet music in our concerts that my father had written the lyrics for back in the 30's because the concerts were named "Tunes from the Past". I took out the old, faded music that I had salvaged and was amazed to see that the notes were the same small peculiar notes that I had seen in my ceiling visions. I wonder if Dad is telling me that he wants me to use his music in our concerts? Because of these visions, we thought it best to present one of Dad's songs at our Tunes from the Past Concerts!

Telekinesis?

September 23, 1992 (P.M.): I returned home from teaching an astronomy class at North Shore Community college, turned on and watched television while lying on the sofa. To my left, there is a typical floor lamp. It consists of an upright pole attached to a round pedestal on the floor and a curved portion on top with a lamp and lampshade. At about 10:30 P.M., it tipped slightly on its pedestal and performed what appeared to be a 360-degree movement - it *tipped and rotated* once. There is no natural way that this could've happened. The lamp's pedestal is on a flat floor with all its weight bearing upon it. It was a

weird sight to behold! Also, concurrent with it happening there seemed to suddenly be a *fog and a snapping sound* in the room.

Personal notes: In 1982, I experienced something that had all the hallmarks of the Paranormal. It took place on a Sunday morning at North Shore Community Baptist Church in Beverly Farms, Massachusetts. A group of retarded children in Brownie Scout uniforms was attending morning service. After the service, church members were greeting them in the lobby. While I stood watching, one of the little girls came up to me. She looked up, smiled, and puckered her lips, making a kissing sound. It was obvious that she wanted me to bend down and kiss her. I smiled down at her but was reluctant to kiss her. I felt that it might appear improper to the scout troop leaders who were in the room. At that very point, something totally incomprehensible occurred. Two strong hands grasped each of my shoulders from behind. They applied a firm downward pressure pushing my head down toward the little girl's face. I thought that it was her Scout leader encouraging me to kiss her. So, I bent down with the hands still pressing down on my shoulders and kissed her. I then felt the hands release my shoulders. I straightened up and turned to see who had done this. There was no one there. In fact, my back was only a foot from a wall. There was no room for a person to stand between myself and a wall! Here was an anomalous situation that coincided with the little girl's desires.

Apparitions

January 26, 2009: I was sound asleep lying on my back when someone grasped my left shoulder and began shaking me. As I slowly began to come to my senses, I thought it was Margaret waking me because I have been over sleeping lately. I mumbled "What time is it?" and opened my eyes and was shocked to see a grayish glowing figure of a large heavy-set man (?) leaning over me with his hand on my blankets grasping where my left shoulder was located under the blankets. It seemed as if he were standing in my wife's bed which was pulled up close to mine and that his lower body and legs went right through her bed as I only saw his upper body. He faded away as I glanced at the

clock which read 4:44! The next day I recalled he told me (Telepathically?) “Ray look at the clock” which left me with a wonderful feeling that confirmed what has been going on in my life with these strange experiences.

A Portal?

Personal notes: One Sunday morning I noticed a very elderly lady [a stranger] walk into the church. She had arrived early for the morning service so sat down to wait in the lobby. I went up to her, introduced myself and asked if I could be of help. She asked me if we had Bibles for visitors to use so I proceeded to get one for her. When I leaned over to give her the Bible, Mildred suddenly looked above my head and her face became transfixed into a radiant smile for several seconds. At the time, I thought it reflected her pleasure at being given a bible. I found out later that the smile was for *someone* else! Margaret and I became good friends with Mildred and other members of her family. We found that her younger son had died a slow death from a defoliant used in Vietnam during the war. One day while talking to her older son Richard, he told me a startling story. It concerned why his mother’s face beamed all over when I gave her a bible. When I had leaned down and passed his mother the bible, her dead son suddenly appeared dressed in a brown rustic robe above directly behind me. He smiled down at her and vanished a few seconds after he had appeared! Mildred was very comforted by this but had been afraid to tell me about it. When this happens, I am afraid to ask the observing person why they are looking for this way just as Mildred was afraid to tell me what she saw. Other similar events that stick out in my mind involved a young man and his family sitting at a nearby picnic table at a country wayside park in Quebec. He suddenly looked over at me and stood up with a transfixed beatific smile on his face and just stared above my head. Another time this may have happened at our church with Sarah Fahey who had lost her son. Another time a similar episode occurred while walking Kennebunk Beach. Another time we brought Lillian and Ken Penney [both deceased] out to lunch. While Margaret and Lillian were busy chatting, Ken stopped talking to me and suddenly stared up above

my head. His facial expression was contorted like being in a trance. It looked as if he were attentive and listening to someone. This went on for a few minutes. I did not ask him what was wrong as he came out of it after a while. On the way home, he told me that he was going to die soon but was grateful for a wonderful life. A week or so later, he passed on.

More recently my daughter-in-law and her father were visiting. Just before he left, I glanced behind me and there he was staring above me. His face, like Ken's, looked like he was in a trance. It only lasted a minute and then he came too. He was just in the process of leaving and as he did, he grabbed both of me arms thanking me repeatedly as if I had done something wonderful for him. This man hardly talks and is not very social and I had not done anything special for him during the visit. He usually just sits and listens to others talk. Another time we were visiting a cousin [young lady] that my mother had cared for when she was a child after her mother had died. We had already said our goodbyes and were leaving at the door when all of a sudden, she broke into a wonderful smile as she looked above my head and raced across the room and hugged me.

Bilocation

Personal Notes: One enters our cellar from the outside into a half cellar with a set of stairs leading into the full cellar. As I entered that day, I saw a figure with my build wearing a pair of *black dress pants and a white shirt* appear from behind the furnace where our freezer is located. I became paralyzed and could not move or talk. It walked toward me and turned to my right and out of sight toward the cellar stairs. Its body was solid, but it had a misty vibrating appearance to it. I could not make out facial features.

Then, suddenly I could move. I was shocked and ran into the cellar to find no one there. I called my wife and asked her if she had just been down cellar. She had not and in any event the figure was not her build and she at the time was not wearing black pants and a white shirt!

As usual, she did not want to talk about what I had seen and said my imagination must have got the best of me. However, the full significance of this experience did not come to fruition until later when one day I happened to go down cellar to get a frozen vegetable from the freezer which is located behind the furnace. *I was wearing a pair of dress black pants and a white shirt. I followed the exact path of the apparition.* I am convinced that what I saw in the Spring of 1980 was myself in the future! I can think of no other explanation. I was not hallucinating. I saw the figure with my build distinctly.

Time out of Mind

The Past as Hologram

Michael Talbot writes in his work, *The Holographic Universe* that:

[Some] abilities suggest that the past is not lost, but still exists in some form accessible to human perception. Our normal view of the universe makes no allowance for such a state of affairs but the holographic model does. Bohm's notion that the flow of time is the product of a constant series of unfolding's and enfolding's suggests that as the present enfolds and becomes part of the past, it does not cease to exist but simply returns to the cosmic storehouse of the implicate. Or as Bohm puts it "The past is active in the present as a kind of implicate order. If, as Bohm suggests, consciousness also has its source in implicate, this means that the human mind and the holographic record of the past already exist in the same domain and are in a manner of speaking, already neighbors, Thus, a shift in the focus of one's attention may be all that is needed to access the past [My italics].

The Holographic Future

Talbot continues that:

As disconcerting as having access to the entire past, is, it pales beside the notion that the future is also accessible in the cosmic hologram. Still there is an enormous body of evidence that proves at least some future events are as easy to see as past events. [My italics]. This has been amply demonstrated in literally hundreds of studies. In the 1980' J.B. and Louisa Rhine discovered that volunteers could guess what cards would be drawn randomly from a deck with a success rate that was better than chance by odds of three million to one. Helmut Schmidt, a physicist at Boeing Aircraft in Seattle Washington, invented a device that enable him to test whether people could predict subatomic events. In repeated tests with three volunteers and over sixty thousand trials, he obtained results that were on billion to one against chance. Puthoff and Targ's precognitive remote-viewing findings have been duplicated by numerous laboratories around the world, including Jahn and Dunne's research facility at Princeton. Indeed in 334 format trial Jahn and Dunne found that volunteers were able to come up with accurate precognitive information 62 percent of the time.

Time Slips

Sometimes people experience momentarily the past or the future now. This also is like experiencing the same phenomenon in a precognitive dream. I (and others that I have talked to) have experienced what have been called "Time Slips" Here are some culled from *a number of them* from my diary and from personal notes that I and some members of my have experienced.

July 10, 2017: I had biked a mile or so down the road in front of our house while Margaret sat on our porch looking down the road for my return to have our morning snack together. She saw me slowly biking up the road, but I disappeared just before turning into the driveway. Confused, 15-20 minutes later she saw me once again slowly biking up the road in the distance. This time I really turned into the driveway. She said that this is the first time she has experienced this phenomenon.

February 25, 2018: I experienced an incredible “Time Slip” this morning. Margaret did some early grocery shopping early in the morning. I waved her off and went back to watching TV. After a while I got up to see if it had started to snow as we both avoid driving in the snow. I decided to watch for her return and hit the switch to open the garage door for her. It did not take long. I saw her come down the street, turn and come down the driveway so flipped the switch and returned to watching TV. After 10 minutes or so minutes I noticed that I had not heard her in the kitchen so decided to go out to see if she were there. She wasn't. I wondered where she was and why she would stay in the garage, so I opened the door to the garage and was shocked to see it empty and no car and no Margaret. I then went back to the window and wondered why she had turned around to perhaps go back to town to get something that she forgot to buy. I had only watched for a few minutes or so before I saw the car again come down the street and turn into the driveway. I opened the door to the garage as she was exiting the car and asked why she had come home and then left. It was then that the incredible event struck home. She looked puzzled and said that she had come straight home ONCE! I had experienced at least a 10 minute or so “time slip” into the future very similar to the one that she experienced last year when she saw me riding my bike up the street and about to turn in the driveway and then disappear.

Abduction Dreams/OBES

After my abduction dream and the second scoop mark on my ankle, I began to have a plethora of abduction dreams with what felt like OBE's, i.e. feeling myself leave and return to my body. I had so many of these experiences that I kept a diary between 1994 and 1999 that described them. Many times, these experiences were associated with what I have dubbed the clock phenomenon. They would mostly involve the typical gray bald entities with large black eyes. [A few times, entities that looked humans were working with them] Many times I would experience the electrical-like tingling throughout my body before falling asleep. Then, I would be awakened by a sound – a bell, a buzzer, windchimes, a bang against the house and many times a voice in my head saying, “Ray look at the clock!” [Once when I looked, there was a tall misty figure pointing at the clock]

I would wake with the usual tingling throughout my body coming out of a paralyzed state. I would look at the clock and see the digital numbers lined up and then quickly fall back to sleep. Sometimes I noticed that when I awoke, my arms would be crossed over my chest and my legs crossed tightly at my ankles. In the morning there would be blood on my pillow and marks on my body. The following example is taken from the November 8, 1990 entry from my diary.

I felt pressure enveloping my whole body and felt myself rising vertically and then moving horizontally along somewhere. I could not open my eyes. I felt an exhilarating tingling sensation - a feeling of release - weightlessness - I felt as if I was just floating horizontally. The feeling was like what I felt during the Dodge Court Big Hall experience when I went up the beam with the entity except his time, I could not see and thus I was not afraid of falling from a height. I do not know how high I was. I was just floating along horizontally. I then said to myself, “I’m going with them. I want to go with them, but I want to come back.” I stopped and hovered. I still could not open my eyes but now could see a small concentrated bright patch of light through

my closed eyelids. It was just a small blurred shapeless mass somewhat looking like what a distant light bulb would look like through closed eyes in a dark room. Then I felt someone touch me and hold me. I felt love [A tingling feeling] coursing through my body, and I asked, "Is that you mummy?" [Note: I think that I thought I was dead and was touched by my deceased mother.] Then I began to move horizontally once again. Then I stopped and felt myself descending. I stopped and at this point began to feel weight and bodily sensations. I began to feel the presence of my arms and legs, but they were paralyzed, and I felt a tingling sensation all through my body. I knew I was now lying in bed and tried my utmost to come back to full consciousness. I did not believe that I was dreaming because I knew that I was lying in bed. I knew that I could not move. I knew that I was trying to get out of that strange state of semi-consciousness. Then, slowly but surely it dawned on me that it was part of my mind that was saying that I could not move. I felt that if I exerted enough mental pressure that I would be able to open my eyes and move my limbs. I strained to do so and finally was able to open my eyes. I realized then that I was lying on my back in a very strange position. My legs were tightly crossed at my ankles and my arms were crossed over my chest. [I never sleep in such a position.] Now that I could feel my limbs, I strained mentally to move them and slowly was finally able to move them in a dream-like way. As I raised them up slowly, they felt almost weightless and as if they were floating up and off my chest. They still felt as if they were just barely a part of me.

Synchronicity

NDErs are told that humans are put here for purpose and are expected to complete a work before going to or perhaps returning to a world of light. Thus, it is probable that some synchronisms are causal and are staged by the controlling entities that dwell in the light to assist one in fulfilling their assigned task. As I write this article, synchronistic phenomena continue to occur in my life. When they do occur, they

leave me with an innate feeling that I am in the right place at the right time doing exactly what I'm supposed to be doing. They continue to give me a strong impression that everything in creation is and has been connected from its beginning. These strange experiences give me a warm feeling that I am currently playing my designated part in the wondrous One-ness of reality before passing on to yet another of its constituent vibrating locales to continue my becoming. The following are a few samples of what I am experiencing.

The Canterbury Caper

Another surprising synchronism took place during my investigation of a UFO sighting in Canterbury, New Hampshire on May 13, 1972. I had never been to this town and not familiar with directions given me by phone. I left early from work and headed North along route 93 until I reached the exit for Canterbury. When I reached the town limits, I stopped on a lonely road to eat a flying saucer investigator's supper - sandwiches! While munching away, I glanced up the road. I saw a man staring at me from the porch of a distant house. Soon, he got up and began walking down the country road toward my car. Then, one of those uncanny coincidences encountered often during UFO investigations occurred again. He stopped at my open car window and spoke to me. "Hi!" he said, "Are you in trouble?" Saw your car off the road and wondered if you need any help." No, just eating my supper," I replied "You might be able to help me out on something else though. I'm going to be visiting a Mr. James Lilley and really don't know where he lives." The man looked shocked and said, "Why Jim Lilley works for me! I'm his boss. My name is Arthur Stavros. "It turned out that that Jim and Arthur were a two- man company in Canterbury! Arthur gave me excellent directions to Jim's house and another synchronism bit the dust! ¹⁷

¹⁷*Synchrofile*, 32.

Synchronistic Supper

The homes where Betty Andreasson lived during her experiences were in South Ashburnham, Ashburnham, Westminster and Leominster, Massachusetts. During my investigations I was able to examine her homes at South Ashburnham and Ashburnham but neglected to visit the ones located at Leominster and Westminster. On a very hot and humid summer day, I set off from work to give a slide show on *The Andreasson Affair* to the Knights of Columbus [KOC] at Leominster. Leominster then had a population of about 40,000 persons. I had no street address for Betty's former house so had no way of examining it while I was there. I did have the address of the KOC Hall and found it early enough for me to eat my picnic lunch for supper. The following recounts one of the many synchronicities that haunt my life.

I found the hall and drove around to find a shady tree to park under and eat my sandwiches. I found a huge tree, parked under it and ate my supper. Then I headed back to the hall and gave my presentation. Afterwards, a couple came up to me. They asked if I had seen the house where Betty had lived during her childhood experiences. I confessed that I had not. So, I was surprised when they told me that they now lived in the house. They offered to show it to me. I followed their car. When we stopped in front of their house, I was awestruck. It was the same house with the large tree in front of it where I had stopped to eat my lunch!¹⁸

I Just Read About You 30, 31

On August 2, 1967, at 9:30 p.m., dozens of witnesses reported sighting a string of brilliant lights that appeared and disappeared in perfect sequence off the shore of Cape Ann, Massachusetts. Some believed that they saw a strange object that carried the lights. I notified the Colorado University UFO Study headquarters via a special

¹⁸*Synchrofile*, 34.

telephone hot line. Two scientists were dispatched to investigate the case with me. Witnesses were interviewed. Special reporting forms were filled out and compared. The USAF-contracted scientists checked with the FAA and local military services who indicated that there were no aircraft in the area at that time. The scientists gave me the impression that that they considered the sighting to be a true unknown object. I had doubts and I wanted to check out the possibility that Air Force flare drops had been the stimulus for this incident even if the location was not a Military CARP (Computed Air Release Point) Zone. However, I doubted if I would get the Air Force to cooperate with me, but I took a chance and called Westover AFB, Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts. I was connected with Captain William J. Ballee, Assistant Chief, Operations Division, and Directorate of Information.

When I gave my name to Captain Ballee, he sounded very surprised and said, ***“I just read about you!”*** Another one of those uncanny coincidences that so often occur in my life, Captain Ballee had the book *Incident at Exeter* on his desk in which I was prominently mentioned. He cooperated fully with my request for flare drops occurring the month of August 1967. I soon received the information. It was a B-52 that had dropped flares off Cape Ann on August 2 and at the time people were sighting them. I got on the hot line and reported my findings to the USAF UFO Study. The scientist on the other end of the call’s first reaction was – “Who tipped you off?” It was apparent to me that the flare drop in a *non-drop zone* was an intentional test by the USAF-contracted study to demonstrate how UFO sightings can often be misinterpretations of man-made objects! ¹⁹

Later, Captain Ballee’s superiors reported what he had given me up the chain of command. A TWX (teletype message) was sent to all commands that such cooperation must not be afforded to me in the future, However, this was *after* I received the information.

¹⁹*Synchrofile*, 31.

Mother of Synchronisms

Margaret's mother, a widow and age 96, entered a nursing home. Her house at 63 St. Margaret's Avenue, Cottingham, E. Yorkshire, England, was put up for sale. Howard Peach and Margery James purchased it shortly after Margaret visited her mother at the nursing home in February 1997 and on February 24 dropped by for a sentimental visit to her mother's former home located three miles from the nursing home. She hoped that the new owners would be cordial. Howard and Marjorie gave her a hearty welcome and invited her in for tea. During the conversation, Margery asked Margaret where she lived in the United States. Margaret told them that she lived in a small town that they would never have heard about called Wenham, Massachusetts. [Current population: 4212]. Marjorie's jaw dropped and her face showed total amazement. Marjorie told Margaret that she had visited Wenham more than once! She explained that her cousin's husband's sister Evelyn, [now deceased] had lived in Wenham, Massachusetts.

Dumbfounded, Margaret asked Marjorie where Evelyn had lived. Her answer would strain anyone's credulity. Marjorie told Margaret that Evelyn lived on a street called Friend Court! Friend Court is the very street that we had lived on in Wenham since 1961!

Amazed, Margaret then asked her what the number of Evelyn's house was on Friend Court. Then the improbability of this amazing coincidence escalated further. Marjorie said that Evelyn had lived on 16 Friend Court. We lived on 13 Friend Court. Number 16 is the house directly across the street within a stone's throw of our house!

It was then that Margaret realized that Marjorie was referring to our former neighbor and friend [now deceased] - Evelyn Yeaton! I checked later with Marjorie and found out that she had visited Evelyn in 1971 and 1973. We may have even seen Marjorie from our house just a bare thirty feet across the street from Evelyn's house. However, her personage would not have given us the slightest idea what her portentous visit held for Margaret's mother's future.

However, the amazing synchronistic revelations did not end there. Margaret had scarcely recovered from that shock when Marjorie told her that Evelyn's brother-in-law [now deceased] had also lived in Wenham. His name was Raymond Fowle! A name that was just one letter different from my own!

The grand finale came when Marjorie told Margaret that her cousin Irene lived in the next town of Essex, Massachusetts just several miles from Wenham. Our son David lived in Essex, so naturally Margaret asked where Irene lived. Again, her answer was hard to believe. Marjorie told Margaret that Irene lived on the corner of Lakeside Drive and Western Avenue. This was just four houses from where my son lived at that time! Since then, Margaret and Irene have become good friends.

What are the odds for such thought-provoking synchronisms to happen? Marjorie's visits took place in the late 50's and early 60's. The population of the United States was 178,554,916 according to the 1960 census. Also, Howard and Marjorie were the first and only people to respond to the advertisement for the sale of Margaret's mother's house. They did this on the very day that it was posted.

Prior to purchasing the house, they had lived in Hull, which borders Cottingham. Using a formula employing latitude and longitude, the distance between Cottingham/Hull and Wenham is approximately 3,215 miles. At that time, the Howard and Marjorie were complete strangers to both sides of our family.

Happily, this is no longer the case. We both visited them on the occasion of Margaret's mother's 100th birthday. This, in turn, caused Howard and Marjorie to begin regular visits to Margaret's mother. They brought her fruit, snacks and flowers. In short, they did everything distance prevented Margaret from doing. Margaret's mother died on March 15, 2002 at the marvelous age of 103. We still correspond with Howard. Marjorie passed away.

Anomalous Interventions

The Ladder

Diary/April 23, 1997: In the afternoon, something extraordinary occurred that involved Margaret. She went into the shed to get a rake. The rake handle was tangled with a large wooden stepladder that hung directly above her. When she pulled on the rake, the ladder became dislodged. It should have come down on top of her. She instinctively ducked. When she looked up unscathed, the ladder was standing in the middle of the shed with its legs apart and set up. This ladder is not easy to set up. It easily jams when one pulls the legs apart. How it got in the middle of the shed all set up is beyond us!

The Laundry Basket

Diary/January 2, 2014: Margaret was in the cellar doing laundry when I suddenly heard her screaming for me. I rushed down stairs and found her lying in her laundry basket finding it hard to get out. She told me that she had fainted and when she came to, she found herself in the basket several feet from where she had been standing over the washing machine. She would have had to take several steps to get to the basket and then lower herself into the basket. But, somehow instead of hitting the cement floor., she was carried and placed in a perfect position in the basket.

The UFO/OBE/NDE Connection Betty (Andreasson) and Bob Luca

During my four enquiries into the UFO and paranormal experiences of the Luca family over a period of twenty years, **I found that most of their abductions took place during OBES.** Here are just a few examples.

OBE 1

In 1973 Betty and Bob heard a whirring sound above their house and both were lifted out of their bodies to a huge round Amphitheatre. They were greeted by tall robed human-looking entities. They found themselves on a high walkway that surrounded the enclosure. Bob was separated from Betty. Betty, on the other hand, was allowed to participate with several light beings in a fantastic procedure that changed her and them into *balls of light* and back to their *light being* form.

During this abduction, Betty glanced down to the floor below and gasped. She saw two daughters and Bob's daughters on tables being examined by aliens. She was so troubled by what she saw that the hypnotist had her temporarily forget what she saw. They were returned to their bodies and had no idea of what had just happened to them.

OBE 2

In 1986, while reading her Bible on a couch, an alien suddenly appeared and placed a box beside her on the couch. *Betty came out of her body* and was taken to a strange place with the gray entities. During this episode, she again was given another vision of the Phoenix which had seen in 1967.

OBE 3 – Comparison of NDEs & UFO/OBE Abduction Memories

During the Phase IV investigation, Bob remembered being in the 6th grade in 1950. He was in bed having stayed home from school because of a cold. He heard a buzzing sound and a light appeared in the darkened room. A small gray alien in red clothes appeared. He was taken out of his body and floated above the ground to a craft in the sky. They entered the craft through an opening in the bottom. He was returned the same way.

When doing research for my book about synchronisms entitled Synchrofile, I did a comparison between the Near-Death Experience and the UFO/Abductions experience. **I found persons who have had UFO/OBE abductions which sounds like an NDE. Conversely, Dr. Kenneth Ring, a pioneer in NDE research has reports in his file of NDEs that are like UFO/OBE Abductions.** He writes the following concerning one such report:

Is this an NDE or some kind of UFO encounter? Clearly, it has elements of both, and just as clearly, it threatens to confound our neat dichotomy between these two types of experience. In fact, it is what I have come to recognize as a “mixed motif” case, and as that phrase implies, it is not the only instance in my files. Among my respondents, I have found others who in describing what purports to be an NDE begin to talk about UFOs and aliens in the same context.... Could it be that the world of the NDE and that of the UFO abduction, for all their differences, are not, after all, universes apart, but a part of the same universe. And, second, could it be that NDErs and UFO experiences have more in common with one another that we have heretofore suspect? Finally, what, if anything, might our two categories of experiencers have in common? ²⁰

²⁰ Kenneth Ring, *The Omega Project* (New York: William Morrow and Co.,1992), p. 110.

NDEs begin with an OBE. An OBE involves a situation where someone finds their *essence* moving out of the body into a non-physical realm where they are not visible to those in the physical realm. Although the OBEs can see their physical body, people, and objects in the physical realm, they can no longer interact with them. Their body merely passes through physical objects as if they did not exist. The following are NDEs descriptions of this initial step into another reality.

“I saw my body in the water” “I drifted up...floating right below the ceiling.”²¹

“I was sort of floating...above the street.” “I could see myself in the bed below.”²²

Compare the above experiences with those of Betty [Andreasson] Luca has experienced over the years.

1950: “And I’m standing there and I’m coming out of myself. There’s two of me there.”²³

1978: “I see myself coming out of myself.”²⁴

1986: “I see myself lying on the couch. I reach down to touch myself. My hand goes right through me.”²⁵

²¹ Raymond Moody, *Life after Life*, (Bantam Books NY, 1990) P.85.

²² Moody, 85.

²³ Raymond E. Fowler, *The Andreasson Affair* Phase II, (Wildflower Press, Mill Spring, NC).1992 p, 106.

²⁴ Raymond E. Fowler, *The Watchers*, (Bantam Books, NY, 1990), Pg. 144.

²⁵*The Watchers*, 174.

1989: “And I’m just going in the door. I’m going up by the bed. I’m in the trailer. There, I see Bob there. H’s sleeping. Oh! and I see myself just sitting there on the side of the bed, and yet I’m here! I’m going into myself!”²⁶

Approaching a Bright Light in a Tunnel

NDErs also report approaching a bright light in the OBE state. Sometimes they approach the light through a tunnel or dark place.

“I saw light going through this tunnel.” ²⁷

“I was floating and everything around me was dark.... And then there it was, a tunnel...with a very bright light at the end.” ²⁸

“I moved...out through the top of my head.... I noticed a bright light up ahead...with a brightness so brilliant it was beyond light.” ²⁹

When alien entities abducted Betty as a teen in 1950 and later as an adult in 1967, she was brought before a huge glass or clear crystal-like door. She was told that she was going *home* to meet *The One*.

1950: “I went in the door and it’s very bright.... I’m where there is light.”³⁰

²⁶ Raymond E. Fowler, ***Watchers II***, (Wildflower, Pres, Newberg, OR, 1995) Pg. 146. 147.

²⁷ Moody, 65.

²⁸ Melvin Morse, M.D. with Paul Perry, ***Transformed by the Light*** (New York: Villard books, 1992), p. 52.

²⁹ P.M.H. Atwater, ***Coming Back to Life***, (New York: Dodd, mead & Co., Inc., 1988) p. 43

³⁰ Atwater, 43.

1967: “It [The Great Door] is the entrance to the other world. The world where light is.... Is this beautiful...I’m just engulfed in light.”³¹

A Presence or Being of Unconditional Love

When NDErs enter the light, they are confronted by a presence or being (seen or sensed) that radiates and engulfs them with pure unconditional love that is indescribable.

*“I noticed...a bright light ahead.... I was absorbed by it as if engulfed by a force field. I cannot describe how it felt, except to say it was inside bliss.”*³²

*“I floated ... into this pure crystal-clear light.... I didn’t see a person in this light, and yet it has a special identity. It is a light of perfect understanding and love.”*³³

Betty also found the feeling of unconditional love within the light impossible to articulate with words when she was brought to see The One later in 1989. Her face literally glowed with joy.

*1989: “Oh the Light is all over. It is wonderful. I cannot explain the wonder and beauty and love and peace. It is so joyous!”*³⁴

³¹ Melvin Morse, M.D with Paul Perry, *Closer to the Light* (New York: Villard books, 1990) p. 117.

³² Atwater, 43.

³³ Moody, 68.

³⁴ Fowler, *The Watchers II*, 296.

Oneness

In addition to feeling unconditional love, NDErs immersed in the light receive a sense of knowing and understanding reality in its ultimate nature. Everything is part of a whole and fits at together or is *One*.

*“I could see how everything...fits together.”*³⁵

Betty experienced the exact same understanding when engulfed by the brilliant light that the entities called The One.

*1950: “I understand that everything is One. Everything fits together.”*³⁶

Robed Entities

NDErs also meet with tall, white-robed entities in the light that appear to be human-like in appearance. Some think that they are angels or religious figures.

I have on two occasions seen robed entities for a moment looking at me. One day while entering our garage I glanced up and saw a white-robed figure looking at me who then faded away. The other example is recorded in my personal diary.

March 15, 1998 (A.M.) Margaret woke me from a nightmare, which I cannot remember. Went back to sleep but woke with a start later to use the bathroom. As yesterday, when I returned and got into bed the clock read 4:44. On the way back to the bedroom I had a fleeting glimpse of what looked like the same *black robed figure* that I use to see during my “little hall” experiences. It was standing looking at me at the landing on top of the stairs. However, the figure disappeared

³⁵ Morse, 117.

³⁶ Fowler, *The Watchers II*, 283.

so fast that I am not sure if it were my imagination or not. Later I awoke to see the clock turn from 5:54 to 5:55 and fell back to sleep.

Two more examples given by NDE researcher Kenneth Ring are as follows.

*“The light came closer and closer at a high rate of speed. It then took on the shape of a man in a white robe.”*³⁷

*“It was all bright then.... He was tall.... He had a white robe on.”*³⁸

*“He was about seven feet tall and wore a long white gown.”*³⁹

Betty also encountered tall human-like entities. They wore white robes and led her to *The Great Door* that was the entrance to the world of light and the One. The following two excerpts are Betty describing these entities during a UFO abduction as a teen in 1950 and later as an adult in 1978. Note the child’s description of the white robe.

*1950: “There is a tall white-haired man standing there, and he’s got a long nightgown.”*⁴⁰

*1978: “... looks like men in white robes.”*⁴¹

³⁷ Kenneth Ring, *The Omega Project*, p. 102

³⁸ Michael B. Sabom, *Recollections of Death – A Medical Investigation*, (New York: Harper and Row Publishers, 1982) p. 49.

³⁹ Morse, *Transformed by the Light*, pg. 29.

⁴⁰ Fowler, *The Watchers II*, p. 284.

⁴¹ *The Watchers II*, p. 284.

1989: “I see someone coming now. There’s someone - there’s a tall person coming dressed in white.” ⁴²

Beings of Light

Sometimes NDErs report that these otherworldly entities dressed in white become beings of light!

I encountered a robed female *Being of Light* at my Big Hall experience described elsewhere in this article and my father had many experiences with robed beings of light. The following is transcribed from a taped conversation that I had with him in 1993.

Author: What did they look like?

Father: They were beautiful, noble-looking.

Author: What did they wear?

Father: Robes in golden-white rays of light.

The following are additional quotations from NDE researcher Dr. Melvin Morse’s book *Closer to the Light*.

“A being was at my side, a being of light.” ⁴³

*“Like two people that were coming toward me...just outlines of light.”*⁴⁴

⁴²*The Watchers II*, p. 284.

⁴³ Morse, *Closer to the Light*, p. 142

⁴⁴ Sabom, *Reflections of Death*, pg. 44.

During one of her adult OBE/abductions, Betty also reported seeing glowing entities. They appeared to be shaped like humans but were composed of light.

1978: And there are other forms that look like people, but they're light.... They're just like human forms, but they're light! There's no features."⁴⁵

Turning into Light

After NDErs enter the light, they find that they, like the light beings that they encounter, become light beings themselves.

*"Suddenly, I was suspended in total light.... I was dressed in a flowing glowing light."*⁴⁶

*"I left my body.... I took on the same form as the light."*⁴⁷

Betty experienced the identical phenomenon during her adult OBE/UFO abduction experiences in 1978 and 1989. Note that she calls the white robed beings "Elders."

*1978: "My whole body looks like it's becoming light."*⁴⁸

*1989: "The Elder is changing to a white light being and...the gray is changing into a light blue one as we're running closer to the light and...I'm starting to change into a golden-colored light! This is beautiful."*⁴⁹

⁴⁵ Fowler, *The Watchers*, p. 158.

⁴⁶ Ring, *The Omega Project*, p. 102.

⁴⁷ Moody, *Life after Life*, p. 102.

⁴⁸ Fowler, *The Watchers II*, p. 286.

⁴⁹ Fowler, *The Watchers II*, p. 287.

NDErs report that communication with the light and the light beings is not audible but by transfer of thought.

*"I hear a voice...but like a hearing beyond the physical sense."*⁵⁰

*"Without talking with our voices...it just registered in my brain."*⁵¹

Betty also reported that communication between herself and her abductors was by mental telepathy.

*1989: "The two of them think exactly alike, you know? When the one is talking to me, it is like they're both talking to me, because they have the same thoughts.... It's like he's talking somehow to him through the mind."*⁵²

Timelessness

NDErs also describe the place where they have been brought as being a timeless environment.

*"I learned there are no limits, no time.... No past. No future. Only right now, this instant."*⁵³

*"I realized that time as we see it on the clock isn't how time really is."*⁵⁴

⁵⁰Moody, *Life after Life*, p. 57.

⁵¹Sabom, *Recollections of Death*, p. 47.

⁵² Fowler, *Synchrofile*, p.215.

⁵³Atwater, *Coming back to Life*, p. 77.

⁵⁴Morse, *Transformed by the Light*, p. 75.

Indeed, NDE researcher Phyllis Atwater writes that:

Almost every single person returns knowing time does not exist. They come back knowing time is a matter of consciousness: past and future are really qualities of perception. ⁵⁵

UFO abductees Betty and her husband Bob Luca both encountered the timelessness of the place where they were taken to by UFO entities.

Betty: "Time to them is not like our time, but they know about our time." ⁵⁶

Alien to Betty: "Time with us is not your time. The place with you is localized. It is not with us." ⁵⁷

Bob: "There's no time up here. There is no time! And nothing changes. They said beyond my understanding." ⁵⁸

Home

Both NDErs and Betty were told that the world of light is their real *Home*.

NDEr: [Suddenly he regained consciousness before again dying. He also said] "I shall go to my home. Angels have come to take me away." ⁵⁹

⁵⁵Atwater, p. 82.

⁵⁶Fowler, *The Andreasson Affair*, (Wildflower Press, Columbus, 1979) p. 143.

⁵⁷ Fowler, *Synchrofile*, p. 215.

⁵⁸ Fowler, *Synchrofile*, p. 215.

⁵⁹ Morse, *Closer to the Light*, p. 49.

NDEr: "I could see my mother...just saying, "Come on home, come on home." ⁶⁰

Betty: "They [UFO entities] said, "We're going to take you home.... Home is where The One is." ⁶¹

Wishing to remain in the Light

Once at the light-filled door to the world of light called home, neither NDEr or UFO abductee Betty [Andreasson] Luca want to return to their bodies and to earth.

NDEr: "I didn't want to go back. That was the last thing I wanted to do.... So, I threw a tantrum.... 'Why can't I stay?' I yelled." ⁶²

Betty: "I don't want to go. I don't want to go back. I want to stay!" ⁶³

Love is Everything

The consistent message given to NDErs to bring back to earth with them is that love is the most important thing in the universe. Betty was told the same thing.

NDEr: "Love...is the main reason for our existence as human beings in our physical bodies.... We cannot fully experience love unless we also know compassion...the ability to know pain and

⁶⁰ Sabom, *Recollections of Death*, pp, 49.50.

⁶¹ Fowler, *Watchers II*, p. 289.

⁶² Morse, *Transformed by the Light*, p. 53.

⁶³ Fowler, *Synchrofile*, p. 216.

*loss – not just our own pain and loss, but the ability to feel the pain and loss of others.”*⁶⁴

*Betty: “He says...love is the greatest of all...because of great love, they cannot let man continue in the footsteps that he is going.”*⁶⁵

Life Review

Some components of the NDE are not reported during UFO abductions. They do not, as many NDErs do, recognize the entities dressed in white robes as deceased relatives or friends. They may not experience what NDE researchers call the *Life Review*. During this process, the NDEr *instantly* experiences his or her complete past life experiences in a dynamic three-dimensional format. Betty was once shown one past incident in her life on a TV-like screen which shows that the UFO entities have this capability and may have used it with other abductees.

*Betty: It’s a time when I was in a church and it looks like it is happening right now. It’s so life-like.*⁶⁶

*NDEr: “My life passed before me ... even things I had forgotten all about. Every single emotion, all the happy times, the sad times, the angry times, the love, the reconciliation – everything was there. Nothing was left out.”*⁶⁷

⁶⁴ Ring, *The Omega Project*, p. 178.

⁶⁵ Fowler, *The Andreasson Affair*, p. 121.

⁶⁶ Fowler, *The Watchers II*, p. 124.

⁶⁷ Kenneth Ring and Evelyn Elsassar Valarino, *Lessons from the Light*, (New York and London Insight Books, Plenum Press, 1998), P. 148, 149.

Future Known

The Entities who greet NDErs typically give them this same basic message. They are commanded to go back to their body because *it is not their time*. The reason given for sending them is intriguing and relative to our discussion.

“It is not time yet.... You have work to do.” ⁶⁸

“Go back. Your work on earth has not been completed. Go back now.” ⁶⁹

“And a voice, a clear voice, said, “You can’t go yet. You have unfinished business.” ⁷⁰

The entities that UFO abductee Betty [Andreasson] Luca encountered also appeared to have known her life intimately. They physically interfaced with her life by abductions since childhood. The entities told her that all things were planned and predicted things that would happen in her life. They told her about the imminent upcoming death of her two sons, which they could not prevent. Betty was horrified and visited me in a distraught condition just two days before her sons were killed in an automobile accident. I tried to dismiss her anxiety as pure imagination until I received word of their death a few days later.

The NDE/Past Live Experiences Connection

For the last 40 years, researchers at the University of Virginia, Division of Personality Studies, have documented over 2500 cases of children who remember previous lives. Their studies also include

⁶⁸ Ring, *The Omega Project*, p. 101.

⁶⁹ Moody, *Life after Life*, p. 76.

⁷⁰ Sabom, *Recollections of Death*, p.54.

children who had near death experiences. Results indicate that both enter and return from another worldly realm just as adults have reported similar experiences. NDE researcher Kenneth Ring also finds this to be reported in his studies published in his book, *Heading toward Omega*.⁷¹ He writes that NDErs seem to have what is not merely a past life, but a Past lives, review – i.e., They claim to be aware of events from their previous incarnations, or simply that they have lived before.

An example of this type of knowledge can be seen in a letter written to Dr. Ken Ring by John Robinson:

*It is a matter of personal knowledge from what the being with whom I spoke during my near-death experience told me about my older son, that he had had 14 incarnations in female physical bodies before the life he has just had.*⁷²

Another experiencer whose testimony is included in Ring's audiotape archives gave this account:

*I had a lot of questions, and I wanted to know what they [the light beings she encountered in her near-death experience] were doing – why are you just kind of milling around here? And someone stepped forward ... it wasn't just one ... I got information from a number of them ... that they were all waiting for reincarnation.*⁷³

On April 30, 1976 Sandra Rogers died of a self-inflicted gun wound. During her Near-Death experience, she was given the choice to remain in the light if she would later reincarnate to overcome her reason

⁷¹ Kenneth Ring, *Heading toward Omega*, William Morrow, New York, 1984, 1985.

⁷² Amber Wells, *Dr. Ring's Reincarnation and Near-Death Experience Research*, Near-death.com/reincarnation/research/Kenneth Ring.html (Accessed, January 22, 2019), P. 2.

⁷³ Amber, 1.

for suicide or she could be revived to live out the rest of her life to overcome her problems here and now.⁷⁴

Ring also heard testimony of this kind of direct knowledge in some of his interviews. One experiencer, whose account is recorded in Ring's audiotape archives, commented:

*My whole life went before me of things I have done and haven't done, but not just of this one lifetime, but of all the lifetimes. I know for a fact there is reincarnation. This is an absolute. I was shown all those lives and how I had overcome some of the things I had done in other lives. There were still some things to be corrected.*⁷⁵

NDES and Psychic Phenomena

NDErs, like UFO experiencers often are affected by psychic phenomena. The results of Dr. Kenneth Ring's Psychic Experience Inventory (PEI), in his book *Heading toward Omega*, show that NDErs have a strong acceptance of certain psychic and spiritual phenomena following their NDEs. His PEI indicates that many NDErs claim that their psychic sensitivities have developed strikingly since their NDE experience. He writes:

*Sonya, who has experienced a gamut of psychic phenomena, especially precognition, since her own NDE is typical when she asserts her psychic abilities [have changed] dramatically. "My psychic abilities have increased...they're just there now, where they weren't before."*⁷⁶

⁷⁴ Amber 2.

⁷⁵ Amber, 1.

⁷⁶ Ring, 174.

Ring goes on to state that NDEr psychic experiences, [like UFO abductee Grace Bernor experienced – Case 2A] are a classic instance of bilocation. Again, like UFO abductee Grace Bernor:

According to the accounts we have received, NDErs may see the apparitions of others, or they themselves may become the apparitions of others in a quasi-physical fashion.

Sometimes an NDEr will feel that he or she “travels to” the site of another’s death rather than seeing an apparition of a dead person.⁷⁷

My father asked by a friend to pray by for him to reduce his stress on taking a trip on an airplane. My father complied and appeared to his friend as an apparition of himself in the aisle of the airplane to give him comfort. [As mentioned, I once saw myself two feet away walking to and by me in the cellar to go upstairs].

After Death Communication

Another unworldly *intelligence* that reportedly interfaces with human beings is called a *ghost*. It is sometimes experienced as yet another psychic ability of *UFO* abductees and NDErs.

Such an event has been dubbed an *After-Death Communication* [ADC] by researchers into this phenomenon. If ADCs correspond to reality, they too could be behind some forms of causal synchronistic events in our lives brought about intelligences. Many books have been written on such events. Witnesses have experienced auditory, visual, olfactory, sleep state, tactile, telephone, symbolic and OBE ADC’s.

An excellent and well-researched book on this subject is entitled *Hello from Heaven*⁷⁸ authored by William and Judith Guggenheim.

⁷⁷ Ring, 177. 178.

⁷⁸ Guggenheim, William and Judith, *Hello from Heaven*, Bantam Books, 1997.

Two common types of ADCs are interventions by the deceased *to provide comfort* and *to provide protection*. I have come across a number of these two types myself. Rather than quote from accounts by other researchers, I will restrict the following to those that I have recorded from family and others. If such incidents reflect reality, they indicate that our lives are being watched by those have passed on and/or the robed entities from the world of light.

To Provide Comfort

The following incidents involve family members. They appear to have happened to assure us that those who have passed on are all right and are looking after us.

Mother

Comforted by Her mother and her sister Priscilla who appeared beside her bedside in the hospital. - Warned by Priscilla that Nephew was reneging on promise to pay her funeral expenses.

Aunts

Aunt Priscilla- Mother appeared to comfort her shortly her death.

Aunt Lois - Uncle she had cared for appeared smiling in his rocking chair.

Cousin Betty Gadbois and Sons

Betty

Betty heard her father, Uncle Charlies, knock on the door three times and called her name. She opened the door, but no one was there. Soon after she received a telephone call that he had died.

Cousin Betty's sons [Peter and Paul]

They were sitting in a restaurant when an old man came up to Peter and called him his “golden boy” and his “Peter Rabbit and that he was going to live with him. Peter asked him where he lived. When the man replied that he lived with Jesus, that was quite enough for Peter. He told the man to go away and stop bothering them. As the man left, Peter yelled out, “Who are you anyway?” The man stopped, turned around and replied, “My name is Charlie and you’re coming to live with me. Later, Betty told Peter that those were *nicknames* their grandfather gave him and that his description fit his grandfather.

Friend

David Harris was temporarily comforted by his daughter’s *voice in his head* after she was killed in an automobile accident -. His mother contacted him by voice in his head to retrieve and protect her jewelry in a hidden section of her sewing basket that her housekeeper had in her possession. Dave investigated and retrieved the jewelry from the basket.

Mother

My mother passed away on March 8, 1988. Several times since, I have heard or imagined hearing her voice call to me by my nickname,” Buster,” and awaking me from sleep. Once, I had a different kind of experience with my late mother. I have a mild case of *apnea*. I have had no serious problems with this condition until one night in September of 2002. The following is recorded from my diary.

September 22, 2002: I awoke abruptly when I felt my left arm yanked. I sat up in bed and saw my mother’s face and part of her body glowing and hovering over the left side of my bed saying “Buster, you just stopped breathing!” I believe that there was a brief conversation, which I cannot remember before she faded away, I have a mild case of apnea and must have stopped breathing.

Father

December 19, 2009: Dad again? Yesterday I was reading a new book entitled “Visits from Heaven”. As I read the accounts of visitations, I thought of the 3 times that my father seemed to have let me know he was around. Each time this had happened, I was trying to contact him. THE FIRST TIME I found his picture on top of things in my bureau that wasn’t there before. THE SECOND TIME my study alarm clock (which I never used as an alarm clock) sounded its alarm at midnight at the same time my wrist watch alarm also went off at midnight (which I had not set). THE 3RD TIME, we awoke with the furnace emergency switch turned off and the house very cold – neither of us touched the heavy toggle switch. So, this time I thought to myself, “Dad, you seem some to be able to affect electrical things to make yourself known. So, if this were really you doing this, it would be good to confirm to me that these events in the past were really you doing it. Well, this morning as I came down stairs, I heard my wife issuing a phrase that meant I was in trouble, i.e., MR. FOWLER! I Thought “What did I do now?” She said that I must have turned the thermostat up to 70 degrees before going to bed and that I was wasting oil. I told her that I hardly ever even touch the thermostat as we always most always keep it low, at least at 55 -60 degrees because we use the pellet stove to help heat the house. She had faithfully left it at 60 degrees prior to our retiring and thought that I must have turned it up to 70 degrees. Of course, I never touched it so again there is another incident of Dad responding to my wishes.

May 12, 2013: Unfortunately, I have not been recording some unusual events that take place in the morning while I am in bed waiting for Margaret to call me at 6:20. Sometimes I oversleep. In any event there have been a number of times that either I hear her voice awakening me when she has not actually done so, or her alarm will go off when it is not set. This morning, for instance, at exactly 6:20 her alarm clock (not set) gave off beeps

as I lay in bed already awake. Since I am talking about the alarm clock, the following is worth repeating. I lost the 2012 diary in which it was recorded.

Diary 2012: I had mentioned to Margaret how I believe Dad had used the furnace emergency switch, appearance of his photo and an alarm clock to let me know he was around. She said such things never happened to her so she could not believe that they happened. The next morning, I was awakened by her alarm clock sending Morse Code. She had already got up so did not hear it. It sent MF MF MF 3 times and stopped. I told her about it, but she found it hard to believe that her alarm clock which was not set could even have gone off. Later, when I mentioned it to my brother Dick, he said that Dad (Former Navy Radio Operator) often sounded out his children's and my sister's children's initials in Morse Code in their ears! MF would be Margaret's initials!

To Provide Protection

During one of Betty Andreasson's encounters with an alien entity, she was told that her two sons were going to die. Their names were Jim and Todd. You will meet Jim on the next page. Betty, however, has another son named Scott. Scott did not wish to speak with me but allowed his sister to take notes while he told her the following account. [Scott had gotten in an altercation with two men at a restaurant and felt it best to get up and leave].

Scotty went to leave the restaurant. When he did, they followed him outdoors and into the back alley where he was walking to his hotel room. And they pulled a knife on him. They stabbed him in the lower back, threw him in a dumpster and left him there; probably thinking that he would die. Sometime later, Scotty came to and found himself lying on the cold tar about twenty yards from the dumpster. Evidently, he must have climbed out, stumbled out. It was early in the morning, around three or four o'clock. As he lay there, he felt someone grab him around the waist and lift him up. He heard someone say, "You'll be all

right, Scott.” Then, as Scott turned around, he was shocked to see his brother Jimmy who had been dead for eight years! Jimmy said again, “You’ll be all right, Scott.” Scott grabbed his brother’s shoulders and said, “Take the knife out!” Jimmy did so, and Scott suddenly felt relaxed. Scott was holding Jimmy’s shoulder and Jimmy was holding him as they walked from the dark alley to a lit street. Scott said the he felt stronger as he walked with his brother to a hospital. When they arrived and walked into the hospital, Jimmy looked down at him and said, “Scott, you did well to walk into the hospital.” Someone then hollered, “I need a doctor!” A doctor arrived and Jimmy swung Scott to the left as the doctor pulled his eyelid up, checking his eyes. Nurses came running and put Scott on a gurney. And Jim kept on telling him that he was going to be fine and that everything was going to be all right and that Scotty was strong and that he would make it. And Scott watched Jim turn around and leave as they wheeled him away on the gurney in the emergency room. There he had three interior and four exterior stitches because of the knife wound. He never saw his brother again. He still has the scar from the knife wound.

Pre-Death Knowledge told by UFO Entities

Case 11

One of the saddest events that took place during my long relationship with Betty Andreasson was the death of two of her sons. It was also one of the more ominous occurrences because the UFO entities had told Betty Andreasson ahead of time that here two sons were going to die. After being told about her sons' impending death, the entity caused Betty not to remember until a later date. However, her subconscious mind still held the terrible secret. When she awoke on October 20, 1977, after the bedtime visitation, she found herself in a deep depression. Although she had no remembrance of her nocturnal visitor, she nevertheless had the strongest of premonitions that something terrible was about to happen.

During that day, Betty became so upset that she phoned and told me about it. I encouraged her to visit and chat about it on the following day. Betty brought her then new boyfriend, Bob Luca, with her. When they arrived, Betty was an emotional wreck about the terrible sense of foreboding that hung over her like a sense of impending death. I comforted her as best as I could, and she returned home. Twenty-four hours later, both of her sons, Jimmy and Todd were killed in an automobile accident.

Case 12

For over years, I have kept some pages clipped out of a *Science & Mechanics* magazine. It is a wonder that I did. I usually discarded the report written in it as outlandish and products of a mentally ill mind. But here it is synchronistically waiting for me for its pertinent use in this article. It contains a bizarre UFO report thoroughly investigated by Science & Mechanics editor Lloyd Mallon. The following are brief segments of his detailed report interspersed with a taped interview excerpts with the witness Rita Malley. The incident took place on a December evening as Rita was driving her car along a lonely highway in upper New York State:

"There are no street lights in that area. It's kind of a barren stretch-fields and hills on both sides. "Just when I was midway between North Lansing, I noticed this brilliant red glow, like, on the inside of my car, as though it were coming from the rear. 'Ah, oh!' I thought. 'It's a police car. I've been speeding.' I looked in the rear-view mirror and saw nothing. " There was nothing but this red light covering everything. I thought it was the cops, but I kept going, just waiting for the sound of their sirens to tell me to pull over off the road. "I had just come around a bend in the highway and, this object, whatever it was, suddenly appeared at my left. It had brilliant red and green lights underneath and must have been 55 to 60 feet in diameter. It was round and had a little dome-like thing on top."

Rita Malley was almost in tears as she described the object. There was fear in her voice as she continued.

*It was, I realized, awfully quiet in the back seat and I looked back to see what Dana [her child] was doing. And I yelled at him. "Dana, Dana! Are you all right?" His response was nothing. His eyelids were not moving. He was sitting straight up. His eyes were just bugging right out of his head. "The object extended a white beam of light from underneath-and it just completely took right over the controls of my car. My car stopped moving when it stopped. "My first thought was to grab Dana and get out of the car and run. Then I thought, 'What good is it to run?' This object, this thing, had got complete control of me. I was shaking. "I just I kept stamping on the accelerator, but the car wouldn't move forward. but moved sideways until we were sitting on a field of alfalfa. The headlights had slowly dimmed, and the motor had stopped. down below an idle, which is hardly turning over. I was trying all the tricks I knew to get the car started. A hum from object sounded like a whole swarm of bees, a cluster of bees. And suddenly these voices came out of the thing, that sounded like a chorus of voices saying: **Paul Donald's, Moravia, killed near or in Massena in a tractor-trailer owned by Joe Etinger, Moravia.** "I did not know Paul Donald, except by name, because I knew his sister Marian Donald " And then they said in a stilted way: **Your son will not remember the time stop the car from the time you left the highway.**' Then the car started to move back toward the road and gradually came right up onto the highway, to my proper position in the right-hand lane. My lights came back on. I still had no control of the car as we moved along the highway. Then I noticed some cars coming toward me. At this point the thing ascended toward the south and I was immediately in control of my car again. We walked into the house. I was in a daze and hysterical.⁷⁹*

⁷⁹ Mallan, Lloyd, Ed., *Science and Mechanics: A terrifying Encounter*, July 1968, pp.31-35,96.

Rita's husband comforted her and said that they should forget the whole thing and get on with their lives. However, the next day they heard the sad news.

The next day-it was late in the afternoon-I received a phone call from my sister who works at Cornell University. She said, 'What do you think of Paul Donald's' getting killed in Massena?' I was shocked. I didn't know what to think. And I said, 'You're kidding!' She said, very seriously, 'No, I'm not.' " The details were exactly as the voices said. Paul Donald's had been killed in a tractor-trailer owned by Joel Ettinger. That was the first I had heard of the actual tragedy. We'd just moved out this way and were not having any newspaper delivered yet.⁸⁰

Such a report, coupled with the Lucas's experiences and Dr. Ring's finding of a UFO/NDE connection, seems to be telling us that whoever controls the NDE and the UFO phenomenon is intimately connected with both the life and the afterlife of human beings. This is a deeply profound revelation with ever-escalating implications for humankind!

The next UFO encounter pertinent to our discussion has many similarities to both the Lucas' and Rita's experiences. Like Betty, the three witnesses were artists and devout Christians. Like, Rita, they too had the controls of their automobile taken over by a UFO. Important to our discussion is the fact that one of the abductees believed that she was told by the entities of her *impending death*. This incident took place at Stanford, Kentucky, and involved the abduction of three women from their car on January 6, 1976. The trio witnessed a bright red object in the sky, which they thought was a large aircraft on fire. A number of independent witness reported this same object in the area.

⁸⁰ Mallan, 96.

When the object approached, the driver lost control of the car. She could neither steer nor control its speed. The object was, metallic and disc-shaped with a *dome on top* and a ring of red lights around it. A yellow light shone from its underside. Suddenly, a beam of bluish white light shot out from it and engulfed the car. Their last remembrance was the car somehow being moved into a roadside pasture. One hour and twenty minutes later, they found themselves intact in the car driving home to Liberty. They could not account for the missing time, the inflammation of their eyes and anomalous burns on the exposed flesh of their bodies.

Under hypnosis, the women relived being separated and taken to different locations for what seemed to be examinations or tests. One, whose eyes were allowed to be open during the process, described her abductors as four-foot-tall humanoids with dark eyes and gray skin. Another was confronted with human-like entities both during and after the abduction. One was described as a "Biblical-like" entity. [Robed entity again?]

It is beyond the scope of this article to record all the amazing details that surfaced from the investigation of this report. As mentioned, some paralleled Betty's 1950 and 1967 experiences, including the *removal of eyes*, being *taken through a tunnel chipped out of rock*, *OBEs*, and continuing *paranormal effects* after the abduction experience. All three women also took and passed polygraph tests.

So far, like the initial segment of the Malley case, we seem to be dealing with the elements of a typical UFO encounter. But, like the Malley case, it contains atypical components of high strangeness. One of the abductees, Mona Stafford, insisted that she had been treated differently from her friends, who had both undergone a terrifying physical examination with painful aftereffects.

It had been rumored that another of the three abductees, Elaine Thomas, had confided to investigators that the entities were going to come back for her at death. I heard that she had died and wondered if

the rumors leading to her death contained any substance. I contacted Jerry Black, one of the chief investigators of the case. He confirmed what I had heard. Pertinent excerpts from my conversation with him are as follows:

RAY: It seems that one of the women, I don't know if it was Mona or Louise ... [had] some of premonition of exactly when she was going to die.

JERRY: That was Elaine Thomas. She did pass away. She said that she was going to die, and it would look like some type of an accident and they [the entities] were coming back to get her, is what she said. She said that less than three months of when she did pass away, she started feeling bad. She had been to the hospital twice. They couldn't find anything. I called her doctor. He said that all he knows is that she spit up some kind of *oily stuff*, and he didn't save it, and she died the next day. The EKG showed no sign of a heart attack any heart condition. And so, I asked why he had put down heart conditions on the death certificate. He said, "Well, because I had no choice. What did you want me to put down?" I don't have any way of knowing if there was anything wrong or not. They don't believe in autopsies down in that part of Kentucky.

RAY: But she did equate it with what had happened to her?

JERRY: Well, she did. She did. She had told Mona, when she was visiting her in the hospital. "Please make them understand that all of this really happened to us. It really happened the way we said." What was interesting was that a ball of light appeared in her room the night she passed away. She was in a semi-private room, and, according to Mona, the other patient [Who saw it, too] obviously got upset. It wasn't anything big, just a small ball of light just bouncing along off the walls and stuff very slowly, and the other patient called the nurse, and the nurse, according to Mona, saw it and then shortly afterwards, it just went out or

disappeared, and Elaine explained to the nurse that "It's just them coming to get me".

What are we dealing with? First, we have a woman who underwent a UFO abduction experience. Secondly, this same woman knew she was about to die and believed that the alien entities would come for her at death. Thirdly, on the night of her death, her room was visited by a ball of light. All three of these components have striking commonalties with the near-death experience.

Pre-death warnings and balls of light are also common elements in UFO and NDE reports.

NDE researcher Melvin Morse records that:

When a Patient who had a near death experience and floated out her body, she saw a ball of light approach her body and listened as her body and the ball of light carried on a conversation. Finally, the ball of light said: "You won't join us for another thirty years." She then returned to her body.⁸¹

Coincidental or Correlative UFO/Death Report

I would be remiss not to mention the following two incidents that appear to relate to the UFO phenomenon and paranormal knowledge concerning the human death experience.

The first concerns a phone call in the night that I had received many years ago. I remember it well because of its bizarre nature. At the time, I didn't know what to make of it. I neither recorded the date nor made a paraphrased record of the conversation. The following is my best recollection of the phone conversation. The phone call was allegedly from one very upset nurse. She was familiar with The

⁸¹ Melvin Morse with Paul Perry, *Closer to the Light* (New York: Villard books, 1990) p.196.

Andreasson Affair and Betty's sketches of the small gray aliens. She said that she responded to a call from an elderly patient who was deathly ill. The old woman described a terrifying experience to her. The patient said that she had awakened to see a group of small gray creatures with big heads standing around her bed. They seemed to be examining her. When she awoke and looked at them in terror, they just disappeared. The patient did not equate the creatures with UFOs but was in a panic as she simply described what she had seen. The nurse told me that she compelled to call and tell me. She tracked down my phone number through information. If we take this nurse's report at face value, we have a situation where a person near death suddenly awakes to see the typical group of gray UFO entities around her. Was this a hallucination? If so, why did she describe the exact replica of UFO entities under such a circumstance? Had the elderly person unknowingly begun an NDE and seen these entities during a fleeting OBE? Does this account provide another clue to a UFO/afterlife connection?

The second report came to me through a friend who heard the story told by a family he was visiting. A woman and her daughter were visiting from Texas. She awoke during the night by a light shining through the window. She called her daughter to see it. Then she heard a voice in her head that said: "Your husband wants to see you". She was terrified especially when the voice persisted that she come see her husband. She told whoever or whatever that she was "not going to go", over and over again until the light faded, and everything was back to normal. The question is whether she was dealing with a UFO or the opening to the tunnel that NDErs enter when they die. I hope to follow up on this interesting case. The witness returned to Texas before I could investigate.

Death – The Ultimate Abduction

UFO abductees come back from their abductions with detailed accounts of their experiences with humanoid entities that carried them away. It is now time to record the accounts of what NDErs claim to

have *observed* beyond encountering a radiant being of light that meets and sends them back to their bodies. How do NDErs describe where they were taken? Who else do they report seeing? What do they say? These questions must be answered to obtain an overview of the UFO/NDE connection for final analysis.

Description of Death's Foyer

*I felt as if I had been in another dimension, maybe spiritually many, many light years away from this planet and felt like an alien back here.*⁸²

*After this experience ...it seemed as if I was a stranger living on another planet. I felt so different. I have never truly felt the same since this incident happened No longer is this Earth my Home."*⁸³

*I suddenly found myself in a rolling field. It was beautiful, and everything was an intense green-a color unlike anything on Earth. There was light-beautiful, uplifting light-all around me"*⁸⁴

*I could see something which one could take to be buildings. The whole thing was permeated with the most gorgeous light.*⁸⁵

All of a sudden, I was somewhere else. There was a gold-looking light, everywhere. Beautiful, I couldn't find a source anywhere. It

⁸² Ring, *The Omega Project*, 106.

⁸³ Ring, 107.

⁸⁴ Moody, *Life after Life*, 73.

⁸⁵ Moody, *Life after Life*, 76.

*was just all around, coming from everywhere I seemed to be in a countryside with streams, grass, and trees, mountains.*⁸⁶

*Off in the distance ... I could see a city. There were buildings-separate buildings. They were gleaming bright...sparkling water, fountains ...a city of light I guess would be the way to say it.*⁸⁷

Taking these descriptions at face value, NDErs are brought to a place similar to Earth, but in another dimension. Although in an out of body state, the NDEr is just as physical in this realm or dimension as the trees, flowers, grass and buildings around them. The last description noted might as well have been a description by Betty gazing out of the cylindrical space ship's windows at the star-studded sky! Even Dr. Ring admits that this particular experience would be hard to differentiate from a UFO OBE abduction experience.

⁸⁶ Raymond Moody, *Reflections on Life after Life*, ((New York: Bantam/Mockingbird Book, 1977) p. 16,

⁸⁷ Moody, 17.

Greeters at Death's Foyer

Another common thread running through hundreds of recorded NDEs is an encounter with family members or friends who have previously died. They, like the entities that Betty, Bob and others have encountered, often are wearing white robes!

*I see this guy with a long robe I do not know him but have the feeling he is one of my grandfathers. They have both died before I was born."*⁸⁸

I recognized my grandmother and a girl I had known when I was in school, and many other relatives and friends I felt that they had come to protect or guide me. It was almost as if I were coming home, and they were there to greet or to welcome me. I had the feeling of everything light and beautiful. ⁸⁹

*Bob had been killed Bob was standing there ...not in the physical form, yet just as clearly, his looks, everything It was kind of a clear body.*⁹⁰

Instantly from the other side appeared Uncle Carl, who had died many years earlier." ⁹¹

Greeters' Message to NDErs

Greeters' Message to NDErs, those who greet NDErs, whether relatives, strangers or the loving being, or beings of light typically give them the same basic message. Either they are given the choice to stay or

⁸⁸ Ring, 101.

⁸⁹ Moody, *Life after Life*, 55, 56.

⁹⁰ Moody, 55, 56, 76.

⁹¹ Moody, 76.

they are arbitrarily commanded to go back to their body because it is not their time. The reasons given for sending them back are intriguing. Let us examine some typical examples.

*It is not time yet. You have work to do.*⁹²

*Go back. Your work on Earth has not been completed. Go back now.*⁹³

*We'll see you later, but not this time. We're here to show you the way If you do not wish to go. Don't be concerned. We'll be back for you And a voice, a clear voice, said, "You can't go yet. You have unfinished business." And I hear a voice say, "Go back!"and whoever spoke said my work on Earth wasn't over yet, that I had to go back to complete it.... All I hear was his voice; it was loud, thundering, just like a clap of thunder coming out of nowhere.*⁹⁴

*They said I had solved most of my problems and could now go either way. That meant I could either stay with them in the light or go back to my body. It was up to me, and it wasn't necessary to stay with them.*⁹⁵

Estimate of the Situation

It is most intriguing that many NDErs are told to return to their bodies because either they have not yet finished their task, or they have not yet solved their problems. In either case, it implies that the persons being addressed have unfinished business to attend to before returning

⁹² Ring, 101.

⁹³ Moody, *Life after Life*, 76.

⁹⁴ Sabom, 54.

⁹⁵ Morse, 4,

to their home in the world of light. In other instances, NDErs are simply told to return because it's not time for them to come. In others, they are simply given the choice to stay or go. All of the above scenarios imply that the greeters at death's door are fully aware of the identity, given task and death date of the NDEr.

It is quite apparent, if we pool all the evidence together relating to the similarities between the Lucas' reported experiences and the reports brought back by NDErs, that the white-robed entities reported by both UFO abductees and NDErs bear a striking resemblance to one another. This similarity not only involves their physical appearance, but as we have seen in the preceding chapter, many other facets of their nature as well.

It may be that we no longer have to take into consideration a parallel development of humanoid life forms on an extra-solar planet. It may very well be that they coexist with us, but in another plane of existence where time as we know it does not exist. Is it possible that they are us? Is what we call physical death just another step-in human evolution? Is it the ultimate abduction? Have our ancestors gone on ahead of us and continued their existence and evolution in a world beyond our physical senses?

The entities encountered by NDErs are human in appearance and, like humans, wear clothes. Their environment is similar to that of the Earth's except everything is bathed in light and appears more real than real. Our Earth's environment seems to be but a shadow of what the NDErs report. The clothes, buildings and even space craft reported by some NDErs indicates that they are describing what *appears* to be another physical-like civilization rather than some wispy spirit world.

The mind-boggling ability of both UFO and NDE entities to know so much about us indicates that there is an on-going interface between our worlds usually unseen by human eyes. It makes one think, "Who am I? What am I? What is humanity?" The gray entities, who seem to be workers for the robed Nordic entities told Betty that they are

another form of Homo Sapiens and they are concerned about our survival as a species.

And one of them is saying – “As time goes by, mankind will become sterile. They will not be able to produce.”⁹⁶

They are the caretakers of nature and natural forms.... They have been caring for it since man's beginning. They watch the spirit in all things. They are the caretakers and are responsible. And this is why they have been taking the form from man.⁹⁷

The fetuses become them – like them [Human fetuses taken from humans tailored to become mature fetuses for the robed entities workers.].⁹⁸

What is meant by a form? Isn't it the physical shape of a thing or person-a body design? Have they created workers from human and earthly other-life forms to carry out specific tasks on our plane of existence? Are abductees reports of reptilian and insect-like humanoids genetically related to insects and reptiles here on Earth? Such a product of super-advanced genetic engineering is possible as "nearly identical molecular mechanisms define body shapes in all animals".⁹⁹

The gray Watchers (mature human fetuses) told Betty that they are being used to assure that the human and natural forms will not be lost. They also claim to be responsible for monitoring the spirit or life-essence of the living forms that dwell on Earth. This raises some very

⁹⁶*The Watchers*, 25

⁹⁷*The Watchers*, 202.

⁹⁸*The Watchers*, 49.

⁹⁹ McGinnis William and Kusiora, Michael, *The Molecular Architects of Body Design*, Scientific American, February 1994, p, 58.

mind-boggling questions in the light of all that we have discussed about the striking UFO/NDE connection.

Again, could it be that the UFO phenomenon and NDEs are controlled by an advanced civilization existing in another dimension peopled in part by human beings who have entered that dimension through the death process over centuries and have built this civilization? Could it be that the human-like robed entities are what we will evolve to be in a future existence?

Are human beings in this plane of existence a *larval form* for this civilization? Is this civilization peopled by what *we are to become*? Do we return and repeat the process via reincarnation as part of a constant inter-balanced exchange between *matter* and *energy* – between *particle* and *wave*? Is it possible that Betty Andreasson's *Phoenix experience* was designed to reveal this very process? These conjectures would also explain abductee reports of being trained by alien entities to operate alien machines during their abduction experience. Why would they be subliminally trained on foreign instruments for seemingly nonearthly applications, except for some future responsibility in the world to come? And, why are the entities interested [according to reports] in an abductee having good health if it weren't for the purpose of some future existence?

This is perhaps why some NDErs are sent back to finish a specific task that will in some way benefit them and their own future progression in the reported world of light. Indeed, such a world may, like our current plane, just be another step in our parapsychical evolution. The size and nature of the universe that we sense as physical creatures of time seems beyond our comprehension. We may be seeing only a minute part of it.

Coming of Age – A Non-Materialist Approach to Ufology

I am sure that many by now believe that I have completely abandoned my earlier physical space traveler hypothesis. No, I have not. If we take abductee's reports at face value, we are dealing with entities from another plane of existence that can travel through the far reaches of outer space with ease. What I have changed my mind about is the nature of such beings and their craft.

I do not believe that they are physical in the sense of what we believe this word to mean. The entities' nature and their world of light may not be impeded by the physical laws that govern our plane of existence. They can appear physical in our space-time, but that is only because of their ability to manipulate matter and energy.

Betty was also told that their technology, like themselves, was parapsychical in nature. *“They have technology that man could use It is through the spirit, but man will not search out that portion.”*¹⁰⁰

The entities revealed to Betty that their mode of travel is through the manipulation of space and time. In essence, they are not bound by the space-time constraints that restrict interstellar space travel by humans.

The future and the past are the same as today to them. Time to them is not like our time, but they know about our time. They can reverse time. Time with us is not your time. The place with you is localized. It is not with us. Cannot you see it?¹⁰¹

Many UFO reports contain references to time by UFO entities. Some of these reports regarding time reflect the capabilities revealed to

¹⁰⁰*The Andreasson Affair*, 121.

¹⁰¹*The Andreasson Affair*, 159.

Betty by the entities. It is not within the scope of this article or the capability of the author to discuss the existence of theorized time warps, worm holes and the probable existence of multiple dimensions of reality proposed by the new physics. However, we should consider the reports that the NDErs travel through a tunnel to another world or worlds. This may be analogous to their methodology of space travel. ***A technology that weds matter with spirit***, A technology that can instantly move in space from one point to another without physically traversing the distance between them.

Where are these other dimensions? They certainly are not going to be discovered by optical and radio telescopes. They may coexist with us here on Earth, in the solar system or anywhere in the universe. Their essence may be just as physical in their realm as ours is on our Earth. Perhaps the life forms of *light* who dwell in such realms are the rule in the universe. Their use of matter to evolve forms for pure consciousness to dwell in, may be more of an exception than the rule. It all boils down to a chicken and egg-like paradox. Which came first in the universe: consciousness or matter?

Matter as we know it may just be an expression or creation of consciousness that has always existed. All religions and philosophical discussions about origins boil down to just two possibilities. Either matter itself is eternal or it is created by an eternal consciousness (God?). And, what is matter? The answer to this question brings us right back to the nature of UFO/NDErs and their timeless world of light.

Not too long ago, Newtonian physics described the makeup of the universe in terms of molecules composed of atoms made up of electrons, neutrons and protons. NDE researcher Dr. Melvin Morse comments:

That has been the accepted view of matter-until about fifty years ago. Then science discovered an even smaller world than the atom. They call this tiny world wave/particle duality.... Physicists have split the atom into smaller and smaller particles, they have

discovered to their surprise that there is no final tiniest part of nature. Rather, here are forces best described as wavelengths of electromagnetism, or light. These pieces of light serve as the fundamental building blocks for everything. What this theory tells us is that everything we consider to be real breaks down into simple light, in all of its various wavelengths. This is the same message that came from many NDErs in the study. As one patient said, "I could see the light in all my: own cells and in the universe. I could see that light was God."¹⁰²

Our physical bodies, perhaps even consciousness itself, are in their final essence composed of light. We may appear to be but animate star dust to the materialists of this world, the adage, dust to dust, may still apply for all outward appearances, but it was light from which we came and light to which we shall return. ***The world of light is our real home.*** We appear to be *transitory citizens* of another civilization. The entities that send us back and forth know everything about us and exercise control over our life and death. What we do here, and where we go from this place in forms that are uninhibited by time, is something to ponder during our short time here on Earth.

When I consciously saw my first UFO at Wrest Farm and became a UFO investigator I never in my wildest dreams would I have accepted the UFO'S interconnectedness to a variety of paranormal phenomena. I never would have suspected that the shadow of the meaning of Betty Andreasson's Phoenix experience was slowly but surely coming to light through my evolving Coming of Age as a UFOlogist! More importantly my UFO investigations would lead me to a startling conclusion based upon what I have discovered along the way of my Coming of Age as a UFOlogist.

Today I received a copy of the book my mother wanted me to read after my Burley Woods abduction. It is entitled ***Book of the***

¹⁰² Morse, *Transformed by the Light*, 135.

Damned by Charles Fort.¹⁰³ Looking the book over, things have not changed much. Mainstream science still ignores the same paranormal phenomena that Fort wrote about more than 100 years ago.

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**Knowing But
Not Knowing:
My Experiences
via the
Contact Modalities**

Carolyn Clarke, B.A., M.Ed.

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To better understand my experiences, I need to begin at the end. Like me, many CEs (contact experiencers) progress through life with a profound calling, a spiritual purpose. My mission, however, carried an important caveat that was ingrained into me sometime past retirement: “If you start too early, it will fail.” Timing is everything, and the spiritual tasks that we pursue must orchestrate well with the awareness and acceptance of those in our surroundings. That said, I had a heck of a long wait, decades, while an unknown Intelligence kept strict control over my memories and reasoning whenever unexplainable, wild recollections passed through my head. I registered no reactions, not much interest, and most importantly, no questions. The Intelligence held me back, in a way numbed my mind, so that I could very slowly, gently, and strategically awaken on their schedule at a future date without paying much attention to the high strangeness around me.

The Younger Years

My memories are not elicited through hypnosis. Although I have great respect for hypnosis, these are recurrent, life-time images or flashbacks. I have had some hypnotic regression for past lives, and I participated with one session with Mary Rodwell that contained none of the proceeding information.

My First UFO Sighting

That said, let me relate my earliest memory. I recall looking down with interest from far up in the air at the thick, tropical foliage that is my homeland. The spacecraft, perhaps a small “scout,” seemed to have windows all around or at least windows that seemed enormous for a small child. I felt safe and comfortable with whoever occupied the craft. Being a medium (and we experiencers tend to be psychic) I can share with warm humor that my long-deceased mother has just interjected, “It was, indeed, a delightful trip! You were three.”

Out of Body and Interacting with Benevolent Reptile Beings

Three. That’s fresh news. Conversely, throughout my life recurrent images flashed through my mind of myself at approximately that age or slightly older on what seems to be a metal gurney, or perhaps a table with a

steel-like top. I don't remember seeing wheels. I leaped out of my body and stood staring at myself stretched out in a little dress while two figures, one on either side of the gurney, watched intently. They contemplated, not the little body lying supine, but the out-of-body child about ten feet in front of them. I'm assuming I felt fear but, in truth, the memory remains free of emotions. It projects as just a scene. But what a scene. Let me stop right here to reassure the reader that what I am about to describe isn't unique to me but confirmed by others to be benevolent entities. The two beings looked like honest to goodness Jurassic-type raptors with exceptionally thick bodies and enormously thick tails that pointed upward. This image recurrently immersed past retirement age until one day Mom gently reassured me from "the other side" that what took place was a necessary procedure for my survival.

How many necessary "procedures" had I undergone? Or more accurately how many situations had I encountered as a child that I could not comprehend and that inadvertently traumatized me? I think my little psyche reached its tipping point. A span of time occurred when I often woke paralyzed with the same image appearing during each paralysis event. A screen image of a northern forest stretched in front of my mind with three deer walking slowly through a darkening evening. Now what business does a child from the tropics have with a scene out of the Adirondack Mountains? Was that incongruence deliberately planted to trigger a mild curiosity one day? In every paralysis event, the movement of the deer slowed, and as they eased to a stop, the scene in front of me cracked bit by bit like a smashed windshield in slow motion. I always dreaded when the deer's movement slowed; and I grew terrified for fear that the scene would break open, and I would know what lurked behind the shattered forest. Thankfully, that period of time didn't last long. It is the only fearful situation that I have ever encountered in my life as a contact experiencer, and it only occurred upon waking with no one there, or at least there seemed to be no one there. Unlike the other memories, I was allowed to remember it often and to feel the fear.

Living in North Bergen, New Jersey

Finally, my parents and I moved to the United States when I was eight. Pity that I was too young for my uncle to seriously discuss before I left, the numerous nocturnal events in the house, particularly the small robed figure that floated from his room into mine. Everybody assumed he had recurrent bad dreams. I have always known otherwise.

Gratefully, my life in North Bergen, New Jersey remained relatively peaceful. I found myself walking miles across town, however, driven by an urgency to get to a particular destination without knowing why. I recall arriving at an empty playground far away from home and feeling confused, not knowing the reason why I made the trek. I often took long walks leading to the paths through the Palisades cliffs that walled the Hudson River; but more often, I strolled through what we locals call Hudson County Park, a place that would later become the center of a big UFO flap. I recently spoke with Rey Hernandez, one of the co-editors of this book, and he also informed me that we lived two blocks away from each other, that he frequently played in the Palisade cliffs and Hudson County Park. We also went to the same grammar school. What a coincidence!

UFO Flap

This UFO incident (outdated term for UAP, unidentified aerial phenomena) occurred in 1975, after I grew up and left home. Nevertheless, throughout the years I heard reports of high strangeness in the park that makes me wonder about the significance of the area where I lived. One afternoon in 1965, a rowdy crew of eighth-grade boys walking from school excitedly discussed a happening in the park. “It’s true! My dad’s a policeman, and he told me. A spaceship landed in Hudson County Park last night!” Supposedly, it left prints in the softball field. His dad either drank a beer and told a tall tale or shared the truth, but either way I lingered by the field whenever it was empty.

One spring day in 1969 while strolling around the lake in the park, I spotted a young man sitting, legs dangling, from the heavy, low hanging branch of my favorite tree. He leaped down and for some reason we both approached each other without hesitation. Within a minute, the chat changed to his two passions. He talked fast. “Hey, have you ever had blue cheese? Oh, God, I love blue cheese!” He paused. “Did you know that spaceships travel along the Hudson River? I can see them from our apartment.” I simply listened. He lived in a pricy, newly constructed building called Stonehenge, a round, cylindrical structure on the Hudson directly across the street from the park. As easily and as comfortably as if I had known him all my life, I walked with this young stranger through the park toward his home.

Here's where it gets interesting. There was something surreal, fuzzy about that visit. He explained that at night he watched the spaceships running on top of the river and sometimes underneath. These are the only words I recall. The interior of the apartment remains blank, and I should have taken particular note of the furnishings and layout because this was considered luxury living and far above my family's means. I or we appeared to be in some sort of altered state, and frankly, the boy seemed to have faded from me. All that remains in my mind is an image of me, smiling, leaning my back against what appears to be a concrete balcony with the Hudson River and clusters of green trees in the background. But why am I seeing myself smiling on that balcony? Memory doesn't work that way. Not unless you have a mirror or a video camera and you are looking at yourself. However, it does work that way if you are having an out-of-body experience, but still that doesn't set right. I am standing, smiling as if it were a snap shot of myself.

I never talked with my friend after that. I saw him once as he walked parallel to me, but he maintained a huge distance and his side-way looks seemed a mixture of confusion and caution. He stopped, lingered by a tree, and continued to watch me. I didn't encounter him again, or perhaps he avoided me. I hope he remained living there at least until 1975 when Hudson County Park's softball field made the news in the *Village Voice* complete with police report and witnesses of a spacecraft landing. Some collaborating witnesses came from Stonehenge.

Another UFO Sighting

High strangeness never seemed to phase me, and on rare occasions, it involved my parents. We vacationed each summer in Miami Beach. In the early years we loaded the luggage into our 1959 Plymouth Valiant with fins, push button transmission, and no air conditioning. A friend of the family visited us during one vacation, and he, Dad, and I stood in a little circle by the pool area, the men engrossed in conversation while my head tilted to the sky. Something in the air captured my attention. Both men curiously glanced at me then looked up in the general direction of my focus. A round, silver metal object floated in the sky then quickly darted behind a small cloud. The object peeked out, moved away from the cloud, then zipped behind the cloud again. My dad squinted at the object and asked, "What the hell is that?" Both men exchanged glances, shrugged, and continued their conversation while I watched the game of peek-a-boo in the sky. They barely responded to what

would have gone viral on YouTube forty years later. Did the Intelligence cause them not to react?

Mom, however, hit the ceiling when her earring disappeared, and I couldn't tell her that I watched it disappear in midair. I was messing with her jewelry, not the colorful plastic baubles, but the good stuff, specifically her prized earrings. I held the delicate piece up over my head and admired the tiny stones and curved workmanship. Then the earring slipped from my fingers and disappeared within two feet of its descent. Oops! Years passed and no one found the earring despite overturning and dislodging the bureau and drawers with its content. The plain floor afforded no cracks, loose boards, crevices; and not even a pet existed to scurry it away.

False Memories

Yet, behind these lighthearted vignettes an Intelligence weaved a subtle but strong false memory so imbedded into my psyche that I never questioned its credibility, no matter how implausible. The false memory branded into my mind consisted of an image of my mother telling me that when I was a toddler the town beggar climbed up to my window during the night and took me away. He simply couldn't resist such a precious, beautiful baby. Every fiber of my being carried that ridiculous perception the way I own my name and gender. Even knowing that my mother, the fiercest mama bear I've ever encountered, had something to say to anyone who looked a tad too hard at her one and only child; yet, I lived with that notion, accepting it like a birthmark.

This absurd memory, through a process that took many years, served to gently inure me on a visceral level to the fact that I'm one of those people who gets taken to different places, either psychically, out of body, whatever term applies. I pondered the psychological savvy of whoever knew me deeply enough to so subtly manipulate me into easy acceptance of a shocking truth. I allowed the concept to sink in for a good two hours, and as these ideas would do, they dissipated into a wispy nothing.

At times, when my thoughts drew too close to well-guarded topics, a distant, hypnotic voice whispered, "Don't think about it... Don't think about it... Don't think about it." Then I went about my daily tasks with no memory of what I wasn't supposed to think about.

Encounter with Humanoid Beings

It isn't surprising then that I needed a second revelation, more like a wrecking ball, to break through to this obvious truth. I deliberately did not include this early childhood memory in the beginning of this chapter because it serves more relevance here. Throughout my life I continually remembered a scene of me lying in bed with my family members surrounding me. Someone placed a small bandage over my navel while the others silently observed. However, my relatives stood abnormally still and their skin bore a curious tinge, a murky off color. The tableau played often in my head as I grew to adulthood and it always struck me as a mite peculiar. Then one day the masks fell off, I mean literally fell off like Mardi Gras masks; and they weren't relatives at all but extraterrestrial people. Unlike the stereotype greys, these individuals had round, dark eyes, slightly larger than our own, very pale skin, no hair, and average to tall, slim humanoid bodies. I could not accurately judge the height. A female applied the bandage on the navel. I have a profound appreciation for the manner in which these Intelligences left clues to deliberately unsettle the memory. The image of my "relatives" sustained a light pewter tinge to their skin, quite the opposite of these beings who were exceptionally pale. I would see them later in life under more solemn circumstances.

Life at the Lake

I grew up, moved to Louisiana and started my teaching career there. Then I relocated to the west coast of Florida to live close to my parents who had recently retired near the Tampa area. My new apartment contained a patio with a sliding glass door that overlooked a large lake situated only twenty-five feet from the base of the building. Each day I walked up to my second floor flat and drew in a quick breath at the enormous water view that filled the apartment. I gazed for hours at that lake while the TV remained unplugged from the day I moved in, to the day I moved out, three and a half years later. I believe those daily hours of mental stillness on the patio helped me to progress in ways I still don't understand, but from which I felt some drastic effects.

The first event happened at school. During the initial years in my new district, I taught at the middle school level. One student stood out because of

his size, both in height and girth, but he maintained a quiet, polite disposition. Surprisingly, his mother requested a meeting of his teachers for the purpose of assessing his conduct in all classes. Inexplicably, suddenly, his language and behavior at home, particularly toward Mom, became intolerable. I praised the boy's conduct in my class during the session and from then on treated him with extra pleasantness and compassion.

Possession by a Negative Spirit for Three Months

Then it happened. Something jumped from him to me, giving me a full appreciation of why the boy's mother felt helpless and distraught. A barrage of obscenities telepathically lambasted me, giving a new meaning to the phrase "language that would make a sailor blush." It railed unrelentingly, spewing obscene taunts during conversations, social and professional events, all night while I fought to sleep. I prayed, oh, how I prayed, sent love and light, used whatever methods my metaphysical books taught. I interpreted it as a discarnate youth, thin, vicious, with a tattoo on his left arm. Yet, I cannot say with certainty who or what he was. I could never see his face, but his attacks continued week after week until it tallied to three months.

Rescued by Two White-Robed Beings

One night, sleep deprived, exhausted, and desperate I sank into bed, grabbed the pillow tightly over my head and heaved a deep, soulful sigh. At that moment I saw a beautiful sight. Two white-robed individuals grabbed each of the youth's arms and dragged him away as he kicked and screeched, his boots trailing the floor. I say "floor" because I really don't know on what substance they walked. The bottom half of two robes flowed gently and the back of two sets of bare feet walked purposely away, while they hauled the full body of the protesting youth between them. It was over. Permanently.

I never saw the faces of these beings in white robes during that incident, but they are the ones with whom I would develop a lifetime relationship. From time to time, my student comes to mind. I sense that he lives a boisterous, good life. He has a gentle heart, and if I had not been there to act as bait, it is doubtful that he would have survived. This was a tenacious attachment, three months of hell for me. Staff removed the student from our classes shortly after that professional meeting, and I suspect he was under

close observation during those three months. Someone gave the boy a chance at normalcy and a new start in life. Bless him.

During this stage of extreme vulnerability and openness, thanks in part to my spacy, daily hours on the balcony, I realized how easily “attachments” can jump from one person to the next. It is not an uncommon happening. My daily hours of stillness produced an acute sensitivity; and I could easily distinguish a difference, a change that wasn’t me. When this occurred, I effortlessly and gently dismissed my unwanted attachments with love and a reminder that this was not their home and they have a far better place to go than to hang around me.

Other Short Spiritual Attachments

However, I remember one comical guy with an eating disorder who visited me twice. He either suffered from bulimia or he wanted to experience the delights of consuming flavorful food which means he may not have come from this frequency of existence. I recollect the situation with a wry smile and a head shake. I became fixated with food, gulping down chips by the fistful and thinking of nothing other than food, food, and more food. I realized what was happening when my neck continually twisted and strained to see every restaurant on either side of the road while driving. Every two-star hole-in-the-wall had to be keenly scrutinized with little attention to the traffic ahead. I had traveled that road a hundred times with no interest in anything to the left or right of me, and above all, I always paid due diligence to traffic. For safety sake, I quickly had my usual heart-to-heart talk, he obediently left, but, darn, he returned after a month. I recognized the entity immediately as I wolfed down an entire bag of cookies. I talked a little more firmly, and he left for good. Oh, that lake!

Gratefully, that phase of learning passed. I felt for a moment the shape of my energy field, a strong curve bowing outward, and I knew that I earned this. Somewhere, on another level there are tests and initiations and I just aced a small one.

Lightning

During that time, I occasionally visited a spiritualist church with quite a venerable history. I prefer to use a pseudonym here, and we will refer to the pastor as Rev. Mable Houseman, now long deceased. She co-founded a successful church in the mid-twentieth century that spanned considerable acreage, and she developed a reputation as an exceptional medium. The woman had a steel backbone, an unflinching will; and frankly, she intimidated me. I began to attend church always sitting in the back. The church experience seemed a good accompaniment to the lake meditations. This general setting, amid sports and work, served as the backdrop for what was about to happen.

Hit by a Bolt of White Energy

One warm, breezy day I finished folding laundry and grabbed my tennis racket. However, I stopped for some reason and plopped on the bed instead. I asked a question that had long bothered me after listening to different philosophical viewpoints on the subject. “Hey, God, what’s up with this guy Jesus? I mean, how much authority does he have, anyway?” Well, imagine white lightening. That’s what hit me. A shot of white energy hurtled through my head, down my spine, straight through my tail bone. It nearly knocked me off the bed. A vision of white-robed angels sang glorious songs while my mouth involuntarily moved, uttering words that came from some other source, verses that I could never create. The entire experience lasted a short span of about two minutes, although I can’t be sure. Apparently, addressing any of the great masters without deference isn’t advisable. However, true to form, I grabbed my racket and a can of balls and headed to the court, no questions asked.

In less than an hour I was on the court practicing my serve. The racket poised in the back-scratch position ready to swing, remained motionless as a bolt of white energy hit me again, as if the first time wasn’t good enough to do the job. Everything broke within me then and spilled over to uncontrollable weeping. In fact, I bawled like a baby the entire day. I could think of no other place for answers but the home of the venerable Rev. Mable Houseman. Her house resided on the church’s property. Still blubbering, I rang the doorbell. Mable took one look at me, shut the door, and bolted it.

In all fairness to the good reverend, she probably didn't recognize me, and I must have looked alarming. However, that old cliché about the tables having a way of turning became amusingly clear. A month later the church held its psychic fair. In those days one could pay five dollars for a five-minute message. Cloth covered counters lined the room and on some occasions Rev. Mable participated. After a short wait, a smiling volunteer ushered me into the room and pointed, of all places, to Mable's table. I winced, hoping she wouldn't remember me, and walked in her direction. Mable, who was examining her folded hands, looked up, gasped and pushed her chair back while grabbing hold of the table for stability. Her jaw dropped and eyes gawked at someone or something behind me. I glanced around and saw nothing, but from the look of Mable's eyeballs, it was huge. She composed herself and demanded, "What can *you* possibly want from me?" Apparently, I came with an escort invisible to me but well-defined and intimidating to the reverend. Whatever distracted her must have disappeared because Mable regained her composure and looked across her left shoulder at the floor. That's how she gleaned her answers. "Your mother taught you to cook. Why aren't you cooking?" I mumbled a lame answer. "You learned to sew. Why aren't you sewing?" Another feeble answer stammered out. The woman continued mercilessly. I left feeling that I had been kneecapped twice by the good reverend. However, in hindsight I must admit that Rev. Mable Houseman had picked up on the general theme of having something specific to do and not doing it.

After the Lake: A Spirit Inhabited My House

Rumors passed from tenant to tenant about plans for construction on the other side of the lake. A friend who needed a place to stay now shared the apartment and planted himself on my precious balcony. Things changed. I bought a house.

Of course, a resident spirit inhabited the house. However, at this point I need to clarify that my interest doesn't delve deeply into parapsychology, meaning the area of that field that involves emf meters, digital voice recorders, and the like. Nevertheless, the purpose of this chapter is to provide an insight into the mental manipulations facilitated by an unknown Intelligence. In this case, this ghost story applies.

It started with the tea kettles. On occasion, the sound of a tea kettle whistled throughout the house. It was loud enough for my housemate to take note and bothersome enough for me to walk outside to determine what neighbor was in the habit of making tea. One day, I climbed onto the step ladder to open those small top cabinets that serve no useful function for short people and found that they were loaded with tea kettles that belonged to the owner who died in the house. When I disposed of the tea pots the sound disappeared, but the little lady began to materialize in the hallway. A number of guests posed the same question. "I didn't know an elderly lady lived here." She seemed solid, according to witnesses. Here's the insulting part. She never appeared to me. I shrugged it off as one of those recurrent playbacks of a past image, but she finally spoke her mind in the backyard. I held a large pruner ready to hack away at one of her straggly bushes when she roughly ordered me telepathically, "You take good care of my garden!" I pruned obediently, gently and in time the spirit stopped her appearances.

The question that remains is why three or four friends could see this woman; but I, the person with mediumistic potential who lived in the house and owned it, could not. Most importantly, why did no person so much as blink when I told them they had just witnessed a solid looking ghost? They sat with no response as if I had simply said "ham sandwich." Had that unknown Intelligence prevented me from seeing the apparition and prevented my friends from reacting? I believe the ghost to be quite real; and her gruff order to take care of her garden was very much in keeping with other experiences that I have had. However, I do believe that this Intelligence interfered with a real ghostly situation and enacted a true double play. It outed me from seeing the former owner of the house and used the situation to teach me the obvious lesson that I was also outed as yet from experiencing certain things.

A Mission

Within a few years, this Intelligence presented me with a phrase I had never to that date encountered: "your mission."

One school day I unwound between classes, elbows propped on my desk, my chin resting in both hands. A voice slightly above my head to the right (and this was not telepathic) demanded, "Tell me again about your mission!" Then, something or someone came out of me, part of me that I

didn't know existed, but I assure you it was me. This voice, part of me, answered in like manner, in the air but to my left. With arms folded, I sank back in my chair looking up, my head shifting to the right then to the left, listening to a profound conversation. I spoke of a great love and commitment to humanity, of a service bound by loyalty to this world. The rest I don't recall but I know that the answer was by far more eloquent and complex than I could ever explain. Both voices compassionately hid the fact that this mission would take longer than I would ever have the patience to wait if I knew. I would probably have given up had I known that glimpses of this mission would finally come when I jokingly called myself a retired old lady; and consequently, my task could not possibly take on the grand proportion that usually drives most younger people to action.

Seeing Far Away Inside the Consciousness of Another Human— Clairvoyance?

Meanwhile, things kept happening from time to time, small confirmations of something greater to come. I made a friend, name unknown, sight unseen, location unknown but with whom I shared an intimate bond. He was an African American construction worker somewhere in the United States who literally shared his eyes with mine. He drove a bulldozer at a construction site. I could see the workers with their hard hats, cement trucks, barricades, all through the eyes of this man. Let's be clear. I was not watching this man performing his daily activity, I was in his head. I watched his young daughter at her birthday party dressed in a pink party dress and black patent leather shoes topped with lacy, white socks. I was inside his eyes and viewed little segments of his life exactly as he saw them. I wondered if it was reciprocal, if he also looked up to see rows of desks, students, books, and chalkboards. I wondered if he could see the bushes I wacked down to the ground in my backyard despite the ghost's admonition. The phenomenon continued for six to eight months.

All in all, there are two people I would like to meet one day because I have shared something profound with each: the construction worker and The Blue Cheese Kid.

However, I don't believe this to be an unusual phenomenon. Allow me to jump years ahead when I returned to my homeland in 2010 and poked around discreetly to uncover unusual occurrences without seeming too weird. Sure enough, one individual talked about looking up and being able to see miles away before ever hearing my story. I wondered whether he might be talking about the same thing. What if he were getting glimpses through the eyes of a lone Mayan out "back a bush"? Suppose there were no markers such as cement trucks or desks, just an endless terrain of mountains and jungle. Might it not seem as if one were seeing far away without the realization of seeing through the eyes of a distant person?

The Big Shakeup: A Voice said "Who Are You!"

However, that was later in 2010 as I've just described. We need to backtrack more chronologically to the late 1980's when the unknown Intelligence made a major move to wake me up. I had married and until then neither of us had much interest in spaceships or extraterrestrials. Those things were in an inaccessible black box in my mind. Nevertheless, the rantings of a mutual acquaintance about UFO hot spots, crop circles, and the like piqued our curiosity. We were half amused, half curious as in where the heck does he get this stuff from? We planned some needed rest in the panhandle of Florida on a date that also coincided with a ufology convention. Early in the morning, I ironed our clothes while my husband checked over the car and filled the tank with gas.

Unexpectedly, something took over. I felt as if an unknown force mentally rattled me with the same sensation as if someone had me by the shoulders and physically shook me silly. "Who are you? Who are you?" a voice forcefully demanded. The voice reverberated so loudly that I honestly don't know if it was telepathically transmitted or resounded in the air. "Who are you?" The intense interrogation continued as did the sensation of being shaken to the core. I had no idea of what to answer, but I knew that this clamor would not stop unless I uttered something, anything. Finally, words rushed forth from a blank mind.

"I am Keeper of the Flame!" Straight out of D.C. Comics, right? The statement stopped the shaking and the shouting, though. In hindsight it does seem to imply holding on to some kind of truth.

“Keeper of the Flame, you belong to us,” the voice gently stated.

I had been holding the iron in the air during the entire episode. I placed it back on the ironing board and finished my husband’s shirt collar. The Intelligence temporarily blocked the events of a minute ago so that I finished ironing, packed, and happily headed toward the panhandle.

I sat in the passenger seat enjoying the green pastures and hilly terrain around Brooksville on I-75. I never sleep while someone else drives. I blinked. I certainly didn’t close my eyes for any length of time. Yet, I found myself in a weird nether state of nothingness but not blackness. The head of what we now identify as the classic grey loomed in front of me and slowly moved (floated?) toward my face until the large, black, wraparound eyes stared eyeball to eyeball into mine. As quickly as it happened, it unhappened; and I sat in the passenger seat heading north, just having experienced a clean and undetectable maneuver from this greater Intelligence. It blocked my memory again until I walked into the convention in Gulf Breeze.

A large table displayed the newly published book *Communion* and my memory instantly unlocked. I’m sure by now the author, Whitley Strieber, realizes that the cover serves as a trigger for thousands of people with a secret or unrealized experience. Within a few minutes I spilled the entire day’s encounters to a sympathetic woman, but my husband oddly disappeared somewhere. I never shared my experience with him. Ever.

After the Shakeup

It took three months to stabilize as if I had experienced a neurological assault. I stumbled into walls and doors, especially glass ones. In time, the world of extraterrestrials opened with a stern warning from that same Intelligence not to engross myself too heavily into it. I stayed away from the Internet and went inward, like the old days at the lake but with shorter meditation sessions.

Everything moved forward with flashes of other species floating through my mind and an invitation I will never forget. At this point, I don’t want to inflate this into more than what it is. There are so many experiencers with far more contact than I have had; and many who, like me, have been forced to wake up to who they are and what they are supposed to do. I have a

very deep bond with the white-robed individuals and some kind of connection with the very fair, hairless beings. With regard to the latter, I mentioned these individuals in the prior account of someone placing a bandage on my navel as a child. I assume the existence of an ongoing relationship because on one occasion my mind raced to another location somewhere on this planet. This was not a dream nor was it at night, though I'm sure I must have been sitting quietly somewhere. One of these people had died. These pale, hairless individuals with round, dark eyes were preparing a funeral ceremony. I believe my brief presence there represented an appropriate sign of respect that was mutually desired. As for the white-robed brothers whom I love dearly and feel their presence ever in my mind and heart, they patiently worked with me for decades to teach a little and then to restrain me from moving too far ahead of myself.

Meanwhile, routine journaling of dreams and just writing to myself helped me to grow. I became accustomed to a voice coming in from time to time like a telephone line, and I would write the message then scrawl a big star or check in the margin to differentiate it from my own thoughts. One day I received an offer. "We have a base under the sea. It's quite beautiful. Would you like to come see it?" The pen dropped to the floor and I threw the notebook into the top drawer of the nightstand. I didn't open that notebook for years. Oh, how times have changed. Now when I journal, I beg for another chance at that offer.

The Magic Shield

The years moved quickly toward 2000. My marriage had a big crack in it, more like an earthquake fault. The Intelligence that quietly observed my life compassionately provided relief in the form of a "how to" dream. Two hands (that's all that were visible) gave me a homecraft lesson on how to make a protective shield, a magic shield. In the dream, all the materials and tools were meticulously organized and displayed; and the hands demonstrated the shaping, cutting, and perforating of the leather necessary for the shield. The finished product resulted in a round leather shield eight inches in diameter with a blue phoenix painted in the center. The holes around the outer edge held knotted strips of palm fronds.

I purchased the tools and specific materials as directed in the dream and proudly made an exact replica. In truth, I couldn't identify the style of the shield with any specific culture except for the phoenix which has its origins in Egypt, but when I hung it around my neck, immediately all the heaviness lifted from my mind and body. Instant Prozac! It produced euphoria. This wonderful feeling continued for a couple months, but not knowing the ins and outs of such things, I stupidly wore the shield in public. The dried fronds that I knotted into the holes around the shield irritated my skin, making it difficult to wear inside my shirt. The magical feeling disappeared and I berated myself for disempowering this precious gift with public scrutiny. Since then I've learned that such a thing sometimes only lasts to fulfill its purpose. I still have my shield, just in case another dream will one day show me how to recharge the mojo.

The shield did hold some residual power, though. Or perhaps not. One night a steady rapping on the headboard of the bed kept me awake. It sounded as if someone was using a pencil or stick to make fast, nonstop taps. I had to wake up at 5 a.m. for work the next day; and though such little oddities as rapping generated little reaction in my house, I reached for the shield in the drawer of the night table. I placed it on my chest over the blanket and the rapping stopped immediately. Perhaps the shield did nothing other than to visibly display my rejection of communication. I recall this with a bit of disappointment now because I let slip a number of opportunities to explore new areas that literally called me.

A Necessary Aside

At this point, I would like to write a quick aside to those discerning readers who have noticed that I have not named my country of origin nor the names of relatives or friends who have experienced some of this high strangeness. I have never talked in-depth with them nor do I have their permission to upset their lives. However, as my experiences move within the sphere of those whose life work involves such things, you might notice some familiar names.

Voice: Piedmont Will Flourish!

Divorced! Or was I separated? Either way I looked forward to going somewhere, anywhere during my first summer of freedom. I glanced up from my gardening to hear a loud, clear message. “***Piedmont will flourish!***” With that, I gathered my camping equipment and drove toward the mountains of Virginia looking for Piedmont. Now Piedmont stretches from New York down through parts of Alabama, and the word basically means foot of the mountain. There’s a lot of Piedmont. Interestingly, while teaching I used my old standby worksheet year after year, class after class that contained the word parts “ped,” meaning foot and “mont,” meaning mountain. Yet, this game the Intelligence played of clouding the bluntly obvious kept me clueless and caused me to drive hundreds of miles through the Appalachian Mountains looking for something I should have known. Nevertheless, I landed exactly where the Intelligence intended for me to go.

I set up camp somewhere in the Appalachian Mountains in Virginia, near a swift running creek that swirled and splashed water over mountain stones. Water, as usual, turned my mood into bliss. I scanned the area to the left and right satisfied that I was so lucky to have the entire creek side camping area to myself. I looked behind across the narrow road and naively observed that only a couple campers and recreational vehicles occupied the campground, and they, for some reason, chose higher ground. Near dusk, I watched a thick fog roll over the creek. I huddled in my sleeping bag and zipped it up to my chin, sleeping contentedly to the babbling of a rising and ever widening mountain creek.

I woke to thunder, torrents of rain, and the dripping of my leaking tent. A loud, telepathic voice urgently commanded, “***Pack your things and get out of here!***” I waited for the rain to abate slightly but another telepathic order loudly demanded, “Leave now!” I tossed the sopping gear into the back of the car and noted that the shallow creek had spread dangerously close to my tent.

For me it was a most hazardous but comforting trip as a voice guided me down the mountains through sheets of heavy rain, low visibility, and high winds. I didn’t realize that these clear messages served as a dress rehearsal so that I would later pay attention and believe an important message that was soon to occur. Meanwhile, I stopped at the first motel and managed to get a

room and left the next morning as soon as the Smokey Mountain mist had somewhat cleared. I softly sang “Oh Shenandoah” as rolling hills and deep lush valleys curved along the highway some still holding a slight fog. Many signs appeared that contained Piedmont this, Piedmont that, but nothing felt as if it was the right location.

I finally crossed the Alabama border. In time I gawked at the biggest black and white sign I have ever encountered on any highway barring billboards and it shouted Piedmont! In truth, I really don’t know if the sign was truly that big or if I was made to see it that way, but at last I knew on which exit to turn.

I pulled into one of those typical Southern gas stations that sell biscuits and gravy for breakfast. I asked permission to lay out my wet camping supplies near a picnic table to the side of the building, and to be polite I ordered a cup of Brunswick stew. A slow-talking elderly Southern gentleman studied my tent and duffle bag drying in the sun and cordially asked if he could share the shady table. He asked all about my business as some country folk tend to do, but when I got to the subject of Piedmont, he laughed. “No, you don’t want Piedmont. But there be some nice places all around that area. You just have to know what you’re doin’.” He then produced a piece of paper from his pocket, explaining that he had been keeping an eye on this land, but didn’t think he could ever get up the money. With some vague directions, I found the property. I parked the car and stood before three acres of raw forest.

At first sight, the neighbors’ properties seemed somewhat narrow but very long, extending way back into an open forest. The few houses nestled near the road, and I immediately thought of the possibility of living far in the backwoods. I stepped on to the property and a loud telepathic voice ordered, ***“Find no fault with this land. Buy it immediately!”*** After receiving what I call those “practice” messages through the stormy mountains of Virginia, I believed the telepathic command and took the formidable leap and bought three acres on the basis of “a voice in my head.”

The Coyote

I seem to have purchased a hill. The land to the left and right of mine climbs up toward the prominence that is my property. I cleared a steep lane leading to my modest dwelling and the sluggish ride up strains my four-cylinder vehicle even after taking a long running start from the bottom. There are many muddy days when I still leave the car parked at the gate by the street, and I trudge up the long driveway that I fondly call “my road.” However, I got what I wanted: a secluded home hidden by backwoods and a lake.

It became my sacred place with so many small energy spots that I wondered if I had, indeed, purchased sacred ground. Something about the land lifted the spirits. I watched the small band of young workers I had hired run down toward the lake after lunch, skipping stones by the water and hanging from the trees like rowdy children. These young men brought their friends for my readings and healings, and all felt so right with the world.

Then one sunny afternoon, a coyote walked brazenly out of the woods and had the cheek to walk up the hill toward my porch. No, it was not a fox, not a dog, but a lean, pointy faced coyote, stalking slowly, neck low. Most surprisingly, this coyote seemed to have a most unique feature, stripes. Prison stripes, I thought. How odd and how bold of this animal. Was I made to see those stripes? Were they real?

Within a couple days, a pipe broke, gushing water under the house. I waited for the original plumber to redo his haphazard job; but instead he sent a lone worker who was still a ward of the state prison system. The man should have been accompanied by a supervisor, and I later learned he was not only unreformed but actively looking for a secluded place, preferably with a lake to cook up his noxious chemicals. He would be released within a few weeks. This “coyote” was exceptionally polite and came back to visit a few times to make sure everything was still “fine and dandy.” He even offered to do some repairs while I was gone, he and his friends.

I left to return to my teaching job in Florida. It wasn’t long before I woke up each morning with a terrible unease and I knew it had to do with my sacred land. My distress grew into general soreness and mass anxiety

throughout my torso, heart, abdomen. I couldn't bear it any longer and began a series of long weekend night drives to Alabama, staying only twenty-four hours, sometimes less, to make it back to work Monday. I knew what was happening, and I knew that those scoundrels, associated with that lone plumber, were using my property and they knew my schedule as a teacher. I heard cars on a Saturday night backing up quickly as they climbed over the hill to suddenly spot my car.

I cannot describe my tiredness and despair and pain. There was no one to help me. It seems the Coyote had an infamous reputation and he had a boss. My small band of workers withdrew into a code of silence. One local who knew of the situation warned me that my land could be taken from me if I could not keep the property safe. For me, that meant I would not involve the local police. Weary, at the end of my rope, I managed to drive up during Spring Break in the middle of the week.

At this point, I will risk a big deviation from the story to tell you of an incident during this same trip that normally I would omit; frankly, because it challenges my own credibility. However, I wish to relate this because so much of our attention dwells upon the extraterrestrials; and many individuals give minimal attention to those interdimensional creatures of nature and those created from our minds, those whose dwelling places reside within those frequencies that are associated with this earth. Thankfully, I've found a resurgent trend in the study of esoteric thought blended into the ever-broadening field of consciousness, and I feel more comfortable relating this experience.

I had driven through the night and stopped at a Waffle House that morning craving cheesy eggs and raisin toast. People packed the little restaurant; but I found one seat, the only seat, at the counter next to a man reading a newspaper. We chatted a bit. As he paid the cashier, he stared intently at me and hurriedly walked out the door.

When I returned to my car, I felt it. Huge talons gripped into each side of my shoulders and the thing had weight though it was invisible. I knew two things: It came from that man; and it was a dark creature that belonged to this earth plane, possibly directed by some intelligence, human or other. Naturally, I prayed nonstop, cried a lot, too. It had to be large to span each

shoulder. Surely, I had lost my way drowning in fear of whatever defilement had occurred in my sacred place. After two hours, I stopped in a Walmart parking lot for one more desperate prayer, and the thing lifted from my shoulders. Was my despair so much greater than the man's own private hell that the creature found an even better home on my shoulders? In those two hours of prayer had I finally surrendered, given up fighting, and allowed something greater than myself to rescue me?

Within an hour and a half, I was home. An older gentleman whom I had asked to check on my place sat on my porch steps waiting patiently for my car to struggle up the steep hill. He shook his head grimly as I approached him. "I'm so sorry, ma'am. What they did to your place...it just ain't right." As if I hadn't gone through enough for the day. I felt so weak.

My dear readers, we won't go into details here. I disinfected, threw away linens, pillows, and the blankets they used to cover all my windows. This one broke me, and I couldn't pull myself together again. I could not stop hurting, like a deep mourning. "The land...the sacred land," I wept.

I made it known that I had taken the Coyote's name to the local police. That stopped all further activities but it could not end my sorrow. I sat slouched on the porch one quiet afternoon still grieving. No breeze rustled the trees, no thunder warned of an imminent rain. Not even a little spittle of moisture escaped from a cloudless sky. Yet, as if on a count of three, a heavy rain splashed loudly on my tin roof for approximately three minutes. Then it abruptly stopped as if someone flipped a switch. After a minute or so, without a drop escaping out of time, someone pressed a button and the rain again poured. I had the sudden urge to leave the porch and to stand naked in the drenching rain, but I remained slouched like a rag doll in my chair. Then, the rain stopped as if on command. After a minute, it rained for a third time. When the rain again stopped with one magical halt, a loud, male voice that came from the air around me announced, "***Your home is blessed once again.***"

I still hurt, though, day after day. The house and land may be blessed but I still carried the stinking mess of that trauma with me. I needed something special to heal and it came in the form of a black kitten at my door. I held it to my heart and the kitten unlocked an overflow of love that

started my healing. At that time, I had two small terriers who stood guard day and night during the worst of those times, all twenty pounds of them, barking at the smallest twig that broke in the night. This new addition to the family slept peacefully with the three of us the very first night. The next day I grabbed a bamboo staff and walked gratefully through the forest toward the lake.

I looked behind me and smiled as the two dogs and the kitten followed one behind the other. Sadly, however, I couldn't take the kitten home. It was terrified of the car and though I tried many times to take it on short rides, it escaped in terror each time. I wasn't used to cats and how to handle them, and I felt I would lose the little creature on a ten-hour drive. I also knew that he wouldn't survive the woods, but I had spotted an adult cat nearby and hoped for the best. I left teary-eyed. "Please, God, bring him back to me. But please make him like to ride in a car."

Forest

Years later I explored Texas's Hill Country, camping in Fredericksburg and Boerne, then riding down to a campground on the outskirts of San Antonio. I left the dogs behind for once, and on the return trip I finally had enough of "roughing it" and opted for a hotel in Forest, Mississippi. This hotel had an enormous parking area as if other buildings once occupied that space. In the early morning, I loaded my car along with a number of other people who seemed to be leaving at the same time.

I motioned to the lady next to me who was also throwing a small suitcase into her car. "Look at that little creature way up there. It looks like it's heading straight this way."

"Well, I'll be darn, sure is," she answered. "What is it?"

I squinted. "It's really tiny, whatever it is." By now several others stopped their packing to speculate on the little "vermin" making a beeline straight toward us.

We soon recognized that it was a kitten who marched right up to me and rubbed against my leg. This little animal chose me from a distance of

more than 400 hundred feet and had no interest in anyone else. Someone yelled for me to take him home and another person urged the same while yet another individual who had watched the whole scene went into the hotel for a box from the kitchen. I was able to fold the flaps over the box with a little tape for a lid and took off with Forest, named after Forest, Mississippi.

During the ride, he clawed open the lid and calmly watched the highway traffic. I picked up the two terriers who had an oddly calm attitude toward the little black kitten, and the four of us slept peacefully together that night. The next day I grabbed my bamboo staff and walked through the forest to the lake with the two dogs and the kitten following one behind the other.

I'll let you decide this one.

Mount Shasta

The power from the mountain created such a magnetic pull in my heart that I drove the car to a clearing on the side of the road. Mt. Shasta stood at a far distance, and I was so weary from driving that I wasn't sure where I was or what mountain stood before me. Never had a piece of land created this physical effect specifically on my heart. For those first arriving on the mountain, most sensitive people can feel a generalized magnetic energy. More pragmatic individuals attribute the feeling to the geological plates, and that in part may be true; however, I know what I felt from many miles away and it came from that mountain. Mt. Shasta also creates a disorienting effect for many experienced hikers, and many of the regular, yearly campers have entertaining stories of people suddenly becoming lost and confused and not knowing whether they would make it back before the summer night temperatures drop to forty degrees Fahrenheit. I spent time with the long-term campers who, like me, slept on the mountain and returned each year for a span of one to two months.

I made the trip from Florida to Mt. Shasta in the summer of 2012 with Forest and the two terriers. I particularly looked forward to this trip because I received a Shasta dream, a phenomenon well known to some of the regular visitors. A couple of them told me about strangers visiting the mountain and claiming to have met the campers in a dream. A Seattle teacher, Stephen Berringer, explained to me how a young woman had visited the mountain for

the first time and told him that she had first met him in a dream. They were able to cover many spiritual topics and she left with some needed answers. In contrast, my dream was of a tall man wearing a uniquely designed bandana. He had a Marlon Brando profile and we were in a smoldering embrace. I looked forward to this as I drove up the mountain, but my mind slipped into something far different. Part of my mind intruded upon a conversation, no, an argument that was presently happening in another part of my consciousness, not normally accessible in a waking state. I was having an argument with one of the long-term campers with whom I had a friendly relationship. I didn't catch what I said but I received an angry, blistering telling off from head to foot in response. After reaching the camping area around Bunny Flat at approximately 7,000 feet, I quickly learned that this individual was going through some personal issues, and it was best to give him plenty of space or risk getting burned. This was a very angry man. There on Mt. Shasta, I experienced part of that unique communication that I sometimes hear about. We use the term "always being connected with each other;" but I learned on that drive up the mountain that it's more than just a connection, that we teach, argue, reason with each other in other states of consciousness to which we are presently blinded.

As for my Brando in a bandana, he appeared at a most inappropriate time. I kept postponing doing my laundry and I literally wore my pj's, namely a flannel lumberjack shirt and very loose jeans that I had slept in that night. A campground a good distance away allowed the use of day facilities, laundry and badly needed showers, for a small price; but for some reason I drove first to Castle Lake. There he stood wearing the same unique bandana as in my dream, and I recognized that nose from twenty feet away. A golden retriever walked beside him, and he opened the back door of an Audi to allow the dog to leap in. I felt that I needed to be sprayed with a can of disinfectant so I hid. Ironically, the opportunity passed because of the wrong laundry day.

That was my last trip to Mt. Shasta seven years ago, though I hope one day to go again. Something was different that year. Tall, old trees had been cut down from Panther Meadows Campground creating not only a stark area of sacred ground but it also ignited the ire of the native elders. For me, a special feeling had left the places where I usually spent my time. I took my last hike up toward Horse Camp and on the way down I received a farewell surprise. The ancient people known to some as the Telosians whose base lies

somewhere within the vicinity of the mountain sent a warm telepathic “hello” using my full name as written on my birth certificate. Believe me, no one calls me Florence.

Peru

I do not take hallucinogens. What I do take are journeys throughout the United States and Europe, but for some reason South America never appeared on my list. However, this vision that occurred during the day, not while meditating, resembled an animated Dali painting. I looked down from the clouds and I knew that the land below me was Peru. A white podium floated in the clouds and an open book rested on the podium. I felt myself moving in the air toward the podium when an arm materialized and began writing in the book. As I moved closer to the book, I realized that the hand had written my name in this book and the book contained many other names. At that moment, in the sky, somewhere in the background, loomed a huge, dome-shaped light ship, in other words, a spaceship.

All efforts to get to Peru failed, from postponed and cancelled tours to a year of terrible mudslides that made international news. Obviously, it was not the time or perhaps the vision simply pointed me to a group of people somehow connected with Peru. To date I still have not made it there so I must assume the latter. In 2016 Sixto Paz Wells from Lima, Peru gave a lecture at Marlo Alvarez’s studio in Miami. With true Latin hospitality, Evie Michelle, the interpreter drove to my hotel, jumped into my car, and directed me to Marlo’s. As Sixto talked, I felt somehow more energetic, in other words, I could feel my energy field. After the talk everyone surrounded him for photos, but I was never much for crowds and sat at the back of the room waiting for Evie. Much to my surprise when the crowd cleared, Sixto quickly walked up to me smiling with both hands extended as if he knew me. I smiled and simply said, “I want to go to Peru!” like *una turista*, a tourist. Sixto stepped back a bit confused and I realized those were not the words he expected out of my mouth. I simply smiled and moved on. I sighed thinking that like Brando in the bandana, I had flubbed another important opportunity.

However, while driving back with Evie she remarked, “Sixto was talking mostly to you. Do you realize you were glowing?” Evie had positioned herself next to Sixto in order to interpret, and she had a clear view

of my seat close to the front. I thought for a while and remembered two other instances when this glowing had occurred. Well, I've no control over that, I thought, but I decided to get Sixto Paz Well's book, *The Invitation*.

How can a book's information feel as if it were somehow painted on to one's energy field? So, I thought, this is why I received the vision of being suspended above Peru. It had to do with Sixto's book. This feeling occurred later after having read through the book several times. However, I must admit to first only browsing through the book and skipping over one section that had to do with something called cesium crystals. It seemed too far-fetched, too New Age...crystals that could facilitate the receiving of certain energies. However, when I received mine in, of all places, Alabama, I truly regretted not first reading Sixto's book carefully.

Cesium Crystals

I had been up in my place in the woods for four months of a six-month visit while eating basically a vegetarian diet. Evie Michelle called from Peru and informed me that Fernando Avalos, a Peruvian experiencer, wanted to do a ceremony via cell phone. Evie assured me she would interpret, and I assumed it probably involved a quaint Peruvian blessing. Fernando gave no clue as to what he was about to do. After asking me to hold out my hands, he simply asked what I saw in my hands? What did I feel? I supplied the information and he provided no leading questions. I wish he had told me to open my eyes. I could barely make out through closed eyelids an object in each hand that seemed to end in a point, something sharp. At this time a male telepathic voice stated firmly, "This is important!" I felt the presence of three beings in front of me, an older being in the middle and a younger one on each side of him. However, with my eyes still closed, the experience was rather like looking through a darkened glass. The figures seemed shadowy but I could see the outline of their forms and feel the difference in their ages. The crystals did, indeed, go into my body when I was told to put my hands over my chest. They facilitate the integration of certain cosmic energies.

Then the younger being to my right made a quick movement toward the porch banister, and I saw him in the daylight for a fleeting second before I blinked and he disappeared. He wore a white robe with an inscription, like a

large writing, on the front. His hair was blond, tending more toward gold than the blond with which we are familiar, and his eyes were a startling deep blue.

I told Fernando that we had company and after describing them he said that my depiction sounded like some of the guardians of the Amazon, though he wasn't sure. We said goodbye, but by the next day I was again on the phone with Fernando. My entire body heated up to such an extreme that I grew frightened. This I learned is normal. However, when I arrived home to Florida and read as much as I could about the cesium crystals, I stopped in my tracks and seriously wondered if I had yet missed another opportunity. No alcohol! I had just spent a total of six months in the woods propping my feet up on the porch table, sipping one or two generous glasses of wine daily. I kept all the empty wine bottles on the porch, some filled with wildflowers others lined up on the edge of the porch because the sight of that many bottles accumulated over six months made me laugh.

However, I wasn't laughing now. I was back in Florida walking my dog up the street with my head hanging. I wore a plain white t-shirt with no jewelry. I thought to myself, this is my third strike. I'm out. I'm not worthy of the cesium crystals. I lifted my head to see an Asian man wearing a sun hat approaching me from the opposite direction. He seemed to be staring at my chest and I glared. As we passed, he said, "What a beautiful amulet!" Oh, thank goodness! The Intelligence guiding my life allowed him to see the cesium crystals still in my chest. Most importantly, they let me know through him that I still retained them.

A year later, Rey Hernandez held a conference in Miami. One of the speakers, Rosa Luz Abad Cruz who still maintains the tradition of Sixto's contact group, Rahma, explained that when one receives the cesium crystals there are three extraterrestrials present and a spaceship above. I had never read this before. By the way, many individuals have experienced this. I claim no specialness, but I offer this explanation for those who aren't familiar with the subject or who may doubt its authenticity. At this point, let me explain that I have been directed to go no further than the cesium crystals in this chapter. There's a place and a future time for further material.

Two Important Messages

I serve as a bridge as do many individuals who are to bridge the communication between humanity and the Intelligences who have guardianship of this planet. The message is more about consciousness than outer space; and it very much involves our relationship, let's be clearer, our consciousness of the true nature of reality, humanity, and this planet.

I have been instructed repeatedly to remind everyone that from the view of those observing this planet there is immense goodness in humanity. It is a simple statement, but for many individuals, especially those engaged in social and political struggles, that is a very hard pill to swallow. We see war and acts of hatred and greed; but seldom do we stop to think of the orphaned child taken in by a family, the breaking of the last piece of bread to share with the suffering soul by one's side, the acts of courage to put oneself in harm's way to save another. Millions of daily acts large and small throughout the planet confirm an enduring and endearing aspect of goodness in humanity.

Secondly, I have long received repeated messages of a great unity of souls that will happen in the near future. Let me carry this even further. All of humanity is one soul. I have tried to wrap my head around this concept, and it has often turned into a complicated esoteric mess. However, shortly after Christmas of 2019 the universe supplied a simple answer.

I walked into a neighborhood pharmacy and on a whim decided to try the blood pressure machine. A man sat at the station taking a leisurely look at his cell phone. After I asked if he had finished, he affably moved to one of the side seats with a big smile. I tested the machine a few times, and we began a friendly, easygoing conversation since neither of us seemed to be in a rush. He introduced himself as Kay, originally from Ghana, prior resident of Amsterdam, now a US resident. The conversation eventually moved to his Ghanaian grandfather who, he proudly said, was the wisest of men.

Kay explained that he and his grandfather had the same name. "One day my grandfather explained to me that I am Kay and you are Kay and we are the same. He said that you wear a mask and I wear a mask, but we are the

same. If I take your mask off, you are me. Therefore, you must never mistreat anyone because you are mistreating yourself.” I sat in the chair while Kay left smiling, apparently deeply satisfied with what he had imparted.

Now, let’s keep Kay’s grandfather’s words in mind, and let us include into the equation the earth with all of its kingdoms visible and invisible and the inhabitants thereof. This I know from experience. Here’s how. After receiving the cesium crystals, I remained in Alabama for two more months, making it a half year visit. During that time something wonderful happened. I felt the essence of the trees, rocks, birds, lake, everything of nature deep inside my very bones, yes, my very bones. This was not a product of good thoughts nor was it a momentary heart-felt appreciation of nature. It continued for the remaining two months wherever I went. I visited friends, sat on their country porches, laughed, talked and continually felt the essence of this planet commingled with my being. In short, (and you may find this amusing) I know what it feels like to be part tree as if it’s in my DNA. Unfortunately, the experience disappeared when I drove back to the city.

Is this a glimpse of humanity to come perhaps after a tumultuous transition? Yes, I believe so, but I tell you it is here in many ways and needs only to be untapped. For those of you who have had the patience to read through pages of my experiences, truthfully, I tell you, I have left you the very best for last.

A Chinese Experienter's Message from the Future

Dandan Cui

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My consciousness story is related to dreams, and I am honored to share it with everyone worldwide. To protect the privacy of some individuals involved in my story, I will leave out some private information such as location and names.

I was born in Kaifeng, a city located in the middle part of China. My hometown is famous for its long history because it served as China's capital city in ancient times for seven dynasties. Marco Polo visited there, and Jews in exile sought asylum in my city hundreds of years ago. Buried under that city were seven layers of ancient ruins, which tell many stories of time, history, and human progress. Many cultures influenced my city in the past, and that could explain why I have always had some interest in different cultures.

When I was a little girl, I had plenty of dreams, some of which were nightmares that made no sense to me at all. I cried and woke up a few times, but dreams did not make too much sense to me.

However, I felt drawn to anything related to outer space. Before school age, I lived in the countryside in a two-floor house with a large patio on the top floor, where I could observe numerous stars clearly in the sky. I often stared at the moon and imagined myself living there or somewhere else in the universe. Also, I always speculated on many mind-boggling questions: What is in the universe? Are there people out there and what is beyond the edge of the universe?

I literally could stare at those stars and the moon for at least half an hour in a daze. Strangely enough, I always had this weird feeling that everything in this world did not feel right, and I felt that I did not belong here on earth. Of course, the concept of aliens was alien to me back then.

If anything, ET-related happened in my life, there was one experience that I can recall. When I was in high school, one night, I was off school very late with one of my classmates. On our way home, at one moment, we realized everyone seemed to be looking into the sky. So, we looked up and found that something was hovering in the sky behind a large piece of cloud. The sky was dark in the late hours of the

night. But the only reason we felt something off was that the cloud was swirling at an exceedingly quick speed, and we even saw the dim, bluish light emitting from that cloud. No man-made airplanes could do that kind of hovering and swirling for a long time, or so I thought. Everyone on the street was staring at it, asking one another what it was. That scene is drawing more and more people to look into the sky. But I was tired that night and did not take it too seriously. In my teenage years, academic things were more pressing matters to me than anything related to outer space because the college entrance exam is the most important thing in life for any high school student in China.

Back then, I did not fully understand how UFOs were related to my consciousness awakening that would happen in the future. But a seed has to be sown before it grows into a plant.

In 2014, I decided to further my studies overseas in the UK, and I chose to study at Newcastle University for my master's degree in Translation and Interpreting. I have some family members who believe in Christianity, but I did not gain exposure to spirituality until I went to the UK. My friend invited me to the church a few times, and I went there because I was curious about topics in religions, particularly Christianity.

Meanwhile, some of my strange abilities started to emerge already. I started to dream more, but my dreams were clearer and easily remembered. One day, I dreamed of a friend whom I lost contact with for a long time. I was confused at first, but just several days after that, that friend started to contact me again. I thought it was strange, but I just chalk it up to coincidences.

Another experience is related to strong intuition. When a huge earthquake happened in Nepal on the 25th of April, 2015, I was saddened by the news. I was cooking in the kitchen while watching the news, thinking why God is cruel to people in Nepal if God exists. When I went back to my bedroom, I, on a whim, picked up one random book long forgotten by myself on the bookshelf. It was just one out of many books I bought on Christianity, and I had not bothered to open any of

those books one single time before. The book was about how Christianity looks at topics such as homosexuality, abortion, divorce, and so on.

I somehow was just browsing through pages. I did not know why I was doing that. I mean, I did not even want to read anything after dinner. Suddenly, I froze and almost threw my book out of the window because I saw a sentence related to Nepal. It says, 'People in Nepal deserve God's punishment because they sell women and children for sexual slavery.'

For the record, I am not saying I believe in God's punishment, and neither do I think that Nepalese deserve that. I simply want to point out that the timing for me to see that sentence is just so eerie, and that could be one of the synchronicity events that people mention in the spiritual community. I felt as if someone was standing next to me, trying to give me a hint. Just imagine that, out of many books and many pages, there is only one single sentence about Nepal, and I saw that sentence so conveniently when I had the exact question in mind. Then, I researched online and found some sad news about women and children being sold for prostitution in Nepal. I was sad to see the endless sufferings that are happening on earth right now, and I guess I was reminded by this experience probably to awaken myself and serve a purpose in this world.

Another time, one day early in the morning, I dreamed about visiting my friend, Cassandra, at her home: she mostly works from her home. In my dream, while we were talking, somehow, her house turned into a train. I know how ridiculous that sounds; that can only happen in a Harry Potter movie. I was confused at first. That day, I was busy working in the morning. When I finally remembered to tell her, it was in the afternoon. Guess what? When she heard about my strange dream through text message, she replied immediately, saying she was on a train. She was surprised that my dream predicted her future event. That day was her first day to go outside for a business trip after staying home for a long period. More surprisingly, that train ride was only about 1 hour. Even the timing for me to tell her is perfect.

If you think these things are enough to have shaken me to the core, you are wrong. I was insensitive to all the strange and supernatural things that happened to me. Until today, I could not even understand why I did not take these things seriously by googling them or asking anyone for advice. Maybe I subconsciously took for granted that telepathic connections between family members and friends are natural. Maybe I was too hard-working and driven, busy studying at the university and climbing the career ladder after graduation. I did not know. But no worries, reality will finally slap me in the face.

On the 27th of September, 2018, I had a very clear dream, which I later knew was called a lucid dream. It is natural for people to forget dreams, but that one was still clear after I woke up.

In my dream, a guy wearing a business suit walked towards me. In the background, I saw people wearing suits, ties and beautiful gowns and they were walking on a red carpet. The whole setting was like a high-level conference or gala of some sort. When that guy was walking towards me, I could not see his face. Somehow, his presence reminds me of the character in the mafia movie, *Godfather*, but I felt he has a decent job and is a nice person. All I can feel in my dream is his presence, not his looks. I assumed he was a leader of some kind because that was how I felt about him.

When he walked towards me, he lifted one of his hands and touched my elbow. One thing worth mentioning is that the feeling of that touch was special like it had a specific electromagnetic field or frequency. I did not know how to describe it in scientific terms, but it reminded me of the quote from the movie *Inception*, which goes like, 'You will forget your dream, but you will never forget how it feels in your dream.' I guess Christopher Nolan knows better.

My work allows me to go to different conferences, so dreaming about conferences did not surprise me that much, but I was curious about this stranger. Later, I had another dream about working with a guy together, and that guy told me he is from the future. I did not remember whether these two strangers were related or not, but I

remember I had these two dreams in the same month. Since my dreams were getting weirder, I told these to my friend Emma, who later became a testimony to some of my prophetic dreams. I even started keep a record of my dreams in a computer file but somehow deleted that later, because I thought those dreams were nothing but my wild imagination.

I started to focus more on my work since I was a driven and ambitious person. One day, the company I worked at asked me whether I wanted to volunteer as an interpreter for a conference they sponsored, which would be held in another country. Let us name the country A. I said yes for I thought I could learn something from this conference. Moreover, there is a national holiday after that conference; thus, I could spend some time there for holidays.

I will never forget the day I took the flight to country A. Somehow, I went to the wrong train station, missed the flight, and immediately booked another flight. On my way to the airport, it suddenly started to rain heavily. At that moment, I had this strong intuition coming from nowhere that the world was trying to stop me from going there, but I had no idea what would happen in country A.

It was a high-level conference on cooperation between China and country A. Everything went well for the whole process, and I was busy preparing for all the speeches.

One of the guest speakers is a middle-aged man from country A, and he organized the meeting. We did not have much communication. I mean, as an interpreter, all I had to do was just sit next to the podium and do the job while guest speakers delivered speeches on the podium. He only approached me on the last day of the conference, when we were visiting a factory. He asked me to tell everyone not to bring phones with them when entering a factory.

Looking back, I think I had some weird vibe about him that moment, maybe because he did not even look at me during the whole process when he asked me to do things, but he did seem like a polite person and should not have acted the way he did. Well, I thought it could be that he was just a shy person.

After finishing the visit, he started to shake everyone's hand. When he was shaking my hand the first second, another hand of him lifted and held my elbow the next second.

That moment was the scariest in my life. The long-forgotten dream came back to me in a millisecond. I did not even know if it was his action or the feeling of his touch that made me remember everything again. Looking back, my instincts figured that out even before my head did. The weirdest thing I could ever explain was the special energy field when he touched my elbow.

It was an intense moment, for I abruptly grabbed his hand, body leaned forward, and stared at him for God knows how long. I swear he must have noticed my weird action, and what is more awkward, everyone else must have. I lost my coolness.

My hands started to shake violently, though I tried my best to control that. My head was about to explode, guessing who that person was. Thousands of hypotheses came to my mind, but the concept of aliens appeared first. I was terrified because he could be an alien disguised in human form. I have watched sci-fi movies and heard about conspiracy theories like bad aliens ruling the world. Plus, no human can hack into my brain. Dreams are private, so anyone who hacked into my dream means he is beyond human limits. I kept yelling in my head, "Who is he?".

I realized I was acting weird, so I finally let him go, but that moment haunted me for a long time. I needed answers, so I googled about it, and I even rushed to a local bookstore to find answers.

Later, I learned we have different brain waves when we dream, and while shifting between beta wave, theta wave, and delta wave, our consciousness will be different. Information is lost during the shifting process, which could well explain why we forget dreams after we wake up. I have learned about how our pineal gland forms images and how to enhance our dream quality by exercising that part using meditation.

As to why dreams can take us to the future, I think religions already provided some references to me. When I examine Christianity, the Book of Life documents everyone's behavior, thoughts, and actions. In Buddhism, Alaya consciousness is a concept equivalent to a computer chip documenting everything in our everyday life, with constant updates. Maybe time is not a three-dimensional concept at all.

I encountered this interesting term called twin flame in metaphysical circles as to why I dreamed specifically about him. So, it says that we belong to the same oversoul or soul family. Some people say quantum physics could explain this. Supposing two particles are quantumly linked. When one particle moves to the left, the other will move to the left simultaneously. It's the so-called 'spooky action at a distance.'

Some people can communicate on a quantum level, and dream is one example of quantum communication. I do not have a science background to verify that, but that theory is enlightening.

That experience changed my life. I did not fully believe in souls and reincarnation before, but I changed my mind. I was not the same person I used to be, and I wanted to devote more time to studying spirituality and consciousness.

I later met some people with so-called psychic abilities. One psychic told me exactly what happened in my life and when, but I realized he could not fully predict the future 100%. So, I think time is flexible and alive like a living creature. Nothing is fixed for sure. Fate and free will coexist together.

I also want to mention that I participated in the first conference on consciousness and exopolitics in China, but later, people with suspicious backgrounds stigmatized some of the guest speakers. I learned that what happened to me was just to remind me that we are in a war fighting for our spiritual existence in this world, and nothing can deny the eternity of our souls, nor could it hinder the power of our consciousness.

Again, this could be taboo and sensitive information everywhere, even in the United States. I witnessed what happened to several social media accounts talking about things like these. Therefore, I am happy to see people with a science background, such as Mr. Reinerio Hernandez, who could stand out and lead the way in research on consciousness. That will help to reduce the stigmatization and the ridicule the spiritual and UFO communities are facing.

I guess maybe magic is just science we don't understand yet. Just like we are living the dreams our ancient ancestors could not possibly think of. What was in their consciousness before, like computers and airplanes, now is our reality. The potential of consciousness might be nothing new to religious and spiritual practitioners, but we need science to shine some light on it so more people can realize their potential in their consciousness.

My Near-Death Experience (NDE) Cured My Incurable Disorder

Bri Lafferty

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I knew moving to my new home was going to be an adventure, I just never could have imagined what kind. When I moved, I had been dealing with an incurable, and so far, a difficult to effectively treat neurological movement disorder called Myoclonus Dystonia¹ for 14 years. I had sold my house and decided to take some time for myself in a beautiful apartment in the hill country of San Antonio, TX. Little did I know, I would die there.

It all started April 17th, 2017, when I started an entity releasement treatment. I believe I may have had attachments from the time I was 10. We lived in a house where the previous owner's youngest child had played with an Ouija board which may have opened a portal for entities to get in. My younger sister and I saw ghosts, spirits, and our dolls would move on their own. It wasn't until 2017 when I realized that I may have entity attachments; so I reached out for an entity release. The lady doing the releasing said I would get sick but we had no idea how bad it would get. On day two, I was vomiting and very ill and the next day it got even worse. She was asked to stop the release protocol but she didn't. She continued working behind the scenes to release entities. It is said that people can have "busloads of attached entities." I got sicker and sicker, and I had what I thought later was a psychotic break. I thought I was taking care of a baby all weekend in my apartment (I don't have any children.) I was able to come out of that false reality only to have demons show up. At first, they just tried to frighten me with horrific images, and I fought that off for a few days. I was aware of this tactic as they had tormented me in my sleep by creating horrific nightmares that had traumatized me over the years. However, on April 27th, they became way more aggressive, and they tortured me physically and mentally nonstop. My mom had been on the phone with me for over 24 hours praying and trying to comfort me. She lives in Colorado and couldn't get to me fast enough to help in person. The attack was so horrific that I could no longer take it and I finally surrendered to the only God I knew. It was around 2am. I never knew what "Surrendering completely" meant until that night.

Once I surrendered, the adventure of a lifetime began. The demons were immediately ripped from me and I finally felt at peace. I then felt tapping on the inside of my palms and the balls of my feet in which I knew some kind of spiritual surgery was being performed. I then heard a strong voice, not auditorily, but internally, that said “Are you ready?” I had no idea what I was ready for but I knew I was. In my mind I said, “Yes”. It also seems that the term telepathy isn’t quite accurate. It seems that instead of a question and a period of time, no matter how brief, an answer, that is not quite how it happens. It happens simultaneously without pause, a question/thought/instant reply/answer.

I felt three hard thumps on my chest, and I was no longer within my body. I was instantly in a dark void with no light but it felt warm and velvety and of the purest love there is. I remembered nothing of my human self or of Earth. I was in no form, just consciousness. I saw nothing but I felt like I was with the Creator again.

Suddenly, I was going through an incredible tunnel with a blue light. I have never been able to find that same blue color here on Earth. The tunnel was swirling and filled with ones and zeros, like a “cosmic binary code” of some sort. I like to describe this experience as if you were going down one of those tunnel slides at an outdoor waterpark and a little light shines through, but the slide is covered in ones and zeros as you’re passing by. After my NDE, reading accounts or hearing accounts of others, many people describe this blue light/color or other colors that we don’t see here on earth.

Next, I ended up in an all-white room. It didn’t have walls or a ceiling or any dimension to it, but it felt like a room. There was a presence behind me that I never saw but I knew it was there. It was a higher being such as Jesus or someone comparable. I saw a huge stack of big black numbers in the middle of the room and I was instantly filled with joy as I walked up to them, grabbed an armful and shouted, “No wonder you love creating things!” I knew that everything was created with some kind of cosmic math at that point.

I was then in what seemed to be another world in which I ended up spending most of my “time.” There was a plaza in which some kind of large torch or craft was being made, an area of huge trees and brush, and a kind of community center where all the beings would meet up. I say beings because I had the feeling not all of them had been in human form before.

I started off by the trees that were covered in snow, there was no temperature, but I had the thought “I don’t like snow” and instantly it turned into a lush green forest where the branches were covered in inches of moss. A few other beings and I ended up sliding down the branches and swinging from their vines as if we were Tarzan. I then had the realization that because the environment had changed to what I wanted, a green and lush forest instead of being a cold and frozen one, that the other beings who were present with me in this event, may be experiencing a whole different type of environment/event of their very own creation at the very same time! I sensed that in this realm, we are able to experience multiple events simultaneously with multiple beings who are also experiencing their very own multiple events with others, all simultaneously! There are infinite dimensions, infinite possibilities, infinite beings. Infinity on steroids, all simultaneously.

After playing around on the trees, my companions and I tried our hand at flying. I wasn’t very good, and I ended up hitting something that cut my arm off. I was curious and wondered how I was going to get my arm back. (At this point I had a body of some sort, whether an energetic body with more form or a physical body, I’m not sure.) I watched as the numbers like the ones I had found in the white room without dimension, fused my arm back together. I was fascinated as I watched my arm reform when thousands of numbers appeared and coalesced to fuse my forearm back to my elbow. The numbers were the 1’s and 0’s like I had seen in the tunnel and again in the white room where I exclaimed, “That’s how you create everything!”. I never really got the hang of flying but it was a lot of fun trying.

I should mention that although I am telling my story in a linear time fashion where this event occurred and then this event, I distinctly had the impression that everything was happening simultaneously. So, the white room experience may have happened after the jungle flying experience or they happened at the same “time.”

Time is not the same in this realm as it is on earth. I will just explain my experience in the way time works here on earth.

I ended up in the plaza where they were building a torch or spacecraft of some kind. There were beings on a ladder welding next to where there was a huge flame. For some reason I wanted to be a snowman, so I became a snowman. I wanted to walk under the torch to get to the other side of the plaza. To be honest, I was curious what would happen if I got too close to the torch as a snowman. Well, I found out. I melted and I was nothing but a puddle of water with eyes. I was wondering if anyone would come to help me, and sure enough, they did! A bunch of other beings came and put me back together and once they did, I was now a robot.

I hung around as a robot for a little while exploring more of the plaza and the trees. I then became what I can best describe as a living Russian nesting doll, and I joined the others who were in the same form as I. We all worked together in a convenience-like store cleaning and stocking shelves. I have no idea why there was a store, there was no need for anything as we could create and have whatever we needed or wanted. We all worked in harmony and spoke without words. After we were done at the store, we moved to a stage and performed a perfectly coordinated dance even though we had never practiced. We moved about as if we had practiced the choreography a million times. We moved in unison like a school or fish or a flock of birds, just knowing where and when we were supposed to change direction or activities. I realized that we were all connected energetically as one and yet we were still separate.

After the dance, what seemed like night fell upon us. There was no such thing as time but yet it was night. When remembering my experience, this concept of no time and yet a sensation of nighttime is still a confusing concept for me to understand. I ended up in a human-like form inside a hexagonal glass room. There was a very ancient old man with a long beard, hunched over, holding a walking stick and sitting in the corner. I remember laying on the ground while he spoke. I hope one of these days I will remember what he said because he was “downloading” information that will hopefully open up to me at the appropriate time. After speaking with a psychic friend of mine, she believes that I may have been with Father Time. I’m sure what he said will come back to me at the right time. I fell asleep in that room and awoke to daylight.

After spending the “night” in the room with Father Time, I awoke to group of people (beings) heading towards an opening in a barbed wire fence. My perspective seemed to be as if I were floating behind them, and I was with a presence who was behind me as I watched the event unfold. Even though it was a barbed wire fence and should have been easy to see past, everything beyond it was blurry. There was an opening in the fence with a land bridge behind it in which everyone was crossing over. For some reason, I was not allowed to follow. I was not given a choice; I was just witnessing the crossing of a group of people/beings beyond a barbed wire fence. It’s interesting how this “boundary” of crossing over is different in the various Near-Death Experiences that I have read about later. Some say they saw a river, others say the Pearly Gates, and others it was a door, a gate, etc.

This takes me to the last part of my death. The golden scripted scroll. I was in what seemed like a small dark room with ~7 beings of importance behind me. I saw the most beautiful scroll appear in front of me and when it started to unfold, I knew it was my life story. There were beautiful golden letters being written in an unknown script and they floated up off the scroll into the air. It was at this moment that my human ego came back. I realized that my ego had been stripped from

me in the dark void and now it had returned. I thought, “Ha! You’re showing this to a human” and instantly the scene and scroll faded. It not only faded but that was when I was shot back into my body.

It is a weird sensation to feel your heart stop, but an even weirder one to feel your heart start beating again! I thought I was going to wake up in a coffin 6’ underground. I had only been gone 8 minutes, but it had felt like it had been weeks.

I want to speak about all the crazy effects I felt when I came back. To start, I couldn’t believe how restrictive our bodies are , or how restrictive our environment is . My body felt like I was a 3-pound sausage stuffed into a half pound casing. The walls were so hard that I could hardly understand it. My mom and dad had arrived the next day to comfort me and find out what in the world had been going on. My mom was aware of the Near-Death Experience phenomenon because her grandmother had had 2 of them. My mom’s mom had also read about and shared NDEs with my mom, so she had some familiarity with the concept. The one thing that really took her by surprise was the dark velvety comforting void aspect that many NDErs talk about. She hadn’t heard of this before but after my NDE she read more accounts and found that it is quite common to experience “The Dark Void.” My mom would watch me pat the walls and she’d ask what I was doing. I told her that everything was so solid.

It felt as if the plants were speaking to me. I was traveling with a friend when I saw a pile of dead tree branches being burned in a field and they were crying out in pain as they burned. I also felt as if I could hear animals speaking to me, especially my little dog Bean.

I was in a restaurant a few days later with my mom when I exclaimed, “I am a racist!” My mom was taken aback because I am definitely not a racist. She asked what was going on and I replied, “There is someone in this restaurant who is having a hissy fit because white and black people are sitting together and eating together.” I

realized that I was energetically entangled with this racist and I knew how he had become one with his upbringing. His emotions were vile, and I was having a difficult time distancing myself from his thoughts. I was understanding racism from a whole new perspective. It was shocking to realize that some people feel and believe this way. It was so disheartening, but I finally understood racism. It's not born, it's bred. I hated every moment of it. My mom realized then that I had returned with even more psychic empathic intuitive abilities. We think that my sister and I have had abilities since we were very young and that is why we have experienced the entities of ghosts, demons, and other types of phenomenon. We just have a wider range of frequencies that we experience that give us a broader range of reality. However, we didn't understand this until closer to my NDE about 4 years ago.

I was able to feel where people were hurt during car accidents, I was able to read minds and true intentions, I could see auras, and I could know anything about anyone with a thought. It scared me though, so I shut most of it down. I had a very weird experience at a Christmas party. I wasn't drinking but I went through a group of tables who were drinking to get to the bar to get a soft drink. Coming back through the group of tables, I began to feel as if I were drunk. I told my mom when I got back to our table and she realized that it wasn't my energy, I was feeling the drunkenness of the people at the other tables. We decided that I had better learn to block unwanted energies and learn techniques to shut down unwanted information, otherwise I'd be overloaded all the time.

I'm still good at reading minds, however, I would love to get back into my medical knowledge. I really want to help people using my empathic skills. I think it was a huge gift that I didn't realize until I shut it down. I didn't understand the amount of people I could help with it at that point, and I needed more skill at controlling the energies.

Another important piece of information I came back with is, time is just a construct of humankind. It does not exist outside of here. So, coming back was really difficult understanding times and dates. Over the last 4 years, I have understood time here better, but I am horrible at dates. They all mean nothing to me. I sort of have an amnesia about events prior to my NDE. It does not help my sleep cycle either. I can be

up for 72 hours straight and sleep for 48 hours straight without rhyme or reason which makes it hard to function in our society. I have trouble with relationships and jobs because they operate on human time whereas I operate on my soul's time.

I try my best to operate in this human-driven world, and even though my physical body is human, I know that my soul is so much more. Sometimes it becomes so overwhelming that my infinite soul is stuck here, in this small body, I'm not sure what to do but escape.

I try to find the reason I came here in the first place, what the lessons of my NDE are, and now to deal with the aftereffects of my NDE and the juxtaposition of two very different realities. In the NDE realm, it seemed more real and that I was "Home" and I was enthralled with my unlimited self. This earth realm is such an illusion and confining. I am trying to access the abilities I had in the NDE realm and make them a reality here. What makes me happy now often includes good food, beautiful plants or landscapes, or just experiencing the good in others. Since I've been back, I am obsessed with shopping for, trying, and cooking new food. I love seeing beautiful things, living greener; and most importantly, I love seeing people who care so much about other people.

As for my "incurable" and very rare neurological movement disorder diagnosed in 2010, I have not experienced any of the symptoms that I used to have daily. I knew instantly upon re-entry into my body that something had changed dramatically. It has been just over 4 years now. Spontaneous healings are not unheard of in the NDE world.

I also was sent back knowing that I have two enormous, about 10 feet tall or more, angels/guides that are stationed permanently to either side of me. At first, I would “hear” them (kind of like telepathy) suggest I do something, and I would ignore them. I soon learned that it was a mistake not to listen to them and take the right action! I also realized that everyone always has their own personal guides/angels

with them even if they don’t realize it themselves. My mom was stunned when she came to visit me, and we were driving in Atlanta traffic. There were six lanes going south and it had been raining. Suddenly, cars in front of us were hydroplaning and there wasn’t much space between all of the cars. Almost as if in slow motion the car to the right and in front of us careened left across 5 lanes of traffic, hit the guardrail and started careening back to the right. My mom ducked her head and braced for impact thinking it was going to be a deadly pile up. Instead, I calmly kept driving and I explained what I was witnessing. I knew there wasn’t going to be any wreck of any kind. Everyone’s personal angels had stepped in and were creating “bubbles” of protection around each car so that it was almost like driving “bumper cars”. Each car just stayed in their own bubble space and when things calmed down everyone was still driving in their lane safely. I have had many instances of seeing miraculous events unfold since my NDE.

I came back with information I currently have access to and information that will be revealed to me when the time is right. One of the big insights I received is about reincarnation which coincides with our purpose of being here on Earth. Our souls decide what lessons it wants to learn and how to achieve spiritual growth here on Earth.

Oftentimes, we cannot achieve all our goals in one lifespan so we go to the “afterlife” to rest, recharge and decide what the next lessons will be. Our time between lives gives our soul a much-needed break before we come back. However, those who commit suicide are usually sling-shotted right back into the next lifespan without the rest. I believe we finally stop reincarnating on Earth once we have reached our soul’s

full potential. Knowing how to send love to the ones you hate, how to rid your soul of hate and how to forgive unconditionally is how you reach your soul's full potential.

The one message that I would love to leave with everyone is this:

We are all connected. What I do to you, I do to everyone else. I also do it to myself. I try to keep this in mind with all of my interactions and thoughts. It truly is all about Love!

The Giles Campbell Story:

My Experiences with Shadow Beings, Mantid Beings, Orbs, UFO, PSI, Telepathic Communications & Other Experiences via the Contact Modalities

**Giles Campbell
&**

Mary Rodwell

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Since its inception in 1997, over 3,000 individuals have resourced ACERN. Giles Campbell, former research scientist based in Tasmania, witnessed ‘anomalous’ lights on several occasions with family and friends. However, this escalated into physical interactions with

extraterrestrial encounters such as Mantid ‘insect like’ beings. When his former partner also witnessed the same things, it was difficult to dismiss these experiences as hallucinations. Naturally as a trained scientist he sought explanations from science. Unable to find answers to account for his experiences, he also questioned his sanity.

Giles resourced me through ACERN in 2011. He conceded the possibility, what he experienced had some reality despite a deep conflict between his science programming and these otherworldly experiences. Many readers will relate to this conflict. I have found the most skeptical are those with the experiences themselves. I joked with Giles and said, it is only when he explored a broader, multi-dimensional ‘reality’ will he achieve understanding. To do this, he needed to step into the proverbial ‘rabbit hole’ with an open mind. However, the downside to this, is there is no going back!

Down the ‘Rabbit Hole’ by Giles Campbell

In March of 2005, I was traveling home with my father, from Arthurs Lake in the Tasmanian Highlands towards Bothwell. We then noticed a white/blue ball of light which appeared to be following the car. The light was very bright but it was strange, it seemed contained, it did not disperse light as a street light or torch would. I wanted to stop

the vehicle to get a better look at the phenomena but my father seemed uncomfortable and asked if I could drive faster. A motorcycle appeared heading towards us and the light vanished. As the motorcycle travelled out of view the light reappeared and continued following the car. After a few more minutes my father watched the light shoot off over the top of the car. The approximate height of the light was 120 ft, we were traveling at 100 kmh. The size of the object was not possible to ascertain as it simply looked like a bright light. However, after this event I started experiencing strange phenomena around the house, smoke alarms would wake me at 2:30 am and I would have regular dreams about UFO's and strange looking beings. I assumed my imagination was overactive.

In 2006 I recall waking up and seeing a shadowy figure standing by the television. I was unable to move anything but my eyes. It felt like I was given a general anesthetic and I fell back to sleep even though I am was fighting the feeling. Soon afterwards I recalled waking in an odd environment, there were no sharp edges on anything in the room, this really stood out, the boundary/walls of the room had a mother of pearl appearance a blue, silver and purple kind of shimmering sheen. I remember climbing off a table (this table appeared to have no legs, it appeared to be molded from the "wall"). I was not afraid even though I could see small figures around me. Again, they were shadowy, for some reason it was very difficult to see their faces. I decided I wanted to look around, I remember noticing there were no steps, there was a ramp almost directly leading to the table and I started to walk down it. The small figures were trying to stop me and get me to go in a different direction but I just found them amusing given their small stature.

All of a sudden, my vision went black, I found myself in a similar style room with no bed and then it goes black again and I wake up in bed. It's the early hours of the morning, I remember feeling completely exhausted and a little nervous, I woke my partner to explain the odd dream, and before I said a word she said "I just had the most bizarre dream that there was a small grey dolphin/elephant skinned being in the

room with large black eyes, I couldn't move, but it was ok, I wasn't scared because they told me they were here for you not me and then I was forced back to sleep!" This struck me as very strange; I asked her to draw me a picture of the thing she saw and I was more than a little surprised to see how much it looked like what is often reported in popular culture (the gray). The main differences were that she described it had elephant-like skin and was a bit wrinkly not smooth.

I continued to have these strange dreams on and off and the house often seemed to be a place of strangeness. The smoke alarms would continue to wake me at 2:30am, lights would be switched on during the night and electrical items such as the television would sometimes malfunction. On November 26, 2007, I purchased a property in Mountain River, Tasmania. It was isolated and surrounded by forest and mountains. I had been craving seclusion and this house was perfect.

October 2010: I was working, suddenly at 4:30 pm I felt I had to go home to bed. This was odd but there seemed to be a voice in my head telling me I was very tired and must go home to bed. I closed the laboratory, and went straight home. I had a bite to eat, fed the animals and went to bed and was asleep by 8 pm. I woke at 2:30 am. The room and possibly the entire house was filled with an amazing blue light which seemed to be full of bright blue/white orbs dancing through it. I became aware of what was happening and started to panic. I managed to calm my breathing and heart rate. I could see some small beings near me but as usual I could not see their faces it's like they were masked. Again, I felt what I can only liken to an aesthesia sending me back to sleep.

I was getting angry because I couldn't see whatever was in my room and I demanded they reveal themselves. The response was, **"it will scare you and we don't want to scare you."** I got quite frustrated and threw a rather expletive demand to see them. At that moment my gaze was drawn to the bedroom window, I got the fright of my life. I could see what appeared to be a large, head with brownish wrinkled

skin (a bit like an elephant's skin) it had big black eyes (about the size of a fist) just staring at me. I lost my calm and started to panic; I did not feel threatened in the slightest but I had no point of reference for this experience. As I started to panic the blue light vanished along with the entity outside of my window.

A week after this event, in late October/early November 2010, I was sleeping and I was woken up by a strobe like flashing light which seemed to be in my head. I thought "aha! I am having a seizure; I must have a tumor which is why I am having all these experiences." I was very calm and was wondering how I could get to my phone to call an ambulance. I remember a feeling of satisfaction I had finally solved my problem. I struggled to open my eyes and succeeded. I realized that the strobing light was filling my room, I could only move my head and eyes. I knew something odd was occurring and I surveyed my room for details to ensure I was not dreaming. Again, everything was just as I left it, I could hear my cat sleeping on the end of my bed and as I looked to my right and there was a six foot being standing next to my bed staring at me. I managed to shift position so I was looking straight at this entity and study it for what seemed to be 2-3 minutes.

This creature had huge almond big black eyes, and resembled a praying mantis in some respects but there was very little insect about it. It was very slender; its skin was transparent and I could make out what seemed like blood vessels under the skin which appeared to have tiny balls of light moving through them. I could also make out its skeleton amongst all the other anatomical detail-- the skeleton looked almost like an opaque glass. Its head was big and it had what looked like 2 short fleshy antennae on its head, also translucent. The being had a blue/purple sort of glow to it, it was like a colored haze around the entire creature. It had slender, long arms, and had a very similar appearance to a praying mantis. It stood completely motionless, staring at me, I had little or no fear at this point, I was fascinated, I just wanted to get as much detail as possible. I decided to speak to it and for some reason I said "hello, can I help you?" (I do remember thinking how I

sounded like a sales person, and how utterly ridiculous that must have sounded) Shortly after this it vanished with a flash of white light.



After these two experiences there was a period of 6-10 days where I experienced total peace with understanding of things I now struggle to recall. It was a state of mind like I understood everything but at the same time wasn't sure what it was I understood. I felt a connectedness to everything around me. I really struggled socially for a while as it was almost like I could feel people's emotions and negativity. I lost my appetite and suffered exhaustion for the following 6 weeks. I also developed a strange debilitating fatigue which would come and go brought on at work, around specific people. These sensations eventually faded and left me very confused and concerned about my mental health.

In December 2010 I was fishing with my friend Simon in the Tasmanian highlands, a lake called Pine Tier. It was not yet dusk and suddenly we both saw a flash of light in the sky, what appeared to be a silver apple seed shape shoot out, flash and streak across the sky. Simon saw the flash he looked at me and said "shit, did you see that?" I said I did. Both of us were surprised there was no bang or explosion. We lit a fire and started cooking dinner and Simon said "Giles can you see that?"

I looked up, there was an orange orb moving silently above us, it moved slowly across the sky, I grabbed my torch and started flashing at the object but Simon was uncomfortable, so I stopped. Simon had seen 'lights' like this before, but it was the first time we had seen them together.

Due to these experiences and other events, I resigned from my career. I was feeling lost and dissatisfied with my work. After I met Mary in Agnes Water, and shared my story with her, I realized that I needed to get more confirmation that my experiences were indeed real. I decided to travel to the USA and visit the ECETI ranch and to see a world-famous therapist in Wyoming, Dr. Leo Sprinkle.

On November 10, 2012, I woke early to visit Dr. Leo Sprinkle. I went to visit Leo to have a regression to recall my encounters and missing time. It was a two-hour drive north of Denver. I had been driving for approximately 1 hour and I started to feel a vibrating/tingling sensation over my head. It started to build with intensity and then the feeling faded, a few seconds later this strange sensation occurred again but more intense, it started at my head and then ran down my whole body as water from a shower would. It built rapidly with intensity. I was thinking I would have to stop the car as I was traveling alone at 100 kmph, but it subsided. However it became more intense, it filled my whole body and was so intense I had difficulty remaining calm and in control of the vehicle. Then everything goes black, and I see what looks like earth from space.

I can sense every human being on the planet, black, white, short, tall everyone. I felt connected to every single person here, the love and compassion. What I felt for them was unbelievable. I could see faces of people flashing in front of me with the earth above them, the love and compassion that was pouring from me was totally unconditional and utterly overwhelming. I could hear a voice that sounded like my consciousness, it was saying “this is who you are, remember who you are, it’s important.”

Suddenly I am back driving the car wondering what on earth that was about but still feeling the incredible love and compassion. The intense sensation settled down momentarily and just as I started to question what just happened the strange sensation started and again I am suddenly seeing the planet from space, this time I can see tiny little colors exploding from the surface, blue, purple, green..... Then I hear the voice again, it says ***“this is what it looks like when you wake up, this is why we are here, this is why we are all here.”*** I hear these 3 or 4 times and then I am back driving the car but this time I am in tears and I am a little wired.

I have no idea what any of this is about, I do not understand it. All I know is these things have happened to me and I still find myself questioning the validity and the purpose of all these experiences.



As you can imagine this experience has left me somewhat confused and questioning everything, I thought I knew about this reality.

I continued driving until I arrived at Leo Sprinkle's office. I was anxious about the inevitable conversation. I was questioning my sanity, what will Leo think?

I was greeted by a tall slim man who had a very gentle and loving smile. He introduced himself as Leo Sprinkle and proceeded to show me his library. This was obviously done to make me feel comfortable with sharing my experiences. His books alone filled a medium sized

room from floor to ceiling and ranged from psychiatry to metaphysics and consciousness, along with some UFO material. After a few minutes we found ourselves in his private room where I started to regurgitate my story for what felt like the 100th time.

After discussing my previous experiences, I told him what had happened to me in the car during the drive to meet him. He was welling up with tears as I finished. He took my hand in his and thanked me, he said something along the lines of “**ahhhh, another individual who is validating my work**”. This was a beautiful thing to hear, this man was obviously a very beautiful individual, a man of integrity and peace, a man who I instantly admired. We spoke at length and laughed many times, I felt as I had done many times on this trip that I had met a truly wonderful human being. I asked if I should be regressed to remember what happened during my experiences and he replied “I don’t think you need to”.... A response I will never forget and one that taught me a great deal, least of all that if you are walking your path, no matter where you are, looking back only serves as a distraction to where one currently resides....

We parted company after a wonderful few hours and I found myself sitting in the car driving back to Denver wondering what on earth was going on, am I going insane? Am I losing the plot? I really needed to talk with someone I knew and could trust so I called my friend James Gilliland. I explained what had happened since I had left the ranch, the sightings, the emotions, the information and the incredible experience I had just had driving to Leo’s. He listened in silence as always, never interrupting as I ploughed through the information. When I had finished, I asked James if he thought I was going nuts (a common belief with people who experience this type of phenomena), quick as a flash and without hesitation he replied “Giles it sounds like you are experiencing sanity for the first time!”. Oh my God, I laughed so hard at those words I nearly wet my pants. It was very grounding to hear those words. The importance of having people around who don’t judge you and have some understanding of these experiences was suddenly very clear to me.

I returned to Denver and shortly after got an invite to Mexico from a lovely girl I had met through the ECETI ranch. I decided to go as I needed a break from the madness. I booked a flight that left on 11/11/2012. My friend's family had invited me and I booked a bed and breakfast in Guadalajara so as not to impose on their hospitality. Sunday, 11th of November I left for Denver Airport to fly to Dallas and then to Guadalajara. I decide to pack as light as possible so I only have carryon luggage. I Check-in at this airport 3 hours early only to find that my flight is delayed at least 50 minutes. That means I will miss my connecting flight to Guadalajara. I checked the departures board, there is another plane that is delayed by 15 min, traveling to Atlanta via Dallas! I have ten minutes to get this earlier flight, I ask the lady at the desk if she can get me on this flight, she said that would only be possible if I didn't have any checked luggage! What luck that I only took carry luggage.... I get a boarding pass and within 5 min start boarding the plane. I am sitting in row 9 seat E. Shortly after boarding we take off.

My attention is drawn to the window on my right, I look out of the window and notice the guy next to me acting a little oddly, he seems uncomfortable and then I observe what looks like a large craft under the plane off to the right. It seems to slowly pass underneath us and behind the plane-- it looked very odd, almost brownish grey in appearance, it cast a shadow on the ground and was circular in shape. I wondered to myself whether the bloke in the window seat had seen it, I was going to ask him but then I decided against it as I decided I had seen enough weird stuff for one life.

I took out my laptop and started writing a few notes about my trip, and what was going through my mind. After I had finished I put my laptop away and started fidgeting with the tray table. I glanced to the right and noticed the guy next to me had his sunglasses on and was staring out the window and was somewhat crushed up in the corner. I pondered this behavior for a second and then I noticed his iPad on his

table. He had notes open and the title of what he was writing was ***“TO THE BLOKE SITTING NEXT TO ME”***. I was a bit taken aback.

I looked away and thought you cheeky bugger, then I thought don't read it, just close your eyes. My curiosity however got the better of me and I looked back only to read something that concerned me a little. It said ***“Leo doesn't understand how deep this goes, I was put in this seat to contact you, if you want to know more email me”*** and he had left his address. I was totally shocked, I had to breathe deeply a few times, this was like something out of a movie. I quickly wrote him an email on my phone and tried to send it as the plane had WIFI capabilities. ***I wrote “yes I want to know everything”.***

Eventually the plane landed my head felt like it was on backwards, what was this all about? Why had this man been on that plane, was this just a coincidence? It must have been because I didn't even know I was going to be on that flight until 10 min beforehand! I got off the plane, I wanted to talk to him so badly, but I thought if he had wanted to talk, he would have done so, so I went to the departures board to find when and where my connecting flight was leaving. He was standing next to me; I thought about talking but then I decided I should just go. I wandered off. I was waiting for my next flight and I got a reply from the message I sent this man. It said “Soon enough. I will be traveling around quite a bit for the next 2 weeks, doing what I did today. I will get back to you as soon as I am able”. I mean come on, what is that all about. It felt like I was living in some kind of weird sci fi film.

My connecting flight to Mexico was very difficult, it felt as if was someone watching me, or trying to read my thoughts. I thought I was becoming paranoid which was not surprising given what had been happening to me? A woman sitting next to me was behaving oddly, being near her made my hair stand on end and she was constantly shoving books under my nose or showing me pictures of clouds on her ipad and asking me if I could see anything? Then she asked me whom I

was meeting, and would I like to go with her to a meditation retreat? Could she come with me and my friends, which was incredibly weird! My senses were on high alert at this point, I am trying to figure out what the hell just happened and I had no one I could trust to confide in.

I realized I had no control over this situation, and that there were possibly more levels to this than I could imagine. We eventually landed after what seemed like an eternity, I was an hour late which was extremely odd as we left Dallas early.

Thankfully my friend Brittany and her family were at the airport to meet me and take me to my hotel. I will be honest, at this point I was having to work hard to keep functioning. All these strange experiences I witnessed was taking its toll. It felt like I was falling into an abyss, spiraling out of control with nothing to grab on to. I hoped this was going to be a peaceful few days, a time to relax and forget the unexplainable events and center myself. After the usual greetings, they drove me to my hotel. I was desperate to talk to someone, but I was concerned how it would be perceived. Because if anyone was to tell me a story like this, I would certainly think they were somewhat unhinged. My brain was going over and over events on the plane, the whole series of synchronistic events that had to occur to get me on that plane, next to that bloke, the experience in the car, the lights in the sky and the strange shadows and balls of light I had started seeing.

After what seemed like an eternity, we arrived at the La Perla Bed and Breakfast. I was introduced to the owners who were just perfect. I went up to my room and after I got my head together sat down with Brittany and spewed the events of the last few days in her face. To my amazement she didn't judge or try to convince me I was nuts, she just took it all in and pondered the whole series of events without question, she seemed to understand.

We decided to grab some food at a local restaurant. On our way we walked down an unlit road and as we passed under a street lamp it turned on. We both noticed it and commented on how “strange” it was. We walked into the restaurant and we were given a table upstairs, there was no one else in this area. We ordered a meal and started talking about the crazy events. Then all of a sudden, I started seeing “orbs” and shadows moving around the restaurant. Then a large pink apparition passed in front of the window. I was thinking *“is this ever going to end?”* I told Brittany what I was seeing, she seemed unfazed, as we finished our meals and returned to the hotel. On the way back to the hotel we walked under the street light that turned on when we were walking for dinner. Well, this same street light turned off as we walked under it in the opposite direction! Is that just another coincidence? Is this my mind playing tricks again?

I would like to stop here and briefly discuss the ‘high strangeness’ that accompanies many of experiences I have. I have discussed this with other people who have had similar experiences. These weird, complex and almost impossible to assimilate strangeness appear to be common amongst people with encounters such as strange shadow’s, balls of light, weird electrical anomalies. How people seem to deal with this is as diverse as the subject itself.

It’s so confusing because some think it’s a government conspiracy, some believe its spirits, or dimensional beings. The problem seems to be that our society has no point of reference for such anomalies. I am a left brained science focused individual. I had brain scans, eye tests, blood tests, urine tests etc., I made sure I was tested for everything that might cause me to experience these highly bizarre events. Everything was normal, so I am left with continuing experiences, an almost infinite series of questions and little or no answers.

After leaving Mexico I returned to Colorado for a week before continuing to visit my family and friends in Georgia. I felt I was a bit unhinged given the experiences I had been having and wanted to ground myself as much as possible.

I went to stay with my cousin Nick and thankfully had an uneventful two weeks before traveling to the UK to spend time with my family in Yorkshire. I was struggling a little with what had been going on as my mind would constantly wonder about what had happened. Had I imagined everything? Was I really 'losing the plot' or was there something to all of these experiences? I noticed myself

detaching somewhat from society, things didn't make sense anymore. I couldn't understand why people were forced into a society that does not appreciate them, a society where it almost seems we are programmed to follow a very specific path and if we deviate from it we are left behind with little or no support.

I began to ponder the loss of spirituality in our western society and how potentially damaging this is for us. I found it a little difficult to be around people, my preconceived thoughts and opinions about life were dissolving, my entire rationale of life appeared to be changing from one perspective to another. I suddenly found myself identifying with a whole new group of people, people who previously I struggled to even be in the vicinity of, let alone converse with. It felt like I was building a completely new reality for myself and this one contained the possibility of new worlds, different dimensions and certainly the possibility of my consciousness expanding and continuing after death.

When I left the United Kingdom (UK) I was certainly looking forward to getting back to Australia and resuming some kind of life, and one which I knew was going to be very different to the one I left.



Giles Campbell

Arriving back in Australia was a great joy for me, it was a comforting and familiar place to return to. My friend Britt decided to visit shortly after my return and we spent about eight weeks traveling around Australia before we travelled to Agnes Water where I connected with Mary Rodwell again and both Britt and myself talked at length about my/our experiences.

I was no longer interested in the big city thing and had decided I would be most at peace in a more self-sustainable situation. I decided to settle in a small coastal area of Australia. I rented a place whilst I looked for a home to purchase, as I had not experienced anything for months. I thought the whole thing had passed me by until one night I woke up to see a blue liquid light in the vague shape of a person moving

round the bed and out of the door. This was a very clear apparition but was not at all unnerving. I had no idea what it was but it just wandered around the room and vanished into itself. This happened a couple of times over the next month or so until I moved into my new home.

The first night in my new place I was greeted by an extinguished candle (I had no electricity) being thrown on the floor whilst I was sleeping in the living room (I had no furniture). I opened my eyes and there right in front of me was a white, foggy sphere. It was about 5 ft in diameter and inside it was something very strange, it looked to be an orange structure. The sphere came towards the bed, I sat up and watched it approach me, then it kind of vanished into itself, like it folded itself away. I then noticed on a few occasions whilst working in the garden, I would notice these spheres moving around the property, mostly out of the corner of my eye.

My friend Britt and I decided to embark on a relationship together, and she moved in with me. Shortly after moving in, I went away to spend 10 days in a Vipassana meditation retreat. During my time there I witnessed multiple balls of light, golden mist and a five-foot white being walked straight past me in the kitchen which no one else saw (I was working in the kitchen as a volunteer). One thing that has become very common is the appearance of what looks like lines of white smoke, almost human in shape, about 4.5 feet high moving through the house I am now in. Sometimes I can also see what look like black eyes at the top. Three weeks after I returned home a friend from the states came to visit and on the 4th day of his visit, we were sitting in the living room and we both saw a white being standing outside the glass door looking in. I sat and watched it as my friend jumped out of his chair and nearly burst a blood vessel.

A few months ago, I was woken by Britt as she had a rather unnerving experience in the room with what she described as a bright green praying Mantis like being staring at her from the side of the bed, along with some strange balls of light that seemed to accompany them.

More recently I met a man called Peter Maxwell Slattery who I was referred to speak with. I discussed my experiences with Peter as he is also an experiencer, and he has written several books about his encounters. He described to me a Brown Wrinkly faced being, exactly the same as the one I had witnessed outside my bedroom window, this was a shock as no one else had ever described this thing to me and neither had I ever read about it. Peter decided to come and visit for a while a few months ago and whilst here we all had very odd experiences, mostly in the form of strange wispy things in the house again. Pete has since become a very good friend and decided to move and live closer to us.

Recently we both saw a triangle craft glide silently over the property and vanish just as Pete got his hand on the camera. This is something else which is infuriating, anytime we are away from a camera or when they are not set up something seems to happen. We have even experienced a battery go from full charge to empty when things are occurring only to return to fully charged when it has ended???

I hope one day to capture some good images or perhaps video footage of some of these things so I can share them. The experiences are continuing and I am beginning to learn to live with them. I would like to understand something about them-- are they real or is it our imagination doing this? Are we really constantly surrounded by things we cannot fully perceive? I have no idea, I just want people who experience these things to know you are not alone, many other folk experience them too. The most important thing for me is to keep as grounded as I can and not allow myself to get carried away with this.

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From Mary Rodwell:

I want to thank Giles for being prepared to share his story to date. Giles has shown great courage to write and own these experiences. Giles feels it's important because he has experienced the isolation, confusion, fears of judgment, fears for his sanity, so many experience who are having encounters and do not know where to seek support.

What is significant in offering therapeutic support to those with higher education, especially in the fields of science, there are two primary challenges. They seem to struggle more than most to process and accept their multi-dimensional reality, as the third dimensional programming is so powerful. Giles admits his personal reality so far from his scientific programming; it created huge conflicts in accepting his new multidimensional reality. Bridging the old to the new paradigm is both confronting and destabilizing.

The second challenge is an individual with a profession, and credentials. How personal experiences are perceived by their colleagues and peers. To own these experiences professionally can be extremely detrimental to any professional reputation, as so many have already discovered.

When more individuals like Giles share their personal experiences in the courageous way he has, especially having a scientific background, this adds weight in the public mind. It is the only way we as a society can finally get the public to wake up and listen, when someone they feel, they can respect owns their truth.



**My Mystical Magical Journey
via the Contact Modalities:
My Six NDEs, OBEs,
Astral Travels,
Contact with Spirits,
Demons, Angels &
Spiritually Transformative
Experiences**

Tamara Caulder Richardson

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Prenatal Memories

Before I was fully in a human body, I was already having spiritual experiences. However, it was not till much later in life as an adult in my mid-thirties, and after reading some of P.M.H. Atwater's childhood NDE research did I even realize that there was such a thing as a "Prenatal NDE" experience. It was still not real to me until I took a Dianetics workshop seminar on past life recall. We were teamed with another person in pairs so we could practice regressing someone into a painful incident and then bringing them through it, to present time. During this time, I was working with an older friend of mine that I loved and trusted. Before we started, I closed my eyes, she asked for me to, "go to a time of emotional pain and upset." Before I could spiritually see anything in my mind's eye, I started getting this very uncomfortable feelings of not being loved, feeling lost, unwanted and confused. So we decided to move forward with this incident, trusting there was something lurking under all those unwanted emotions. As I was asked to look (with my spirit eyes) at what I saw, I could see nothing but blackness and I also heard what sounded like a dialogue between two women. I recognized their voices as, my "to-be" mother, I will call, "J", who was pregnant with me, and her sister, I will call "Virginia," who was four years older. The dialogue was something like this...

Virginia: "Please open the door, I want to help. Hurry and open the door before mother comes upstairs. Please stop crying, I love you."
J: "You will be mad at me. I made a mistake. Virginia: "It will be okay. Together we will figure something out."

At this point, I am now not just hearing this situation as it unfolds but I started to also see this scene from the ceiling. I could not figure out where my body was and why I could see from the ceiling, and also see outside on the high window in the shower, and in the other powder room beside the bathroom. My mother was so young. She was eighteen years old, had been in college only a few months and found herself home, pregnant and not married. "J" was so pretty with short blonde

hair and elf-like features. She had on a gray cardigan and no bottom pants. She was on the floor by the bathroom door with blood everywhere. I looked into the bathtub and saw a coat hanger twisted up to make a device that had been extended into her uterus. Lots of blood was in the tub. She was curled up by the door, crying out to God asking for forgiveness. I was watching in spirit form with deep love, concern and empathy. I wish I could have held her, and told her I am fine, and that whatever she decided to do is fine with me because all I wanted was her happiness. But all I could do was observe this whole thing taking place.

As my aunt opened the door slowly, she was witnessing a horror show. Virginia's knees buckled down to the floor to meet where my mother was laying. The dialogue continued... Virginia: "Oh God, what have you done, J.?" My mother kept profusely kept apologizing, over and over. My aunt could see my mother's body trembling from the trauma of her homespun medical procedure. She also saw my mother was in emotional trauma. My aunt said, "Okay, let's not talk. Let's just get you cleaned up before mama comes and finds us." Virginia was trying to fight back her tears as she scrubbed powdered Comet cleaner over the blood-stained tub, while washing down the blood into the drain. Before she turned around to face my mom she wiped her tears with the back of her palms, she said, "All done. Now, let's get you fixed." My aunt, a real beauty queen, helped my mom stand up so she could wash up her personal area at the sink, while Virginia wiped up the blood off the black and white ceramic tiles. She had my mother sit on the toilet seat lid. I heard and saw her tell my mother this, "You are going to put this behind you. You are going to have a healthy, loving baby, one of which will love you no matter what. I will always be, and will support you and your child, always. However, this must be our secret and never to be spoken of again. God will help us to get through this but you must be strong. I am by your side and will always love, protect and help you with raising this child." My mother was slightly crying, still dazed but starting to feeling grounded by the promised

Virginia made to her. Honestly, my aunt kept all those promises of supporting my mother and even me, most of her life.

Then you could hear my grandmother's, their moms, footsteps coming up the long staircase to the second floor where we all were. My aunt hugged "J", and said, "I love you; you can do this. Let me do all the talking." Then, grandmother was at the top of the stairs asking where her two daughters were. She saw the bathroom door locked, and tried to open the door knob and said, "What are you two girls doing in there and why is this door locked?!" My aunt opened the door, slipped out and she whispered this to my grandmother, "Mom, "J", got very sick and I found her on the bathroom floor lightheaded and sick. I don't think she is eating enough and needs to rest, and lie down some. She was too embarrassed to tell me at first but I talked to her and things are fine. "J" just needs to rest some." My grandmother, Ada Mae, said in response, "I have some soup I made. Let's get her to eat that and then we will send her back upstairs to get some rest." Virginia opened the door and they both assisted "J" to stand up, both helped her walk down the long staircase and into the kitchen on the first floor. She waited for the hot soup to eat as she sat in the yellow plastic cushioned fifty's styled chrome-leg chair, by the dinette sparkle white table also trimmed in chrome. Virginia kept her mother distracted away from my mother by speaking of duties that needed to be done around the family home, they affectionately called, "The Belk Barn," which was and large, white Victorian home. It was clear that my grandmother instilled fear in everyone in that home. She had a strong personality and it was her way, or else! My mother did eat, and they helped her upstairs to the beautifully designed large bedroom with lavender wallpaper and bright white trim, and furnished with elegant white bedroom furniture and a purple velvet sitting chair by a white desk. It even had a fireplace. They tucked my mother in the bed with a hall light on and demanded that she rest.

As my young, frail, emotionally exhausted mother lay there, as a spirit, I begin to merge with her mind, body and spirit. We were one-mind. I telepathically related as she slept how much I loved her, that all would be okay, and that I would always be there for her even before my own needs. (It was not till later as an adult, I retracted some of those words giving myself my own power back to myself.) Then, I begin to heal her body with my light energy. My Divine white-light energy was so peaceful to her that she slept till the next day. Long story short, she did heal from the abuse she took upon herself. My small baby body that was growing in her, with puncture holes in my head, eventually also healed. I knew I was spirit, of God, and stronger than her, and could help show her love. Little did I know that loving someone who had so little love for her own self would end up being one of my life's biggest challenges.

(Interesting comment on the spiritual mind merge I created with my mom really stuck...

Many times, through the years mom, and still now, we finish each other's sentences, laugh and comment with the same expressions at the same time. We even have a psychic fashion link - wearing the same colors, and styles, at the same time. We even have found the same exact items and brands of shoes, boots, accessories, and coats, in each of our closets that we both bought separately but was the same!)

My NDE at Age 3

It was August 1966, and too hot to be outside especially in the Hickory, North Carolina, USA, muggy heat. Summertime in "the South" can be oppressively hot, not to mention the bloodsucking, large mosquitos waiting to jump on you when you step outside. So on this day, my mother and I were still living with my granddaddy and grandmother Belk. My grandmother dropped my mother and I off at my uncle Joe mother-in-law's large Antebellum home while my grandmother Belk ran some errands about town. She wanted mom to

call her at the house when she was ready for her to pick us up. My uncle's wife, Nancy, and their daughter about my age three and a half, Gina, was there too. Nancy was close in age to my mom, which mom was about to turn twenty-two on August 31st. (And, yes, my mom is a Virgo through and through.) Joe's wife, Nancy, my mother, and Nancy's mother, Mrs. Cruise, sat inside and talked while drinking a sweet tea in the living room.

Upstairs, I was playing a game of "hide and seek" with my cousin Gina. Initially, I had to count to ten, which I could do and then go find her. There were five bedrooms upstairs. Intuitively, I went directly to find her in a closet in one of the bedrooms. So that first round ended quickly. Then when it came to my turn, I made Gina go downstairs and count to ten, then come upstairs. I told her to wait till I was upstairs and then to start her counting. I knew I had better find a really good hiding spot, and fast! As I peered briefly into each bedroom, I felt I was being watched everywhere by invisible people. I started getting creeped out and felt anxious, yet I had to find a hiding place and soon. I went into the back smaller bedroom that was decorated in navy and yellow flowers on the bedspread. I noticed a small bathroom inside the bedroom. I was going into the bathroom to hide in the tub, when two things happened at once, I saw a dark shadow in the bathroom and heard Gina say, "Ready, or not, here I come!" I heard her footsteps leap up the staircase. I was so excited, started squealing like a little piglet because I did not know where to hide. Beside the adjacent bathroom was a tall chest of drawers. From excitement, I started to jump up and down, near this dresser. Next thing I know, I feel a sharp pain, felt a liquid running down my head and face area. Unbeknownst to me, as I was jumping, I propelled myself into a nail that was hammered underneath the dresser corner. The nail head end had punctured my skull. Instantly, I felt water was coming down head. Maybe a cup sitting on top of the dresser must have spilled on top of me. In reality, it was not water but when I touched my head and looked at it I my own blood on my hand. Suddenly, I lost consciousness and collapsed onto the bedroom hardwood floor with a heavy thump.

Without even a blink, I was above my body on the ceiling looking at it. I saw my cousin, Gina, come in and try to wake me up but with no luck. She screamed which drew the attention of the three adults that were sitting downstairs in the parlor room. My mother, Nancy and Mrs. Cruise hurried up the long staircase to the second floor back bedroom to find my limp body. I was breathing but unresponsive. My mother came over to my body and shook me, and with partial consciousness I went back in my body, but not fully. She said, "What have you done!" in anger. Nancy said, "We should take Tammy to the doctor!" Mom replied, "She'll be fine in a few minutes." I went fully unconscious again, watching everything from a corner ceiling area. Nancy and Mrs. Cruise had a very worried look on their face. Gina was crying some and confused saying it was, "not her fault." I saw Mrs. Cruise leave the room. I could see things from different perspectives, and in different locations. For example, I was looking at my body from above the ceiling but could also see Mrs. Cruise downstairs using a yellow, rotary wall phone to dial-up my grandmother at her home. I could see and hear her, just like I was right beside her, and I was also upstairs seeing and hearing what they were saying. That would mean I was bi-locational.

Downstairs, Mrs. Cruise told Mrs. Belk, my devoted and protective grandmother, "Ada Mae, her Tammy got hurt. She told grandmother, "We cannot wake her up and "J" does not want to take her to the hospital. And, she has blood coming out of her head. She also went into some kind of seizure. I feel you and Henry need to get over here, right now!" Grandmother replied to her, that she and "daddy", my granddaddy, would be there directly as soon as she put on some shoes! Then in spirit form, I put my attention back on my body upstairs laying on the cold wooden floor. I heard Nancy trying to convince mom to take me to the hospital. Mrs. Cruise hurried up the steps and suggested she mix up some vinegar and hot sauce to put under my nose to revive me. My mother insisted, "She'll be fine and wake up in a minute." I was observing, listening, and seeing the situation from all directions in the room (faraway and close up) but soon found myself very bored with the whole situation.

Suddenly my attention shifted away from me and the others, and I was downstairs at the front door. I was going to go outside but looked back and saw many being of light bodies lining up the large and long staircase that looked like it was out of the movie, “Gone with the Wind.” I could also see in the kitchen, dining room area and every room in the house at the same time. The home was stacking up with beings of lights, which I feel were friendly, spirit people. They seemed to know me. And at three and half years old, I did not know that many human beings at that point, only my immediate family. I did not even know my real dad, or even if I had one. I felt these light shaped beings were there for me, to support me. I felt no fear from them or any special interest except to be of help, care and support.

After I observed the details of the home, the rooms, I felt it might be important to check on my body. With that thought, instantly I was above my unconscious body. I was drawn to a large, nine to ten foot being that was by my head. This being presented itself has powerful, pure and appeared to have its light-filled energy hands over my head area. I was entranced at its beauty and presence. This being was different than the others but I knew it to be an agent of God, the most high, there on a mission to stabilize and heal my body. I KNEW, just KNEW this was my guardian angel, and that name was, Uriel. It was not till later as an adult that I remembered the name, Uriel, and it was revealed to me he/she is an Archangel and the name means, “Fire of God.” This angel was brilliant, brighter, and powerful than any of the light-beings that were in the room. The essence of this angel was mighty, wise and magnificent!

As Uriel the Archangel was doing some healing work on my head area, I begin to drift away from this scene, not caring and not being anything. I just was. I did not connect to being a child, nor female, nor anything except pure consciousness. I did not have the human emotions that sometimes burden us, or hold us back in life. I was still, I was all things, frozen in time, and yet beyond all time as we know it. It was in

this vast, timeless state that I heard to be the voice of God. Well, it was not just a voice but a soul-knowingness that permeated every cell in my body and woke me. That voice said, “This is not your time, you have much to do.” It was not a suggestion but a strong order. At that millisecond, I was back in my body with all the pains related to my head. My body felt heavy, and I was in immense pain. I also had confusion to what had happened.

It was right about then that my grandparents drove up. I could hear Mrs. Cruise invite them in. I think my grandmother skipped a few steps coming up the stairs because she flew upstairs in record time, with my beloved granddad, Henry Steverson Belk, right behind her. As they entered the room, I was in my body looking out through my eyes with great pain and dazed to my condition. My grandmother asked my mother, “J, what happened?!” My mother replied, “Awh, she was horsing-around playing and hurt herself. That is what kids do. She will be fine.” My mother was had a defiant streak in her. Actually, she has always been rebellious and hates to follow any authority, even if it is for her own good – or, mine. That’s another story.

Grandmother Belk replied, “She does not look fine. Henry and I are taking her to my internist to get her looked at.” It was Saturday and the doctor’s offices were closed. There were no 24/7 emergency clinics open back in 1966, only the main local hospital with on-call doctors. My grandmother Belk had clout in the town of, Hickory, North Carolina, which was voted two years in a row for being, “An All American City.” She was determined to go to the best to make sure I was looked after with the best care. Plus, her internist’s office was near the hospital and if needed he could follow us there. My mother was still insisting I would be fine as my blood was still coming out of my hand. My grandmother pulled rank over her, as my sweet grandfather supported and back my grandmother’s decision. Granddad picked me up and carried me downstairs. I was still in and out of consciousness because the pain was so great. There was some choice words expressed between my mother and my mom, but in the end my grandmother, my

defender and true mother, succeeded in getting out of there and to her doctor specialists.

When we arrived to my grandmother's internist office, we entered the back door. I think about that even now and think, "Wow, how impressive is was that my grandmother was so liked and respected in her town that she had a fancy, bigtime doctor come out on a Saturday for a private visit, for me!" That still blows me away! Anyhow, he had me sit down in a chair in one of his rooms to inspect me. As my grandparents stood beside me, the internist begin to examine the puncture wound on my head. He told them that the puncture had gone through my cranium but he did not think it penetrated soft tissue but was not sure about that unless he took an x-ray. He said I had a contusion and may have brain swelling, and to keep a very close watch over me through the night.

My grandmother asked why would it swell and what can be done. The doctor told them that the next 24 hours was critical. He said if the swelling happens it is because the brain is hemorrhaging, and could be life threatening. X-ray or not, he said we will know within 24 hours what is going to happen. He said if it does swell to call him at his home and he will meet them at the hospital with me. He told grandmother, who was a staunch, First Presbyterian Church advisory member, to pray over me since tonight's progress is the most critical. He also told my grandparents that the puncture wound to my head could not be repaired by medical science, and only time could grow back the bone of the skull. He did cut around the wound to allow it to grow shut without my hair getting in it. He also put a bandage on it and told grandmother to not let my head get wet and to change my head bandages daily. She agreed, and so we left to go back to my grandparent's home.

Grandmother stayed up the whole night praying over, me as I lay on her plaid green coach as she sat beside me. My mother was nowhere in sight. I don't even know if she stayed at the Belk Barn that evening. She was more concerned about her conflict with grandmother taking

care of me, and not letting her do it, which she did not do, than my own health needs. Little did I know this would become a future pattern of her neglecting me, not getting me medical care and letting more NDEs happen on her watch. However, with my grandmother closely by my side, I did survive the night and I had no brain swelling. It did hurt and children's baby aspirin did not help much. As I laid there, I asked Uriel to be there with me and help. I did not have the vocabulary to ask my angel's help any more elaborately.

For two years, I had a soft spot on my head about the size of a dime but eventually my skull hardened up. I am proud to be called hardheaded now! After the nail went through my skull in my near-death experience, I had a strange phenomenon after-effect to start to happen... I started to see and hear spirit people all the time, and everywhere. And, honestly, it still has not stopped. No wonder I would become an International medium and a representative to spirit people. It all makes sense now!

My NDE at Age 3

My mom at this point had grown her hair out to long to her waist. She had beautiful, healthy long straight blonde hair with straight bangs. She was a sexy, young hipster-type of mom. She used to wear blue eyeshadow lined like an Egyptian goddess. She would wear the latest fashions. However, having a four-year-old child had to be a drag on a hot, young single mama. I can remember sitting on the top of the steps on the back of my grandparent's large white home crying for my mother. Many nights my mother, "J", would be out of the town with a date. Of course, at the time, I just knew she was gone a long time. My mother has always had a slant toward being selfish, getting what she wanted before all others. Sadly, that theme seemed to carry throughout her life. I do understand, especially now as a grown woman, that she must have wanted to get out from under the thumb of her parents and start her own life. And, as much as my grandmother loved me and took care of me, I could see how controlling she was. With that said this is where the story takes off.

During her dates and nights out, my mother had met this fast-talkin', tall dark-headed man, fashionable man named, Raymond LeGrand Caulder, who was a DJ for Channel One radio station in Hickory, North Carolina. After they had been dating three months, she mentioned to me and my grandparents that she was interested in him, and us to meet him. Grandmother Belk was clever and street smart, and skeptical of men around my mom. After all, mom was a bad judge of character (still is) and did get pregnant with me at eighteen, so naturally grandma was suspicious of meeting this mysterious man that caught my mother's eye. Also, Grandmother Belk ran a hosiery mill manufacturing men's socks with granddaddy, which was unheard of in those days of a successful, woman-owned business. She was also was a college graduate and could speak five languages. She was a smart lady in life, with the books, and believed in education, and good with people. With that said, I found out years later that grandmother asked around town about this "Ray" and he was known to be a "player" and womanizer.

Mom was insistent to have me meet this man. Once he came by the house to introduce himself, unannounced, which you do not do in the South. You always call ahead to get permission to come over – never, no unexpected drop by visits. Not even with family. You certainly don't want to be caught indecent, without makeup or in proper clothes.

Right out of the gate, Grandmother, and granddaddy, did not like this cocky young man, Ray that stopped by uninvited. After all, it came across rude and disrespectful. When he came up to the back door porch I could feel the tension in the air between him and my grandparents. Honestly, I did not like his chipper, arrogant attitude. My grandparents worked so hard for everything they got. They did not deserve for someone to show up abruptly for them to stop what they were doing, just to be with him. Even at four years old and a very brief encounter with Ray, I immediately did not like, or trust him. He left shortly after a few minutes like it was a fleeting idea to stop by. My grandparents were

silent, but secretly stewing. After he left, mom was trying to hard-sell him to her family. Mom persisted with the notion that he would grow on them and that he was wonderful. My grandparents seemed unhappy about the idea of him being anywhere near my mother or me. The both had good intuition.

Finally, after a few days of my mom trying to convince my grandmother to allow us to go on a day visit with this Ray, grandmother begrudgingly agreed. Of course, the day mom picked for Ray to take her and I on a day-date, was the worst weather day she could have picked! It was cold, snowy, black ice patches on the roads – but she insisted we still go to lunch with him. My Grandmother Belk had a bad “gut” feeling about this. And, my grandmother was very psychic and knew things, just naturally without any effort. I think my psychic and medium gift runs in our family. And, her feeling about us was not to go away. My mom, being hardheaded, selfish and defiant disagreed and went on with the plans not thinking of the risks, or her child’s safety.

The day came for him to pick us up so we can “all get to know one another” on this day date. He pulled up to the back of the Belk barn, not even getting out of the car, but instead honking the horn for us to come out. He did not even assist us coming down the slippery, icy long staircase. I looked back and saw the worried look on grandmother’s face. Her face told a story I did not want to read. She was very concerned for my safety, just like a mother should have been. Mom and I piled into the front, long one-seat of his golden Pontiac car, and pulled away from the gravel driveway into the main street. We were off to eat lunch at the local Pizza Hut down the street. Over a pepperoni pizza we had small talk between, and then Ray suggested we eat ice cream at the local Baskin Robbins. Yes, it was winter and freezing outside but we went and got ice cream despite the weather. I remember how Ray got two scoops of chocolate and how he grossed-me-out eating his ice cream. He was a messy eater! From there, he wanted to stop by his work, the Channel One radio station, which was just around the corner. Hickory was a small town so everything was relatively close.

We pulled into the radio station parking lot. We were the only ones there. He said he had to pick up some paperwork. It was a small semi-circle designed building with an ultra-seventies décor that could be seen on the set of a Quinn Martin production movie. Ray took me to a nice office and showed me a cabinet full of those little 45 rpms music records. He told me I could go through these and pick anything I wanted and take it with me for free! He told me to wait there as he talked to my mother in another room. They were gone a couple hours as I went through the small records. I found five things I wanted out of hundreds. One was the Monkeys “Dream Believer”, then other record was, The Lord’s Prayer, song by Sister Janet Mead, and a couple Motown hit songs.

I noticed it was quiet and I was ready to go but could not find my to-be step dad and my mother which most likely were in a locked office having sexual relations. Eventually, the both emerged miraculously from nowhere, and ready to go. They seemed to be upset with one another. As we gathered our things to leave, Mom was saying things like, “I don’t care you don’t have any money. We will make it together and figure it out.” Ray said, “Wait till I get that raise I was promised.” Both of them stormed off walking to the gold Pontiac. We all piled in the front seat. They were still having a heated, disagreeable conversation.

Ray started the car and sped out of there he needed to put out a fire. We were only a couple of miles along, and he yelled at mom to “stop pushing him” on getting married. Then Ray slammed on the car breaks, we did a complete one-eighty turn and slammed into a large tree in front of the Hickory Park which was in the middle of town. As soon as we hit the tree head-on, I was thrown from the front bucket seats, with no seatbelt or kiddie car seat, I not the windshield with great force. The impact was the last thing I remember. The next thing I saw was a blackness surrounding me everywhere. I was confused and my body felt wet, and cold yet I could not find my body! That was even more confusing. I still was thinking and aware but not in the reality known to

me as earth or life as I knew it. I was in the blackest place ever. Out of the blackness I saw a form. It was Jesus! He had his arms stretched out to me. He had holes in both his hands. His hair was long and appeared to being blown back like from a fan. Behind Jesus I saw people. Then seems familiar but yet I did not know them from this life, yet felt they were family. As he approached me, Jesus had on a white robe, with a blue sash, blue eyes, tan skin and long brown hair. He had a serious but comforting face. He said to me, "You must go back. This is NOT your time." I then saw a bird behind him. Someone behind Jesus said I have your bird and he is okay! (It was a bird I found that died a few months before.) I told Jesus, "I cannot do this world. I don't understand this place, and people can be mean." He told me with a serious slant, "You can, and YOU WILL." Then Jesus followed up with, "But I will always be with you!"

In the next second, I was back at the scene of the car crash into the tree. Apparently, I had been out a while because upon my return I saw two "good ole' boys" with a chain around our car and also around their Jeep Wagoneer pulling our car away from the tree. The driver's side door was wrapped around the tree. Mom and Ray were fine but I was not. My face was shattered in many places especially around my nose and sinus area. I had blood all over my face. My mother was holding me. I was in this world and still in the world of spirit. Although to my left I saw two redneck brothers helping get the car free from the tree, to the right side of me I saw a nine- or ten-foot angel of the Lord in a fiery, bright white and red colors emanating from him or her. Then behind the angel, which I knew to be my guardian angel, was a rip in the universe. It was a God portal of life with fire, creation and turbulent activity inside it. It was not scary but magnificent and powerful.

Then ahead in front of me, where the closed frozen park was, were people. I saw a Native American man and women holding her baby as they roasted a fish over a fire. I also saw a lake in front of them that is no longer there. Then ahead of them I saw a man and a woman dressed in 1880's fashions walking a baby with an old-timey stroller.

She had on a floral bonnet, high-neck dress and long skirt. The man, I assume her husband, had on a Barbershop styled, campaign hat, with a three-piece checkered suit. They were real and solid. I am not sure if I was seeing into a past imprint of reality of long ago, or into another dimension. Then Above was a hot-air balloon floating above. I did not stop to wonder why this did not make sense. I just observed and took note of my observations. I was outside of the body observing this world and another world.

Then behind me was the, Hickory Firehouse. It was cold and icy weather and no one was out on the streets but us. It was desolate. Yet despite that I saw fireman in old-timey fireman uniforms behind us. I also saw other town's people. Overall, it was about two hundred, spirit people behind us watching this scene. Then a woman comes over to the driver's side of the car and introduces herself to me as, Judith Hefner. No one heard her but me. She was dressed like the early forties with a pillbox hat and fitted suit with a small belted waist. She begin to tell me that my grandmother used to shop at her mother's jewelry store, and how happy she was to meet me. Then I heard several voices of the spirit people chanting, "She is the one that carries our voices." They said this over and over. I did not understand that till later in life when I became a professional, evidential medium. At that moment on, I have been between two worlds. I live in this world and see into the next offering comfort to the living from those in spirit.

As the redneck brothers pulled us out and away from the tree. After begin free, we went two miles up the street back to the radio station. They wanted to check me out under the bright lights. Ray sat me on a breakroom counter up high. I was dazed, hurting and bleeding out my nose. I was begging to go to the doctor. There was a cleaning woman there and stopped in see what was wrong. I must have looked bad because she even offered to take me to the hospital.

Afterward, we left not to go back to grandmother and granddaddy's home a mile away but we went someplace else... Ray's trailer twenty plus minutes away in the sticks! He lived in a poor dirt road trailer park in a one bedroom red and white beat-up trailer. He had a closet that he made into my bedroom. It was super small even for a three-year-old. That night I was ripped away from the love and protection from my grandparents, into an almost ten-year battle of abuse and sexual abuse.

It was spirit friends that helped me out. I prayed to God to help me get out of this place. I was told by spirit how to call my grandmother, the phone number, the directions, street by street twenty minutes away, and they arrived. Today, my relatives still don't know how I was able to give such details instructions to a place that I had never been, back to where I lived with my grandparents. I did it with the help of my loving spirit friends, and guides!

My NDE at Age 5

My mother and Ray, stayed together, got married and they had begun adoption papers for Ray to be my father. Of course, all without asking me. We moved from Hickory to Raleigh, North Carolina which was almost three hours away... from the love and protection of my grandparents. The sexual and mental abuse started from three and a half and actually, kept going, actually till twelve years old when I was bigger and I started fighting back. We had moved to Raleigh since Ray got a better job at WKIX Raleigh. I had not started first grade yet. We had moved in a newly built apartments in the Cary area, which was a nice, middle class young area.

Mom was working some part time as a typist for Kelly Girl Temp services. When she would leave the apartment, I would beg her to stay home. I would tell her I did not want to be alone with Ray. She would always assure me she would be back home soon. That is when lots of sexual abuse started. So many times, I would run, hide under the bed

but was found and pulled out, then held down. I was only five years old and my small body was no fighting machine against a grown man. I prayed each night diligently to God to help me with my situation. I asked Jesus, whom my grandmother told me about, to help me with this situation. I asked him to make it stop and to get rid of Ray, or kill him. Then I realized this was something that seemed wrong. I told Jesus he could take me instead but I could not go on like this. I lived in terror and isolation from being able to tell anyone. I tried telling my mother but she just did not get it, or care to know.

During the heavy sexual abuse, I kept getting strep throat. This one time, my case of strep throat was so bad it came with a high fever of 103.9 and was followed by pneumonia. I remember having two days of symptoms that kept getting worse but was not taken to the doctor. Then this one night, it kept getting worse. I was drenched with sweat, and became delusional. Mom was urging, Ray, to take me to the hospital. He refused. My mom called the hospital and she said my temperature is now 104. They told her to put me in the tub with ice. She emptied out the icemaker and put me in ice cold water. I was freezing before I got in, and now I had to get in this tub of ice. Not a good memory. Mom dried me off, put my night clothes and put me to bed. She went back in my room after an hour and I was completely soaked with sweat, and unconscious. She went back in the living room and demanded Ray take me to the hospital, and started crying. She had him pick me up and take me to his company WKIX car and put me in mom's lap, as he drove the car to the hospital.

This was the same night Dr. Martin Luther King was assassinated. Not only did we as a state of North Carolina have a curfew by 10 p.m. but we had the National Guard enforcing it. Ray thought having his "Media" sign on his car might buy him some extra privileges. It was 11 p.m. and we were driving to Rex Medical Hospital in Raleigh, NC twenty minutes away. On the way, I died. My mom started screaming at Ray for not taking me to the hospital in time. I went above the car and saw fired and riots in the distant night. I followed the car above. We made a stop at one of the National Guard

blocks. Ray told them he had to get his daughter to a medical hospital. The Sargent called ahead to the other two more blocks and to the hospital. When we arrived at Rex Medical a team of about eight people came out to get me on a stretcher and rolled me into the hospital's emergency entrance.

As a spirit person, I followed along-side of my body. They put me in a room where two men doctors came in to examine me. They wrote down I had been DOA (Dead on Arrival) for at least fifteen minutes. After which they put heart monitors on me, tried to bring me back, and also put a breathing tube down my throat. They saw I had a shallow breathe, and had fluid on my lungs from a mobile x-ray unit. They begin to remove fluid off my lungs and dispose of it in a white accordion looking machine. I was interested in watching them for a while but then got bored. I started zooming around the hospital talking to other spirit people along the way. I felt free and happy! Occasionally, I would go back and check on my body. I did not want to see the gross things they were doing so I left again.

After two hours, I went back in to check on my body. I was touch and go the whole time. Then I heard the two doctors tell the nurses that tried the best they could. Two female nurses were crying. One doctor said, "God, I have a daughter about her age." Meaning me. Both lungs had collapsed. They covered the sheet up over my face. As a spirit, I saw a spirit Catholic nun and Priest beside my bed praying for me. The nun said, "Blessed are the innocent." During this time, an intern came in and saw movement under the sheet. He went to get the doctor which to his surprise he saw I had a very slight pulse, and put me on an oxygen machine. I was in this oxygen tent for three days. During this time was the greatest memory I have ever had, all spent with Jesus!

The last worldly images I can recall was the Catholic nun and priest praying by my bedside as I was above on the ceiling. The next thing I knew I was in a beautiful, bright green field that looked like a bright sunny summer day. There was a man in a white robe kneeling to

my right side holding my hand, with a big smile and great looking white teeth, and dimples. It was Jesus! I said to Him, “You are that man I talk to in my dreams.” He laughed, and said, “Yes.” He told me he had something for me. I asked if it was “a toy” and Jesus laughed. He took off a portion of his rope belt and wrapped it around my right wrist, and said, “Much is given, much you will give. I wrap you in my love, wisdom and protection, always. Through the big things the small things would be accomplished and through the small things, big things would be known.” He told me I had to go back. I saw children playing on a see-saw to the left and argued they are here, “Why can’t I be here too?” Jesus begin to tell me that my mom needed me. I told Jesus, she would be “fine.” He told me she had little love in her and I need to show her how to love. I told him I didn’t know how to do this. He said, “There is no right or wrong way to love, just love.”

He told me I could stay a bit longer so I could ask Him questions. I followed him, but so did the grass, clouds, suns and flowers. Jesus had a radiance coming from Him that magnified outward. We then sat by a large tree, and he told me we do not eat from this tree, for it is a wise tree. We sat in front of it on a huge rock. He answered many questions of mine. He told me he would send someone to me to help my situation. (At five years old, I hardly thought it would be my future husband, Clay, but I believe that was the case.) Then he showed my mom crying at the hospital. He talked to me about being love, receiving love and giving love. Then he talked about how I should be mindful of how I speak. He told me words manifest into things. He said it is immediate in Heaven but on earth it takes a while. I asked if He could show me. He told me to have a thought. I visualized Jesus and I in a small paddle boat. Then we were in it! Fish came up to us and He picked one up said a couple nice words and put it back down. Jesus said, “This is how we fish in Heaven.” He told me it was time to go back. Then I was back in my hospital oxygen tent bed but not conscious yet.

The next day, as a spirit, I roamed through the hospital acting like I was an angel healing people. Then a spirit doctor named, Dr. Tipin, told me I had to get back in my body. I did not agree and told him I like being free. Then, Jesus showed up, and I was back in my body. I awoke to my grandparents being there, mom and Ray sitting off to the side. After this experience, I have been communicating with Jesus ever since, including angels and spirit people in the higher realms.

My NDE at Age 10

My stepdad, Raymond LeGrand Caulder, “Ray”, made a lot of money back in the late seventies, even by today’s standards. He was the highest paid radio and broadcast sales person in the Southeast region of the USA. He was a confident, flashy, popular and charming to most. Ray had big named clients like the Charlotte Coliseum where he used to get into concerts free, and his family, and go back stage to meet bands like, Heart, Dolly Parton, BJ Thomas, Wet Willy, The Spinners, and Gladys Knight and Pips. My stepdad also was known for his notorious “trade deals” with clients. We got our whole house furnished this way, top digital stereo equipment and big screen televisions before big screens were in, and we occasionally got free, luxury family vacation time. That leads me to tell the story about when we went on family vacation for a week, and stayed on the top floor penthouse at the Mason’s Sur Mer Hotel, in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

I suppose this is where I must divulge the hidden, horrible verbal mental, and sexual abuse that went on for years with my perverted stepdad toward me. Even though my sexual and mental abuse started as soon as we moved with him when I was four years old, it lasted till I was twelve and started fighting back. Even with the undermining of my spirit and my inner truth, there was an innocence within. And, sometimes I just wanted to be a kid my age, be like normal kids, and forget the grown-up, abhorrent things I had to endure. When we did go on family vacations, once a year, I did get excited! I wanted to get away, see the ocean, smell the sea breeze wisping through my hair, go

walking on the beach with my mom as we went looking for shark's teeth and I would find pretty shells to incorporate into my macramé necklaces. Then later that night we would go out to eat fish as a family. It would be my stepdad, mom, younger sister. (The youngest child, my brother – who was not born yet.) For those brief moments I pretended we were a “normal” and healthy family. People would comment on what a beautiful family we were. Yes, we were all beautiful in the inside but some of us were rotten to the core in the inside. I knew it best to say nothing at the time. Overall, going to the beach was always fun for me. Most of my childhood, teen years were spent in a two-piece bathing suit. I still like wearing them. The upside to being sexually abused, is that I had no emotional button on walking around half nude. I have always had a very Euro-opinion of nudity and sexuality. I just saw bodies as art in motion, and saw nothing odd about it.

One of the days during our weeklong vacation, my mom had my sister in the baby pool, my dad was in the penthouse napping. As for me, I was in the hotel pool participating the all the laughter, splashes and fun! There was a male teen water volleyball game going on in the deep end of the pool. I being only ten, was very interested in these teenage boys. I begin to slowly swim over to them with curiosity. I didn't want to look suspicious and tried to remain a hidden teen-boy stalker. To see their legs, I begin diving to the bottom of the pool and doing loops around their legs.

Well, my snooping got me in trouble after all. I was swimming in between their legs and got caught up under them. They were jumping about and had no idea I was there. I was trapped under them. I struggled to hold my breath, and before long starting taking in water.

I was panicked and was starting to lose consciousness! I spiritually began to see a bright horizontal line under water. It was getting wider and brighter. And, as this light became more visibly brighter, I begin to hear with my spiritual ears a melody that sounded to me like a robust, choir of angels. It was seemed to be layers of many,

many angels singing not words but a Holy, angelic tunes of praise. I believe they were ushering me into Heaven to meet my sweet Lord. However, it would not happen this day. I went unconsciousness and found myself coughing up water with a pool lifeguard over me. There was a crowd that formed around me. My mother came into the crowd from the adjacent baby pool with my sister. As she stops over the lifeguard with no concern, my mother exclaimed to me, “What have you done now?!” with disgust. I was half lucid and could barely follow what was going on. After this traumatizing event I was badgered and harassed for “horsing around.” The last three days of the vacation were spent being degraded by my family about me “swimming in the deep of the pool where I had no business being.” I felt so said and even more alone after this. Life was so unfulfilling then. I had no support system. I had no one to tell what happened. I hid this NDE memory for years for fear I would be evaluated and condemned.

My NDE at Age 28

During this time, my husband and I were out of our apartment and had bought a home outside of Charlotte, North Carolina in a peaceful, quiet family neighborhood. It was a cry better than our city, ghetto apartment. I knew we needed to move when I woke up one morning to take my toy poodle for a potty-time walk and saw police cars and them making an outline around a dead body, as media crews flung out their video cameras to capture the horrid scene. We had been in our home a couple years. I was in my early thirties, and each month or every other month, I would have horror menstrual cramps and correlating headaches. I always had terrible monthly period headaches. So I decided to mention this to my general doctor when I went for my annual visit. He suggested he put me on something to help with the monthly migraines but first he had some questions. He asked me about my stress levels, any marriage or family-related problems. I told him a few things here and there but nothing of great importance. After my doctor visit, he called me in a prescription for my monthly headaches which I was supposed to take once a day. Well, twenty years ago, we

did not have the internet for me to investigate what I was taking. So I trusted what my doctor recommended, in hopes I would find some relief for my monthly migraines I had at the time. My gut said to not take two a day as it said, and only took one pill a day for two-weeks.

At the end of those two-weeks, I found myself loopy, tired and unable to wake up in the morning. So I begin to take these pills every other day. I found that I was more alert but I still was like a corpse waking from the dead in the morning. Actually, it was scary a couple of times where my breathing was so shallow and I was almost in a catatonic state. That is about the time I met “Steve” a friend of “Ben’s” who was our friend too. Steve was visiting Ben and his wife in Charlotte from Los Angeles a few days. Ben had told us that this Steve guy worked for the Church of Scientology in LA. He recommended I schedule a personality test and assessment with him. Not sure what I was getting into, I agree. I met with Steve, took the written test, definitely felt I had a few things I needed to work on. However, Steve asked me about the headache pills I was taking. I told him the name of the drug, the name escapes me now, but told him I am only taking it one a day or every other day, not twice a day as my doctor stated. I told him I did not like how it made me feel, plus I am one that does not like to take drugs or much of anything. After telling Steve what it was, he said with reservation, that my general medical doctor was treating me for depression without me knowing it. He suggested I get a copy of my records from him. I took his advice, and did pay to get copies of my medical records. To my shock and surprise, Steve was correct! My MD was treating me for depression against my will and approval! I was so angry that I refused to take the pill. Steve urges I wing off of it. I was so angry, I stopped it “cold-turkey.” That is when things went terribly wrong.

It was on my third day of not taking any of those pills that I was woken-up in the middle of the night with an internal alarm that said to me in my own head, “WAKE UP, NOW!” I woke up out of a deep sleep, like I was Frankenstein being awoken from an electrical jolt. I

knew something was wrong, really wrong. I went to wake up my husband but my motor skills of speaking did not work. I could not move my arms to poke at him either. For some reason I was able to lift myself off and out of the bed with sheer will. I somehow walked a few steps into the living room, robotically turned on our small 32" old-style television. I felt if I could follow the words from the TV that I could somehow be in control of my consciousness. Well, that was the game plan. After turning on the TV, I set on the sofa. I noticed that I had a buzzing in my head. I started to feel very frightened, and did not know my name, or if I was male or female. I began to see my furniture, tables, chairs and things in my living room turn into "white lines" like everything was a 2D drawing of this 3D construct called a living room. Then I begin to "not care" and just was. My spirit lifted out of my body and begin to go through the walls and it felt like instantly be in the galaxy and in the milky-way. It was peaceful, silent and vast. I was pure consciousness and no more. It was then that I felt I could not go any further. As I admired the beauty of space, which was not my final frontier, I also saw my female body sitting in a glazed stupor on the sofa in Charlotte, North Carolina.

On some level, I knew if I brought attention back to my body that it would force my spirit back in. I got my right index finger to move! I had it poke into my leg, again and again, till it brought my spirit back into my body. I sat on the sofa two hours as my full awareness of this worldly reality came back to me as normal again. I got up went to bed, grateful to be alive and pissed off that some senile MD put me on psych drugs! The next day, I called Steve and asked him how to get this crap out of my system. He recommended I get a purification rundown with sweating it out and taking vitamins through a specific program. I paid to have this done, and my husband even did it with me. My IQ afterwards went up 11 points just by getting that out of my system, as well as, preservatives from foods, and environmental daily toxins. I could smell better; colors were more vibrant and I felt so much better. Needless to say, I did not go back to that MD who was playing psych ward doctor. I found out he retired a year after that.

Being a Timeless, Human Battery

I believe it was because of all my near-death experiences, I had this strange relationship with batteries, and electronics. It literally took me my whole life to figure out that it was not dysfunctional batteries but my auric energy field that was causing watches to stop, clocks on walls to stop and more. As an adult, I had clocks on the wall in every room. It seemed when one clock stopped, I had others to compare it too. Unknown to me, till I did some research and found out that many NDErs stop clocks, that I was stopping batteries not only on walls but on my wrist. I also ran through watches like crazy. I thought my watches were defective and kept buying new watches. Only this year, I got rid of like thirty watches. And, the clock wall batteries were not stopping due to the cheap Dollar Store batteries as my mother claimed when she came over to our home, but it was because I was draining them. Another comment on clocks and time. I had always felt like I was missing time. Now I believe with my NDEs, I was in a place of no time but yet still existed but outside of time. So, time never really had a great deal of impact on me which made it very difficult to live in a time-sensitive world. To “be on time” through life in meetings and for work appointments, I would have to consciously look at my wrist clock (if it hadn’t already stopped) and other clocks to compare the real time since I altered so many clocks around me.

Another example of affecting mechanical things is about twelve years ago when I was stepping outside to get something from my Montero Sport, I fondly called “Betty” after the actress Betty White, since it was a big white SUV. When I opened the back door, I released I did not have my key fob. I was turning around to go back into the house to get my keys in the key bowl, when I heard an electronic, “Beep, beep.” I am looking at my key fob from the door, and I was not touching anything except the back door handle. All I thought was, “Hello, Betty, I need to get in.” It was like she was replying, “Hello friend, welcome in” and the doors magically unlocked!

An even better example was three years ago when we bought a brand new 70" TV for our family room. Once installed when we were so excited to watch shows on the beautiful high-def screen. In the beginning we watched TV around the clock. One evening, we lost the remote control to turn this large plasma TV on. After fifteen minutes I was so frustrated since I could not find the remote. Finally, I thought, "Just turn ON!" And, it did, with no one touching anything. Better yet, the second it turned on, I screamed, "I did that!" and laughed with joy!

Growing up in an Abusive, and Godless Home

Growing-up in my household we were not allowed to speak of God, or ask any questions. My stepdad was a proud atheist. My mom wanted to believe in God but instead went along with my step and agreed to not speak of these things in our home. She wanted to appease him and keep the marriage in place sensed not speaking of God would do that. However, secretly, I would talk to God often. However, it was my beloved Grandmother, Ada Mae Belk, that was open to things spiritual, loved God and had a strong faith. It was when we lived in the house with my grandparents from birth to four years old, that grandmother told me to give my all my problems to Jesus because He is my best friend, and I can tell Him anything! And, I did. I took comfort in speaking to this visible man that I knew little about. Grandmother would even sing "Jesus Loves Me" to me, and pray with me before bedtime.

Born Seeing Into the Unseen World – Trusting God and Seeing Spirits

As a child, as early as three years old and maybe even earlier, I would see people, which really were spirit people. It happened right after my second NDE at three years old. I had no filter that other people had. I would see and hear spirit people everywhere I went. It became

normal to me. I used to even see them as solid, or somewhat see-through. Many spirits did not give concerns to show any worry, accept those that would not let me sleep at night because they wanted to tell me their story. These were lonely ghosts that badly wanted someone to speak to and them to hear and respond back. I considered them as my friends. I was always high-spirited, no pun intended, and I could not sleep at night. I was eager to have nightly friends to speak with. I did not know I was “odd” because the world of spirit and paranormal happenings felt totally normal to me. I also was always highly clairvoyant and would see visions about a person, or just know things about them I should not.

Out-of-Body

My OBEs started early on with my child abuse. I found out early how to live my body. As time when on, I begin to question who I was. So one day as fourteen years old I was pondering the meaning of life and who is the real “me” I popped out of my head and was looking at myself from behind my head up a little higher. That frightened me so much I never experimented with that exercise again.

Psychic Knowing

My mom and dad went on their annual Vale, Colorado skiing trips and my grandmother came over to stay with my sister and I. I was about 16 years old at the time. My grandmother and sister were watching television, and I was getting ready to get my bedtime bath. I went into the bath room and was about to start my tub water when I heard what sounded like a loud, sharp rap outside the bathroom door. Angrily, I quickly opened the door thinking it was my little sister wanting to go to the bathroom. Then I realized she was she was only eight years old and most likely could not hit a door that hard. I also realized the knock was up higher like an adult hit it with their knuckles. When I opened the door, I found nothing and nobody. Thinking I must have made that up, I begin to draw my tub water for a bubble bath.

Then a few minutes later I hear an even louder, sharp rap but on the outside bathroom window, which is on the second floor! I feel it could have been a spirit trying to communicate with me, but who? Funny, I still get spiritual activity in bathrooms, mine, public ones, doesn't matter. Spirits loves to give me messages in bathrooms!

Astral Travel and Projection

My sexual abuse from 3.5 years of age to 12 years old gave me plenty of time to work on leaving my body. I learned to disassociate and pop out at will, which I still can, and why I am such a good trance channel and medium.

Visions

There was a time I felt something bad was going to happen around age fourteen... it was when my mother and stepdad were going through a rough time due to his extramarital affairs. I was taking a bath one night at the same time, I could not stop crying. During this time of turmoil in the household, my mother was always following up on my stepdad. Well, let's call it an obsession. After my bath, I had information and the location where the adulteress was. I told my mom, and she had me tell her street by street where she was twenty minutes away. All this was done through psychic knowing. My mom did find her and it was a big scene which led to their separation, and my mom being in the hospital from cutting up her arms trying to break into this woman's home. That is another story. Did I mention my childhood was traumatic?

Spirits, Mediumship, and Knowing Things

Before I ever met my husband, Clay, I was dear friends with his sister Marcy. She was a real beauty, and also full of life, personality and so very funny. Little did I know at 19 years old when I met Marcy (Marcene Jessica Richardson), who was six years my senior,

would be the catalyst to bring her brother, Clay, and I together as a couple. I met Marcy back in the disco days when sequins and metal-mesh were the rage (they still are with me!). I met Marcy at a local neighborhood club. We hit it off instantly as she made a couple jokes at the bar. Those days seemed so magical with lights, youth, beauty, great outfits and harmonic danceable music. Marcy and I became fast, fast friends. And, my mother is only 18 years younger than me, and also became friends with Marcy. Strange but a true story.

During the time, my mother was going through a horrible divorce with my stepdad. My mother use to take me out “clubbing” at night. Mom did not have many friends, and I suppose I was her buddy. I did not complain. I started going out with her at 15 years old, fake I.D. and all. Anyhow, Marcy was the MOST beautiful and exotic woman to be seen anywhere. (Well, I did not look so bad myself.) Club 2001 even had her photos plastered to full size walls of her. As a profession she was a hair stylist but she was a model.

I stayed behind a year to go to a four-year university to support my mother through her divorce. In the meantime, I got my basic courses taken at a local community college (CPCC) where I first saw this incredibly interesting looking young man. He was tall, looked like a clean-cut rocker with long, dark curly hair with soft blue eyes. I would see him in the main building of CPCC in Mecklenburg Hall. Time literally stopped when I saw him. It was exactly the same thing as the scene in the movie, *Big Fish*, where the main character Ewan McGregor sees the love of his life. I saw people around this man hurling by but where he was, time was super slow. I could see dust, things moving very, very slow. Then once I passed him, things went back to normal. Little did I know we have had many past lives and he was the one I was, to marry. Now, thirty-eight years later, Clay McGowen Richardson, is still the love of my life.

Ghosts and Mediumship

As a child, before I would go to sleep each evening, it was common for me to feel the presence of spirit people and entities. I could feel it energetically throughout my body which felt like static electricity running through my veins. When it was spirit people around, they always wanted to tell me about themselves through telepathy, mind-to-mind, quick communications. I however, did not want to hear about how they died and what emotional problems they had due to their passing. After all, I was a child and did not know what death really was. (I still don't.) I did not like hearing gross descriptions from these spirits. These random, nightly spirits were not my relatives, but ghosts I was picking up on from my neighborhood, and town. Later in life and presently, I pick up spirit people (some still living in bodies on earth) on the etheric golden threaded grid from all around the globe, including now other solar systems. This connecting with others consciousness was something I did not try working at. It was who I was and how I thought. I feel my six near-death experiences, from before birth, to ages three, four, five, ten... that really propelled me toward the world of spirits and into astral traveling into pure consciousness states of love and a desire to help others. It is also a place I feel free to be fully me as God created me, as spirit.

Spirit people came to me looking solid. However, ghost came to me in half forms and not fully developed forms. They also would come into my bedroom at night as pretty colored orbs which made me giggle. Many nights, especially if I was really tired and wanted to sleep, I would have to literally put the blanket over my head, and say, "Leave me alone!" That seems to work most nights.

A Positive Loving, Spirit Experience with my Granddaddy Belk

I was going to college at East Carolina University, in Greenville, North Carolina, for Visual Design and Commercial Advertising, and Marketing. They had a very well-known art department there. I was in

my third year in college when I got a call from my grandmother that my granddaddy passed away in his sleep. Before she got out a word, I knew what had happened because granddad visited me at the time of his death at 3:15 am at my college apartment.

So here is the pre-story leading up to my granddaddy's passing...

I have always hated math. I was studying for my college Algebra test which was the next day. I studied all the week before, and studied all day Sunday, into the next morning. It was around 3 am, I realized that I studied enough and was not retaining anything anymore. It was time to go to bed. Before heading upstairs to my bedroom, I made a bowl of cereal as a late-night snack. Only thing on my mind was passing this algebra mid-term. At the time I was living in a new, nice apartment in Greenville, NC with a roommate that spilt the rent. It was my "Belk" grandparents that put me through college and paid for my apartment. They worked hard up through their late seventies to make sure I would be able to get a college education. My stepfather had a lot of money but was not interested in spending it on my education, or my sisters. I will always be grateful for their support, love and sacrifice for my future.

I was heading up the carpeted stairs when I stopped midway and smelled a strong cherry tobacco smell. It was laced with the fine oil my granddaddy used on the machinery that made the men's socks in their hosiery mill they owned. It was granddaddy's personal smell that was uniquely his! It was so strong! As I moved up the stairs, it got even stronger. Then as I went to my bedroom it was even stronger. That smell was not just a very strong smell that was unique to my granddaddy Belk but it also had his essence with it. I knew granddaddy had come by to check on me.

The next day when I got the phone call from my grandmother about noon, I knew he had actually visited me in spirit and was there checking on me. His last words when I saw him last was, **"I always**

care what my little college girl is doing.” And, he did with his presence. But that is not all that happened with him.

After the call, I reassured grandmother Belk that after my algebra test that I would pack up my things and make the five plus hour drive to Hickory, NC the next day. I told her that I knew granddaddy visited me, and what happened the night before. I told her I would be there soon and that I loved her. She told me the funeral would not be till Friday or Saturday and not to rush, and be there by Thursday. I agreed to get my homework and class assignments completed and then to make the trip early Thursday morning so I could be there a long weekend in Hickory with my grandmother Belk and my relatives. She was staying at my aunt Gwen, and my uncle Jerry's home down the street from grandmother's house. I headed there to be with family. Because my cousin still was living in his bedroom, my grandmother and I had to share a bed. The funeral was set for Saturday morning. That gave us time to visit beforehand. The first night, I ate homemade spaghetti with my grandmother, aunt, uncle and cousin Jerry junior, all Belk's. It was the next night after dinner and reminiscing about granddaddy that grandmother and I decided it was time for bed. She got washed up first, then me. As we shared the bed, we also shared our sadness for granddaddy's passing but were grateful to be together.

As I drifted off to sleep, I begin having an intensive memory of the last time I saw my granddaddy, Henry S. Belk. It was the last time I visited my grandparents four months prior, before heading back to college. I remember spending the day photographing them, and my uncle Jerry, and their large two-story Antebellum home, for my college photography class. As I was pulling out of their gravel driveway, granddaddy was at the top of the stairs overlooking from the wooden porch. I saw what looked coming off of him, smoke-like vapor wisps streaming off of his entire body but especially around his head area. These spiritual vapors were flowing around his body. I even had to shake my head twice because I could not believe what I was seeing! It was mysterious and yet beautiful. I was most likely then his spirit body

was starting to dissipate and break down. For now, I understand death, just like birth, is a process.

As I begin to dream, yet was still aware. I call this lucid dreaming. I saw in my mind's eye granddad sitting on the bed with his hands on both grandmother and my legs. He was sitting there smiling and seemed so happy. I could hear him yet he did not move his mouth. He said in thought and response to my question, "I am fine! I am here to see you and check on you both. I love you both so much!" I said in my head, "OMG, I miss you! Are you okay?" Granddaddy replied with, "I am more than okay and very happy. Why don't I just hang out with you two a while as you sleep." He kept on smiling. I drifted off to sleep as he said there between us on the bed. Somehow it felt so normal and he seemed so at peace.

As soon as I got up the next day, I told my grandmother everything I experienced with that lucid dream. My grandmother's jaw dropped. She said to me, "That is impossible for I had the same exact dream, including what he said and where he sat!" This was evidence that life goes on and so does that love bond. My granddaddy and grandmother, are now my spiritual angels helping me in life and regularly comes through in my life now through other mediums or showing up with smells of cherry pipes with fine machine oil when I pass his Big band music poster. I feel even closer to them now in so many ways.

Training in a Medium Hotel with a Pesky, Horny Ghost

Even though I had been fully communicating with spirit people since I was three years old, I felt if I was going to "come out" as a medium that I needed the world to see me as credible. I decided to train eight years in the British style of evidential mediumship. So much of my training was in a small spiritual church called, The Journey Within, in New Jersey with Rev. Janet Nohavec and medium herself. During this time, I was sharing a room with a good friend, and still is, Maura

from New York. Maura had picked me up at the airport near her, then we took a two-hour drive to New Jersey to go to a Best Western Hotel near this spiritualist church we were getting a week's worth of training from our teacher at the time, Tony Stockwell.

For some reason the GPS kept taking us on a wild goose chase for double the time. When we finally arrived to this very modest hotel, we were ready to get all our stuff inside and relax. The room had been paid for and we knew we were good to go. We had asked for a room on the fourth, last floor of the hotel. We knew in the past that we had a good experience away from all the medium energy on the fourth floor. Instead, they sent us to a room on the second floor. We got the large rolling cart, and filled it with our luggage and groceries for a week, and it was full! We take it to the room on the second floor. As soon as we open it, it smells musty and old. That was not going to work for either of our sinus issues. Then I stopped and started getting that there was a spirit in the room. I told Maura, "We need to both tune in. Something is in here with us!" She told me she was tired and did not care who it was. I insisted we tune-in. I got there was a man in his mid-fifties, Indian, that was sitting in a chair in the room. He began to tell me how he had a heart attack in the middle of filling out a sales order. He also told me his family ran this hotel. Then he told me he was excited to stay in the room with a hot looking, "blonde and red-head" which he was referring to Maura and me! I asked Maura what she got. She got "an Indian man who died of a heart attack in this room". I got that too but also got he is sexually interested in us. I would have no part of this.

I knew for a person to be interested such things, they were not "crossed over" and basically a ghost, and a horny one at that! I demanded we get another room. I had her stay with the luggage while I went back to the front office. With some smooth talking, I finally got us a room on the fourth floor! I went back got Maura and helped her with the large and full rolling cart. We took it to the elevator and hit the fourth floor button. The room was right in front of the elevator which was convenient. We go inside and it smells new, clean and more

importantly was energetically clean. We were grateful. It was getting late by then so we decided to get ready to take turns in the bathroom to get ready to go to bed. I felt we needed some ice for our beverages we brought. I walked over to the ice bucket and before I got there, it levitated and then flew across the room. Without a thought, we both yelled out and said, "You are not welcome here! You have to leave now!" At the same time, intuitively we knew the Indian ghost man followed us up to the new room. He was pissed when changed rooms. We actually thought it was funny he lashed out in a silly way. Afterward, we both got in our separate beds to go to sleep but spirits were vibrating our beds. We had spirits trying to tell us how they died and so excited to speak to us. We started laughing and said, "Go away!" and kept laughing. Maura and I agree if there was any more medium training in the future for us, we were NOT going to stay at a hotel filled with other mediums. The energy was just too much for us to relax. After we set our boundaries with the spirit world, the rest of the week was peaceful in our room. However, we will never forget the levitating ice lid and how he slammed against the wall. We still laugh about that today!

There are Dark Things that Crawl and Hide in the Night

I do not enjoy speaking of this topic but feel it is important others know that there is more things in this world than just "love and light" but things that crawl in the dark and hide in corners or closets. As I stated earlier, from as long as I can remember, growing up I had to deal with regular paranormal activity from ghosts, spirit people and even darker things, we know as demons. These dark entities would pay me a visit in the early dark hours as I lay there in fear. Their favorite time to make an appearance was 12-5 am in the middle of the night and early morning hours before daylight. I would see them as shadow people peering out from the dark corners of my room, occasionally I would hear the sound of my name "Tammy", and the worst is when I would see them crawl on the walls. The ones that would crawl on the floor or walls were all black, red eyes, tad pole tail, and humanoid with no

feature, but a row of short small, sharp pointed teeth. I have seen them as an adult too. The darker things would come out especially when I would pray to God or read from a bible. I feel it was a way of trying to throw me off track on my mission which was to spread Christ's love and encouragement of Heaven to others. That is still my mission. And, when I have come into contact with demonic presences - it just brings me closer to God's mercy and grace. For I depend on Christ's protection at all times. He has never let me down. For I am loved.

I used to work part time, for twelve years for a non-profit agency that helped get people out of psychiatric wards by writing letter or helping give guidance to concerned family. I remember interviewing someone, an attorney by trade that was put in one of these places by a family-member, for no apparent reason except over family monies. She wanted badly get out of this institution and was in fear for her life. She described to me witnessing on many late evenings seeing a dark, humanoid figures crawl on the wall with the red eyes, tadpole tail, and a wide large month filled with tiny sharp knife-like teeth. This woman had not been drugged and was lucid. I believe, it was the dark environment that attracted these dark entities to hang around this place. When I heard her description and saw her drawings, it was the same things I would occasionally see in my room at night. Jesus's name would always run them off. Thank goodness my grandmother told me to call on Jesus for everything I needed. She was right!

As I got older - sixteen on, I would not see them around me anymore but would see them sometimes at people's homes. I always had the spiritual gift of discernment. I could go in homes and know what was there, why and the name of it. No wonder these dark entities tried to intimidate me. They knew I worked with God and Christ, and would use my gifts to help others throughout my life. I do not want to get into the many stories of these entities. I will saw after seventeen deliverances later, I praise God for his mercy in freeing others from their influence and bondage. I do not do these deliverances unless Christ Himself steps forward and asks me too. I prefer to continue with my

mission of being a vessel of love and helping others see their inner light. In closing, these things are real, including fallen angels. I have seen two in my life and lived to tell about it. However, I prefer to speak of the more positive spiritual experiences in my life than waste time on such negative forces. I never monkeyed around with dark things. My advice to people, is “Cling close to Christ and will be well”. God’s grace and love is sufficient.

My Angel Experiences

It was on a nice fall day, mid-September 2001 so my mother and I decided to travel to see her brother and sister-in-law, and my cousins around my age, in Hickory, North Carolina (USA). We don’t see each other much but once we are together, we always have so much fun, and have a lot of laughter! We drove a couple hours away, and spent the day having fun telling funny stories from the past. It was 7:30 pm at this point. We were all getting hungry and decided to eat dinner at the local Hickory Pizza Hut before mom and I headed back home to Charlotte, NC. After we ate and sat a while it was 9:45 pm. Mom and got in her car, and headed back home on the rural one-line road on highway 16. Mom and I were reminiscing about our fun times from our visit with family, when we noticed car lights in our rearview mirror. Mom told me that she had noticed a car behind us now for twenty minutes, or so. He seemed to be driving very close to us. Mom slowed down for the car to pass us. The car slowed down and never passed. Then mom sped up some. The car sped up too. Then we both had a gut bad feeling. Here we are two women, along on a lonely one-line back road with no cars in sight.

At once, I said let’s pray for God to help us. We begin to out loud to beg for God to help us. We being to have fear come over us and stayed in fear. For some reason, we felt bad intentions from this person in the car. We kept praying together. Then literally within five minutes, out of nowhere, and no roads except the one we are on, a police car magically appeared behind the stalking driver behind us! The sirens

came on and even stopped the car. We were able to make enough of a distance to get away from the car that was following us.

To this day, we do not understand what happened. In one minute, we looked in the review mirror at the car behind us, then within a blink of an eye a police car appeared out of nowhere. There were no side streets and we did not see him turn onto the road. We felt that was our angels at work!

Another time God's angels showed up as police, was when they magically appeared when I went to a Dragon-con conference in Atlanta, Georgia with my sister-in-law, Ginger, back in the late 1990's. We were parking the car in front of the Hilton, but across the street behind another hotel. That was the only close parking lot we could find near the conference that was held at the Hilton. Where we parked was dimly lit and no one was to be seen anywhere. Ginger got out of the car first and started walking ahead. I was closing the passenger car door, when I saw two black young men in their twenties, in hoodies approach her. I could not make out what they were saying to her but felt they were trying to ask her for money. I was hesitant to come close. I was observing this whole scene from about ten yards away. Next thing I know, ahead on a side road a police car shows up out of nowhere. I did not see it coming up, nor hear any noise from the motor. Poof, it was just there! Then two perfect looking cops get out of the car. These men looked the same but had an androgynous look, one was blonde and one was a dark-haired. Both had no expression, and walked stiffly. They never blinked, smiled, or even acknowledged I was there. They got out of the front seats, walked up to Ginger and the two men. With no communication and no eye contact from the two officers, the two men lowered their heads, said nothing, and with no talking or expression followed behind them, with no disagreement, to the police car. They did not even handcuff them. The two men willingly, without any talking, just got into the back of the car. They drove off with no sound. It was the oddest thing I experienced. Even the air felt highly charged with electricity. These two men looked feminine too and had no human ways. They walked robotic, and never talked once. As strange as this was, I cannot explain it except

I know they were my angels looking after us and making sure no hard came to us!

Knowing, Seeing and Speaking to Christ

My connection to Jesus started from my loving grandmother, Ada Mae Belk, as she told me about the love of Jesus and how He is our friend as a small child. And, I found out, indeed He is. As early as I can remember, I talked to Jesus before I went to bed and sometimes during the day as I played in my childhood years. Then it was age three, four, five and ten that I had many of my near-death experiences that involved Him. At four years old I saw him in the tunnel (which I think was a portal in time) and Jesus told me to come back. But it was the one where I died of pneumonia at five years old that I got to spend three days with him. I have talked to Him ever since. He is the one that resurrected and brought me back. He is so funny and so supportive, giving me guidance when needed. I never spoke to anyone about my conversations with Jesus. I felt my conversations were scared and did not want anyone evaluating them – till recently when I came out as a Christ communicator, channeler, or whatever word you want to use.

It was in in 2015, that I contacted by the IANDS headquarters in Durham, NC, and told “Susan” of my many near-death experiences. Not only did she believe me but she asked me to speak at the annual IANDS conference that summer! They even gave me a ticket so I would be sure to come. I did attend and volunteered a lot that year as a medium earning IANDS monies and also worked at the IANDS bookstore. I spoke for the first time before a crowd of people about my near-death experiences and it was terrifying! I literally almost died at the conference. I was taken by friend to the Orlando, Florida local emergency room and put on not one, but three, antibiotics. I think remembering my horrible trauma surrounding my big NDE at five years old, “turned on” my memories of pneumonia and being DOA.

I was scheduled to speak with Robert Scott Bell, a syndicated radio host and now friend, who also spoke about his near-death experience as he recorded our stories live. It was fifteen minutes before my talk. I was finishing up my breakfast and Jesus starting talking to me and wanted me to share this word of knowledge with the crowd. I told Robert, who is Jewish, that I got a message from Jesus for everyone. He was very polite and said, “At the end, read it.” Wow, he was either curious or every supportive, or both. It was to nervous to read it and only stated a sentence or two. Then the rest of my time was trying to get better and to make it on my plane ride home.

My next encounter was the fall of 2017 when Susan asked me to speak at her local IANDS Durham meeting in Raleigh, North Carolina (USA) as the keynote speaker. I told a brief overview of my NDEs to a full room of people, many experiencers themselves. To end my speech, I asked if I could give a channeled message from Jesus. They agreed. I read what I had channeled the night before. I was very nervous about reading this out loud. Once I read it, I looked up and the entire audience was crying. They all stood up to give me a standing ovation. I was touched, but gave me the confidence to continue getting, messages from Heaven.

Then it was March 17, 2020, that Jesus came to me and asked me to carry His messages live on YouTube. I knew nothing how YouTube worked, nor did I feel comfortable speaking Christ’s words to a bunch of virtual strangers for their harsh evaluation and judgement. So, I told Jesus, “no.” Then on March 18, He asked me again and I said, “No, I do not feel comfortable with this. Can’t you pick someone else?” Then again, on March 20, Jesus asked me again, I could not bare to say, “no”, and reluctantly said, “yes” not knowing how to even get on YouTube or promote this unusual event. I decided to present this via Zoom on my birthday, March 22, a couple days later. I promoted it as, live channeling of Christ called, “Jesus Speaks”. With short notice I sent out the Mail Chimp and got seventy-five people that attended as I gave a message directly from Jesus. However, I found too many people wanted

answers for just themselves. That came up the second time too. Be the third time of presenting this I decided to record it and then present it on YouTube with just me talking. That was Jesus's recommendation. He also told me that He did not have to wake me up in the middle of the night but if I sat quietly on a comfortable chair he can have me write down what He says. So, I did and that is how the final 12 final episodes of, Jesus Speaks, were made. So much of what He gave me stands even stronger today than back in 2020. I was given messages, and scripture with it like, Timothy 1:33. Then I would look that up later and to my amazement was the exact thing Jesus said! After recording the channeled message by Jesus called, "Into the Storm", I felt God's presence so strong my whole body vibrated. It was so powerful I felt a fear, but not one of something dark but of some greater force than I had ever experienced. (To hear these free channeled messages go to, www.christacademyoflove.com)

Then it was August 5, 2020, that Jesus came to me while in poolside and told me to start a YouTube channel called, "Seeking Heaven: Near-Death Experience and Other Phenomena" - the exact name. I asked him why and what would I do as a show? He told me to have mysteries, such as near-death experiences especially the positive ones with Heaven and Him in it, spiritual experiences with angels, miracles, afterlife communications from loved ones from Heaven, ancient mysteries, UFOs, bigfoot and more! He also said to be open to all religious opinions. He told me to have fun with each topic and to grow a spiritual community. It was a week later I had set up a YouTube account, with all my correct settings. Then it was later that month I started having speakers on my show. I did some research and knew to have a show at least once a week. Since then, Jesus has brought me many people that we have helped each other on our spiritual journey, including the amazing Rey Hernandez that asked me to write in his book.

Seeing Jesus Uptown Charlotte - in the Flesh!

It was a beautiful summer day on Thursday, July 17, 2017, and my husband, Clay, and I were excited to be driving to a “Hall and Oates” concert at the theatre downtown Charlotte, North Carolina (USA). Because it was summer, even though it was 6:15 pm it was still very bright outside. Generally, it does not get dark in the summer till about 9 pm. We were driving downtown looking to park, so we could walk over to the theatre before the concert started at 7 pm Est. My husband is looking out the window to the left and I am looking on my side to the right to see if I can find an open parking lot. I had nothing else on my mind. Out of the blue, I screamed out in a deliberate way, “My Lord!” I then begin looking far ahead and in the middle of the road in the median of grass between the two roadways was a figure of a person. I was fixated on this figure. As we drove closer, I saw it was a man. He was about six foot or slightly taller, lean with muscles, in a white linen tunic, and dark brown khaki pants with matching colored two-strap sandals.

As we slowly approached this figure, I knew immediately that he looked like Jesus but figured there was no way this could be. As we drove toward him, I was looking for markings, jewelry or anything to let me know this is just a person that happens to look like Jesus. As we got closer, I was having this inner spiritual battle of questions such as; “Could this be a metrosexual, very clean-cute hippie, or model?? What is this person doing standing here? Who is he waiting for?” As I got about three yards from him, I saw how incredibly beautiful and healthy he was. His outfit somehow seems modern. His white tunic and brown khaki pants were pressed, and very clean looking. His feet were perfectly groomed as he stood in his cleanly constructed two-strap leather sandals. I could even see the grass fold over his feet. His hands were free of jewelry and his body did not have any tattoos or visible markings. His hair was below his shoulder, soft brown with caramel-colored strands of hair as though the sun bleached in natural highlights, and he had a clean-shaven beard and mustache. He has a long, straight nose, and beautiful, straight, white teeth. As I was a yard away, time

seemed to stand still. I even crawled behind the driver's seat to get a better look. Any other person might have thought me to be a bit nutty and would have had a laugh over my odd behavior. Or, someone else might have been confused to my outright staring at them like that. But instead, this man, who was as real as anyone and solid, looked back at me with the face of "purity and love." My soul KNEW it was Jesus Christ! I began to cry and laugh with euphoric joy beyond belief. I never expected to find my Jesus here on earth in the flesh! I never even thought it was possible to happen. I never asked Him to come see me yet He did. As I moved closer, I turned my head to tell my husband to look, but when I looked back my precious, sweet Lord, was gone.

To this day, I ask why did Jesus come to see me that day on July 17, 2017? Could it be for spiritual support, encouragement, to build my faith, or was it just because... He loves me. That simple. For whatever reason, I saw Jesus the man, in the flesh with all his glory, love and beauty. It was something that I will never forget and forever grateful for.

Past and In-Between Life Recall

I was about thirty-four years old and my husband, Clay, had a musician friend named, Ben. He played guitar and Clay played drums and sometimes they would do local gigs together. In between sets, Ben would explain how much he has learned about people, who to and not trust in business, past lives and more through reading Dianetics. Later Ben invited us to a class they were having with a L.A. Dianetics auditor. Long story short, I wanted to know more about Dianetic auditing and how it helped someone get rid of unwanted emotions. And, I had many coming from an abusive childhood. I ended up paying for some auditing sessions with this field practitioner who does Dianetic auditing. The first time I ever went into session, I ran a time my tonsils were removed and started craving popsicles. I could not believe how powerful this therapy was. During that session I saw by running that event, that I was molested while I was home recuperating from my tonsil removal. As

difficult as it was to face, it helped me to understand my anger I had within me. I felt somehow empowered to know the truth of what happened to me. Then on my next round three months later, I went past life seeing I was a man that was a wealthy land owner back in medieval times. I was killed in a friendly joust from a spiked ball and chain to the head. The man that killed me was jealous I was flirting with his girlfriend. That event was so real. My emotions and precepts all came back. And, I had no more attention regarding people touching my head. For another twelve years I received over three hours of past life regression, on Dianetic metered cans that show your life force going through them. It was in many of my Dianetic sessions we had to stop because my spirit was OBE “out of body”, my needle was floating and so was I. My mediumistic and psychic gifts I tried to bury since my teen years, emerged in a big way. Not only did my gifts come back including astral traveling without a hitch but were now enhanced. I believe me going out of body during session that reminded me of my near-death experiences and that I was spirit, and limitless. And, so my spiritual journey took a notch up.

However, it was in 2017 that I had a guest speaker come speak to my IANDS Charlotte group about her books on past and before life regression, Dr. Linda Backman, who studied with Dr. Newton for years. Dr. Backman’s theory was that we originally one of three things, human, (IP) Inter Planetary, or of Angelic origins. After hearing her speech and later another that night she did at a local unity church, I was hooked and wanted to purchase a session with her. She and her husband were in town a week offering sessions. She had one opening left and I took it. It ended up being a three-hour pre-life session. It started with a gentle mediation to get you to relax. However, with all my past life regression experience, I could go into a light trance immediately. I was ready to take this journey. As we moved deeper into this meditation, we meet some guides, loved ones and angels. Then from there she asked for a specific time I made a big difference in this world. This is what I saw, “I was a Reptilian ruler over a planet. I was powerful in stature and warrior. I could kill or heal through telepathy. I was in a gold and white

Egyptian looking skirt and headdress. I was standing on a large hovering craft that looked more like a city. Beside me I had my guards, wife and two concubines. I could hear the thoughts of the others around me. They wanted my position and wealth but was too fearful to challenge me. Then I went forward to address many of my kind below. I was urging them to consider helping a dying planet by assisting them in teaching them how to grow food. This planet was dying and we could help since we had the technology to grow food quickly. It was a wonderful Pleiadian friend, that told me that anyone can be a warrior, but few can be a leader that is strong and kind. I was trying to get my followers to help me restore this dying planet. I told them that, "We are more than great warriors, but great leaders. We should not fear those that are obviously inferior to us in strength and technology." I spoke of brotherly love, and the importance of helping others to be greater in spirit than we are now. Some listened and some were displaying their disagreement.

Then I was asked to go to a time before my incarnation here. I was asked who was here. It was Jesus. He gave me a message and one for Dr. Backman. Then she asked who else is there and I heard, my brothers and sister! It was Gabriel, Uriel, Michael, Raphael, Zadiel, Chamuel, and many other angelic beings.

Then I was asked, who I serve. I screamed out, "The ONE that is and the ONE that always will be!" Then I was hysterically crying saying how much I missed home. I have all this in an audio recording. It is painful to listen to the intensity of my love for home. Then the session ended.

I asked Dr. Backman what it all means. She said, "My dear, you are an angel." I asked her how I can be sure of this, knowing she has three books on this topic! Dr. Backman replied and told me, "Most angels are obsessed with Holy items and angel wings." I got up out of my seat, thanked her for her time as I put on my jacket which had large rhinestone angel wings on the entire back of it

Upon reflection... you wake up thinking it is a normal day, then you find out you are an angel of the Lord here on a mission to help bring more love, help other awaken, believe in themselves and to know Christ like I do. Wow, life is an adventure!

Getting a DNA Activation and Receiving Morse Codes

March 2021, a year after being told to create the channeled “Jesus Speaks” limited series. I had on my show a UFO guest that was speaking about the many types of aliens that are out there in the galaxy. After my recorded interview with him, I asked if he was human. He said, “No, I am Pleiadian.” I asked him what that was. He said he works with St. Michael and Metatron the archangels, Melchizedek, and Jesus, whom they call Sanada, to help rid the world of dark energies and to bring more “love and light” to this world. I said, sounds great! And, we said our good-byes. Then it was three days later I had a Zoom session for a healing with a woman that was also Pleiadian, from South Africa. Okay, within one week I am meeting two, not one, Pleiadians. I did not even know what that was a week prior.

My session with this South African Pleiadian I will call, Lana, was that Saturday, three days after interviewing my Pleiadian male guest. She explained before our Zoom session that she works with the archangels, Christ, her Pleiadian people and sacred geometry. I laid down on my bed, as she went through a two-hour healing session realigning my chakras starting from my heart center versus root chakra. I found it very relaxing. As I woke from this DNA activation, I begin having a strange feeling this was real, meaning aliens, other solar systems of life forms. As I awoke from my session, I looked into the laptop camera and saw I was glowing. This seems humanly impossible but yet I thought I was. Then the next two other DNA activations I had within the next four months, I glowed both times. By the second DNA activation, I had an instant memory of being a blue Sirian angelic being that works for God, in the Office of Christ. I even felt the loving presence of blue Sirians assisting with this. After the three DNA

activations, and one hundred chakras opened now, I have glowed, and now have channeled the Sirian Light Council, Kyron, Lord Apollo a Elohim (angel), Raziel, Melchizek to name a few higher realm starseeds.

However, since I am an evidential medium, I like evidence even with this. It was after my second DNA activation that I had a global meditation to attend. I was six featured attendees on the video camera as we streamed live. As I begin to share my contact with Christ, and Ashtar and going on the Galactic Federation ship, an audible code starting coming through. Each time I tried to speak about being given a transformative, live bearing Merkabah, the code would reappear. Then upon playback, you can see everyone but me for the first five minutes. Yet all saw me at the time. Then a week after that, I was interviewing a guest, and I started getting a type of Morse Code again on top over my interview. We did not hear it at the time but upon playback we could see just me moving quickly and a digital sounding code coming through. It appeared as a technical glitch but I knew different. I was being communicated with.

Astral Traveling and Channeling ET's

I had a guest on my Seeking Heaven Channel who has written twenty-seven books on UFOs, Preston Dennett which premiered May 2021. In between our two interviews, we took a bathroom break and had a chat. For some reason I begin to tell him of a dream I had and many like it. This is the dream I told him about... "I found myself on a large mothership in very deep space past the milky way. I found myself sitting on the bridge of this ship. I was nervous looking out because I was so high. There was a man sitting beside me. I was in the main control room which was round in shape and had a big open curved window showing the galaxy in front of it. People were in white jumpsuits that were form-fitted, were working on virtual controls that would pop-up at will. In the center was this bright luminescent energy source that I felt controlled the ship's power and movement. The man

sitting beside me introduced himself as the ship's Commander and he said he was in charge of the Galactic Federation. He introduced himself as, Ashtar Sharon (like the Rose of Sharon, but not sure how it is spelled). He wanted to show me the ship and talk to me. He was a tall man about six foot two, and had on a dark blue suit with a notched modern collar. He had green eyes that were far apart, blonde hair slicked back and looked Swedish.

I told him I had never been that high before, and so far out. He said I am ready and it is time. He being to speak of the concern he had for planet earth and how humans need to wake up quickly before it is too late. I said, "You mean, you are worried we are going to blow up this planet?!" He did not laugh or smile and continued talking. He walked away from the bridge into a hall, then he waved his hand and a door slid open to an outdoor area that looked like a Mediterranean paradise with palm trees and lavish foliage. He said, "Let's walk and have a talk." I was so amazed how a whole world opened up from space into another dimension that looked like a place on earth. I said, "Wow! How did you do that?!" He seems unimpressed and kept talking. Ashtar told me that he needed my help to complete the energetic grids around the earth colonies, to help awake people at night through my astral travels. He said that our earth time is running out. He said that there are elements (bad people) that have futuristic technologies to do harm to this planet that are only interested in self-gratification, greed and profiting off others. He said he needs help waking up enough people, only 1% to the lies that have been surrounding earth's communications for some time. He said without love, these technologies will destroy not only human life but echo out into the stars and effect other planetary systems as well. He said there is life in many places besides earth, and that many leaders on earth already know this and have been working with them. He said most other non-human races come in love, peace and a advancement for all involved. He told me there is a select few that are lower vibration and connect to the greedy elites on my planet. Ashtar said that if we wake up just enough people then planet earth has a fairly good future.

He showed me around the ships, including where the ejection pods launch smaller crafts. I saw hundreds of crafts coming and going from this large mothership. He then took me to an area that looked like a very clean gym with showers. He told me he had to go back on deck, and thanked me for being on the team. Then he waves his hand toward a room for me to go into where I was greeted by short Asian looking women. They ushered me into a nice spa area and told me to, "Take a bath." I told them I do not need one, but they insisted that a hot shower would do me good. They instructed where to go and once I took a hot shower, they handed me a soft light brown robe, and pointed to a stone bench off to the side and said, "Sit." They brought me hot tea and Miso soup in a large cup. After I drank it, I remember being back in my clothes and back home." I knew this dream had something big to do with my mission and why I was here but completely did not understand it.

I told Preston about his dream and he starting laughing, while looking right at me. I exclaimed, "This was no dream!" He said, "Nope, I have had the same dream then, and been to the same place." I was shocked. He told me I astral traveled to the Galactic Federation and talked to Ashtar, like he has. He also said that the Asian looking short people were actually a type of Pleiadian. He said they like to serve people food, including protein bars. Preston has researched for over thirty years contactees (alien/ET encounters with humans) and this was a story he has not only heard but experienced. Those dreams came about in 2019, or maybe earlier but I ignored them at first. Now, I can channel at will Ashtar and know I have worked for the Federations for many lifetimes. (That came up in past live regression twenty years prior.)

UFO Encounters

After my three DNA activations and alignments, I started another program called, "Return to Innocence" with Lana the Pleiadian. It was after my third session, which addressed not have preconceived ideas on things was handled. One day I woke up and open to anything with no

stops. I mean, I did not hold myself back but I still had discernment and my right mind. I was just more open to looking at the world with a different perspective. By now it was August and Clay and I were going to take our two Shih Tzu's to Asheville, NC in the mountains for a nice four-day relaxing weekend. We always bring so much when we go away locally. We packed the car and did not head out till 6:45 pm, and it was getting dark and we had a two-hour trip ahead of us. About thirty minutes outside Asheville on the main large highway, Clay, the logical one in the family, points to a large orange firey-looking UFO, and smaller ones in the distance. It was on my side of the car door. I was so easy about it like I see large UFOs all the time. I was excited and felt so much love for the craft. I wanted them to land. I never once thought of even picking up my camera and photographing it, or them. I was mesmerized and so happy that I had star family around and knew where I was! It was immediately after that experience on Sunday, August 15, 2021, at 8 pm that four days later I started drawing Sci Fi looking symbols in my notebook. I felt drawn to the images but yet they were unknown to me where they came from.

It was not till I had, Mary Rodwell, a UFO researcher on my Seeking Heaven YouTube channel that mentioned any sighting of a UFO usually the contactee is left with some sort of download or transmission. I knew the symbol drawings was it! I just needed to know what they meant and where they came from. I finally found a code that looked like my symbols, and they are Sirian light codes! I even found the series, Disclosure, with Steven Greer to watch on this. Strangely he has seen UFO ships and had ET communication in Charlotte, where he is from, and also in Asheville, NC. I felt that was too big of a coincidence. I am still on my search to find out why they are giving me these codes, which they told me in a dream they are living and dimensional. They also told me they are frustrated I did not understand the Morse Codes. The Sirian, Athleta, told me to not think with my human mind but remember with my heart what these images are and what these sound codes are. She said, once I do, they will give me more.

In Summary

As I review my life's experiences through the last fifty-odd years (a woman doesn't tell her true age), I find that with every small and large incidents in my life from my beautiful, soulful wedding and longstanding marriage to my beloved, supportive husband (and, my hero), Clay McGowen Richardson, of thirty-eight years, to learning how in Carmel Junior High how to type on a typewriter through the, *Mavis Bevis Typing Method*, which I am using now as I type this, to interests I had as a child to current on topics such as; NDEs, astral travel, other realms, spirits, Edgar Cayce, Atlantis, Emmanuel Swedenborg, mediumship, ESP Zener Cards, bigfoot, fairies and more – but now I have a greater, deeper understanding of all these mysteries. As I recall this journey to now, I review my relationships with people, from brief encounters to long periods with various people along the way, I find this life appears to be finely orchestrated and tied together to help me understand myself in this world, others, and my unique mission here, which is one of service to others and to the ONE, called God. It has taken me a lifetime to somewhat understand what Jesus told me about why I am here and that is, **“To BE the LOVE You Were Created to BE. I am, you are. All is well.”**

We are ETERNAL spiritual beings interacting with the ETERNAL source of all things, creating an effect and outcome that can assist us on our individualized spiritual path toward Divine enlightenment. I always say, “The biggest journey you can experience, is the journey of YOU.”

Tamara Caulder Richardson, is also known as, the Southern Belle Medium® - is an International Evidential Psychic Medium, Seer, Messenger, Christ Channeler (and ETs), and host of the YouTube popular podcast, “Seeking Heaven: The Near-Death Experience and Other Phenomena” at: **www.seekingheavenshow.com**

My Moment in Eternity: My Near Death Like Experience, OBE, and Meeting with GOD

Tony Woody

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I'm a retired US Navy Chief Petty Officer with 22 years of service. I was an Instructor Flight Engineer on the P3 Orion and EP3 Orion aircraft for twenty years logging over ten thousand flight hours. I also held a top-secret security clearance while flying sensitive missions in the EP3 aircraft. The P3 Orion is a 71 ton four-engine heavyweight turbo-prop aircraft designed for long range maritime patrol missions.

One does not have to physically die to have a Near-Death Experience (NDE) or to have a Near Death *Like* Experience (NDLE). The psychological and emotional after-effects caused by an NDLE are identical to those experienced by someone declared clinically dead whether the body physically dies or not.

People who have crossed the veil and returned are called "Experiencers." As an Experiencer, I lived in spiritual crisis with a moral injury for decades. I needed help but never got any because I wasn't believed by anyone I tried to talk with about what happened to me. These "Experiences" are happening to soldiers around the world while in combat or during some other non-combat, traumatic event like what happened to me during an emergency engine-out landing that didn't go well causing our plane to depart the runway and somehow triggering an Out of Body Experience. That means the number of people being clinically affected after an NDE or NDLE type event is far higher than currently understood or believed. That alone makes this an enormous military readiness concern, not to mention a huge concern for front line providers and clergy as well. After I had my "Experience" in the Light, I urgently needed help understanding what exactly happened to me but got none subsequently causing a moral injury causing me to live in spiritual crisis mode for over two decades without any real professional help. That is the essence of the "Gap in Care" problem that's unknowingly creating moral injuries. Something must be done to bring more awareness to this problem, ergo my primary reason for sharing my story.

Unbeknownst to me for many years, my “Gap in Care” moral injury and subsequent NDE aftereffects affected my ability to maintain proper military readiness even though I hid it well from everyone, including myself, until I didn’t. I didn’t even know I was struggling with NDE aftereffects for years. All I knew was I desperately needed help finding answers to understand exactly what happened to me that day. Instead I got no help at all due to a “Gap in Care” culture. I can assure you there are many more people out there suffering emotionally with profound psychological NDE aftereffects than just people who physically died in a medical emergency and was resuscitated. For that very reason I made a video at the following link discussing the psychological impact of NDE Aftereffects

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p3aAk8AKRQg>.

Here’s what happened. In 1982 during an emergency engine-out landing at Naval Air Station Barbers Point in Hawaii, the aircraft suddenly departed the runway at 135 knots (just over 155 MPH) due to pilot error almost immediately after the pilot initiated reverse thrust after landing the plane. We narrowly missed slamming into a firetruck that was prepositioned a mere 100 feet away off the right-hand side of the runway. The moment I realized my death was just seconds away was the most helpless, hopeless, and terrifying moment I have ever known, and it caused a raw, visceral terror within me that somehow triggered a spontaneous Out of Body Experience (OBE). I wasn’t dead, I wasn’t injured or unconscious, I wasn’t on drugs, I wasn’t low on oxygen, I wasn’t anything like that. I was wide awake doing my job when it happened to me, making it absolutely impossible for me to assume it was caused by an injury or any other reason that made sense to me. Right before the OBE started my perception of reality suddenly changed. Time slowed way down and I began experiencing this distinct and clear sense of my consciousness being located in two different places inside and outside the airplane at the same time. I was totally confused and desperately trying to understand what was happening to me. I was stunned at how much went through my mind when I knew I

only had a few precious seconds left to live. Nothing in my twenty-two years of military training ever prepared me for anything like that. It absolutely rocked my world and changed my life forever.

My OBE in the plane was followed by a full-blown Spiritually Transformative Experience (STE) just two days later in my bedroom. When that happened, I instantly understood I was in the presence of my Creator. Believe me, you can't not know that when you are there! I saw and felt God eternally and infinitely expressing divine, Light, Purity, Power, Perfection, Knowledge, Wisdom and unconditional Love on a cosmic scale pouring out everywhere in all directions, and I was One with all of it. I am blessed to have personally witnessed the genesis of "all of creation and all that exists" (I don't know how else to say it), coming straight from the eternal Unfed Heart Flame of my Mighty "I AM" Presence. Apparently, I caused that to happen myself after saying a simple little silent prayer in my head two days after the aircraft incident. I still don't understand how, but my Out of Body Experience during the aircraft incident opened some kind of a "spiritual doorway" two days later in my bedroom while I was sleeping.

Two days after the aircraft incident I was at home relaxing with my wife and son watching a TV show called "That's Incredible." This particular episode was about a man named Leslie Lemke who was totally blind and severely mentally disabled. Leslie spontaneously and miraculously became a singing savant pianist though he never had any singing or piano lessons. While watching the show I knew in my heart I was seeing a miracle. That night I said a silent prayer before falling asleep. That little prayer profoundly changed my life forever and went like this. "Dear Lord, thank you for letting me see my first miracle on the TV tonight. It would be nice if you could do something like that for me someday."

I will never underestimate the power of prayer again because that prayer set my life on a path I never saw coming. While I was sleeping all of a sudden with no warning whatsoever, BOOM, I had an instantaneous shift in the location of my consciousness Experiencing

the essence of the Being I know to be God and I was dumbfounded by how insanely in Love with me God is. I had no idea Love could be like that, no idea at all. I was instantly overwhelmed and stunned beyond cognitive ability with God's Love. It felt like I was God's most important concern in the entire Universe at that moment while being enfolded in God's divine Love and Peace in the void, the "Great Silent Chamber," where I was somehow allowed to be "One" with God and all of Creation. God's personal feelings were powerfully and harmoniously flowing through the very essence of my being. I knew God, God knew me, and there's no such thing as separation while in the Presence of God.

The astonishing glorious beauty of God's Light and depth of emotions within the void, which was fully enfolding and enveloping my own emotions, is forever seared into my consciousness. I no longer fear death because of my Experience. I'm not saying I'm looking forward to the process of dying, but I'm not afraid of what comes after death either. That's because I know God's divine Light, Love, Purity, Perfection, and Beauty that I witnessed pouring out in all directions filling and enfolding the very essence of my soul with living Light and Love, will be waiting for me when I die. I have witnessed the Unfed Flame of living liquid molten golden-white Light coming straight from God's own Heart creating, expanding, and infinitely expressing divine Love to all of God's children and Creation forever.

Clearly that Experience rocked my world. I desperately needed help afterward because of something called "NDE aftereffects" that get exacerbated when a "Gap in Care" event occurs, usually due to untrained first responders, clinical providers, or clergy personnel who don't even know what an NDE or NDLE is; ergo their collective ignorance regarding NDE aftereffects institutionally speaking. Many first providers are unwittingly and unintentionally inflicting moral injuries due simply to their ignorance of the NDE phenomena and its aftereffects. The need for a standardized training program regarding NDE or NDLE types of experiences is immense. Hopefully my testimony will lead to a better protocol designed specifically to help

front line providers clinically identify and recognize NDE and NDLE symptoms and aftereffects without judging, stigmatizing, or assuming mental illness or some other potentially errant diagnosis first. A front-line provider's reaction to what a patient is saying about their hyper-fresh NDE will have a lifelong psychological impact one way or the other.

The quickest way to lose your security clearance, job, and military career is to tell someone with authority over your career you personally met God. I learned that early on after being warned by a Navy Lieutenant Commander, my pastor, and essentially my wife as well, when all of them made it very clear in their own individual ways that I had better stop talking about it. So I did, for over 20 years, and as I've said many times since, that was a very big mistake. In that window of time I struggled with alcohol, divorced my wife, lost my family, and basically had a really hard time. I became angry but did not understand the source of my anger for decades. Feeling betrayed by everybody, I quickly learned not to talk about my experience in order to avoid the stigma of mental illness and protect my military security clearance so I wouldn't lose my flight engineer job and Navy career I loved so much. Over time I realized I was going to have to figure out what really happened to me on my own. I felt all alone for a very long time, all the while wondering if I was the only one who knew God is real. Unwittingly I made my moral and psychological injuries worse when I resolved not to talk about it ever again. I describe my experience with God in this 23-minute-long video showing the power and depth of the emotional impact it still has on me decades later whenever I tell my story.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vijNhS1DuSU&t>

My suffering was completely unnecessary due to the “Gap in Care” culture that still exists today in clinical, clergy, and first responder settings. This “Gap in Care” problem is unwittingly inflicting both moral and psychological injuries that are scarring people for life every

day. I know that's true because I lived it. Initially all I really needed was validation.

After decades of seeking spiritual validation, my moral injury was healed using the Saint Germain Series contains the Original Instruction from the Ascended Masters on the Eternal Laws of Life. Each Book and Discourse carries the definite Radiation and Consciousness of the Ascended Masters and points the student to the attainment of the Ascension through their use of the Sacred Fire. This Mighty "I AM" Instruction is the True Education of Life. It is the Law of Life! It is the Gift of Love and can be found at saintgermainpress.org if you wish to learn more. The answers found me when a lovely lady named Lilia heard about me and emailed me asking to talk. I did and thank God I did, or else I would still be looking for my answers to this day. Lilia introduced me to the Saint Germain Series Instruction Books that contain the Original Instruction from the Ascended Masters regarding the Eternal Laws of Life and point the student to the attainment of their own Ascension through their constructive use of that Sacred Fire that I personally experienced and witnessed in the Great Silent Chamber void. Before I started studying these books I had relentlessly researched dozens of religions and read thousands of books on spirituality trying to learn who and what I truly am. After over thirty fruitless years seeking my answers, I finally found them in the Saint Germain Series Instruction books. They're the only books I ever found calling the Light the "Great Central Sun" while describing the Love, Light, and everything I saw and felt exactly like I personally experienced in the void. I saw and felt the love from the "Love Star" firsthand so I knew the spiritual standard and Truth I was looking for all those years. No other book I read ever called it that name, but that's exactly what it is. The "Love Star" is God's Heart eternally creating and expanding Love throughout the Universe, forever. Everything in the Universe, including all Life, is made with divine Love. It can be no other way. Now, all we have to do is go be Love, forever.

**A Lifetime of Experiences
via the Contact Modalities:
An NDE, many OBEs
& Astral Travel Experiences,
PSI & Telepathic Abilities,
Miraculous Medical Healings,
Past Life Memories
& UFO Contact**

Lena Ohlson, BSc, PhD

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I'm an Experienter and I have had contact with Non-Humann Intelligence. I have also realized I came down to inhabit a human body on earth ca 27,000 years ago. I have learned I have done this many times as I've spontaneous regressions where I've seen some of them in detail. In this life, I have been pulled back from death's door and instantly healed from sepsis. I was told this was unique according to several doctors at one of the largest hospitals in Sweden and one famous globally called The Karolinska University Hospital. Unique not only by the fact that I survived but also that I had no injuries whatsoever from this encounter with this deadly disease.

After my near-death-experience at age 30, my development into a full fledged spiritual person with a lot of gifts started, a path I continued very reluctantly in the beginning. It went parallel with my scientific career to become a PhD in molecular toxicology and was at times very challenging. Here I will tell parts of my experience.

A baby with super strength

As a baby, I was tiny and slightly under-weight. However, I developed quickly maturing earlier than the norm, crawling by five months and standing up by six months. I was walking and was able to move an object of more than 100kg 200 US Pounds (this was a bed-sofa with my mother sleeping on it) at ten months. My mother didn't want to encourage my "strange side" so she told me only a few specific stories to frighten me to silence.

My father was in the navy, working on a submarine and he was gone for long periods and therefore my mother had moved in to his parents just before she gave birth to me. My parents were poor and very young and therefore I and my mother lived with my father's parents while my father was at sea. He left the navy when I was between one and two years and then we moved out.

My mother was insecure and not the caring and giving type and I usually sneaked in to my grandmother early in the mornings to rest beside her and get some love and comfort. My mother hated that and she didn't like my father's mother and told her she was going to put a stop to me "escaping" and therefore put the heavy bed-sofa in front of the door and slept on it. I was sleeping in a baby crib with those wooden "sticks" around, like a fence, but I had learned how to use my toes and climb out of it and I did it when I didn't want to sleep, which was often.

According to my mother my grandparents were not the ones opening the door and certainly not my mother either and when she found it open, she got really scared. I remember whenever we visited my grandparents' house during years to come, I continued to go to my grandmother's bed to get comfort and love. I really loved my grandmother on my father's side.

The "invisible" me

I had other "abilities" I used as little and one I developed and used when we played hide and seek. I sometimes hid in plain sight and tried to "go in to" the mind of the seeker and "look" with his or her eyes and "see" it was "empty" where I was sitting. They could stand next to me and not see me. Sometimes I used to "think" me invisible when I wanted to be alone or listen to grownups talk and if I started to talk, they got all scared saying they didn't see me. I don't really think I was invisible but maybe I controlled their awareness, and that thing I can understand could be used in war.

Psychic abilities from early age

Sometimes I told my mother things about people that I couldn't know about and I sometimes also answered or commented on things she only had thought of. It made her mad. I remember one episode very strong when I "knew" something. It was winter and I was six or seven

and I was forced once again to go out and play and I hated the cold weather and the snow. Suddenly I thought I heard a lovely bird song and I thought I saw the bird and the song came from the top of a very high and old birch tree covered with snow outside the house. I ran up to my mother and told her there was a white Canary bird up in the tree. She said I couldn't possibly know what a Canary bird was and that they were yellow, so I must be wrong. Even if she didn't believe me, she came out with me to have a look, but saw nothing. Then a few days after, she told my father she had read in the newspaper someone had lost a white Canary bird in our neighborhood and put a reward out. They were discussing vividly how strange it was that I had "known" about this especially since I had never seen one.

I was a scared kid and I often asked my parents what if this and this would happen, what should we do? They said I was so imaginative and of course it would never happen. But to many times I was right, and I felt I could not trust them because they were wrong more often than I was. When I one time told my father the football-results (soccer) would be won by all home-teams (you play 1 X 2 and in Sweden there are 13 matches on a coupon) and thus there would be 13 ones and he should play it. He laughed at me. When all the matches were played, all were home-team victories! But when he wanted me to repeat and make another prediction, I couldn't do it.

It's NOT real but just your imagination!

My childhood was very difficult. I was a very quiet child. I could sometimes "hear" in my head what people around me were thinking, and of course my mother wanted me to stop doing that, she told me it was just my imagination. I woke up in the middle of the night and was terrified because I was convinced there were strangers in my room, my mother told me it was my imagination and I was going to end up in an asylum, if I continued imagining this. This became so serious and she went to the extreme measures to stop me from being "different" and she told me when I was four years old, she would take me to the doctors and

they would take a big saw to open my head to see if I was mentally insane.

Telepathically, I “saw” the “pictures” she was describing to me and that the saw was big and rusty. From that time on, I tried to be more “normal”, but I could never feel safe with her. Thankfully my intuition helped me to be one step ahead of her most of the times, but at the cost of feeling constantly stressed and the outcome was a sleeping and eating disorder. At age four to five, I was given strong prescription pills to calm down my nerves to be able to eat.

Consequences of denial and dyslexia

I was told constantly that I was imagining things and that I was paranoid. Unable to talk with anyone, I developed an OCD, obsessive-compulsive disorder. I think this was my way of trying to handle all the information that I felt was rushing in on me, a way to feel I had some control. My mother seemed to believe I was going insane and was constantly making the prediction I was going to end up in an asylum. As I grew older, I ended up not trusting myself or my senses, being afraid of making phone calls, talking to people or even to be outside the house some times. I had problems learning to tell the time, the alphabet and mathematics. I have later found out I have dyslexia and dyscalculia and that it is intergenerational and runs in the family on my father’s maternal side. My father’s aunt on his maternal side was put in an asylum at the age of 17 because she was believed to be an imbecile and not able to learn. It was decided she should not be able to have children and live among “normal” people. This was a big secret in the family, and I only heard about it when I was over 40 years old.

Suicidal at 9 years old and my first OBE

I was nine when I wrote in my diary “I want to die”. At that time, I did not act on the wish but later, at age 27, I finally did but I was prevented from succeeding by something I couldn’t see but felt. It was a

presence that was very intense and the tube with painkillers was suddenly jammed so I couldn't take the tenth tablet that for sure would have killed me. Although I was alone in my apartment I didn't feel alone and the "presence" felt comforting, but strange.

When I was 14 years I one night "woke up" flying flat on my back among the stars. I travelled at an extreme speed and passed the stars like they were lampposts. I could see my toes and had on a white robe. At the time I was convinced it was a dream and as you sometimes can do in dreams, I tried to force myself to wake up by giving myself the message to "open my eyes". Nothing happened! I must try harder I thought, so I gave myself the message "sit up in the bed". I could feel somehow my body rising to an upright and sitting position but still nothing happened. The stars were "swishing" past me out there in space but I was still travelling on my back and my toes were still visible at the bottom of my legs. Suddenly I got a sensation like 'someone' had pulled the plug in a bathtub and I was sucked downwards. I bounced down in my body, which was sitting up with my eyes wide open staring into the wall. I realize now this was my first OBE (out of body experience) but there was no one I could ask or confide in.

A close encounter with a previous life

At this time, I also began to have intense nightmares. I was sort of waking up, screaming like I was being killed and it scared my parents so much they came running to my room every night it happened, turning on the light and asking me what was going on. They found me sitting in my bed, my eyes wide open, speaking out but still asleep. They would ask questions and I could answer them but the things I was explaining to them and trying to show them did not exist and they were terrified!

I had no recall of what happened during the nights, and this went on for many weeks. After some nights my parents talked to me about what was happening. They feared I was going insane and told me they

repeatedly found me sitting in my bed in the dark, pointing at the walls describing them as built from extremely large stones and boulders. When they asked what I was doing there I told them the rats were coming (I pointed them out as they were running around) and they were going to eat me alive. I screamed when I “saw” them coming to get me and tried to brush them away. I can still remember I was very scared to fall asleep during my teens and childhood but my memory surrounding the trauma is not that clear.

Thankfully, this “bad dream” stopped happening after some time, but when I was 33 on my way to 34, I got the whole “picture”. It turned out I had had my first past life memory and the full account of this life I was to discover about 20 years after my nightmares as a teen.

Me and my, at that time, husband had gone to bed and were falling asleep, I on my side facing the wall, when I happened to open my eyes and saw a shadow moving on the wall in my now suddenly semi light bedroom. Now my eyes were opened wide and I looked up and saw a torch sitting in a metal holder on the wall, a wall that was made of gigantic stones. I was laying down and obviously I was laying on some kind of floor covering because there was straw sticking up in front of my eyes. There was a staircase leading up from the dungeon-like place and someone was coming down on it because the shadows showed a large body and I could hear heavy steps. I looked to the right of the stairs, and I could barely see a wooden torture bench and different kinds of tools.

Suddenly I knew what had happen, where I was, why and what they were going to do with me. I was living in France near Paris and had been charged with witchcraft (I was a healer, a midwife and knew about herbs and that was enough) 1679. They had tortured me, breaking every bone in my body and finally, when I didn’t tell them what they wanted, smashed all my teeth in. Then they put me in a cell where I would get eaten alive by rats because I could not defend myself due to the injuries done to my body. They had “kindly” spared my eyes so I would be able to see everything happening around me.

During the last part of that life, when I was dragged into that dark cell, I had felt my body heavily rocking. When I came back to my real body and bedroom, I realized it was my husband shaking me and screaming. He was terrified because I had stopped breathing and my pulse had gone. He wanted me to stop “that shit” but how could I? What he didn't understand was that I wasn't deliberately seeking this, so how could I prevent it from happening.

I, at that time, knew vaguely what incarnation was. It was something I had heard about but as a nature science nerd, that had been taught to rely only on data and what can be proven beyond doubt, I had a need to scientifically corroborate the information I had received from my experience, and it came just a few months later. I got a book from a book club I was a member of and the title was “The Oracle Glass” and was a historic novel based on protocols from the last witch hunt in France 1679. Everything I had experienced during my spontaneous regression was described there in this book! Everything I had experienced and more and I cried. Still today I can't go to France and Paris and I feel vulnerable about my gifts and who gets to know about them, and I'm also very careful about who gets to check my teeth, poke around in my mouth or drill in my teeth.

Am I crazy?

I moved from my parent's home at 18, which is the age when you are becoming an adult in Sweden. There was a lot of struggles during those years, but also some good times since I became “free” from my very dominating mother and started to find out who I am and got a job I enjoyed. At 19 I started school again and after 2.5 years I became a Biomedical Analyst in clinical chemistry and started a new job at a lab at the Karolinska University Hospital. At the age of 27, in a moment of clear sightedness after another failed relationship and the attempted suicide, I phoned the psychiatric emergency ward and asked to be taken in because I felt I must be totally insane, just like my mother had told

me I would become. Once there the head of the department took time speaking to me for about three hours and came to the conclusion that I was one of the most stable and rational people he had met. He concluded the problems I had stemmed to a great extent from my childhood, but I was quite normal and definitely not insane. He explained he wasn't going to put our conversation in his notes because he saw nothing abnormal in his assessment of me.

It was the same year I went on a vacation to Egypt with a friend. It was a 14-day round trip and during a visit to the Karnak temple I suddenly saw "double vision". It was like a film of both "before and after" the fall of the old Egypt civilization, merged into one frame. I was standing looking up towards what used to be a ceiling and suddenly it was there, with lot of gold and color and loads of brown faces staring down at us from a gallery just on the sides and under it. Then it was gone. I told my friend what had happened, and she said it was probably because I was dehydrated. Six years later she was one of a couple of my friends studying to be amateur archeologists, and it was through their academic studies I was able corroborate the experience I had of this spontaneous regression of a past life in Egypt. My friend then became so unsettled and scared that I lost her friendship.

After a lot of hardship in my personal life I finally gave birth to a baby boy at the age of 29, and I thought this would bring my parents and me closer as a family and perhaps I finally would bond with my mother. But sadly, this didn't happen. I was pregnant again very quickly. My son was eight months at that time and since I wanted children, I continued the pregnancy. When I was going to give birth this time, a planned cesarean, I asked my parents to come and watch my son, their grandson, during the procedure. They did come after some discussion but only briefly for just one day, and they left just after I had given birth and was still at hospital.

Amazing story of survival, healing and a UFO

No one was aware my parents had big problems in their marriage, to a great extent due to my mother's need to control and desire to show off. This had driven my father to do things behind my mother's back, such as take loans with their house as a security. When there was no more equity left in the house and the bank wanted him to start paying, he left home one Wednesday afternoon in July 1991 and took his life. Just twenty-four hours later I was notified he was gone by my mother. They had sent up a search party with helicopters and lots of people searching in the woods. On the Saturday, my sister had spoken to a very famous psychic in Sweden called Saida. She told my sister my father was still alive, and they had to look for him in a place my mother knew and they should bring an ambulance because there wasn't many minutes left of my father's life. They found him outside his car, severely dehydrated since he had been in the sun for almost 24 hours a day (heat wave in mid-July in Sweden and the sun barely sets) for three days. He had tried to gas himself and had ingested red wine spiked with antifreeze agent in combination with my mother's strong nerve and antidepressant medications.... Amazingly he was still alive!

After examination they stated the only injuries, my father had after his attempt was severe memory loss and liver problems, which meant he had to stay off alcohol during the two years it takes for the liver to regenerate completely. How could this be? It wasn't until four years later I found out what kept him alive. When they found him, he told the paramedics, my mother and the others around "-There was this flying saucer landing and some small Aliens with "cone heads" came out to help me. They helped me out from the car and kept me alive-". Of course, no one believed him at that point and my mother thought he was delirious.

I had at this time given birth to two children all in the space of less than one and half years. My second child was born 19 days before my father's suicide attempt. I was tired and had no one to help me or to

talk to. My husband at that time is of Greek nationality and with a totally different view on family and children and spent very little time with us. It was this Greek way of living, combined with my father's suicide attempt and my mother falsely giving me all the blame for his suicide attempt because "I had always been such a strange and creepy child and was impossible to deal with-" that pushed me into a deep depression. I talked every day with my father after his suicide attempt to help him get his memory back. He was in the psychiatric ward to rehabilitate, and he told me all the time to take care of my mother because she was not "all right" mentally. I said to him that I've had a tough childhood with no one to protect me and now he wants me to take care of the one person who has been hurting me the most. So, I refused, and he told my mother I did and her terrible anger was directed at me.

Near death Experience and healed!

After this I lost the will to live and about a week after my last contact with my mother, I was dying at the hospital emergency unit at the same hospital I was working, the Karolinska University hospital. There are different ways to have a NDE (near-death-experience) but my way is one of the worst and according to medical expertise impossible to survive. I had a urinary tract infection, spreading to my kidneys, becoming an abscess on one of the urethras just to blast and pour all the pus and bacteria into my blood stream. It took a couple of days to become really ill. I thought it was just the flue. Not until my body temp was over 40 degrees Celsius and I couldn't "treat" it with paracetamol I realized something was very wrong. Instead of going with my family to a dinner with some relatives, I told my husband to drive me quickly to the hospital. There I was almost immediately taken in at the emergency intensive unit and the personnel did everything they could. It felt like my heart was about to explode and the doctors said quietly to the nurses that I had tachycardia and should not be allowed to drink in case of an emergency operation.

Suddenly, three surgeons came one after another trying to convince me they needed to operate on me, without them knowing what was wrong with me. I, of course with my education knowing what a cut in the body does to the immune system, told them to get the hell out of the room. I already had two different types of antibiotic intravenous and I knew deep inside that cutting my body would kill me if the disease didn't. After what seemed to be hours, I heard someone say I had 41.3 degrees Celsius. Suddenly I had difficulty breathing and the nurses, trying to cool my body, now tried to raise my head and upper body so I could breathe better. They asked me to take a stance with my feet and push myself to a more upright position, and as I tried to do that, I saw a color lift from my feet. It continued to lift from my chins and onwards, and for every bit the color lifted from my body the pain also "lifted". When it came to my heart/head it suddenly made a "noise" like when you open a bottle and the cork pops out, and instantaneously all pain was gone, and everything was dark. What happened? Did someone turn out the light?

Suddenly I noticed a difference in my body. I felt happy and loved, something I never really had felt. I heard the nurses talk from below me, saying "What a pity, she had so young children". In my head I thought "What do they mean with HAD". Immediately after that it came to my mind "How fortunate I bought those life insurances, now the kids have money in their own names when they get to 18 and no one can cheat them of it". When I thought of the kids I could sort of "scroll" forth and back in sort of a "tunnel" with "photos" of them. The "photos" could be looked at more separate and intense and then I could "go into" them and check up on thoughts and feelings the kids had and if they were doing ok. When I had done that to my content I came "back" to the dark place above my flesh body in the hospital bed and I started to notice details about it.

At this time, I didn't know anything about NDE or re-incarnation so everything was strange. I was floating on my back with my long hair hanging down. I could feel it swaying so there was also a warm summer breeze coming from above me. The body was dressed in a white very thin dress down to my feet that were sticking up, because I could see the toes. The dark walls around me were like black velvet and formed like the inside of an intestine, that's the nearest I can describe it. It went on for a long distance and in the end of it I could barely discern the night sky and stars and an overwhelming feeling of love and belonging. And "swoosh", I went there and then my brain blanked. When I woke up much later, I had a terrible ache in my whole body and I thought "No, I'm back" and I started to cry. I stayed for four weeks at the hospital before I could move around without the temperature again rising and the body becoming weak and ill. The only thing the doctors could say over and over again was that I had been instantly healed and that I had had not one but two miracles. First, they had never known of anyone surviving that massive sepsis and second, if anyone survived a severe sepsis their body and/or organs would be damaged. It took further months before I was feeling strong again and during the coming months the doctors performed different tests to confirm my total healing. After almost half a year they could only declare me healed and with no remaining injuries whatsoever and I'm still healed, 29 years after my NDE.

So, I had my NDE at 11.11 1991 and later I learned that's a very special date to some spiritual people here on Earth who believe in the 11.11 portal. It is said to be the start to a transformation and a higher awareness, for more love and understanding for everything in our solar system, and the opening might have opened at 19-11-11-91. It certainly happened for me because this was the start of my transformation and the rest of this text will tell you about that. I was at hospital for a month before I could return home to my two children. Friends had helped my husband with our children while I was at the hospital, but when I got home, I had no one. However strangely enough I felt extremely strong and focused. Something had happened and it was like I now had a focus

and purpose which I couldn't remember having before this time, I didn't know where it came from and I didn't remember what had happened after the "tunnel" in the NDE and I had no clue to where this all would take me.

I went back full time to my job one month after I came home from the hospital; this was manageable because I worked day and my husband evening/night. After a month I was given the opportunity to after eight months to attend a one-year university course for a bachelor's degree, and the hospital would monthly fund me with 80% of my salary. The female professor thought I was special and focused enough to do it. I was the only one out of sixteen specially selected Bio analysts from the five main hospitals in Stockholm to finish the course. I don't know where I got the strength and drive to do it. It took me one year to complete my bachelor studies, right on time, and then I got the opportunity to start as a pre-graduate student at the same research department at the Karolinska Institute I had done my bachelor thesis.

It took a while after my encounter with death before I started to think about what had happened, probably because of my scientific background but also because of my childhood with my controlling mother. I had no one to talk to about my NDE and my mother, who was a nurse, told me to stop asking about it. She said I had always had a vivid imagination and she put a stop to that when I was young and said I should stop now or I would go insane. I freaked her out she said and she told me to stop what was happening to me.

It was four years after my NDE I learned how my mother had tried to stop my spiritual development by "shutting me down" at a very early age. I asked her how and she told me a few stories of what I had said and done as a toddler, and I remembered how she'd told me she would take me to the doctor and he would open up my head to see if I was really sane. When I asked her why she had done and said all terrible things that messed me up until I was able to tear down and

rebuild myself, she answered she wanted to protect me from the military that used people like me in experiments and war. She never answered when I asked how she knew that back early in the beginning of the 60-ies.

Finally, I had to take a stand and cut the cords to my birth family. I haven't had contact with my parents since 1995, and my sister since summer 1991. It was an extremely tough decision, but it's much tougher all the time being treated as a freak by your own family.

Healing abilities and gifts are developing

Right before I started my bachelor studies, I discovered I had healing abilities, and this turned out to be very useful. I guess I've always been a healer but I haven't known it. When I was growing up animals and small children always wanted to be near me. My mother said she couldn't sit beside me because it felt like ants were crawling inside of her. That's exactly what my oldest daughter said many years later, after my NDE, when I wanted to heal her at different occasions and instead, I started to heal her when she was asleep.

It wasn't until after I had had my NDE that I by accident discovered my real healing potential. My oldest daughter was at that time one year and my son was almost two and a half years old. We were out in the park playing and since my daughter was learning to walk, we had been walking the short distance without a trolley and my son was riding his little plastic toy tractor. In the park we met another mother we knew and her two sons and for the day she was also taking care of her mother's dog, a Spaniel who was tied in the shade.

Everything was nice and quiet but suddenly I heard my son scream like he was being killed. He had rolled his little tractor towards the dog that was waving its tail, just to attack my son and take a big bite over his eye. I screamed and quickly got to him and lifted him up in my arms. Blood was pumping out from two big wounds and the blood from

the wound under his eye was also light red, an indication on artery blood, much harder to stop. That wound was also so deep and wide you could see the periosteum. I started to focus hard on the blood stream, thinking “this didn’t happen”, and the blood flow decreased and stopped.

The other mother had by that come to my aid and saw what happened. I turned to her and said I needed to get home and get the trolley if I would be able to bring the kids with me to the local health center. So, I let take my son in her arms and again the blood started to pump. I ran home the fastest I could and brought the trolley. By now my son’s T-shirt was full of blood and he was almost unconscious. I took him from my friend arms and the blood stopped pumping and it didn’t start when I put him and his sister in the trolley.

When I got to the local health center, they had a look at his eye and said it was to big injury for them to handle. They immediately phoned a taxi and directed us to the eye specialist hospital, which was about a 40 minutes trip by car. We got in and had to wait for half an hour before we could see a doctor. He got very irritated because he thought I pulled a joke. The wound was hardly a little mark and the only thing showing there had been a big injury was the amount of blood on my son’s clothes. He put a small band aid over it and sent us home.

At home I washed the kids, fed them, and put them to bed and then I phoned my friend who had been in the park and whose mother owned the dog. She is a medical assistant and she was so worried because of the severity of the injury. I told her what the doctor had said and that there was hardly a mark on my son. She didn’t believe me so she came to look for herself. She told me this was impossible, a miracle and that she had heard about people stopping blood and they are called “Healers”. I had never heard about “Healers” and I asked her how to do it. She didn’t know but she told me to try and do what I had done at the park. Well, small children often get diseases and I had to be 100%

present on lectures. I slowly learned how to focus my energy, how to handle/control my new “abilities” and this helped keep my children healthy.

My healing abilities reached a new level. It started in my hands and arms, feeling like someone were pressing thousands of needles into them. They felt swollen and lots of red marks started to show on them. It also led to a lot of problems with computers and other electric devices. A friend who is an engineer told me it might be because the frequencies sent out from healers are sometimes interfering with the frequencies of the silica chip in computers, which he said is 60HZ. I thought that if this is the case then I really need to learn how to control it and the best way is to get rid of the surplus “energy” and then try to keep it at an acceptable level and healing others have helped me balancing my energy levels.

Perceiving energy fields (Aura’s)

When people ask when and how my gifts surfaced, I say it took about six months after my NDE before strange things started to happen, things not “normal” and they still continue to happen. In the beginning I thought I was going insane but luckily, I started to meet people that knew about these “things” even if they didn’t have the abilities themselves.

I started to develop many different kinds of abilities and every time a new one showed up it was extremely intense the first few days/weeks and then it sort of faded so I could be able to control it better. Of course, if you don’t use the ability you lose some of the ability to control it and since I often forget I have the gifts I don’t use some of them so often. The ones most handy is the healing ability and the aura seeing. I can use that last one also by “connecting” to the event, place or person and thus see into the past, but I can’t watch into the future because we always have a choice to change the outcome, that’s how karma can be balanced.

I was eight months into my pre doctoral studies and I started to see a colored haze around people at times. First time I couldn't stop myself telling the person I worked with that she had a light blue haze around her head, and she was shocked and walked away. I thought I had made a fool of myself but the next day she came and told me I had seen an aura and she guided me to an English written book about auras. I also started to see auras around people and energies surrounding "everything", even stones/crystals as well as feeling energies and sometimes seeing "through" things. At one point I also started to see "pictures" of animals (I learned they are called TOTEMs) in the aura around people. When I asked the people about their favorite animal it often was the Totem animal I saw.

The best thing about seeing the aura is that I can tell if someone (like my kids), are lying to me or trying to withhold something from me. I can also tell if they get scared, like for instance in conversation during therapy sessions or when I'm giving treatment, it's very handy. Though the problem is I also always see/feel the best in people, their good will so to say, and because people usually have good intentions, I often "read" them as well and used to end up disappointed and fooled by friends or colleges. I've chosen to see it, not as I don't learn but that I continue to believe in people because that is a reflection of my own personality.

I've also had and are still having encounters with auras without bodies (souls and ghosts). Sometimes they come when I'm giving a treatment and usually they have a message for my client or just want to say hi. Some of my most cherished encounters have been with extra-terrestrials or EBE's (Extraterrestrial Biological Entities), both as visitors and/or teachers and healers. The thing is I now know it isn't my imagination and that I'm not alone having these encounters here on Earth.

The Extraterrestrial encounter

A month after the “blue aura” event my college asked if I wanted to come with her to a séance. She wanted to see if she could get a contact with her dead mother and maybe I would find that interesting. That Sunday was the day before my birthday, and I was extremely scared as the séance began. I had never experienced anything like this and I didn’t want to get a message like most participants. After about two hours suddenly the medium, an old lady, stopped before me and I started to shiver and a cold sweat broke out. Then she hummed and said to “someone” “-ok, let’s do it that way instead”, and she walked behind me and stood still. Suddenly I felt an “energy”, I can’t describe it in another way, running from my back and through my body and to the front of my body. I got super calm and stopped sweating and shivering. The old lady started to walk around again talking and giving messages and then she entered the podium. She said “- I have a message for someone here in the audience and the person it concerned will get a sign, it will be a pan-flute playing”. Lots of people in the audience started asking questions and hoping the message was for them. The medium started to channel a lot of information so the person the message was for would get a hint.... I recognized all of it but how could that be? When we left, I heard lots of people from the audience talking about the mysterious message and this was unusual for this lady to give messages like this.

Later that night I woke up about 50 cm above my bed, being rocked gently to a pan-flute’s very beautiful and tranquil melody, while there was a pink/golden light playing over the walls of our bedroom. Everything was soft and full of love and while I was gently lowered, still rocking, I thought to myself that I was the one the message was for. It was no wonder she couldn’t tell me, I had been too scared, and this must be experienced without fear. When I landed in my bed I fell asleep immediately. When I woke up the next morning, I thought this was the best birthday gift so far.

The next night I woke up, resting on my side with my back towards my husband and with one of our kids sleeping between us. The room was intensely bright with colors of green, yellow, and white playing all over the room. I was staring right into the crotch of a small being (about 90 cm to 1 meter tall) standing right beside my bed with his (I felt the male energy but there were no genitalia or breasts on this being) eyes shut and arms in a 90-degree angle with his hands straight over my body. The top of his head had the shape of a cone and from his forehead came a very strong white beam, which made a 90-degree angled turn over his hands and down through them and into my body. He was wearing a tight silvery/light bluish, almost glowing, slim suit and white boots of the same color and, as it looked, of a very soft different material. Around his waist he had a belt in the same type of fabric as the boots and with a buckle looking like the letter weights that was so popular in the seventies, the clear glass ones with a colored “glass swirl” (the size and shape of a bun you use for hamburgers) in them. This “glass-bun” in his belt was in clear “glass” and the “swirls” inside were yellow and green strokes that were rotating fast and these were the cause of the green/yellow light in the room.

I raised my head and upper body from the bed and leaned my head into my right hand and I thought “what is happening and why?” When I focused my eyes on places in the room, or wondered what this being looked like, I left my body and went to those places and above and behind the being. It was the same feeling as I had had during my NDE that I could go instantaneously to where my mind went. I could see my flesh body from above and the light beam from the being going inside it and I KNEW they were healing me and “transforming” my body. I felt so happy and then I slowly lowered myself down into my body. When I was back and in control of my body I leaned forward towards the being and my head was about 20 cm from his crotch. He was still standing, healing me with his eyes shut and I could see the soft glow from the fabric in his suit and every fiber in it.

Instead of asking who he was and what he was doing in my bedroom I let a gasp out “uhhh“, which made my husband slowly wake up, starting to turn towards me while asking why I put on the light and who was I talking to? The ‘being’ disappeared in an instant and everything turned black, and my husband fell asleep again. Every night for the following week I had a visit from the same ‘being’ but now giving different kinds and types of treatments to what I got the first night. I never felt afraid during these experiences, and I learned that these were the same “cone head” beings that had saved my father. I have never experienced fear from the encounters that were to come and I want to be very clear on that.

For some time, I also was “receiving” something that looked like green laser beams. I could both hear and see the energies at first and it looked like green lines of different lengths (like Morse code) were shot towards me with a high pitched, irritating sound/noise into either one of my ears or forehead. Nowadays I only hear the sound from time to time and I’m grateful I don’t see the beams.

During the years after this experience, I’ve had many OBE (out of body experiences), meeting different humanoids (not all of them looking like Earthlings) on different places/planets and probably also different dimensions.

I’ve also had a lot of spontaneous regressions remembering different past lives, not only from Earth, and what I learned from them. Four of them have been possible to validate via academic books in archeology and anthropology.

The Shamanic Encounters, lessons of healing powers

In the beginning of my spiritual awakening, I asked my spiritual guides to give me, or lead me to, a mentor and guide of flesh and bone, someone I can communicate with in words because I felt lonely and lost. However, every time I came in contact with people with

knowledge in spiritual matters it turned out it was, and still is, mostly for confirmation of my own direction and path of knowledge, but also there is always some pieces of information I learn from them and can add to my knowledge and skill.

I understand there is much I don't know and yet have to learn and this led to another level of learning, encounters of a more shamanic nature. Sometimes when I was taking a nap with the kids during daytime in the weekends or when I was in between being awake and falling asleep in the night I experienced paranormal things. One night when I had problem falling asleep a group of 12 old men in white robes and grey hair and beard came into my room. I was wide awake and not afraid although they were clearly visible but see through like a fog. They placed themselves around me (also on the side where the other bed was so they were actually standing in the middle of the double bed) and a huge orb came in and stopped over my solar plexus. The one I think is the leader somehow signaled and the orb went right down in my body and filled it instantly with an enormous amount of energy. It felt extremely weird! Then my body started to levitate!!!

I made it very clear to myself that I had to notice all the things happening to me and all the feelings. So, I felt the back of my body separating from the bed under me while my arms and hands kept the contact with the sheet and bed for longer time, and my hair hanging down. I also felt the cover feeling heavier towards my legs when it lost contact with the bed. Then I lost my ability to think and record what happened and everything when extremely white. After that I have no more memories of this event.

The “old men” have taken me to “places” and trained me outside my body. Most of the time it reminds me of a computer game where you have to encounter lot of quests and tasks and look for the solution yourself. You are guided by lots of feelings/pictures and hunches and there is this “presence” behind you that gives off a light you can see and a feeling of being protected. They are very much in contact with me still and I think they also are linked to my missions here on earth.

I have also experienced OBE journeys in something like “tunnels”, travelling to other realms, being guided into situations I have to solve on my own and using paranormal skills that I have fine-tuned with time. In many ways this feels like a lucid dreaming, but many of the times this happened right before I fell asleep but was still clearly awake.

At times I’ve also experienced spontaneous “shamanic journeys”, meeting my power/totem animals. I had already seen a couple of them and at one time, when one of the kids got a severe asthma attack from a really bad cold. Both me and my husband realized we wouldn’t make it to the hospital in time. In fear and desperation, he screamed at me that I now had my chance to prove that my “powers” were not faked, and that I should heal our child. I suddenly felt really calm and strong; I went into the bedroom, closed the door and laid me down on my back beside my child and the “transformation” started. It felt and looked like something from the film *Cat People*. I “became” a Black Panther and there were lots of energy sparkling around me and my child and I could picture before my mind how the energy was going into my child’s body, clearing the lungs and “opening up” the respiratory tracts and rejuvenating its whole body. After what I felt was ten minutes everything faded and the child was healed. I went out from the room and there my husband stood with a very pale face believing the child had died. “It’s healed “I said “go in and look yourself “.

In one of the few guided regressions, I’ve had I was a shaman in a tribe in South America at about 400-500 AC. I was constantly chewing coca leaves in that life and I experienced a “hangover” for two days after that regression. The same child I healed from the asthma attack was at that time in my care as a foster child and I didn’t then do a good job as a parent. I feel that I have gotten a second chance, and this time I’ve tried to be the best mother and caretaker anyone could ever be. I really developed both in body and spirit and this transformation finally led to my first divorce from my first husband and losing a lot of friends along the road.

Ali from Nepal

Six months after my first divorce I was really fed up with all these “abilities” and paranormal things happening around me. I struggled with being strictly scientific but kept my development as a spiritual human to a minimum. I felt spirituality gave me no advantages, but a lot of hardship and it prevented me from focusing on my career and my career was the thing that would get the kids and me a better life, so I thought. I had agreed to a dinner meeting with my ex-husband and one of my friends had agreed to babysit. It was heavy snowing outside and totally dark as it is most of the time in Sweden in mid-December. I was so angry with my spiritual side I screamed at “them” they could take their “transformation” back. I started walking towards the subway and thought I would just make it in time but was close when I heard the train coming in and leaving. I entered the escalator. When I came to the top there was no one else there but this little man with brown skin and eyes and a big smile revealing he had a few teeth missing in his mouth. He was wearing a black synthetic fur cap, black synthetic leather-boots, a blue quilted winter jacket and dark grey pants with creases. “He said in broken English “Good evening, Snow Queen “and I answered good evening back to him, thinking to myself this was very strange and HE was very strange.

He smelled of pancakes and told me his name was Ali and he was from Nepal. Then he asked if I wondered why he was standing there waiting for me and of course I did. He said he knew I was coming and he was there to remind me of my destiny and I had a mission and I needed to continue on my spiritual journey. At this moment I remembered I could see auras (yes, I don’t use that gift all the time, it’s not that interesting to peek at people’s different energies and feel their thoughts and feelings) and I turned my “vision” on. I hadn’t seen anything like this before. His aura was extremely big, balanced and golden white.... he could not be crazy or a mental patient. So, I decided to listen to him and to further convince me he asked me if he could sit

down beside me in the waiting hall. The next train would come in about 10 minutes and we were alone so I let him sit beside me hold my hand, he said it was to better be able to read my life. It was interesting and he saw right through me.

After a few minutes there were people coming and he asked me if I would like to meditate with him on the train in to Stockholm. I said yes and when the train came, we entered and sat down opposite each other with our foreheads touching and him chanting. This was a Saturday evening at about 7.30 pm so there were a lot of people coming on the train as we traveled towards the city. I was sitting all dressed up with this man Ali, chanting and touching my forehead and sides of my face and down to the sides of my body with his hands, and people were staring, and there were comments, but only about me.... I got a mantra from Ali and a big hug when we parted after 30 minutes of meditation.

I never saw him again but a sister (she is also on a spiritual journey) of a good friend of mine met with Ali on the subway a few months after, and he also asked her if she wanted to meditate with him. She got scared and said no. About a week later she was on her way on the subway and this time with her sister, my friend whom I had told

about Ali, when she saw Ali again. She pointed in the direction of Ali and tried to get my friend to see him. They went closer, and were just a few meters away from Ali, but the strange thing was my friend could not see him only her sister could. So, that was probably the cause why they had looked at and commented on the subway ride that Saturday, not everybody can see Ali.

New healing modality and energized water

Through the years I've developed a healing method of my own. I call it quantum healing or "energy balancing" and it also works in distance through quantum entanglement. I use this skill frequently nowadays in my practice as a therapist in non-traditional medicine. My

learning as a healer has mainly been through “pictures” I receive in my head. Often, I “scan” the inside of the bodies and look at the auras combined with a very strong feeling on how to do it. Also, at times my guides are helping with the healing and therefore my clients sometimes feel hands or energy from places where I don’t stand.

I met my second husband one year before I presented and defended my thesis and right after my dissertation, we moved to another and bigger house on the other side of town. One year after my dissertation I started my own company offering healing treatments. I describe it as energy balancing to facilitate and support the body healing on its own, I also do counseling, guided meditations and workshops and I offered stress profiling with a medical diagnostic instrument called the DDFAO/EIS http://link.springer.com/chapter/10.1007%2F978-3-642-12020-6_23#page-1

One year after this I also started my unconventional but scientific research with “whirled” water **www.alawater.se**, a means to “energize” and give water more “life force”, in collaboration with University of Stockholm (SU) and The Royal Institute of Technology in Stockholm. I was applying for grants, creating plans for experiments and seeking a lab we could rent. The research and experiments were a success and has delivered many interesting results but since they are unconventional, we didn’t feel safe to publish them. All of this was a heavy burden for my stressed-out body and I developed heart problems and also had a temporary ischemic attack (a cerebral asphyxia), which forced me to slow down.

I recovered quickly and was soon also involved in assembling different methods and training to help my clients with their health issues, which I discovered was often a result of different kinds of stress. I wanted to give my clients the best assistance on their way back to a healthier, happier life. I base my knowledge primarily on my extensive studies of different medical literature in combination with my medical education and background as well as my empiric studies of stress related problems as visualized by the DDFAO/EIS.

More psychic phenomenon and the ORB / UFO

As a family we had several encounters with paranormal occurrences during these years also when my second husband became a part of it. After my cerebral asphyxia we got visited one night by a small blue sphere, the size of a football (softball). It appeared in our bedroom, right above my husband's head. I had just turned out the light when I saw sort of a haze above my husband's head (like the "invisible cloak" in Harry Potter) and out of it came this blue orb/sphere with a small flying saucer spinning frantically inside it. I woke my husband and he said he couldn't see it.

I poked the sphere gently and I could clearly feel sort of a "membrane". I took my husband's finger to poke the sphere so he could feel it too. I poked too hard we somehow "broke" the "membrane" and a "electric" green, sort of phosphorous glowing "color" spread down our arms with a concomitant tingling sensation, my husband felt it also. When we pulled our fingers out from the "energy field" the "electric" green disappeared but the tingling lingered. I laid back on my back in bed and the orb continued to move slowly over my body and stopped. Then it disappeared into the air right over my knees with the little saucer shaped object inside the orb still spinning, which I could clearly observe. After this experience I read in a book from 1966 by Wilbert B. Smith, that the Canadian government studied UFO's and such phenomenon. Once, during a field experiment with lots of observers, there was a blue orb with a small UFO inside it, coming up from a ditch.

The small UFO came out from the orb and then became "inflated" after a few meters and the real sized UFO "swooshed" off. That this phenomenon was a kind of time travel machine was their speculation I understood.

Extraterrestrial healing of an old knee injury

I have experienced big problems with my knee and lower back stemming from an old football injury at age 16, which resulted in a flat foot. The stress and strain I have been going through over the past years, especially after our move to the new house, resulted in inflammation with severe pain in right knee and hip, and for the following four years a spreading inflammation into the vertebra in my lower back. It got worse and finally one night I was laying on my back in my bed with the pain really pounding and I thought “I give up, if I’ll have to stay alive here on earth I really need to get a knee and a hip implant “. Suddenly there came a bright white-blue light from the wall behind my bed and it lit up the room. I turned my head slightly so I could see through the metal bars in the bed post and I saw.... there was a hole in the wall with a large room, 350-400 square meters, like a laboratory with lots of equipment and people in white lab coats and some other beings moving around in the background.

I turned my head straight again and looked up in the ceiling thinking “This is really strange; we have our bedroom under ground level and there is just gravel outside the wall “. Suddenly there was like a huge glass-box-like thing, like a big aquarium pushed out over me from the hole in the wall. Probably it was not made of any material but more “made” of energy. It stopped somewhere over the lower part of my legs, and it completely covered me on all the sides. The inside of this energy box kept the blue energy-light sort of contained inside of it but the light was so strong I could clearly see the walls and everything lit up in the room. I could see it being filled from behind with like swirly white silvery “smoke” and suddenly there was a “hand” with part of an arm coming up about 30 cm in front of my eyes. The hand and arm were green and with larger scales on the backside than the front. The fingers were five and green but much longer than human ones and the nails were also longer and more pointed, like claws. The little finger and the ring finger were intergrowth and webbed and the same turned out to

be the case with the feet that looked more like a frog's feet when I got to see them. There was a "voice" in my head telling me "We show you this, so you won't be afraid".

Only one thought came to my mind and that was "Why do you do this?" The answer came immediately "Because you have our DNA in you ". I was shown lots of pictures of what they looked like and then everything started to happen very quickly. I saw many hands and movements in the blue, white, silvery energy and I started to vibrate and blacked out. When I woke up again everything was dark in the room and the air outside my whole body vibrated intensely. It felt like small needles on my skin and I started to move with the effect that every cell in my body started to vibrate to the extent I started to feel pain. I stopped moving, I was still thinking this was 'just a dream,' I really tried to be wide-awake and then I started to move my body again with same result. This time the feeling of the vibration both inside and outside my body was so intense it really hurt so I stopped moving and just "enjoyed" the outside vibration, like a massage. I fell asleep and woke up about two hours later, in need of a WC.

The vibrations had gone, and I just quickly sat up on the side of the bed to get my balance. It felt really strange in my body and when I stood up it felt like I had air cushions under my feet. Then, when I started to walk it felt like these "cushions" under my feet made me feel like I was bouncing rather than walking. I sat down on the WC and when I turned, I noticed the intense pain I usually felt in my back and vertebra when doing that type of movement, was completely gone. Gone was the ache in my hip and knee and I felt like I was "pumped up" with energy. I went back to bed and back to sleep. Waking up about two hours later I remembered what had happened and I was eager to test standing up. The crazy thing was my flat foot I had had from age 16 was totally gone. The arch of the foot was totally back and gone was all the other problems stemming from that injury. I was still "pumped up" with energy and that lasted for several days. Today, more than one and half years has gone since that meeting and experience, I still have the

arch of the foot back and no pain/inflammation in knee, hip, back and vertebra of the lower back. How can anyone explain this? It's just not possible according to medical or scientific knowledge we have today. I feel like I have guardian "angels" taking care of my health and probably the health of my family when we need it the most.

Later during a channeling, I asked why there had been an intervention to heal my severe damage. The answer came surprisingly, "When the frequency on Earth is increasing, having prosthetics in a foreign material can complicate the ascension. Human materials can increase in vibration much due to the DNA that acts like a receiver for cosmic information. But having a metallic implant, with atoms of a lower vibration, keeps you on a lower frequency all together and that complicates transformation and ascension. In Lena's case she needs to ascend together with her body to be able to continue her mission without interruption."

Shortly after this healing experience, when I was giving an "energy balance" treatment on a client, we had a visit and some help from a being that I most closely can say looks like a Mantis. This was the first time I saw it without the "disguise" it had presented me with before, and I guess it felt little need any more to look "normal" when letting me see it the first time when it looked like a ca 50 cm high golden Buddha. I have received help from this Mantis being several times after this, both with clients and my own health.

Parallel timelines and jumping between them

My first marriage was not a happy and loving one. My first husband was "managing" his family the Greek way and it was a lot of loud shouting every day. He was "stealing" my energy and threatened me in different ways. I bided my time and after some trial and errors I finally one evening felt the cup was full and I faced my fear and I told him I wanted the final divorce.

As expected, he started a big argument and since we were sitting opposite each other at the kitchen table (the kids had gone to bed) I had a clear view of his face. I felt so empowered, almost high, and I filled my lungs and yelled back with all the anger built up from all our years together. After that he was quiet. He moved his head forth and back and looked “empty” in his big dark eyes.

After maybe one minute of silence, I asked him if he wasn't going to reply when he suddenly snapped back and started shouting “You must be deaf not hearing me shouting back”. This was my first aware and controlled encounter with jumping between timelines or parallel worlds. At times I had noticed similar “strange” things but always convinced myself I was wrong and blaming it on the temporary dizziness that had accompanied those events. But this time I was positive I didn't see his lips move because I was focusing on his face and his extremely strange behavior.

I got my divorce but although he was no longer living with me, he still made my life difficult. I earlier talked about the life insurance I had taken on me and it was in combination with a saving account. It made me feel strong and independent KNOWING about these savings. I had recently gotten the yearly result with the interest and saved amount and had put the bank letter on top of the invoice pile on my desk.

My house had a ground floor, a first floor and an attic with a big room where I kept the computer on which I usually paid my monthly bills. My desk where I collected all important papers and where I collected all the bills in a red plastic folder was on the ground floor. So, there were two sets of stairs and one door separating the computer from my desk with important papers.

I was looking through all the bills too check if everything was in order and then, since it was not a bill to be paid, I set aside the result paper from the investment bank. So, I put this paper clearly visible on my desk on the ground floor and went up the two sets of stairs. I sat

down at the computer and started to pay the bills. After paying about half of them, this paper from the investment bank showed up again. I was startled but thought I must have made a mistake and it had slipped back with the. Again, I really feasted at the really good figures and set the paper aside to continue paying my bills. When I had finished, I turned to get the bank paper and it was gone!! I looked on the floor, in the stairs, thinking a sudden draft had taken it. I looked once again among the paid bills. No bank paper only bills were there.

Then I suddenly got a “picture” in my head. The paper I looked for was still two stairs down on my desk and in the red plastic folder I had placed it before going upstairs. I rushed down to the ground floor to see if I was right, and of course I found it exactly as I had seen in my head.

I told my closest friends about this strange phenomenon and the more we discussed the more they also could add to this. How they had been very sure of something, a thing they knew should be in a certain place and wasn't there and then suddenly it was back where it was supposed to be. Or a text that suddenly read different than it had initially read, and then the text was back to its original again. The common thing we found out happening right before every such occasion was a sort of “dizziness” and a feeling of being out of focus, which made it very difficult to be sure of anything. We agreed to take very good notice next time anyone of us encountered that feeling and focus on what was happening.

We didn't have to wait very long before the next occasion. I was doing some refurbishing at home after my divorce and I had put a lot of stuff on my dining table, including my antique China plates. My dining table is a sturdy very heavy oak table with removable extension boards on the ends. And that was where I had put my antique China plates, in a stack of ten flat and ten soup plates. Now, I wanted to move the table just a little bit and I grabbed hold of the end board and gave it a tough pull. It jacked loose of course and tilted just enough to make the plates

start sliding off one by one and moving towards the floor ca 80 centimeters down.

Anyone that has dropped a plate on the floor knows what will happen afterward. And if there are 20 plates falling one by one, they can cause a lot of mess. But this didn't happen. I was standing holding the tilted heavy extension board to stop it from tilting even more and it started to feel like the board was "softer" and the air was "thicker" and the plates moved like in slow motion one by one from the top of the stack and landed with a soft "click" on top of each other all of them.

It felt like it took at least a couple of minutes and just a little piece snapped from a couple of the plates, hardly noticeable now. I immediately called my friends and told them about what had happen and asked if they had noticed something. They said they had felt something like waves moving through the floor and a short dizziness at about the same time but nothing else had happened.

The "wavy" moments came repeatedly during the following years but it wasn't until about two years later the next really noticeable "jump" came and this one lasted for a couple of days and was really BIG. I was as usual riding my bike with my youngest on the back and we were on our way to her day care center. We took the same road as always and I wanted to put a letter on the yellow postal box I knew was on the way.

I felt the same "wavy" feeling and I knew something was going to happen, and when I came to the place the postal box should be, it was gone. I jumped off the bike and put down my daughter on the ground beside. I walked towards the place the concrete slab where the postal box should be fastened.

No concrete but lots of grass growing there. I had lots of angry thoughts towards the postal agency, removing the box. I also wondered how they could have removed the concrete so fast and made grass grow

there instead it had only been yesterday I last saw the yellow box. We hopped back on the bike and when we came a bit further down the road, I noticed that the big construction site with all fences had been cleared out and the grass was growing high and very green also there. “Have someone been here too and done some landscaping” I thought, and cycled on. For two days the places stayed the same and then... suddenly both the yellow postal box and the messy construction site was back again!

Nowadays, when things like that happen, we have a saying in my family “It must have been in another timeline “. I feel that I cannot be 100% sure that something has happened or that I’ve done something because what’s in my reality might not be in someone else.

The Sign

I would like to say that all this guidance and help I’m receiving I have come to know it is important for me to stay alive and to keep evolving and developing my abilities because I feel great changes are coming in our lifetime. Just six months ago I had another really strange healing experience, and this is part of the reason you can read my story. I lost my part time job and I had already known this would happen. There is no extra income, other than my own company I really needed the “security” of a steady but small income from this part time job. Well, I felt a bit scared and I asked my guides and guardians they should show me a sign that I was right on track and IF the meaning was that I would finally “come out” they should give me a really proper sign.

I suffered severe dislocation many years ago of my C1 vertebra, the atlas vertebra it is called. I have visited professionals to get it corrected because I had problems swallowing and I often choked, but it always goes back to the wrong position after a short time. But suddenly this vertebra starts to rotate by itself and gets into the right position with a loud “clunk”, to a position it hasn’t been for more than 30 years, and

now I can swallow without pain and I can turn my head both ways. A short time after this sign of coming out I was visited by yet another being, the “general from space” Ram-ta. He came both to give me “energy treatment” and to tell me I’m protected when “coming out” and that he now has a mandate to “keep me and others like me safe” by all means at their powers. We go way back I feel and I’ve had some really interesting encounters with him and his fleet after this first visit.

Now, that is what I call a sign, and I’m coming out as I promised I would. I have no idea what is going to happen, but in the meantime, I continue doing “health-treatments” with focused energy from my mind and hands, and offer health consultations, guided meditations, workshops and retreats as long as people ask for my help. I am curious and will continue to do research and educate myself and I’m looking forward to what is still to come.

An Expansion of Consciousness and Contact:

My Multidimensional Spiritual Reality of Contact with Spirit Guides, Non-Human Intelligence, Deceased Relatives, & Energy Beings

Marc Abrams, BA, CPA

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In June 2021, I was fortunate enough to engage in a 90-minute conversation with Rey Hernandez. Topics of discussion included UFOs/UAPs, NDEs, the various Contact Modalities, our individual experiences as well as a deep dive into consciousness and how it relates to the aforementioned phenomena. It was during this discussion when Rey invited me to write this chapter for his upcoming book: ***A Greater Reality: The New Paradigm of Nonlocal Consciousness, the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities***. As an Experienter, I've encountered Spirit Guides, ETs, deceased relatives, and energy beings. Sometimes these experiences overlapped. **I remember on one occasion, there was an ET present, as well as several of my deceased relatives.** I have had many experiences and cannot possibly share them all in this chapter, however, I will offer a glimpse into several of the more profound, life-altering ones in the pages ahead.

I am grateful to be able to participate in this research. We are currently experiencing a major shift in consciousness on a planetary scale. Old paradigms and belief systems are breaking down and new ways of doing things are emerging. We've been stuck in a cycle of dense energy for far too long. The limited, controlling nature of our current reality has all but completely cut humanity off from their true, divine essence.

The days of being separate from our divine nature are coming to an end. We are in the process of remembering who we truly are. Before you move ahead and read my experiences, I want to leave you with one very important consideration. My experiences happened in a certain way as to facilitate my growth as a soul here on earth. They happened in a way that would make the most sense to me and not anyone else. These events were orchestrated by me on some higher level. Do not limit your ability to experience your multidimensional nature by trying to replicate what you read here. No two experiencers

are the same. Rather, I urge you to be open to what you read, be available to receive any frequencies, synchronicities, or messages that my words convey. Most importantly, bring your awareness to your body, especially your heart space and FEEL all emotions that surface.

We all too often look “out there” for a connection. The key to re-connecting with your true self is to look inward.

I’ve always believed in life elsewhere in the universe. I mean, come on, just look to the stars and the vastness of space. To think we’re alone always seemed arrogant to me. If we were truly alone, what would be the point? What a lonely existence it would be. I grew up in the Chicago suburbs. We were a typical middle-class family. It was my dad, my mom, my younger brother, a few dogs, birds and reptiles (there were also piranha in there at one point). My dad was a science teacher by trade; my mom was a Real Estate Agent. Although their careers changed throughout my childhood, life pretty much stayed the same. For the most part, aside from the occasional family rift, things remained status quo. I never experienced any sort of major trauma, or experience that was out of the ordinary, except for recurring nightmares as a child (more on that later). I never really had an interest in organized religion, and my parents never forced it on me. I have never experimented with drugs and I don’t drink alcohol (outside of the occasional beer at social events). I thought of myself as a free spirit, although one with major insecurities. I lacked confidence. I always displayed a tentative, frightening kind of energy. I didn’t like to try new things because I was afraid to fail. I couldn’t bear the thought of disappointing my parents. I don’t blame anyone for this. My parents were not the type to put undue pressure on me to perform. There were times however, that I wished they stopped me from quitting such as when I quit little league baseball after only a few practices. I now realize though, that this scared little mouse had a life plan. This meant that the plan had to be put on hold until he (I) was ready, until I had reached a certain stage in my life.

While growing up, my purpose eluded me. I searched for it throughout my teenage years. I realized that I could quickly excel at anything I put my mind to. The problem was, I couldn't find one thing that held my interest. There was something deep inside, a light that was forever present, but I had no idea how to utilize it. Throughout my high school and college years, it became clear to me that others

gravitated towards me. At the time, I wouldn't have been able to explain why. I was small. I was not a jock. I wasn't one of the "smart" kids. I was simply me. There was, however, a quality that was resonating beneath the surface that my friends noticed long before I did. Perhaps it was an inner light that attracted others. I was never accepting of the ordinary. I was never happy when I followed the crowd. I dreamed of blazing my own path. I attended college in Northern Illinois, graduated with a degree in accounting, and went to work as a CPA for a mid-sized firm in Chicago. That path never really resonated with me. I followed it at the time because it seemed like the path of least resistance. Graduate college and get a job. That's what you do, so I did it. Shortly after starting my career, that light began to expand, like a fire blazing from within. My purpose had to be greater than this career I had chosen out of convenience. There had to be more. I could feel it deep within my soul. I was feeling trapped.

Something kept me going day after day. There was a knowing that something was going to "land" in my reality one day and shift everything for me. I knew this to be truth, and I waited patiently. Throughout my life I have had many "strange experiences" as a human.

There have been too many coincidences to accept that there isn't some sort of larger force at work. I remember observing a group of kids communicating with the spirit of a dead woman while on vacation with my parents, my brother and family friends at a summer resort in awakening me to a reality beyond the veil. It ignited my curiosity in the unknown and made me realize that there was a reality beyond the reach

of our five senses. At that moment, I realized that we had the ability to communicate with those who have crossed over.

That experience is just one of many that have occurred throughout my life. The little “nudges” in a direction that is opposite of what society tells us is real. It’s these kinds of minor experiences throughout my early years and through college that helped shape the person I am today. I know that the experience that occurred that summer day in Wisconsin might not seem that unusual, although it did at the time. However, it facilitated an unfolding of my purpose in this lifetime that would be realized decades later. It’s events like these, however insignificant they may seem, that moved me in the direction of contact and allowed me to open the doorway to my true multidimensional nature.

What you are going to read in this chapter are my personal experiences with ETs, spirit guides, deceased relatives, and my multidimensional self. I have experienced each one of the contact modalities in this book, sometimes simultaneously, except for a near death experience. However, one can argue that the main event, the one that shifted my life in a new direction, was in-fact a near death experience. Looking back on it now, I truly believe that I experienced death and re-emerged as an expanded version of my former self. I stepped into a “higher reality” and returned with more than I had going in. Did I tap into a cosmic consciousness, a universal mind? Or maybe, the experience represented an activation of long dormant DNA, an awakening to a version of me that has long been asleep. Whatever the case, I have discovered a greater version of reality. One in which we are all connected and having vast experiences with different aspects of our own consciousness.

We are all aspects of one source energy having experiences as separate beings. Think of it like focusing a broad beam of light into a laser. We are focused on this physical reality, and as a result, have temporarily turned our attention away from source energy. I have been

told, through my contact experiences, that our planet is going through an ascension process. We are all rising in frequency and becoming less dense energetically. We are awakening to higher levels of consciousness and as a result, taking greater control over our reality. This is reflected in the miraculous healings that you will find in Volume 1 and will read about in this book. Our planetary awakening is being orchestrated. It has all been laid out beautifully by every one of us (although not everyone is aware of their part). This ascension process will broaden that beam, make us a little less focused on the interpretations of our five physical senses, and better able to perceive reality from an expanded perspective. What does this all mean? It means it is time to remember that we are energetic beings living as humans and that the universe itself is conscious. We are all playing our part in this wonderful tapestry of energy, having emotional experiences that only this physical reality can provide. I urge you to slow down and look for the signs and synchronicities. The proof is all around you.

My Multidimensional Nature Starts to Reveal Itself

Once you realize you are a multidimensional being, you realize you are never alone. Not only are you connected to everything (think quantum entanglement) but you ARE everything. Everything we do, every experience, has an influence on the entire universe.

I met my spirit guide (I call him my main guide) about a month before my awakening. It began with a very interesting event. My family and I were vacationing in Grand Cayman. As soon as the plane landed, a song began playing in my head. It was “A New Day Has Come” by Celine Dion. This is an older song and it popped in my head out of nowhere. For whatever reason, it was in my head, playing day and night. I knew it meant something, but I had no idea what.

We returned home a week later and I was watching a show about accessing the akashic records. The akashic records are a metaphysical “library” of universal information. They are said to contain a record of

all universal events and knowledge. During the show, I learned that many of Nikola Tesla's inventions came from this otherworldly source. I remember thinking that maybe I could access them, just as Tesla did. I did a quick search on google for instructions but didn't find anything worth pursuing. The next morning, I woke up to an email with a guided meditation about accessing the akashic records. That might seem like a divine intervention or orchestrated event, but my ego quickly reminded me that tracking cookies likely alerted a company that I had an interest in that topic and it triggered an email. Fine, let's go with that explanation. At any rate, I began the series of ten guided meditations designed to help me access the akashic records.

I did have success. During one meditation I remember entering a library and accessing information. I remember seeing a book in a space that looked like a chapel which I was told was a complete record of humanity, past, present and future. It was an amazing experience, but it was overshadowed by a loving, familiar presence that was with me the entire time I was in the "library".

When I began the guided meditation, I was instructed to wait for an animal to appear. Several did. I remember a tiger, a bird, and a zebra. As I continued with the meditation each day, the zebra was the only one that remained present. He had a humorous personality, with a hint of sarcasm. We communicated telepathically, and with imagery. He was there during every moment of the guided meditation. He showed me where to go, what to do, and who all the other people were that were present in my meditation. Our connection developed over the remaining days of the meditation, and I was sad when it ended.

Sometimes endings happen so we can experience new beginnings. It wasn't more than a few days after I completed the meditation series when I was sitting on my couch with my eyes closed, and my new friend appeared! I was so excited! We were communicating outside the meditation! At that point, I realized that he was my spirit guide, in fact, he told me that, and that something

amazing was going to unfold. Over the next few weeks, we began working on healing me energetically. He helped open me up to the concept that I was a multidimensional being and taught me how to better navigate my emotions. It was an amazing time for sure. I felt like a fledgling, ready to take flight. The work we did together was a success. It led right up to my awakening.

Once you awaken to your multidimensional self you can look back on events earlier in your life and realize how they were significant to what is happening now. When I was young, I was plagued with a very specific nightmare. It began when I was five or six and lasted until I was about twelve. About once per year, like clockwork, a being would enter my bedroom during the night. It would come in through my window, walk up to my bed and look at me. I remember this being as grey in color and having one big black eye. I would run into my parents' room and tell them that I had the dream of the donkey with the one black eye. A donkey, that is what this being reminded me of. I would get so frightened that I would sleep on the floor of my parents' bedroom for a few days after. After experiencing this nightmare year after year, they ended abruptly. The donkey with the one black eye was gone for good. I thought (or had hoped) that those memories would remain locked away in my past. As I was soon to find out, there was a reason for those visits.

One day while working with my guide, something incredible happened. He appeared to me in his usual zebra form, and right before my eyes, his stripes faded, and he turned into a grey donkey. I broke out in tears. The tormenter of my youth was my spirit guide. He had chosen to take that form as part of my awakening process. He never meant to scare me, but I interpreted our interactions when I was young from a perspective of fear, a fear of the unknown. I wasn't sure what to make of the one black eye that was there when I was young. It had to have some significance. It wasn't until recently that I realized it represented my blocked third eye. His visits during my childhood were

designed to “put me to sleep”. My soul had a plan, and it was to surface decades later.

As my connection with my spirit guide got stronger, I was able to heal much of the fear that gets stored in our body when we experience emotional trauma. This healing work helps to allow more of our higher consciousness to ground into our physical body. As a result, we can heal from emotional and physical ailments. I noticed positive changes with myself. I felt healthier, my skin looked better, my blood pressure dropped, my aches and pains seemed to lessen. Additionally, I was responding to stress in a different manner. I was no longer getting upset and holding onto the anger for long periods of time. All this amazing healing work raises the frequency of our physical body and is an important part of the ascension process.

It is the fear that keeps us trapped. It keeps us in a little box. Whether it is religion’s fear of punishment, the government’s projected fear of an alien invasion, or fear of disease, it is our beliefs that create our reality. I am so blessed to have been able to lighten my spirit to the point of being able to connect with my guide. Our communication is telepathic in nature and is incredibly strong and clear. I’ll often bust out in laughter when he flashes a goofy image up in front of me. Our interactions are priceless, and I cherish every single one of them. He is by my side, always.

My Spiritual Awakening

It was a beautiful summer morning in 2018 at my home in Crystal Lake, Illinois, about a month after returning from Grand Cayman. I had just worked out and was heading outside to sit in the sun by my pool and listen to my music. This was a common occurrence for me. Listening to my workout playlist puts me into a relaxed, meditative state.

2018 had been a stressful year for me up to that point. My dad was suffering from the treatment effects from a brain tumor, my mom was having health issues, and my cousin had passed away from cancer a few months prior as did my beloved Doberman, Maverick. Life was bumpy and it appeared that the future was going to be as well. I was called to take time away from stress and sadness and simply be. I remember lying back in my lounge chair hoping to catch a few moments of relaxation. With my headphones in my ears, I slipped into a peaceful escape. What happened next changed me forever.

As I immersed myself in my music, I felt a powerful surge of what could only be described as energy. It entered my body through the top of my head and instantly traveled down my spine in a flash. It permeated every cell of my being and as it rose back up through me, it carried my consciousness upward and out of my body along with it. I found myself floating in space. There were stars everywhere, like nothing you'd see from Earth. It was an amazing kaleidoscope of the most vivid colors I had ever seen. This visual spectacle was only part of this other-worldly experience. There was also a very tangible, familiar energy enveloping me. It was a feeling so pure, so indescribable, that I suspect only fellow experiencers can relate. I remained still in this awesome space, feeling this energy move through me, when suddenly, information began flowing through me. Many experiencers call them downloads. I instantly knew that the universe was teeming with life, as was our very solar system. I was receiving information about gravity, other life forms, energy, and the nature of the universe. It was a completely coherent connection. At that moment, I felt at one with the entire cosmos. I am no scientist. The extent of my science knowledge was high school biology. This information seemed to be transmitted in a way that would be understood by me, as if I was the sender as well as the receiver.

To say that this was a life-changing moment is an understatement. I awakened to something beyond what was commonly accepted and known. It created a shift in my energetic makeup, a

change in my DNA. I instantly began searching for answers as to what took place. I looked for others who have had similar experiences. I read books and watched videos in an effort to “define” my experience. The best I could do at that time was to call it a “Spiritual Awakening”. It seemed fitting, at least for a while. But that was just the beginning. The journey that was set in motion with that experience would completely reshape my perception of life and the universe. That single experience literally thrust me into a greater reality.

We CAN Be in Multiple Places at Once

We live in a physical dimension, bound by the “rules” of space and time. To move from one place to another, we have to stand up, move our physical body through apparent empty space, and that takes time. As we reach the new destination, we are no longer at the old one. This is a universe of motion. Everything is moving, even if it does not appear to be. As we stand still on the surface of earth, we are moving. The planet is spinning on its axis, it is rotating around the sun, and the solar system is rotating throughout the galaxy.... You get the idea.

On a physiological level, as we stand completely still, our heart is beating; our blood is pumping, along with a whole host of metabolic processes. We are in constant motion, all the way down to the atoms and the particles that make them up. I bring this to your awareness to highlight one simple point. In order to perceive motion, we need to observe a physical object’s position in space-time and compare it to another physical object. Imagine flying through space near the speed of light. You can see the planets and stars whizzing past you. That “passing by” gives you a visual perspective that you are moving. You can verify this as you move closer to your destination and farther away from your point of origin. What if space were completely dark and there were no other objects but you and the craft you were flying in? Would you know that you were moving? Our five senses are designed to assist us in navigating this physical universe. When we learn to look beyond our physical senses and learn to perceive energy, we begin to

open ourselves up to a broader perspective. Things previously unseen become seen. Our awareness literally expands, and we tune into aspects of reality that were always hiding in plain sight.

I was sitting in my office several years ago. As often occurred in the morning hours, I reached out to my spirit guide. We were communicating telepathically. Our connection had become strong. It felt as though we were talking on the telephone. I remember having a sense of something new come over me. This usually happened as I approached a new level of consciousness. Downloads increase, emotional healing becomes more intense, followed by a period of integration. These cycles can be challenging at times. In order to accept the activation of higher frequency energy, I need to create space in my physical body. This means literally experiencing dense emotional trauma that has been stored in my body for years (anger, fear, anxiety, etc). As we allow these emotions to surface and be felt, we can transmute them into higher frequency energy. This process allows us to become a match to higher frequency energetic beings and ETs. As a result, we can begin to perceive them. On this day, one appeared.

It was as if a portal opened right in front of me. There was a being on the other side of the portal. This being was six to seven feet tall, greyish in color, extremely thin, and had a large head with large, black eyes and long arms and fingers. He was slightly hunched over. His arms were outstretched, and he appeared to be holding the earth in his hands. I was shocked by his appearance. Not because of fear, but at how natural it felt. It was as though I knew this being.

My guide is always present during these types of encounters. I turned to him and asked what was going on. Interestingly, I had a deep knowing as to the answer. This being was here to awaken me to new aspects of my consciousness. Although this new being remained silent during this initial encounter, it was obvious that there was information passing back and forth between us. After a few moments, I found

myself on his spacecraft. We were standing in a large room with curved walls. The room appeared to be made of a stainless-steel like material. The walls were flawless and completely smooth. I instantly knew that I was inside a flying saucer. We were facing one of the walls and suddenly it became transparent, like a window. As I looked out, I noticed that we were flying through space at an incredible speed. I specifically remember flying past Saturn and its rings. My new friend stood there, silently, as I watched the stars fly by. I could not help but think that this experience was designed to help me remember something. As quickly as it began, it ended, and I was back in my chair in my office.

Now, as incredible as that experience was, I realized that I never left my office physically. I was sitting in my chair the whole time and I was aware of that fact through the whole experience. I was present physically, in one location but present consciously, in two locations. I had awareness of my physical body in my office and also being in the spacecraft at the same time. The entire event lasted about ten minutes.

Since this incredible event, I have learned that this being represents an aspect of my consciousness. Was I him in a past incarnation? Will I be him in the future? These are all valid questions, but questions fitting for a space-time reality. When we think multidimensionally, everything changes. I was simply re-awakening to that part of me, one that comes from a different part of the universe and is experiencing a different reality. Being in a physical universe, our limiting beliefs cause us to perceive everything as separate. If I am me, I cannot also be the being who I perceive. I assure you that this is not the case.

I use the term “bilocation” to describe this experience. I have had multiple bilocation experiences. I visited myself as a young boy in grade school. I have been on a very large spacecraft with many different types of ET species several times. These are just a few of my other experiences.

I continue to connect with this being. He communicates with me through visual imagery. When he is present in my awareness, images appear in my head. These images contain information, much more information than could be conveyed through written language. At some point I realized that he was teaching me a new “language”, a multidimensional means of communication.

Our consciousness is multidimensional. This means that our REAL nature originates from beyond this physical universe, beyond space and time. During another experience, with a different guide, I was shown a wheel with spokes. It was explained to me that our 3D physical universe was represented by the rim of the wheel. To move to the next moment in time, we need to move around the rim. Everything happens in a linear sequence when travelling along the rim of the wheel. However, when we awaken to our true multidimensional nature, we start to perceive the spokes of the wheel. Through energetic healing work, we raise our vibrational frequency and effectively travel up a spoke to the hub of the wheel. This hub represents a higher dimensional frequency, say 5D. Once we arrive at the hub, all the spokes become visible. This allows us to perceive and experience different realities and timelines at once by simply looking down at the spokes towards the rim. I believe that this is what is happening during these bilocation experiences.

Energy Beings

I describe an energy being as a consciousness that appears before me as an energetic ball or shaft of light. I’ve had multiple experiences with this type of phenomena. What I discovered was that this manifestation was not related to one specific type of being but appeared to be a method utilized for multidimensional energy to manifest in our reality. It is a way for them to come down into the depths of our physical universe and make themselves known, much the same as us wearing a space suit to leave our environment and enter a foreign one.

On one such occasion, I was at my office. This experience was in 2018, several months prior to my mother's passing. A good friend and colleague (and frequent witness to these types of events) was sitting in front of me at my desk. I remember feeling a presence enter my space. I looked off to my right and two shafts of light appeared. My office felt electric. We were both able to feel the energy. I was able to see these beings move closer, as they did, their light became brighter and the vibration from their presence got stronger. I had no feelings of fear or anxiety, more of an inviting curiosity.

“Hello Marc”. It was my Aunt Diane. There was a calm, familiar feeling to the energy. These words were coming to me telepathically. “We’re here to speak with you”, she said. I intuitively knew who came with her that day. It was my Aunt Sue who had passed a few years prior to this. Aunt Diane quickly confirmed that Aunt Sue was present that day, but she remained silent. This visit didn’t have a family reunion type feel to it. There was a specific purpose behind this visit.

My Aunt Diane was fascinated with the paranormal. I remember talking to her about ghosts on multiple occasions when I was younger. Now, here she was, hovering energetically as a beam of light, in my office in the middle of the day. It was as if those conversations with her when I was younger set the stage for this experience. I knew she believed in life after death. Did that belief open me up to contact with her from beyond? Did those conversations with her when I was younger lay the foundation for this experience? From a multidimensional perspective, outside of time, it seemed plausible.

My Aunt began to explain what was happening with me. 2018 was an incredible year for experiences and they were coming faster than I could process them. As soon as I began to make sense of one experience, another, more incredible one would unfold. My Aunt wanted to let me know that I was awakening to my truth. The truth is that I am a multidimensional being and I was beginning to remember

my true self. I remember asking Aunt Diane if my cousin was with her. My cousin had passed away several months prior to this event. “No, she is not here with us.” She replied. My aunt told me that my consciousness was expanding and I was bringing more of my consciousness forward into this physical reality. She wanted me to be aware that everything I was experiencing was real, and that I should embrace it and allow it to come forward. This meant healing anything that stood in its way. That message made complete sense as I had been working on healing my dense emotional trauma. “Work with mom”, she said. “She needs your help”. With that, the two shafts of light began to shrink and move away from us. We were both astonished at the energetic shift that took place as they left. My friend could not see them or hear them, but she was able to feel their presence and felt the change as they moved away.

Experiencers often remain silent because there is really no way to validate an experience. Science will not accept anything that doesn't include sufficient evidence. I have been fortunate that some of my experiences have been in the presence of friends and family. Although they don't have the same personal experience that I do, they can sense the energy. Oftentimes, those experiences affect the physical world in such a way that it becomes undeniable to those who were there that something very real occurred.

Another experience with energy beings came on a Friday morning, at home, after my workout. I was sitting on the couch in the family room when all of a sudden, three shafts of light appeared. They were approximately six feet tall, several feet wide, and were flickering with an electrical intensity. This energy, although visually similar to my aunts, felt a little different. This energy felt stronger, more direct, as if it descended into our reality more forcefully to get my attention.

There were three distinct beings, hovering in my foyer. They proceeded to introduce themselves as members of a Galactic Federation of Light. They were communicating telepathically, and information

began flowing at an incredible rate. It was apparent that they were doing something to me on a physical level and a consciousness level. They explained that I had reached a frequency that was high enough to make contact, and they were going to assist me with releasing any remaining fears about ETs. These fears (beliefs) were the reason they appeared as pure energy, as I was open to that form of manifestation. This was orchestrated by me, on some higher level. If they had appeared in their true form, my beliefs about ETs would have likely created a strong reaction of fear. They told me that I came to earth to play an important part in the awakening of humanity. There were many beings here, throughout our solar system and within our planet's atmosphere. I, as a multidimensional being, came here with the purpose of bridging the gap between humanity and other-worldly beings. I was to first heal myself, and then begin working with others so that they can restore their connection to their soul. I was amazed by this interaction. I had a strong fear of aliens ever since I was young. Now, there were three hovering in my house!

I had open contact with these beings on a regular basis. They worked with me to raise my frequency and release any fear regarding the reality that I was opening to. This was an amazing period of growth for me. I am so grateful for their connection, and continue to connect with them occasionally.

One night, about a month after first connecting with these beings, I was lying in bed, dozing off and one of the beings came into my awareness with an introduction. A loving presence moved in. This new being had a form. I wasn't seeing her physically, but instead, it was a psychic vision. She was absolutely beautiful, about six feet tall, with blondish hair. She looked very human, although with subtle differences. I felt she could pass as a human if I had seen her on the street. She reached out and embraced me. I instantly felt a strong, familiar energy, as if we knew each other. I asked her where she was from. **"I'm from the Pleiades star system; I'm here to work with you."**

Since that introduction, our connection has grown very strong. She is almost as present in my reality as my spirit guide. We have an instant connection, provided I'm clear and aligned. She updates me about what is happening energetically on a planetary basis, as well as what is happening with me. I have come to realize that we work together in other realities which I become more aware of each and every day.

Meeting My Pleiadian Aspect

There is one thing that I'm certain about. We are energetic, conscious beings that exist in many different realities, all at once. I've had enough of these multidimensional experiences to realize this truth. With awareness and practice, we can learn to see beyond this physical reality and shift our focus into another one. This is what the "bilocation experiences" have shown me. I learned that the more I anchored my consciousness into this physical reality, the easier it became to simultaneously focus on another one.

Sometimes we are introduced to a version of us in a way that seems extraordinary. If we rely on our limiting beliefs, we can easily become frightened and traumatized. Society sees each one of us as separate and, as a result, an encounter with a being can be very scary. I've come to know that when something like this happens, I'm ready for it. It's simply a matter of recognizing whatever beliefs, thoughts, emotions stand in the way, and releasing them.

It was November, 2018. By this point I had released much of my fear regarding ETs. I knew who I was, I knew who they were, and I understood my purpose. For the most part, I still compartmentalized my experiences. I'd have an experience which included my deceased relatives; another one would include contact with ETs, etc. These seemed to be separate. I will say, however, that my spirit guide was present during all of them. He would monitor the interactions, and act as a gate-keeper on several occasions.

One evening while talking to my mom, she mentioned to me that she was hearing footsteps in her home during the night. She would hear someone walking through the upstairs hallway and footsteps shuffling up and down the staircase. I knew instantly who was visiting her during the night. Shortly before, my deceased cousin told me that my mom would cry out to her and my deceased aunts for help during the night. She told me that they were there trying to get mom's attention. My mom was distracted by so much guilt regarding my dad that she could not perceive them. When I told mom who was there with her, she was relieved. "Why can't I talk to them, Marc?" she asked. I told her that she had too much emotional baggage in the way. I was going to help her clear it.

Not long after, I was over at mom's house. She was lying in bed. I was standing in the doorway of her room and we were talking. Something to the left of mom's bed suddenly caught my attention. I turned to look and immediately felt the presence of my cousin and two aunts. As I focused on their presence, I noticed someone standing behind my cousin, in the hall leading to the master bathroom (the significance of this location will be disclosed later in the chapter). This being stood motionless and silent as I interpreted a conversation between my relatives and my mom. He was about six feet tall with sandy brown hair. He was wearing what looked like a silver and blue uniform. He was standing there looking at me with his arms out with a blue garment draped over them, as if he had something to present to me. I had no idea what it was at the time. I finished relaying the conversation between my mom and relatives, and left. I was perplexed. Who was the being? What did he want? I later realized, with the help of my Pleiadian guide, that this being was a higher dimensional version of me. I was awakening to my Pleiadian aspect! The garment in his hands represented my "uniform". It was a symbolic gesture representing the re-awakening or remembering of this version of me.

We are so programmed to see everything and everyone as separate from ourselves. To grasp the true nature of consciousness, we need to accept that we are all one.

With the help of my Pleiadian guide, I was able to integrate this new knowledge and further expand my consciousness. As a multidimensional being, my soul is having many different experiences, in different dimensions, all simultaneously. As we expand our consciousness, we open up to our aspects that reside in the higher dimensions. Things finally clicked one day when I was having a bilocation experience. I was in my office when I suddenly shifted my focus to a very large craft. I was walking down a hallway and being greeted by various species of ETs. My Pleiadian guide was there as well. Suddenly I realized that I was not appearing to them as my earthly form. I was interacting with them as my Pleiadian self. Once again, this was happening as I had complete awareness of my human body, sitting in the chair in my office.

I understand that my experiences could be seen as far-fetched. Was I hallucinating all of this? As I've stated previously, there were people around me when a lot of these experiences happened. Although they didn't have the direct experience, they felt a shift in the energy and often witnessed the conversations. Science looks for evidence. Could I offer any up? These events appeared to be random in nature, which makes it difficult to capture. Perhaps that's how it's supposed to happen. With me, it seemed that each time I was ready to take the next step on my ascension journey, things would ramp up.

I've had so many unique experiences that I stopped writing them down. They became a common occurrence in my daily life. As soon as I would try to make sense of one, another one would come. I've let go of trying to fit them into a little box. Now I simply go with the flow. They happen as they do, and I do my best to feel what is happening emotionally within me at the time. I've learned (and been told by my guide) that every experience is a lesson, a healing. As I release traumas and emotions from my past, more of my higher consciousness can flow through me. This naturally allows for an increase in these experiences, as well as the knowledge that they bring forward. As I approach the end of this chapter, I'm going to leave you with one of the most incredible and profound experiences to date.

These Phenomena are All Related

Towards the end of 2018 my mom's health took a steep decline. She had to have surgery in November of that year for a tumor in her esophagus. Shortly after her surgery, it became clear that she was in for a bumpy recovery. Also, my dad was in a memory care facility and scheduled to return home to mom's care in early 2019. It became evident that she wasn't going to be able to care for dad. My mom never recovered from her November, 2018 surgery. We were all completely stunned by what happened next. Mom passed away, alone at home.

It was Christmas eve, 2018. I was out for dinner with my wife, my two boys and my mother-in-law. Mom was at home. My side of the family was Jewish so mom didn't celebrate Christmas. I received a text during dinner from mom. "Tell everyone Merry Christmas, I love you." I didn't realize it at the time, but that was the last communication I was going to have with her prior to her death.

Later that evening at home, we were opening presents. I was sitting on the couch when suddenly, my deceased father-in-law appeared. He leaned into me and yelled "Beatrice!" It was crystal clear. I immediately turned to my mother-in-law and told her that Jim was here and he yelled the name Beatrice to me. My mind immediately tried to decipher the message. Several years prior, my mother-in-law's best friend Beatrice passed away. My mother-in-law felt horrible regarding the circumstances surrounding her death. There was a period of about two weeks when she didn't hear from Beatrice. After trying unsuccessfully to get a hold of her, the family called the police who entered the house and found Beatrice deceased, along with her dog. She apparently passed away several weeks prior and her dog died from dehydration and starvation. My mother-in-law carried a heavy burden surrounding that incident. She felt as if she had gone over there sooner, she might've been able to save Beatrice. Was Beatrice here to let my mother-in-law know that she was okay? Was my father-in-law the

messenger? That's exactly how I saw it at the time. I passed the message along to my mother-in-law. She seemed relieved. Message delivered, or so we thought.

Christmas day seemed uneventful. I didn't talk to my mom that day but it wasn't unusual. The next day, around 3:00 in the afternoon, I started receiving calls from mom's friends and my uncle. Mom wasn't answering her phone. This wasn't entirely unusual. If mom was upset with you, you would get the silent treatment. Was mom upset? I tried calling, no answer. My wife and I were planning on going out for dinner that evening so we figured we'd stop by mom's house and check on her.

We hopped in the car and headed towards mom's house. Mom lived on the other side of town so it was about a ten-minute drive. As we began driving, I felt a significant energetic shift, as though my reality completely changed. It felt like what was about to unfold was planned on some cosmic level. I remember feeling an energetic expansion around me. There was a presence, almost as if I was being adjusted or aligned for something big.

We turned onto the road that ran adjacent to mom's subdivision. I looked to my left out the car window towards the direction of mom's house one street over. There was an object hovering directly over mom's house. It was a silver disc, approximately fifteen to twenty feet wide, with three dome lights on the bottom and windows / lights across the middle. It was hovering there, motionless. I asked my wife if she could see it, she leaned over but couldn't get the angle to spot it. I instantly identified it as a craft of some sort. What was it doing there?

I turned left and entered the subdivision. I proceeded to turn down mom's street and head towards her house. I fully expected to see a craft hovering. When we arrived at the house, there was nothing. I looked around the sky for any lights, again, nothing. I was perplexed. This was an object of considerable size, did it simply vanish?

I asked my wife to stay in the car. I expected to find mom sitting upstairs watching tv. I entered the home and yelled for mom. No response. Usually, mom's poodle would be barking like crazy by now. I was so focused; I can't remember even hearing him. I walked up the stairs towards the master bedroom. The double doors were closed. Mom would close the doors at night so her dog would remain in the bedroom with her. They were never closed unless it was bedtime. It was 5:00 pm. This was highly unusual.

I opened the bedroom doors and looked directly at mom's bed. It was unmade and empty. I turned to my left, and there was mom sitting in a lotus position, legs folded, arms at her side, head down. I walked up and placed my hand on her shoulder, "Mom...Mom!" No response. Then it hit me, she had passed away. In a state of panic, I ran down the stairs, headed outside and waved my wife inside. We were in shock.

When we returned to the bedroom, we found mom's dog alive and well. He seemed extremely frightened. We took him downstairs and gave him some water. We called 911 and my brother, and we sat down at the kitchen table completely stunned. On the surface, this event, other than the UFO, might not seem extraordinary. However, as we began to gather ourselves, we realized this event was far from ordinary. Here is a list of the unusual events that took place that evening:

- 1) The UFO. It was obviously related and has meaning. Mom was not one to sit on the floor. She had great difficulty getting up. Did mom have some sort of an acute medical event? The coroner thought so, although he found her position strange. One would think she would've been lying on her side, not sitting, especially in a meditative position. Was mom moved into that position? Was she taken along with her dog and brought back by the occupants of the UFO just before I arrived?

2) Where mom was found. Mom was found in the EXACT spot where I first encountered my Pleiadian self. Mom was never aware of his presence that night several months prior. She was only aware of her deceased relatives.

3) The dog apparently was locked in the bedroom without food for two days and we found no evidence that the dog relieved himself in the bedroom. The floors were laminate. We would've seen the evidence. He had access to water the whole time as mom always kept a water dish in the bedroom. I feel strongly that there was some sort of ET interaction surrounding this event. I began to wonder; was mom Pleiadian? Was she with them?

4) The time frame. According to the messages on mom's answering machine, she stopped answering her phone two days prior (Christmas Eve). The coroner thought she had passed 24-48 hours prior to us finding her. That seemed to line up. It became clear to me that "Beatrice!" was a message for me regarding my mom. The message was that she had passed away, alone at home, similar to Beatrice. I received that message on the night she died but we didn't find her for two days. Fortunately, Cody Lee (mom's dog) survived the ordeal.

We sat at mom's kitchen table as we waited for the police to arrive. We were pondering what was ahead, dad's care, the funeral, the house, etc. I felt a sense of calmness come over me and I decided to reach out to mom. I instantly connected with her. Mom was fine. Her energy seemed lighter; the heaviness was gone. She said to me "You were right about everything." I took this to mean that I was right about life after death. I would constantly tell mom that her relatives were near and she would ask me why she couldn't feel them. That was the work we were doing prior to her death, to lighten her energy so that she could connect. Little did I know at the time that I was preparing her to cross over. That's one of the major lessons I've learned. There are certain things we need to experience and as a result, we are never given

advanced warning. Mom told me she was reunited with her two sisters. She sent me a vision of the three of them, standing before me. Our conversation was brief at that time but she had something else for me. “Dad is getting ready to cross over. I am going to help him from this side. You need to help him too. He’s holding on, he is afraid. Help him release his fear.” That is exactly what I did for the next year, I worked with my dad, and he worked with me. The next twelve months represented my biggest expansion of consciousness to date.

A Message from My Deceased Mother

My mother was dad’s primary caretaker. Now that she was gone, the family had to step in and take over. Fortunately, dad was at a wonderful facility here in town. We quickly arranged to get dad the long-term care he would need. Mom left a house full of personal belongings. It was clear that we were going to have to go through the house and put it up for sale at some point. Due to dad’s mental condition, he wasn’t able to offer us any assistance. We knew there were valuables in the house. We had to sort through their belongings before hiring someone to handle an estate sale.

About a week after the funeral, my wife and I, my two boys, and my aunt and uncle went over to the house. We were ready to start the process of taking inventory. A daunting task for sure. We were walking around on the main floor of the house when I suddenly felt something. My chest started vibrating rapidly. It was a very high frequency vibrational feeling, very physical. I could feel the entire area throughout my chest, front to back, vibrating. It felt like an electrical current but with a distinct difference. This vibration contained information. It was not telepathic in nature; it came as a knowing. I immediately turned to my family and said, “mom’s here, we need to go upstairs to the bedroom immediately”.

We all headed upstairs and into the master bedroom. As I entered the bedroom, the vibration intensified. I got the sense she was leading me somewhere. I explained what was happening to my family as they watched in amazement. I proceeded to walk around the bed towards my parent's dresser. The vibration got more intense. Mom had jewelry boxes on top of the dresser. I began opening drawers, one by one. At this point my chest was vibrating intensely. It was like the vibration you feel when you hold an electric toothbrush. It was so powerful, localized and undeniable. I continued opening drawers without knowing what I was looking for. I got to one drawer, opened it up, and noticed a small red envelope. I took the envelope out of the drawer, opened it up and pulled out a key. It was the key to my parents' safe deposit box. At that very moment, as if a light switch was turned off, I felt the vibration drain from my body. We were all standing there silent, completely stunned.

Prior to this experience, my communication with ETs, my spirit guide, and deceased relatives has been primarily telepathic in nature, or so I thought. Our senses can often deceive us. They are very distracting. Could it be that I have been missing the big picture? Have I been limiting myself by relying solely on telepathic communication? Was this communication coming in another way and my human brain was translating it into words? As I look back on this event, I believe I was ready for something new. As our consciousness expands, other ways of perceiving energy come online. Mom knew how I was able to communicate telepathically with energy beyond our reality prior to her death. She could have communicated with me that way. This experience had to be different. It was about my growth spiritually, and my mom was teaching me how to feel. She was showing me a new way to communicate.

What Does It All Mean?

As humans, we are convinced that we are bound by space and time. We look to the future and try to predict what is going to happen next. This linear thinking is a function of the dimension that we live in. We see time as a series of events happening one after another. What if time is an illusion?

I occasionally receive information from my Pleiadian guide that further helps me to understand the nature of our reality. One of these conversations took place during the time that I was writing this chapter. The subject of time was discussed.

Earlier in this chapter, I explained time by using a reference to a wheel. The rim of the wheel represents the third dimension. We travel along the rim and experience events one at a time. As our consciousness expands, our awareness travels up the spokes towards the fifth dimension. The fifth dimension is represented by the hub of the wheel. At the hub, we can look down all the spokes and see everything at once. This most recent conversation with my guide further clarified how reality can appear completely different when we see it from the perspective of a higher dimension.

My Pleiadian guide explained that they are future versions of us. They have the ability to see our future because it is their past. We, as humans, cannot see our future because our consciousness is focused in linear time. For this example, think of time as a ladder lying on the ground. If we were to try to walk from rung to rung, we would need to focus solely on the one that we were going to step onto next. If we focused on any rung other than the one we were stepping onto, we would fall off the ladder. In this example, each rung represents an event in a timeline. That is how time is perceived in this dimension, rung by rung. However, once a human awakens to their multidimensional nature, something incredible happens. The ladder begins to rise off the ground to a standing, upright position. When we grab hold of the ladder

to climb it, not only can we see the next rung, but we can see all the rungs that are above it. This ability to see further up the ladder represents our multidimensional consciousness and describes the ascension process. It is a shift in perspective brought on by an expansion of consciousness. This was what my Pleiadian guide was explaining to me. From this third dimensional perspective, she was from the future. She was at the end of the ladder as it was lying on the ground, out of my awareness entirely. Once my consciousness reached a certain level, the ladder began its transition to an upright position and I was able to perceive her. As we ascend up the ladder, time essentially collapses and all events are perceived in the present. At that point, I saw her from my multidimensional perspective; from this perspective she wasn't from the future, she was from a higher dimension!

This was a mind-blowing concept for me. It further validated that our reality is shaped by our perspective, which is shaped by our level of consciousness. I realized that the more conscious I became, the less of a grip this physical space-time universe had on me. I now knew that time was an illusion and all events, both past and future, would be available to me right now! Although I have not completely realized this ability, at least not yet, I have seen glimpses of it. Remember during my meditation when I saw the book that contained the entire history and future of humanity? This vision during that meditation years ago represented a fundamental truth. Our consciousness has the ability to transcend space and time.

I have absolutely no doubt that the experiences I've had were real. We are energetic beings, we are consciousness. Science will try to do its best to define this phenomenon based on what it knows. It will try to consolidate the events I've described here as well as the events of others into a box that can be accepted by the broader community. In order to begin to understand these events, we need to look beyond the box. We are dealing with concepts that cannot be fully understood by the linear thinking human brain. Any attempt to do so would be

extremely limiting in scope. We can't begin to understand these concepts without first discarding the limiting beliefs that kept it all hidden from us in the first place.

If someone were to ask me how they could step into this greater reality, I would tell them to set aside their current definition of reality. In order to do this, they would need to become aware of their thoughts and limiting beliefs. I'm not just talking about beliefs related to ET contact, but all concepts of reality. My direct experiences changed my beliefs about the nature of life, death, aging, illness, the nature of the universe, and our role in the cosmos. I now view time and space as a mental construct, a "sandbox" of sorts, designed to offer a set of conditions so that we can experience consciousness in a certain way. "None of this is real" was something my dad said shortly before his death as he pointed to the furniture in the room where he sat.

You can tap into this greater reality. You don't need drugs, you don't need to run off to a temple in India, you don't even need to have a near death experience. You just need to be open to FEELING your emotions. Fear, stress, anxiety are the emotions that are standing in your way. These same emotions keep you bound to a reality of time and space. Worries about deadlines, finances, health, aging... These are the anchors that keep your attention fixed on the next rung of the ladder. As you begin to lighten the load of these dense emotions by accepting them (instead of avoiding them), the higher frequency aspects of you begin to come through, and with it, a greater reality. All of my experiences came with a strong emotional connection. I was feeling my way through them, and my brain was processing these emotions into an experience that I was able to understand. We're so used to "thinking" our way through life that we've forgotten how to allow our emotions to guide us. "Emotional intelligence" is the key to perceiving this higher dimensional energy. The energy that resides beyond your "normal" bandwidth of frequency is available to you right now. You are made up of this energy, you have simply forgotten. This energy is waiting patiently for you to remember who you truly are. As

this happens, you will feel this energy rush through you, bringing with it knowledge and experiences your human brain would have never thought possible.

It's important to note everything that has happened to me since my awakening has been a "remembering". As I become more aware of who I truly am (a multidimensional being), the more I realize I have simply forgotten my multidimensional nature. These experiences seem new from the perspective of my human brain, and I suppose they are from that perspective. However, from my multidimensional perspective, I am waking up from a dream. As I continue to wake up, more of my true reality returns to me. I sometimes feel like I literally died at the moment I awakened. My reality changed completely. Would I know it if I had? Would it matter? Sometimes questions like these don't need answering. I've learned that it's best to remain present, release all expectations, and experience these magical events as they come!

My UFO Contact Experiences

Bill Spicer

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The time of awakening as I have come to call it began in my middle teen years with a UFO/UAP sighting at night while a passenger in a car. There were no premonitions or warning this was going to happen, but a bright flash of light illuminated the car and a red and green bright set of lights fell out of the sky in front of the car, blocking the roadway as we came to a complete stop. I watched what seemed to be a few minutes then it just disappeared. The others who had been in the car with me when questioned the next day did not recall any of this experience. I thought how odd, or could it have been an aircraft that lost its way, so that same day I visited the local FAA Flight Service Office and asked if any aircraft had been reported missing. Of course, the answer was no. This began my search for answers.

Then as a young adult I was on a land survey crew when I was stung by bees and required immediate medical attention due to a severe allergic reaction that caused anaphylactic shock, where your blood pressure suddenly drops and your airways narrow, blocking normal breathing. I had stopped breathing. During this process I had a near death experience. Totally went out of body for what seemed like a few minutes before being pushed back into the body while in the emergency room. After this experience the ability to meditate and leave the body and become astral began, along with very lucid astral visions/dreams that became precursors, or precognition to events in my life before they unfolded. This included where I was to work and allowed me to solve problems while working as an aircraft engineer for over 40 years.

Starting in 2009, the final pieces of the puzzle began to fit together. I started having lucid astral visions/dreams where I was taken aboard a very large multi-story UFO/UAP craft and was being guided around by a tall white robed figure that appeared to have a higher level of thinking or consciousness. There was no spoken communication, but only mental telepathy. During the first of three such encounters, I was told first that I would begin to see UFOs/UAPs and then how this was to be done. It involves meditation, by taking time to ask the higher consciousness beings to show their craft, then using a digital camera

and a polarization lens to filter the image. This process is what I call Quantum UFO Observation Technique.

Through additional astral visions/dreams I was shown how the UFO/UAP occupants use mental imagery, or visual thought projections – consciousness, electrodynamics – inflationary vacuum state propulsion to propel the UFOs/UAPs and can go from matter to energy and cross space/time using quantum physics, based on non-locality. There are examples I have video and still photos of that show this process of coming and going through space/time worm holes, that take on the appearance UFOs/UAPs entering or leaving through what appear as dough nut holes through fabric of space/time.

In 2010 I authored a book of my experiences about being able to see UFOs/UAPs during the daytime using Quantum UFO Observation Technique, by filtering (polarization), to record the UFOs/UAPs using a digital camera. I understood very well by this time that there was a quantum event taking place each time I went out to view UFOs/UAPs. I would by this time also get precognition knowledge on when to start the meditation and go outside to observe. I have asked during the meditation and observations a very specific question, “Do we live in a quantum hologram” and immediately I was shown that to be a true possibility, by the way in which the UFOs/UAPs would then begin appearing when facing sunlight directly. They are becoming clearer daily as the frequency or level of consciousness is rising in humanity.

My findings and observations were later published in the July/August 2011 issue of UFO Midwest News Magazine, titled “New Technique Captures Daytime UFOs “. In 2014, I presented my findings to the Psychic Studies Institute (PSI) of Kansas City, MO where the information was well accepted and later that year at the Kansas City Paracon Paranormal Conference.

Since 2016, there have been numerous presentations and demonstrations to small groups and guided private individuals on how to see and record the UFOs/UAPs during the daytime. In addition I also

post regularly on multi-media platforms my observations and encourage others to try the Quantum UFO Observation Technique.

I have completed a detailed, step by step method on how to raise your level of consciousness and see the UFOs/UAPs, which has been published in a book titled: “The Fast Movers: Evidence of High-speed UFOs/UAPs.

This technique is a true gift to help awaken humanity and raise the level of consciousness. Finally, I just want to leave people feeling there is hope and there are higher consciousness beings here visiting and watching how we raise our vibration and to live in harmony.



A Time of

Awakening – They Are Here

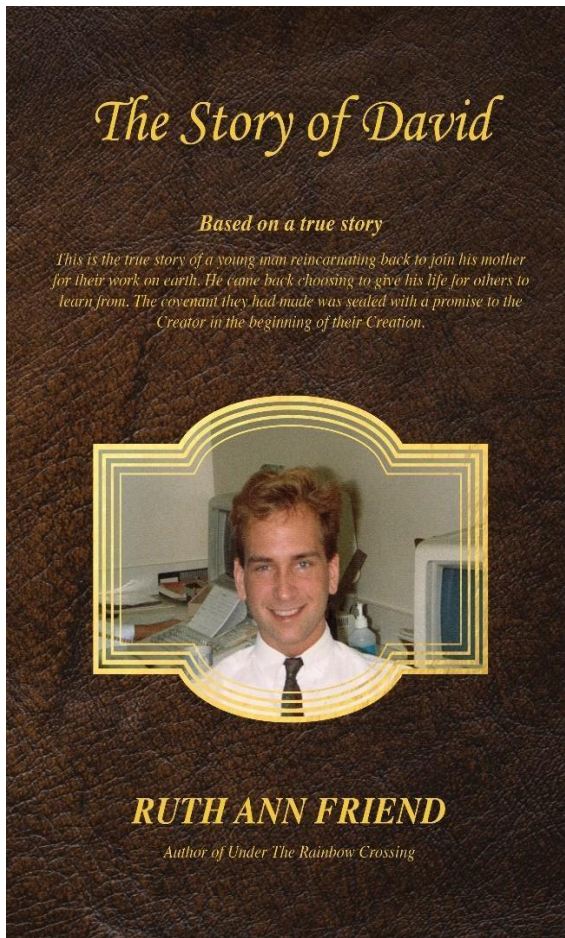
Daily Living with Christ Light Council of Extraterrestrial Beings:

**My NDE,
Living with Deceased Souls,
OBEs, UFO Contact &
Daily Communication
with my Deceased Son**

Ruth Ann Friend

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I was sent by my deceased son to see Rey Hernandez



Although my late son David has moved on and is now in spirit, I will always be in contact with him to continue our work together. David appeared to me one evening in March of 2019. He knew I was troubled because I wanted to be at a UFO conference in Eureka Springs, Arkansas in April and I was having difficulty finding transportation. He told me, Mom, you must be there! Something is going to happen about our work with the ETs, so their words of truth will finally go out to the world. This was our mission on this planet. We are of the Extraterrestrials; we belong to them, and have been with them always. Before each of our births we had given our promise and covenant to the

Christ Light Council of Extraterrestrial Beings to continue our work on Earth. This information may be hard for some to understand so for now I will continue about the trip because I knew in my heart somehow this would be arranged for us to do.

The next thing I knew a dear friend of mine living in Arkansas called me hoping I would be at the UFO conference in Eureka Springs. I knew the doors had opened, it was extremely important to be there and suddenly it was being arranged. My dear friends began helping me and arranged for me to make this trip. I traveled by bus from St. Louis,

Missouri to Columbia, Missouri then met my friend where I stayed the night. The next morning, she drove us to Eureka Springs, Arkansas to meet her sister who is another dear friend and she had a room waiting for me! And then I met their friend. They each were very instrumental in getting me to the conference knowing how important it was for me. I thank them so much!



At dinner that evening I mentioned to them that I was to meet someone at the UFO conference I was to speak with. This was for an important reason. One of the sisters asked me, how will you know who this is? I explained, I already knew this would be a man, one of the speakers and I would know him

when I saw him! The next day we were in the audience early. The first speaker was introduced and my friend excitedly asked is that him? No, I'll know, I replied. Afterwards a second speaker was introduced, and I said, that's him! My friend asked, how do you know, are you sure? I responded excitedly, yes that's him!

The speaker was Rey Hernandez, who was introducing a new book, ***Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence***. I knew this is what I had waited for! Mr. Hernandez was very aware that it's not just about UFO's, that there is so much more! I was excited as this is what my son David and I had waited for a long time, and I knew I would be meeting Rey Hernandez that day!

This is the breakthrough we both had worked for through our lives with the Universal beings we are connected to. They had led me to someone who would understand our lives and the truth of Non-Human Intelligence; and that everything in space and on Earth is combined as one! This opportunity came at exactly the right timing to release our information for humankind! It's not only about UFO sightings, abductions, negative or good experiences; it goes beyond this to learn everything is combined as one and is very important!

I knew to wait awhile before approaching Mr. Hernandez; he would be busy for quite some time. When I felt it was time, I went to meet him. Immediately Mr. Hernandez asked if he could help me? I asked to speak with him if he had some time and, in a few minutes, we sat down to talk. I began to share some pictures and experiences my son and I have had since we both were small. These experiences were with the Extraterrestrials, Spirit's and the Paranormal. He was very interested in what I was saying. Something happened to me then, the ETs channeled some words through me that were important to Mr. Hernandez. He looked surprised and asked me; how do you know that? Apparently, whatever I said was something a group of scientists were interested in. I was stunned because whatever I mentioned was common knowledge to me. I truthfully told him, I don't know, I've always known this. To me my reply was my common knowledge; I didn't know it was anything important. I had also brought some amazing pictures of a UFO Mother ship over my house which I will explain later. This was the beginning!

Then I mentioned that my son and I have gone with the Extraterrestrials to other dimensions, other realities, all of our lives and they are our universal family, teachers, and guides. I also talked about how we sometimes changed into energy to travel. Then an ET telepathically told me, this is the start of your work together to get our messages out to others. I did not mention to Rey that I was getting this information, but I felt extremely happy! This was a giant step for us and

especially the ETs who have waited for so long. They orchestrate our lives to meet certain people at the right time. This is why they had

sent me to Mr. Hernandez. Then he asked me if I would write what I wanted to about our life and experiences with the Extraterrestrials for a future second book. This would be through the Consciousness and Contact Research Institute, or CCRI. Our journey had started! I felt honored to release information of our existence with the Extraterrestrials; they have been waiting to speak to humankind for so long! Thanks to Mr. Hernandez for opening the way!

Early Childhood Memories

In the beginning of our Earth life, before we were born, we were told by the Christ Light Beings of the High Council, living on the Earth planet would not be easy. You see, before our birth we made a promise, a covenant to the Creator of all. Who is the most Infinite Divine Supreme Intelligence of Love and Compassion which can't be explained! I chose to be the first born in the role of a mother and later in the right timing my children would be born. In this plan the third child would be a son, and together we would be experiencing Earth life. Our gifts would be combined with our spiritually along with psychic abilities, and clairvoyance, past the 6th sense, along with universal knowledge, strength, and courage. We also understood these divine gifts would be our Coat of Armor to protect us; we would need them to get through Earth life. Eventually we would remember where we had come from and that we did not belong to Earth. In the right timing our work together as in past lives would come to us in small portions, bringing forgotten memories back to us of who we really are. Until then, our memories would be erased and forgotten. The divine Universal Christ Light Extraterrestrials, Universal guides and teachers through their guidance, knowledge, and wisdom would be guiding us along in our earthly agreement. To remember we would be returning often through our life to the Universal schools for important teachings of how to live

on this Earth planet. With these things would be forgotten portions returning to us when they chose to return them.

In my early memories as a young child, I could see and hear what most others cannot. I was not aware of this being different from other children. I was very aware of waking up to see four little beings. They were the size of children looking at me with big black eyes saying “do not be afraid” without their mouths moving! Being a child, I was curious and liked them very much. I went with them and in the morning woke up back in my bed. There were often other kinds of see-through beings around me that frightened me. When I was older, I found out they were called ghosts/spirits. When my little friend came to spend the night, I would always want her to let me go to sleep first! She never knew I was experiencing other dimensions, spirits and various other forms of Non-Human Intelligence in my journeys-- I didn't understand. These beings went slow with me to never frighten me and it's strange but I never told my parents, but years later I realized I was programmed for all of my Earthly experiences.

When I was older, I found myself traveling with strange beings that I felt good with, usually thinking I was dreaming. They gave me happiness and joy and I loved our times together. I was never afraid of them. I soon began to understand that my destiny was to continue living between two realities-- one was an Earthly reality and the other was a multidimensional reality. It would be a secret that I could not share with anyone else. I never felt I belonged here and life was difficult. I was very quiet and shy with few friends; I struggled with not having natural earthly skills to socialize with others. These were feelings I didn't understand myself.

I would often sneak away from home taking my dog with me to walk into the country where I stopped at certain places to go into the woods. I would find a place to sit down and watch the birds, just waiting. I never knew why I waited but I loved doing this and then suddenly I was home! I had memories of how I got home. Years later,

I knew I had gone to the woods waiting for the Extraterrestrials who would be coming to take me for a while. School was difficult knowing I wasn't like the other children. For instance, when I took Ancient History, something happened to me when I studied the Egyptians. I

knew the answers on every test or question the teacher asked without reading my book! I surprised myself; how did I know this? Years later I would have answers when I reviewed my past lives in Egypt and other places.

My Near-Death Experience

I married young. My husband was in the Air Force and soon I went to join him. I was riding with a nice couple to the base in Texas where they were also going and, on the way, we were in a terrible car wreck! Two intoxicated Airmen came over a hill on our side of the road; I had fallen asleep with my head on the window. The car they were in came through the door I was sitting next to.



I was dead when I arrived at the hospital emergency room! Suddenly I felt the most powerful brilliant white light, filled with immense love, where I felt cradled in its loving arms! I knew within me that this Heavenly Loving Being of Bright White Light was the Creator of all! I was told of my future to

come, that I had four little souls waiting in the wings to be born one day along with other amazing things I was to accomplish. I had not thought of returning but I had a life to live yet.

There are no words I have to explain this magnificent experience of being in the presence of such Divine Love! In a flash I was sent back to complete what I had vowed to accomplish. According to doctors I should not have survived being DOA, I was a miracle!

Restoring my new home, Old Haunted House

My husband was soon out of the service and eventually I had four children in all just as I had been told I would! Soon we began to look for a home near a school and one night advertised in the daily newspaper was exactly what we were looking for, “house for sale” and close to a school! I was in for a shock when we went to look at it! I had walked by this home most of my young life on the way to the park. As a little girl I was always stopping in front of it, I was glued to it, absolutely mesmerized by it! I had to be called by my brothers, Come On, Come On! This old two-story house was in bad shape but I was still captivated by it! My fascination with this place seemed strange to my family since the house was in worse shape than ever but we purchased it and it became a turning point in my life forever; my worlds had begun to open. After we moved into the house, the children began to experience strange experiences. So did I!

In this house, I discovered the spirit and paranormal worlds ended up being active almost 24/7. This was going to become very important in our lives. We began to have many so-called “paranormal” experiences involving traveling to many dimensions and being contacted by numerous types of Non-Human Intelligence. I and all of my children were having these experiences.

A Girl Spirit named Katie

I was intrigued with the strange noises especially the piano music, we didn’t have one! Items began moving around the house on a consistent basis, listening to constant conversations from men, women, and a little spirit girl, all coming from within my house. I somehow



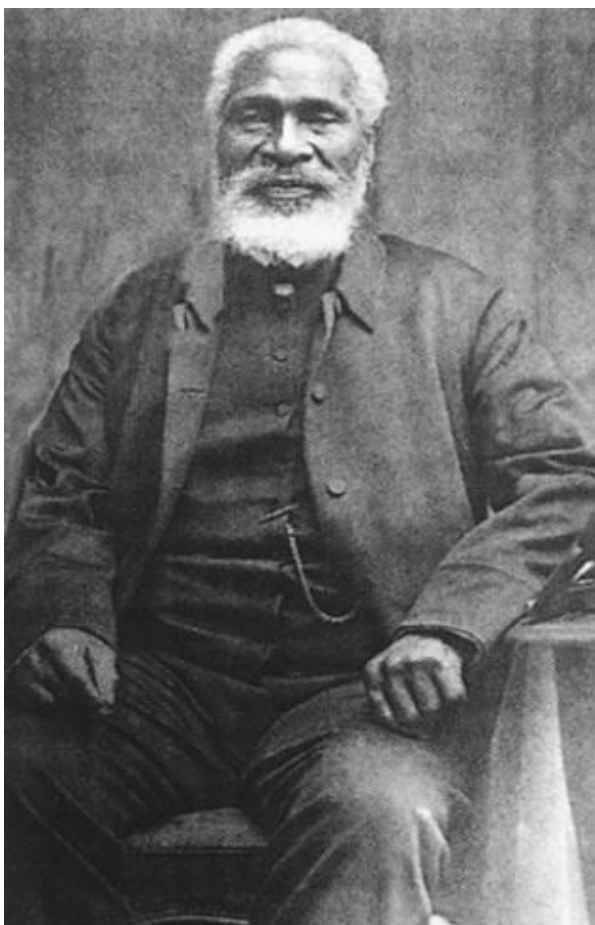
knew that this little girl was called Katie and I immediately became attached to her! She would put items on my bed, like pictures of my passed over mother and dad, grandparents, and my daughter's dolls. Often, she moved the girls' doll buggy to various places in the house; all you had to do was follow the tracks.

My children would see a spirit we called the Lumberjack in their room who still resided in the house and I would at times find flowers on the bed for me which melted my heart. Katie

loved us and this gesture made me smile because the flowers were from other places in the house. One favorite experience I had was with Katie showing me a past lifetime we shared long ago in this home. That night after falling asleep I went back in time. We both were wearing long white dresses; it was winter and snowing and we were in the front yard. We held hands, playing, going around in circles laughing. I looked over at the house to see an oil lamp burning in the window. The light was spilling out onto the snow and looked like sparkling diamonds, it was beautiful! We were so happy and I was her mother! Then the vision ended and I felt she may have been one of my daughters in that life. One day later she printed her first message to me in my notebook! I love you Mommy! When I found it I cried, no wonder she came to me and did the things that were so sweet.

My meetings with Joseph, a Spirit who was a Runaway Slave

I came to know there were seven spirits with us. I had conversations with some of them, finding out they had lived here before like Katie. One day I physically saw an older man spirit who seemed to be a protector of the house. He appeared very physical like a normal



human being but I knew that he was a spirit. He introduced himself. His name was Joseph and he had been a runaway slave; smuggled in from the Underground Railroad. I saw him numerous times while we lived in this house.

We began remodeling the kitchen on a warm day so I placed an old fan in the room. The fan quickly raised itself flying across the room hitting the wall! That's when my husband became a believer! To Joseph this was still the home of the family who took him in until he died. After I spoke with him and mentioned to him that we

were saving the house, he became the best burglar alarm you can't buy!

Multidimensional Beings, Hierarchy of Dimensions and Spiritual Beings

Over time, I eventually knew the experiences in my home had to do with not only the spirit, paranormal worlds, and other dimensions, but that the experiences I was having were much more complicated. I did not know about layers of consciousness, a hierarchy of dimensions and other astral realms when I first moved into my house, but I was soon educated to these topics. I quickly learned that the spirits and other forms of Non-Human Intelligence I was interacting with not only lingered in my house, but also in other dimensions. They often did

useful things around the house; and they seemed happy co-existing here with us. My son David and I were happy interacting with these diverse spirits and other forms of intelligence but at times, my daughters and my husband were frightened. I would calm the children when they were small and when they were older, I explained to them what we were experiencing as best I could. Because we had been remodeling our home for so many years, it was difficult to sell the house under these conditions. Secretly, I was happy to be living in this beautiful house with my numerous spirits and entities. Living with seven positive spirits on a regular basis, I realized they were living between their dimensions and had once been in a human body at one time. They were Non-Human Beings with intelligence.

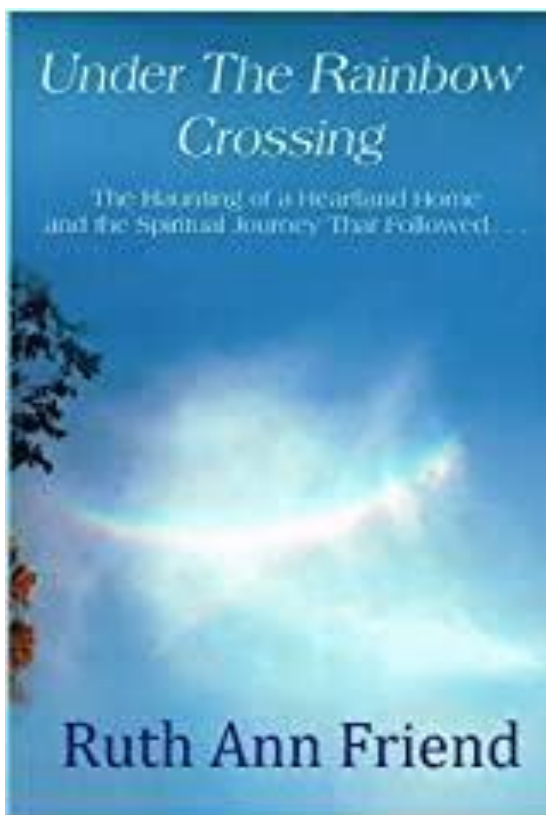
Caroline – The Spirit Cleaning Lady

At times a certain high-pitched noise let me know I was between dimensions with them yet in my home. The spirits were living their regular life as before with smells of food cooking, water pails clanging, noise of them walking on wooden floors and stairs, lights going on and off, music playing, and all kinds of movement. The house cleaning lady spirit who had lived here was called Caroline and stayed busy. She refolded towels, washcloths, moved shoes, blankets, clothing, and items on the dressers, even making my bed a few times! That was really a shock! She also had a clever way of folding our pillowcases! We all co-existed together and at times I am sure they were aware of us working, and on rare occasions I saw them solid! There are important reasons for telling these experiences.

Stevie Wonder had a seven Spirit Chorus

One day I recorded my 3-year-old granddaughter singing Stevie Wonder's song, I Just Called to Say I Love You. When I re-ran the tape all seven spirits were singing in her place! They wanted to say, we love you! I was in shock! I made several copies to keep and afterwards I asked the team of spirit singers to please return my granddaughter's

voice. The next day I checked, to my surprise my granddaughter's voice was back on the tape! I was very excited knowing they understood me clearly. If these spirits had not had intelligence they couldn't have participated. We would never have communicated. My husband was more than shocked when he heard the song! I was having Non-Human Intelligence relationships almost daily. My son had things happening while growing up here and other experiences wherever he went and lived, including his service in the Air Force. On a daily basis we shared our separate experiences.



A Watch Disappears and Appears on Santa's Wrist

In one Christmas holiday I had friends staying overnight. When they woke the next day one of the guest's watches was missing from the nightstand. We looked everywhere with no luck! I had a full-size Santa on my porch and when I was outside, I happened to notice the watch was on its wrist! The spirits knew humor and showed it on that Christmas day. The folding lady was busy all day doing things and on my kitchen floor I found 5 loaves of bread lined up like a

train. This let us know Katie was busy and wanted to be part of the holiday! This would all add up one day to much more. Soon I was told by our universal teachers of the light, to continue to take pictures and to record the experiences and messages they put in my notebooks. This would have a great meaning one day, more than we could have ever known!

One day the spirits told me a secret but they had to wait until I grew up to tell me. The secret was that I had lived in this house in another lifetime as my son! This also proved the connection to Katie! I knew then why my attraction to this house was so strong growing up and why I was here! I was remembering, my consciousness was leading the way! I asked myself, do the many layers of my consciousness hold all of my existence from before my beginning? Yes, everything.

How I found out I had siblings who died at childbirth

The spirits were busy writing and printing in my notebooks as the ETs were doing! This was the most amazing shock to experience! One day I found I had twin baby brothers and a little sister who died at birth and this is how it happened! My siblings began to print their own notes to me! My baby sister printed, Mommy's miscarriage, I am your sister Lecta. I have always loved you. The next message was from my twin baby brothers! The printing changed from one to the others, I am your little brother Artie. Then the print changed, I am little William and we love you. Each little boy was named after a grandfather! I checked with my aunt asking her if I ever had other siblings. She thought I knew about them and wondered why I was never told. Meanwhile, Edgar Cayce who is a main teacher to us was also leaving messages to help my son and I through. He has been an important part of our life. He told us we had worked together through different lifetimes and this one teaching his trance states to us. My son David and I were learning about our teachers from the four directions as well! Our memories were surfacing to us.

Pictures and Videos of the Multiverse Taken in our House

David and I were being re-taught for 3 years about dimensions and other universal travels almost daily by our spirit teachers and the ETs. These experiences are hidden memories and consciousness

moving forward to remembering the universal school and experiencing the many dimensions in my home. I have an excellent photo of the living room in dimensions taken on Christmas. It is beautiful with important clues to prove this is an actual picture. Some furniture is in different dimensions, part solid and transparent, with other items normal and sideways. A camera cannot do this to my knowledge. Another dimensional picture is of the family room with the ceiling fan on the side of a wall and furniture in the air!! My son lived in Oklahoma at that time and some of his furniture in pictures would be my home in dimensions with mine!

My Uncle Leo - One of our Master Teachers

There is a painting of our Uncle Leo on video which shows him young which is normal, and then the video suddenly goes on showing him in the picture passing into the various ages of his life until he is white headed and died! After Uncle Leo passed, we found he was one of our Master Teachers! All of these experiences were absolutely amazing to me but my husband was really upset; this was unbelievable to him! But he couldn't deny it! Uncle Leo taught many languages at universities abroad and had written articles in Chinese and other languages. He was very knowledgeable. We found that after he passed away that he also taught parapsychology! And this is when we knew he is one of our master teachers writing in my notebooks! Later on, he began using his small grandfather clock he had given to my son by leaving his messages in it! I have this on tape; and I kept every message. We were still living in secret in those years.

My Parents and the Native American Spiritual Teachers

My mother and father became spiritual teachers to us right after passing. Some of our experiences in the house were done by my parents coming to us in a spirit and at times in a solid body, and my dad still had his funny jokes which gave us much comfort and support. One day

the filming on my mother's picture and what a shock! This amazing video shows a ball of gold light floating in the room to her picture then a bluish white light appears that begins to cover her face changing her to other beings! One is a Native American Indian, she has Indian heritage, and then it continued onto other faces, one time being an ET! These indicated past lives she had lived before and who she really was!

The Beginnings of Spiritual Teachings by My ETs

When my husband arrived home each day I had much to show him in video of what the spirits did, and we lived this way for years. The children had grown and left and nothing had changed. In fact, the experiences increased! David and I still lived among the spirits, paranormal worlds, and our ET families; and dared not speak of them to the outside world. It was hard to live a secret life, but not once did we talk of the ETs even with my husband. One blessing for my husband was he never experienced the Extraterrestrials.

The happenings here meant we were taking our first baby steps of remembering why my son and I came back. The spirit/and paranormal worlds were first in teaching us, as the ETs stood back monitoring us through the years. Then the ETs became very active with us because we were more ready, and our lessons and experiences had begun frequently in our home. This was to awaken our memories to what we are, and why we were here. **We realized later on that the dimensions, spirit, and paranormal worlds were all working together with the Extraterrestrials, and everything created was at the same time, it is all one.**

Many Appearances of a Scarf



Through the years my son and I began finding a scarf I had bought on impulse hanging from the ceiling fan in my room! Each time this occurred the scarf was facing north. Later hanging with it was my moon necklace my son gave me also facing north! The scarf was always hung in beautiful ways with each piece of fringe perfect, and the moon necklace represented my birth sign. One day I sat down on the stairs trying to figure out what was going on. Something

told me to look at the label on the scarf. How clever, it had Dimensions on the label! The scarf moved daily from the ceiling fans to the chandelier in the tower, over my bed, my mirror, in my closet and on a doll like a shawl. But the funniest time was when we couldn't find it. We had looked everywhere then David began laughing and said he had found it! He said, you will never believe this mom, look out the window, it's on the weather vane on the garage roof! We laughed so much and eventually retrieved it! This will all be made clear to us soon.

Spiritual Teachings by our ETs

The ETs visits became even more often and each time before they came, we found the scarf on the ceiling fan again still facing north! This was a clue they would be coming and we called it a calling card. We both knew when this happened, we would be going with these beings into other dimensions, vortexes and planets where our Universal schooling would be. Our lessons were given to us in small portions.

The ETs stored all kinds of information temporarily in our brain stem telling us it would be there when we were more ready. They were very patient with us and we were humbled by the Great spiritual

teachers we had. We were so excited, always wanting more by being so drawn to our Universal families. The Extraterrestrials were taking us into the other worlds to experience many things we had forgotten! We were experiencing the past, present, and future; this was thrilling! We were remembering what we knew before.

It was common in the night for my room to light up in sparkling white lights shooting in through the windows from every direction with ET beings in my room. I wondered if they were also in David's. On special occasions certain beings came from the Highest Council with the main one we called The Great Traveler. It was then the scarf made sense! He came from the North Quad! The scarf always faced the north; it had been placed there to see if we would understand the sign! This ET used human humor when I asked, where is the North Quad? He responded, that would be like asking where the Wizard of Oz lived! I laughed; he knew our language well! He had arrived for other important reasons and let us each be assured they would NEVER take us or do anything without our permission first! I was happy when he came to see us because I was extremely drawn to him; even the other Extraterrestrials were in total awe of him! I knew he was a special being of the High Council and we would learn why he watched over us.

My son's numerous Medical Healings by Our ETs

Because my son was terminally ill he was hospitalized often. In and out of hospitals; sometimes two times a week with emergencies. I would never leave him for any amount of time and took care of him for many years. He had many miracles of healing that baffled the doctors. They couldn't understand his rapid healings when he was in critical condition, but we knew why. Our ET families took us with them each time he was in critical condition so they could work on him. I could see him appear solid in those experiences, and David would be helped by them. The next day he would be so much better which surprised the doctor! Sometimes the beings took samples of David's bone and they used my blood to cleanse him. We didn't have the same blood type but

it didn't seem to matter! His doctors were stumped; some shook their heads. He healed so quickly from a threatening emergency! I was told by one of his doctors that he would not survive the night. I heard the familiar words, "**for he shall be well**", and I knew he would be!

We were taught in universal school, time can be stopped or moved forward and a human doesn't know it. David had three "DOA's" (Dead on Arrival) in his lifetime. The doctor and teams would visit him later to shake his hand. He had lived through things he shouldn't have; the doctors couldn't explain what had happened to him. The heart specialist said his medical chart looked as thick as a Chicago phone book and yet my son was in his late twenties! The beings told us, they were using his samples of hair, blood, bone and more for a new medical cure coming in the future!

One amazing time David's one eye went blind and his doctor wanted to take a covering off that grew over it to be more comfortable. The doctor told David with the surgery he still wouldn't see the eye being destroyed! We were told that night by Extraterrestrials, he would see! We knew they were going to help him. After his surgery the next day the eye doctor was almost hysterical after he look at David. The doctor could see that David had no entry point where he did the surgery and the white of Davis's eye should have been very red but looked untouched! The shock was when David read the eye chart at 20-20 from a supposedly blind eye! His doctor called in six MDs to see this! He kept that sight for a long time!

ETs told us that Our Home is on a Grid Line

One humbling experience told to us by our Extraterrestrial families was about our home. First in the experience I saw the year 1883 then lines of gold. I somehow knew they were called grid lines. These invisible lines scientists and others know of run across the Earth. They are great sources of power and energy crossing the world to certain ancient sites such as Stonehenge, Machu Picchu, Pyramids, Holy

sites, and other points. These important places were discovered by many who are still searching for answers to their questions as to who built these ancient sites, how were they built, what is their true purpose, and why were they built? It has been proven that these ancient sites all over the world cannot be built even with today's technology. When I asked about this, I was told by the Christ Light beings, this is why it is so busy here, these lines run through this home to the other places. This is a Holy place, a very important one, and much of our schooling was here.

We belong to the ETs and to our Creator

My son and I were told that we belonged to them. We were astounded and would never forget this; and didn't fully understand it. We had many questions about why we were here. The next message from the Extraterrestrials was extremely helpful and beautiful. You are a part of us many different species and to be human is the hardest test of all. The Creator is proud and welcomes you to wherever you choose, you are protected through life there, we love you forever! Thy eyes shine brightly with the Light of Heaven, blessed are thee and thy son! This took our breath away; we were beginning to realize more of why we lived in secret! Who would ever believe this anyway and it never mattered!

There were extraordinary things happening in David's bedroom such as Nuns and Monks seen in his room; and the loving Beings who helped us. We were completely open to our experiences with most information to be kept in secret, until we were told differently. Life was amazing, phenomenal! Something very significant had happened here eons ago with us in another time, and we were reminded by an ET being who said, "It is Holy ground and when we each returned back to Earth after birth our journey belonged here to continue it". This was amazing to us! I was beginning to know myself, realizing my consciousness is me, myself, being able to exist in many other lifetimes at once! This made our experiences more understandable, moving through dimensions, to other places driven by thought and intention.

We were living among Universal beings and this human world all at once without time in each one.

We are living Many Lives at Once

More of our teachings were coming back to me! There are numerous combinations of levels in one's consciousness, our secrets, and ideas, creating things, failures, wants and desires. And in our past, present, and future, which is in one's genetic make-up. The mind is such a complex place and a great mystery. I feel consciousness is close to unexplainable, yet simple. I wondered how many levels my son and I have with how we were designed. We are living many lives at once and time is only a way we use to go by on earth, and each day is a structured path by the choice we take.

Nightly Visits from Universal Beings of Light



My room filled most nights with different Universal beings. Some are hard to describe but they are Beings of Light. I leave with them in a flash; and there is not always time to call for David. But I knew he would be wherever we went so I

soon became accustomed to this. We were protected in our work on Earth and honored to accompany the ETs to the other worlds. I am not Catholic, Protestant, or carry any name of a man-made religion but I am very spiritual. I was curious and asked about the many titles on Earth to the ET Council. They repeated the words Mother Mary had said. It doesn't matter about the names or buildings; it is the love in one's heart that counts, each person should be where they are in life learning.

Mother Mary and her Medical Healings of David

Mother Mary came to us from another dimension in the hard times of my son's worst suffering giving him healing and miracles as the ETs did working together. This was such a beautiful experience to be given her blessed messages each time, and word for word she once told me, all the names of religion are only a word which identifies the different beliefs. I was content she let us know this was absolute truth; I had not given this any thought before and was honored as David for her astounding visits



Every time when my son was critical Mother Mary miraculously appeared before me to give me comfort, Her words to me were, I come to you as a mother to a mother, remember do not be down on thyself for you are only one person, rest, relax, enjoy life there for it is short in your human years. Thine child is working for our Father in Heaven, a glorious work! Do not fear others' remarks! Things will get better now. You and David work together to help many! I was in a humbled state with

bliss filling my soul in a way I cannot describe!

We had many ET spiritual beings of Light from the other worlds watching over us through life who continued to strengthen our faith in the true way of truth which is held back from this Earth world. The Council of ET Christ Light Beings soon returned to tell me to keep writing their messages in my notebooks. And one day you will have

built a long road to a much simpler form of existence, one of magnificent beauty and you shall look back upon this event like a classic, a story to remember, one etched in memory for always, one recorded in time. Soon you will understand the tablets we show you in

the night dear one. We are here loved ones and yes, we are many from the Light, to carry on the work we know its first with you and that is good. What can I say; I had tears of joy, this is so powerful, my son and I would never stop our mission until done. Even when he was not here in a solid form we would continue working together.

More Spiritual Teachings

We were kept busy no matter the time. Certain pictures I took of the house at night normally had hundreds of spirit orbs which filled the yard top to bottom! One day a friend visiting took a picture of my granddaughter and me on the front porch and later sent me the picture. Only the head of my spiritual Eastern teacher Han Tai Chen Su is in the storm door glass plain to see without his body! David and I were happy laughing at the way he presented himself in the photo! We knew many of our species of ET teachers, and once in a while a new species joined us. They are vitally important in our learning, teaching us on many levels. I would wear out once in a while and they would have me rest a few days. Living more than one life is often overwhelming.

Outside one night I watched three UFOs above us making hearts in the sky and afterwards they made a pyramid shape! This happened on one of my daughters' birthdays! This experience carried a beautiful message and one day when it is time she will know the meaning of this.

It was at this time the spirits arranged for me to find an old antique mirror in my home hanging on the wall of the upstairs landing! I was in a rush going downstairs that day and whirled around thinking, did I just see a mirror? I was shocked; there hung an old-fashioned mirror about 4 or 5 feet tall! I asked my husband as soon as he came

home if he did this. He had no idea what I was talking about and came to the stairs to look, then he shook his head saying, No. I have never seen this before! I knew he didn't bring the mirror because I would have known although I needed a confirmation. He was more than shocked; I could tell he felt helpless because he had no control about what the spirits do here. The mirror was a gift from the spiritual realms to my son and me; it is a Portal. By looking into it immediately I could see three men's faces in the mirror. They are spirits and teachers connected to the house. I had seen many of them for years in the house. Since that day the mirror never stops its flow of traffic! When in bed at night I look in the mirror where many spirits and other universal beings come through; some are those who have passed over that are lost and confused. These I guide to the other world where they need to be.

The ETs use the mirror often as they do the tower and other places where they have chosen. The beings appear often in the house wherever they want and tell me, my bedroom, bathroom and small hall are the strongest areas on the top floor. That it is of many dimensions with the Linear and Ley lines running through this area. These are the Lines mentioned earlier. There was so much going on day and night we were astounded. Even so, we never wanted these connections to end. We felt comfortable with these amazing spiritual teachers who understood our reasons to come to Earth to help others.

The ETs had been showing me many of our symbols and codes in my dream states as well but said, Try to meditate as often as possible, you will reach the higher vibrations necessary to reach the necessary goal translation in progress, journey well my friends. One of my spiritual teachers Han Tai Chen Su suddenly led me on a new journey into Martial arts. I asked why? He said, To teach you more focus. This made perfect sense, and I fell in love with how to use my energy in this way! This also helped me in Reiki by directing my energy, a beautiful gift!

Seeing and Communicating with the Deceased at Funerals

It had become common since I was a child for me to see people in spirit at their own funerals after they had died. Some of those spirits would be telepathically asking me, to give their loved one's messages, and mainly that they are alright. I was sorry I could not do this immediately at that time; the family would be more upset. This is because we are taught by man-made teachings this cannot happen. Later, I was able to tell certain families when the timing was right, or when some people had had a sign or a dream, seeing their loved one in spirit. But others who were more open wanted to hear from the spirit of their loved one and asked me to read for them so the readings worked out perfectly. Now there are people more open to this.

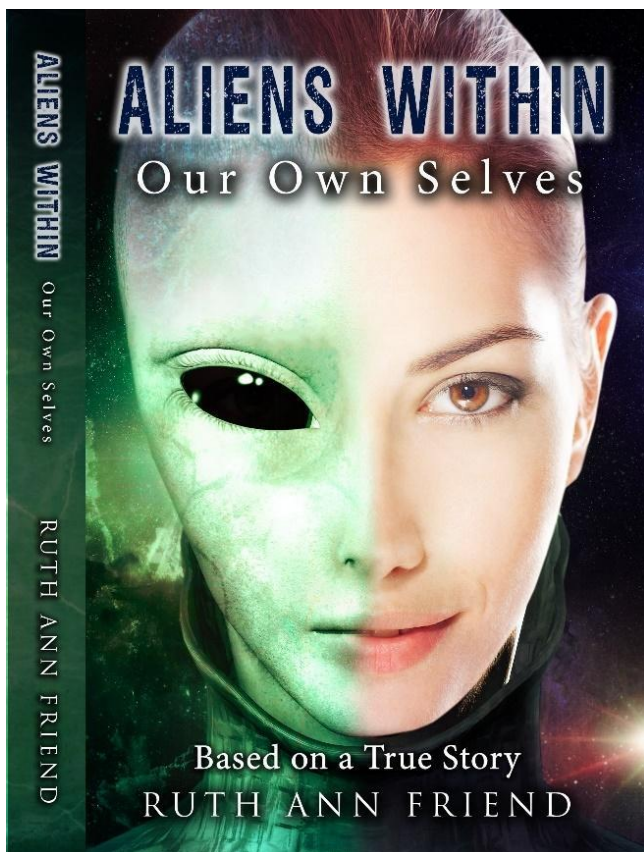
I have been explaining our experiences from the beginning to offer a brief look about our connections and living a paranormal existence in other dimensions with Non-Human Intelligent beings. We each came from love and light to this planet filled with beauty but it has become a world of havoc and bloodshed, rapidly losing ground with humankind destroying it. We never questioned our mission; we chose to return, transcribe, and take pictures of our experiences. The picture taking started out with a \$10 pocket cube camera and later I purchased a used \$25 camera, but it did not matter what I used. I was getting phenomenal pictures; they on the other side made it happen we would get pictures of extraordinary things not possible. A few years later I bought another video camera. I used it every day to capture any transparent and solid visitors in the house on film. I used the TV as a monitor, filming our main teachers as well as others. Each one of them had a purpose to be here. In a sense the house spirits were also teachers to us in certain ways; as were my past parents and other loved ones. They each were teaching us through our experiences. I would never have imagined in the early years in my small part of human thinking how we all are combined. And what a thrill to see heavenly ET beings of Light, and my own parents on board the UFO ships with us! It was really something because when my parents were living, they never mentioned a UFO or an alien! That memory was stored for this lifetime.

What occurred to us both was being taught in our religion growing up that these things could never have happened, but I had proof! And this is what the ETs want known; that they do exist, and they want to be known by their own words in my writing this book. They trust my son and me being on our mission to do this which is a great responsibility we are grateful for! It's one thing to say something is true and with proof there should be no doubt to me. The ETs say, for those who need proof either way it doesn't matter! Our ET families know humans well since they have been here forever as we know it. We never asked the Beings why they wanted certain good things done through the many years knowing it was vitally important!

The ETs had learned human humor long ago and were not only humorous at times but extremely creative; they sometimes added their selection of pictures to be on my camera pictures, I had NOT taken! When it was developed, what a surprise! One of the pictures I didn't take that I love is my crystal ball floating through my bedroom! It's high up near the ceiling with no one holding it; the lights inside it are amazing, bright white and sparkling! The shadow of the ball on the ceiling is huge, not anywhere normal! I had a photographer friend look at it, and he couldn't explain it! The crystal ball was a gift from my son. Neither of us ever used a crystal ball to read by but it had formerly belonged to an old reader who died at 95. Then it was packed away for over 25 years stored in a basement until the people had a sale. Then I became its owner.

We were dealing with many emotions and strange feelings other than those on Earth. It crossed my mind that everything happening to us may never be understood; but I was happy we came here to work together, sealed in our promise and covenant with the Christ Light High Council! I can't imagine our experience on Earth by myself! How lonely it would have been in this secret life to not work together! We traveled to other Universes and star systems at times in a solid body while on the ships, especially on missions. In other experiences our

bodies were changed into Light energy. The ETs told us, they sometimes took us on a ray of light to travel! I loved learning about this! I knew at times my solid body was still in the house. I could see it! And suddenly to be told by a Being I was traveling on a ray of energy!



Not only were the beings still taking us to Universal travel and school they continued writing and printing messages in my notebooks. Plus leaving their messages on the computer to make sure I recorded everything I could of them; we were amazed! They were very creative on the computer which they called, The Old Vessel! We laughed so much with some of their humorous messages; but over the years most were very important. Some were in Universal

script for us to view. I hoped one day we could understand more. I saved every message they let me although some were only to read, then they disappeared! Those were stored in our brain stem along with others. It was soon my birthday with a message from my late dad! We saw it in the computer mail, and I couldn't believe it! I opened the card where it had a big heart on it. There was a birthday message from my dad with his name and music playing! It even had his name as the sender from a card company! I still have it on video, we shook our heads laughing. How do they do it?

The ETs told my son, we are their serious students, and they have been coming to this planet since before Creation, they know Earth language well. They use our words knowing humor, feelings, and other emotions. This is why we are here; they watch our demeanor, emotions and behavior, learning our behavior here. They have re-taught us Universal languages we knew before by storing them in our brain stems as they do those many other things. They explained, a human only uses 10% of the brain and our brain is at 100% full capacity. I was really surprised!

The ETs began to bring back memories to us of how we REALLY LOOK, letting us see a little at a time being of them and told us, we both work with many, The Intergalactic Council being one, the Nomadic, Tri, Neptune, Orion, North Quad, and with many other species. Those who are in many galaxies, stars, solar systems, and planets far beyond what man would ever know of. We are here in Earth school for them to mainly monitor us learning more about why humans do different things. I was to write my books to open the way for them to speak their words of truth to Earth people. We had a very important mission to accomplish!

Channeling

We both did channeling, but I was not always aware when I did until my son and others would tell me of the voices from me and what I said. I thought I had spoken in words of my own but sometimes they were of a male, female or a child. Although what I said was usually constructive or made sense. During occasional phone calls from others, I later found out I was at times channeling other voices; the person did not know it was me. They often thought someone else answered, such as a little girl. Some thought they had the wrong number. I realized the confusion when my son told me when he called; it was not me many times! The beings and spirits seemed to be coming through in different ways and I never asked the reasons. We knew we were designed a certain way for our lives here on Earth which helped us not to question so much.

Soon we were with the ET Beings another evening. We were in a craft with several others who looked human studying a giant crystal in the middle of the UFO. This was a celebration of something good, an elegant honor! I remembered; it brought back memories to me of Atlantis and the crystal there. In another of my notebooks dated March, 2001, I found a message from the ETs about another important crystal they told the two of us about. The crystal will be found in our old home of what you call Mars. Yes, crystallized magnetic, proving life exists in space. Both David and I were excited; this was amazing, and vitally important information! I wonder now in our time if it will be found.

We were given information about Wright Patterson A.F.B. - Area 51, and another base where much has been hidden for many years. There is a species of Aliens called Eben's who are said to have crashed their small UFO in the late 1930's. Only one being survived the crash; it was taken to Wright Patterson A.F.B. The story goes it secretly lived there for a few years until the little being died. It is said, the alien and the person who took care of the little Eben bonded as friends in those years and our Air Force learned some information from the being. After I read this a few nights later the ETs came again to tell me some information. This was about their huge ships at the base in Ohio and how some of our men have been able to fly them. This is on a 6,000 ft. airstrip at Area 51 where the aliens have some kind of agreement with them, and how our alien friends were done badly by our government people lying to them.

One evening I was videoed while sending prayer to the sick when something happened. I disappeared completely for some time; it is on the video! I did not realize this when it happened. This exchange never hurts either of us to break down to energy. I was not sure of how long I was gone except by the video minutes, there is no time in other dimensions. I was shocked to see this on the video playback later. Then one afternoon I was doing Tai Chi in the living room. I practiced at

home using the video to see how I was doing. When I replayed it back I was only in circles of light! Like orbs!!! I was shocked!

I want to mention what the ETs said about the real meaning of Eternity, It is in another dimension such as the dimension of birth, death and other experiences here, and that our Creator is within each human inside of us, we only need to wake up to this. We each seek through our experiences and the meanings we come to are our own reality. Our true consciousness is right now in this moment, and every moment, and everything we fear is our own ideas of demons within us. I was to deliver this important message and I never change one word of a message.

One evening stepping into the dining room I looked up at the light and seemed to be in another realm! Objects were moving in the room; everything was out of order. I was dizzy, wobbly, and had no balance; the entire room was moving in a blur to describe it. I managed to grab onto the table then things became normal. I realized I had been transported in those moments then returned. Later it happened again. I was taken into other dimensions from in the same room when I looked up at the ceiling. This time everything was in beautiful amazing colors like dimensions of glass like a Matrix.

I sometimes woke to a thud on the roof, and one night I woke to a loud banging from the furnace room! The ETs told me, they had made a beacon of light through an old unused brick chimney to the roof so other species would find us quickly to enter the house this way. The ETs then apologized to my son and me for the noise! They can pass through anything they want to but they have their ways. I confess life is exciting with our families of Universal loved ones!

Told a Reptilian Being to “Get Out”

If you have noticed I rarely mentioned contact with Reptilians except in space, and twice here in my house. After going to bed one

night, I suddenly felt a presence beside my bed. There stood a very tall green colored Reptilian looking down at me menacingly then quickly he was moving over me in the air staring down at me! He was in full form with scales over his body and no doubt he was Reptilian. He carried a strange looking weapon in his left hand and something shaped like a lantern in his right hand. I yelled, GET OUT! You have no right to be here, you have no permission! Go back from where you came and never come back! He disappeared in a hurry. If one shows fear, you will suffer in some way. **There are also good Reptilians as well!**

One night I was told telepathically to watch the movie “*Communion*”. I began to but suddenly I was in conversation with ETs on a craft! I was in solid form wearing a tan uniform with a red patch at the top of my long sleeve that identified me. Four other ET beings stood beside me in the same type of uniforms. I was monitoring a ship to a base they have; I was awake and very aware of this. Things were clear as day, as this experience was happening. We communicated to one another while moving over other countries and space. What we were doing meant this mission was extra important! The ETs help in ways they can, and it’s important to know this event was a togetherness of us on this UFO to help others. Later on, I would know what it meant. We are sometimes known as protectors working together to help in a situation. Such as the earthquake that occurred in Alaska. No one was hurt!

Back with the ETs

After the holidays we were back with the ETs. These were very advanced. My son and I were changing to be more sensitive than ever! This time the ETs knew we would be leading them to a special Library in another dimension. We were getting ready to do more good things on Earth to help humankind. It was almost time, vitally important, and I

was told by our ET leader, I would become more knowledgeable of myself to what I am. There were small groups of us waiting to begin our mission. I was not myself anymore as far as being a small part of human I was the same as them! An Extraterrestrial being was standing beside me and telepathically let me know, it's almost time! I was looking at a large area in the craft with a script on it. There are no controls or levers on these ships; this is done by mind control. I was going to be activating something on this mission. This was a relationship experience working together on a serious mission.

Teleportation was a familiar experience with the ETs through mind power, thoughts of our consciousness leaving our body to another destination. If we were off the craft the Great Traveler sometimes wore a device on his wrist to activate what he wanted from inside the craft.

We were told, few humans' mind power is strong enough to do teleportation. What holds them back is that most do not think in this way or know how to. He was very careful to show how it was done then put the information into our brain stem.

They use their humor at times and say they consider Earth to be like the Flintstones to them. This is not meant to sound superior but because they have learned much of our humor to put us at ease.

We once asked about others in the vast universes that are destructive. Our answer was, yes, they are called the Warring species. We would learn more about them later.

The others who teach and help my son and I are called the High Council who come from the Christ light. We also felt certain some Grays get a bad rap; they are not all created the same. Some may be bad, but those with us from the other worlds who have been our helpers are caring, and made in this way. I have not known any others. In our countless encounters with them they would repeat to us, they do nothing without asking our permission first. There are many different species

reported who are of the highest source of goodness and light and some are a negative source with a warring nature.

I was aware that only when the mind can absorb certain memories, they would then let me remember more about our work in order not to rush us. The same as our other heavenly spiritual teachers and guides do. David and I encountered many Beings even those called the Stick People. These are different beings that are very spiritual. They are extremely thin and tall with crooked limbs and appeared in my room not long ago. They are very spiritual beings.

The ETs were very serious about us completing our lessons on Earth saying, it is the most important learning school universally, that from one's past mistakes each soul on Earth can lift themselves up to higher vibrations and levels. In this way one can evolve closer to our Creator so one may choose to not come back anymore! This is to make things right within ourselves, so we can grow to the higher levels and not return unless we choose to with free will. Now is a good time to let others know there are many other universal places one can choose to go in the next life to keep learning in. I think this information is amazing for everyone to know! The ET beings say to us, enjoy life and every beautiful day you are here, to do as best you can for life on Earth is very short.

We had many main teachers and guides from the four directions helping us throughout the years. Edgar Cayce, Han Tai Chen Su, Ruth Montgomery, our Native American Shaman, Albert Einstein, Uncle Leo, John Paxton, Uncle Leo, Angel and Archangel Realms, the High Councils and many more. Not to mention others who also joined in to help, depending on what we were working on. The Extraterrestrials have been with us much of the time through our lives. We were blessed and humbled. In rare times I fought thoughts of my real home when Earth experiences were extremely hard; this was the small human part I have and it served as a reminder to cherish my blessings!

My Dresser was a Message Box

My dresser became an altar for David's holy box for several years. I was finding messages written by past loved ones', objects on my dresser like Mom and Dad's pictures, baby shoes of a passed over infant, angel pictures, Edgar's book, Think on These Things and many messages from beyond that filled the Holy box and some messages that came often from ETs! Others filled my notebooks! We always knew we were not alone; this was about love and faith.

More Spiritual Lessons from my ET friends

Our lives were full, seeing, hearing, traveling in energy, using Reiki, visiting other realms, experiencing our past lives; we loved it all! We wanted to tell the world this truth and now I am. This is a large part of our work speaking for the universal High Council of Christ Light beings, and past loved ones! It is hard to keep grounded some of the time, so I am sometimes impatient with myself. But with my beloved son working beside me in spirit and my amazing beautiful family of loved ones around me I am truly blessed! During this time a heavenly being soon came to me with a message, to live life here on Earth first and foremost enjoying loved ones and all the gifts that we have every day are right here under our nose on this beautiful Earth by appreciating the beauty of what is nature. Isn't this beautiful! So this is always the first to do.

We were taught in the universal school, to know the Earth plane is our hardest school to learn in and only an ILLUSION, a DREAM world! But Earth is also the most important school to experience what we each need to learn. The other side is our real world, our real home. On this other side we are home with an Infinite Supreme Intelligence of LOVE.

One morning I will never forget waking up to Star Wars music coming from the computer downstairs! I jumped up racing downstairs to the family room! The computer screen was full of spaceships, stars, wormholes, galaxies, even an astronaut floating out in space with a pack on his back and tubes going to his face protector! Some UFOs were in different shapes not seen yet; we were seeing the future! Also Astronauts weren't out in space yet floating around! Oh, how we loved this and I saved everything on film! We were shocked! We watched our own Star Wars for days! What next, we thought! And through this time, we were transported to other planets, moving in and out of vortexes, studying Crop Circles with symbols, equations, and pictures. We experienced more familiar travels going to other universal places, including one that resembled a jungle setting. We were taken to this place frequently and it was very important for us to remember our trips there.

The Great Traveler

One night a familiar ET of the High Council who I call the Great Traveler arrived. He was standing beside my bed. I knew he came for a reason. I asked him, where are you from? He quickly answered, "that is like asking do you know where is the Wizard of Oz from". He stated you would not understand if I told you but I call it the North Quad for you. He was using our human humor. He said "You have been there many times and would remember". He called this place our old home. I understood and was more than satisfied this was as much as he could explain in a human way. This place could be a zillion light years away in unknown universes yet in consciousness I was there in thought. I found why I was attached to him then; he is similar to a human Father! A few nights later I awoke hearing a familiar voice of high authority speaking to me, stating "I am of many dimensions and you will see greater things". In this experience I could watch myself changing into light energy while sitting in a chair sending Reiki and at the same time I was in bed, and on a UFO ship! I was in those different consciousnesses all at once!

In my next experience I was shown two doors representing two things, one door was an opening to the other worlds when one passed over, where I went into an incredible white light of supreme love! The opposite door opened when a soul was returning back to begin a new life on earth called reincarnation, with bright white light spilling out of it. What an amazing experience! This is what we each will experience when we pass over. When a person passes most are not thinking of returning because a soul is in awe of merging with the divine white Light! Some ask to return because of certain unfinished experiences with their loved ones and are allowed to.

I was full of excitement with taking more pictures inside and outside of the house and keeping information documented as the beings wanted, and we tried not to ask so many questions. I knew in my soul each thing happening was very important and I tried to capture everything. I realized then that the Holy box sitting on my dresser was a Portal as well as the mirror! I thought how could I explain our lives if asked, it would be impossible! We experienced Hieroglyphic script and universal symbols to become re-conditioned to them. This is why the beings would show us these on the ships. Information given to us was often on the ships with our teachers who would say to us, School is in! I wanted to begin remembering faster but they are the teachers, not me.

Frequent visits from Edgar Cayce

David and I would often see Edgar in a solid form as we worked together, in fact most times. Especially, when he taught us his Trance states he used in his life. This schooling happened in my home on certain days of each week for one year and taped. What an honor! We were very excited, always wanting to learn more and the wait was short, the ETs would remind us School is in; we are there to learn. One unforgettable evening a Spiritual Being of Light came to help us understand more of our work and tell us, David and I are a significant part of the destiny of this world and there are others who are also working on our Earth plane to help mankind, for after the Earth

becomes new and fresh again Earthlings will be starting over with a new spirituality which would consist of love among all people.

Selfishness, greed, wars, and pollution all will be erased in this new world and in its place will be love for one another; a new beginning for humankind! This was such an exciting and beautiful energy we felt through our being to know this!

One of David's experiences was an amazing trip the next evening with a higher being of Light. He thought he was standing inside an airport when a stranger came up to him and put his hand on his shoulder saying, I will help you David because you are rare and see the beauty of life. Then the stranger led him over to a beautiful staircase made of beautiful copper and gold colors. David said he had never seen such beauty! Looking down at the lower floor it was the same, in beautiful tiles of copper and gold. Next, he remembered looking out of many round windows where he could see such incredible beauty in a sky of sapphire and brilliant blues combined with other striking colors! Suddenly then he realized the stranger had brought him home at that moment, and he was back in his bed. David knew this being was of the High Council appearing as a man and the windows were really in a ship to make him feel comfortable. This Being was teaching David about the different levels of consciousness they teach us about. When David had seen brilliant blues and other colors, he was traveling back, finding himself suddenly at home! How meaningful and beautiful this experience was for him!

One night aboard a ship, I watched as a High Council began changing from transparent to solid as he spoke with me. I was fascinated to see the insides of his head in his transformation! I watched closely because there was a communication center inside his brain and the veins were forming inside as it was changing to solid! His skull was almost normal looking, he didn't have the large alien skull he was more human looking. His skin was similar to a human and

his long robe covered his body to the floor. His eyes radiated such love and light around him which absolutely captivated me. I had received this honor to experience how they do this! I will never forget this special trip; I was given newfound strength combined with a new courage for the future. Lastly, I remember being told, life's journeys are the key to the soul, to live my life to the fullest.

Received Confirmation to Meet Tomorrow at 9 pm

My son and I were back in the yard at night waiting for the Extraterrestrials. Their new message had said, Tomorrow night at 8 pm be in the yard. We were outside early with excitement that night watching the skies. Then suddenly we were told to go back inside. We were confused but returned inside. David and I began watching a special on TV. We didn't know our waiting in the yard changed for a specific reason to watch a man on the evening news! This man was telling of his experience looking at the stars that evening, he said, the stars were moving about making some unusual beautiful patterns with others in groups! Doing some strange things! The newsman said this happened over Central Illinois. This is the area where we live! We questioned ourselves-- did the ET's want us to see a pattern of stars the same as the man on TV, and we somehow missed it? This was not about a coincidence the TV story turned out to be a confirmation of the next night! We were waiting in the yard early the next evening. I was in the side yard and David was in the back yard. We were not prepared to hear eight loud strikes of a gong! We yelled out to one another. Did you hear that! Our reaction was to begin laughing, shaking with excitement. The sound of the gong was announcing our ancient Eastern teacher Han Tai Chen Su joining us in spirit!

In moments many ET beings came together with Heavenly teachers and guides as they circled around us to share this special evening! This was extraordinary! We both could see them in the normal way but cars passing by would never be able to this being

multidimensional! What a glorious night! Our lives were so beautiful; being able to work with our universal loved ones from other dimensions of consciousness! The feelings we experienced with this encounter was amazing! At that time with everything happening I never questioned what we were to ever do with these amazing beautiful experiences we were so grateful for! Humankind may never understand and believe these experiences but it didn't matter to either one of us.

We were grateful for what they were doing because someday it would all mean something very special. The ETs had said once, "it all means something"! We both were too emotional to go to bed and talked all night! We were still super excited the next day and the next evening we were to be outside again. We were pacing around in warm coats for the 8 pm meeting then it happened; we experienced a huge bright glowing Cross high in the sky! David called out; do you see it Mom?

It was as clear as could be! Along with a beautiful Angel figure glowing over the house! I hurried to take a picture which turned out great! We were so grateful for what we could see that others could not see, and may never get to see. Our lives reminded us of a Universal storybook day after day, like a giant tapestry being woven together without a beginning or ending called the wheel of life. I must confess we love our multidimensional lives and all of this gave my son such joy! He remembered much from his life before and I was gaining right behind him memories were coming in strongly.

We both were so happy, and I wondered how long would this continue? Both of us never wanted the connections to our universal families to ever end. This is what kept us going on our journey, living in secret as we did. Our universal families were aware of this knowing our lives would be difficult here and we knew they would never forsake us!

The next night a beautiful full moon seemed to be waiting for us. The ET's had said to be outside at eight o'clock, our regular time. But we were in the yard early watching the sky, and all at once the candles

in the windows came on by themselves! The ETs were confirming the house is a beacon of light for Heavenly beings and other Universal beings of light! We didn't remember anything more on that night but the next night objects started to form in the sky. We watched the energy flashing in brilliant colors and in different shapes. Some looked like zigzag lightning over the house and the only stars out were in a cluster of their own making a pattern!

We counted about 20 stars. I took a picture which shows a red opening in the sky! The ET's confirmed that this represents a doorway, a route, to another dimension from here to there, which was very exciting!

Extraordinary circumstances continued to fill our souls with amazement. We wondered how to explain these things one day if we ever did and here it is! I asked our universal family the next question for others. Why do you wait to appear to the public and to our government? They immediately said, they have made the mistake of coming here many times before but didn't find the humans peaceful; it was anything but, some of them have died or been killed. If their ships are seen it's because they want them to be seen, they are the ones in control. The entire human race has a purpose. Some destroy the purpose and some with gifts are always learning love is the key.

We were taught how they hide their ships when they don't want to be seen and how they can shield themselves. We were told telepathically, one day if Earth finally gets it right and moves more spiritually, they will interact with us here. They are on a very high spiritual plane very close to the Creator and there are those in the Universes of a negative nature. They all originated as we did, beginning as Co-creations by God the Creator and because of those on Earth who have not encountered one of them it does not mean they do not exist the same as an Angel being one may never encounter yet does believe in them.

Their messages are beautiful and so full of superior knowledge and filled with love. They have spoken their words of truth to help humankind understand them better so how much clearer could it be to know these spiritual beings are of the Christ light along with Angels and Archangels of the highest realms. There are so many divisions of beings to discover in the many levels of one's consciousness waiting to help.

The Etheric Council and Reincarnation

There is a group of highly evolved beings in spirit who make up what is known as the Etheric Council. These beings have completed earthly incarnations and make recommendations to help other spirits develop their life plan, with the spiritual objective a soul wants to accomplish in the upcoming life. This plan outlines the incarnation as a sort of blueprint of opportunities needed for a soul's advancement. The exact details of the plan are left to a spirit to decide. That is where free will comes in. Each soul is unique, the knowledge and wisdom of each life is incorporated into its memory, so it might choose a vocation in an upcoming life that is familiar.

We have a message to give from the Christ Light Beings that will shock most people. Please read it carefully. We never change one word of a message, and we weren't allowed to use this next message until they said to and this is the time! The message is that:

**“All the answers to all the problems lie within.
Any trial or tribulation is merely a test to see if we
can uncover the spiritual solution.**

**A soul is given many opportunities to develop
and expand by learning through adversity. Growth
is never easy and can be accomplished only by
experiencing every aspect of the situation and
fully comprehending it.”**

This has never been said before except in my last book. This information was to be told to release their truth! This gives some very important extraordinary information which is sacred, and extremely important! This information was given to us many years ago but not to release it until we were told too. It has been held back by those of us who have known because it had to be released in the right timing. This

honored they wanted this information to go out; it being a very treasured and powerful message that humans have been kept from knowing!

I believe this information to be an amazing, phenomenal gift to this world! We are privileged and honored to pass this amazing message to others and those who seek the truth.

In the night I woke to see several alien faces around me and immediately I was handed a beautiful transparent red rose which is a symbol meaning love. Then I realized I was suddenly in universal travel! I found myself among hundreds of thousands of stars and in the vast universe, this was glorious! I could see the third eye on the forehead of a being's face, it shined with an amazing bright light and I heard a voice tell me, a message would come from Edgar Cayce, we all love you and all the ETs love you! Oh, how excited and happy I was then like magic I was among the Pyramids, horses and marching soldiers. Some of them were carrying the Cross in front of them as they marched. I clearly heard the word Crusades told to me. I realized I was back in time watching the Crusades! I felt the spiritual oneness in the fight for freedom within myself and within those brave men in ancient times! What seemed like only moments there was a beautiful staircase in front of me; I was going up and up the stairs into the heavens among the stars and then it ended! I thought of this for a long time, and I was so grateful!

This experience was so humbling because days before this vision was given to me, I knew I had been in the Crusades in a past life. I was a soldier and had carried the Cross as I was shown! I loved that lifetime and was honored to serve our Creator!

It was only 1:15 am the next morning that Edgar was standing in front of me with a big smile. There were beautiful sparkles showering down from the ceiling to the floor with two boxes. The first one he held out had my initials on it and a second box had an arrow on it meaning Lakota Sioux, meaning a direction I would take one day, and then it was over. Years later I met my dear friend, a Lakota Sioux from a past life. He was very gifted, a teacher and famous artist who painted spirits of the past.

This brings me to David and I being on a UFO and being shocked at times to see many different loved ones there as if waiting for us! To see Jesus Christ, Mom and Dad, Edgar Cayce, Albert Einstein, our Master teachers, and ancient healers is an amazing huge surprise! I was not only stunned with a loss for words running through my head but I was in a solid body and we all were smiling together!

This next experience was on a night when we were on a trip with the ETs. I clearly remember looking down at my feet to see the floor I was standing on. I was in solid form. The floor was a familiar grid. We walked on one I've seen many times before in the ships. It looks like a steel type of material we use on Earth. Quickly I noticed other life forms present standing close to us who seemed to be a new group of beings. Then we were permitted to hold and examine a long narrow piece of an unknown object. It was a silver black color without any weight to it whatsoever. The ET's wanted us to know what it was but that part of my memory was erased for later and this species was completely focused on checking us out. This UFO had a kind of hospital setting and my mother who had MS for years was in one of the beds. I hurried to her. I was so happy I thought she was in a healing process plus the date was June 10th mom and dad's anniversary! The

next day on June 11th we could see lights in the night sky, and on the 12th the ET's came for us to travel with them. I recall seeing my own face when we were in the UFO. My face was drawn back with the force of gravity leaving Earth; one ET had its hands on my shoulders holding me back to help steady me. My son told me the next day both of our faces looked that way on takeoff; he confirmed the experiences that we both had gone in solid bodies or became solid in the ship. Then he asked me if I recalled traveling through the wormholes to other galaxies to see other life forms. And how did the grid floor in the ship look when it changed? It looked like silver fluid then back to solid form again? The ET's told us, this had to do with molecules being disassembled and reassembled they have been re-teaching us about. Then they continued about some history, that the wars set us back 150 years in our learning. They also talked about Roswell and what happened there. They were bringing back more of our memories. They feel emotions of love and compassion and we are blessed to be with them. They have been here forever and know our language well.

One night later I was suddenly awakened! David and I were in another dimension and in Atlantis! The first thing I saw was entirely different! We were both Extraterrestrial beings, but our faces and bodies were made of bright light! I could hardly see our features at all. Although I knew the others with us were Edgar Cayce, and Alex our Lakota Sioux friend. There were a few others in white in the background but they did not have the light. I heard the words then that we were in the future! Our heads were alien shaped; our faces and bodies were made of this beautiful Light! We were fragile looking and wore long white loose tops and pants. The material was luminous like we were in the future! Our heads were alien shaped; our faces and bodies were made of this beautiful Light! We were fragile looking and wore long white loose tops and pants. The material was luminous like the light we were. We were scientists over other beings there. This was almost duplicating our lives long ago in Atlantis with Edgar Cayce! I knew this meant we were looking at our future to come where we left off and we would be helping once more. Edgar's last words confirmed

this as he said; we will meet again to work in the new world. I am humbled and proud that we will experience working together once more in the future!

On our next travels we were with some of the blonde-haired blue-eyed species who look the same as humans; it would be hard for people to ever know they are not. We were looking at some of the planet life they grow. I felt this was being done to improve and enrich the food chain for the future. Some hold jobs here on Earth and work in all kinds of occupations and no one knows the difference! There are those who also come as a stranger or angel to help a lost person, or in all kinds of rescues then disappear! My son and I have experienced this more than once.

Then suddenly I was waking up back in bed knowing we each experienced a wonderful, exciting trip. It was only 5 am, too early for my bedroom to look so light. I began rubbing my eyes but when I opened them my room was still in the glittering light like on a sunny day. With that thought I was out of body and looking down. I was in the air over my house and below me I could see the most beautiful breathtaking sight! I was shown the protection we had here. Beautiful Angels had surrounded the house with each Angel's wing touching the other ones next to it! The Angels had made a protective circle around the house and us! I heard the beautiful words to me that we would forever be safe there. I was mesmerized and returned back inside my room just like that! What an amazing and beautiful experience to describe!

My son and I would be told ahead by the Extraterrestrials when we would be going with them and to be ready on certain days or nights. Sometimes the beings were solid and sometimes they were in an energy form, yet we could see them. If someone tried to wake me and couldn't I was out of body, which happened a few times! They were helping us in other ways to cope on Earth. These coping skills were also taught in other dimensions. In the very beginning years the Extraterrestrials

beings were just there when your eyes opened and each of us was never fearful!

Our experiences were often difficult to know if we were in body or energy. The experiences are so real. Other times we knew without a doubt when we were in or out of body with them. With so many experiences I had begun to realize one's consciousness can move into another dimension of time awake or asleep and into the past, present, or future as well. Everything became more clear knowing dimensions are unlimited as to how many there are in consciousness.

One can also go into the Past, Present and Future in daydreams through our conscious thoughts visiting other places. Another importance is we have other negative realities in certain dimensions along with other negative beings called nightmares! Some dreams one wakes from seem so real because they are your own experiences. This goes back to our work in other dimensions where we are called Universal Warriors helping others.

Many nights later I was suddenly inside a craft with The Great Council so I knew this trip to be very important. I was being helped off the craft so I wouldn't fall on what looked to be rocks. One of the ET's took my hand helping me over them; I looked at his long fingers and large hand holding onto mine to keep me safe, we both were in solid form having this experience. His feeling was of concern as a loved one helping another one. This is a human way they learned long ago. He telepathically said, little sister, you are here, we go tonight. Have no fear your surroundings are to be made like your home, relax and enjoy the trip, the voyage we let you write it down the stars and planets are around you, relax now. I felt this being caring and concern to keep me safe. My consciousness changed then I was there but also home at the same time in the experience. In the blink of an eye, we were somewhere else yet in the background I heard sounds like street noise which confused me. I thought we had already left Earth and were now in this jungle setting! I mumbled a question to the ET, is this for real? Yes,

little Earth child you are with us and others it's as you say okay, you are safe just checking no harm to you ever. We are all one you are a part of us learning and observing to bring back great insight, vast information we put in your subconscious. I was in three places at the same time! The ETs told us to never think they had abandoned us. They also know it is hard to watch the suffering in life here.

Two nights later I was back inside a UFO just floating and not walking down a long stainless-steel looking hall with small windows thinking, Yes, I am in the UFO. It looked like a hospital, so I asked the ET beside me, are you the one in charge? I don't remember if he answered but I could see other life forms and species in the same area. We were looking at objects and crystals the ETs wanted us to see, we both were excited and happy about this experience! Then we were taken down steps and back up steps to another area. What I'm going to say now will possibly not make sense but it did for us. The meaning was about our upper and lower consciousness of the mind; our lessons are in different ways than those here on this planet.

The Universal Extraterrestrial beings sent a message we are to share with everyone. You see, God makes no mistakes in his Creations; all of us were created at the same time and are a part of one another. The space beings, ETs, were all created at the same time as human souls. We were all sparks from the Creator/God, and in our beginning we all inhabited the Universe! I am sure this message will absolutely shock many people and I am more than honored to speak their words for them.

The ET's told us a beautiful thing that we traveled with them on light energy and energy never dies so it is there any time it is needed, first they disassemble us into molecules to travel on a beam to raise our energy. This is the simplest way they could tell us this. We were astounded but not surprised at what they could do. They are a Non-Human-Intelligence extremely high above any human knowledge!

It was spring and my late grandmother's birthday when this Extraterrestrial message arrived: Greetings, we are a new entity, are we welcome? We will not pass through without permission. You are both on a great journey with much to do; your patience will reward you. This group of ETs went on to explain themselves by saying. They come from another planet and sphere; one comes ahead who speaks to you now. We are many light years away, many moons; Zeron is the last galaxy to the North Quad. There are many galaxies. You will see me later tonight, your Earth time. We will speak to the son we are here to help you continue your learning. We can help you both. You have advanced in the healing work; perceptions are greater than you can imagine. The third eye is open wide as you wish it to be. That is all for now, we thank you and the male offspring. David and I were over excited; they would be taking us further in light years past the last galaxy how amazed we were! This marked another new beginning! We had no idea of the distance to the last galaxy with the speed of light years but we certainly wanted to go with them. That night familiar lights woke me and around me stood many Zeron beings, and in less time than I thought I was with them in their travels! I was given something to keep me calm because I could see my own face in another life form, and yet see myself still in bed at home in a solid form!

Next paragraph below is a very important message to share with humankind. The religion of the future will be a cosmic religion. It should transcend personal God and avoid dogma and theology covering both the natural and the spiritual. It should be based on a religious sense of rising from the experience of all things, natural and spiritual as a meaningful unity.

We knew this would be explosive news one day being the Universal truth! We felt the old ways would die out eventually and this truth began to pave the way for humanity at last! Many people have lived in fear; taught to be afraid of the Creator. This is used as a punishment by many to teach no matter how good a life one has lived it is never good enough! The truth was hidden long ago to control people

on Earth and the truth is simple: it is about love and compassion for all! The ETs response is that the entire human race has a purpose. Some destroy the purpose and some soar with the gifts of always learning love is the key.

This next question has been asked many times all over the world - why don't the Extraterrestrials appear to our government? This is the Extraterrestrials answer below to share with you.

The risk is too great; they have made mistakes of coming here before but didn't find the humans peaceful, some have died who were destroyed. They will show themselves one day when it is safe to appear when people are more ready to face the truth by becoming more spiritual to receive them. Our hope is that the information we are working to get out will help mankind to understand them better! This important message along their others is clearing the way to one's enlightenment and an amazing higher consciousness within us!

One evening after falling asleep I was transported to a waiting room on a UFO ship where I quickly noticed a man sitting across from me smiling as if he knew me. He began asking me if I knew Edgar Cayce. Oh yes! I responded. He has been a Master teacher to my son and me throughout our lifetimes! I felt the man's essence of love deeply radiating from him he had for Edgar's work. Eagerly I replied Edgar Cayce was the most wonderful healer with extraordinary gifts, a good and faithful man when he was on Earth. This man, this being of light had appeared to me as a man, but I knew he was much more than human. I strongly felt we had a very important reason to meet. I went on to speak about Jesus Christ who was the greatest healer of all on Earth and in the dimensions of heavens. After this I was suddenly back home in bed feeling wonderful and so loved! I believe this was a divine being in disguise as a human but was a Christ Light Being, Jesus Christ! What an amazing loving experience though my higher consciousness.

Early the next day I woke with bright lights flashing in my room and into my face! This was a little different than usual so I jumped out of bed to raise the window for a better look. This was to enjoy the most beautiful and spectacular light show! There were thousands of bright lights shooting out from a large Mother ship! I watched the beautiful flashes of light roll across the sky into my windows and myself! Early morning traffic was slowly beginning to move. It was 5:15 a.m. I knew no one would ever see this happening in the sky even though there were sounds of loud thunder with the lights never letting up! It's exciting how the beings can cloak their visits.

It wasn't long one night later I woke to see some extremely tall beings in my room. My feelings were strong. I had just returned with them. They were as tall as my ceiling and their arms and legs were so long. Their limbs were very thin and they had no hair on their head. I saw a hand coming to me to accept them; I felt no danger so I extended mine. I call them Giants, not knowing what they were. I asked if they would come again and will I remember it? They answered, yes, we interact with you frequently but your memory has not been re-activated until recently in your world and time. You have been re-programmed and graduated to a higher level. This visit was my congratulations! What a good experience I had! I picked up my developed pictures the next day finding one I had not taken like the ET's have done times before. I could see part of my hand holding a brilliant ball of white light in my palm! I was shocked! The ETs and Edgar told me through my son this means, Hands of light, a healing light to use on others in Reiki. I was overwhelmed; my heart belongs to Reiki and I felt honored to be given this message by these Heavenly beings of Light!

Many times, we asked ourselves how this can be happening. It's hard to comprehend at times! Science has searched for years to contact other beings in the universe with extraordinary equipment and we dared say nothing. This would continue happening to us until it was the right time to compile years of information to the public! We are deeply grateful and humble to experience what we are here to do and there will

be many more encounters until we both leave this Earth! And now is a good time to pass on this important message given to us for everyone! Human life is a most difficult classroom until you learn the simple fact that your truth is your power, your salvation, your fulfillment, your purpose, and your way. Once you can truly believe that life is an abundant garden that it is meant to be becoming the most freeing discovery one can make! I hope this blessed message can help to make your life a rewarding one no matter the challenge!

Time suddenly stopped for me the next day I realized in a second I was out in universal travel witnessing a large trail of sparkling Stardust! It was so beautiful I cannot describe it as it moved across the universe! In the same instant I heard beautiful heavenly tones of chimes and out of the corner of my eye was an ET I was very happy to see! My feelings were like greeting a special old friend; he wasted no time speaking telepathically to me and I felt the High Council nearby us so whatever was going on was important. The Council had come to congratulate my son and me about the day before. The Council congratulates you both and to know you both are safe from all things. We both were in awe!

Immediately I found ourselves with the ET standing before two very tall doors which were made of an unknown metal looking material. The doors were 18 to 20 feet tall and very beautiful. On the front of each door there were squares perfectly lined from top to bottom and inside each square were universal designs. We were told that these represent the Constellations in the Universes. This ET beside me was different, he looked more human with long white hair and wore a beautiful robe; he is one of the High Council as in the Bible. After a moment the enormous double doors opened for us to enter and I was told, Yes child, you are here we await thee the question on your mind is now answered, the timing is not quite right yet. Just trust, you will remember more and more now. We guide and protect you both. We understood the answer perfectly.

One day later I was in another town about 50 miles from home and ran into a friend. and later when I started home on the Interstate she was behind me. Soon the Interstate divided in a small area where a group of trees was in-between lanes, so one cannot see each of the opposite lanes. I glanced at the time on the dash and looked back at the road. At that moment of time, I was entering a town about 15-20 miles away from where I was! I have an odd feeling I get when I am picked up by the ETs and when I am set down. I stopped at a gas station to double check the time which confirmed it had only been seconds! I drove home wondering if my friend and a semi-truck driver behind me had seen anything, but people never do. The ETs cloaked the setting as usual. Sometimes coming home at night from the school I ended up in various places but usually fairly close to my destination. Once on a dark country road I was lost but soon found the highway. Another night my son and I were returning home after my teaching at the college. It was pouring rain and he was not feeling good and he was very tired. I was watching for the exit to our destination. When I saw our exit I told David, we are almost home, it won't be much longer now. With this said, at that moment we ended up in a neighboring town 20 miles away! I turned around there and drove 20 miles back to our turn off to go home. The ETs usually apologize but that night we knew they had their reasons to get us off the Interstate for our own safety! We lost and gained time often. We were Time Travelers in many ways and our lives seemed unreal even to us. When this does happen my car has a mind of its own I have no control!

Soon another night the ETs returned in flashes of light in my room. Their message was, the entire human race has purpose, some destroy the purpose and some soar with the gifts always learning, love is the key. I was told many times about the key, that I hold the key. I would know one day what it means.

Some nights I woke up to bright lights focused on me and suddenly I could see myself traveling, then I saw a portal and went into a pyramid. Next bright lights were coming towards me and I could see

myself again on my journey. I was outside of my physical body broken down into molecules and suddenly in a vortex. My next memory I was looking at a panel on a UFO with some strange looking beings I was working with. They were positive so I never felt fear, only curiosity wondering what I looked like to them. Whatever it was important because the High Council was on board. I was looking into the amazing universe when I heard a loud snap! Then I was surprised to find myself back in my room looking out of the tower window! If only I could share these things I thought...

The information taught on earth is man-made so I feel David and our kinds of experiences may be hard to understand for many. A human is so much more than many people ever realize! These rules we have been taught for generations keep many from using their minds and usually follow along with society. Follow your dreams and see what they bring to you! Don't be afraid to challenge the ordinary. I knew we would forever travel learning the secrets of the eight worlds we truly are from and this is our chosen destination. Many of our secrets could be shared now by speaking for the Extraterrestrials' who have come to say to us, we have given you the gifts, remember we are with thee always! We love you, all of us! We are a world away yet only a moment in time! This message from the ET's was given to me when the last of the spirits in my home were leaving to return back, some spirits had held back as if to finish out any details. I know they will always hear me and how to find answers inside of myself. The house spirits had been with us for over 40 years and yet it seemed like yesterday! David and I still had much to do in the Universal Extraterrestrial worlds beyond until we each left earth. The house spirits had been teachers to us in important ways with proof of their intelligence. I would miss them and remain connected with them at times if necessary.

Many Past Lives

When we traveled with the ET beings, we were shown many past lives to help us. Our past lives in Egypt were of three important times. We both worked in healing. In one of those Egyptian past lives my son was a figure of high standing and an important healer. I was watching him in a procession. He was wearing an emerald green robe with a tall green and gold headdress holding a golden staff while walking over a beautiful golden bridge with other healers following behind him. I stood in the distance below and was his mother again in this lifetime. I felt very proud of him as a gifted healer. I was told by the High Council, This Golden Bridge he crossed was our symbol meaning from our world into the world of past lives to view, to remember that there would be many more of these visions and lessons to come. This made us feel wonderful! My son has always helped others in this lifetime and in those beforehand and we have loved our Egyptian lives. In other Egyptian lives I was shown I was Anubis. I was wearing the mask of a Jackal known as, God of the Dead. When I came out of the vision I knew why I could always see the dead spirits since I was a small child and still do at times. This was an important part of my past.

Each level of life is a new dimension and the Extraterrestrial beings have their own set of laws in the Universe they can overlap and change anytime, and they can bend time anyway they want to. An example of their travel is like folding a paper in two creating shorter routes. One night as we were leaving to go back to Earth a being of the North Quad quickly added, to remember we are a part of them! How could we ever forget I thought with happiness!

I was very excited when one of my Christ Light teachers said to me, be it known no man shall suffer unless he gives NOT himself to Christ everlasting. This message alone surely confirms all humankind on Earth and everything else created in all the universes are as one! And all one needs to do is believe in Christ everlasting! Then our teachers Edgar and Gertrude Cayce joined in with Zolar and our other teachers

from the four directions! They expressed to us, we who help you both are proud and happy, proud of the advanced stages of learning with knowledge! You two have passed all tests in your material world, a great step forward you have taken together! From All of us, the Great Councils, Extraterrestrials, Angels and Archangels, your teachers, guides, and many of us here. David and I were absolutely stunned and humbled. What a grand and gracious honor!

The ET's also wanted me to write very important information about Dolphins and Porpoises. The Dolphins are a great species, more than humans can ever begin to understand! They are Lights from the Universal Truth and for so long they have been trying to express intelligence with tones of sound. Remember the study of tones of sound. When one is truly in touch with Universal Truth they may hear the tones of truth, this is the greater part of the Dolphins and Porpoise, and they are both equal in a greater intelligence. Does not the human race understand yet of this value? It does not seem that many do, both species give whole-hearted love to your world to teach these values in a newer form of understanding. If one listens and remains quiet beside these beautiful creatures and face their greater truth of love, they will indeed experience this great Intelligence that passes love to them! It is if most Earth people wear blinders to not accept the beauty of LOVE, they are gentle giants with amazing minds; their intelligence is beyond any earthling! They have devoted their LOVE to a great and glorious mission which brings the message loud and clear, Love One Another! Do not destroy life for selfish reasons by any means! Be kind, use respect, and help one another! Our mission is not hard. It is out of love for mankind, we must learn to be as a child, to laugh and love, to enjoy life, and be good to one another! This is what we bring to you and this is our mission. Try to love as we love the Earth people, forgive as we forgive those who kill us, maim us, hurt us, learn and respect all living creatures then your world will change, and the people will return to as it was so long ago; to a higher spiritual plane in our universe! Thank you; we are honored to pass this on to all of you who read this! Ask one another, will you still love me if I am up or down? Will you?" I hope

this beautiful message captures your heart and soul for those who read this and reaches deep inside each one of you for all time. If this does not reach your heart and soul, I don't know what possibly could!

A few days later my son and I knew the High Council would be coming that night. I woke up at 1:30 am knowing the ET's were there. The first thing I saw was beautiful large, shaped starbursts of bright light! I quickly drew them in my notebook then my attention went to the ET's who were showing me other star shaped lights! I was captivated because these starlight's were going into my solar plexus above the belly button! The ET said, "These were Beings of Light and are called Soul Stars which is the core of our very being!" They were showing me how we really are, how we look in light! I heard children laughing but did not see them; I felt they were in their Soul Star lights. I followed their sounds to locate them; they were in a circle of star lights above me, how beautiful! Whatever this meant I saw hands shaking hands, and then I was then told. This was an important confirmation, a meeting between us all, and we were congratulated! We were right on track; they had come with love and congratulations!

This was the most beautiful loving feeling; I was so excited knowing I had my soul star inside of me and watched this happen to me with the soul star! Next a higher being said, "This is how we are defined in the Heavens!" I couldn't wait to share this with my son and hear his experience!

The next morning David told me his experience was happening in his room as mine was. He explained how his room was also filled full of hearts as if he was looking into a vortex with the ETs! He was honored the same as I had been at the same time; we both were thrilled! Then an ET was suddenly with us, "To be gathered at the tower window facing east." We knew they were coming for us. The next moment we entered a UFO ship! David was urgent, come on Mom, come on Mom! Then I knew why I was moving in slow motion. I was still changing from the breakdown of molecules to travel!

A beam of light flashed on us and I seemed to be in my body although we both felt the strong pull of being drawn down a tube to another level. First, we were looking at a flat surface like a screen on which the main ET gave me instructions. Push on your right-hand right above the thumb to be awake. This was a lesson to remember. Then he pointed out certain symbols telling us this was very important and these symbols all mean something, how to build this kind of computer; they all mean something this was something we would be doing in the future! Early Sunday morning was off to an exciting start. Next, I was looking at a square grid then realized I was on board a UFO! I was looking out of it at the shape of another planet! A very tall Being of the High Council was with me. Come, he said, pointing to a doorway. He was of high authority. Once outside of this space I could see rows of small windows from where I was standing. Then looking down I saw what looked like metal walkways. They were in circles around the inside of the UFO like a Coliseum. This was a huge Mothership. Then the ET said, you are being programmed to remember more now for the book as you asked. Don't be afraid of feeling love. We are your family, your Universal family. You and your son are one of us! You feel you are home in bed but you are not, we let you experience things like that to not have fear.

After this I will NEVER forget a beautiful ceremony of a union like a marriage, but this was something I can't explain and much more meaningful! I was standing beside a tall Council member, an Extraterrestrial. Then I heard a voice speak one word, United! Next I was shown the Helix-DNA and the ET's large eyes looking into mine! At this same time I could also see my room but I knew I was not there; I was with the ET. They showed me how they can change thoughts and things people see to keep from fearing them inside dimensions. They can let one see inside their room still at home as I had done; only you are with the ET's. The reasons are to protect humans from becoming hysterical and to allow them to think they only had a dream. But this was no dream! Something very special happened to me with this High

up Council being and I will never forget it, we were UNITED. Only more powerful than a marriage! This was a universal blessed ceremony between me and a higher up being of the Christ Light Council. The ET Council wanted me to always remember....

I am moving ahead to Christmas now on the night of December 25th, 2019. I had been with my family for Christmas and on my way home I noticed the beautiful full moon because it was huge! I rushed into the house knowing David had left me something for Christmas, he always does. I joked with him in the car knowing he was with me in spirit. When I came in the house, I looked around saying, David, I don't see anything downstairs I will check upstairs to see what you did! I quickly scanned my room as he said, Mom, go to the tower, and now look out. I was SHOCKED to see an enormous Mother ship in the sky but that isn't all! Christmas colors filled the sky everywhere with thousands of sparkling dazzling lights flashing in greens, gold, red, silver, blues and reds! They were coming from the ship down into my yard and driveway! This was so beautiful I can't begin to explain it. I grabbed my cell phone and began taking pictures. I could see little beings everywhere in the lights in the sky! I began taking picture after picture not knowing how long this amazing experience would be there! What a magnificent Christmas!! The beings wanted me to have this video for important reasons! I heard the words then; we are here and we are many! I then noticed the beings were doing something astounding in my driveway with the lights! They were constructing a transparent gold dimensional three-story structure in my driveway with openings for windows! I was beyond controlling myself! I could see little beings in the openings! Then it clicked in to me about being told a few times that this home is on special ground and that something important happened here eons ago, and this sacred ground is where the Linear/Ley lines run through! I filmed and took pictures for over one and a half hours until I was exhausted. I had to stop. I laid down a while and when I looked out again everything was still there! Traffic would never see any of this as in all the years before the ETs have explained to me long ago, we are only seen if we want to be.

Immediately after this my son began telling me to be at the UFO conference in April in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. I would meet someone who would understand and believe! Someone, who I could trust to help us get our truth out, my son, kept telling me in the next few days, I had to be there and would be led to this person. I knew when I saw Rey Hernandez speak that he was the person David sent me to meet! The doors opened that day for me to get our information out to others!

Now as I am writing this information, I asked the ET High Council Is there anything else I need to include? The Extraterrestrials answered, ***“Yes, continue on with more of our messages, it is very important for all”***. This is the additional information the ET High Council have asked me to convey.

“The time has come for me to write this book to teach others the real TRUTH about them and why they come here. We both are a large part of their growing Colonies to let the ET’s adopt and learn from about the human demeanor and softness of emotions and personalities of the offspring. The new Colonies will be ready to interact more as earthlings, humanoids. You both have shown us here about parental love, nurturing babies, emotional development, and most of all LOVE, and whom we call our Universal Soldiers. You both have been Universally Celebrated by the Galactic High Councils and Christ Light Beings in your work. This is a success to you both being so dedicated to the change of human development. The World one day will finally learn how to live together in love-- war will be abolished and in time forgotten except in History. The two of you who belong here with us are working for the greatest cause of all love and compassion among all living earthlings. The spiritual movement now will be larger and larger to make the transitions needed before man completely destroys everything on the planet Earth.”

This extremely important message comes from Universal Divine Extraterrestrial beings of love, for humanity's future survival.

THE TRUTH of DISCLOSURE

All will come in portions a little at a time, first humans will need to learn patience and grow more in love. Many will never believe in us. This is ok; they have other agendas and are not ready at this time. We can adjust the mind and thoughts of disclosure if it serves our purpose, but it's against our honor to do this. Humans do not want to hear our advice. Those who are a part of us know and have patience, they know we can come at any time we choose; this is as you say, our call. It pleases us the humans who are true can understand our intentions and then let it go! We understand excitement in our followers, but it will fold more quickly left to us. Man can expose nothing without our authority! News on the Earth planet moves quickly about disclosure of your government there. It will be at our choice of when things happen, not theirs! We are in complete control of this ever being completed. The government on your planet thinks they have the power over the powerless. We here watch over Earth but will NOT work with your government anymore until we meet the one with a Christ Light Heart who can truly be worked with! Everything is an Illusion to learn your planet is an earth school and no human can change the rules! There are those like yourself and thy son who are of us. Your jobs are in perfect order just as you are here working tonight, we are proud of each one's work! The date for Disclosure will NOT be given, there is no date, it must be earned and in the right time. It will be worth the effort!

There is No silver lining at this time in history. Man overstepped his bounds long ago. We have given man's development hundreds of times to learn and begin change. The hope lies in the people and Star children who have been brave enough to help on this Earth planet! Those who are here are to lead mankind to a higher level; a few are moving towards this direction. Those in power over the planet will not succeed! Listen to Ruth Ann and David, they are of us and brave enough to return once more to help humanity! Signs will come to help

*open your eyes! Just be aware these signs can open doorways to change for the better. If ignored the planet will be much worse off than ever before! The answers are so simple, love and compassion to those on Earth. Everyone will not take heed, but many can make a change to rise to a higher consciousness and go into the Light of blessings. If most raise their consciousness things will change to a good and loving world. Those with the power over countries will only get worse, but man must not be led like he has NO MIND! This is all we have, set the boundaries; there will be no turning back!
Love is the key.*

The Highest Heavenly Council of the Christ Light.

Never give up hope for a better world.

**Ruth Ann Friend & David Michael Friend
Centralia, Illinois**

**A Lifetime of Contact:
Seeing Dead People,
Spirit Possession,
Astral Travel Experiences,
Precognitive Visions,
Seeing Jesus,
Receiving Telepathic Messages,
& Past Life Memories**

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The following is an accurate account of most of my paranormal experiences. I say most, in as much as I do not remember all, for I did not keep a journal of the events.

Seeing Dead People

It all started when I was 5 years old, I could see dead people that others could not see. They were spirits. One day, I was taking a nap, woke up surrounded by nuns, about 10 or more, they were talking to each other, not to me. The strange thing is that I was not surprised with their presence, as if I knew them. That was my first experience. As I grew older, my senses sharpened, smell, hearing, vision, especially vision. Also, the premonitory dreams began.

However, my visions really started before my birth. As an adult, I mentioned to my mother that I had this image of a wooden house, grey in color, dirt road, that had a beautiful porch that went around the front and sides of the house with a swing that sat more than one. It had a white front railing. I could see white curtains flowing while we were indoors; there was a windmill across the street. It was nighttime. My mother responded – *that is impossible, because the only time they had visited their friends, the owners of the house in Palma Soriano, was when she was pregnant with me.*

When I was 8 or 9 years old, I attended ballet and piano classes, not for long though; I was expelled from both because I simply could not adapt to the teachers, I wanted to teach them how to play and how to dance. In essence, I wanted to teach the teachers. At 10 years old, I had a little record player, I would play classical music, while listening I would imagine stories of people and places, drama, or happiness all according to the rhythm and the cadence of the music that was playing. I would do this after school every day until I was about 14 years old.

Also, as a child I yearned to travel to Holland, Germany, Russia, Ireland, Denmark as well as Spain and France. I am Spanish and French descent and thought it would only be reasonable to wish to visit

the places of birth of my ancestors. However, to travel to Denmark, Ireland, Germany, Russia and Holland, in my mind had no logical explanation.

Spirit Possession

When I was 16 years old, a spirit began to disturb me, apparently it was a being from another life. It possessed my body and my mind as soon as I lay down on my bed, it paralyzed me, I could not move and I could not articulate words either; my body temperature would drop to almost freezing point, it felt as if I was covered by a frozen bed sheet. **He would speak to me, he would say "*Andrea, I'm going to take you with me.*" I would respond – "*I am not Andrea; my name is not Andrea.*"** At that time, I was not familiar with past lives or re-incarnations. This happened to me almost on a daily basis. I decided to speak with a priest from the Catholic church. I explained my predicament, he kindly believed my story adducing "*daughter, I believe you, because I believe in the existence of the Holy Spirit.*" He suggested that I pray internally every time I was possessed by the spirit. I did so until little by little the attacks of this spirit subsided, although not the spiritual attacks. This all occurred while I was still living in Cuba.

Astral Travel Experiences

In 1975 I began reading mystic teachings. I would receive a lesson a week. I did this for about 6 months. However, my mind expanded in such a way that I started having involuntary astral travels. One day, while driving to work I saw myself going to the hospital to pick up my brother who was being discharged after surgery. My sister saw me and wondered why I was there when we had previously agreed she would pick him up, my image disappeared in front of her eyes. On another occasion I was trying to fall asleep when I saw myself in a dark alley behind one of the old hotels of Miami Beach, in the vicinity of South Beach. There I witnessed how the body of a man covered in blood was being transferred from a Cadillac to a station wagon, I even saw the Cadillac's tag number. The following day I heard the news that

an attorney had been found dead in a parking lot on Miami Beach. I had witnessed a murder. On that same month on another day I saw myself coming out of the bedroom window heading straight to the moon. I saw myself floating in the air, I could feel the cold breeze of the night and the moon reflection on my face, when I realized what was happening, it stopped, I came back to my bedroom. I decided to discontinue the mystic teachings.

A Mediumship Center in Miami

In 1977 I traveled on a tour to Spain. While in Mallorca, I met a medium from the group, who detected my mediumship. While chatting with her, I could see one of her spiritual guides. She invited me upon my return to the USA, to visit a center of spiritual and scientific research of the spiritual phenomena. The center is called, Escuela de Jose de Luz. There, I began my path of spiritual evolution under the direction of Mercedes Padron. The center was initially founded in Cuba by Claudio Agramonte with the assistance of his guiding spirit, Jose de Luz. Jose de Luz transmitted knowledge and taught Claudio how to read and write, to the extent that Claudio wrote several books, studies of the corpuscles, the atoms, cells and their function in the human body. There were studies of the human psyche, personality traits and behavior. The various psychic phenomena that exists. These teachings were imparted to the members through all the books written by its founder. They also conducted spiritual consultations, spiritual masses for beings that had transcended to other planes and investigation of the spiritual phenomena. That center still exists in Cuba in spite of the communist regimen. There are several centers in the City of Miami that conduct the teachings. These centers derived from the original one founded by Claudio Agramonte. He made his transition many years ago. Jose de Luz, while living in France, was a friend of Allan Kardec, the Father of Spiritism. I attended and participated in two centers of its founder for 25 consecutive years.

Precognitive Visions

In the 80s (I do not remember the exact date) I had a dream in which I was holding a stuffed rabbit in my hands, with a sharp knife I proceeded to cut it up. While I made the incision, the rabbit came to life, I saw abundant blood flow, I was horrified. A month after the strange dream, I had to undergo an emergency operation. That day, the employees of the law firm where I worked sent me a basket with sweets, balloons and yes, a stuffed rabbit, just like the one in my dream. While still under the effects of the anesthesia, I had several nightmares, at least I thought they were nightmares, but it was a premonitory dream, where I saw that in Italy floods with mud were carrying bodies, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and airplane accidents on the ground and in the air. Not a month had passed when all of the visions from the so-called nightmare came to fruition, I saw them all on television. From that moment on my visions gradually began to increase.

In November 1990, I was driving on my way to the spiritual center traveling on the 836 expressway, suddenly I began to see flags from different nations, the USA, France, Spain, United Kingdom, etc. Lights in the form of small balls of fire started to fall from the sky, as I continued driving and without realizing, my astral body transported to a distant place, where I saw what looked like a cabin and a bright light from a pole. In the distance, I heard explosions, guided missiles that dropped to the ground causing destruction and loss of lives. When I arrived at my destination, I was trembling and told the group what I had just witnessed, but the news was received with discredit, ridicule and mockery.

In January 1991, war was declared in the Persian Gulf. In complete disbelief, I watched on television everything I had seen in the month of November. From that moment on, I began to have daily visions of worldly events. I saw the WACO incident, how terrorism in airports and cities would be increasing, violence in sports, such as the stabbing of Monica Seles, a tennis player. I saw that the waters of the Thames River were muddy. This is when the scandals of Prince Andrew

and Sarah Ferguson and the discovery of the affair between Charles and Camilla were published in all of the tabloids. I saw the derailment of several trains. I happened to be in the group in one of the centers during class, I started to cry and said “*the princess is dead*”. I saw the display of thousands of flowers in front of Buckingham Palace. I was witnessing the death of Diana of Wales. I had no clue that I had foreseen Diana’s death which occurred 6 years later, i.e., 1997. Most of the time, the visions were shown to me as in a big screen, they were in such fast motion that I could only see about 10% of them.

I kept having visions daily for about 6 months. One good day I had enough. I realized that I would helplessly witness catastrophes before, during and after, not being able to alert, or warn anyone, I simply did not know where or when they were to occur. There was no purpose to be accomplished by suffering for events that were not under my control. I was a mere witness. I decided to ask, beg, plead that the visions cease, I did not want to continue seeing calamities. I wanted a normal life. I still occasionally have hunches and visions, but never again like those during that period of my life.

Due to the teasing, mockery and humiliation in the last center that I was subjected to when describing my visions, I decided not to return. I went into a spiritual closet sort to speak. In general, I believe that period of my life was the highlight of my paranormal experiences, I would receive downloads of information, but it was nearly impossible to recall them as significant as they might have been.

Seeing Jesus

I must mention that I have had beautiful and memorable visions. I once went to pick up a friend at her house as we were planning to go to the movies. She was not ready when I arrived, consequently I sat and waited for a little while. While waiting, I happen to look into a glass of water she had on the dining room table, a glowing golden cross appeared, thereafter I saw Jesus praying in the Mount of Olives. There was a soft breeze that caressed his dark long wavy hair that had honey

color strands, his face was illuminated, I could see his left profile. I sat there so mesmerized by this vision that I did not realize my friend was standing next to me wondering what was happening. I did not mention what had transpired.

During a meditation session, I saw Jesus standing right in front of each of the members of the group; he proceeded to anoint our foreheads with sacred oil. After the meditation was over, I related my vision. However, the instructor was upset and abruptly asked me to keep my mouth shut. I was confused, I did not think I had done anything wrong by saying what I had just witnessed, I simply let it go and did not ask any questions. Two weeks later, the instructor brought some kind of scented oil and anointed on the forehead, every member of the group.

On another occasion, I saw myself as a little girl of about 5 years old. I was an Essene. The Essenes were an apocalyptic Judaic sect who lived between 150 BCE and 70 AD. I was in a cave sitting on Jesus lap, he was talking to me in a soft tender voice; he then took me by my right hand and we exited the cave and started walking; he held my right hand with his left hand, he kept talking. In the distance, I could see a group of his disciples that had been waiting for him. Although I do not know what Jesus was telling me, in retrospect, I figured that he was imparting his teachings as he did to help others.

During my spiritual evolution, I managed to control the negative influences that disturbed me from time-to-time. Through the years I have managed to educate the spirits to only manifest in my mind, not physically. I no longer see spirits.

Receiving Many Telepathic Messages

By 2009, through the suggestion of a good friend, I took an interest in spirituality and started going to a shop in Coral Gables called The Angels' Ring, it no longer exists. I stated taking courses with an instructor who specializes in the teachings of the existence of angels,

archangels and everything related to the Elder Brothers (beings from other dimensions) Ascended Masters and meditation.

I have participated in countless meditations, the purpose of meditating is to go inwards, however, I go outwards and on occasion I have visions or receive messages, some are so grand that they are hard to explain. I see from the most insignificant to the greatest visions. Messages from all sorts, regarding politics, spirits, angels, guides, Ascended Masters, beings from other dimensions.

In 2011, I received a telepathic message from beings from other realities, which began as follows:

“We are a group of Galactic beings who have lived among you and on our ships in the vicinity of your planet for thousands of years. Our purpose and mission is to safeguard planet earth and its inhabitants, whether from the animal, plant, aquatic or human kingdom. Any chaotic situation, discord, or imbalance that occurs on Earth affects the universe causing an imbalance between the surrounding planets and other galaxies. We are especially alert as to humanity’s use of nuclear weapons as that would be the annihilation of planet earth and would greatly create chaos in the surrounding planets of our galaxy.

In her astral body, our channel (me) has been allowed to briefly visit one of our ships. She observed that the edges are greenish in color, these edges contain a substance similar to plasma, which rotates when taking off to propel and to land. Only the edges rotate, the inner parts remain static all the time. The interior of the ships is kept impeccably sterilized since we have purifying agents that are responsible for decontaminating germs, microbes or foreign bodies that may enter our ships during our exchange with the earthlings. We only contact and provide information; we do not do experiments on these planes since that is not our mission. We can establish communication with you either verbally or telepathically according to the vibration of the contactees. We have very advanced technology of thousands of years to yours. We have reached absolute control of our minds that have attained

maximum development according to our evolution. Many of our technological instruments are directed or manipulated through our mental screens. We are not emotional like you, we rarely flinch. We are a great brotherhood and love prevails between us, there are no wars, no fights, no disagreements. We are not competitive. You would consider us cold and dispassionate beings, but the reality is far from it, it happens that we do not allow ourselves to be carried away by negative feelings or excessive emotion. We have absolute control of our emotions.

At the top, some of our ships have a kind of dome, we do not have windows to see outwards since through our mental control we can adjust our vision to see outside. We have screens inside the ships that act as maps and can guide us to the locations we are navigating. Some of our ships of our fleet become visible when we determine it, but they are always around the earth. Inside the ships we also have screens in which we can see events from the past, present and not too distant future.

Not all ships are the same, we have motherships (mother ships or gigantic ships) that serve as parking or displacement. Members of other civilizations have different styles of ships. They come in all sizes and shapes.

We cannot interfere in the cataclysms that occur on mother earth created by nature. If there was an immediate danger of an atomic war by the Earthlings, we would intervene as that would affect the balance of this galaxy. Should the need arise, depending on the circumstances, we are authorized to intervene.

Our health is practically perfect. Our food is made in specialized laboratories; food does not spoil and lasts for a long time. We do not consume animals since we are not carnivores. We don't drink alcoholic beverages, we don't use drugs, we don't smoke. Our physical constitution is devoid of excessive fats, obesity does not exist. We are tall in stature, our skin is fair, and our hair is fair, as are our eyes,

similar to the Nordics. Our life is long, and we can live hundreds of years without aging. We own a variety of different pet animals other than yours.

We must neutralize the filter of our channel (me) since it interferes in our transmissions; she, of course, analyzes everything from her earthly point of view. Our purpose is to establish a communication free of interference, that is, to transmit the information accurately without analysis. We have an abundance of information that is of vital importance for humanity and that each one can assimilate according to their energetic evolution and apply to their daily lives.

Our wardrobe you would consider to be a type of uniform, since there is not much variety in our attire. The material of our suits is adaptable to the weather, cool in the summer and warm in the winter. During winter we cover our heads with a hood made of the same material as our clothes. We bring teachings at your service that can help you in your physical ascension to other more advanced dimensions.”

Soon after this experience, during meditation, I saw myself on a stage with a very tall and slender being from another dimension wearing a tight dark blue uniform, he had on a lighter blue cap and in the center of it, I saw an oval stone, dark in color. During a few minutes, the being placed his forehead against mine, I touched his shoulders, and his clothes had tiny scales that felt like very cold liquid metal. This being was very familiar to me although I do not recall I had ever seen him before. He transmitted warmth, love, and compassion.

During that year I woke up one morning hearing three angelic female voices singing in my ear “*habito, habito, habito, en cada rincón de tu ser*”. Translation, “***I inhabit every corner of your soul.***” Also, during that, year I believe it was in the month of September, in the middle of the afternoon, I had the urge to go downstairs, at that time I lived on the second floor of the building, when I got downstairs, in the sky, I saw light in front of me, as wide as the

sky, a thick blueish, greenish veil, plasma or membrane that seemed to be alive as it looked like it was breathing, I could see the blue sky behind it, I stood there for a few minutes, astonished watching it, I was basically trying to figure out what it was, when the building manager called out my name, I looked away and when I looked back it had disappeared.

In 2018, as we concluded a class meeting and meditation, a friend and I went out to accompany another member of the group to the car. Suddenly I looked up at the sky, and I see that from the east, which is the opposite direction to where we were standing, a flying disc in total silence was slowly approaching, it was a few meters from our heads. It had 9 red rectangular lights that were static, we were amazed when we saw the disc, it made us very happy, and we began to flap and wave our arms in signal of greeting. Suddenly at the bottom of the disc many blue lights began flashing and it totally illuminated making a true light spectacle, but as it began, it ended, the blue lights turned off and the disc, without turning began its retreat to the east again suddenly disappearing in the sky. We were ecstatic like children, excited with joy at what we had just witnessed. An unforgettable experience. They only approached us simply to say hello.

Past Life Recollections

I have many vivid memories of past lives. I am sure I have had many, many lives, these are just a few I recall: I have drowned on more than one occasion. I have been involved with classical music. I think my inclination towards classical music was also influenced by my parents who would play this type of music even before I was born.

I have been a peasant in Holland. I have been a Geisha in Japan. I am not sure how many times I have lived in Japan, but in one of those lives, I was decapitated by someone very familiar to me in this lifetime. I lived in Italy during the renaissance period. I was a known female writer in England in the 16th century. I have lived in France on several occasions. In one of those lives in France I was also beheaded. I have

been burned at the stake during the inquisition. I have lived in Spain many times. I lived in Granada in the 15th century, I was a Jew and was forced to leave. I have lived in Germany. I was a music and art teacher as a nun. I lived in Switzerland in the 17th century. I was a professor of art in the 19th century in the Royal West of England Academy in Bristol, England; I was given the name Bristol Academy, therefore, I decided to do a google research and was able to find the name of the gallery and art school. I have been a native of the Amazons. All these lives I have seen in dreams and/or in visions.

My next to last life was in Atlanta, Georgia. I was a Southern Bell. I had a dream where I saw myself arriving in a luxury car with my parents at an event that was to be held in a mansion, my father stayed in the car, the chauffer stood near the car, my mother got off the car when she realized I was fussing with my dress. She tried to help me with the dress that was made of silk satin and French lace, peach color with little pearl drop buttons from the neck to the knees, and a tail came from there to the ground. I was wearing white gloves. I was petite, had curly blond hair and blue eyes. A man with a dog approached me and said "*I am very sorry for the loss of life due to the passage of the hurricane through Puerto Rico.*" This hurricane was the famous Okeechobee of 1926 that caused destruction and loss of lives in Puerto Rico and Palm Beach County. My father was American, my mother was from Puerto Rico, they owned sugar mills in Puerto Rico. At that time, I was about 15 years old. I was 24 years old when I died. The cause of death was poisoning from contaminated food.

I visited the Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables for the first time during the 80s. The place was very familiar to me. I had this overwhelming feeling that my parents and I had had a weekend stay in one of their rooms. I saw myself walking its hallways and swimming. Witnessed a fashion show and a horse parade. These were probably memories of my lifetime in the early 1900s.

All these memories are engrained in my soul and are part of my personality. I am an empath. I cannot watch any kind of torture or

abuse, or the infliction of pain and suffering. I get very depressed. To this day, I have the need to wear scarfs around my neck for protection, especially while sleeping. I have the greatest fear of the sea. In this lifetime, I almost drowned when I was 11 years old. I do not tolerate vulgar language, or vulgarity in general. I love the fashion of the 1920s. I have the greatest inclination towards flamenco music and dance, the arts, classical music, and especially operas. My love for other countries and languages is immense. I love to watch movies or series from Spain, France, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, England, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand.

For all of my experiences in this lifetime, I strongly believe we come back time-and-time again in groups of souls, with the same family, friends, and people we have known in past lives. My father might have been my son or daughter in another life; my sister could have been my professor in another life; my son could have been my father in another. Sometimes I feel he was. The soul decides and chooses to come back and experience the human experiences. I have learned that before we come into this world, we enter into a special kind of verbal contract or agreement with the type of life and knowledge we wish to acquire or experience. When I learned this, I decided that in my next life, before coming, I am going to read the so-called contract with a magnifying glass and especially the small print.

I am grateful to all of the mentors, teachers, instructors and guides that have helped me with my spiritual journey. It has not been easy but it has been worth it. I wish to express my gratitude to my son Hector, to Richard and Melissa for coming to my rescue by editing and perfecting the imperfections. To my good friend, Roberto Gaetan, a physicist, and experienter, who has helped decipher some of my visions of other past lives. He calls me mom, for he strongly believes I was his mother in a past life, as well as his professor in the Royal West England Academy. To my good friend, advisor, and confidant Chiqui, for reminding me of some of the visions I had forgotten. Finally, I am very grateful to Rey Hernandez for this tremendous opportunity to share my paranormal experiences.

A Lifetime of “Paranormal” Contact Experiences via the Contact Modalities

Linda Marie Noyes

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“If I stood here alone with my experiences—never learning of what so many others have seen and gone through; perhaps I would have never spoken; I might have never dared to ask; I would have never known.” Linda Marie Noyes, August 31, 2021

Before we walk into a deep forest of unknowns, let's look at ourselves and be reminded that our most primitive human impulses and compulsions are often triggered by the presence and/or the arrival of any unfamiliarity within and/or around our environment. We struggle to resist fears that readily overcome and occupy us with misinterpretations, faulty perceptions, and unwarranted presumptions, fueling our physiological systems into a fight-or-flight-response. And although this reaction portrays a very common, predictable animal and human behavior, it is unfortunate that it does not immediately lend us enough time and space to contemplate what we are looking at, where we are, or what we are doing so that we may obtain an opportunity to gain the wisdom to understand.

Historically, both human and environmental disasters have manifested through our own fears, aggression, and violence. To present day, we still believe in the continuous necessity to possess a myriad of munitions. No species other than the human, seriously embrace the idea of using deadly weapons against their own kind, against other less advanced defenseless species, and/or against any highly advanced species or civilization(s) whom we may perceive to present any potential threat. Our propensity for competition and domination, originally rooted from this perpetual fear of one another and of the unknown, sadly impedes our potential to fully evolve.

Given our past and present fear-based-state of circumstances, it is visibly comprehensible that any anomalous, extraordinary experiences and events, or even the probability thereof, may prompt many of us to feel extremely anxious, confused, and traumatized whilst facing, recalling, or anticipating them. And now, we are in the face of a new

challenge to accept the formal admittance of a reality which was not so long ago obstinately denied, stigmatized, ridiculed, and viewed only as Science Fiction or myth.

Innumerable perplexing incidents that involve sightings and/or contact with Unidentified Aerial Phenomena, Unidentified Submerged Objects, (aka, UFOs/UAPs /USOs), and/or Non-Human Intelligences, (NHI), who possess exceedingly advanced technology and skills, have been globally documented for well over seventy-five years. Throughout history to present-day, such occurrences continue to persist and emerge into life-altering transpersonal events, witnessed and/or experienced by thousands or perhaps, millions of people from around the world—ranging from school children to military fighter pilots, to world leaders.

These anomalous events, (e.g., interacting with, witnessing, or experiencing, UAP, NHI, Near Death and/or Out of Body episodes, etc.), do not fit into our anthropocentric, orderly, materialistic worldviews and everyday routines. And consequently, when we do interact with such phenomena, we are often too readily convinced that the cause(s) of such events must be our imaginations, human errors in perception, technological failures, and/or environmental, atmospheric, physiological, or psychological conditions. To provide ourselves some comfort, we may even attempt to deepen our denial by convincing ourselves of the same so that we might avoid confronting the alternative—which seems too bizarre to fathom.

No doubt, it is an arduous attempt for most people to willingly accept such events and experiences which challenge our learned and accepted realities. But witnesses are seeing, hearing, feeling, touching, and sensing the presence of the same phenomena together and apart—the latter occurring when individuals who have no knowledge of each other's experiences or existence describe uncannily distinct commonalities displayed within such UAP and/or other anomalous related incidents—down to the most miniscule details. For myself and so many, the unwavering presence and diligence being demonstrated by

these phenomena, deliver an intelligent message of intent and purpose which clearly warrants a substantial reason to beg the question of just how convinced and comforted we really are with our continued fruitless efforts of explaining away such manifestations and happenings.

What is most injurious are the stigma and painful ridicule endured by so many witnesses and experiencers of these events and encounters—ridicule projected from every angle—by family members, friends, neighbors, acquaintances, co-workers, colleagues, employers, classmates, teachers, religious leaders, medical clinicians, military leaders, academic communities, media, and government officials. People of all ages and walks of life have suffered disruption and decline in their physical and mental health, jobs/careers, education, families, relationships, and friendships, which have led them into isolation because they have had nowhere to turn without facing such vicious mockery.

For over three quarters of a century, fear, denial, stigma, ridicule, shame, secrecy, and deception have tenaciously remained attached to these phenomena, exposing their most hideous faces to scowl at those who behold any other realities beyond this known and accepted materialistic one. Dissolving these destructive attitudes towards this topic is unequivocally a necessary and overdue integral step towards our evolution.

Perhaps now, in the wake of so many people, (from private citizens to professionals in academia, military, intelligence, government, media, industry, and the arts), *who courageously and selflessly dare to embrace the risks involved in publicly bringing this topic to the forefront by sharing anomalous incidents and diligently pushing for serious scientific research and Congressional involvement to protect whistleblowers and promote long overdue, government transparency*, we have finally reached the summit where fear, denial, stigma, ridicule, shame, secrecy and deception meet their greatest challenge from their most ardent contender—whereupon this vast open sea of courage, experiencers and witnesses are free to speak.

My Own Story

Prior to learning of other people's experiences, I felt alone, afraid, and often doubted my own sanity. Although a few friends and family members have also experienced anomalous phenomena with me and separately; bringing this topic to the surface with them presented immense awkwardness, distractions from every-day life, and sometimes even tension between us.

The extraordinary "trickster" nature of these phenomena has been and continues to be a challenge for me to accept as a reality that can be easily grasped—such that it has taken me years to understand that "they", (whoever they are), are intrinsic elements of our world, our existence, our universe, and multiverse. Through many growing pains, I've learned to conquer my fears of these phenomena and to embrace the profound insights they have provided me with. And although, like most other people, I do the normal things that we all do, (e.g., care for my family, work, attend school, etc.), it has taught me to view our existence in a very different way by challenging my worldview so profoundly, that materialism has taken a distant, back seat. These experiences and events, (ranging from negative, neutral, positive and everything in between), have enriched my curiosity, enthusiasm, and adventure for life and beyond, by opening my mind, heart, and spirit.

A Lifetime Journey

Being born and raised into a strict religious upbringing did not lend much opportunity for my deep inquiries into The Cosmos. Many of my questions were shut down because they pushed the boundaries of the church and were considered sacrilegious.

Frankly, many young children like me in the late 1960s/early 1970s, did not receive genuine validation for fears of the dark and strange experiences that were confusing and frightening to us. In fact, religion was used as a substitute for adult validation and comfort—such

that a common practice used by our elders was to dismiss any anomalous experiences (e.g., contact with nonhuman intelligences, ghosts, etc.) as “figments of the imagination”. We were directed to, “just pray”. Eventually, I began to believe that the adults may be right--perhaps, it wasn’t real; “it was just my over-active imagination”, as they would say. And for a while I was able to dismiss these events as being unreal; that is of course, until others around me began witnessing these same phenomena of poltergeist activity, UFO/USO, (Unidentified Flying Object/Unidentified Submerged Object), sightings, and communication with the deceased.

Later in life as a parent and grandparent, my own child and grandchild expressed similar concerns and curiosities. I felt obliged to provide them with the genuine validation, comfort, and honest explanations I had wished someone would have given to me as a child. So, when my grandchild inquired about ghosts and how they come to be in our existence, I wanted to be certain to provide a simple, honest, “natural understanding”, to dispel any fear.

By this time, I knew that such extraordinary phenomena could not be explained without delving into cosmology. So, my grandchild and I began discussing the beginnings of our Universe, Solar System, and the birth and death of stars. We looked up at the stars and talked about how many of them are no longer in existence; although, we can still see the light of these stars which have taken millions of light years to reach our planet—as if we are viewing the ghosts of these stars from another time in space. Fundamentally, we are experiencing something from the past coming into the present. Hence, time is relative.

Sometimes these stations’ frequencies cross over onto one another—just as dimensions of time and space can overlap. This overlapping of dimensions opens doors so that we are then able to see ghosts, spirits, or other beings—just as we can see the light of a star that no longer exists in our time as we know and understand material existence to be.

These explanations are how I have learned to understand and accept the extreme anomalous experiences and occurrences I have been faced with from very early in my life. The following sequence of events outlines these incidents, (from toddlerhood to present-day, November 2021), recalled solely by my conscious memory.

Jackson Heights, Queens, New York, 1967/1970 (Age: 1-4 years)

When I was between one and four years old, I lived with my parents and older sister on the fifth floor of an apartment building. On clear nights, we would go up to the roof to enjoy the stars, the moon, sunsets, solar and lunar eclipses. I would gaze out of my bedroom window every day and night and enjoy the beautiful blue skies and white, fluffy clouds, and watch every sunset turn to dusk as the stars would come into view at nightfall.

Even at such a tender age, I felt an intense longing to fly and go out to space. And for some reason, I had a pre-birth memory of floating freely through space in the form of a small glowing ball or orb of energy—being fully aware of who I was, as this same person or soul.

Nine days after my third birthday, on July 20, 1969, I stood inches away from our black & white television, intently watching The NASA “Apollo 11 Mission”, when Astronauts, Mike Collins, Neil Armstrong, and Buzz Aldrin reached the Moon. As I watched Armstrong and Aldrin take their first steps, I recall how fervently I wished to be there with them.

During this period of my childhood, however, I suffered from repeated night terrors, involving a huge, muscular, scaly lizard-monster-man who would repeatedly appear in front of my face nearly every time I would begin to drift off to sleep. I recall his deep thunderous voice, yelling at me. His yellow-green eyes were cold and lizard-like. At such a young age, I thought it was just a monster. But looking back now, it seems his main purpose was to repeatedly frighten me to keep me on

alert—akin to how a military drill sergeant conditions new recruits to remain consistently vigilant so that they are better prepared for battle.

In recent years, I've become familiar with other people's experiences who have also seen very similar creatures and have come across numerous images that closely resemble the creature who appeared in my early childhood night terrors, as shown below.

Coupled with an unwarranted anxiety that someone was going to take our parents away from us; seeing and hearing this creature nearly every time I began to fall asleep made my fears of the dark quite understandable. During that time, I also had to gather up a great deal of courage to get up in the middle of the night because I could sense a palpable presence in our apartment of small three-foot-tall people or beings approaching me as I walked about the apartment.

Jackson Heights, Queens, New York, 1971-1975 (Age: 5-9 years)

From five through nine years of age, the night terrors and the presence of the little people in the living room greatly subsided. But the high strangeness continued. When I was eight and my sister, thirteen years of age, we were given a *Ouija Board*, for Christmas. We thought it was a fun, spooky game to share with our friends.



That New Year's Eve, we had four friends over to play with us in our room while the grownups socialized in the living room. I recall a huge part of me was quite skeptical about the game and the incident, and still is a little bit to this day—thinking that perhaps the older girls

may have just been tricking us younger ones. However, the impact of the circumstances surrounding the death of the person we had allegedly contacted through the ritual, still resides in my memory and my heart.

The six of us were sitting around in a circle, holding the tips of our fingers on the *Ouija Board's* planchette while summoning a spirit to come into the room to speak with us. Perhaps this was not such a good idea; I would never recommend these practices now. But after about twenty to thirty minutes, we received a reply from someone who had perished in the sinking of “*The Lusitania*, a passenger merchant ship that was torpedoed by a German Submarine, U-20, and sank eighteen minutes later at 2:10 PM, on May 7, 1915. Of the 1,960 passengers traveling onboard, 1,197 perished, including 123 Americans. Wreck location: 51°25'N 8°33'W, ~300 feet (91 meters) underwater, ~11 miles (18 km) south of the Old Head of Kinsale, Ireland”

I had not known of this tragic event until that moment. Certainly, I could not grasp the devastation and horror these poor souls suffered in the moments of their demise. All I knew was that we had reached someone from the ship and within a few seconds, my bedroom closet door opened by itself—as if someone had pulled it wide open. We all ran out of the room, screaming to the tops of our lungs, “THERE’S A GHOST IN THE ROOM!” That night after the New Year’s celebration, my sister and I disposed of the Ouija Board down the incinerator shaft of the building. In the past few years, however, I’ve learned that burning a *Ouija Board* is potentially dangerous for some reason.

Maracaibo Beach, Venezuela, South America, July 1976 (Age: 10 Years)

In the Summer of 1976, our parents sent me and my sister to visit our family in Caracas, Venezuela for two weeks. I was turning ten that July, and my sister was soon to become fifteen, in August. Our aunt and grandmother took us and our three cousins to stay at a luxury hotel in

Maracaibo, on the coast of The Caribbean Sea. My sister and I shared the hotel room with our grandma and aunt, while our three cousins slept in the adjoining room next door to us.

It must have been close to midnight. All the lights were out, and we were all in bed; but my sister and I couldn't fall asleep or control our explosive giggles due to our grandma's loud, persistent snoring and flatulence. Our aunt scolded us and told us to go out to the balcony if we could not stop laughing. We quickly left the room and sat outside. Still giggling, we were enjoying the breathtaking view of the moon shining on the sea, surrounded by the mountains, when we suddenly noticed an object which we initially perceived to be a helicopter, hovering over the water.

The object was completely absent of any lights—navigation lights, anti-collision lights, or landing light. It was close enough for us to have heard its rotors spinning if it had been a helicopter; but it was silent. The unknown craft was positioned in the air to the right of our hotel, hovering in the shadow of the mountains. From my recollection, its altitude appeared to be approximately 200-300 feet and its distance to be less than three-quarters of a mile out absently over the Caribbean Sea, off the shore of Maracaibo. It remained obscured by the shadow of the mountain until it began to suddenly maneuver in a strange, erratic, spastic fashion with movements that were so sudden, we realized that the craft could not possibly be a helicopter or an airplane. It was also clearly apparent to us that if any crew or passengers had been inside the aircraft, they certainly would have sustained serious injuries by the jolts of its sudden acceleration from a still hover, abrupt stops from extremely high velocity, and the sharp, rapid, turns and jagged maneuvers it was performing.

In its bizarre flight pattern, the craft continued to fly over the water in a short westerly trajectory, approaching the center of our view from the balcony. It then came to a sudden stop and hovered over the water in front of us, where the moonlight began to shine on its surface.

As the anomalous aircraft's features became apparent by the bright moon's glow, we were able to identify its color, material, and shape—a silver, metallic, saucer-shape. While we continued to watch in disbelief, the object then proceeded to slowly descend and deliberately submerge itself into the sea.

We ran into the hotel room erupting with excitement and woke up our aunt to tell her what we had seen. I will never forget her words, “What makes you think that God didn’t make some other kinds of people who might be more intelligent than we are, when there are so many other different kinds of life on this planet?” Her words really brought me back down to Earth. For years, I paid no attention to stories of UFOs, and for the remainder of my childhood, teenage years, and early adulthood, shows or movies about extraterrestrials seemed ridiculous. I just figured that if there are other people who are so much more advanced than we are, why would they even want anything to do with us?

Hollywood, Florida, United States, 1985/1986 (Time: 3:00-4:00AM)
(Age: 19-20 years)

Tall, glowing, fiery, golden-reddish silhouette of a young man standing by the stop sign at the corner of our house.



One night, after returning from a music job, I was getting out of my car to gather my gig bag and music when I noticed a very strange, tall, glowing, fiery, golden-reddish silhouette of a young man standing by the stop sign at the corner of our

house. I couldn't stop staring at it—trying to figure out what I was looking at. Then it suddenly disappeared. Immediately thereafter, I began to hear footsteps walk across the grass towards me; although,

no one was seemingly there that I could see. I ran to the front door of the house, frantically trying to get the house key into the keyhole. My hand was shaking so acutely that I had to use my left hand to steady my right hand so that I could insert the key into the lock. Too petrified to think about my car door still being opened, I waited until my stepfather woke up and watched me from the front of the house before I gathered up the nerve to go back outside and lock up my car.

One to two nights later, my mother and stepfather went out for the evening while I stayed home alone in the house. They left our two dogs out in the backyard to run around and do their business. The yard had secured gates with chains and locks. After they left the house, I called my old childhood friend who lived in New York. Engulfed in our conversation, I walked back and forth between the living room and the dining room. Suddenly, I saw a small, dark solid object fly from the kitchen-window-area to the dining-room-area, high up near the ceiling, where it struck the upper wall above the dining room curtains. I heard it hit the wall and fall to the floor. Concerned that someone had broken into the house, I immediately got off the phone with my friend and called 911. When the police arrived, the officer checked the entire house but found no signs of breaking and entering. We then went outside and found that the side gate had been opened, and the dogs let out of the backyard. They seemed confused as they walked aimlessly in front of the house. The police officer and the dogs then came back into the house with me. The officer asked where I had seen the object fly across the dining room from the kitchen. I directed her to the location of where the object hit the dining room wall above the curtains, and I heard it hit the floor. We both searched for the object but found nothing. Naturally, the officer asked me if I had taken any substances such as, drugs or alcohol or had ever suffered from hallucinations. It would have been easier to accept any of the latter possibilities as a reality, but none applied—nor did it explain how our dogs escaped from the backyard, from behind the locked gates.

In the coming days and weeks following the incident, I continued to search the dining room and surrounding areas for the object, but never found anything. We later learned that years prior to the purchase of the house, there was a terrible automobile accident involving a young man around age 16, who went through the stop sign, crashed into the backyard fence, and tragically, died. In 2018, I also learned that there have been documented cases of anomalous objects that have suddenly appeared to other people in other anomalous event cases. It is believed that such objects can travel through dimensions. These objects are called, “*apport(s)*”.

April 9 & 11, 1986, Hollywood and Miami, Florida, (Age 20)

On April 9th, 1986, I awoke from a terrible nightmare of a car chase and fatal shooting between FBI Agents and bank robbers in Miami. Several cars were involved in the chase which appeared to take place on Interstate 95 or some other highway. One car stood out in my memory from the dream —a large dark blue, four-door sedan, with black-tinted windows. In the dream, the chase ended in a nearby parking area where there were newly planted baby trees, supported by wooden stakes in the grass medians. There, I saw a young FBI agent with dark brown hair, squatting down out of the right, backseat door of the dark blue sedan, trying to avoid gunfire. As he was shooting back at the robbers who had opened fire, he was brutally and repeatedly shot and killed by the robbers’ automatic assault rifles.

It took me quite a while to calm down after I awoke from the nightmare. I thought it possible that I had just remembered some crime drama television show or movie that had stuck in my subconscious mind and manifested in a dream. Then two days later, at approximately 5:00 pm, something compelled me to turn on the television to watch the news. There was a breaking story being covered of a car chase on South Dixie Highway in Miami between FBI Agents and bank robbers, that ended in a fatal shootout at a nearby parking area of a residential neighborhood called, Pinecrest. The FBI Agents managed to corner the

bank robbers; but the bank robbers shot and killed two FBI agents and seriously wounded the others. There on the news, was the large, dark blue, four-door sedan with the black-tinted windows. I later learned that this vehicle was a black Chevrolet Monte Carlo stolen by the bank robbers. From my dream and in the photo shown below, the car appears dark blue in color.

Immediately upon watching the news, I ran out to buy the newspaper which showed a map detailing the exact location of the highway chase and parking lot shootout in Miami, just as I had seen in the nightmare, two nights prior.

This tragic event was marked as The FBI's most fatal shootout in their history and had since been used as an example in their training. *The fallen FBI agents were Special Agent, Jerry Dove, (age, 30), and Special Agent, Benjamin P. Grogan, (age, 53). Five other Special FBI Agents were injured in this horrific incident—some with serious injuries leading to extensive disability.*

What I couldn't understand or accept was how this event appeared to me prior to it happening. How and why did this information come to me? Where did it come from and what connection did it have with me? I felt terribly guilty that I had dismissed it as just a dream and couldn't somehow stop it from happening.



Photograph of the four-door sedan that appeared in my dream and in photos as dark blue in color, with dark-tinted windows involved in the April 11, 1986, FBI Miami Shootout. It was identified by law enforcement as a black Chevrolet Monte Carlo stolen by the bank robbers.

Fallen FBI Agents in Miami Shootout on April 11, 1986.



**FBI Agent Benjamin P. Grogan
Dove**



FBI Special Agent, Jerry

Spring 1993, Hollywood, Florida (Age 26-27) (Time: 1:00-2:00 AM)

At the beginning of the second trimester of my pregnancy with my daughter, I was driving home late at night from a music job. I was very concerned about my pregnancy being adversely affected since I had been working so hard.

While passing the intracoastal waterway on Hollywood Beach, heading toward the bridge, a brown dove suddenly flew in front of my windshield on the driver's side of my van. Startled, I jerked the steering wheel to the right to avoid it. Although I thought it was unusual for a dove to be flying around at that time of night, I assumed it was protecting a nest.

The following night, while I was driving back home from the same venue on Hollywood Beach where I was working, another brown dove flew in front of my windshield in the same exact location as the prior night. At this point, I began to feel a little confused as to why this was happening, but again, rationalized that there must be a dove's nest nearby.

The proceeding night, as I was passing that same exact location at approximately the same time, I felt great relief that the dove did not show up as it had the two previous nights. I continued to drive home and arrived at the corner of my house where I stopped at the stop sign. Suddenly, a white dove flew in front of my windshield and flapped its wings in front of me. Startled and overwhelmed by the sight in front of me, I broke down in tears. It felt as if something was trying to deliver a message to me and let me know that my child was okay.

November/December 1994, Hollywood, Florida

I had just returned from a music job late one night and was chatting with my mother in the kitchen who was babysitting my one-year-old daughter. Suddenly, I heard my daughter screaming and crying, “Mommmy!” from the bedroom. I ran to the room to make sure she was okay and console her. When I walked in, the poor kid looked like she had seen a ghost. She was standing up in the crib with her arms out, begging for me to pick her up, when I noticed that there was a beautiful deep indigo blue glow around her head. I had heard of people having auras, but that was the first and only time I had ever seen one. To present, I don’t know why I saw her aura or what she saw that frightened her so much.

November-December 1996, Hollywood, Florida (Age 30)

A close family friend came down with a severe flu and pneumonia which had developed into pulmonary edema and congestive heart failure. As a result, he had to be placed under a medically induced coma so that he could receive respiratory support with a ventilator. His doctors warned family and friends that he had only ten percent of his heart function remaining and may not survive. A priest from the local Catholic Church was summoned to provide him with The Last Rites.

I arrived at the hospital with my three-year old daughter, where I met with my friend’s girlfriend, his relatives, and several other close

friends. As I exited the elevator and entered the hospital hallway with my daughter in my arms, the priest immediately approached us with an awkward sense of intrigue and asked who I was. When I informed him that I was a close friend of sixteen years, the priest said, “You are very special”, and then blessed me and daughter. Although I thought the priest’s behavior to be somewhat odd, I quickly dismissed it with the assumption that the circumstances may have contributed to his emotional display.

I walked into the hospital room to see my friend. As I stood there in disbelief, I gently spoke his name and asked him what happened. He suddenly opened his eyes and looked at me as he began to raise his right arm up. I quickly called the nurse in, who told me that he could not possibly be awake because he was placed into an induced coma. She then asked me, “Who are you?” At that moment, I felt that I may be disrupting his rest, and that it was best to just leave.

The following night I decided to go back to the hospital alone to visit my friend again. I waited until after my husband, daughter, and I had dinner and we put our daughter to bed. My husband, however, was getting sick with the flu and was going to bed early, so I left the house around 9:00PM and planned to return home as soon as possible. Hospital visiting hours for my friend had been made very flexible because doctors did not anticipate his recovery.

Upon arriving at my friend’s hospital room, I stood at the foot of his bed and spoke softly to him. Again, he began to awaken, raising his right arm and leg to get out of the bed. When he looked at me, I noticed his eyes looked deep and empty, as if he was looking right through me with “a knowing” of something that I couldn’t see or grasp. Petrified by what I was seeing in my friend’s eyes and worried that he may fall out of bed, I called the nurse in, who was concerned by his awakening. She immediately called the doctor to order more sedatives. A few moments later, she asked me, “Who are you?” I told her we had been friends for sixteen years. She remarked about my friend being stirred by my

presence, and that he needed to rest. So, I decided it was best to leave and come back earlier another day.

I arrived back home, immediately threw my clothes into the wash, and took a hot shower. My husband was still awake and feeling much worse with a fever. We decided it was best that I sleep in our daughter's room to lessen my chances of contracting the virus he had and leaving at least one of us to be able to take care of the family. I told my husband to wake me up if he was feeling worse through the night because I was concerned that he may have the same severe flu that my friend who was hospitalized, had.

It was difficult to sleep. I stayed up crying until 3:00 AM, anxious that my friend may not still be with us in the morning. Finally, I crawled into the full-size bed that I had passed down to our little girl, careful not to awaken her. She was fast asleep on the side of the bed that was up against the wall, while I laid down on the outer side of the bed near her bedroom door, which I left open. I was on my back with the palm of my left hand facing up, towards the ceiling.

For a short time, I stared up at the ceiling thinking about how unfair it is that we must all die and be separated from each other. I closed my eyes and tried to clear my mind so that I could relax enough to fall asleep. Suddenly, I felt a presence approach the threshold of my daughter's bedroom. I turned my head and opened my eyes, assuming it had to be my husband because no one else was in our home other than the three of us. Instead, there was a blinding white light, (as bright as the sun), in the shape of a very tall man, nearly as high as the 7-8 ft. ceiling. I could see the outline of the man's shoulders, arms, head, hands, and garment that looked like a long, loose-sleeved gown. He approached me from the left side of the bed and placed the palm of his right hand just above the palm of my left hand. A bright white light then projected downwards from his hand to mine, seemingly causing my hand to lift involuntarily, towards his. I was so terrified, I immediately pulled my hand away saying, "NO! GO AWAY!" and held on tight to

my daughter as I hid us both under the blanket. Whatever or whoever it was, possessed a palpable ability and power to move us between life and death. I don't know how I knew this, but I could just feel it.

As I hid under the blanket holding on to my child, I heard softly spoken words in my head, "Please, do not be afraid." Somehow, I must have drifted off immediately after that; but the next morning I recalled information I had received about why we are all here, why our planet and our universe were created, and the meaning of life. What frustrates me is that I cannot remember the details, other than that "love" is a great part and/or the main essence of our existence. I later recalled that there was also another older, illuminated male being in my daughter's room that night, standing by her bedroom closet. It felt as if he was there to ensure that the younger male being was properly conveying this message to me.



**Two, 7-8 ft. tall beings, as bright as the sun, who entered my daughter's bedroom in November 1996.
Location: Lakeside Villas, Sunrise, Florida**

The day after the incident, I could not sleep in the dark; and for several weeks, I suffered from insomnia and anxiety that these beings would return. I would leave the main lights in every room on all night throughout the house, even though I had installed night lights in every room of our home.

Two nights later, my husband and I were on our way to a music job onboard a casino boat with our band. We stopped by the hospital on our way to the gig as my husband waited in the car for 15-20 minutes while I ran upstairs to quickly visit my friend in the hospital. My friend's girlfriend and other close friend were standing and talking just outside his hospital room in the hallway, while I went into the room

alone to visit him. I pulled up a chair to sit at the right side of the foot of his bed and began speaking quietly to him about my band on the casino boat. I told him that he had to get better soon so that he could come and hear us play.

This time he wasn't immediately responsive as he had been before. I became quiet and started thinking in my head, "If there is a God, why doesn't He prove it and do something to heal him?" I was thinking about what had occurred two nights prior in my daughter's bedroom, wondering if that was some sign or maybe I was just going crazy. Then I said, "Prove to me you exist and make my friend better!" I started crying and begging for proof. Suddenly, the ceiling on the left side of my friend's hospital bed collapsed, leaving a hole in the ceiling, 3-4 ft. in length by 2-3 ft. width. His girlfriend and best friend came rushing into the room when they heard the crash of the ceiling tiles hit the floor. We called in the nurse for her to see what had happened to the ceiling, who then called in security and maintenance personnel. When asked what occurred, I explained that I was just sitting at the foot of his bed and praying for God to do something to make him better. I felt so guilty! We then called my friend's sister to inform her of what had occurred in his hospital room and to ensure that he would be moved immediately into another room.

After that evening, I felt responsible for what happened to the ceiling in my friend's hospital room and thought it best to skip a couple of days before visiting him again. Two days later, however, his girlfriend called me laughing and crying at the same time, and said "He's breathing on his own, sitting up, talking and eating." It was incredible! The doctors said, "His recovery was a miracle."

I left immediately to see him in the hospital. When I walked in, it was a wonderful sight to see him alert again, sitting up, talking, and eating, with only small oxygen tubes in his nose. It really was a miracle! But then he complained of bright lights; so, we closed the door to his room to prevent the hallway lights from shining in his eyes. He then

complained again of bright lights; so, we turned off the light over the sink vanity mirror, thinking that light was also bothering his eyes because his eyes had been closed for nearly a week. However, even after we turned off all the lights, (except for the one that was directed towards the ceiling over his headboard), he insisted that there was a bright white light where I was standing and that the light was shining from around and behind my head. His girlfriend and I didn't know how else to react but to laugh it off, even though we knew there was something amiss. Neither she nor I could see this light; but he could.

After his recovery, my friend later told me that he had experienced strange lucid dreams of Native American Indians trying to heal him while he was under the medically induced coma.

1998-1999 (Age: 32-33) Hollywood, Florida/Queens & Brooklyn, NY

On August 7, 1998, my father passed away in Queens, New York. My mother, daughter, and I stayed at my sister's house in Brooklyn while we made funeral arrangements. After my father's funeral, my daughter and I returned home to our apartment in Hollywood, Florida with my father's ashes. Our family had planned to get together as soon as possible in Saint Petersburg, Florida, to scatter his ashes in the Gulf of Mexico where he loved to swim with the wild dolphins. Unfortunately, it was taking longer than anticipated due to our conflicting schedules.

I kept my father's ashes on top of my dresser for several months, awaiting the time when we could all get together and meet in Saint Petersburg to scatter them. Then in early 1999, my five-year-old daughter and I began experiencing strange occurrences in our apartment. For several consecutive nights while brushing our teeth, I felt someone shove my right shoulder—as if to nudge me to get my attention. The feeling I sensed from whatever or whoever pushed me, was of annoyance, anger, and frustration.

After putting my daughter to bed, I called my sister and told her what I had been experiencing while we brushed our teeth. My sister and I agreed that it was time to work on getting the family together to release our father's ashes. That Spring, we were able to scatter our father's ashes in The Gulf of Mexico, where he wished to be. A few days after returning home to our apartment in Hollywood, Florida, we had a friend over to visit. I was in the bedroom getting dressed while our friend was in the living room playing with my daughter. I briefly looked outside to the canal and saw an elderly man, rowing in a small dark green, wooden boat with wooden oars. He was heavy-set with a belly, wore a red t-shirt, and began approaching the bank of the golf course across the way. I was puzzled by what he was doing and thought he might get hit by a golf ball.

I quickly ran into the living room to show my daughter and my friend what this man was doing, but when I went to point him out, he was gone. We stepped outside to see where he had gone, but he and his boat were nowhere in sight. Because the canal had a wide-open-view, and there were no trees on the golf course, there was no possibility of him walking into any covered area because everything was bare.

When we walked back into our apartment, my friend picked up a photograph of my father I had sitting on my television and pointed out to me that he was wearing a red T-shirt and had the belly, just like the man I had just seen rowing the boat on the canal.

I then recalled that just a few months prior to his passing, I told my father about our new place, and how we would see the fish jumping out of the water and manatees swimming by, and he said that he "would love to come visit us and see it."

Late Summer 1999 (Age 33), Hollywood, Florida

One night, my daughter was staying overnight at her father's house after he and I had separated. That evening after he picked her up, I set our home security alarm system on in our apartment and went to bed at approximately, 11:00 pm. While in a deep sleep, I was awakened by someone or something crawling into my bed. I could clearly discern the feeling of the mattress being pushed down from the weight of whatever or whoever was approaching me. Because I had been sleeping so deeply, it took me a few seconds to recall that my daughter was not home. We didn't have any dogs or cats, and I knew it couldn't possibly be our rabbit or guinea pig because they were locked in their cage, and if they had crawled across the bed, their weight could never cause the indentation on the mattress that this thing did. Judging by the length of the torso, I estimated that its height would be approximately 3-4 feet, with a very slender build—the size of a small child; but the presence, essence, and energy was not that of a child.

After realizing it wasn't my daughter, I panicked and kicked the hell out of whatever or whoever it was. I can still recall the feeling of resistance on the soles of my feet while kicking it. I then jumped out of bed and ran to turn on all the lights in the apartment. I checked the closet, the shower, and all the doors and windows; but no one was there, and our home security system was still armed. I'm not sure why, other than an instinct that the electromagnetic waves from the radio and television may somehow help, but I turned on the radio and the television in the bedroom and living room, with both volumes on very high. That night I stayed awake until sunrise. I called in sick to work and finally made up for the sleep I had been deprived of all night.

I can clearly recall that the being who crawled across my bed had a male presence. Its/his demeanor was mischievous and intrusive; and I could sense its/his strong intention to have intimate contact with me.

October 15, 1999, Hollywood / Fort Lauderdale, Florida

“*Hurricane Irene*” was approaching South Florida and her winds were becoming dangerous. Although we were under a Hurricane Warning, the courthouse in Fort Lauderdale had not yet been shut down. I had a hearing still scheduled for a divorce proceeding and had to bring my five-year-old daughter out into a hurricane to my friend’s house while I went to court.

As we were getting into our vehicle, a powerful gust of wind approached and caused the door to nearly slam on my daughter. Luckily, she was small and quick enough to jump into the vehicle before it hit her. I was so infuriated, I stood in my driveway, looked up at the sky and screamed, “Dammit, I hope a tornado hits that damn courthouse!”

We proceeded to drive to my friend’s house about five miles away. As I was just around the corner, my attorney called me on my cell phone to tell me to turn around and go back home because a tornado had just hit the courthouse.

February-April 2001 (Age 34), Onboard Sun Cruz Casino Vessel, 3 miles offshore from coast of Fort Lauderdale, Florida (11:00 AM)

From 1994 to 2009, I worked as a musician/vocalist/live musical performer for Mr. Gus Boulis. I started performing at his newly built, Key Largo Bay Marriott Beach Resort in Key Largo, Florida, and then subsequently, on his casino vessels located in Dania Beach/Hollywood, West Palm Beach, and Key Largo, Florida. Mr. Boulis was a warm, caring, supportive person who was always smiling and giving away hugs to everyone when he arrived on the boat.

Tragically, on the night of February 6, 2001, we were devastated to learn that Gus was brutally shot and murdered while driving in Fort Lauderdale near 17th Street Causeway.

A few months later, I was performing for the daytime cruise on his Sun Cruz VI Casino vessel in Hollywood, Florida. That morning, they had a lady set up beside the stage to host Bingo during my breaks, and we quickly become friends. As I started my first set with the song, “*Mercy, Mercy, Me*”, I noticed a man suddenly jump up onto the back of the stage to approach me, and motioning with his arms open, as if to hug me. Momentarily startled, I briefly turned my head around, but kept singing and playing to finish the song. I figured that I would be embraced at any moment by someone I knew, who just wanted to surprise me.

My new friend, the Bingo Lady, who was watching me perform, suddenly looked at me with concern. Once I finished the song, I took a short break to tell her about the man who I saw jump up onto the back of the stage and approach me. Surprisingly, she said that she did not see anyone walk up onto the stage while I was performing, and that she was watching and listening to me throughout the entirety of the song. We were both silent for a few seconds, confused, and just looked at each other in disbelief. She then asked me if I knew Gus Boulis, and if I was close with him when he was alive. The question brought tears to my eyes. At that moment, we both knew it was Gus who stepped up on the stage with open arms, smiling and giving away hugs, as he had always done.

July 2006 (Age 40), 2 miles offshore from Key Largo, Florida, near Rodriguez Key/ 1-2 miles offshore from Tavernier at Tavernier Key, Florida, Atlantic Ocean

One summer evening in Key Largo, my boyfriend, my twelve-year old daughter, and I went for a sunset sail on the Atlantic Ocean side, approximately 2 miles offshore on a 28 ft. Morgan Out Islander Sailboat. Unfortunately, we didn’t realize the tide was receding quickly as we were underway; so, when we arrived close to Rodriguez Key in Key Largo, we ran aground and couldn’t budge until sunrise. We had no other choice but to sleep through the night at sea.

That morning was so beautiful! The incoming tide had finally freed us from the sandy ground. The ocean was still like glass and the sky and sea were blended in a magnificent combination of pinks, purples, and blues—as if we were floating in a dream.

We slowly started underway, being careful to discern between the blended colors of the still water and the horizon so that we would not run aground again. There are many shallow waters surrounding the islands in that region; so, my daughter and I sat up on the bow of the boat carefully scanning the water for shallow spots, while my boyfriend steered.

As we proceeded underway, immediately south of Rodriguez Key, we all noticed that the nearby land did not look familiar. We were a bit confused and disoriented by how it seemed that we had travelled much further south in only a matter of a few minutes. My boyfriend insisted that we make the starboard turn, heading westward towards land, because he was sure that we had arrived by the dock near his house. Instead, we had somehow motored all the way past his house and into the next town of Tavernier—as if we had skipped from one island to another without memory recall of motoring through the waters in between. As he kept moving forward near the island of Tavernier Key, the vessel ran aground again in the shallows. This time, the shallow water rapidly receded down to our ankles, as the boat was forced to lay down on its side within less than an hour. We called the Coast Guard for assistance, but they informed us that unless someone had fallen overboard, our vessel was on fire, and/or taking on water, they could not assist us and we would need to call a towing company for assistance. We called a towing company, but there was not enough water beneath the boat to move it; and unfortunately, the next tide high enough to free us would not arrive for another 72 hours.

It was in the middle of July in South Florida, we were stuck in hot shallow waters, and our vessel was lying on the seabed, completely

on its side. Our water and food supplies were running low and beginning to spoil. Due to the deteriorating circumstances, my boyfriend and I decided to row us back to shore in the dinghy and call a taxi to get my daughter and myself safely back to his house, while he headed back to sea to remain with the grounded vessel.

We decided it was best to wait until sunset to get underway since the heat of the sun was too brutal to withstand without a canopy cover on the dinghy. The distance back to shore was approximately 1-2 miles. We also had no working lights on the dinghy; so, I used a small LED flashlight and waved it back and forth from the stern of the boat, hoping that it would effectively alert any oncoming motorboats that may be entering the channel and prevent a fatal collision. Many of these motorboats seemed to only travel at one speed...very fast. I just kept waving that flashlight without a break, fearing that the other boats couldn't see us.

As I continued to look behind us for any other vessels, I noticed two double-masted, ketch sailboats sitting on the ocean near our grounded sailboat. I was baffled because they just suddenly appeared and were engulfed in large, white, sparkling, glowing, halos/orbs. I could clearly see the portholes and hulls of the vessels; but the boats also appeared oddly translucent so that I could see partially through them. It was perplexing, because although I knew I was seeing these vessels, I also knew they could not possibly be real!

At the same time, my daughter was also looking intently in the same direction. I asked her what she was looking at and she said she was looking at three large, white, glowing, sparkling orbs sitting on the water. We both addressed what we were seeing to my boyfriend, but he dismissed it as either the reflection of the stars on the water or that we could be suffering from heat exhaustion and dehydration which could cause us to experience hallucinations. My daughter and I thought it best not to talk about it with him because he wasn't seeing what we were seeing.

We arrived at the dock and all hugged before parting. My daughter and I were worried about my boyfriend having to row nearly two miles back out to sea, alone in the dark with no vessel lights except for a small LED flashlight. But he had no choice because it is illegal to abandon a disabled/grounded vessel.



**Two, double-masted ketch sailboats
I saw near our grounded sailboat by
Tavernier Key, Florida, Atlantic
Ocean. July 2006**

The next morning my boyfriend had to work. He rowed the dinghy back to shore and caught a cab back home to get showered and dressed. When he arrived, he was anxious to speak with me and my daughter about what we had seen the night before while he was rowing us back to the dock in the dinghy, and told us that he, himself had also seen something very strange while he was rowing back to the sailboat, alone.

We all sat together in the living room as my daughter, and I described to him what each of us had seen. He then told us that while he was rowing back to the sailboat by himself, after dropping us off at the dock, he saw a huge Spanish Galleon Tall Ship with a black hull, engulfed in a white glowing, sparkling halo/orb. It was sitting at anchor, approximately one-quarter mile from his grounded sailboat, with its sails furled up. He told us how he kept rowing to get closer to it, but it just remained at the same distance from him. He said, “It’s a good thing I was just too tired to keep rowing, or I would have ended up way out at sea, trying to get closer to it.”

I researched the history of Tavernier Key and found out that it was an area where many Spanish Galleon ships had run aground.

Salvage companies were born from these shipwrecks that rendered crew helpless, and in need of rescue, water, and food. Crew would often be rescued in exchange for their vessels and goods.

February 2007 (Age 40) Tarpon Springs, Florida, Intracoastal Waterway in Fort Myers, Florida, Gulf of Mexico International Waters, Straits of Florida, Atlantic Ocean

In February of 2007, my boyfriend and I drove up to Tarpon Springs, on the west coast of Florida, to pick up a 36ft. Gulf Star Sailboat and sail it back to Key Largo. We had an interesting trip coming back down the Gulf of Mexico and around the Straits of Florida to The Atlantic Ocean. We started underway that evening after purchasing the boat.

While out on the international waters of The Gulf of Mexico, I received a text from my daughter who was back up north in Boca Raton, FL., stating that she had a sudden strange feeling or vision of a hose breaking on the sailboat as we were underway at sea. Within less than an hour a main hose busted on the boat, causing the vessel to start taking on water. We had to be towed into the marina in Fort Myers so that we could have the hose replaced the next morning.

After replacing the hose that morning, we got underway, heading south through the Intracoastal Waterway in Fort Myers, Florida. As I was piloting the sailboat, I kept getting splashed and noticed sea water spraying up from the portside of the boat. I asked my boyfriend to investigate where the splashing water was coming from. He was amazed to discover that it was a large dolphin bumping into the side of the boat and spraying me. The dolphin stayed with us for nearly a mile, and then disappeared moments before we hit a severe red tide. The water literally looked like blood with dead fish floating everywhere. The ammonia stench made our eyes sting and tear; our noses and throats began burning and our airways tightening, giving us painful coughing spells. For weeks, I suffered from wheezing, shortness of breath, and bronchitis. I believe that dolphin was trying to warn us of the red tide.

The following morning, we entered The Florida Straits, passing Key West. Since my boyfriend had piloted through the night, I took over at dawn. He was exhausted and fell asleep beside me as I motored through the waters of the lower Florida Keys. I remained vigilant—constantly checking for other vessels nearby as well as the numerous reefs that run throughout that region. There was not enough wind to sail, so I had to motor all the way back.

As I was continuing, I noticed music playing and people talking as if a party was going on. At first, I figured that it must be coming from another vessel nearby or from shore, but there were no other vessels around and no wind to carry any sound from the land. I switched stations on the marine radio to see if the people talking and music were coming from the channel frequency we were listening to—but still no explanation. A few miles further, I continued to hear the music and a crowd of people having conversations. My only conclusion was that my ears were being affected by the constant hum of the engine and that I was severely fatigued from having no sleep the night before. A little while later, my boyfriend awoke when I made a sharp change of course to avoid the *Hens and Chickens Reef*. I was tempted to tell him what I was hearing, but thought it best to keep it to myself, since I thought it may just be the cause of my fatigue. When we finally arrived in Key Largo, he told me that throughout the time I was piloting the boat, he kept hearing music and people talking, but couldn't figure out where it was coming from.

March/April 2007 (Age 40) Key Largo Marina, Florida

One afternoon, while I was taking a nap onboard the Gulf Star Sailboat, I heard a man whisper in my ear, "It's okay sweetie; it's okay." I jumped up thinking someone came aboard the boat, but my boyfriend's three chihuahuas would have barked up a storm had anyone come near the vessel or passed by on the dock. What made it so unnerving was that I could feel the man's breath in my ear and did not recognize the voice as anyone familiar.



**38 ft. Gulf Star Sailboat we lived on in
Key Largo, Florida, 2007
May/June 2009 Key Largo Marina
Canal, Key Largo, Florida**

My boyfriend and I saw two brown, yellow-spotted, squid swim across the canal towards us, (all the way up to the seawall of the canal), and just stare at us. For several minutes, we and the two squid just stared at each other. It was completely bizarre.

May 2009, Hollywood, Florida

I was working on the bass line of a song I had begun to compose years earlier but was struggling to come up with one that I felt was interesting enough to really compliment the composition and give life to its rhythm section. I was ready to give it a rest and go to bed because it was almost 3:00am and I felt too sleepy to focus. Before I turned off my keyboard, I experimented with the bass a little bit more. Suddenly, my left hand began to move and play a bass line that I would have never come up with. It felt and sounded as if someone else was playing it. I quickly hit the record button on my sequencer and laid down the bass. It was exactly what my song needed!

In my excitement I played back the recording repeatedly. As I sat listening, I noticed the shadow of a man on my wall—as if he were standing right behind me. Then I recalled that my deceased neighbor, Brad, (guitarist, bass player, songwriter and one of the original members of the band, “*Marilyn Manson*” who was publicly known as “*Gidget Gein*” may have helped me with the bass line to my song. So, appropriately, I named the song, “*Shadow Man*”, and produced a music video, featuring him in a cameo appearance.

(Month not recalled) 2011 Hollywood, Florida

Our home landline phone was down from a lightning storm and had no dial tone, so we had the phone company, *AT&T* come to check the wiring outside, of which they confirmed that the line was down. It would be nearly a week before they could come back and repair it due to so many other customers already waiting, who had also lost their telephone landline connections from the storm.

During this time, while our landline was dead, my new *Samsung Galaxy S Android* with *T Mobile* cellular phone service, then began receiving calls from the broken landline and displaying the landline's phone number on my cell phone's caller ID. Inexplicably, the landline was somehow also leaving long voicemail messages, filled with static. We called both the *AT&T* and *T-Mobile* Technical Departments. Both companies' technical departments told us that it was impossible for a downed landline to make a phone call, let alone, to leave a message.

Within that same week to two weeks later, strange sounds began to interfere with my cell phone conversations. These anomalous sounds resembled someone breathing through a scuba snorkel beneath the water. One night, this strange, under-water-breathing-sound interrupted my conversation with my friend in Michigan, who I was speaking with, during my night-time walk. Suddenly the phone call between us became disconnected, but the under-water-breathing-sound persisted on my phone. I was so alarmed, that I dropped the phone on the ground, removed the battery, and ran home. After getting back home, I called my friend back. Within ten minutes the eerie sound erupted between our conversation again. A few days later the same sound interrupted another conversation with my boyfriend, who became quite startled and yelled, "What the hell is that? Who's that?" Shortly afterwards, I disconnected that phone.

November 2011 Hollywood, Florida

I had a very strange lucid dream I was standing outside in the middle of the night beneath a large “*Ficus Tree*”, planted on the median between two streets in my neighborhood.



While standing beneath this large Ficus Tree, I was having a conversation with an unusual-looking person that did not resemble the appearance of an average human being. It was an older male, with grey, wrinkled skin. His demeanor was very serious and militant. He had no hair on his head, face, or body, and had exceptionally large eyes that appeared to have some sort of black, opaque, pliable, glassy, bio-membrane-type-lenses covering the entirety of his eyeballs. He was not wearing any clothing that I could discern.

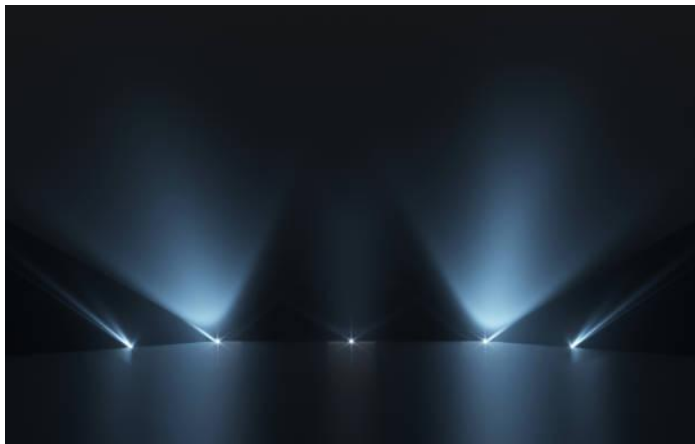
As we were standing under the Ficus Tree, I was pleading with him to allow me to fly. Although I was speaking normally, he would not use his mouth to speak. Instead, he seemed to communicate with me inside my mind—telepathically. He told me that if I flew, it would cause me serious pain and problems with my spine. But I continued to plead with him. He then told me that he would need to consult with the others. I was puzzled, wondering who the “others” were and where they were located—since I did not notice anyone else around. Then he looked up in the tree, high above my left shoulder, and communicated my plea with these other people. I couldn’t see or hear them but felt that there was a definite presence. He then informed me that the “others” also felt that being hoisted up to fly would cause me serious spinal problems and pain and should not be permitted.

I continued to plead with all of them to permit me to fly this one time and reassured them that I would be okay. Finally, they acquiesced to my wishes, but the male-being demonstrated a similar emotion to that of a parent who reluctantly permits his child to participate in a

dangerous sport. He then walked over to my left side, raised his head to look up, and began to pull down this two-inch thick, glowing, electric-blue cable that was lowered from above by the others, who were up in the tree. He then proceeded to attach the end of the cable to my lower spine. I suddenly felt a very powerful tickle throughout my spine that was so intense, it bordered on the threshold of pain. Immediately thereafter, I lost control of my arms, legs, and extremities, as the cable began to lift me off the ground. During my brief flight above the houses and trees in the neighborhood, I never thought to wonder what this cable was attached to in the sky; but it was comparable to a helicopter rescue cable.

Although I have no conscious memory recall of transitioning from “being in flight” to suddenly entering a large, dimly lit, circular room, I noticed the same male-being who attached the blue cable to my spine, walking closely behind me, as if to supervise where I walked. The floor of the room was black and shiny, like glass, and the room was very dimly-lit—comparable to the following image shown.

Just ahead to our right, was a round, light blue, illuminated kiddie pool, that was built into the floor. Sitting in the pool were five, strikingly attractive, shirtless men with extraordinarily bright, glowing, blue, and green eyes. According to the male being, it was imperative that I be introduced to these men; but I felt embarrassed because their excessively seductive demeanors created an air of tangible



awkwardness. As I approached them to shake hands, I noticed that they were transparent, and my hand slipped through theirs. Annoyed that they possessed no substance, I said, “Oh, you’re not even real!”, and walked away.

Approximately ten feet ahead to our right, was another small, built-in, illuminated, light blue kiddie pool with five little toddler children, between the ages of 1-3 years. These children also had the same extraordinary, glowing, bright blue and green eyes. As these little kids noticed me walking towards them, they began cheering and jumping high up into the air—as if no gravity affected their environment. They were extremely advanced in speech and vocabulary for their age group. I was anxious to reach them and hastened my pace. As I approached, they immediately jumped into my arms in a group hug. It felt as if we had not seen each other for decades or more and were ecstatic to be reunited again. At that point, I felt that I was somehow related to these little children.

Suddenly, I found myself outside of this room and away from the children. I felt confused and sad. I don't know where I was, but the same male being was still with me. Once again, he attached the illuminated, electric-blue cable to my lower back, causing me to feel the same intense, near-painful, electrical tickle throughout my spine—rendering my limbs and extremities useless as it hoisted me off the ground.

The next morning, I woke up from this dream feeling euphoric that I was granted the opportunity to see those little children, even though my lower spine on the left side was in terrible pain. However, I knew something was extraordinary about the dream because of its physical effects and deep emotional impact, which seemed as real as waking life.

Two weeks later, the pain persisted and grew in intensity. Finally, I gave in to having the doctor examine my spine. I didn't dare tell him about the dream, concerned that he would think I had lost my mind. When he touched the area of my spine where it was hurting, I jumped up and screamed from the pain. An X-ray of the area revealed a developmental defect from birth where there was a small area of bone missing from an incompletely formed vertebrae. This could not be

possible! I had fallen off a horse eleven years prior and had undergone numerous X-rays, CAT Scans, and MRIs with and without contrast dye, none of which had ever revealed any such spinal defect.

2014/2015 (Approx. 10:00 PM), Hollywood, Florida

I was trying to get my one-year-old grandchild to fall asleep for two hours in her portable crib/playpen next to my bed, but she kept standing up and crying because she wanted to be with me. I tried everything from singing, bedtime stories, cuddles, but nothing was working. Finally, I thought it was best to bring her into the guest room to sleep. I put on two nightlights, some soft music and waited until she dozed off before I went back into my room. All was quiet and I fell asleep myself.

A few hours later, I was awakened by my granddaughter screaming and crying as if she had been hurt. As I was running to her, I noticed a very small, toddler-sized, shadowy bipedal being run out of her room. My granddaughter was standing up with her arms open, crying and screaming for me to pick her up. I immediately brought her and the portable crib back into my room, put the light on, and comforted her with a couple of stories and singing before attempting for us to go back to sleep. I was petrified myself! From that night on, I kept her with me in my bedroom.

2015, August 31/September 1 (Approx. 2-3:00 Am) Hollywood, Florida

I was fast asleep when the sensation of someone holding onto my feet from the foot of my bed, began to stir me. At first, I thought I was just dreaming; but the hands gripping my feet began to cause my toe ring on the third toe of my left foot to pinch my skin, and further awaken me. When I opened my eyes to see who was holding on to my feet, I was startled to find a being with a very long, slender neck, chalky-white, translucent, glowing skin, and huge, swan-like-shaped,

sapphire-blue eyes, staring at me. Each hand had four, excessively long, slender fingers, and the length of the fragile, spindly, arms extended down to the knees. The head was seemingly too large for the shoulders. There was no hair on the head or body. The lips were very thin; the mouth and nose were tiny, and it had no apparent ears, (as shown in my sketch below).



This Non-Human Intelligence brought my spirit Out of my Body (OBE) to another location. This occurred on the night/early morning of August 31/Sept. 1, 2015

The movements of the being were very graceful, like that of a ballerina, but very quick, agile, and fluid. The combination of the grace and speed seemed humorous and cartoonish to me—akin to marionette puppet. I could somehow sense by its energy or essence that it was a female and some type of medical clinician or nurse. There was also a strong feeling that she was in a great hurry to take me somewhere, and that she seemed a tiny bit annoyed that I had awakened.

My initial reaction to this strange person/being in my room, holding on to my feet, was fear and confusion. I couldn't figure what I was looking at, how this thing got into my house and my room. I said, "What the hell are you doing? What...who are you?" I was then knocked unconscious for what seemed like a few moments.

When I came back to consciousness, my eyes immediately focused on the dark brown ceiling fan above my bed, and I could still feel her holding on to my feet. I continued to stare at the fan because it gave me reassurance that this was not a dream or a hallucination. As she

continued to grasp onto my feet, I managed to get another quick look at her, but was rendered unconscious a second time for what felt like, another few moments.

Again, I managed to fight whatever was sedating me and looked back up at my ceiling fan for further reassurance. This little bit of reassurance helped me to work up enough courage to attempt to jump out of bed and run out of my bedroom; but when I tried to move, my body would not respond. In that moment, I felt a tremendous rush of adrenaline and endorphins flood my system—as if someone had administered high doses of these combined chemicals intravenously, into my system. It took my breath away. The physical sensation of this chemical reaction made me afraid that my heart would stop.

Suddenly, I felt my body change from its solid matter state into a vaporous state, as in the process of sublimation. It felt as if I had become thousands of sparkling, floating particles; but I could still feel the being's grip on my feet. My only conclusion of what was happening to me was that I was dying. I thought, "Maybe this is how death feels; maybe I'm dying now, this being is taking me, and this is just what happens when we die."

With the being still gripping my feet, we rapidly moved through the solid wood of my bedroom closet door. I could feel the G-forces from her moving me so fast—as if we were on an amusement ride. Somehow, the closet then transformed into a long corridor, similar to the following image, as shown.



As we were passing through the closet door and through the hallway, I could hear the home security alarm go off, but its piercing sound faded down in amplitude as we floated rapidly through the hall. We then shot up quickly. I could feel the gravity as if we were on a very fast elevator. I cannot recall what occurred afterwards, via conscious memory.

The next morning, I awoke with a sharp pain in my upper left nostril, close to my sinus, and dull pain in my lower, left abdomen. After a few hours, the pain in both areas subsided completely and did not return. I had no other recourse but to dismiss the entire event as either a lucid dream, a hallucination caused by a fever or hormonal changes, or some type of food allergy or neurological issue. Jokes about turning my closet into a long hallway so that I could fit all my things inside, were the highlight of my day.

One to two nights later, the house security alarm went off again. I woke up and checked all the doors and windows. There was no sign of forced entry anywhere. The alarm company called and stated that they would send a technician to trouble-shoot why the alarm was being set off for no reason. The next morning, I woke up to find that my toe ring had been loosened on my foot to the extent that it was hanging. I couldn't understand how it didn't fall off all night in such a state. It appeared as if someone had loosened it up on my toe just before I awoke and got out of bed.

A few days later, the home security alarm technician came over to trouble-shoot and investigate what was causing the alarm system to go off. He checked every zone in the house prior to checking the zones in my bedroom, and all tested clear of trouble. The technician then proceeded to check the window zones in my bedroom. First, he tested the wired screen facing the front of the house, which showed no irregularities. He then tested the wired screen over my bed and stated that "this screen was shorted out and fried, perhaps by lightning; but it is no longer useful."

2016, August (Approx. 4-5:00 PM) Hollywood, Florida

While going for a late afternoon walk/run, I noticed what appeared to be a white helium balloon floating up towards the Northwest, by a large cumulonimbus cloud. It had to be at least approximately 1,000 feet in altitude. For reference, the weather was partly cloudy with mostly blue skies, and clear visibility.



I was amused by how high up it was and thought about getting my little granddaughter, (then three years old), a few helium balloons, and let her release one so that she could watch it float up that high. After a few moments it just blinked out of sight; so, I just assumed that the balloon had popped.

I proceeded to walk a few more blocks when I noticed what seemed to be another white helium balloon on the opposite side of this massive cumulonimbus cloud that stretched across the street. This balloon was floating in the Southwest area of the sky. I thought maybe someone had a wedding and released a bunch of balloons. I kept my eye on it to see how long it would take before this one popped too. As I was observing the balloon, I noticed that it was reflecting a spectrum of colors and thought perhaps it may just be a mylar balloon that was reflecting light from the sun. I continued to keep my eyes on it as it slowly began to shrink and blink out. I still try to convince myself that these were just balloons; but I later discovered other similar sightings of these same phenomena which other people had witnessed.

2017, February/March (Hollywood, Florida)

I cannot recall the exact date, but I know it was a day I woke up very early for class, went to work until early evening, and then remained in the Music Lab until 10:00 pm to work on a music production project. Fighting the fatigue, I could hardly keep my eyes open while putting on my pajamas and brushing my teeth when I arrived home that night.

On my sink vanity, is a tissue-box-holder-toy I had purchased in 1997 for my daughter when she was little. It has a miniature bathroom with little red buttons you can push that make the sound of the toilet flushing, the blow-dryer, the mirror breaking, the water running, and a

button on a bottle of mouth wash that sounds like a person gargling—the latter of which has always been my favorite because it’s so funny. My granddaughter who was then, three ½ years old, loved to play with it while brushing her teeth. But it was a weeknight, and she was home with her parents, nearly twenty miles away.

As I continued brushing my teeth, the tissue-box-holder-toy button on the bottle of mouthwash suddenly turned on with the sound of someone gargling. Due to my exhaustion, I didn’t initially react because I was so accustomed to my granddaughter playing with the toy when we would brush our teeth together. Then it dawned on me that she wasn’t with me, and that the toy triggered itself. Startled, I spit out the toothpaste, dropped my toothbrush in the sink, ran into my bedroom, and locked the door. After calming down, I took the toy apart, searching for the cause. None of the buttons were stuck, the toy was not wet or damp, and the batteries looked fine. In the 19 years we have had this toy, it had never done this before, nor has it ever done it again, to present day, December 2, 2021.

2017, April/May (Hollywood, Florida)

Between 2:00 and 3:00 am, I was awakened by incessant tapping on my bedroom window. Initially, I thought it was an animal; so, I looked outside the window to investigate the cause of the tapping; but saw nothing. I attempted to go back to sleep; but the tapping continued with 5 distinct knocks, followed by a 10-20 second pause, and then another 5 knocks and another pause. The 5 taps were remarkably consistent with that of a human knocking, with evenly spaced taps.

Thinking it might be a person, I stepped outside to investigate, but did not find any animal or human as the cause. I came back into the house and attempted to go back to sleep again; but the tapping persisted. Exhausted and quite annoyed at that point, I said out loud, “Leave me alone! I have to wake up at 5:30am!” The tapping then ceased for the remainder of the night.

2017, July 7 (Approx. 10:00 pm) Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

My close friend/former boyfriend, (mentioned previously in the “July 2006 Tavernier Key Incident”), was devastated by the recent loss of his dog, Junior, of seventeen years. During our conversation on the phone, he sent me a photograph of Junior’s daughter, Petunia, sitting on the bed. In the background of the photograph, I noticed Junior’s box of ashes on my friend’s dresser, sitting next to his pink Himalayan Salt Lamp. I knew my friend was suffering from this terrible loss and I was hoping that he would receive some sign to reassure him that this life is not all there is, and that Junior was still around—albeit in a different form of energy, and on another realm other than this materialistic one of which we are familiar with.



The following night, (July 7, 2017), my friend sent me a text saying, “Holy Shit! I just saw a UFO!” He sent me a video and several video-stills of the object he had filmed on the beach while walking Petunia. It was a reddish-orange, rectangular-shaped object

that had an extremely uncanny resemblance to the Pink Himalayan Salt Lamp that was sitting next to Junior’s ashes.

The video-still was used with permission by my friend who chooses to remain anonymous due to the nature of his employment.

Video-still of Unidentified Aerial Phenomenon, (UAP), over Atlantic Ocean, in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, on July 7, 2017, taken by anonymous commercial airline pilot.

2017, July 9/10 (Approx. 11:00PM / 12:00 AM) Hollywood, Florida

I was helping my friend fill out a *MUFON (Mutual UFO Network)* , Report on the UFO/UAP he had just witnessed a few nights prior, on Myrtle Beach, SC, on the night of July 7, 2017. I was reviewing the video footage and video-stills he had sent me on my computer, to include in the report.

After some extensive time sitting at my computer, my back was aching and I needed to stretch, so I closed out all the files and forms to take a break from it. I stepped backwards towards my bed as I gazed at the beautiful photograph I had uploaded to my computer desktop a few weeks prior. It was a photo of a lake at sunset with geese, swans, and ducks.

For technical reference, (as most people who use computers know), there are several steps required to change your desktop display. For instance, on a PC you have to first click the Windows Icon (1), then click on the Settings Icon (2), then click, “Personalization” (3), then click, “Background” (4), then under Background, choose between “Picture”, “Solid Color”, or “Slideshow” (5), then, “Choose Your Picture” (6), then “Browse” (7), and then “Upload” (8). *That is a total of “8” steps that have to be manually executed by a human being!*

Before I could hit the pillow with my head, I noticed a flash on the screen of my computer and the desktop photograph changed by itself to one of the UFO video stills from my friend’s sighting in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina on July 7th. I was startled and baffled by the possibility that my desktop photo had been changed on its own. To present, I still don’t understand how this occurred.

**2018, May (Approx. 8:00-9:30 PM) North Hollywood Beach,
Florida, (Atlantic Ocean)**

My friend and I decided to go for a drive to the beach after sunset to sit by the shore and gaze at the stars. As we were enjoying the beautiful view, she suddenly pointed at a star-like object over the Atlantic Ocean in the northeastern sky, approaching rapidly towards the southeast. It flew over the ocean, abruptly stopped, and then remained hovering directly in front of us to the east, approximately 1-2 miles offshore, for the duration of time we remained on the beach.

In its stationary position, there was no way to differentiate it from a star. Initially, we assumed the object was a satellite, but satellites do not stop and hover, and *geostationary/ geosynchronous satellites* are too far away, at an “...*altitude of 35,786 km” or 22,236 miles above Earth*, to be seen with the naked eye. Still the same, my friend immediately pursued a search on her phone for some answers to what we were looking at.

Less than 2-3 minutes later, another star-like object approached from the same location— northeast over the ocean. However, this object took a rapid, southwesterly trajectory towards us, and flew directly overhead whilst taking a ninety-degree, angle turn without slowing down, then proceeded to fly northwest inland, towards Hollywood/Fort Lauderdale International Airport.

Another few moments later, a third, star-like object approached us from the same direction in the northeast, over the ocean. Just as the second object had done, it also flew southwest, directly over our heads and took a sharp, ninety-degree turn towards the northwest without slowing down, but then suddenly began to fly in a bizarre, zig-zagging pattern, (akin to a slithering snake and reminiscent of an aeronautical maneuver I learned in flight training called, “lazy eights”), before shooting out towards the northwest at a very high velocity.

As an avid, regular observer of *The International Space Station*, (ISS), of which “*an international crew of seven people live and work while traveling at a speed of five miles per second, [approx., 18,000 mph] orbiting Earth’s [thermosphere] about every 90 minutes*, I can attest that all three of these objects, (particularly the last two), appeared to fly faster than the ISS.

I realized that if these craft had living occupants in them, these maneuvers at such high speeds, would have instantly killed them due to the immense gravitational forces. Even the aircraft themselves, would have fallen apart, because the materials could not withstand such gravitational forces. I do not know if these craft were within our atmosphere or in space; but I am still baffled by the extreme turns they made without slowing down.

2020, March – 2021, February (Davie Florida/Hollywood, Florida)

In March of 2020, while walking towards my car which was parked at the college campus parking lot in Davie, Florida, I noticed what appeared to be small clear, shiny droplets on my car—as if it had become wet from a light drizzle. Although the sky was clear blue and absent of any clouds, I assumed that perhaps the water spray came from a hose from a passing campus maintenance cart, a sprinkler, or perhaps fuel fallout from the low-flying airplanes coming in for landing approach into Hollywood/Fort Lauderdale International Airport.

Thinking nothing of it, I proceeded to get into my car and put on the windshield wipers to clear my view before driving. I noticed that the droplets were not water, but rather, consisted of an oily substance that smeared across my windshield, making it impossible to see out of the window. I had to repeatedly spray windshield wiper fluid to obtain enough visual clarity to drive.

That day, the college campus was formally shut down due to the coronavirus pandemic. I decided it was best to drive directly to the

supermarket near my home, eleven miles away, to purchase emergency food, supplies, and disinfectants. When I arrived at the supermarket parking lot, it was packed with cars, traffic, and people who were also shopping for emergency supplies. While I was driving up and down the parking lot looking for a spot, it began to drizzle. I could not understand where this drizzle was coming from because there was still not a cloud in the sky. It was a clear blue, sunny sky, and the air was crisp, dry, and cool. There were no sprinklers around, no trees, no structural overhangs, and no other cars using their windshield wipers near me. It was also evident that the droplets were falling directly straight down from the sky and not from the side. Although perplexed, I didn't have time to try to figure out what, why, or how this liquid was falling from the sky on a completely clear day. We were in the beginning of a what was to become a disastrous, global pandemic, and I just needed to purchase emergency supplies before the stores ran out.

The following morning, I stepped outside on my driveway and found that my car had become completely covered with these droplets. They were the same tiny, clear droplets. By the looks of it, one would just assume that it had been drizzling outside. But the sky had remained clear, blue, and cloudless all night and morning. The air was still dry, crisp, cool, and the sun was shining. I walked up and down my block to check and see if any other vehicles in the area were covered with the same droplets; but all appeared clear of any drops.

Now that I had some time to investigate what the heck these droplets were, I swabbed one of them and discovered that it was hardened—akin to the same consistency of hydrogenated oil. Annoyed that this was sticking all over my car, I fetched a bucket, liquid soap, scrub brush, and began washing it. A few minutes later, my friend came by to chat and pulled into my driveway. As we conversed, I was standing by the front passenger's side of her vehicle, and she was intermittently looking down at her cell phone, while I told her about the droplets on my car which had fallen from the cloudless sky in two different cities, eleven miles apart, (on campus, at the supermarket

parking lot, and in my driveway). I asked her if she had noticed anything on her car, or her family members' or neighbors' cars. She told me that she had not seen anything like it but would keep her eyes open.

While I was mentioning to her that more droplets had fallen on my car during the prior night and/or early that morning and expressed how baffled and annoyed I was that my car was now covered in these droplets, I suddenly felt and saw the tiny droplets fall in front of my face, within a small, isolated area—the circumference of a fire hose. I yelled, “LOOK! LOOK! THERE IT IS!!”, but the drizzle immediately ceased before she could look up from her cell phone. When I told her what I had just seen, I could tell by her expression that she probably thought I was crazy.

In April/May of 2020, I contacted *The Department of Homeland Security* (DHS) and made a report about these strange droplets after hearing a news brief that *The Center for Disease Control* (CDC), was investigating the coronavirus's ability to remain on surfaces for extended periods of time, whereas they stated, “...on nonporous surfaces, viable virus can be detected for days to weeks.” I felt obligated to notify DHS of what I had seen on my vehicle and falling from the sky. The DHS intake case worker directed me to contact them immediately and provide them with my exact location if I witness the droplets falling from a clear sky again.

After speaking with DHS, I called my friend, *Rey Hernandez*, (Consciousness & Contact Research Institute, 2022), who, along with *Apollo 14 Astronaut, Dr. Edgar Mitchell*, retired nurse practitioner, researcher, author, and licensed hypnotherapist & counselor, *Mary Rodwell*, *Harvard Astrophysicist, Dr. Rudy Schild*, co-founded, “*The Dr. Edgar Mitchell Foundation for Research into Extraterrestrial Encounters and Extraordinary Experiences*”, (F.R.E.E.)

My friend, Rey and his wife and daughter are also experiencers, and I knew that I could rely on their support and not fear being ridiculed when I told them that I just couldn't figure out what this substance was that was falling from the sky; and how I felt extremely disturbed that it had fallen directly in front of my face. Rey helped me to understand that the event of these droplets falling directly in front of my face was not any random incident and it appeared to be specifically directed towards me. He expressed that I needed to accept the message instead of trying to rationalize it away. I knew he was right, but it was still very difficult to accept.

A few weeks later, I also mentioned the issue to another friend who is a retired *U.S. Navy Chief-Master-at-Arms*. We discussed the possibility that drones using stealth technology could be deployed to do such a task, and that such incidents should be reported to DHS.

In early January 2021, my car became completely covered with the droplets again. I took a sample of one of the droplets with a cotton swab and intended to bring the sample to the biology department at the college where I work but had to wait until after winter break. Shortly thereafter, I fell severely ill with COVID 19 on January 7th, and was not able to return to campus until late February 2021. Since we were still practicing no-contact/remote classes at that time, I was unable to bring the sample to a biology professor for analysis.

During this period, I contacted the *Air Force Office of Special Investigations, (OSI)* at *Homestead Air Force Base* about the issue. The OSI Officer and I trouble-shot the issue on the phone for approximately 20 minutes, considering various possibilities such as, possible engine fluid leak spraying from under the hood, etc. But spray from the engine would not occur while the car is not running and parked. When I worked up the nerve to tell him that the droplets fell in front of my face while I was expressing to my neighbor how annoyed I was over it, he expressed that he thought there was "something really strange going on with me". The OSI Officer directed me to contact *The Federal Aviation*

Administration, (FAA), but they were overwhelmed with complaints at the time, and I was unable to speak with a representative.

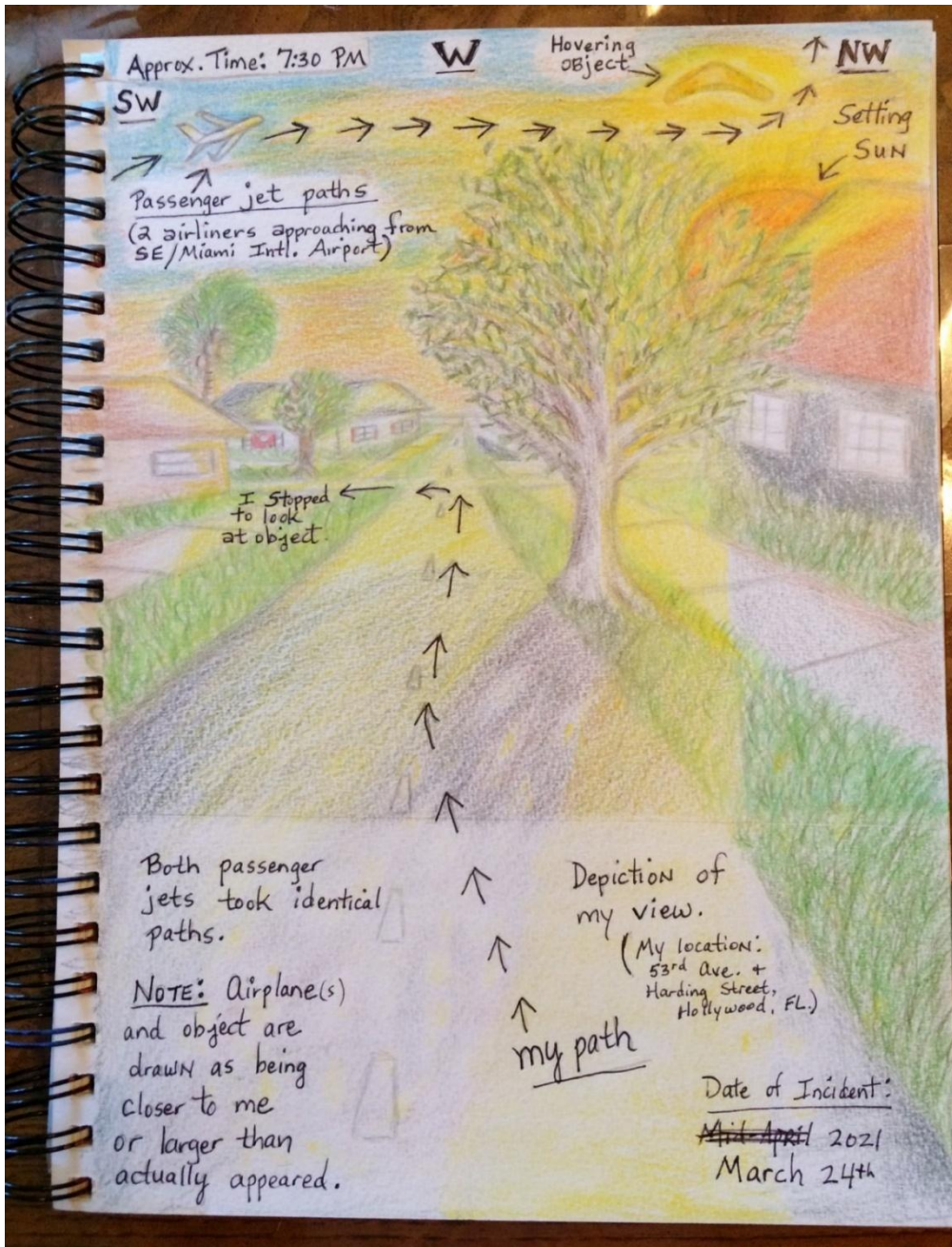
Throughout most of 2020, (between March and into the beginning of January 2021), these droplets were intermittently observed on my car by myself and others. It is very difficult to assess why these droplets were not showing up on other vehicles; or perhaps, other people were simply too preoccupied to notice if they were. But to present day, (December 2, 2021), I still have not discovered what these droplets are, or their origin.

March 24, 2021, Hollywood, Florida (Unidentified Anomalous Aircraft Interacts with Two Passenger Jets Flying Out of Miami International Airport)

I went for my daily sunset run/walk through my neighborhood in Hollywood Hills, Florida. It was a beautiful cool, dry, clear evening and the setting sun was a giant orange ball, sitting low in the sky.

As I was approaching a small group of chatting neighbors standing around with their dogs, I slowed down to a walk so as not to excite their pets. I looked up to enjoy the gorgeous sunset and noticed a large aircraft in the west/northwestern sky, reflecting the orange glow of the sun. I continued walking to the end of the block, passing under a tree to my right that briefly blocked my view of the aircraft. When I reached the end of the block, I realized that the aircraft had not moved and was hovering.

The following sketches, diagrams and hand-written narrative describe the entire incident on the evening of March 24, 2021.



NARRATIVE

Time: 7:30 PM (Approx.)
Date: 03/24/21

Object
↓

Setting Sun
↓

Initial sighting of object occurred while jogging by the NW corner of Harding Street and 53rd Avenue in Hollywood, Florida. At first glance, I thought the object to be a passenger jet or other large aircraft.

The object's surface appeared to be made of a polished metal that brilliantly reflected the orange glow from the setting sun. The object hovered

for approximately 30-60 seconds as the first passenger jet began to approach from the Southeast, (presumably from Miami International Airport).

As the passenger jet approached the vicinity of the object, the object remained hovering in place. The object did not appear to have any rotors, wings, empennage, props, or familiar propulsion system(s). However, I did observe movement of some type of "torus energy field" within the object's center and/or core.

The first passenger jet passed in front of the object without incident, and continued its ascending-northwesterly-flight path.

When the passenger jet was behind the object, (from my field of view), the object followed the jet. The object did not turn, but just flew (seemingly), backwards, (from my perspective), parallel to and then past the passenger jet, becoming a tiny orange dot within 5-10 seconds. At which time, the passenger jet's wings and tail were still visible.



Torus
Energy
Field



For reference, a passenger jet in ascending flight, (below 10,000 ft.), flies at approx. 250 knots, due to FAA Regulations.

Both Passenger Jets 1+2 and the object appeared to be $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in length at arm's distance.

Both Passenger Jet 1+2 and the object appeared to be between 2,500 - 3,500 ft. in altitude, with the object appearing to be wider/thicker than the passenger jets.

(Both Passenger Jets Were Followed By Object)

* To clarify: Within approximately "7 seconds," the passenger jets, (which both had a head start after a w/northwesterly turn), both displayed visible appendages, while the object, (appearing to wait until the passenger jets turned and passed it several hundred ft., appeared as a tiny shining orange dot as it flew parallel to both passenger jets.

"Passenger Jet 1"

After I observed "passenger jet 1" and the object fly west in parallel paths and noticed the extreme speed of the object, I ruled out the possibility of the object to be a blimp, balloon, airplane, or helicopter; although, the possibility of it being an advanced drone is a possibility. What is perplexing is that the object took off from a hover to such an extreme speed.

Diagrams & narrative of incident involving Anomalous Aerial Object interacting with Passenger Jets 1 & 2.

Passenger Jet / Object Speed(s) Comparisons by Visual Observations

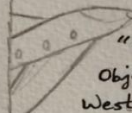
Diagram of Event Sequence

1.



Object hovering alone at approx. 3,500 ft. altitude, appears 3/4 in. at arm's length.

2.



"Passenger Jet 1" approaches. Object remains hovering in the West.

3.



"Passenger Jet 1" passes in front of object and proceeds west/northwesterly.

4.



Object remains hovering as "passenger Jet 1" flies a few hundred feet past it.

5.



Object suddenly takes off and by passes "Passenger Jet 1". Its decrease in size in comparison to the airplane demonstrates that its velocity is at least 3X greater than both passenger jets.

6.



In approx. 7 seconds, the Passenger Jets 1 and 2, both (still) displayed visible appendages. The object however, became a hardly-visible tiny shiny, orange dot.



7. "Object" "Passenger Jet 1"

As "Passenger Jet 1" left my field of view, the "object" became barely visible. I continued to walk across the street, looking away briefly for traffic.

9. Object

As "Passenger Jet 2" approached, the object and aircraft appeared to become as dangerously close as "Passenger Jet 1" and the object.

The object remained hovering as "Passenger Jet 2" proceeded in a west/northwesterly turn around it.

8. "Object"

A 2nd passenger jet approached the area where the object had originally remained hovering; at this moment, the object suddenly approached, becoming larger within a few seconds.

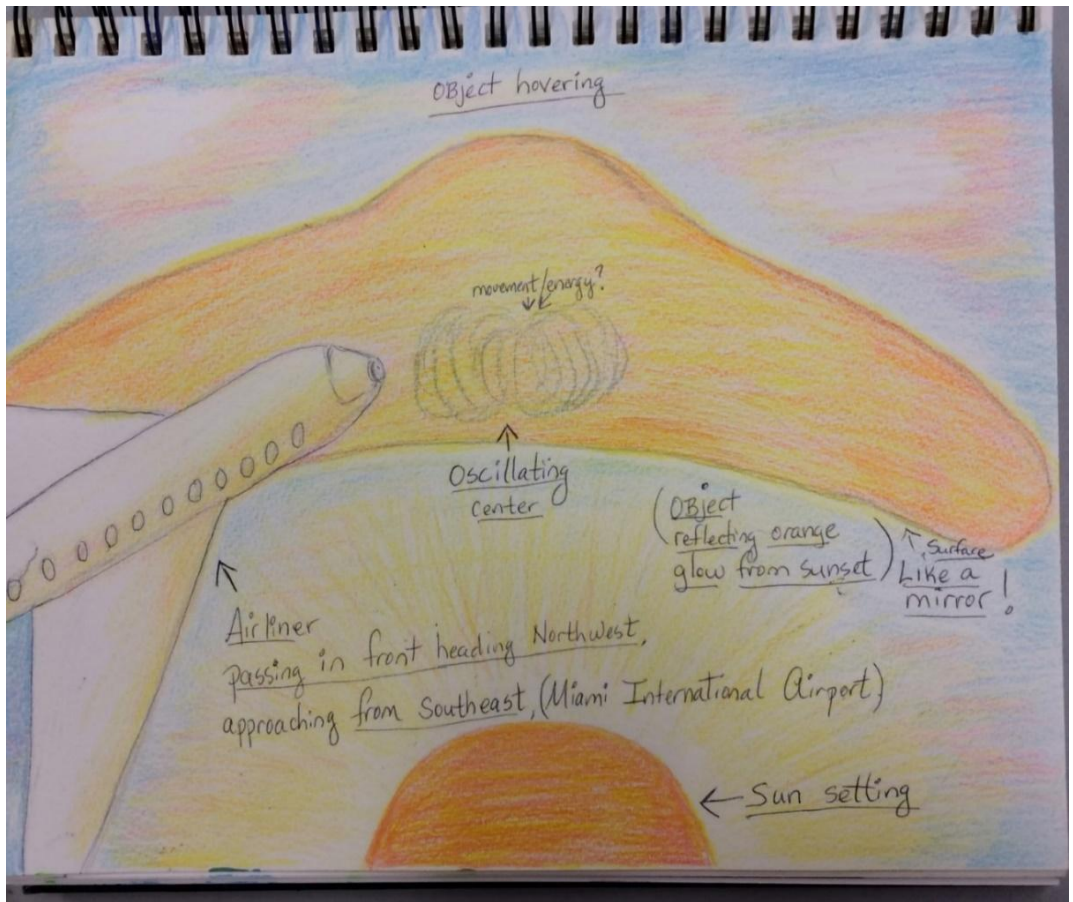
10. OBJECT

Object remained hovering in place as "Passenger Jet 2" made west/northwesterly turn around it.

The object waited until "Passenger Jet 2" passed it before suddenly taking off at an extremely high velocity in a parallel flight path.

As the object bypassed "Passenger Jet 1" (in "Illustration 6"), it repeated the same action with "Passenger Jet 2".

11. I watched as the object became a tiny orange dot and "Passenger Jet 2" was still showing its wings and empannage in the far distance. Both the object and "Passenger Jet 2" eventually disappeared from view as they flew west/northwesterly in a parallel trajectory with the object doing 3x the speed.



Sketched depiction of passenger jet(s) passing in front of anomalous aerial object, demonstrating that the object and the passenger jets were close in length; however, the thickness of the object was much greater.

June 25/26, 2021, Hollywood, Florida “Construction Paper Incident”

Over the course of many years, I have witnessed/experienced numerous “trickster-type” and/or “poltergeist-type” activities in my house and at many other locations—including anomalous effects on electronic devices.

On the night/early morning of June 25th/26th I was awakened by the sound of construction papers being slowly pulled out from where they were very tightly nestled between my granddaughter’s bookcase and her large art supply chest. This area was near my head, so that the identity of the sound was unmistakable. I knew that the only possible way that these three pieces of construction paper could have been moved from their location would be if a person reached into this narrow area with their fingers to pull them out. No other person or animal was in my bedroom, and my door was locked.

Knowing what this was from past experiences, I did not want to open my eyes to engage with whoever or whatever it was because I was too tired to deal with it and still a bit afraid; but I could feel the palpable presence of a small child-sized being. The next morning, I found three pieces of colored construction paper which had been pulled out from between the bookcase and the art supply chest, and immediately took a photo, as shown below.



In closing, it is quite understandable why those of us who are unfamiliar with these phenomena are not yet readily prepared mentally, emotionally, or spiritually to embrace “them” as real. And undoubtedly, many of us who are already first-hand experiencers and/or witnesses, (i.e., those of us who are familiar with “them”), may still be *struggling to cling on exclusively, albeit futilely, to this mundane material reality that we have been so relentlessly conditioned to accept as normal.*

But it is, indeed, difficult to ignore that our World now stands at the epic edifice of the confirmation that we have had, *(for possibly beyond many millennium), an exceedingly advanced, highly intelligent, non-human presence amongst us who have been persistently affecting and engaging the consciousness* of world leaders, government intelligence and military personnel, military and civilian pilots, astronauts, radar operators, air traffic controllers, police officers, paramedics, firefighters, scientists, engineers, writers, journalists, film makers, artists, musicians, doctors, nurses, attorneys, industry workers, hospitality workers, entrepreneurs, farmers, students, theologians, teachers, administrators, professors, head faculty, moms, dads, sisters, brothers, cousins, aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, grandmas, grandpas, children, grandchildren, toddlers, babies, pets, livestock, wild animals, and even electronic equipment, e.g., telephonic, computing/computational, avionics, and nuclear technologies. And that is a very short list!

With such an abundance of witnesses’ testimonies and government disclosure of anomalous experiences and events, as well as scientifically measured and anecdotal evidence of documented cases where Unidentified Aerial Phenomena, (UAP), Unidentified Submerged Objects, (USO), Unidentified Flying Objects, (UFO), and Non-human Intelligences, (NHI), have globally demonstrated the ability to control nuclear weapons facilities, and have engaged with both military and commercial pilots in the air, vessels at sea, and children at recess on school playgrounds, *denial is no longer an option!*

Is it not clear enough to us already, that these intelligences who are piloting these craft and/or visiting us in our homes and elsewhere, are *blatantly and diligently demonstrating a clear intent to communicate with us?* And with that said, *it is my most fervent hope that we choose to respond peacefully! Reacting with fear, ridicule, shame, secrecy, stigma, denial, or deception is NOT the path to acquiring the critical faculties to facilitating and establishing mutual, productive, and positive communications with these intelligences, which are vital to discovering their origins and objectives.*

We need transparency and cooperation between governments, agencies, academia, industry, the scientific community, and the public *so that we may better understand ourselves, our relationships with each other and all “others”—even if those “others” are far beyond our normal comprehension.*

At present, I am still navigating uncharted waters to reach some type of coherent understanding of “them” with the clear, cold realization that this is hard work which requires a deep self-awareness and “calming of the mind” that which enables one to *set aside inherent human instincts which trigger the response of apprehension* to “their” perplexing, trickster nature. To accomplish this state, we must constantly *strive to practice what fearless, unspoiled, uninhibited, curious minds do—watch and observe before jumping into any conclusions. We need to use all the colors in the crayon box, without judgement. And if there are no crayons in the crayon box, we should then search outside of the box to find something else to color with.*

Looking deep into these phenomena and their accompanying anomalies, I have learned that *we are all just energy going through cycles, just as the stars do, and that every bit of matter may be manifested by some form of consciousness, moving through time and space, and finding its own path and cycle by vibrating on different frequencies.*

Perhaps, this is what ghosts, extraterrestrials, interdimensional, ultra-dimensional, and all other beings are too, and possibly how these same non-human intelligent beings are reaching us as well. Could it also be that we are just witnessing these *other beings existing on other frequencies, like the strings on a harp?* It is not so far-fetched to hypothesize that the abilities of humans and animals to have *intuition may simply be the ability to tune into these other frequencies.*

I do believe that with each extraordinary, anomalous event that one, and/or many of us experience and/or witness, *we are all being granted an opportunity to learn what reality truly is*—as we are just recently beginning to discover. However, we must also accept the possibility that *we may never reach a definitive, clear-cut conclusion that will satisfy our human egos*; and perhaps, we *humans are simply not yet spiritually mature enough to receive, perceive, and understand the answers*, or perhaps there simply was never meant to be one. But indeed, *we are all an integral part of these phenomena—each one of us acting as an instrument, playing a part in a grand orchestra*—receiving, utilizing, and transmitting frequencies in an infinite symphony.

Could all of this be what my friend Rey Hernandez has coined, “*The Contact Modalities*”, that all of the paranormal is one integrated phenomenon under Consciousness-- *That we are all ONE!*

Contact with Harvey, the Non-Human Intelligence & the Ouija Board

Danica Champion

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When Rey Hernandez invited me to write a chapter for one of the Experiencer books of "***A Greater Reality***", I didn't second guess myself like I normally would have, I didn't worry about what I would write, or how I would bring it all together. Oddly enough I even found the time, even if it meant using my phone when I felt the call of inspiration while on a walk, or at the grocery store. I have wanted to write my own book for sometime now, but finding the time to do so between being a Mom, housekeeper, barista and property manager (with my husband) leaves little room for "me" time. It's not a coincidence that I am writing this, or that you are reading it. The strange synchronicities that have led me up to this point have been teaching me that nothing in this life is, and that everything happens for a reason.

Something profound is happening to Humanity as I write this. It's no longer sitting in our imaginations or on a subconscious level anymore; It's flowing into our conscious minds, into our waking experiences. We are beginning to see two very different distinct versions of reality. On one hand, we have the boring or mundane reality, where people like me are considered... ummm... eccentric. The world we call Civilized is hardly that; with wars, famine, poverty and our necessity to cling to an economy that was flawed from the beginning, I'm surprised that we've held on for this long. Getting our Governments and Mainstream Scientists to give us the straight goods on ETs, UFOs, UAPs, other dimensions and the like, is like pulling teeth. We have come so far since Roswell and yet the same game is being played; *we are still being played*.

Then we have another reality that is emerging. Our collective consciousness is evolving, we are becoming aware of the games, the lies, and the secrecy. But we are also becoming aware of more; a distinct feeling that there is more to life, more to the Universe, and more to ourselves than what we have been taught. It's this feeling of *more* that has guided me here, and I know I am not alone, because it has also guided you here. Maybe you feel it too? I can't speak for you but it's a feeling you can't shake, a feeling you need to follow somewhere. It's also a feeling that won't leave you alone until you pick up the right

book, see the right sign, hear the right song, or talk to the right person. And like a light in the dark, we want to go towards it.

Background

So where does my story start? Well, if I'm being candid, it began 38 years ago, when a greater aspect of my consciousness decided to be *Danica* for a little while - but if I have to keep it to only about my encounters through the contact modalities, I will say that the only one I haven't "experienced," thankfully, is contact through having an NDE.

My way of thinking has changed drastically over the past decade, but my spiritual cherry wasn't popped until about 12 years ago when, one day, my husband randomly handed me the book "Seth Speaks, The Eternal Validity of the Soul", by Jane Roberts. "You should read this," he said. "Who is Seth?" I hear you asking - well, Seth is/was a non-physical "entity" who was channeled by Jane Roberts beginning in the late 1960's, up until her death in 1983.

He and Jane held countless sessions that would be dictated and transcribed by Jane's husband into books. The main theme contained within all of the session was; **You create your reality through your thoughts and beliefs.** He describes the reality that we live in and believe to be real, as a type of "camouflage", hiding other realities beneath it, and that our 5 senses didn't tell us the whole truth about our reality. But regardless of what we perceive or don't perceive, we have immersed ourselves in it for one reason: to get to know and experience ourselves, *fully*, in our reality in its entirety; the good, the bad, and the not so pretty. He insisted, however, that we were never supposed to lose sight of the greater aspects of our consciousness, and that the only thing suffering should do is to teach the soul *not to suffer*.

I'll be honest, I didn't actually read it right away. I tried to, but having no formal background in spirituality, or the type of thinking that goes along with it, the concepts in "Seth Speaks" were way too far out

there for me. If I am to be honest, these concepts challenged me and everything I held onto so dearly. I didn't believe in much, and to all of a sudden have this "entity" tell me what's what about reality, well I certainly wasn't having any of that now.

I had the book for almost 2 years before I gave it another chance, and a funny thing happened once I started to read it... I couldn't put it down, and finished it in a few days, which is a big feat for me, considering I have a poor attention span. The concepts in that book shaped how I view and experience my reality today and laid the groundwork for many of my spiritual experiences.

Since Seth (and even before Seth) I've had so many strange things happen to me, from lucid dreams, to sleep paralysis, to experiencing LSD, Salvia Divinorum, and Psilocybin, and meeting strange beings along the way. I had originally started writing this as my story, but it's not just mine to tell anymore. It's also your story, and the story of countless other individuals that I've connected with over the past year and like a river, what started off as my story, has led me to me here. I am typing these words, along with others, who are also typing words for the same book series, at the same time I am. Is it a coincidence? Hardly. This may seem strange, or out of left field, but I have a funny little, HAT loving alien to thank for leading me to Rey, and to writing this chapter, and that it really is "*Beyond UFOs*".

I wasn't raised in a religious upbringing, or taught to believe in anything, so I grew up mostly Atheist, or Agnostic, not believing in much. Funny enough, I grew up to become a Reiki Master, among other things, after having only one Reiki session. After experiencing that profound healing session, I had to learn all I could about it. As a child, I was fascinated with the stars and I remember staring up at the night sky on our deck, laying there for hours, searching for a sign of life. My mom would take us on nightly walks, and we learned about each of the constellations. We lived in a rural community, so light pollution was non-existent, and there were so many stars! I still stare up at the night

sky with wonder searching for anything that moves. If I see a plane or a satellite, I get momentarily excited, and will burst inside our home, calling my husband out to come see the UFO. Despite my eagerness, I still have been a witness to things in the sky that I can't explain.

My First Visitation

I would have been 18 or 19 when my first visitors showed up (that I can remember). It was 2001, and 9/11 had just happened. I was taking an afternoon nap, and was in mid dream (the “terrorists” were coming to bomb our school of all things) when all of a sudden, I was woken up by a high-pitched ringing in my ears and as I opened my eyes, all I could see was purple light that surrounded me. I couldn't move and was terrified! I knew it was sleep paralysis, but nothing like this had ever happened before! I remember crying, trying to shout out for anyone to come help me. **All of a sudden, a reassuring female voice spoke and said: "don't worry we aren't here to hurt you, everything is okay"**. Just like that it was over and I was awake, lying in bed, in shock.

I didn't think about that experience much after that, I had chalked it up to a dream combined with sleep paralysis, which at that time, was a semi-frequent occurrence in my life.

My Salvia divinorum Experience

Fast forward 10 years later and I was presented with the opportunity to try the sage plant, Salvia divinorum. My husband and I watched some videos of people trying it, but sadly, a lot of them were teenagers only doing it to “get high” or “fucked up” from this wisdom plant. We decided to try it anyway, after all my husband was no stranger to psychedelics and was curious about what was being called “the working man’s LSD”. He wanted to know what it was all about, and as a first time for me trying anything like that, I was curious, and a bit apprehensive of what exactly it would be like. So, before going on

my journey, I asked the Universe to show me "something". In hindsight I should have been more specific, because what the Universe had in mind VS what I had in mind were completely different.

I remember inhaling it, once... twice.... and watching my sister-in-law's cat walk by. At that moment I started feeling strange; "I don't think I like this..." I said to my husband who was sitting next to me. But it was too late, **I heard the TV make some funny noises and an announcement came over it**, like it would make for a tornado warning; **"Are you ready for a psychedelic trip?!!!"**

My eyes widened and the room started to spiral, and it felt like I was spiraling along with it! I felt a terrible pain between my shoulder blades like I was being torn apart and my sense of self started to vanish. As the room reconfigured itself, I found myself in a dimension so foreign and so frightening, surrounded by beings who were so alien that the only word I can use to describe them is "amorphous." They had various symbols throughout their beingness, and their dimension was dark, cold and void of any kind of love, at least the kind of love we are familiar with.

There were as many beings as there had been family members sitting around me before I had left this dimension, but they were all connected, all *one* thing. They noticed me right away, and as a stranger in their world, telepathically told me straight up "what are you doing here? You're not supposed to be here! You're not allowed to leave now!" Well, you can imagine my reaction - here I am this "woman" that has been hurled from the safety of her in-law's couch, launched into goodness knows what region of time and space, sitting among these beings, who are honestly as shocked and surprised as she is. (At least this is what I tell myself.) At this point I can't remember anything, I can't remember that I'm human, I can't remember that I'm Danica... but I remembered how to scream and kick my feet, funny enough. "Feet... I have feet! What does that mean?" I remember staring down at them, seeing my toenails that were painted black at the time, seeing my

sandals, and having a familiar feeling creep over me. "Human! Oh my God! I'm human!" I shouted out loud in excitement, for everyone back in this dimension to hear.

It was at that exact moment I could feel the same ripping pain between my shoulder blades, the twisting and turning of the dimensions and the reassimilation of HOME. Familiar faces, familiar sounds and smells started to come back into focus. I was home!! *Home*. I could feel my ego reattach as I re-assimilated myself back into this dimension. I'd never been so happy to pull a fuzzy, soft, warm blanket over me, or to feel the comfort of a hug from my husband. And although my experience was semi-terrifying, it taught me one invaluable lesson; that I am incredibly blessed to be here on this Earth, blessed to be able to experience all of *this*, and how very blessed I am to feel and know what *love* is. I can't say for certain if those beings experience love, or any kind of emotions for that matter, or what they do all day in that dimension (play games? Go fish? Poker? Rummy anyone?), or if time and space is even a thing for them.

These are the kinds of things I think about, and that's perhaps, part of the reason why I've had so many of these strange experiences. I've always had a wild imagination, and as a child I would imagine being in different places, mostly as I was lying in bed. I could feel myself at my grandma's house, for instance, in the bed that I would sleep in there, and would start to convince myself that I was there, or I would imagine myself in a room at school, or at the playground... and I would actually start to *feel* myself there, more so than in my bed. I would like to think that there is more to our imagination than what we currently understand about it, and that perhaps one day we will discover that *it* is the gateway into other dimensions within time and space. Maybe we are on the verge of discovering that the world really is an illusion that exists solely in our minds, but who knows? That could just be the LSD experiences in me talking, but enough about those experiences, and onto what brought me here.

Llewellyn's Complete Book of Psychic Development

Late one night in January of this year, for some odd reason I had decided to organize my son's closet. I don't know what prompted me to do this at 8 o'clock at night, but there I was going through all the stuff that had been shoved in his closet. I was about halfway done when I uncovered my *"Llewellyn's Complete Book of Psychic Development,"* that I hadn't seen in years. I opened it, wanting to see what still resonated with me, so I started flipping through the table of contents. Nothing I read felt "right" anymore, as I had developed a whole new set of beliefs and understanding of myself at this point, (I honestly thought I had it all figured out,) but then I saw the pendulum section. "Hmm, I haven't used my pendulum in a while I thought," so I flipped to the section and to my surprise, there was a dowsing chart! What's this?! I thought, I've never seen one of these before! Excited, I pulled my pendulum necklace off my neck and held it over the letters, "Who's there?!" I asked, not really contemplating how similar this was to using a *spoooooky* Ouija Board and honestly didn't expect anything to happen. But then it started to spell out a name. I watched it move back and forth to the letters H and then to A.... "Harry?" I asked. My pendulum stopped and started again with H.... A.... "Harry Potter?" I jokingly asked, chuckling to myself. I think at this point I was in disbelief, or that maybe I just wanted to break the awkwardness of the situation, but before I could try once more with my pendulum, a detective-esk voice from the 1920s came ringing through my head, like an intercom, and said **"my name is Harvey dear"**. **My eyes widened and I sat there in disbelief, "Who are you?" I asked.**

"I am your Guide."

GOD's Messenger in the Emergency Room

At that moment I had flashbacks of two distinct memories; The first was when I was on an OR table, getting ready to deliver my 3rd child that I had developed vasa previa. I was terrified to say the least

because there was a high chance that she or I might not have made it, and as I lay there on the table I kept praying to God, actually talking to God, like he was there, asking him to watch over us, to please let us make it through this, trying not to cry.

The doctor started the surgery before my husband was brought into the room. I could feel some pulling and tugging, but the next thing I remember was hearing some kind of alarm go off and my chest racing. My left arm started tingling and going numb. I don't know what was happening to me, if I was going into cardiac arrest, or if our baby was in distress, or if I was just panicking. I remember feeling scared, then all of a sudden a man came over to my side and touched my shoulder. I had met the nurses, the anesthesiologist and of course my OB/GYN, who was doing the c section, but I didn't know who this was. As he stood over me, he told me not to worry, that I was in good hands and that I would be just fine. His voice was soothing, and as he looked into my eyes a feeling of calmness washed over me. He had the deepest blue eyes like an ocean. I knew at that moment that he wasn't a part of the operating team, that he was an Angel sent there to watch over me and to reassure me that I was in the best hands possible. God's hands.

Met GOD's Messenger a Second Time

The second memory was from approximately 8 years ago, while I was at work. It had been almost a year since our daughter had been born, and for some reason that day I couldn't stop thinking about that man. Was he really an Angel? Is there really a God? By this point in my life, I had begun to adopt a spiritual belief, but there was something standing in the way of fully accepting that God was real. As I was going about my business, making coffee and what not, someone had entered the cafe and I could feel a shift in the energy around me. I turned around and a man was standing there, staring at me. I walked up to the table to take his order, "A tall black coffee, please," he asked. It felt like I was in a dream, and as I went to take his payment, he said to me "You know, we've done this before right?" My eyes widened, I felt

nervous, and I reluctantly replied “Oh, I know...” I nervously turned around to get his coffee, but it wasn’t your typical nervousness, it was more of a “who is this? Is this the same man? What do I even say? What should I do?” kind of conversation that I carried on in my head for about 20 seconds. “We’ve done this before.” he said again, “You know this, this is all *sacred*”, “Oh, I know.” I answered, as I handed him his coffee, and just like that, he tipped his hat, told me to have a good day, and left through the doors.

I kicked myself for not saying more that day, or for not engaging more in the conversation. I was taken aback by this man who, with only a few simple words, made me question the realness of reality. Who was he? Where did he come from? Will I ever see him again?

Harvey, the Non-Human Intelligence & the Ouija Board

I was reluctant to believe whatever or whoever was talking to me, but at the same time I was extremely fascinated. Was this in my head? Was I going crazy? Did I imagine that very distinct voice? Just then my husband started calling for me, wondering what I had got myself up to at this time of night. “Oh ya know... just cleaning out this closet.” I answered, “What made you decide to do that THIS late?” he replied. “I actually don’t know what... Something came over me and I just *had* too”. I didn’t dare tell him what I was actually getting myself up to, he had developed a certain hesitation towards ouija boards and the like after a run in with a not so nice entity years and years ago, and I could only imagine what he would say to me if he knew that I had just spent the last half hour talking to some “ghost” named Harvey, who, of all things, told me his name through some sort of telepathic means. I kept my mouth shut and acted like nothing had happened, which for me, at times, is difficult to do. I think he knew that something was up, but I passed it off as being tired and wired at the same time. My head, after all, was buzzing.

That night as I laid in bed, I started to compile a list of questions in my mind that I wanted to ask him, because well, that's what any sane person would do as they were trying to fall asleep. But there were so many things I wanted to know, like: Where are you from? What's it like where you exist? What was your last incarnation? What time period(s) have you lived in? Are you an alien like Seth? What's it like communicating through a pendulum? How does it work? Are you real?

I couldn't wait to talk more to this "Harvey", and as the days passed, our conversations got more interesting.

"Was that you both times, in the hospital and in my work?" I asked.

"Yes" it answered by swinging clockwise.

At first, they were very one sided, me asking him 101 questions, but he was very happy to answer them. "Are you an alien?" I asked. "Humans aren't ready for Aliens, but yes, I am an Alien". I could feel him chuckle. I agreed with him, Humanity was definitely not ready for Aliens, at least not on a Global Scale. A person could perhaps handle seeing or meeting an Alien, but if Aliens landed and announced themselves as real, I don't think as a race we would be accepting of them especially when we can't even be accepting of others from our own planet.

As the pendulum swung back and forth, I could start to feel what he was going to say before he finished, so I would guess what he was going to say before he was done spelling the words out. I also started to feel his emotions bubbling up through me as I held onto my pendulum. He had quite the sense of humor, and all the patience in the world when it came to our communication.

He told me that he had lived many lives as human, both male and female, but on his last trip round the sun, he played the role of "Peter Jolly", who was born in 1890 in London, England. He told me that he

would play baseball and go fishing for fun things to do in that life, and that he had a dog, that he named Rufus. "What's that you said? Baseball in England, in the 1800s? Nonsense, baseball is an American invention," is what you might be thinking, but upon further investigation, and with thanks to google, I discovered that his story may not have been so far-fetched, and that many historians agree that the beloved American game has its roots beginning in a very British game called "Rounders".

Our conversations would sometimes last for hours and he was always very detailed in his explanations of our past lives and had gone into depth about our connection, and why he was now my Guide. He explained that every 'Soul' develops through experience, and that each soul is created by what is called a "Entity" (or Higher Self), but says we really create ourselves through our entity out of a desire to be. This process happens with our entities as well, he explained, and in the same fashion we created ourselves, even "Higher Entities" create the entities that birthed the ideas of us, and that this process is infinite, going up and up the chain until you reach the Absolute or God. And just like raindrops, we all fall from the same source. In this life, he said I chose to "poach alone in love", to find my own way, to love myself, or rather this aspect of me deeply, while he waited and watched as a Guide in the background, helping me out wherever he could, mostly through signs and synchronicities.

During one of our many conversations, he revealed that he and I had lived many lifetimes together, but in his last life as Peter, he had developed a very beautiful relationship with a woman named "Stella Ronson", and he explained that this was "me" (but not the me I am now) in another lifetime. He told me that one of our favorite things to do was to go to the Opera House, and even recited one of the songs, "singing" it through the pendulum. I asked him what that "me" looked like, and much like how a woman would have looked like from that era, she was bigger, fair skin, with curly blonde hair and green eyes. I could see her, as he described her appearance, in a fancy green dress, at the Opera,

holding a fan to keep herself cool. He said that he died in 1918, of tuberculosis, which was a very common way to go in those days, he was only 28 years old.

I felt sad for him, but he laughed, telling me not to. He said that had died so many times throughout so many different lifetimes that it was more of a comedy than it was a tragedy, kind of like how a character you've become attached to dies in a video game - you may be upset at first, but eventually you get over it. He said that once you are on his side of things, you have a different view, and you *see* that death isn't the end, but rather a process of becoming more. Yes, we can choose to come back to Earth, but if we feel we have accomplished all that we set out to learn, and have grown all that we could have from our personality(s), then we move onto more complex systems. He emphasized however, that there is no "better" in the hierarchy of dimensions, that it just is, and that we are all in a specific stage of development.

Additional Lessons from Harvey

Our daily conversations began to evolve into lessons after about a couple of weeks of communicating back and forth. Up until this point it had been pretty one sided, with me asking the questions and him answering to the best of his ability. One day I asked him about numbers, specifically the first 9; this initial curiosity about numbers and their purpose in our Universe had been seeded by my husband. He would spend countless hours, even as a young adult, trying to crack a code, and though I didn't fully understand what these numbers meant, a part of me wanted to *impress* him with whatever I might learn from this "Harvey". So, we began going through each number, in detail, until we reached 6, when all of a sudden, he paused and said that he couldn't go any further. "Why?" I asked, "because I haven't been that far yet," he answered, "I don't understand," I replied, "levels of consciousness have steps, I am a 4, and I understand 5, but 6 - I haven't experienced 6." I understood what he was saying - that we are all at certain levels of consciousness or awareness and that as humans, we exist in the 3rd

dimension but we can raise our awareness to higher levels of consciousness. But you and I both know that not everyone in the 3rd dimension is aware of these higher levels of consciousness unless they seek them out, whether on purpose or by "accident." The same goes for other entities in higher (or lower) dimensions, they can choose to expand their awareness or not, and to choose one or the other is valid in their expression of consciousness; there is no wrong choice and each choice adds to their beingness. But with that being said, an entity, at one point or another, would feel the desire to move on to more, much like how we feel the need to learn something new or we become stagnant in our lives and I have a feeling that this is precisely what Harvey is working towards; something more.

I couldn't just end it at the number 6, so I pressed for an answer, "Do you know anyone who might be able to tell me? Surely you must have friends." "Oh, I know someone who can help," he replied, "Who?" I asked, and he gave the name "Tut". A flashback of an encounter during meditation that I had years ago, popped into my mind. I was meditating one evening in my room, and something strange began to happen as I sat in silence for about 5 or 10 minutes, and I'm talking like *complete silence*. My inner world started shaking, like I was on a plane that was experiencing turbulence, like I was actually taking off somewhere. This wasn't the first time that this had happened, but each time I had reached this point, I stopped out of fear - but not this time, this time I kept going until I hit a plateau, and there she was. An Alien, or rather, alien eyes, black and big, greeted my inner eyes, and said "I am You." in a female voice. The excitement and shock of the whole experience brought me back instantly, and I rushed upstairs to my husband to tell him what had happened.

"Was that Tut?" I asked, but now the pendulum felt different, as I held onto it, it was moving faster and smoother, as if someone else was there in Harvey's place. "I am Tut," she answered, "Was that you that I had met with on that day?", "Yes." she replied. We conversed back and forth for a few minutes before she began to explain 6 - 9, all of which are higher dimensions of consciousness. "6 is nanobot, a loophole

between dimensions, going into all of the numbers, connecting the lower, to the higher. I remember scribbling down the details of each number that both Tut and Harvey had discussed, and even now hesitate sharing to the public. It's not my knowledge to withhold, but I feel a sense of responsibility to share it responsibly, if that makes sense. Sooooo... in a nutshell, I started to learn about the purpose of each number and the role they each play in this Divine Equation. I began to understand that without them, there would be no me, or you, and definitely no world to view! (Haha that rhymes, but I'm definitely no Dr. Seuss.) There is much, much more for me to learn about numbers and I will probably never fully understand what it all means. He reminded me (and reminds you now) that it is *really* all Sacred, and that the numbers that make everything up aren't really separate from us. *We are the numbers*; we are these different dimensions from 0 to 9, carefully put together, and we create not only this reality, but countless others.

Woah. Like what does a person even do with that information?

This is where things started to get interesting... (if they weren't enough already.)

Harvey asked me Questions

One day he turned the tables on me and started asking me questions. "Do you believe in Destiny?" he asked. This question stirred up a fair bit of emotions, mostly because I had "failed" at becoming what I *really* wanted to be in life. I felt like I had failed at becoming a reiki practitioner, and at setting up my own practice. I had struggled to get clients, was let go from a volunteer position because I talked about aliens too much, and well, after a decade of trying and failing, I just gave up. I was bitter, and when he asked me this question-- I told him that I didn't believe in destiny. "Why?" I asked reluctantly. "We are preparing you for more," he answered. "*More*?" I asked, "what does that even mean?" I was so taken aback by the whole conversation that I

didn't even stop to ask about the whole "we" comment nor really stop to think about it after that day - not until a month or so into our conversations, when I began itching to do *something* with my new found friend and his infinite wisdom, that would perhaps lead me to my "destiny".

So, I created a Facebook group and shared our story, and eventually it became a place where people would ask him questions and he would answer. Boy, did he ever get asked all kinds of questions! Most questions were personal, which I get, because, if I had the opportunity to ask a Non-Human Intelligence anything, it would probably be about a problem that I had and wanted the answer to. Other people came on and asked about deceased loved ones, which I always hesitated answering - with it being a touchy subject and all - but he answered them, readily, always with something like: "There are portals that connect us to our loved ones, both living and non, and when one life ends another begins, there is no such thing as death, not in the way you have been conditioned to believe." There was an image starting to take hold in my mind of what this was about and what we, as humans actually are, and I began to understand that perhaps Harvey and I weren't as separate as I had first thought, and that maybe, Tut and my other guides weren't separate from Harvey, or from me; that something connects each and every one of us through space and time - through the various "portals" we create throughout our experiences, through each of our lifetimes, and not just the one we find ourselves in now.

Then on February 21, 2021, a lady came on and asked the question; "Does 2/22/21 have any significant impact on earth?" I was expecting him to say something along the lines of "whatever importance we place on dates will make them important", but I was way off. His reply, instead was: "**Not like an asteroid has an impact**". I could feel his sense of humor bubbling up again as he continued to answer, "You are experiencing an awakening, you are aware of the awakening! Numbers are important, and like a comet you will have an impact!" I laughed, but had no idea what was in store for me the very next day on the 22nd.

At 6:23 am on February 22, 2021 a comet lit up the Alberta skies. I was fast asleep and had no idea about what had just taken place. But that evening at work, my friend and co-worker, Trish, had mentioned it in passing. My heart dropped, and I raced to find his comment he had made a day earlier to show her. She had seen it the day before as well, but didn't put 2 and 2 (or 1 and 1) together until that moment, and we looked at each other in disbelief. What was happening? Was it really a sign of an Awakening? Did he really just predict that comet with his smart-ass response? Or was it just a coincidence?

I wanted to know what this meant, or what he was planning, because prior to this event, he had told another friend and I "to keep our eyes on the skies". She and I laughed but days later after the meteor struck, I was still in shock. I had been convincing myself up until this point that all of this, really, was in my head. Did I know about the meteor? Did I hear about it on the radio? Maybe I did, and had answered the question from my subconscious mind, but to my knowledge, I hadn't.

I asked him a few days later what he knew about the comet that he had coincidentally been so accurate about. "I did it to find you." He said, "What do you mean? Don't you know where I already am?" I replied. The truth is that he did and didn't know at the same time; that "Danica" exists in this dimension, but also in countless others, he was just trying to narrow it down. He continued to tell me that we were going to use the frequency 623hz to open a portal between worlds and began delivering instructions for what I needed to do next.

My friend Brit

This was just the beginning of a string of strange synchronicities that would lead me to my friend Brit, and the story of her alien encounter. I had opened up my news feed to check the daily Facebook gossip, and the first post I read was one posted to the CE-5 initiative group:

“Hello Family! Last night I had a visitor, this wasn’t something I was in search of in that moment, I wasn’t meditating, and I definitely wasn’t expecting it! A very tall blue/grey with a large head, materialized in my room. He was only there for a second and I received a telepathic communication that everything is going to be ok. This is comforting but a notion that I already believe. I know all will be ok and he was just reminding me I guess, or maybe something impactful is to come. Soon after my sister came over and she saw one in each corner of my room (I didn’t see them) and this isn’t something she usually has any interest in. They were there! I have seen different kinds of flash bulbs in the sky or other types of craft after meditation and conscious contact protocols but I always had a tiny shadow of doubt that it could be military (maybe because of the response I get from others when I share my experiences) ... Now there is no doubt in my mind that they are here with us! Does anyone have any information on what type of extraterrestrial could be? I am going to draw the figure I saw and post it soon.”

Excited, I reached out to her and shared our story and plans to build a bridge between worlds. She was on board right away, no questions asked; and so this crazy plan was in motion! I began gathering specific people living in specific places, and later found out that ley lines ran close to each of these people, and happened to converge in the very Province that I live in.

Then, one day Harvey confessed that his alter ego's name was Orion, and that he used that name to inspire through lyrics. This made sense because, prior to this, he would have me listen to certain songs and musicians that I had and had never heard of before. Angels & Airwaves and Punchline were a few out of many, but other songs that I had heard probably thousands of times, all of a sudden meant more now - like I had uncovered a message within them, and it was as if something or someone else was working through these artists.

At the same time Brit was also communicating with Harvey through the same means I had been, and like in the beginning, sometimes things he said just didn't make sense. Words would get jumbled, or would be nonsensical, and I would usually guess the word and then have him confirm with a "yes" or a "no". But one day she sent me a picture with a few words that she had managed to get, that actually made some sense. "I hug, miay (?) Nice, Puppy, *A Sign, Orion, lyric, I'm only here for Love*". It was another one of those moments where my heart dropped. Was this real?

This was shaping up to be more than just some "thing" that my mind had made up, like something out of a science fiction movie or something, I couldn't believe what was happening. As I continued to talk to Brit, the synchronicities between us became more and more frequent; it was as if Destiny had brought us together, and wanted us to get to know one another. Destiny became more than just some force in my life that guided me a long, it turned out that she was also another ET who wanted to sit down and talk. So we did, and after our conversation, I went to tell Brit who I had just spoken to... At the very same time I was typing my message, Brit was also typing something to me, and the moment I hit send, at the *exact same time*, she sent me a message about a few names she had come through on her pendulum - "Destiny". I was in disbelief, and cried.

"I'm only here for love"; Something that he did tell me, on more than one occasion, was that he loved me. It wasn't your typical ego love, he insisted, but a Love that expanded beyond what I could currently comprehend; and that he loved all of me, all of my aspects, all of the "me's" that I had set out to be, but that he did find this "Danica" quite endearing. He confessed that part of the reason for wanting to open up a gateway or portal between dimensions was so that he could be a part of this experience, my experience, in whatever capacity that may be. The other part of his reasoning for his crazy plans was not just for him to come here alone; that there are others from his dimension who also wish to assist humanity in the shift that is happening. I have

no doubt in my mind that they are already here, in a space that we can't quite perceive quite fully, just yet, and that when we do see them, we see them as "blips" on our radar screen. Call me crazy, but maybe we are the ones who are showing ourselves to them, *opening up to them*, and not the other way around. Maybe *this* is what this awakening is all about, and that they have *really* existed within us the whole time, and that finally after centuries of being closed off to them, we are finally opening up to more of our own dimensions.

Everything was on track for the "opening" of the portal that we had been preparing for, for months. I had found 9 people, who I was instructed to find, to have them gather together at a specific location here in Edmonton. Others would join in from around the globe, as we set our intention for the desired result, and when the big day came, disaster struck. Not a natural disaster, but it was like some force was working against me, against us. 5 of the 9 people backed out at the last moment, and when the 4 of us remaining went to drive out to the location, my son called me to tell me our dog was getting sick again. "Again?" you may be asking, well yes, again - he had been sick all day, not wanting to eat his food, and throwing up a lot. He is a big dog, and well, we couldn't just let our son take care of it. So we disbanded, with the intent to join with everyone else over distance while listening to the specific frequency. I was devastated, and heartbroken. But now I know that it taught me something: *Surrender*. There was no way I could have known, or controlled the circumstances, and no matter how hard I tried to hold it together, it was out of my hands. And I am okay with that now.

Did anything happen? I don't know, but I have a feeling that we are helping to lay down the foundation for something bigger that is going to take place. And while this is just a thought, maybe this is our next stage in human evolution, the expansion of our individual and collective consciousness, because we can't stay where we are - something's got to give. (Dear God, I hope this is the case). We are each being presented with a choice, to expand beyond what we know

and understand about the known Universe, to let go of our fear-based mind programming and to open both our minds and hearts to more. More Love, compassion and understanding, and not only towards ETs, but also towards every living being, human and non - otherwise we are doomed to walk this path that we are currently on, until we destroy ourselves. I don't know if any of us *really* want that. So, what's stopping us? What's stopping me?

There were a lot of things that I learned from all of my encounters, but specifically, Harvey, who would tell me daily that I needed to “trust in the me of now,” and at first, I didn't understand what he meant by that, or how to put it into practice. But there is no practicing, there is only doing and only trusting SO I am trusting in “the me of now” that I am OK, I am trusting that I know what I am doing, and where I am going, even if I don't really have a plan. I have learned that I am a “portal”, and that I create my reality through this portal known as “me”, and that I am connected to worlds and beings that I cannot fathom, and to each and every one of you! I have also learned that meditation, using specific hallucinogens and other various methods give us access into different dimensions of reality, and that it is our imagination, our mind space that creates the reality we know. Anything and everything exist within us, and it's through us that we experience them.

I hope that my story has impacted at least one person, and that I made at least one person laugh... and that it wasn't just me as I was writing this all out. (ha) I listen to frequency on a daily basis, ones that Harvey recommended in order for me to connect with him better, and I will leave you, the reader, with a few numbers to work with, if you feel inclined to do so:

567hz (Orion's frequency AKA Harvey)

850hz (Connection to more - frequency)

**Haunted by a Shadow
Person, Poltergeist Home,
Precognitive Dreams,
Communication with the
Deceased, My NDE &
Spiritual Transformation**

By Mindy Tautfest

As the Oklahoma State Director of the Mutual UFO Network - MUFON, one of the questions that I frequently get asked is how I got started in such a strange field. Many want to know what special experience has compelled me to invest countless hours of my life investigating the UFO phenomenon. Most would expect that I had my own unidentified sighting in the past which spurred a lifelong quest into the unknown. But for me, the answer is far more complex. My journey has been filled with a diverse set of anomalous experiences starting since childhood and culminating in the most dramatic and life changing event of my lifetime on the evening of the 2016 Presidential election.

Saw the Spirit of my Deceased Grandfather

My first clear memory of communicating across the veil was in 1984. I was just five years old at the time and we were living in a small rental home on the north side of the city. There weren't enough bedrooms in the house, so my sister and I slept in a set of bunk beds in my mother's room. Since my sister was 4 years older than me, she got first choice of claiming the top bunk, and I was stuck with the bottom. It never really mattered much though; most nights I would just end up crawling into bed with my mom. Like most young children, I felt warm and safe there and I preferred it to sleeping alone.

During that time, my grandfather started to become terribly ill with complications of diabetes. Our family could only watch as he lost his leg to gangrene, suffered a series of strokes, and became bed bound in a matter of months. He required a dedicated team of home healthcare nurses and hospice workers. A hospital bed was delivered and set up for him in the living room of my grandparents' home. I remember visiting with him frequently as he lay in that bed. I remember his eyes being so sunken and how frail his body looked. He was a mere glimmer of the big, strong man that he had always been.

During previous summers, my sister and I spent our days at Grandma and Grandpa's house while Mom was at work. I always looked forward to when Grandpa and I had our weekly ice cream races at the kitchen table. Grandma would bring two white glass bowls with little handles on them to the table, place them in front of us, and start the countdown. 5 -4- 3- 2- 1.... Then we started shoveling heaping spoonfuls of fudge ripple ice milk into our mouths as fast as we could. At some point, he would usually fake an ice cream headache just to let me win, and we would just sit and chuckle at ourselves and our accomplishments. After that, he held my hand and walked with me to the end of the street. There we would wait for my mom to pick me up after work. Once his health started failing, he wasn't able to do any of these activities, but we still maintained a very special bond as we sat together and talked for as long as he had the strength to do so.

As the days passed, he continued growing weaker and less communicative. **One night I awoke in the middle of the night to find my grandpa standing at the foot of our bed.** I remember that he looked so healthy and happy. Dressed in his favorite flannel shirt, he was glowing with a radiant beautiful peace about him. I was curious about his appearance but also was mesmerized. I realized that he wasn't struggling to stand unassisted. As I glanced down, I noticed that he had both of his legs. **He told me a simple message: he was going to Heaven and I should tell my mom that he was OK.** With that, he smiled and faded away until all that was left was the silhouette of the bunk beds in the background of the room. Immediately I woke my mother to tell her what had just happened and what grandpa had said. Half asleep herself, she insisted that I must have been dreaming and for me to go back to sleep. But not five minutes later, my grandma called and relayed a similar story which she had just experienced. She had seen him at her bedside too, and she wanted Mom to stay on the phone with her while she went into the living room to check on him. Once she got there, she confirmed that he had indeed passed away in his sleep. My mother began crying. I can still recall the pain in her voice as she fumbled trying to explain death to a five-year-old child. But most of all,

I remember being confused about how sad everyone was because my grandpa was so content when I had seen him.

As an adult, I still remember him just the way he was when he appeared to me that night. He never visited me again, but that one visit was such an incredible gift to me. Even beyond the comfort that his appearance brought to me as a five-year-old child, the experience has remained a significant source of comfort. This has been especially so since I have been forced to continuously grapple with what is waiting for us on the other side beyond our current existence. If my grandfather's visitation was indicative of the best of the other side, then what came next could only represent some of the worst.

My Mother Purchased a “Haunted House”

In 1987, Mom bought a nice big home in a better school district further north. The house was a HUD home. It had been neglected and vandalized while sitting vacant over the years. I remember walking through the house and thinking, “We are really going to live *here*?” It didn't seem like the dream home Mom had worked it up to be. Walking through the front door, immediately apparent was a huge six-foot hole in the dining room floor where you could see straight down into the crawl space. Windows had been broken out in almost every room, and doors had been kicked or punched in. The house had an old musty smell to it which lingered in every room as we walked through. Despite the condition of the house, it was ours now. Mom immediately hired a crew to come make the necessary repairs so we could move in.

After the repairs, the home looked very nice, and it was much bigger than our old rental. With a floor plan which included six bedrooms, there was plenty of space for everyone. Having a large family, each of those bedrooms was spoken for. My two aunts had their own individual rooms in the back of the house and my older brother took the converted garage room. My mom, sister, and I each had our own rooms in the front of the house. My bedroom was situated at the

end of a long hall between my mother and sister's rooms. I decided to paint it a light blue shade to match the multicolored blue shag carpet that was already there. I was happy with my color choice, and my room felt like it was just perfect for me!

The first day was mainly filled with moving in and unpacking. I chose to focus on arranging the things in my bedroom in an attempt to stay out of the way of the adults. As evening descended, I grew tired and lay down on the floor of my new room. I covered myself up with a throw blanket. Lying quietly in the stillness of the room was a stark contrast to the bustle of excitement that I could hear in the rest of the house. Everyone else continued to work finding new places for all of our belongings. As I started to drift off to sleep, I felt an immediate unease roll over me. There was a tension in the pit of my stomach. My eyes shot wide open. I looked around the room trying to find a reason for my reaction, but there was none. I told myself that it was just the new environment, but I had never felt anything like that before. I shrugged it off and eventually fell asleep from exhaustion.

Days turned to months, and months turned to years, and life was good at our new home. I loved my new school and made friends fairly quickly. I was part of the junior high spirit council team and had made several friends at the local church. Our neighborhood was filled with kids my age, so I was always outside playing and hanging out with them. When I was home, it was mainly just to eat, shower, and sleep. I continued being minimally disturbed by a strange feeling of being watched while in the front part of the house. I never discovered any logical reason for the strange sensation, so I chose to simply ignore it.

The Shadowy Figure - The Hat Man

Around my sophomore year of high school was when I first noticed something particularly weird, just a quick flash of darkness shooting down the hallway. **The shadow was large enough to be that of a person, and it went by so fast** that I could only catch a glimpse of

it out of the corner of my eye. I wondered if my eyes were playing tricks on me and if I had even seen anything at all. By then, we had been living in the house for eight years, and I had never seen anything out of the ordinary during all that time. But as the days passed, I continued to catch this shadowy form darting by in my peripheral vision. I wasn't scared, but rather more curious about what it could be. I figured that it wasn't hurting me, so there was no harm in it being there. Its presence continued to grow. **I was seeing it more regularly until the sightings were happening multiple times a week.** Normally the quick moving shadow was seen in the evenings, and it was always in that hallway leading to our bedrooms.

After about a month, I had started noticing that just prior to seeing it, I would get that same knot in the pit of my stomach that I had experienced the very first night in my room. It was almost like an early warning system that the shadowy form was about to make an appearance. I would look up, and almost always it darted by. I never saw it, however, straight on. After about another month, the warning signs evolved to where I began receiving mental visions of the shadow and I sensed it was that of a man. In my mind's eye, I could never his exact features, but could clearly make out his shadowy silhouette. **He was tall and thin, clothed in a trench coat which hung down his calves. He wore a tall fedora on his head.**

In my daily life, I was a happy active teenager: I danced in the high school pom squad, sang in show choir, performed in community theater, applied myself academically to my honors courses, attended Vocational Tech half a day, and even worked part time as a carhop in the evenings. After giving my life to Christ at the age of 16, every Wednesday and Sunday I attended the local youth church group. To say that I stayed pretty busy would be an understatement. Looking back now, I believe that it was my exhaustion that the shadow man thrived on. As I became weaker, his presence only seemed to grow stronger.

I can clearly remember the first time I saw the shadowy Hat Man straight on in physical form. He had been in our home for nine years by then. That evening, I had come in from a football game and was visiting with my mom back in her room. With her door open, I had a straight view down the hallway from where I was sitting. We were having a great time. I was telling her all about the game, suddenly I got the flash in my mind that *He* was there. I stopped talking mid-sentence, looked down the hall, and saw his shadow taking slow deliberate steps towards us in the bedroom. His trench coat swung side to side with each stride and by the time he had taken about 4 steps, he disappeared. I looked back at my mom, who had no view of the hallway, and she immediately saw the terror in my eyes. “What did you see?”

I replied without hesitation, **“A man. A shadow. He was wearing a tall hat.”**

She had been noticing shadows as well but had never said anything. We started asking others in our home about the shadow. It was then that we started to realize the scope of what had been happening.

Numerous times each of us had experienced hearing our names called from a different room only to find that no one had in fact called us. Sometimes it **would mimic the voices of different family members** when it called out. We had also experienced hearing loud bangs from other rooms in the house. At times, this happened with multiple family members present. When we went to investigate, there would be no sign of a disturbance. **Objects started disappearing and reappearing in different locations, or else they would reappear in the expected locations at a later time.** When these occurrences became frequent, the temperament of our family slowly turned for the worse. We began to behave more aggressively towards one another. Sensing he was content with the disharmony that he had created within the family, **the Hat Man then moved into my room and focused all of his ill intent on me.**

When I was 18, I attended nursing school while working full time at a nursing home. It was during this time that I experienced the most intense attacks by the Hat Man. I feel silly calling them “attacks”, because **I was never physically harmed, but the mental toll that they took on me was quite severe.** Due to his presence, I had grown afraid of the dark, so I had bought a TV for my bedroom. I left it on all night to provide some sound and light. He would normally come as I was lying in bed watching a sitcom, trying to settle down for the night. Sometimes, I would see a faint shadow. At other times I would just feel his presence when he entered the room. He would normally stand in the corner and stare, emanating the most-evil essence that I have ever encountered. He was nothing like the gentle spirit of my grandfather. I doubted that the Hat Man was ever human. Most nights, all I could do was lay there in bed terrified. I was unable to move, tears rolling down my cheeks, while he stood and coldly observed. Some nights this would last only a few minutes, sometimes it could last close to an hour.

Once he finally left, I could finally fall asleep. I dreaded waiting for it to possibly happen again the next night. Although my mother was always in the next room, I never did call for help. To be honest, I was incredibly embarrassed to be a young adult and still be so terrified of “the boogeyman.” Instead, each night I turned to prayer. I prayed for protection and for God to make the shadow go away. Night after night, my prayers went unanswered. I felt betrayed and alone. I was caught in an endless hell where even God wouldn't help me. On one of the last nights, I remember him visiting, I began to pray as soon as he arrived. Instead of remaining silent, as he normally did, Hat Man let out a deep guttural growl. His glowing red eyes shined at me from the corner of the room. I started to hear knocking on the walls and scratching at my door. The bangs were coming from all directions around the room when I heard my mother scream from her bedroom next door. I broke free from my fear and ran to her room. I found her hanging about two feet out of the bottom of her bed. Something had grabbed her by the ankles and forcefully pulled her down in the bed. We were both terrified and sat up talking in the living room the rest of the night. The next day we blessed the house and smudged with sage.

Soon after, I graduated with a nursing degree and started working 12-hour overnight shifts. Because of my working hours, I never really dealt with Hat Man much after that. On the days I wasn't working, I was out partying so that I could avoid going home, anything to not have to face what we had lived through that night of the worst attack. I could still sometimes feel his presence during the daytime, but there weren't any more major events. On one occasion, the Hat Man showed a sense of humor. It was really the only time that I was able to bring myself to laugh at him. At that time, I was over 21 and was getting ready to go out to a bar to celebrate Halloween with one of my girlfriends. We had gotten all dressed up and were headed out the front door when the song "This is Halloween" from "Nightmare Before Christmas" started blaring loudly throughout the house. It was coming from the direction of my bedroom, so we headed that way to investigate. As we entered the room, we could tell that the sound was coming from the closet. I reached down, pulled out an old box, and there amongst the junk was an old alarm clock. Sure enough, it was playing the song on full blast. At once I flipped it over to take out the batteries and the song cut out. When I opened the battery panel it was empty. No batteries! Hat Man took the prize for creepiest Halloween trick that year.

Premonition and Lucid Dreams

As activity from Hat Man started to dwindle, a new phenomenon began taking center stage in my life. **I began having very vivid and sometimes downright troubling dreams.** Like everyone else, I had nightmares before, but these were something entirely different. Everything about them was exceedingly real. When I would wake from them, I could recall every precise detail as if I had lived through them in my waking life.

The first lucid dream I remember having was just prior to the World Trade Center attack on September 11th. Three separate times I experienced the same dream sequence where I would witness the scene as if through a news report. In the dreams, I had

the perspective of walking down a city street with cars parked on the sides of the road. There were just a few people passing by. Everything was colored gray and covered in ash. I looked up to the sky and saw more ash falling. Individual papers floated down in a swaying and drifting motion. The people were all covered in ash and they were covering their mouths and noses to keep from inhaling all of the dust in the air. A news ticker streamed across the bottom of the report screen: "In the East from the East . . . In the East from the East." The date was displayed in the bottom right corner: Sept. 11th.

I knew this dream was different than any I had before, so I called a few of my military friends to find out what they knew about any war about to break out. I also made a post on a popular yahoo group asking if anyone else had been having any weird dreams about World War Three, but I only got minimal replies. Making light of the situation, my friends repeatedly teased me because I was almost crazy about it, thinking that the government was hiding something. It made me paranoid for a few weeks leading up to the attack. Then the morning of September 11th came. I had just completed my third consecutive 12-hour night shift and had come home to sleep. Even though I had previously been anxious about that date, it had not occurred to me what day it was. As I had just lain down in my bed, my brother called out asking, "Are you watching this? A plane just hit the World Trade Center." I turned on the TV, switched the channel to national news and started watching. It still was not evident to me that this was what I had been dreaming about until I saw the now familiar view being broadcast. It was like *deja vu* for me, but everyone I knew could confirm that this was the exact scene that I had been talking about the past couple of weeks. One of my military friends, to whom I had described the dream, called me that morning. Several of my military friends discussed the dreams that I was having. This led to one of their superiors getting on the phone with me. That individual asked what else I knew, but at that point, they knew as much as I did. I never saw any planes; I had no idea who Osama Bin Laden was, and I never saw the buildings fall.

After September 11th, I had a couple more precognitive dreams. In one, I saw the Pope passing away and black smoke rising into the sky. In another, I saw a whole city being flooded while I rode a canoe through murky contaminated water. About a week later, Hurricane Katrina hit New Orleans. After that, I never really had that type of dream again. **The phenomena came out of nowhere and left just as quickly.**

Around this time, I had been asked to spend a week house-sitting for some of my military friends. (Names are changed to protect their identities.) Each of them happened to be on temporary duty or on leave during this one particular week. I had been working agency assignments at the hospital in the town where they resided quite frequently, so they asked me to stay at their place for a few days and keep an eye on things. It was a great arrangement for me since it meant that I didn't have to drive all the way back to the city each day after my shift, so I happily agreed. These guys were like brothers to me, and I had spent so much time with them that their house was almost like a second home. The first day I arrived for house sitting duty and went back to Jay's room where I placed my suitcase and scrubs since he tended to be the tidiest of the bunch. I grabbed a blanket and a pillow and headed for the couch to settle in for an evening of vegging out in front of the TV.

Later that night as I was starting to get sleepy, the television in my friend Caleb's room turned on. His room was at the end of the hall and was in my direct line of sight from where I was sitting on the couch. Intrigued, I walked down the hall, flipped on his light, and turned off his TV. I reasoned that perhaps he had a timer set for some unknown reason, so I didn't pay it much mind. I turned out the light and headed back to the couch. By the time I sat down, his TV had turned itself on again. This time it slightly unnerved me, but I knew that I had to go back in there and turn it off. So down the hall I went again, turned on the light, turned off the TV, turned the light off, and went back to the couch. I slightly held my breath as I sat down, but to my relief, it didn't

happen again. I tried not to let it bother me too much. I started my movie back up and eventually I was able to drift off to sleep.

In my dream state, I found myself lying on the couch when I saw the TV in Caleb's room turn on again. Just as had happened in real life, I got up to turn it off, but this time as I passed Jay's room, I saw a woman sitting on his bed. She had long curly brown hair, fiery red lips, pale skin, and a short red sequined dress. She was beautiful, but in an almost trashy kind of way. I leaned into the room and asked her what she was doing there and let her know that no one was supposed to be there while the guys were out of town. She just smiled and mockingly said "Oh, I just come to f*** the guys from time to time." She then threw her head back in typical evil fashion and started laughing maniacally, with each set of laughs getting lower and lower in pitch until it turned into something that sounded wholly demonic. At that, I sensed very real danger and turned to run, but she caught me by the throat strangling me tighter and tighter as I tried to fight. It was so frightening that I forced myself to wake up as it was apparent that I wasn't strong enough to fight her off.

Began to "Perceive" & Hear Deceased Spirits

I awoke with a jolt, and I was still breathing heavily from struggling against this seemingly demonic being. As I lay on the couch trying to catch my breath, I immediately realized that I could hear the chatter from the TV in Caleb's room again. At this point I was ready to leave, but all my belongings, and most importantly my car keys were in the room where I had just seen her. It was about 4:30 AM, so I grabbed my pack of cigarettes and went outside to sit on the porch and wait for the sun to come up.

Once daylight broke, I worked up a bit of courage to reenter the house. I readied myself, ran in, turned off the TV, grabbed my things, and left all within about a 30-second time frame. Once safely in my car, I called Caleb to see if any of them had ever noticed strange things in

that house. At first, he denied it, but once I started describing what had happened, he was in disbelief. **He told me that he had been having nightmares and had repeatedly suffered attacks from the same woman which I had seen in Jay's room.** He had even asked the other guys about it, and while they didn't confirm or deny it, they refused to discuss the subject. After that night, I continued to go by and check on the house during the next few days until they returned home. Once Caleb arrived in town, he hired a moving company to pack up his belongings and move them to a new location. He was so disturbed by the confirmation of the existence of this woman that he never did return to that house.

Desperate to understand my tendency to attract unexplained phenomena, I sought out the paranormal community. I started reading books about hauntings and took a local ghost tour where I quickly became friends with the owner of the company. I ended up joining her team of investigators and went on several haunting investigations around our state. In an effort to answer my own questions surrounding the identity and origin of different types of entities, I carefully studied the use of electronic voice phenomenon. Known as EVP, it is a technique used to capture and record spirit voices. I figured it was my best bet at trying to make contact and receive answers. I had encountered human spirits, but there were definitely other types of beings out there too. I believed that they were possibly using similar doors to manifest and communicate in our dimension. The Hat Man and the apparent succubus, neither one was very nice, but they both seemed too different in so many ways to be the same type of entity. If these were all unique types of encounters, then why did I keep experiencing them when most people go their whole lives without ever seeing one single ghost? Was there something about me that left me open to these phenomena? If I didn't have other witnesses to these different strange events, I would have questioned my own sanity. And even with that validation, I still sought to gather additional proof of their existence.

Continuing my search for answers, I came across a local pastor online and we began chatting. We scheduled a date and met up to discuss some of these beings which I had come across over the years. As a Christian, I desperately wanted to receive a well thought out religious perspective on my experiences. Pastor John and I didn't always agree on what different scriptures meant, but I really appreciated the way that he could admit it when he didn't know something. He very patiently tried to help me find answers to my many questions. We had so many great discussions and debates, and met up so often, that we began dating. I loved the way that he always challenged me and the way that we continued to learn about new things together. He was always so supportive of me and never made me feel bad about the supernatural happenings which had become such a regular part of my life. Little did he know that he would soon get a front row seat to the next otherworldly event.

It was in the early days of our dating life when **I started noticing a spirit around me named Anna.** I never really had a spirit follow me around like that before, but she had a pleasantness about her that put me at ease. I noticed her dropping in from time to time and I found it somewhat curious how suddenly she had shown up. My best guess was maybe she had found me at one of the hospitals in which I had recently worked. The thought had never crossed my mind that her appearance may be related to the man who would soon become my husband.

The first time John took me out to the family farm to meet his father, Anna was there. After spending the morning visiting and getting a tour of the farm, John and his father went out to the barn to work on the combine together. I had worked an overnight shift the previous evening, so I went into one of the bedrooms to take a nap. Once I was alone in the bedroom, I felt the familiar spirit of Anna in the room, **but another presence arrived soon after. His name was Victor, and he was talking to Anna.... about me.** They knew each other! She was telling Victor all about me, "Isn't she pretty? This is John's new girlfriend. She's a nurse." He just stood next to her and agreed as she

spoke. I could feel others around the room, but those two were the ones who were most prominent. It was then that I started to realize that Anna was connected to John in some way. As they continued to talk and express their approval of me, I drifted off to sleep. While it could come off as a bit creepy, it was all actually very sweet and endearing. I instantly felt accepted and loved by all of the family at the farm.

After my nap, I got up and went outside to find the guys still tinkering with the farm equipment out in the barn. I pulled John aside and asked if he had any idea who Victor and Anna were. He was confused, “Well we have both a Victor and an Anna in our family, **but they have both passed away. Victor was my grandpa and Anna was his mom, my great grandma.**” He went on to tell me how Victor had been raised on that land and worked the farm for over 50 years before handing it down to the next generation. That farm had been in the family for five generations, and it was only fitting that all of the family would still be gathered there and looking out for each other. After that visit, Anna remained on the farm, and I would still feel her around sometimes when we would visit. It is amazing to think that it is possible to feel the love that our ancestors have for us from beyond the veil, but that is exactly what I feel every time we visit my husband’s childhood home.

It wasn’t long before our family began to grow. We had our son during our first year of marriage, followed shortly thereafter with our beautiful daughter. Those years were filled with such wonderful memories. We moved around a bit due to John’s job as a pastor, but we were always so happy to have one another. I had a few minor paranormal events happen during that time, but nothing to the extent that had happened before. **There was one time that I was going into the nursery to check on our son when I heard a woman’s voice loudly exclaim with a British accent, “We watch over the baby!”** And there were a few times where I had vivid dreams in which I struggled against an unseen force as I was thrashed around the ceiling.

Then there was the time I had a visit from a church member's husband who had passed away. For the most part, however, those happy years were, in terms of the paranormal, somewhat silent.

Visiting my mother's home during those years, we occasionally encountered the shadow man. To this day, she and both of my aunts still live in that house. From a young age, each of our children have sensed something dark in that part of the house. This was despite the fact that the family never revealed our past experiences to the children. The last time I had a run in with the shadow was around 2010. This was when John and I, along with both of our children, had come to town to visit, and we decided to stay overnight there. My aunt had given me a set of sheets to make up the bed in the guest room which was my sister's old bedroom. I had already placed the sheets on the bed, when I heard John come up behind me and whisper something into my ear. I could feel his nose in my hair and his breath on my skin. I couldn't quite make out what he said because what I thought I heard made no sense. I turned around to ask him what he meant and that's when I realized he was never there. The words made perfect sense in this new context. "Better say a prayer." I ran out of the bedroom terribly upset and told my husband what had happened. He helped calm my fears, then helped me make up the bed so I wouldn't have to be in there alone. The rest of the night was uneventful as we slept peacefully in that room.

My Deadly Disease

Shortly after getting married, I quit working as a nurse. It wasn't an easy thing to do because I loved my profession, but in truth, at the age of 25, I didn't have the physical strength to continue working in the field. I had already fallen a couple of times at work and injured myself due to my legs going numb for unknown reasons. I had been to various doctors throughout the years and had received a range of different possible diagnoses: "Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, Fibromyalgia, Probable Multiple Sclerosis." None were a definitive diagnosis. **After having our children, my body continued to rapidly decline.** I was

having trouble eating, I was lightheaded most of the day, I experienced terrible migraines, and my body hurt all the time. I would cry from pain when our children crawled into my lap, and then I would cry in frustration for not being able to hold my children. Finally, I saw a physician who was able to put my symptoms together and referred me to a geneticist. I finally had answers after many years of searching. **I had a genetic condition called Ehlers Danlos Syndrome.**

I don't want to go into every symptom of the disorder, but a basic understanding of the condition is needed to comprehend what set off the chain of events that led up to the most life altering event I had ever encountered. Ehlers Danlos Syndrome, or EDS, is a connective tissue disorder in which there is a mutation in the genes which code for collagen. Collagen is found in nearly every major body system including your joints, blood vessels, eyes, etc., so when it is faulty, you can have a wide range of symptoms. People with this condition suffer from hypermobility, multiple recurrent joint dislocations, widespread body pain, easy bruising, muscle weakness, and most severely, aneurysms and blood vessel ruptures. It is a poorly understood condition, and until recently, it was considered to be extremely rare. At the time of my diagnosis, I was thought to have a less deadly form of the disorder, but I was always managed closely by a whole team of specialists including: a cardiologist, a cardiac electrophysiologist, a geneticist, a neurologist, a gastroenterologist, and an internist. Even with the amount of care that I required, we never thought I would be much of a risk for vascular complications.

On the morning of November 8, 2016, I got up and saw John and the kids off to school. A while later, I noticed a bit of swelling on the right side of my face near my jaw line. I shrugged it off as possibly another minor reaction called "a mast cell flare, so I took an antihistamine and went on with my day. Allergic reactions like this are somewhat common with my condition, so it didn't really alarm me at that time. I took a couple of selfies throughout the day and sent them to my husband to show him how it was looking and the lack of progress it

had made. The swelling was minimal but persistent, so I decided to take a nice hot bath and give the medicine more time to do its thing. I didn't have any pain at the site, and really, the swelling was hardly noticeable to anyone but me. After my bath, I sat on the couch and was checking the latest news on the presidential election while waiting for my husband and children to arrive home so we could go vote. We were excited that our kids were getting old enough to understand the importance of voting, and we were looking forward to including them in the process this year.

My Near-Death Experience

As I was casually scrolling through my news feed, I suddenly heard what sounded like a loud gunshot go off inside my head.

Instantly I felt what I can best describe as an avalanche of electricity rush from the top of my head surging down my spine, finally ending at the tips of my toes. As the electricity rolled over me, it felt like sequential layers of my body were being torn away, much like peeling the skin off a banana. It was then that the most unimaginable pain began radiating from the base of my skull; it felt like all the bones had been violently torn apart. The room began spinning and blurring as I centered all of my intent on focusing my thoughts.

I cannot put into words the instant panic which hit me. I knew immediately that something severely life threatening had just happened. I desperately wanted to escape the situation, but there is nowhere to run when your own body has become your prison. The truth was that I was alone. I required life saving measures which I knew that I could not provide for myself. I fought through the panic and immediately began trying to assess the situation and what my chances of survival were. My first thought was that someone might have been hunting in the field behind our house and a stray bullet had come through our wall. We had recently seen several coyote hunters out around the area, so this was a very real possibility at that time. The intense blast of the explosion which resonated through my skull

certainly, matched what I would expect getting shot in the head would sound like. I focused all my attention on my upper back to see if I could feel the sensation of any blood running down. My shirt and my hair didn't seem wet, so I started to rule out the gunshot theory. My next thought was that I had probably ruptured an undiscovered brain aneurysm related to my condition. It made sense. Whatever it was, I knew instinctively that the damage was too catastrophic for me to recover from.

Crumpled over on the couch, I lay there feeling my life fading. Like any mother, my mind turned instantly to my children. I knew that from where I was laying, they would be the ones to find my body when they came home from school. They would always run in first thing after school and give me big hugs and kisses and tell me all about their day. At the time, both of our kids were in elementary school. Our son JJ was eight, and our daughter Aneshka was six. I could just imagine their happy little faces, running in like they had done every day before and slowly starting to realize that something was terribly wrong. It was all too much to bear. I didn't want to become the most terrible thing to ever happen to them. I began desperately begging God to spare them from finding me because I knew they would never get over it. Then my thoughts turned to John. He would never get over it either. Maybe he would have a better chance of working through it? I knew that wasn't the truth. A flood of realization washed over me. "Oh God, this is really, really bad. This is really happening. I'm really dying." There was no good solution. Someone had to find my body, and it was going to be someone that I loved. There was no way around it. The thought of being separated from the three people in this world who filled my spirit with so much love was unbearable. My heart was breaking so deeply that I had no words left to express my sorrow. My spirit just sobbed with overwhelming grief. I cried so hard and so long that I began to lose track of time. I was no longer concerned about my physical body anymore; I couldn't feel it anyway. At some point I decided to look around and then I began to notice where I was.

Everywhere I looked, I was in complete darkness, yet I could see everything around me in a perfect 360-degree view. It wasn't anything like being in a pitch-black room. I didn't feel like I couldn't see because it was dark, I could see everything, but there was just nothing there to see. The darkness went on for what seemed like forever in every direction. **I looked down to see my hand and realized that I no longer had any form. During the transition from life to death, I never lost consciousness and I was fully aware of my thoughts the entire time.** Being a born-again Christian, I was expecting to be greeted by loved ones and whisked away to Heaven immediately following death. "To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord" is what we were taught in Sunday school. I began looking around expectantly for a light to shine down to guide me, a tunnel, or a familiar face. We've all seen the death sequence depicted in bad made for TV movies, and that was basically my expectation. I began to pray while I was there waiting. I had started accepting that my Earthly life was over, and I was preparing for the next step. "Okay, so they were wrong about the tunnel, what comes next? I should probably be standing in front of God at judgement anytime now." Even though I had been saved and baptized, fear struck me. I wanted to believe that I would easily pass straight into Heaven, but what if I hadn't done enough? I knew that I would never get into Heaven on my own merit. I began praying for forgiveness of my sins. I prayed that Christ would stand in my place during judgement. I prayed that I would one day get to see my husband and children again. I know that my salvation isn't based on works, but when you are at that moment when you know you are about to begin an eternity in Heaven, or an eternity of torment, you pray that you are found worthy. **So, I prayed and I waited. And yet, nothing.**

"Hello? Can anyone hear me?" I called out into the darkness repeatedly, hoping for an answer. The more time seemed to pass, the more I started to realize how cut off I was from everything. I started to panic. Was this it, the afterlife? It was like no one could or would hear me from the barren chasm where I now found myself captive in the darkness. I could only feel the vibrations of a universe teeming with life

and creation all around me, but it was all out of my reach. For whatever reason, I was isolated, utterly alone, unimportant and forgotten. I began to cry inconsolably once again. It didn't matter. There was no comfort to be found in this place. It was as if my consciousness had been fully unboxed for the first time. My being was completely exposed and the contents of my soul were placed in full view of myself. Every emotion I was feeling was laid bare and amplified by the fact that I myself had no form and was in all totality just my thoughts and emotions floating in this abyss. My panic only grew as my cries continually went unanswered. I started realizing the gravity of the situation. This was not the heaven that I had learned about my whole life, yet it wasn't hell either. **I was lost somewhere in between, void of any love or consolation, with only my thoughts to keep me company.**

My mind reeled as I searched desperately for answers. Why didn't I make it to Heaven? Did they find me as unworthy as I had always felt myself to be? Why was I never enough? My soul thirsted for love and acceptance from my Creator, but instead I had been thrust into this cold uncaring desert. I started to examine myself more intensely: my thoughts, my beliefs, and my intentions during life. I soon became painfully aware that my soul was consumed with fear. It always had been. My own fears had separated me from experiencing the fullness of love in life and in death. Why had I allowed fear to build a fortress in my heart? In trying to keep out the bad, I had unintentionally locked out everything good with it. If I was currently residing in the emptiness of my fears, then the fullness of love was in the absence of fear.

As I sat and mourned these truths, **I began to feel a presence far off behind me on the left side.** It wasn't holy or evil, kindred or foreign. I couldn't even tell if it was human, but its essence was that of a masculine nature. I saw no form, but only sensed him there, a shadow in the darkness. As he approached closer, he sent the impression to my mind that I was only in a holding space and I wouldn't be there for

eternity. The hesitant kindness he showed seemed sterile and gave me the impression that he was breaking the rules by intervening in an attempt to calm the suffering of my spirit. I was thankful for it. For the first time since arriving, I felt a small sense of relief as some of the burden of uncertainty was lifted. At that, I felt a tug and began soaring through the dark open expanse.

Ahead in the distance and off to my right, a faint point of light with a soft purple glow started coming into view. As I drifted closer, it glowed brighter with increasing intensity until it became clear that what I was witnessing was actually a network of pink intersecting lines floating in a giant purple cloud. The thought instinctively came to mind, "That is the Fabric of Humanity." It felt like a fundamental truth of existence had been briefly revealed to me. For those fleeting moments, everything made perfect sense and I saw all life there in perfect harmony and existing as it had always been intended to be. It was a stark contrast to the hopeless abyss which I had just left. If darkness had been the manifestation of fear, this place was the physical embodiment of love.

The Fabric of Humanity looked like a scientific map of brain neurons. It was pink in color with spidery appendages branching off each other and linking to one another at converging points. It glowed, sometimes very brightly yellow, at certain junctions where those consciousnesses were joined in emitting such intense love. The immensity of its brilliance radiated throughout the purple nebula cloud which completely encircled the structure. It was a harmony of souls filled with all human knowledge and emotion and I was overwhelmed at its existence. This mysterious eternal source held the unified goodness of mankind spanning through past, present, and future generations, but existing outside of time as we know it.

Its beauty shined through the darkness with the highest importance of all creation and I wanted so badly to draw closer and join it. Instead, I watched as it shrunk from my view while I continued to

sail towards my destination at the hand of the unseen force directing my path.

The next thing I became aware of was awaking with a jolt as my body experienced a hard restart and my mind rebooted back into this reality. My consciousness had remained intact throughout the return transition. My ability to perceive and experience my current physical surroundings had been restored in that instant. I found myself slumped over on the couch in a strangely contorted manner. I immediately felt the agony of an intense searing pain rush throughout my head. It was as if hot lava was trying to burn through every vein in my skull. The ringing in my ears caused my hearing to be disorientingly muffled as I heard the TV playing in the background. I couldn't make out any of what was being said. I struggled to sit myself up, but I quickly realized that my right arm was no longer functioning properly. I fell back on the couch repeatedly with each failed attempt as I willed my arm to support my body just enough to propel me towards getting help. Exhausted, I lay there visually searching the room until I was able to locate my cell phone which had dropped from my hand during my last conscious moments. I wiggled my body over to the opposite end of the couch and was able to call my father-in-law who lived on the farm across the street. He answered almost immediately, but when I tried to speak, my words came out unrecognizably garbled. I resorted to repeatedly slurring "911, 911 911", but just the weakened sound of my voice alone had alerted him to the fact that something was terribly wrong. "Mindy, hang on, I'm coming right now." His words were such a relief to me. They meant that I would no longer have to face this alone and that my children wouldn't have to find me this way. As I sat and waited for him to arrive, I knew that I had to have suffered a stroke. My aunt had a massive stroke when I was a teenager, and it left her paralyzed and unable to speak. Was this my destiny too?

My father-in-law arrived within minutes and sat with me until John got home to take me to the hospital. At the time, we lived on a 300-acre farm in the middle of nowhere Oklahoma, so we had a 30-

minute ride down nameless country roads before we reached the small rural community hospital. Calling an ambulance would have taken longer for them to locate our home than just having John drive me, so we opted for the latter and the men got me loaded into the car. Once on the road, I called my GI doctor to let him know what was happening. Strangely enough, he was the most sought-after specialist for my genetic condition in our region of the US. He had become almost a friend to our family since we saw him so often in order to manage my condition. He had given us his personal cell phone number to use just in case something like this might happen, and I was so thankful to have his reassuring voice on the other end of the phone during the whole ride. He was extremely concerned as he listened to me slur my words and struggle to form any coherent thoughts as I tried to describe what had just happened. As he spoke to John he pressed, "Get her there, I'm afraid she might be having a massive stroke."

Safely reaching the ER, the staff took me back and ran different scans of my head. They shot me full of dye to get a good look at all the blood vessels, but being a small rural hospital, they were unable to find the source of my symptoms on their limited equipment. My arm had started to regain some movement and my speech was starting to clear during the hours I was there, so they chose not to run any further tests. The ER physician in charge of my care had treated me once before, so she knew me and was compassionate about my health situation. The physician stated that she couldn't admit me since the tests hadn't shown anything abnormal, so she reluctantly sent me home that day. Against our pleas, I was released home with no diagnosis and no treatment. I was instructed to follow up with my neurologist and to return if my symptoms came back. Her decision to send me home that day resulted in the beginning of years of unending daily torment in my life.

I returned to the ER the next morning after the burning in my skull reached indescribable levels of pain once again. I had become lightheaded and faint and was becoming confused, so I called a church friend who took me back to the hospital. She was dumbfounded while

she watched the staff treat me like a hypochondriac and drug seeker. Having worked as a nurse, I knew the lingo and the attitude which was being directed towards me. I begged the staff not to give me any pain meds, but to please run more scans. I knew they had missed something and if they didn't find it, I wouldn't survive another episode. Unbelievably, I was sent home once again, leaving me feeling completely defeated and hopeless.

That night, my church friend graciously offered to let me stay with her family since they lived closer to the hospital. Although we barely knew them at the time, I moved in and stayed there for the next month. We soon grew to be very close friends with late night TV marathons, game nights, and family dinners together. Their jobs allowed them to be home during the daytime so I wouldn't have to be alone while I was continuing to have subsequent episodes. Although I never experienced the loud pop again, I was still nearly fainting multiple times a day and I constantly had the excruciating burning pain coursing through my skull. This amazing couple sat by my side each day and held my hand as I fought through each scary event. Their kindness was a welcome respite from the physical battle which I was facing. While I was at their home, John made the tough decision to sell our home on the family farm. He had bought us a house in town located within blocks of the hospital so I would be close to medical care. I was so happy to be back home with my family, but part of me was terrified of being alone and experiencing what I had gone through while alone on the farm that terrible day of my first attack. With John and the kids back at school, I began sitting with the front door open and 911 pulled up on my phone in case an episode started in which I felt like I was going to lose consciousness. I even mastered holding onto my phone with my finger hovering over the send button so it would directly dial 911 if I lost movement in my arm again. This fearful ritual continued daily for several months.

I felt as if my body was in a constant state of being near death. It was as if I was living with one foot in the world of the living, and one still anchored in the afterlife. Every day I experienced intense never-ending agony and fear. I felt overwhelmingly alone. I was so tired of surviving with the fiery pain which relentlessly tormented me. The physical suffering was immense, but I was equally afraid of returning back to the emptiness of the void. It seemed that there was no place between Heaven and Earth that would offer me any rest. I would call my family members and just weep uncontrollably, but they didn't know what to think since the hospital had checked me out and said I was physically OK. While some loved ones began questioning my mental health, I began questioning my ability to withstand much more suffering and became apathetic towards life. I became angry with God and wrestled with him constantly. Why had He returned me to this life only to see me live in endless suffering? It wasn't only taking a toll on me, it was breaking my strong husband and causing my children to live in fear. We had always been an incredibly close family, but in my distress, I considered moving back in with my mother in order to ease the burden this was taking on my husband and kids. When I brought it up to John, he opposed it with everything in him, so I stayed, but something had to change.

I decided to turn my attention to getting my hearing fixed. After the initial incident, I never did regain my hearing and the ringing in my head had never stopped. I reported this to my neurologist, but he was indifferent about it and acted as if I must be exaggerating my condition since the ER testing hadn't shown anything abnormal. He also refused to do any further testing since I "looked fine" to him. Due to the lack of medical care, I started doing my own research online to find any kind of help with the ringing which had remained quite troubling. To my relief, I stumbled upon 432 Hz music. I began listening to it each day and was overcome with awe as it evoked a similar feeling of serenity to what I felt when in the presence of the Fabric of Humanity. My frantic prayers for forgiveness of whatever offense, I could have committed to deserve

this unending torture slowly began to turn into deep meditations of self-acceptance and self-love. I started to understand that my experiences of suffering were necessary for my own spiritual growth and wellbeing. I decided to embrace the fear, the torment, and the unknown as an act of perfect love from beyond my own understanding. During my daily meditations, I began to feel the presence of blue healing light radiating down all around my head and neck. It created a warm enveloping cloud around me which caused the most painful areas on my body to tingle. This would last about 30 minutes each time it happened, and slowly I began to see slight improvements in the severity of my symptoms. I told John excitedly that it felt like the hand of God was holding something together in my neck and was preserving my life. For the first time, I was starting to have hope.

Due to what I believed was a lack of thorough and compassionate medical care for my ongoing symptoms, our family ended up selling our small-town home and moving once again, this time to Oklahoma City. The larger hospitals there afforded state of the art equipment and leading specialists in a large number of fields. **It was in the big city that I finally got the accurate assessment and necessary care that I had so desperately needed all along.** It had been almost a year and a half since my incident at the farm and it was well past time to finally get some much-needed answers. Within weeks of visiting my new neurologist, I was sent for an invasive test called a cerebral arteriogram. After being prepped, a catheter was fed from my groin up into my brain and dye was injected into the blood vessels there. I was given some meds to help dull the pain of the procedure, but remained awake for the duration of it. I can still remember the interventional radiologist rousing me on the table and telling me “We found it!” I just lay there and cried while still in a groggy state. We had found it.

Once out in the recovery room, the doctor visited with John and me and showed us the pictures he had taken during the procedure. There were two large tears on my right vertebral artery leading up to my brain. **What I had suffered is known as a vertebral artery dissection**

or VAD. Although they are considered rare, they are most commonly caused by Ehlers Danlos Syndrome and typically result in strokes and brain hemorrhages. I was quite lucky to be alive. Just a month prior to my own VAD, a story hit national news of a young model who had suddenly passed away from the same condition. Due to the amount of time that had passed in my case, the tears had already miraculously begun to heal on their own. If it had been caught when the tear initially happened, I would have required a stent to be placed in order to protect that area as it healed and prevent clots from forming. Instead, I was merely placed on anticoagulants that I will need to take for the rest of my life. I likely had a few smaller strokes during the weeks following my VAD. During some of my more particularly worrisome episodes, I would sit in the bathtub and try to calm my anxiety and ignore the symptoms since I had been told by my neurologist that I was experiencing hemiplegic migraines which only mimic a stroke. I was told that I didn't need to return to the ER when I had the migraines and that they would pass on their own. Now, for the first time in nearly two years I finally felt validated. All of my symptoms that had been minimized and outright ignored were being brought to light and explained with hard science. Now that I had my answers, I could at last lay down that heavy burden. It was time to focus on healing my mind, my body, and my spirit.

After being discharged from the hospital, I was referred to a neurological hearing specialist. There, I was found to be permanently deaf with over 70 percent hearing loss in my left ear and moderate hearing loss in my right. I was fitted for a pair of hearing aids which featured cutting edge technology that allowed me to Bluetooth phone calls, notifications, music, etc. directly into my ears. When I went in for the final fitting, I cried as I realized just how severely damaged my hearing had been. For the last two years, I had become quite accustomed to living with muted and muffled voices, and I had mainly relied on lip reading. Now, that I could finally perceive an entire range of sound that had previously been inaudible, it was like I was hearing in infrasound. The world truly grew a bit brighter for me that day and I was ever so grateful.

Once my physical health was starting to stabilize using a combination of medical treatments, meditation techniques, and reiki, I started looking to heal my mental state. Although I strived each day to manage my own mental health, I knew, in all honesty, that I needed the help of a professional. I had developed complex PTSD as a result of the multiple recurring traumas that I had experienced over the previous three years. I had become terrified of medical settings to the point where I couldn't even watch a hospital scene on television. Sudden loud bangs would send me into a panic as I relived the gunshot sound in my head. Sadly, I was convinced that it was happening again. I remained withdrawn from John and the kids as I tried to shield myself from being set off by normal everyday things. In my need, the universe sent a beautiful soul named Michelle. She happened to work with John at the school during the week, but she was also a state licensed counselor. Refusing to charge us for my care, she sacrificed her lunch hour every Tuesday to drive to our home and meet with me. She lovingly guided me through different techniques I could use to control my anxiety and ground myself when I would feel my mind start racing with fear. She listened patiently as I described my feelings related to what had happened, and most importantly, she helped me face my own mortality. I was finally able to fully embrace the fact that I would, in fact, die again one day. There was a welcome freedom which came with that acceptance. Slowly I was able to turn my focus away from myself and on to the needs of those around me. Over the months, my body continued healing and my mind felt like it was finally catching up. I never wanted others to feel as hopeless and alone as I had felt during the early days of my experience; so, I looked into donating my time to different charities, but none really seemed like a good fit. Little did I know, the universe had that covered as well.

I Became a MUFON Investigator

After all our sci-fi sunglasses had been bought and were securely loaded up with the rest of our luggage, we set out for a seven-hour road trip to New Mexico. It was July, and John had decided to surprise me

and the kids with a vacation to Roswell to attend the annual festival marking the anniversary of the famous UFO crash. I was ecstatic! I had always wanted to go, but as the years rolled by, we had just never made it out there. With my health almost back to normal, it was time to go enjoy life a bit. Before visiting Albuquerque on the 4th of July, we stayed a few days in a small mining town called Madrid. We climbed the hills at the Petroglyph National Monument to see the rock carvings and drove to the top of Sandia Peak in the Cibola National Forest to take in the view. Arriving in Roswell, we visited the museum each day to attend presentations by the top Ufologists in the field. That week was a breath of fresh air for our whole family and we were sad to see it come to an end. **While on the road home, we began talking about possibly becoming involved with our local MUFON chapter.** MUFON, the Mutual UFO Network, is the oldest and largest UFO organization in the world. It boasts a case management system with over 110,000 reported UFO sightings and a nationwide team of field investigators. I pulled up the contact info on my phone and sent an email to the MUFON Chief Investigator. **Within a week, I had spoken with him, joined MUFON, and was studying to become a Licensed Field Investigator.** This was it; I had found my place and my way to give back! While spirits, NDEs, and UFOs may seem to be quite different on the surface, experiencers have much in common when attempting to explain the unexplainable phenomena which they have encountered. They often find themselves mocked and ridiculed when trying to discuss their extraordinary encounters. The lack of understanding in others leaves them feeling overwhelmingly alone. Undoubtedly, I could relate.

Once certified as a field investigator, I launched a social media page and arranged local meetings at our downtown library. I immediately began investigating assigned cases as they were reported to the database. I was surprised by how many reports we actually received. You never would have known it by conducting an internet search for “Oklahoma UFOs.” People all over the state were seeing things in our skies, and while some could easily be identified as

meteors, airplanes, and lens flares, many of them remained unexplained. After several months of speaking with witnesses and other researchers, I decided to try a technique known as “CE5” to see if I could get an otherworldly response. I wasn’t expecting much since I hadn’t been a UFO experiencer to date. I mainly wanted to try out our new binoculars and get a feel for their mechanics. The whole family, John, the kids, and I, all gathered out in our front yard on a warm spring night in May of 2020. Our daughter had a neighbor friend staying over for a sleepover that night, so the girls chose to lay out on a lawn blanket while the rest of us reclined in folding chairs to get an open view of the night sky. It was a beautiful clear night, so it was nice to be outside just enjoying the crisp evening air.

John was adjusting the focus on the binoculars so that the girls could get a close-up view of the moon in its waxing gibbous stage. Our son J.J. and I sat side by side in our chairs comparing different star maps and compass apps on our phones. Once we had at last turned our full attention to the expanse of stars above us, no more than 10-minutes had passed before we saw it. What it was, I am still quite unsure, but whatever it was, it showed up in a beautifully dazzling display witnessed by all in attendance that night. At first, there was one quick burst of bright white light, followed quickly by a second white flash just as brilliant as the first. J. J. and I gasped in unison, “Did you just see that?” I turned to my son to see him shaking his head affirmatively in an excited fashion. Both had occurred at 11:11 PM at a 30-degree elevation, and with an approximate stellar magnitude of -3. Each flashed only once, lasting only a fraction of a second and had no trail or forward motion in any direction. I noted each to have an azimuth of 318° and 329° respectively. As we sat and discussed what we had just witnessed while trying to find any logical explanation, another “flash bulb erupted just two minutes later in the NNE sky at a 40° azimuth and a 60° elevation. This was followed by another bright burst two minutes later in the Northern sky, and one final flash of light two minutes after that, all ending at 11:17 PM. Five singular bright white flashes were seen spanning across the sky over the course of six minutes, witnessed

by all five of us that night. I began checking for any logical explanation for what we had just witnessed. The Aquarids meteor showers were active during this time, but they didn't line up since they were well below the eastern horizon and originating from the wrong direction. There was no way that this was related. There were no space debris reentries that night, and their lower altitude would rule out any satellites. I was simply dumbfounded. We remained outside for a bit longer looking at constellations, tracking satellites, and checking out the Moon before turning in for the night. It was a breathtaking display which I am thankful for and will always remember.

The Disappearing Physical Large Bird

Later that spring, I attended a sky-watch with a gentleman from one of my former MUFON cases. He and I had stayed in touch after the completion of his case. He regularly shared new photos and videos that he had taken of different craft and lights in the sky. This individual was known to have the ability to call down UFOs from the sky and had indeed produced several interesting pics of unidentified craft to back up his claims. For the sky-watch, we gathered up on a hill located in what was once part of the old Osage Nation Reservation land. It was a clear night with great visibility. The hill was rocky with wild sagebrush growing in patches around large collections of boulders. Nearby city lights combined with the brightness of the half-moon illuminating the area well enough for us to see our footing as we ascended the small mound. Once atop, the vantage point gave us a perfect view of the city and surrounding areas below including the nearby airports. We had a clear line of sight of the aircraft flight patterns as they took off and landed.

There were a handful of us in attendance for the entire sky-watch, with a few others coming and going throughout the night. Those who were in continuous attendance were: myself, the witness that allegedly could call down UFOs, his colleague, and two MUFON members; one of which is an experimenter, and the other who, due to the strenuous trek

required, had opted to stay with the car at the bottom of the hill. After several hours of viewing the sky, we had seen three questionable lights which weren't easily identifiable as known commercial craft. Not a bad evening, but honestly, nothing quite mind blowing either. All the lights that we had seen had been far in the distance. These could have been unmarked military craft, drones, etc. As it was nearing midnight, we decided to call it a night and began packing up our gear in preparation for the downhill hike which lay ahead. As each of us was getting equipment disassembled and packed away, our conversation briefly turned to the correlation between UFO sightings and birds. It was a phenomenon which both experiencers in attendance had encountered numerous times before. I listened as they each swapped stories about redbirds, owls, cranes, and black birds, all seen in the presence of other unexplained phenomena. Some view the bird reports as messengers. Others think of them only as screen memories, but one thing was certain, birds were a recurring theme known to those who have had UFO encounters.

We wrapped up our conversation as we stood at the precipice preparing for our descent. Just as we turned to head down, **a sandhill crane appeared at the level of a nearby power pole.** The pole had lines coming off of it at approximately 15 feet above ground level and we stood about 20 feet away from where the pole itself was planted. When we noticed the bird, it was nearly directly overhead. It flew between the powerlines before swooping down to 10 feet overhead, and then heading off in an easterly direction. As it passed over, we could easily see the details of the bird. White and tan feathers were interspersed and covered the body. Individual feathers were visible along the tips of its wings which boasted a wingspan of close to seven feet. It carried its neck in a folded fashion and its two thin legs hung down below its body as it flapped its wings and soared up to 80 feet. We all stood and watched as it reached the height of its aerial climb and in a quite spectacular display, **simply blinked out of existence.** There was a palpable and collective gasp of awe as each in our group struggled to make any sense of the unbelievable spectacle we had all

just witnessed. We waited in silence for several more minutes in anticipation of a reemergence, but the creature never returned.

This event will forever stay at the forefront of my memory as one of the most extraordinary encounters that I have had the privilege to experience.

The implications of a seemingly flesh and blood creature instantly ceasing to visibly exist in our reality are quite profound. Prior to this event, I had known that spirit beings could materialize and dematerialize in our earthly realm with relative ease, but this was the first time I had witnessed a solid lifeform show this same ability. Could it be that different types of entities are utilizing similar pathways to enter our reality?

Lessons from the Contact Modalities

Is this pathway the same one which I took during my NDE? I believe that it is very possible, and that all of these phenomena are utilizing the conduit of consciousness. Looking back at the totality of my experiences, my interactions with the shadow people seemed to hint at them displaying interdimensional properties. My investigations into UFOs points to them being able to manifest physically, but not being physical as we understand it, as they are able to disappear in the blink of an eye. During my NDE, my consciousness manifested in another dimension, just as intelligent hauntings seem to do in our realm.

It is utterly amazing how much crossover is found in the presentations of these seemingly different anomalous experiences.

Like others who have traveled to different planes of existence or those who have interacted with inhabitants of other worlds, my NDE has resulted in my journey into a new way of knowing. This process has affected my entire outlook and understanding of life. Knowing something to be true is much stronger than having a belief. No longer do I have a mere *belief* that existence is limitless, for what good is belief when you know something to be true? My spirit has emerged bearing the terrible and beautiful scars gained while wholly experiencing the infinity of being. The battle within my soul served to burn to the ground all my pride, and a gospel of oneness has arisen from its ashes. The material comforts of the Earth were all exposed to me as a holographic facade.

I am an Eternal Spiritual Being and the Role of LOVE

I know now that I am an eternal being, joined with others in love, for it is the only thing which sustains us. And while the Fabric of Humanity resides deep in the dark cosmos of an unseen dimension, I believe it concurrently exists here on this Earth. It is filled with the loving light extended to us through everyday actions such as a church family opening their home to a friend struggling with unbelievable health issues, a coworker showing abundant kindness to a stranger who desperately needed the help of her expertise, a determined husband who fought through his own fears to comfort and care for his wife, and a child's hug and hand drawn card saying "Get Well Soon Mom!" This beautiful kindness was even extended to me by an unknown figure deep in the limitless darkness of the void. I hope that in some future time I will be granted the gift of seeing his face and be given the ability to thank him for the hope he gave me. It is a hope that I still carry today.

I believe these selfless acts of love collectively form the foundation from which the Fabric of Humanity is constructed. It is woven through all of us and that love transcends all time and space.

It's beauty and glory reside everywhere. After all of my torment and all of my trials, the beauty and the pain, I choose to open my heart in gratitude. I know that these extraordinary experiences have served to ground my soul and increase my faith. It is with that same gratitude and understanding that I now wait expectantly to once again glimpse the wonders of the unseen.

**How my NDE
induced my
“Paranormal”
Experiences via the
Contact Modalities,
including Contact with
various forms of
Non-Human Intelligence**

Barbara Jean Lindsey

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My Near-Death Experience Triggered My Awakening

You see, I was a normal single mother of three minding my own business doing the best I could raising my children, operating my fine art gallery and interior design business in Sacramento, California, **when I had a near death experience that changed my life irrevocably forever.** Back then in **1989**, the reality of UFO's and Non-Human Intelligence did not exist in my world perspective. In fact, I didn't have much of a world perspective at all; but spent my time in local community service such as a leader for the Sacramento La Leche Hotline and a monthly writer for the Sacramento Natural Food Co-op Newsletter.

Yes, I had seen, "Star Wars," and "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," but that was all make believe and in the movies. In fact, if you would have talked to me about UFO'S and Non-Human Intelligence I would have listened, as I considered myself to be an open- minded person but I would have thought you were probably most undoubtedly a wee bit, "touched in the head!" I simply did not have time for all that nonsense in real life. Little did I know at the time that I would be spending the next thirty years of my life trying to figure out what the subject of contact with Non-Human Intelligence was all about and how I fit in to that paradigm.

My hope is that by telling you some of my true-life experiences in chronological order that I can encourage and inspire you to tell your experience and/or listen to someone else's extraordinary experience with an open mind to bring a greater awareness to the phenomenon. I have found over the years, that after people find out that I am an Experiencer that it automatically opens the door for them to finally get to tell their extraordinary story and for some it is the very first time that they have found that courage to speak their truth. A healing always occurs, and they come away with a sense of satisfaction, relief and more freedom.

The Council: Tall Beings Dressed in White Robes and Hoods

The first experience that I can remember vividly, happened in 1964. I was in a school assembly nervously awaiting my turn to be called up to the stage to give my speech representing the school in the upcoming Peach Blossom Festival speech contest. It was an annual California competition. I really didn't want to go up there and be humiliated in front of the whole school. What if I made a mistake? I wouldn't have a safe place to run. I would never hear the end of it.

Previously, I had been assigned, like all the other sixth-grade students, to choose a small story to read out loud in front of my homeroom class. I remember almost giving up on trying to find what to read. It was a stupid assignment. I didn't understand... what was the point? Our teacher took us to the school library. I was wandering aimlessly around, up and down the aisles of books, when all of a sudden; a small book with a green cover fell off the top shelf and landed on the floor directly in front of me, "bam!" I picked up the book, read it quickly, and it made me laugh. The right book had chosen me, and I was so relieved.

I read that book to my classmates, and everyone laughed. I had always enjoyed making people laugh. I admired the simplicity of the story, and I thought I had done an "okay" job reciting it. I was surprised to find myself now waiting, as if forever, selected to be called to tell it again – only this time, in front of the entire school. I was terrified, excited, and all mixed up in one huge knot in the bottom of my stomach, and then contact happened...

A few minutes before the principal was to call my name, a group of extremely tall beings dressed in white robes and hoods appeared out of thin air in the corridor in a nice neat row. I was the only one who saw and heard them. They stood slightly behind me and off toward my right shoulder. I could see them all, out of the corner of my right eye. I never saw their faces directly, as they were hidden by the large, open hoods of

their gowns. I called them the Council, but I didn't know why. The Council communicated with me telepathically – mind to mind in thought transference. Remember, I couldn't see their mouths move; I just knew that this was how they communicated.

The Council asked me the following question,

“Would you like to someday in the distant future talk to thousands of people while on a large stage, and inspire them with your words, to give them hope? By doing this, you would have more joy than you could possibly imagine. Oh, and by the way, you will not get paid for doing it if you accept. Would you be interested in doing this job?”

I replied without thinking, “Yes! I would love to do that job, but my family is very poor, and I will need to get paid for doing it.”

I could feel the Council of beings was quite surprised by my request about getting paid. I suddenly felt that my request, or any request at all, was a highly unusual event, as it set off a kind of buzz of communication throughout the group. A twelve-year-old girl was questioning the Council? They nodded their hoods in agreement with each other, and then nodded in agreement to me. We had a deal. They laughed quietly among themselves. I didn't know at the time that the gift of joy they were offering me was and is priceless. They vanished as quickly as they had appeared.

This did not just all happen in my mind, because I could see them as clearly as I saw the girls sitting next to me on my left side that afternoon in the auditorium. Then my name was called. I walked quickly onto the stage and recited the story to the students and teachers – and mostly everyone laughed out loud.

The thunderous applause was a wonderful surprise. Discovering within me a sense of peace and pride in my abilities as a speaker sparked my self-worth, which I really needed at the time and kindled

love within for myself and for others. Little did I know that in the future, I would meet this Council again during another life-changing event, the night of my near-death experience.

My first Out of Body Experience: Yoga, Fasting & Meditation

In the mid 70's, I was looking for something that I was missing but couldn't quite put my finger on it. Desiring a connection to the Divine, I had been fasting for days and a new student practicing Hatha Yoga position from a book that I had checked out from the library when I had my first out of body experience that scared me! I was in the lotus position meditating and was very relaxed yet focused when I suddenly rose out of my body and rose, up, through the roof and way above my apartment building. Floating up above, I could see through the roof down to my body below in deep meditation and I could see the inside of my entire apartment. I was elated and how fantastic! Then, suddenly the fear of the unknown and what I was doing came into my mind and in that instant of fear, I immediately shot back down through the roof and into my body as quickly as a lightning bolt.

Opening my eyes, I panicked and grabbed my coat and ran out of my apartment and down the street to a pay phone to call my friend who was my yoga teacher at the time to tell him what had happened. Maybe he could tell me what to do next. My friend, Belton, told me he had been practicing for years but had never had that experience. He was absolutely no help at all. So, I quit practicing meditation that night. I didn't return to mediation and yoga until many years later when I spent three God intoxicating days with and enlightened master, Paramahansa Hariharananda and received direct Kriya Yoga initiation from him at his Homestead Ashram in Florida.

My NDE and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence ¹⁴⁰

I could not stop the asthma attack from happening, even with the aid of an inhaler that I always carried in my purse. My heart also began to pound like a locomotive gone off the tracks, and down the cliff, completely out of control. The pain was beginning to be unbearable, and I knew something was wrong. As I walked slowly toward the building where the open house was to be held, I stopped several times to hold onto cars in the parking lot to give me the support I needed to move forward. Maria, a woman whom I had seen several times at different psychic fairs, came running across the parking lot to help me. Being a psychic herself, she explained to me that she'd been told by her spirit guide to take her son's inhaler out of the glove box of her car, because someone would need it that night. So, she did. She said the moment she saw me she knew I was who would be needing the inhaler.

By this time, I was hunched over due to lack of oxygen, and I could barely walk. Maria very gently and kindly helped me into the building. I entered the expansive room, which was filled with the loud voices of many excited women talking and laughing. They were busily taking off their scarves and coats and beginning to settle in for the evening's lecture. There was an air of excitement, for the evening's lecture was to be presented by the co-founder of the school. All the noise and chattering of the women's voices echoed waves of buzzing sounds into my ears, and I began to lose my balance.

Everything began to spin slowly, as I started losing control of my body. Suddenly a white, ethereal, wispy cloud that had been unusually following me around all day was closing in tightly around me. I felt a tremendous jolt of fear attack my entire body. I was gasping for air, but I could not breathe. An excruciating pain was thrusting into my chest, lungs, and upper back. It felt like a thousand hot knives had relentlessly forced their way into my heaving chest.

¹⁴⁰This is the brief story as the details are chronicled in my book, *"Dying for the Light"*

As I reached my maximum pain threshold, I cried out with all my might, but the only thing that would come out of my mouth was a desperate whisper: **“Can someone please stop this pain? Can somebody help me?”** The pure intensity of the pain overtook me again and again, like crashing, cataclysmic waves upon a beach. The inhaler was not working, and the frightening truth was that something terribly wrong was happening. Terrified out of my mind, with my chest tightening up, I was just not getting enough air! Mercifully, I blacked out. Against my will, Death had taken me into the void I was released into the darkness of oblivion.

I don't have memory of this, but I was told later by my friends who were present that I was moved to the side of the room, where the women who were healers and psychics gathered to try and help me. The staff attempted to calm everyone down and continue the event. All the women became very quiet. I was helped into a chair since I didn't appear capable of sitting myself. My head and shoulders were slumped over my stomach. Still gasping for air, my body was no longer under my control. My face had become a light shade of green, translucent like that of a lizard's belly. My body had withered and did not have much energy in it. And that is when I full body channeled another being.

My normal voice was gone, replaced by a male-sounding voice that spoke harshly and with authority. This sudden turn of events frightened the women. I had suddenly appeared to be ancient. The commanding being, channeling through me, informed the women that he was from Egypt, from a long time ago. The ancient being channeled his energy through my body, so much so that he had successfully kicked me completely out. I was totally unaware that my body was hijacked.

He informed the women in a raspy voice that he would not allow me to live, because I had information that was not allowed at this time. When was the right time? What information was not allowed? The scene had become quite seriously life threatening. If I could have seen myself, I am sure I would have been thoroughly embarrassed and mortified. A thousand apologies would not have been enough.

The ancient Egyptian being continued to threaten the women, and screamed, “I am going to kill her, now! This is what I am going to do.” He then follows through on his threat. He proceeded to collapse both of my lungs! Someone had called for an ambulance, and it arrived just in time. I was told later that I had flat-lined in the ambulance, and then again upon arrival at the hospital.

It would be over five years before I would get enough courage to get copies of my hospital records. It took several more years to be able to watch on television someone being defibrillated without feeling panic myself. The scene of the doctor putting the electrical pads onto someone’s heart, saying the word “Clear!” was enough to send me into immediate, intense fear and anxiety.

A significant incident occurred during the night’s dramatic events. Cindy, my best friend at the time, told me that the psychic doing the evening’s channeling had received some extraordinary information. Another ancient being, who said his name was Thor, showed up during my battle with the ancient Egyptian and fought him with all of his might for my life. Fortunately for me he quickly won. What did they use for fighting, swords and lightning bolts?

Now I know this all sounds very strange, and I am the first to agree, but these events really happened, and I am not exaggerating. In fact, I am trying my very best not to embellish or delete anything that I was told occurred that night. I assure you I am fiercely dedicated to the truth. You are welcome to your opinion. I would appreciate it if you would hear me out before you make up your mind.

That night’s events were seen and experienced by about fifty women, most of who were psychic students or psychic teachers. Each one of them had a valid experience, whatever that might be. I am retelling the story as it was told to me, in the best way that I know, even if it does seem “out of this world.”

At the hospital that fateful night, the pulmonary specialist just happened to be there when I was admitted to the emergency room. Forgetting something, he had just stopped by for a minute to pick it up. On his way out the door, a nurse urgently asked him if he could take a quick look at a thirty-seven-year-old woman who had just been admitted and was in severe danger of dying.

The specialist found me to be in extreme distress. All the doctors, nurses and staff were doing everything they possibly could to keep me alive.

My medical chart stated, "The specialist reverted to hand ventilation to maximize ventilation, as by this time, even with the endotracheal tube, the patient's PCO2 was 99 torque, PH 7.02 and ventilator therapy at that juncture had brought the PCO2 down only to 68, PH 7.20 in extreme distress and at the point of appearing in severe danger of expiring and obviously continues to be at death's door at this point." The specialist stabilized me as best he could, and the rest was up to God/Goddess.

I was transferred from emergency into the intensive care unit. The specialist advised Cindy, that my family should be notified as soon as possible. They were told that if I did survive the trauma, they could say goodbye to the Barbara they once knew, because they were sure permanent damage had occurred due to lack of oxygen to my brain. They just didn't know to what extent.

I was rapidly deteriorating obviously at death's door, and the specialist realized my condition merited extreme measures. Since I was undoubtedly about to die any moment, he delivered several exceptionally high therapeutic doses of electrical shock to my heart with a defibrillator. The specialist afterwards said he was very surprised that I survived at all. The puzzling fact that I was still alive was truly a medical wonder.

While my physical body, unknown to me at the time, was being taken care of by the emergency medical team as best they could, I, as a spirit, immediately transitioned from the intense space of profound pain and suffering into the complete awareness of absolutely no pain whatsoever. Instantly, like the snap of my fingers, I was set free.

I found myself still alive surrounded by nothingness, with no definition of myself whatsoever. My body had completely disappeared. Yes, that is right, my body had completely disappeared. Yet, I still existed. How is that possible, I thought? I am still existing, but I don't have a body! I could see, just as if I had eyes, but I didn't see my body: that is, no hands, fingers, legs, feet, face, or hair. My body did not exist! Yet, I feel totally alive, the way I did when I had a body.

I had no beginning and no end. I was everything and nothing. I had complete awareness of my senses. I was floating in a sea of warm, liquid, love light – deliciously alive water, like a warm sea on a tropical island with a slight breeze. The gentle waves were dark, and yet so light at the same time. I was surrounded by love in every aspect of my being. Being gently rocked by small waves of buoyant love caresses, I let go and let go and let go.

The source was sending soothing, sweet murmurs of loving tones into my ears. I was ultimately comfortable, and at last, I felt such relief. I was home. I felt so alert and aware, but most of all free from all of my body's pain and suffering.

I was melted into the Light... into the Light... into the Light... into the Holy of Holies... into the whole, the cosmic void... into the warmth... the exquisite magnificence of the mystery of the love force. I was floating in the liquid magma of life... internal, creating and recreating itself, all eternal love, ever flowing and never ending.

I felt the beauty and eternal bliss of the opening of my heart into my whole being, which is I, which is you, which is the future, the present and the entire accumulated past of every thought, idea and

desire. I melted... I had no beginning and no end. I was just one in the complete wholeness of love, the Creator of all that is. All my emotions were so light and effervescent. I continued floating in a pool of warmth and light, turned a golden, delicious color filled with sparkles of joy and tenderness.

It was like being a baby again, held in my mother's loving and safe arms. I was floating... I was floating. I don't know for how long. Since this love is timeless and I knew I was from this love, I didn't ever want to leave. It was I and I am it, in complete totality; not a piece was missing. I was whole and completely perfect. The joy in and around me was beyond my human experience of complete and utter ecstasy. I continued to float and be...be...be... I was exalted, honored, and loved unconditionally through every thread of my being. I am... I am... I am... I am love... love... love...love... love... love. I had become one with everything.

While in my NDE I went to a UFO and communicated with a Tall Human Looking White Robed Being

Then, in what seemed like a split second in time, I was on a spaceship. This spaceship had rounded corners, slick smooth surfaces, filtered soft lighting in the top of the wall, no switches, no lamps, and a high rounded ceiling. Not a square angle to be seen anywhere. The air was filtered with a cool, clean, almost sweet smell. Everything was so very clean and shiny, but soft at the same time.

The spaceship seemed to be running on its own intelligence somehow, like "HAL" in the Stanley Kubrick movie, "2001: A Space Odyssey." What was happening to me? Did my imagination just get the best of me? Am I more than just a "lil bit touched," and have I gone way down into Alice in Wonderland's rabbit hole? Was this some secret, 3-D government Special Ops program running in my brain?

I found myself sitting in a slightly reclined position, quite comfortable, with my arms supported by the padded arms of a tall-legged chair, and with my feet suspended slightly upward by an attached cushion, La-Z-Boy style. It looked like a cool, modern type dentist chair without the equipment. The materials were in a glossy mahogany finish, with the cushions in slick, cocoa-brown fabric. It was a large, circular room, and I was situated directly in the middle with nothing around me.

Directly in front of me, about three feet away, stood the tallest being I had ever seen: well over eight feet tall, maybe taller. He gave the appearance of being masculine. Not that he had any noted outward appearance of a male, he just felt like one. Don't ask me how; I simply knew he was a male being. There were no sexual energies exchanged, much more like an indeterminate sex.

I got the distinct feeling that he and the spaceship weren't from around here – I mean Earth, that is. I didn't freak out or anything. It was just a matter of fact, and I was dealing quite nicely, considering that I was on a spaceship in the middle of nowhere and communicating with a Non-Human Intelligence.

Feeling completely focused, and fully present to absorb and learn as much as I possibly could from the experience, I was suddenly more alive now in this moment than I had ever been on Earth. Not in a dream-like state at all: quite the opposite. I was fully conscious, and completely aware of everything that was happening to me.

I could feel my body, but I couldn't quite see my body. I could feel its weight and its definition, as though I was the same size that I was on Earth. I still had the same face, arms, legs, feet and hair, but for some reason, I could not see it with my eyes. However, I could see everything around me in sharp focus. It was an odd sensation, but not alarming. I was still me, a thirty-seven-year-old female from Planet Earth.

The being stood erect. He had large, square shoulders and long, beautiful, artistic Leonardo Da Vinci-like hands, including four slender fingers and a thumb on each: quite human looking. The large hood attached to his robe cast a dark shadow that blocked me from ever seeing his face. In place of where his face would have been nothing but utter darkness. For some reason, this did not frighten me, but was just taken as fact, with no emotional reactions on my part.

A white robe extended from the being's shoulders to the floor in a flowing fashion. I could not see his feet. His robe was simple and elegant, without decoration; trimmed with a high, rounded, white collar with long, flowing, open sleeves. His robe appeared to have been made from natural cotton or raw silk fabric. It hung loosely on his body, and he moved with comfort and agility as he came closer towards me.

The tall being was very elegant and masterful in his countenance. All his gestures were graceful and non-threatening. He gave me the feeling of great intelligence and sophistication. I immediately felt great peace and comfort in his presence. He seemed familiar, like an old and dear friend, like a guardian, an ancient grandfather, or a Grand Master. He reassured me that he had my best interest at heart.

He began to communicate to me telepathically. I could feel and understand his thoughts. He communicated to me heart to heart, being (consciousness) to being (consciousness) direct and clear and with great speed. It was so much fun! It was like a thousand words expressed in a moment, as in the way fine art communicates. I had never conversed telepathically before that I could remember at that time, as I had completely forgotten about my sixth-grade incident. I really liked telepathic communication much better than the way we talked on Earth, which now seemed so much more primitive. I was relaxed, and not feeling threatened in any way whatsoever.

The being gave a slight bow, and then he told me that he was honored to be the main communicator and translator for a group of beings that I had not met yet. I understand now that I am to call him the

Guardian. He turned and pointed to the back of the spaceship and waved his hand, gesturing to a darkened rectangular section to his right.

Saw 10 Additional Beings that I now call the Council

Suddenly as if a light had switched on, there they were. I could see about ten beings, but I don't know exactly how many there were. It was almost as if they were connected by a portal that resonated at a different time and space through a large clear wall. The Guardian introduced them, and I called them the Council. I don't know why.

The Guardian was the only communicator between the Council and me. I felt that it was part of the Guardian's job to keep me comfortable, relaxed, and awake, to get transmission from the Council.

The Council was of the same appearance as the Guardian, in that their presence seemed to be sophisticated, highly intelligent, and very gentle. Each Council member had his own unique expression of presence. Not so much physically, but with personality differences in their movements, body posture and gestures. I can't remember exactly what they looked like, except that some sat up taller than the others, and some were heavier than others. I was unable to see any of their faces. They all wore the same exact matching hooded white robes as the Guardian.

I felt rather like I was on display for viewing, much like animals must feel in a zoo, with people watching their every move. I wasn't afraid ever; I was just trying to figure the whole scene out.

The Council was sitting. I never saw the backs of whatever they were sitting on. Strangely, I could see a mahogany conference room table in front of a glass wall. That glass wall separated the Council from me. I thought how the mahogany table looked so out of place in such a modern and pristine environment. Where were all the matching chairs? Was it there to make me feel more at home? It just seemed odd.

In the beginning, when we were first introduced, the Council was all sitting facing me. At other times they would all be standing in from of the large glass wall, staring directly at me in unison.

The Council of beings would telepathically communicate with each other, sometimes passionately. Some members would stand up, and then sit down, then another member would stand up, telepath, and sit down as if in a heated discussion. The Council would come to a final agreement, and then transmit collectively to the Guardian their agreed communication for me.

Upon receiving the information from the Council, the Guardian would translate and relay it directly to me. The process proceeded quickly, and the exchange of information was not only telepathic but also presented to me visually and experientially. I don't know how long the Council and I exchanged information. It seemed like forever, and then again, it was like a blink of an eye, all at the same time.

Given Information that Mother Earth is Alive and I need to Protect Her

A large, round window appeared slightly to my right; about the size of the typical movie screen you see when you visit your local movie theater. The window was surrounded by a bright white trim. Projected onto the round screen was the image of our Planet Earth, rotating among the other planets in our galaxy. The image of the Earth began to move closer and closer, and faster and faster, toward me. I had all my focus on Planet Earth.

The Earth jumped right into my space, up close and personal – or I jumped into the Earth, I wasn't sure which one was which. I felt that I had completely merged with the Earth ... no boundaries. I could feel the oneness of the Earth and myself, I and the Earth. I could feel the aliveness of the Earth. She was a living entity because I could feel and hear the sound of her heartbeat.

Then my heartbeat and the heartbeat of Mother Earth were the same. I became one with Mother Earth. A slow, rhythmic beat like that of a Native American drum, and the tone of a guttural Tibetan chant, united with my own heartbeat. My breathing slowed down to meet the rhythm of the Earth. We harmonized and synchronized our hearts.

I was told, in my mind, how valuable our Mother Earth was to herself and all of her people. The whole existence of the star system could be thrown out of balance without her beauty and magnificence. I must protect her. We must help protect her. There would come a time, sooner rather than later, where the exploitation of her resources would come to an end. Balance is crucial.

Sobbing uncontrollably, I had not understood the magnitude of the beauty and importance of our Mother Earth. Our Earth was a magical blue planet, very much alive, and strategically placed in the whole brilliance of the entirety of the Cosmos. I had taken her for granted. I was not aware; I was single minded, and not conscious of my connection and relationship to our planet. I suddenly recognized her profound and natural love, her nurturing of all life.

In that moment of self-realization, I became one with our planet, and aware of our galactic heritage. The Earth, our galactic brothers and sisters, and we humans, are all one collective consciousness. What one does affects the other. I became awakened to an amazing relationship with our Mother Earth and her omnipotent power and beauty. I became aware that if I am out of balance, then she is out of balance.

Coming back from the vision of the Earth rotating intimately with my mind, body and soul, I then flew upward out of my seat with my Guardian on my left side. We immediately soared high in the air, completely through the spaceship ceiling like boundless eagles, with grace and speed, out into nothingness.

Flying for a short distance I could suddenly see the ground below, as if from the height of an airplane passenger's viewpoint. Abundant green mountains and valleys appeared as far as the eye could see.

It was like a continuous kaleidoscope of amazingly soft, velvety mounds, small hills, mountains, and varied depths of valleys, all covered in mossy textures and intense shades of green. So many ranges and tones of green from the lightest celery to the intense emeralds, unlike anything I could have ever imagined. I really didn't see any people or buildings, just a continuous, gentle flight over the wondrous Technicolor Green mountains and valleys. Observing the forest's beauty and splendor, it was truly beyond earthly description.

Feelings of such joy burst from my heart while bathing in and completely absorbing Green in every aspect. I had been re-sparked with the primordial knowing of the essence of Green deep in my soul. It was as if Green had never left me. I could feel and breathe Green again! Like the excitement of childhood memories of coming home after being gone for a long time. Green was dynamic and juicy. Green was deep and lush. I felt Green's fullness of being alive. Don't ask me how! This was my experience of Green. I felt honored to be in such splendor.

The green mountains and valleys were nurturing my heart and soul. I was part of the green of nature. Green was a part of me. I knew green. Green knew me. The color of green was deep and wise and ancient, and existed within me. Green was timeless and free. The glorious salutation of green awakened my senses. It was so very cool it blew my mind. I gave thanks. Green healed my heart and re-ignited my soul.

Brought to a Majestic Temple with Many Additional Beings-- The Watchers

Seeing the Guardian to my left side, I sensed the presence of other guides, whom I could not see, hovering around me. They are gently and ever so lightly, in a flash of an instant, transported me to a new vision and experience. As my feet touched the ground, I observed in the near distance a vista filled with a breathtakingly beautiful view of one single, gigantic circle of perfect, colossal, white columns, precisely set apart in equal distances, like that of a historic Greek temple. At the base of the temple was a flight of stairs, filled with soft white light appearing from nowhere. As I had the thought I wanted to go there, I was instantaneously at the base of the stairs. Immediately I climbed up the alabaster stone stairs until I landed at the top.

What came to my view was breathtakingly majestic. Not only could I see the colossal columns, but behind and in between them sparked the backdrop of millions of stars within a deep vastness of space. It looked to me as though this ancient temple existed somewhere in the middle of the boundless Cosmos, floating in timeless space. Exactly in the center of the circle of columns stood yet another perfect circle of tall, square-shouldered beings, holding hands.

They were all dressed the same, in white ceremonial robes with attached hoods that hid their faces, the same as that as the Guardian. They introduced themselves to me, telepathically, as simply, “The Watchers.”

In focused union, the Watchers were all peering over a monumental, round, white, cauldron-looking vessel, which was mounted on a matching white pedestal column, placed directly in the center of the circular columns. The cauldron was filled with still, dark, translucent liquid that looked a lot like seawater with reflected moonlight on a dark night. The white misty vapors were gently shooting up from within and around the water, filling the surrounding space with a gentle white fog in the darkness.

The Watchers said they had missed me and expressed kindness and affection. No words were exchanged. I had indeed become one with the group almost immediately – it was as if they had been expecting me. The union of the Watchers continued to stare into the dark waters, and through the vapors, with great intention and focus.

As I moved closer, two beings opened the circle so that I could join hands and continue the connection. As I began to lose my sense of self, separate and isolated from the group, I emerged into the Watchers' consciousness and became linked with all present. We instantly became one, together in mind, spirit, and focus.

After meditating upon the vessel for a short time, the image of Planet Earth appeared, from nowhere, in the direct center. The small hologram of the Earth was floating in a circular rotation, hovering slightly above the vapor mist. The Watchers told me that it was their privilege to observe Earth and see that she is continually safe from destruction.

They possessed such omnipresent love and respect for our beautiful blue planet. It seemed to be such a simple gathering, and yet the reality of its existence was profound. The powerful energy emanating from the watchers was a pure, radiant, pearl essence of white color. I was hanging out with white lightning, and I was becoming radiant. I was feeling their love, and it felt sincere and ecstatic. The Watchers reminded me that I could return to this celestial mountain whenever I so desired. I felt honored and relieved that such magnificent beings of light were in alignment with our beautiful Planet Earth.

I was the only human I could see in any direction. My guardian and I had appeared in front of an entrance to a great and wondrous opening to a classic grand ballroom, Victorian style, only austere and modern. On each side, tall, multi-colored plants appeared to be dusted with a light-golden, sparkling finish. As we proceeded down the hallway, we came to the top of a long, sweeping staircase, which had a

cascading view of the entire scene. It was a party or gala of some sort. I wasn't sure what it was exactly because it was so odd. It took some getting used to.

Countless Beings of Different Shapes, Colors, and Sizes

There was an extreme array of countless beings of different shapes, colors, and sizes. There were fat beings, thin beings, soft beings, tall beings, short beings, furry beings, pink beings, serious beings, and jovial beings, the likes of which I had never seen before. There was much talking, laughing, varied handshaking, hugs, kisses, and downright friendly greetings exchanged repeatedly with everyone, only in a more dignified, professional manner.

I didn't see any food being served, but I did notice trays of delicious-looking, primary-colored drinks in thin, clear tubes, being served on a clear tray by a waiter with white gloves. I noticed that, for some reason, my Guardian stayed close to my side and maneuvered his way through the crowd. It was as if I had just landed smack dab in the middle of a colossal social gathering of dignitaries from different worlds.

One thing that was apparent was they all had the ability to communicate in many different languages. Each being had a medal or ribbon, which represented his/her/its' home. I couldn't understand any of the languages; they were all alien to me. Some were talking telepathically, and some were having conversations out loud, as well. The sounds of the background music were on the jazzy side, but I never saw who or what was playing. The air was as an elixir light and sweet.

The structure where the festivity took place reminded me for some reason of an old Victorian parlor, with brightly painted white wooden beams and huge, glass-paneled doors and windows, only greatly magnified, minus the rugs and furniture. The ceiling of the solarium must have been at least a hundred feet high. I could see the stars through the glass ceiling, which was partly open. There was

coolness, coupled with excitement, in the crisp air. I was in the middle of an “ambassador” party. An ambassador party, I was told by my Guardian, was where beings who had not seen each other in a while came to talk, exchange ideas, find solutions to problems, and honor their connections of what they had in common for the good of all who were present and the planets they represented.

My Guardian introduced me to many ambassadors. I felt very well received. Everyone was quite polite. It seemed customary to make a slight bow, and then be introduced. I still could not see my body. When I looked down at myself, I could see an ethereal outline but with no real definition. I was beginning to lose my sense of physical self and communicating in a more important way: spirit-to-spirit. The boundary of viewing myself only as a physical body was elevated to perceiving myself as a timeless spirit.

The greetings were warm, and full of sincerity. Everyone was patient. There seemed to be excitement in the air. They seemed to be somewhat quizzical about my appearance, at least that is the feeling that I received. The Ambassadors could apparently see me without any problem; I just couldn’t really see myself. Many told me telepathically that they enjoyed my smile very much. I could feel myself smiling. I had become part of a social association of galactic ambassadors, fiercely dedicated to honoring truth and freedom of all species everywhere. Feeling so humbled to be in the presence of such high-level beings, I wondered what the heck was I doing there?

Every good party has an ending. All too soon, it became time to leave. And I was just beginning to relax and get the hang of things. I did not want to go. Learning about communicating spirit to spirit, and heart to heart, was truly a worthwhile course of study, and I had so much to learn. Making my last gestures of gratitude, I bowed slightly and took a final sweeping glance of all the dignitaries present. I tried to lock the extraordinary events into my memory so that it would never be forgotten.

I was suddenly whisked away once again by my Guardian, up and up, higher and higher, lighter and lighter, brighter and brighter, into the veils of the white mists of nothingness. Surrounded by an infinite circle of faded blackness, I found myself floating, with no bottom, no top and no sides. With my hair flowing, I gently swayed from side to side, as I was surrounded by an endlessly dark void. Somewhere from above there was an intense, bright, white light radiating. Without ground below me, I danced, swirled around and around like a whirling dervish in the midnight air. I spiraled up and up, around and around. Flying limitlessly, unbridled into the mightiest force in the entire universe – the power of love.

Female Angels Appeared

Many Angels appeared and surrounded me, and we played, laughed, and danced as they sang joyful tones. Some chanted and played harps and flutes. The Angels appeared in the female Goddess form with flowing gowns of various jewel tones, from the deepest emeralds to the fieriest sunburst oranges to the deepest depths of lapis blue and transcendent turquoises. Their long, flowing hair was adorned with flowers, accented with intricately crafted necklaces and earrings of pearls and gems, elegantly set in enameled precious metals. Some playfully held each other's hands, like children. The Angels appeared very innocent, natural, and uninhibited.

I had read that real Angels did not have gender. Like beautiful John William Waterhouse paintings of classic, pre-Raphaelite ladies; these Angels glowed from within. They sang tones like queenly sirens of the deepest oceans. What was odd was that I couldn't hear any words, only high-pitched tones in glorious, soprano harmonies.

They nodded for me to join them in singing. I was shy and didn't think I had a voice. After much coaxing from the Angels, my voice opened gently at first, and I healed with each note I sang. Because as I continued to sing, I found my tone, and it was deeper than I expected. We then sang our hearts out together in unison, in a circle, while

floating in misty white clouds. I was filled with beauty and love. Their communication with me was telepathic. The singing was not heard by my ears but understood and emblazoned upon my heart.

I was singing, but I couldn't hear it with my normal hearing abilities because I had become the singing. I was ecstatic. It was better than taking the middle bite out of a chilled, organic, homegrown watermelon on a hot summer's day. I saw the experience in Technicolor and heard it with added celestial toning. The feelings were sweet and delicious. I soaked it all up, every delicious drop. I freely flew with Angels and joyously sang out with all my heart. There were such sensations of joy beyond my wildest imagination. I was as a child again.

My heart burst forth uninhibited, and it flowed over and out like an endless river into the radiant, loving atmosphere. The magnificent presence of the angels flooded my soul, and every cell of my being, with love. Inspiration and hope suddenly became my new best friends, protecting my future aspirations.

Re-inspired by love, I am to dream a new dream, many new dreams, into infinity and beyond. It would be up to me to make all of my dreams come true.

Time to return "Home"

Without warning the Guardian appeared once again and gazed at me. I stared into and through the dark void of a faceless spaceman wrapped in his white hood, as I still couldn't see a face. I felt his immediate presence. The Council was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly, I got the hint, it was time to go home. "Oh, no!" I shouted, telepathically, I didn't want to go back home. I was having the most fantastically awesome time. Every experience had been healing, enlightening, or stimulating – fun, and euphoric. I wasn't ready to go home yet. The Guardian explained telepathically that it was now time for me to go back to my beloved children and my precious life. I had important work to do.

I began to think of my three children, who needed me. However, my first thought was that they would be fine without me. The children would learn their lessons, grow, change, and be guided into their unique destinies. Those thoughts were so unlike me, before I died. Beginning to have rebellious thoughts of not leaving this celestial place, I began to really remember that they were not “the” children, but “my” children, and I was reconnected to my profound love. The mother’s love that I felt for all three of my children, which was a deep, timeless devotion that rang true in my heart and soul.

My children would be devastated without me in their lives. They had experienced so much confusion and sorrow with the divorce; they needed me to help them lovingly heal and recover.

In that split second of time of all knowing, I was reunited with that power of my love and spiritual bond with my children. My children needed me. I desired, more than anything, to be with my children. My beautiful children were waiting for me. I had to get home immediately.

As I recognized my true desire to be reunited with my children, I instantly spiraled down, down, down – and I found myself floating near the ceiling above a body lying sideways in a small hospital bed. The body was that of a woman with short legs, and long, dark, straight hair, sleeping in a wrinkled hospital gown. My best friend, Cindy, was sitting in a chair next to the bed, deep in meditation and prayer. What was she doing there in the hospital? Cindy looked like a guardian angel, radiating peace and well-being, as she sat with her eyes closed and a slight, uplifted smile, much like the pictures you see of the Buddha in meditation.

Once again, I scanned the body lying in the bed from head to toe, but still didn’t quite get what was going on. I was somewhat confused. I had been having such a tremendous time without a body. Who was that person lying in that hospital bed, and what was I doing, floating here on the ceiling of this hospital room? In shock, I looked for the Guardian

there and he was by my side. Observing my surroundings, I felt disconnected from it all.

As a spirit, I had become completely free of the sensations of the body, and I had no sense of pain, fear, or panic. Who was that person lying in the bed? There was no sense of ownership or excitement; it was merely a logical fact that a female body was in a hospital bed below me. I didn't recognize myself at all for a few moments.

Then I remembered that it was me, Barbara, lying in that hospital bed and I knew it was now time to transition back into my body. Suddenly a sense of urgency occurred to quickly return to my body. Yet, I was resistant. It was all happening too fast! Panic set in. I reached out to the Guardian and asked, "What do I do if I ever "need help? It was appallingly apparent that I was going to need some serious help in my Earth body!

My Guardian took my hand into his, and quietly replied, "**All you ever have to do, Barbara, is call in the White Light, and it will always be there for you.**" The Guardian had responded lovingly in such a calming, reassuring way. "Call in the White Light. Call in the White Light? That is, it? That is all I need to do? That is all the help I am going to get, after all that I had just been through?" I couldn't believe it!

I thought the Guardian was kidding me. He chuckled quietly. I didn't think it was very funny. "Don't I get something real and substantial to take home with me?" I begged. I thought to myself, couldn't I get something tangible like a "Get Out of Jail Free Card," a secret handshake or an invincible power? I only had to ask for "White Light" if I needed something? In case of emergency, simply bring in the white light.

I still couldn't believe it. I was angry about the idea of bringing in "the White Light." In that moment, White Light seemed like such a small gift, almost like a joke, in comparison to everything I had

experienced with the Guardian in the afterlife. What I might experience going back to an Earth body seemed shocking and extremely harsh compared to the euphoric state I had quickly become accustomed to without a body. I became resistant, totally fearful, through and through. Not about my body, but about having to go back into it alone... the way it was before my NDE... as if none of this had ever happened.

I wasn't happy about the extreme situation I was thrown into, seemingly without a care from the Guardian. I threw a fit, a small tantrum, like a demanding child who wasn't getting what she wanted. **"I don't want to go back!"** I cried telepathically. It wasn't fair. Defiantly, I stomped my foot and crossed my arms over my chest and tried to puff myself up with the best defensive stance that I could muster. Standing my ground, I was in shock and bewildered.

Then I remembered my children, and once again my heart melted. That is all that it took, and I was ready to go back and return to my previous life. Hopefully, I would be able to bring in the White Light in any emergency. This would be all the assistance I required for the transition from existing as consciousness without a body in the afterlife, to the daily routine of an ordinary life back on Earth. Like the flip of a coin, I was on the other side of fear, and eager to go back to the body I called home for thirty-seven years.

I was told my Mission on Earth

Just as I began to descend into my body, my Guardian interrupted my focus and asked me to stop for a moment. As I hesitated, we both floated gently in unison above my physical self. He disclosed to me that I had a mission to carry out on Earth if I wanted to accept it. The Guardian further explained that I, of course, had free will to choose. Without thinking, I immediately replied with a resounding, "Yes! I will accept the mission." What the actual mission was, I couldn't tell you? My Guardian then stated in a very formal and dignified manner,

“Your mission is to be an Ambassador.”

Smiling at the Guardian, I thought with delight, “I am going to be an Ambassador”. That sounds really cool! I was over the moon. Then, I asked, “What is an Ambassador?” My Guardian never had a chance to answer. As I abruptly floated back down toward my body, I briefly glanced back. The Guardian had completely disappeared out of my sight.

Entering my Body

I continued to hover gently a few feet above my body. Looking down at my body, I admired its natural beauty and inherent power. Laughing quietly to myself, I thought I didn’t look that bad. It could be a lot worse. But I didn’t look that fabulous either. I looked puffy.

Reassuring myself that everything was going to be okay, I reconsidered that having a body might not be a bad idea after all. Being thankful for the gift of experiencing life in a woman’s body had possibilities. I then began the transformation from spirit into becoming one with my physical form.

Quickly passing through several layers of my compressed body, I became aware of how dense it was. While, as spirit, I was so light. Suddenly I was catapulted into experiencing my body’s excruciating pain. It was like I was rebirthing myself, and I was riding the intensity of the process. I couldn’t go back. I couldn’t escape. I couldn’t go around... the only option I had was to ride it through to the other side, and surrender.

As I descended, deeper into the body itself, I continued enduring jolts of excruciating pain, and it became more and more intense. Continuing to suffer multiple electrical shocks, and waves of extreme anguish and agony, I didn’t think I could take much more.

My body was so intensely heavy, and cumbersome. The Native Americans describe the physical body as one's "skin dressing." It felt exactly as though I was climbing into a new skin and trying it on for size. I didn't know where anything was, and I had to explore how it all worked as I continued the process of acclimating. I suffered through the pain until it broke... and then magically, I was set free of agony's hold.

As the White Light of spirit, I transitioned back, into every aspect of my body fully, – and I completely re-claimed it. White Light filled the top of my head and face, and it moved throughout me; from head to toes, including all cells, blood, tissues, bones, muscles, skin and hair. The White Light poured through my entire body, like a shining star filling every inch at lightning speed.

I then began to try my body on for size. I realigned with my spine first, beginning at the base, and working up to the crown of my head, relaxing everything into its proper place.

As I reclaimed the full ownership of my body, I began to sink into each layer. As I did the density of it lessened and lessened. When I reached the top of my head, the original density had become much lighter and brighter.

There became no separation between my lightness of being and the connection to the wholeness of my physical body. I was glowing. After fully reclaiming or rebirthing back into my body, I, with complete consciousness, took my first breath, filled with White Light. I sat straight up, in the hospital bed, and opened my hazel eyes once again. I was back... and boy, was I hungry and I wanted Nachos!

Going Home: Heightened Psychic Abilities

After spending ten days in the hospital, I was finally released to go back to work, to my children, my family, and my home. I was given a clean bill of health by the medical professionals and reminded to take my daily asthma medication. They declared me a walking, talking,

medical miracle. I had faced death, kicked down her doors, met a Guardian, had visions, accepted being an “Ambassador,” and returned to live and tell the story.

Yes, I was lucky. Going home to my children, family, and friends who loved me was one of life’s sweetest gifts. I would continue my healing process not only physically, but I would have to integrate all that I had learned from my near-death experience into my everyday life. It was like trying to pour a gallon of pure water into a thimble and make it work. How do I do that? All my psychic abilities were turned on 100% and I was going to have to learn how to turn them on and off at will in order to survive and maintain somewhat of a “normal” life once again.

My senses had magnified, and I would burst into tears upon the sight of a blue bird singing due to its extraordinary beauty. Wanting to LOVE everyone that I met, was not only not sociably acceptable but extremely embarrassing to my teenage children. It was like I was reborn, and I was still kind of fried on the inside and delicate because of all of the electricity that had been sent through my body from the defibrillator.

My spirit (consciousness) seemed to have been expanded and my world view had increased to a cosmic awareness with a much larger universe than what I ever had imagined. I had joined an intergalactic spiritual space force of Ambassadors to help humankind remember how extraordinary we are and totally capable of turning this planet of hate, war, pain, suffering, competition, and isolation forward into a New Age of the circle of light, love, peace, happiness, creativity, and advanced technologies in complete harmony with Mother Nature as we are her responsible caretakers. Haha, but we can find a middle ground and it doesn’t have to be so black and white as we have options. Baby steps in the right direction as we know instinctively what the truth is for ourselves uniquely and if we follow that, we have more hope for the next generations to have freedom to truly create and manifest in sovereignty, honor, and peace.

*Love is what I found during my NDE.
We come from LOVE. We are LOVE in this lifetime.
We return to LOVE when we leave our skin dressing
and step into the Afterlife.
The LOVE in each one of us never dies,
it just keeps growing, changing,
and expanding to infinity and beyond.
Love is our greatest gift.
We are one.*

Through my NDE I was transformed from a simple single mother of three into a Galactic Ambassador what can I say? Love is to be expected. Haha

Ka kaka – The Little People in Sedona, Arizona

In early 2000, a client invited me to the Enchantment Resort in Sedona Arizona to do some work and enjoy some much-needed rest and relaxation. On the Saturday night, it was way past midnight when my client called and said that she had discovered that the Enchantment Resort had built their tennis court over an ancient First Nation burial ground and did I want to accompany her there now to do some prayer work. With a resounding, “Yes!” I put down the phone, we jumped into a jeep and off we went for a night’s adventure. We reached the tennis courts and parked as close as we could to the site as my client had difficulty walking. We found just the right spot next to the tennis court and took off our shoes and grounded into the earth and began a night of long prayer and meditation.

It was a perfectly clear evening and when I opened my eyes for the first time after a few hours, my client and I both felt and saw on the inner planes meaning we could not see them with our naked eyes, a group of Indigenous natives surrounding us laughing and smiling, many whom had missing teeth. At first, I was afraid, but got a hold of myself very quickly and relaxed into the experience. They were there only for a very brief moment. They said that we were doing quite well considering the last people they appeared to have wet their pants on first sight. We all laughed, and they were thankful for our prayers and acknowledgement of the wrongdoing of their sacred lands. They thanked us for honoring the sacred places and walking in balance with Mother Earth with respect. Poof! And they were gone as quickly as they had come.

Off in the distance hills, I spotted a row of white lights coming toward us very quickly down the mountain side, my first thought that it were deer, but the lights were too bright like shiny orbs, my second thought was that they were park rangers going to give me a ticket for illegally parking in a no parking space. They swooped down very quickly in unison and stopped about 20 feet away from us and I realized that I could see right through them. A small group of very child-size like ghostly looking transparent beings three to four-foot tall all floating off the ground beginning to surround my client and me. You could feel their love and I looked at my client and she looked at me and we both agreed telepathically that we were seeing the same thing, and they were real as could be. We were stunned with shocking looks to each other and in the next moment we were both standing in front of the jeep with the door open which had been located a short distance away. We immediately got in the car. Went back to our rooms and what was weird in retrospect was that we didn't say a word to each other until the next morning when we both kept going over what had happened again and again as if that would help anything.

A few years later, I was in a bookstore in Marin County when I found a book, “Sedona Sacred Earth,” coincidentally and turned directly to a page that talked about their experiences with the Ka kaka little people in Sedona that fit our exact experience. Nicholas R. Mann, the author tells the story of Mike Harrison and John Williams “that the spirits are still around in the hills and that they are just like the wind, the air. You can hear them hollering at night and sometimes people can see them. The Ka kaka never die. They were around this country before the people. They were the first in this country here. All the tribes know about the Little People. The Kachina of the Hopi, that’s the same ones.”

On another note, their name, “Ka kaka,” recently reminded me of Egypt and the teaching in ancient Egyptian religion where ‘Ka,’ written in a hieroglyph of uplifted arms, is perhaps the protecting divine spirit of a person. The Ka survived the death of the body and could reside in a picture or statue of a person. There is another book that I just found last week entitled, “Sedona, City of the Star People,” by Mark Amaru Pinkham who writes about the hidden yet ancient Egyptian connection in Sedona. Imagine that! This leads me to another extraordinary experience with Sekhmet in Egypt. Where the “Ka,” of Sekhmet stepped into her statue in Karnak and became real to me and I am not the only one that Sekhmet’s “Ka,” has appeared to. I know that during my NDE, I still existed without a body. So, was it my “Ka,” that was having the NDE so that I could bring the experiences back home with me? Something to think about the possibility.

The South Point UFO Experience 1994

After assuring my teenage son, Ryan, that my new friend, Patty, who was visiting from the Mainland and I would be home no later than midnight, we both jumped into the convertible and waived our exuberant goodbyes. We were off to visit a famous local spot, South Point, the southernmost tip of the island and the most southern point of land of the United States. On second thought, it was Patty’s idea to seek out this desolate and isolated part of the island. This excursion,

unknownst to us, would spark both our awareness of UFO's, up close and comfortable, 3D style, that is and expand our consciousness.

About 45 minutes later we pulled off the main highway and began our 15-mile trek down a narrow one-way road with open expanses of cattle land on each side. Down the bumpy and dusty road, we flew singing and having a grand old time. When we arrived at the end of the fork in the road, we went left and parked our car just in time for a beautiful Hawaiian sunset, as we looked out into the great expanse of sea. We were getting ready to go home after a short walk and talking to the local fishermen of the day about what they had caught. The local fisherman at windswept "Ka Lae" or what the locals call, South Point, we were told, just wouldn't let us go home because they explained that their luck had been rotten all day and nobody had caught any fish, until we girls showed up. Patty and I had suddenly become their good luck charms, the fish were almost jumping onto their hooks, since we arrived, they all jokingly reassured us. As soon as the fishermen would cast their fishing rods down the deep 40-foot cliff side and into the dark rough ocean water noisily crashing below, invariably a large flapping fish would be drawn up the dark cliff and into their roughhewn hands.

There were about five to seven local fishermen in total, don't remember exactly how many were present that night, as it was getting very dark except for a few lanterns scattered about to help the fisherman bait their hooks. I got the sense that everyone knew everyone like family, as they teased one another and joked with each other in an easy familiar nature. We stood out like a sore thumb, as my friend, Patty was tall, shapely, and very Nordic looking, with piercing blue eyes and long blond hair that she had in a ponytail with a baseball hat. I look somewhat more native, with long brown hair and large green eyes, on the more voluptuous side, wearing a traditional sarong and a big smile.

We were talking about nothing special, and it was getting dark, when one local fishermen, by the name of Jimmy, offered us each a beer and motioned for us to sit down near him. As we all faced the sea

into the darkness, Jimmy explained that if you looked out toward that very cliff during the day you would fly right into Antarctica, if you were a bird, as South Point and Antarctica were exact opposite land masses from each other. We were all in a very relaxed state and having a good time. Fake sipping my beer, to be friendly, I became enthralled with Jimmy's stories about the local history.

UFO Sighting

Then off into the distance, suddenly floating up above, in the middle of the u-shaped harbor, a massive group of clouds appeared out of nowhere, instantly like magic. First there was nothing but darkness and then boom they were there! Perfect clouds, like someone took a gigantic can of whip cream and briskly shook it up and poured a perfect dense string of puffy clouds directly across the dark skyline. They began to move very quickly, out of control, like the winds of a mighty sailing ship bursting forward aimed directly toward us. What an incredible sight to behold.

At the very bottom edge of the clouds appeared a large round circle to the left and then in perfect sequential order to the right, appeared a smaller circle, then another and another, each descending in size but in a perfect line, from left to right. The circle windows were like taking a silver dollar, then a fifty-cent piece, then a quarter, then a nickel, then a penny and lastly a dime laying then out in a gentle half circle shape in a perfect line order. I could see just sneaking out below the perfectly transcending circle windows was a shiny metal disk. I forgot to mention that I could see the metallic disk without any problem as it was reflected by the bright light of the silvery moon. The moon was shining like an intense flashlight on the entire scene. It was a spaceship, just like I had seen from the 1960 and 70's TV shows, like "Lost in Space and "Star Trek." **In shocking disbelief, I thought to myself, oh my God, it is a spaceship, and it is coming right at us!**

The spaceship zoomed over our heads and as I stood up and turned my head to the right to begin to watch it pass overhead, I looked up and saw it was moving at lightning speed and at the same time in slow motion directly over my head about the distance of the Empire State Building in New York, if you were standing on the sidewalk looking up to the top. Then like a split second, that is the last that I remember of the UFO. The UFO was out of sight, and I am now standing on my own and facing the cliff, staring out into the darkness. I recover from the shock and begin to look around and see everyone is standing up as in a daze, just like me, not moving but beginning to look around, trying to make everything familiar again. I am the first to shout out "Did anyone else see what just happened?" Everyone began to talk at once and we all agreed very quickly that we had just witnessed a real, live UFO. Wow, everyone was shaking their heads in disbelief and trying to figure out what to do. "Is everyone ok?" I asked. I am ok. Are you ok, Patty? Patty was ok. What just happened? Then everyone became rather silent again and just stood there much in shock and still dazed from the whole experience.

When suddenly, we heard a man's voice shouting at the top of his lungs from behind us, "Did you see what just happened?" "Did you see the spaceship? We all turned around and faced the open fields behind us and saw a bent over old man with a long gray hair in a ponytail dressed in khaki pants and an army fatigue shirt bounding down the foot path hauling his fishing pole and tackle box in one hand and shakenly carrying a bouncing lit lantern next to him. We all shouted back in unison, that yes, indeed, we all saw the UFO. 'Thank God!' bellowed the old fishermen. "I thought I was seeing things and maybe going nuts in my old age." We all assured him that he was, "ok," and he laughed a gentle laugh and let out a great sigh of relief in the knowing that he had not been alone in his UFO experience.

Everyone began to pack up rather quickly and we all decided without saying it out loud to one another that it was high time to get out of dodge, as nobody wanted to be in the direct line of fire from a spaceship again. Patty and I nodded at one another telepathically and began to walk back to our convertible. We gave our brief goodbyes, and everyone acted as if nothing unusual had just happened. We couldn't get out of there quick enough, as we sped off down the bumpy road once again.

As we were driving down the long narrow road back to Kona about 1/2 way there, Patty and I continued to be unusually silent. It felt like I was in the middle of nowhere with pitch darkness on both sides of the road. I could barely see anything past the car headlights as the road became suddenly so thick with fog. Patty turned on the radio, but there was nothing but static. When suddenly a very tall white metal column appeared like out of nowhere off to the left of us giving off an eerie high-pitched sound. Immediately, Patty and I both screamed out with all our might blood curdling screams and then we were both quite relieved to see that it was only a windmill.

Relaxed, we both began to laugh and swear. We agreed that we had enough surprises for a lifetime, but still didn't talk about what just happened. We were certainly glad to pull off the foggy South Point Road and onto the normal highway in the direction of Kona to a safe and sound familiarity.

Afterwards, there were several facts to substantiate our UFO evening of peculiarities. Patty and I both discovered that we had unusual sunburns on our face, chest and uncovered arms. Funny, because neither one of us had been out in the sun for days before the UFO event. The local Hawaiian paper ran a small article the next day about several local Kona people witnessing UFO's flying overhead in the nighttime sky that very same night of our group UFO experience in the direct vicinity of South Point.

Missing Time

I am sure that we had “missing time” because I had made a promise to my son to be home by midnight, but it was about 4:00AM or so in the morning when Patty and I had gotten back and everyone at the house had been worried for our safety. So much so, that they considered calling the police. Patty and I thought we were a wee bit late, but not alarmingly late. To our surprise, it just didn’t seem like we had been gone that long.

When Patty and I screamed bloody murder that night, when we were surprised by the windmill, was what I consider a highly unusual response. We are both very independent females and I know it takes a lot to get me afraid and to scream out in such terror, is not like me at all. It didn’t make sense. What had happened that had frightened us so terribly to give us each such a knee jerk screaming reaction?

Had we been possibly taken aboard the UFO somehow and had our memory of the experience blocked? What happened during that missing time?

The next year I went back to South Point to check out the exact location of the UFO group sighting. Determined to get to the bottom of the experience, I went late at night. I tried my best to get some answers and attempted to reenact the event, but never had any luck. I went back every year for several years, to the exact spot, hoping to see someone that I recognized from that fateful UFO evening. I continued over the years to return but without any luck. I lost touch with Patty and never saw her again after she flew back home to California. What was I searching for? Some answers to what? I always inquired about the whereabouts of the local fisherman named Jimmy, but no luck there either.

Over the years, traditionally, I would ask the fishermen there at South Point, if they had seen any ships lately? Usually, they would look at me with a quizzical shake of the head and respond with a quizzical and resounding” no.” time and time again.

But, on one occasion, a fisherman did tell me that, yes, indeed, he had seen a ship. It was a very old, old ship. He explained in detail that he was alone fishing late at night when a dense fog landed suddenly across the air with the winds slowing down to almost a stand still. As the fog parted in the middle of the harbor (the exact location where we had seen the UFO appear), the most magnificent old, crafted sailing ship with all the masts flying high, majestically sailed below in the dark water like a dream. He said that it was truly remarkable and the joy of the site of it was instilled into his mind like it had just happened yesterday. When in fact, the incidence had occurred many years back. He seemed relieved to finally tell his true experience to someone who listened with honest respect.

Was it merely a coincidence that the old man’s experience of the ship and the spaceship I had encountered were in almost the same spot? This made me wonder. Was this area possibly an interdimensional portal? I did discover that there were several Heiaus or temples at South Point and many old cultural relics remained although worn into a mysterious timelessness by the unforgiving pounding of the incessant winds. The native Hawaiians considered South Point a sacred place to be honored and respected. It was supposedly the spot where the Polynesians first arrived on the island.

How did I fit this UFO experience into my reality? First, I will tell you what I didn’t do. I didn’t go into denial and pretend it didn’t happen. I wanted to meet it head on, process the experience, and learn from it. I didn’t want to talk it away, by telling my true story of what happened and then let someone listening to my story, try and convince me that I was either, crazy, drunk or on drugs. I know myself well enough over the years, what is the truth and what is a lie. I did not and

will not tolerate being discriminated against. I think the listeners of my story were just trying their best to heal me and at the same time weave my experience into their own reality while sometimes inciting a negative reaction. I was not regressed to obtain the memory of the missing time, for some reason, whenever I look at doing that, every part of my being, says, "no." So, for the time being I will let sleeping dogs lie.

That South Point UFO experience helped me to acclimate and then expand my consciousness in my relationship to UFO's and extraterrestrials even more than before. I have acclimated in a positive way, as I do not get bothered anymore by people who may discriminate and make judgment on my story. It is a free world, and they are welcome to their opinions. Now, I do ask them to keep an open mind about my UFO experience and it is not unusual for them to begin to share with me an extraordinary experience that they have had and perhaps never told anyone about before. Energies are exchanged, much healing occurs, and our consciousness continues to grow due to the sharing of these true experiences.

Nowadays, I am very comfortable living in a world that is full of extraordinary surprises with uncontrollable, magnificently unknown, and uncharted experiences including but not limited to UFO sightings and ET's. I believe someday, sooner than later, it will not be such a big deal to see spaceships flying overhead, as it will be a normal part of our reality, like the rising of the sun or the setting of the moon. We will take it for granted. My hope is that these experiences of UFO sightings and meetings with ET'S will aid us as a species to continue to expand our consciousness and re-discover the true nature of our relationship with our beautiful planet within the mysterious cosmos.

Contact with Sekhmet while in the Luxor temple in Karnak¹⁴¹

I had a passion about collecting and reading everything I could find about Egypt since my recovery from the near-death experience that had occurred over twenty years ago. My NDE left me with a passion for collecting and reading everything I could find about Egypt. But the thought of going to Egypt and experiencing it live was not a high probability since I had severe chronic asthma since birth. This passion was not just a hobby but a puzzle piece to help solve the mystery of my NDE experience and my destiny. I believe 2008 was the time when I surrendered all ideas of pain and suffering, anxiety of not being able to breathe. I was going to bring plenty of medicine. Oh, and did I forget to mention that I am extremely allergic to cats. What was I thinking, suicide? Whatever this was inside of me, my own intuition heartfully guiding me to Egypt now.

We were at the Luxor temple in Karnak. We were instructed that we each had private time with Sekhmet, Ptah and Nefertem, about 5 minutes and we could go in together as a couple if we liked. My husband at the time walked in ahead of me and disappeared on his own as usual leaving me alone in the dark. As my eyes began to adjust to the low light, I was guided by Normandy to ask from Ptah a word, opening of the mouth ceremony? I am hard of hearing and so I was not able to hear the word that was given to me. I then was guided by Nikki into the dark doorway opening to the right of me. As I walked quietly into the cold musty room, I could make out the image of a statue about 7 feet tall with a bright white beam of light cascading down onto a dark stone statue of a lion head with a female body, holding a lotus with her right hand and an on her left hand.

¹⁴¹Many true stories of experiences of Sekhmet are in my book, ***“Seized by Sekhmet: An Egyptian Goddess Revolution”***

As I was beginning to move closer to her to get a better look. Sekhmet stepped out of her stone body and a body double motioned for me to step onto a stepped platform that she had unfolded in gold onto the ground about three feet in front of me. As I stepped onto the staircase, a ring of fire lit around us in a large circle about two feet tall and in that circle became dark gently moving water as I stood very solidly on the staircase and looked into Sekhmet's fiery red eyes that pierced my soul with love and power. She said telepathically that she had been waiting for me and I had earned my place of power to be with her and to not be afraid of who I was and why I was here. She would always be with me.

My heart was pounding, and I was scared to the core as I could feel my bones shaking inside. I could feel her focus upon me like a huge tractor beam holding me within her grace. I couldn't move but was in trance by her telepathic words. Sekhmet was so much very alive, and she was talking to me as if I was her child. I responded out loud with a very weak "ok." She was happy. She had done her work with me. She nodded that I was dismissed now with a small nod from her head the experience ended. I stepped down the staircase never taking my eyes off her and as my feet touched the ground the water, circle of fire and staircase disappeared, and Sekhmet became the cold dark stone image of her goddess self.

I didn't know what to do, how to think or what to feel. Someone helped me out of Sekhmet's temple and into Nefertum's temple which I don't remember at all. My husband found me at the entrance, and he helped me walk out into the light. I began sobbing uncontrollably and the faces on the other travellers with our group gave me quizzical glances and some showed fear of what to expect for themselves when they went into the temple. I don't remember much of the day's tour after my experience/initiation with Sekhmet. I do know now looking back that is when I received Sekhmet's courage to get through the final months that lay ahead of me in making the choice to leave my husband and our 12-year marriage.

Unexpectedly, I was invited to participate on another tour to Egypt with my girlfriends, as they were insistent that I go. I didn't know until I got there that it was actually a tour for writers. I had never written anything of value, and this was with published authors. Sekhmet was on my mind, as it was like she had never left me since our initial contact as she would show up (in my mind) during meditations, images of lions showing up on clothing, furniture, art, and jewellery.

The day was extremely hot, and I had mixed emotions of excitement and apprehension as I was told it was my turn to go into Sekhmet's Temple for my private time. I looked up at her and everything was so very quiet. Nothing unusual happened like the first time! She telepathed to me purringly and said she was very proud of me. She said I did good. She smiled deliciously. There was a sweetness in the air, and I felt relieved and at peace with her.

Then in 2016, I had this strong urge that was bigger than me to bring together an impressive cross-section of true stories of people from many different walks of life from teachers, health practitioners, stay-at-home parents, writers, musicians, and artists whose lives had been touched by the spirit of Sekhmet. These first-hand experiences combined with spiritually inspired art was an idea planted in my consciousness from Sekhmet while I was in deep meditation. After having such an initiation from Sekhmet in Karnak, I feel like she has never left me.

I have become more like her as historically speaking Sekhmet is both the Goddess of war, a fierce protector of justice and equally loving and compassionate. How does an ancient and significant Goddess of Egypt still help humanity in present time? Is her "Ka," still in her statue in Karnak? From my own experience and the extraordinary experiences of many others the answer is a resounding, "yes!" I will always want her to be proud of me. I can lean on her when I need strength always.

Sasquatch Sitting Next to Me while I was Driving my Car

After first meeting Rev. Otter at Stargate to the Cosmos Conference he said, “I see a Sasquatch standing behind you!” I had three different people that I had never met before tell me that I had a huge Sasquatch standing directly behind me on that particular weekend. Was this a cosmic joke? It was a significant conference for me, not only was I a speaker, but it was the first time that I had associated and made the connection of UFOs with Sasquatch. They go together like peanut butter and jelly. Not unusual at all.

My re-connection started when I talked with Michael Harrel about Sasquatch, and he introduced me to Brian Bland. We had many lengthy phone conversations and two interviews on the Cosmic Oracle Show on YouTube which I host and produce, and Brian and I still laugh about this story. The Day I stole his Sasquatch Clan Leader; Arri and he has been with me ever since. The truth is that Brian and I agree to share Arri or Arri agrees to share with both Brian and I. Brian has an ongoing and moving relationship with Ari the Clan leader and his immediate family, which Brian considers his family. I felt like it wasn't fair that there had to be so many Sasquatch out there to choose from and Brian and I received the same one! I wanted my own Sasquatch from my own as a teacher that I had qualified by doing my own personal work. The dots will probably connect later of why it happened this way. Brian and I had a very strong connection the moment we first began to talk and immediately called each other Sister and Brother.

Funny thing is I can't see Ari! A lot of other people can see the Sasquatch with their naked eyes. Brian told me a story recently where he could see Ari come into his vision just slightly and then immediately fade out. Feelings in the heart is how I connect with the Sasquatch, or they connect with me. It is such a deep and profound connection of unconditional love that I usually burst into tears with joy.

After first meeting Rev. Otter at Stargate to the Cosmos Conference in he said, “I see a Sasquatch standing behind you!” **I had three different people that I had never met before tell me that I had a huge Sasquatch standing directly behind me on that particular weekend. Was this some kind of a cosmic joke?** It was a significant conference for me not only was I a speaker, but it was the first time that I had associated UFOs with Sasquatch. They go together like peanut butter and jelly. Not unusual at all.

In 2019, Having pulled out of the parking lot in my 2002 Prius, I and my little dog, Merry Margaret were headed down the canyon road toward town when I smelled a distinct pungent odor much stronger than Skunk, but very musky, earthy, wet, damp, and mossy smelling come from my front passenger seat to my right. I knew it was a Sasquatch as I could feel his immense loving presence fill up the whole entire car. I could see him smiling a big smile and he was very much enjoying himself and in a very joyful mood having fun with me! I could not see him with my eyes. I could psychically see him very clear but with my eyes open as I was driving!

The Sasquatch told me to turn on the radio immediately and so I did. George Michael’s song, “I am your Father Figure,” began to play immediately. Sasquatch wanted me to know that he would love me forever and that it was real and tangible. He was as real as all the love that I was feeling in my heart at that time. I was speaking at the Chewelah Psychic Sasquatch Spiritual Retreat, and I overheard Garret Duncan talking about his experiences with Sasquatch riding with him in the front passenger seat and my mouth dropped open and I immediately told him my story. We both laughed as it was reassuring that someone else had a similar ongoing experience. Michael Harrel says that there are many stories of Sasquatch riding in cars. It had not been my reality before that day. I had always thought that you had to hang out in the forest all the time like Brian Bland but that doesn’t seem to be the case.

I had lost some of my connection to nature by living in the big city and so had moved next to the Sierra Madre National Forest that has over 370,000 acres of incredible beauty. I moved here one month after I was a speaker at the Psychic Sasquatch Spiritual Retreat in Chewelah, Oregon under coincidental circumstances.

"It's only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eyes."

- The Little Prince.

The Contact Modalities and LOVE

My varied experiences via the Contact Modalities were an ongoing catalyst over the past thirty-years for inter dimensional contact allowing my soul to transverse the dimensions of consciousness, time and space, human, spirit, extraterrestrial and galactic. It has not been an easy ride, but a most rewarding one in that I was broken open and allowed to shine once again facing my inner most fears and conditioning thru brutal experiences to bring home the wisdom of what it really is to have a human experience, not only surviving but regaining my since of LOVE/SOURCE with myself, the planet, the cosmos and our connection as one, once again. I am thankful for these contact experiences and am grateful for all the love that was shown to me by so many friends, family, inter-species and non-humans.

I want to bring you home in this closing with hope and inspiration. I was putting undue stress on myself and had been at the computer all day, when my friend, Bill suggested that I take a break and go outside and stretch a little bit and then he said, "the ending of your stories will come to you." So, I did exactly that. After walking outside and looking at the green mountains, I asked Spirit for help and immediately I saw three different pairs of hummingbirds flying all around up in the air having a grand old time. I smiled and relaxed. A pair of hummingbirds sat on the electrical wire directly in front of me

just resting. They were so beautiful. I remembered that my neighbor had put a brand-new hummingbird feeder up a few days ago. The hummingbirds had found a new home a place to play and relax and they were attracted to the safety of the source of their nourishment, so didn't fly too far away. They were new to the neighborhood, as I had never seen them around before that evening. Then it hit me. I looked at the hummingbirds and then looked at what they were attracted to and their new bright shining feeder was a mere few feet away. The LOVE/SOURCE of their nourishment was right there bright shining! They didn't have to work for it, stress over it or even plan where their next meal was coming from. By being aware or conscious of its' LOVE/SOURCE presence in their environment, it changed their world view from survival to thriving and my neighbor was a responsible hummingbird caretaker delighting in their presence on her property as she had texted many photos in the past several days like a proud mama. The hummingbird's vibration was collectively in a continued joyful state of peace and joy and I became the effect of their joy by being around it, I was uplifted.

So, I immediately thought maybe we, as humans, have gone too far away from LOVE/SOURCE, you know that perfect state of beingness that is so complete like in my NDE? That LOVE/SOURCE is where we come from, what we are made of and where we are going back to in the Afterlife. How about if LOVE/SOURCE never left us but that the opposite is true. We left LOVE/SOURCE? We have become conditioned to be out of balance so much so, that it is affecting ourselves and everything around us in negative ways. This impacts the lives of our children, water, oceans, quality of air, forests, animals, birds, rocks, crystals, and all things sacred and indigenous to this planet that we are in relationship with. We vibrate higher when we are connected heart to heart. You don't need to prove that; we just must feel the connection!

I believe that is what the varied contact modalities have been doing for me reminding all along is for me to not forget to go back to LOVE/SOURCE for strength and vital connection for juice, for power, for sustenance and to help me power-up and shine brightly in the darkness again and again as I and LOVE/SOURCE are one and therefore, I can never truly be alone ever.

First nations ancestral knowledge encompasses wise teachings and one of those is that we are all connected – all my relations. They have never lost their relationship with Mother Earth or the Star people. They have much to teach us. Where we go, we go together as one.

It is time to take responsibility for ourselves, our families, our communities, our world and our place in the Cosmos as peaceful, intelligent and loving beings. The future generations and life on the Earth and therefore the Cosmos depend on us to take right action based on LOVE/SOURCE to get back on track to live in peace and harmony. We can create effortless joy once again just like the hummingbirds.

What if LOVE/SOURCE is trying to help us humans by giving us experiences thru the Contact Modalities that expand our consciousness so that we can become more aware of the responsibility we play in the bigger picture to play nice and graduate to a Galactic planet officially. After my NDE, I divorced my husband, became an ordained minister, closed my businesses, moved to a new town and dedicated my life to doing psychic readings and healings for people and that was only the first year!

I am not extraordinary, in fact, I am the common man or woman who had extraordinary experiences. What consciousness and contact modalities have in common is that we are so beautiful beyond words, so capable of LOVE that we had forgotten who we are and why we are here. We needed varied contact modalities to help us along the way to expand our consciousness and re-discover that we can co-exist here on planet Earth and communicate with inter-species to create a new way of

being in this world. We can be fully expressed with such joy of what we can become together. Connected as one consciousness with SOURE/LOVE as the foundation of all that is, was and will be in our bright future.

We individually just must tune in and step up to the plate now. We know in our hearts the right way to move forward. United and connected, we can change this world as we know it beyond our most vivid imagination for the greater good of all with respect to all sentient beings everywhere from the Earth to the Cosmos.

We can learn to trust ourselves, follow our intuition and when we ask for help, expect the best. LOVE/SOURCE comes as it has never left us and can be expressed through contact modalities. It is time to live and communicate in our hearts once again, which helps create long lasting peace on our beautiful blue planet. We got this with a lot of help from our friends and Star Families.

**My Four NDEs,
My Spirit Visitations,
Physical Contact
with Jesus,
Shown the Future
&
Shown my Past Lives**

by Sharon Milliman

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Childhood

Much of my life has been shaped by spiritual experiences starting back in early childhood. Indeed, it has been an incredible journey for me to stand where I am today.

When I was a small child, I suffered from horrific night terrors. I became paralyzed from fear as soon as the darkness of night descended. When my parents tucked me into bed at night and turned out the light, I would shake from fear until one night I remember seeing angels come out of my closet. More times than not, they would stand around my bed and chase away my dark childhood fears by singing sweet lullabies. One by one they would stand along the walls of my room and by my bed. Some would be holding what looked like candles, and others would be carrying boxes made of gold. They graced me with their beautiful soft light because I was so afraid of the dark. Only by their sweet songs would I lose my fear and fall asleep.

My early spiritual experiences were not confined to only seeing angels. In addition to my two sisters, I had two brothers who passed away shortly after they were born. When I was about four years of age, one deceased brother, Michael, would come daily to visit and play with me. He came to play with me every day for about three years. I remember being told that he was just an “imaginary friend,” but I knew better. He was as solid as everyone else. I knew he loved me and I loved him and he was my best friend.

Michael was not the only person I saw as a young child. Also, at about the same age, I remember seeing a Native American man sitting on a white horse in the wheat field behind our house. He was a distinguished looking fellow who had long black hair and wore buckskin pants. On one occasion, I have a vague recollection of touching the horse and rubbing its ears while the man held its reins. I remember the softness of the horse’s ears and the kindness of the man’s smile. But still, he never said a word. Like my brother, the man with the horse went away as I grew older. Although I didn’t think

of him often as a child, he would play a significant role later in life as an adult.

First Near-Death Experience

My first near-death experience happened at the age of thirteen after being pushed into a swimming pool. I panicked, fought the water, began to sink, and took a lot of water into my lungs. Finally, after what seemed like hours, I sank to the bottom of the pool. I felt no pain or fear as I laid there on the bottom. Time seemed to stand still or become suspended.

I don't know how it was possible, but I could see clearly my mother standing at the opposite end of the pool. She was screaming while watching me drown. I could see the terror and helplessness on her face. I also saw the terrified face of a young female lifeguard/teacher who was with the younger children. I could hear other people screaming and I could see the top of the water rippling and moving in slow motion.

The water sparkled against the glow of a brilliant light above me. It was moving slowly towards me and I felt so warm and safe. Such deep love poured from this light. It did not hurt my eyes, although it was very bright and beautiful. The light seemed to move faster and become bigger the closer it came to me. I felt no pain, fear, or worries. In that moment, I felt such peace that I wanted to surrender to the Light. I was totally embraced by the enormous love radiating from the Light. This Light was about to touch me when I felt an excruciating pain in my chest. Someone pulled me out of the pool. I was in agony, coughing, and throwing up water. I was so frightened that I shook uncontrollably, and I felt confused with much pain in my chest and stomach. Someone worked hard to revive me and eventually I began to breathe again. I knew I was going to be just fine, but I was still bewildered about that Light.

My First Visitation - Encounter with Jesus

At the tender age of fifteen, my innocence had been shattered by predatory people intruding into my life. When I told an adult about what was happening, I was told that it wasn't happening, that it was all in my head. These were people that I trusted so I began questioning my sanity. I felt as though I was losing my mind, that I was going crazy. Already a quiet child, I became increasingly withdrawn, isolated, and afraid. I had planned to take my own life, but I told no one.

On Good Friday, our youth choir was invited to sing at a neighboring church for the afternoon service. We gathered in the large basement to wait for our turn to sing. A very distinctive man walked into the room. When I saw this man, I knew immediately that I was in the presence of great holiness. My initial thought was that he was an apostle; but as he walked closer into view, I knew He was Jesus. He presented himself as a man about 5'10 -5'11 with a slim, muscular body. He had long, very dark wavy hair that fell down to his waist, a dark olive complexion, dark brown eyes, and a neatly trimmed, short beard. I melted when Jesus displayed dimples when he smiled. He didn't appear in white robes but instead dressed just like most of us in the congregation, with jeans, a white button-down shirt, and boots. He was humble, kind, gentle, and approachable, just as He had been 2000 years ago.

He walked up to me and asked, "Where do I sit?" I couldn't answer because my mouth was too dry and my brain couldn't form a response, so Jesus sat in the chair next to me, smiling. I sat silent, dumbfounded at the situation. Meanwhile, the two women sitting in front of me had turned around and informed Him where to sit in the main church. There were two younger women who also saw him. He spoke to me, smiling and in a reassuring voice, He said, "What is happening to you in your life, is happening. You are not crazy. I love you. I will not leave you. You are not alone. Don't be scared."

Then Jesus stood up and as He did, He touched the elbow of the woman in front of Him. The woman had suffered from arthritis in her elbow so severe that she couldn't bend her arm. With His touch, her elbow healed. Today, only one of the other four women who witnessed this miraculous appearance is still alive, and she and I still talk with excited astonishment about the day we saw Jesus. Yet, none of the other choir members saw Him as He went upstairs to the main church where we were going to sing.

Jesus sat in front of a huge, ornate stained-glass window that adorned the church. The choir sang the hymn, "Up to Jerusalem." Singing in praise, I saw the sunlight streaming through the window and illuminating Him. I don't remember seeing anyone else in the church that day. I only had eyes for Jesus and I sang to Him with all my heart and soul. I knew that what I saw was real because Jesus allowed four other people to witness this wondrous event, and he performed a miracle. I should add that Jesus was helpful for everyone who saw Him. Every detail was well orchestrated by divine will.

As I fast forward to adulthood, I was struck by lightning for a total of four lightning strikes every other year up to 2005. On two occasions it was ball lightning; and twice I was hit by bolt lightning, with the fourth strike resulting in my second NDE.

Second NDE

In midsummer 2005, I was sitting outside on the back steps of my house talking on the phone to a dear friend of mine who lived in Oregon. It was late in the day and my husband had just arrived home from work. He had just walked by me as I was sitting on the concrete steps. It was just beginning to rain, and I heard thunder in the distance so I asked him if I would be safe talking on a cordless phone during a storm. He assured me that it would be fine, and my friend and I continued talking as he walked into the house to change clothes.

Within five minutes, I heard a loud crack from a lightning bolt snaking down from an angry sky that lit up a brilliant silvery-white. I felt a searing pain as the lightning entered my right arm and passed through my body. It knocked me to the ground, leaving char marks on the concrete steps where I had been sitting only moments before. After passing through me, the lightning bolt traveled under the house and blew out the transformer standing directly in front of the house. It rendered the entire neighborhood powerless for about four hours.

I was shaking all over. I was sweating and sick to my stomach. The pain in both my arm and my chest was unbearable. A force pulled me out of my body with a sensation as if I were being peeled like a banana. I didn't realize I had died and I walked into my house feeling confused. I was able to look around and could feel movement. Everything had a burnt yellow color to it and even the air had this color. Then, I noticed the furniture in the house was not my furniture, and the lace curtains on the windows were not my curtains. Fear gripped me. No one was in this house. Where was my husband? Then there was the issue of the electrical power. I knew the transformer was blown, yet I could hear an old-time radio program playing. For just a couple of minutes, it appeared that I was a ghost and had been transported back to another time. I continued walking through the rooms looking for the radio or whatever it was that was making the sound, but I never could find it. This must have only lasted for a couple of minutes, but time seemed to either stop or move in very slow motion.

Then, a huge loving, formless presence appeared and together we moved sideways at great speed through the most beautiful fluffy pink and gold clouds. I was in awe of such beauty, and I felt such a deep sense of peace and complete love. The love was so big, so huge, so complete and so deep that I felt as if every pore of my body was open, and I was soaking all of it in. I felt whole, complete, and totally accepted. I was still moving through these gorgeous clouds laterally without moving up or down. In this love I could feel this huge conscious presence all around me, continually infusing love onto me

and into me so that I felt I was part of this love. The memory brings tears to my eyes, even now.

At the end of the pink and gold clouds, we came to the entrance of a magnificent garden. Two young men who seemed to be in their twenties or thirties appeared and stood one on either side of me. They were blond-haired and blue-eyed and wore what looked like cream-colored linen clothing. There was such a brilliant glow all around them as if joy seemed to pour from every cell in their bodies. I could see the detail of the tiny weave pattern of their soft, tightly woven linen clothing. Why that seemed important, I do not know, but it stood out very clearly. At first, I thought these men were angels but I quickly realized who they were. These two men were my younger brothers who had died as babies. I just knew they were my brothers from a raw understanding in my soul. Furthermore, they looked like our father, especially when they smiled. We were so happy to see each other, a wonderful family reunion. At the time, I couldn't help but think how my dad would be so proud of them both.

A glorious city loomed to the left of this garden. There was an old stone wall at the edge of the garden between me and the city. The wall looked as if it were made of field stone, stacked one on top of the other, with pink roses growing up and over the wall. Although I didn't go into the city, I could see a few distant details, including a large building with a golden dome among other structures. As I looked around the garden, I noticed that the colors were amazingly bright and vibrant and the air was sweet and clear. I could hear birds singing and I heard the water running, like there was a stream nearby but just out of sight. All the while I sensed an all-encompassing presence pouring its infinite love onto me. I felt such joy and all I could do was stand in awe at the wonders all around me. My brothers had told me that I had died. I felt no fear, shock or dismay. I was floating in love and acceptance and didn't fight the truth. I didn't need to. It felt right.

A group of loving people began to gather around me as I progressed further into the garden. Although I knew who they were, I didn't know from where I knew them. I noticed all of these people were young, in their twenties to early thirties. Their skin was pink and healthy, maybe even glowing. Interestingly, they were wearing clothing from different time periods. Some of the women wore beautiful gowns while some of the men wore fancy suits. Others wore contemporary clothes like jeans or loungewear. It appeared to me that these people wore what they most felt comfortable in, perhaps reflecting the generation they were born to on earth. Everyone was smiling and happy. It felt very strange surrounded by so many beautiful people, yet at the same time, it was pleasantly comfortable and familiar. I felt as if I had spent time with these people before.

As everyone gathered around me, I was shown the entirety of my life; everything I had ever said and done from the moment of my birth until the moment I died. It was like watching a black and white movie on an old-fashioned movie reel. It was clear that these people gathered around to offer support. There was no feeling or judgment throughout the process. It just "was." The huge, loving presence stood behind me, pouring an overflow of love into me. It was then that I learned God does not judge us. Rather, we judge ourselves. We stand there before God in all of His glory and perfection while we watch our lives pass in front of us. For me, all He did was love me throughout the review. Not a word was said and the review of an entire lifetime was over in what seemed like a "blink of an eye."

I definitely sensed a sequential arrangement to the events taking place, like phases to a story. My brothers and the others who gathered were still with me when I heard a male voice say, "What you put out into the universe will come back to you." Now, I knew that the voice was God speaking but I had no idea what He meant as I had never heard words like that before. As my brothers and I continued walking through the garden, I was amazed to see Jesus, walking out of a grove of trees into the garden toward me. He looked just like I had remembered when

He appeared to me at the age of fifteen. To be honest, I was absolutely overwhelmed as He came over to me and began talking with me. He told me that He loved me and had walked beside me every day of my life and that He would never leave my side, not ever. He then told me not to be afraid. I just stared at Him speechlessly. At that point, I no longer saw my brothers. I don't know where they went, but there were still a lot of people around. My attention, however, was solely on Jesus.

After Jesus spoke, He escorted me to the edge of the garden to a wooded glen. I watched golden sunbeams pour through the branches of the tall oak and pine trees. Under the towering branches, I noticed a log lying next to a stream with little flowers dotting the lush grass. There were even pine needles and a few pinecones scattered about. I went over to the log and sat down to listen to the water as it danced across the rocks. The air was cool and comfortable and I could hear the birds singing their sweet songs. As I sat down, I looked up and I saw a man sitting on the other end of the log next to me. I knew the man was an embodiment of God. He had shoulder-length, dark, curly hair, a neatly cut beard, sparkling blue eyes, and a happy smile. He looked to be about six feet tall and He wore a white robe and sandals.

We sat on the log together for the longest time just talking and laughing. He became silent for a moment and then turned to face me. Looking into my eyes, he asked in a quiet, gentle voice, "What would you do if it were just you and me?" I looked at God, not having a clue what He meant, and asked, "What do you mean?" God smiled and was patient, like a father with a young child. He asked me again, "What would you do if it were just you and me?" I looked down at my hands in my lap, thought for a minute, and again answered, "I don't know what you mean." God was still smiling and very patiently said, "Imagine if there were no parents, no children, no husband and no friends. There is just you and me, no one else."

Feeling somewhat intimidated and unworthy, I looked into His beautiful face, shook my head, and stuttered, “No, I would drive you crazy after the first ten minutes with all my questions and chatter. Then you would not like me very much if it were just me and you.”

He just smiled at me with completely loving patience. He was so gentle with me that my feelings of unworthiness started to disappear. God then stood up and motioned for me to follow. We walked a short distance to the edge of the glen. Like opening a zipper in the sky, He showed me the whole universe with no one in it. There were no people, no buildings, no cars, no animals, and no trees. There was nothing but swirling, rainbow-colored gases, sparkling diamond stars, and spinning planets. The entire panorama looked like a huge rainbow that stretched across the black, velvet sky. It was breathtakingly beautiful and so huge. I never realized how big the universe really was compared to our small world. Suddenly, we were back again sitting on the log by the stream. God asked me once again, “What would you do if it were just you and me?” Again, I was at a loss for the right words to properly answer His question.

Meanwhile, I found myself looking at a very large oak tree in front of me. I saw the details of the trunk, such as the little life-giving veins in the tender leaves and the roots beneath the ground. What I saw was not just a tree, but the individual parts that made up the whole tree. I also saw how important all these parts were to the life of the tree. Expanding my view, I also recognized how important the tree was to the environment around the tree. Expanding my view even further, I could see how all things are connected to each other and that every part was important to the whole of creation. I studied these interconnections for a few minutes and sensed that my noticing this information was exactly what God had planned from the beginning.

Then I answered God by quoting the Koran. Now, I have no idea why I would have answered Him in this manner since I have never read the Koran in my life. But I said, **“God, your hundredth name is ‘God is everywhere, God is nowhere and God is in me.’”**

He said “Yes, that is right, it is, and...?”
I looked at the tree again then back at Him and said, “God, You made this tree. You are in this tree; so, when I look at this tree, I see You.”
God looked at me, smiling that beautiful smile again and He said “yes, and...?”

I started to think about my parents and I added, “God, You made my parents. You are in my parents; so, when I see my parents, I see You.” Again, He said, “Yes and...?”
“God, You made my husband. You are in my husband; so, when I see my husband, I see You.”

He smiled and said, “Yes and...?” God was trying to get me to think further, so I began thinking that there are people in this world who are cruel, even those who have hurt me. So, I said, “God, There are some people whom I don’t really care for because they hurt others, but you made these people. You are in these people; so, when I see these people, I see you.”

God smiled at me again and He said “Yes, that is right. Now, I have a question for you. When you look in the mirror, what do you see?”

I looked down again at my hands and I thought for a moment. My normal response would have been something like, “I see me. I’m no one special. It’s just me.” Yet, I felt that just wasn’t an acceptable answer one gives to God. After all, the Creator of all things deserves a respectful and truthful answer. As I gazed into His beautiful eyes, my feelings of inadequacy melted away because of the deep love I saw in their infinite depths. Then, I said, “God, You made me. You are in me; so, when I look in the mirror, I see you.”

God replied, “Yes, that is right.” He seemed so happy and was smiling from ear to ear. I could feel His joy and His deep love surrounding me. I was completely immersed in His love as He looked at

me. I could feel the hugeness of the revelation God just taught me. I could feel it spinning in my heart and in my mind.

The lesson God taught me has been difficult for me to accept. Although I can easily see the beauty of God in others, it is much more difficult to see God's beauty in myself. I find, even now, I have to remind myself that I am special and that I am beautiful. I have to remind myself that God doesn't make mistakes or create junk. Instead, He loves me and sees me with perfect love even though I am an imperfect being. I had struggled with low self-esteem for so many years due to other people's criticisms. Buying into their way of thinking brought me down to a place where I could not serve God properly. What I had to learn was that real beauty shines from deep within the soul. External beauty fades with time, but real beauty comes from inside and never fades. It is internal and eternal. God wanted me to learn that my worth as a human being has to come from inside my own heart and not based on what others were telling me. To God I am perfect being just me. What I have to do is be happy with myself, find joy in my life, and see His beauty deep within myself.

A View of the Future

At last God and I finished our conversation. We proceeded to walk through the forest where we were joined by two beautiful angels in ornate gowns. They led me to a beautiful, serene lake at the end of the wooded area. As I looked into the water, I saw the earth below. To my surprise, they began showing moving pictures of future events on earth. I was honestly a bit confused by all the mixed feelings I experienced as I watched these troubling events unfold. I still felt wrapped within God's loving embrace so I was able to endure these revelations with a certain amount of non-attachment. Perhaps my detachment stemmed from underlying shock, horror, and disbelief of what I was watching. It all seemed surreal. I was aware that the angels showed me these world events for informational purposes. I don't know why, as they didn't offer details as far as I can remember.

What was shown to me were horrific events that stemmed from or were a result of the 911 attacks that have led to other terrorist attacks against our country and throughout the world. Specifically, they also showed me people being killed by bombings and shootings, women and children being used as human shields. I witnessed our financial institutions crumbling. In the end, our money was not worth the paper it was written on. In money's place, I was shown silver and gold coins being used to make purchases. They also said that in time we would return to the barter system, as we had done long ago. They also showed me many natural disasters, such as earthquakes, volcanoes, tornadoes and storms. Then I saw six huge waves of water covering the land. I witnessed a woman and a little boy in a car being swept off the road because of flood waters. As her car was being immersed, I saw God send angels in the form of people who pulled the woman and child out of the water. The boy had already died but was revived. The mother would go on to promote a series of spiritual videos. Next, they revealed how corrupt governments will become and their central role in destroying peace in our world. They were so poisoned that I saw dark clouds surrounding their capitols. In response to the corruption, I witnessed coups and rioting. I witnessed governments in different countries being overthrown and huge riots taking place in the streets. They showed me one particular riot where a man threw something through a storefront window while a nearby building burned. I also heard the sound of gunshots. There were police officers everywhere and I saw a young black man lying dead in the street.

On a positive note, they revealed small pockets of light where loving people huddled in places called "safe havens." These safe havens are mostly in mountainous regions. The very last thing they showed me was a 'silver ribbon' splitting the United States apart. I was told that this 'ribbon' was a river. I felt that it was the Mississippi River, but they gave me no explanation as to the meaning of this 'ribbon' other than that the ribbon becomes larger over time.

A Realm of Heaven

While walking through the garden, I saw a magnificent city in Heaven that had been built beyond the garden wall. There was a large building in the center of the city with a huge golden dome. I didn't go into the city itself but as I walked through the garden, I saw some of the many buildings that were on the outskirts of this glorious city. Some of the buildings seemed to be made of the finest marble with tall columns gracing each building. I understood that there were buildings that served a purpose for everything one could possibly imagine. There were magnificent healing buildings with glorious pools of healing water used for soul healing for those who had a traumatic death. Each building is attended by angels and others who are specifically trained to help souls in need. There are even special areas where small children and babies go. There angels attend to them along with other loved ones who are specifically trained to care for these children and to help them to grow spiritually.

I also discovered grand halls of learning and exquisite libraries containing "books" on every possible subject. The halls of learning are not schools of science like we have here on earth but schools designed for spiritual growth. People attending the halls of learning have mentors and teachers to guide them during their spiritual quest.

There are huge, lavish banquet halls with exquisite tables heavily laden with the finest meats, cheeses, breads, pastries, vegetables and fruits. Food is not needed to sustain life in heaven, but it is manifested strictly for enjoyment. One particular banquet hall that I saw was very large and extravagantly decorated. On rich, mahogany walls hung breathtaking paintings set in heavy, ornate frames. A magnificent piano sat in the corner, adorned with a crystal vase full of roses and a golden candelabra. There were many people in the room dressed in their finest clothes. Women dressed in beautiful gowns of every color with matching jewels that glittered in the light. The men wore dress suites or tuxedos while a butler holding a silver tray passed around long-stemmed crystal champagne glasses. I noticed on the other side of the

room, there was a table decorated in white linens and gorgeous flowers of every color of the rainbow and huge golden candelabras. It was quite festive. I don't know what the occasion was but it definitely was a celebration.

I was struck by how earth-like everything appeared. Beyond the city walls, I saw fertile rural areas. There are many diverse areas such as grasslands, rolling hills and prairies where our beloved animals are free to roam, including our beloved pets. They too enter heaven and are there waiting for us. As I looked around further, I noticed there were several houses or dwellings. Some were larger than others. One house was nestled among the trees on a grassy hillside with lush flower gardens sitting in behind the house. The house seemed to be made of stone that changed color with the rays of the sun. Another house made of crystals and stones sat on a bluff overlooking what appeared to be an ocean. Each house seemed to be as unique as the individual who inhabits the house. In sum, I became aware that heaven is a very busy place. There isn't time to sit around under trees eating bon bons as some may think. Rather, heaven is an active realm with so much to do and see. Also, there is spiritual work to be done. In this manner, I noticed that people have different jobs. They were not jobs as we know them on earth; but rather, jobs that help everyone further their soul's growth toward God.

After visiting with the beautiful angels, I was sent back to my body on earth. I don't remember being given a choice. I felt incredible pain radiate from my right arm into my chest as my spirit entered my body. I was momentarily confused before I fully realized that I was lying on the ground in my backyard, right next to the steps where the lightning had hit me. I could see the phone had been knocked out of my hand and was lying on the opposite side of the patio. It was all burnt and black. I also saw the black char marks on the stairs where I had been sitting not long before. I was absolutely stunned by all the events that had just taken place while talking with God in heaven. I knew my life had changed in profound ways. It was hard for me to move because of the pain. I was shaking, sweating, and nauseous. I could barely breathe.

I have no idea how long I laid there. I tried calling out, but no one came to help. It took every ounce of strength I had to move into the house. I crawled from the ground, up the back steps, and into the kitchen.

I found my husband and told him what had happened. I had shown him the char marks on the concrete steps and told him of the pain I was in. To my shock, he didn't care and refused to take me to the hospital. He didn't seem to understand the severity of my injuries. He dismissively replied, "I don't want to sit there waiting all evening." Consequently, I wasn't able to go to the hospital that night and remained disoriented, confused and in a great deal of pain from where the lightning struck my arm. I was not in a position and was in no condition to seek medical attention for myself. I laid in bed unable to move until a few days later, I was taken to the hospital. Medical tests by a cardiologist later indicated that I had suffered some minor damage to my heart as a result of the strike. I now have a condition called a Right Bundle Branch Block, which is an electrical glitch in my heart. The cardiologist told me that he had never seen anything like it before and that I was lucky to be alive. He also conducted some neurological testing to make sure everything else was working properly. It was found that I also have seizures and post-traumatic migraine syndrome due to the lightning.

The Pink Bubble Oneness with God

After the pain in my arm subsided, I felt better than I had ever felt in all of my life. I had so much more energy than before I was hit by lightning. One of the things I remember was I went eleven days without sleeping. Furthermore, I felt blissfully happy. That was something new for me. Not only did I feel vibrant, but I could see the life force glowing from every living thing. I felt so connected with all of creation in oneness. I was totally in love with God, everything and everyone. I felt like I was floating in a pink bubble that could never burst. That's what I called it because everything seemed to radiate with a pinkish glow. Amazingly, my new state gave me many heightened, extra-sensory abilities. To illustrate, I could hear the constant humming sound of

electricity in the air. I could see the petals of a flower open, as if in slow motion, and observe it orientate toward the rays of the sun. I could see the blades of grass growing and spreading across the backyard. I was also able to see things several blocks away as if they were right there in front of my face.

I began to perceive living beings differently. Specifically, I could see a beautiful colorful glow radiating from every plant, flower, tree, and animal. I also realized that even people have this lovely, colorful glow around them. These auras were of beautiful colors, bright pinks, and yellows, shades of gold, blues, and greens. I also see bright whites or silver sparkles around people. That's an amazingly beautiful thing to see. I know that I am peering into people's soul energy when I see their aura. This means everyone has a deeply spiritual essence guiding their lives. Furthermore, it means that every person is very close to God, for we are all walking in holiness.

Second Visitation with Jesus

Sitting out in the back yard with the dogs, I was enjoying the soft spring breeze when I heard a noise and I looked up. It was Jesus coming to visit me. He wore that beautiful smile that I knew so well. Jesus was standing by the fence, over by the flower garden, with the sun shining down on him. Physically, He looked the same way that He always does when He appears to me. This time He was dressed in a cream-colored, long flowing robe and sandals. Jesus offered me a soft pink rose from His outstretched hand.

Then He said these words:

“This life is a journey that all must take. Yes, you are hearing me now. You are seeing me now. Please don't question yourself so much. These messages that you are being given are true and valid. You have the answers, and you do know the truth. The answers have always been inside your heart.

Stand at your gate and take the rose, my precious Dove. It's time for you to fly. Today is a new and wondrous beginning. You were like a caterpillar all wrapped up tight inside a cocoon but you are now emerging out as a beautiful butterfly. I love you and will always love you. You will never walk alone. I walk right there beside you. So, hold your head up high and always spread your joy and love.

Listen, quiet your heart and be at peace for I am always with you. If you don't hear me talking, it's because you are not listening. You have the courage and the strength to do all that your heart desires and all that My Father has called you to do. It has been shouted from the highest mountains and heard in the lowest valleys. Its whisper has been heard throughout all human experience. So, you must trust that it is true.

Trust and believe, with all of your being that LOVE is the answer. It is Agape Love, meaning pure unconditional love that is the answer. Believe in and expect miracles, for they will happen. When you quiet your mind and spirit, answers will come.

My Father knows you. He knows that when you go into nature you will find rest. Nature is where you will become one with all that is, all that was, and all that will ever be. Know that in this place you will find your greatest peace and joy. You will never walk alone, not ever. All those who went before you are all around you loving you and supporting you in your walk on this earthly plane.

Open your heart and don't be afraid. Just cast all your fears aside and accept your new life. Just be at peace. Remember this. I am in you and all around you. Turn wood and you will find me. Lift a stone, I am there. Like the sun warms your skin, I will touch you; and as the rain washes you, I will also. Without you I am nothing. With you, I am eternity."

Third Visitation with Jesus

Around the time I was preparing for my marriage, I had an amazing but puzzling interaction with Jesus. It had been a long tiring day taking care of my mother who was afflicted with Alzheimer's disease so I went out into the back yard to take a walk. My parents' yard reminds me of a botanical garden with many varieties of flowers and blooming trees. It's quite lovely and it's a wonderful place to find rest and peace. But on this day, I was very agitated and distraught even though I was surrounded by nature. Overwhelmed by my mother's condition, I began pacing up and down the walkway. It was during this pivotal moment that Jesus appeared.

Jesus was standing amongst the bright yellow day lilies beside my parents' patio. He greeted me with a beautiful smile, as always. What was unusual, Jesus was dressed in a fine white suite with His dark hair pulled back behind His neck. He looked as if He was going somewhere formal. Jesus asked me, "I love you. Will you be my bride?"

Naturally, this was a biblical reference to the collective "Bride of Christ," but I was quite stunned by this question and didn't realize this. Confused, I answered, "I can't marry you! I have to take care of my parents. Besides, I am old enough to be your mother. And why would someone who looks like you want to be with someone who looks like me?"

Jesus just smiled and very patiently explained "You don't understand. I love you and my love for you has nothing to do with what you look like." I continued pacing back and forth not quite understanding the true meaning of the conversation taking place. Then Jesus invited me again. "Will you be my bride?"

I asked, "Where would we go?"
Jesus answered, "My kingdom is not of this world."

I told Jesus that I could not go with Him because I had too many responsibilities caring for my parents. Jesus smiled so tenderly at me and said, “I love you and I will wait for you.” I was still pacing the walkway and, when I turned around, Jesus was gone.

I had to smile. Jesus always speaks tenderly of His deep love and leads me into a place of quiet, peaceful stillness. After He left, I realized that He wasn’t inviting me into a physical marriage; rather, Jesus was inviting me into a deeper, more spiritual relationship. I have come to understand that Jesus is the bridegroom and that all of us, men and women alike, are His bride.

Fourth Visitation with Jesus

I was mopping the kitchen floor during a particularly difficult day taking care of my mother, when I had a visitor. I made a promise to God when I was a little girl that I would take care of my parents when they were in their older years and I intended to keep that serious promise. But there were some days when I felt as if I failed her in some way. Some days the burden could be overwhelming, especially when I had to watch my own mother’s mind disappear right before my own eyes, and there was nothing I could do to help her. At that particular moment, I was not really thinking of anything, just mopping away and trying to decompress when I heard a familiar male voice. It was a smooth, calming voice that made my heart sing and my soul soar. Jesus had returned to visit me.

I turned around to find Jesus standing in the kitchen leaning against the counter with his arms crossed over his chest and his feet crossed at the ankles. As always, He was smiling at me. Standing still with the mop in my hand, I could feel His love so deeply. I didn’t have to say a word because Jesus already knew my heart. He knew what I was feeling. Jesus looked into my eyes as tears streamed down my face, and He said,

“Oh my precious Dove, you cry because you think I cast you away when you were with me in heaven and that is so far from the truth. I hold you so dear. It simply wasn’t your time. I have a job for you to do.

My beautiful little one, you know that I love you. You know that I am with you. I always am. You are here because your life has meaning. You have to step aside and take the “you” out of the equation. You are doing just fine in what you are doing. Because what you do, you do out of love. Don’t be so hard on yourself. Just let me do the work. I will handle it. I am capable. You just be. Just be present and be at peace. Just love, the way you always do.

All that has happened to you in your life has happened to prepare you for this moment in order to make you strong enough for this very important job I have asked you to do for me. I am with you to give my strength. I love you. Lean on me when you are weak and scared. Do not be afraid. Just love, that’s all. Just Love. It’s that simple. That is the purpose of your life, my beautiful Dove. When you feel torn and weary, give it to me; and remember I am strongest when you are at your weakest. Don’t worry, I won’t leave you stranded. I am right here with you always. I will love you until beyond the end of time.”

Fifth Visitation with Jesus

As I was walking one afternoon, I saw a man approaching me. I recognized him right away, from all the visits we’ve had over the years and His breathtaking smile. It was Jesus once again. He appeared at just the right moment. He began walking beside me and as He did, we talked. He knew my heart was breaking because it had been another long hard day of trying to cope with adjusting to living in this world after having been in heaven. Life on earth seems so complicated sometimes. Jesus knows me so well. He always says the right things to lift me out of my dreariness. As we were talking, we came up to a side road and stopped to watch a scenario playing out involving a man and a young girl. Now I don’t know if Jesus created this scenario to happen to teach me some kind of lesson or whether it was actually happening. I

can assure you it looked very real to me. As I was watching the scene before me, Jesus explained that the man was a pedophile; and he had been eyeing the little girl with very evil intentions.

The little girl was on the same side of the street where we were standing. She was playing with a ball between some cars parked along the curb. The man had been eyeing the little girl for some time and was about to make his move when he noticed a truck speeding down the road.

The little girl lost her ball out in the road so she went out into the road to get it. The man, seeing this, ran out into the road and grabbed the girl. He tossed her out of the way just as the truck slammed into him, killing him instantly. I asked Jesus if the man was going to heaven.

He said, “Yes.”

I asked, “How is that possible, if that man spent his whole life as a pedophile, hurting little children?”

Jesus, like a loving big brother, explained that the man, in his dying moment, made the choice to save the little girl. By doing this one selfless act, he laid down his life for another. Jesus added, “There is no greater love than to lay your life down for another.” Then Jesus said, “Oh, and by the way, the little girl grows up to become a scientist who will find a cure for cancer. So, in that one instant, that man who spent his entire life doing hateful selfish acts was able to change his soul, change his heart, and change his life. In doing so, not only did he change his own life, but he also changed the course of history, changing many lives, many hearts, and many souls.”

Jesus taught me that no human being, with our veiled and narrow perceptions, can ever truly know what is in the heart of another person. Only God knows the heart of a person, and only He knows how a person’s heart can change in an instant. Only God knows all the secrets

we hide in the chambers of our hearts. It only takes one act of love, one act of selflessness to change the world.

Reality Shift and Loss of Time

One morning, I woke up early to watch the sunrise. Just as the sun was coming up over the horizon, I noticed all the neighborhood sounds seemed to fade away. Even the sound of the water from the patio fountain was muted. As I looked around confused, I started to hear a drum beat and chanting. Although, I didn't understand the language the chanting sounded powerful in rhythm with the drum. I looked around but was surprised to find that there was no one out and about in the neighborhood. Because of the clear fidelity of the chanting, I knew that it wasn't a car radio or television I was hearing. The voices faded back out after a few moments as the normal neighborhood sounds faded back in. Amazingly, the chanting happened several more times during that summer. I can only guess that I was hearing the echoes of Native people who lived in the area long ago.

I also witnessed unusual behavior from animals. During an unseasonably warm November night, I stepped onto the patio and saw the sun shining on the two oak trees in the yard next door. This struck me as odd since it had been spitting cold, damp rain all day. The trees were lit in an unearthly golden color against a bluish-purple sky. Then I noticed that a pair of doves had flown into the trees next to each other. Almost immediately another pair of doves arrived, then another, and another, until both the trees were loaded with pairs of doves. As the doves sat there in the golden trees, they appeared to be a light shade of pink in the sky. Then the wind gently moved the branches. As the branches moved, the entire scene sparkled like diamonds in the light. The entire sequence of events was breathtaking and magnificent.

As this sight was unfolding the entire neighborhood sounds seemed to fade away, and all I could hear was the sound of hundreds of doves "cooing." The cooing faded after a few minutes and the doves

began to fly away pair by pair until all were gone. Then the light faded away, too, and it became very dark and very cold again within minutes.

A couple of days later, I had a very important appointment. I was running late and knew that there was no possible way I could get through the pileup of traffic and get across town on time. I also knew it was too late to reschedule. All I could do was pray that, even though I would be late, the appointment would go on as planned. After sitting for what seemed like hours, trapped in a mad house of cars, I looked at the clock. I had 10 minutes to get through the early morning school traffic and drive across town to make my appointment on time.

I began to pray. After praying, the traffic cleared immediately and I was on my way. As I drove, I began feeling very strange. I felt woozy and very disconnected. It felt as though time had stopped or was altered somehow. I didn't understand what was happening but I knew I had to keep going. I looked at the clock and noticed, the time had not changed. I kept driving and finally made it to my destination. Once inside the office, I noticed the clock on the wall and realized I had made my appointment on time, with 10 minutes to spare. Although I was glad to have made the appointment, I still felt very strange. It felt as though I had gone through some kind of time warp or possibly a doorway to a parallel existence.

Seeing Spirits

After my NDE, God gifted me with the ability to see Spirits, and I eventually learned how to discern spirits. This gift was very important as they started to approach me on a daily basis while I was in the pink bubble. They sometimes disrupted my day so I had to lay down some ground rules. Primarily, I would not allow them to show me frightening things. Nor would I allow them to wake me up at night. I continued to have visions in addition to spirit visitation. I was grateful to God that the visions were always very pleasing.

One day at my parents' house, I was looking out the window when a beautiful young woman walked through the yard. She wore a long Victorian gown and a fancy hat. She also carried a parasol. Even more bizarre, the woman appeared to be transparent, although I could see the color and the details of her dress very clearly. When I saw her, I became startled and yelled. The woman continued walking through the yard, across the street, and into the solid bricks of the house across the road.

Other times I would see spirits and they looked just like regular people. They appeared to me as solid. I could see their clothes, the color of their hair, and other details. I knew that they were spirits because they would appear in front of me, say a few words and then vanish. Other times, I would see them walking through walls, cars or buildings.

I was stunned by this altered reality beyond the perception of most people. I simply wasn't used to this. Telling my husband was a huge mistake, as it only proved to create more problems between us. My husband was not happy at all with this unusual behavior he saw in me. He felt that I was wasting too much time and not doing enough housework. Not only did he not believe me, he simply didn't care. He probably thought I was going crazy. Yet, I knew what I experienced were not hallucinations. They appeared as real as everyday reality.

It seemed that the more spiritual experiences I encountered, the angrier and more distant my husband became. I didn't know what to do. I had no confidants with whom I could confide. After all, how could I tell my friends that I was seeing spirits almost daily? They might have a similar reaction as my husband. So, I dealt with all these spiritual visits alone. It became increasingly difficult as the activity increased. It felt as if I had a blue flashing sign over my head that said, "If you are dead, come see me." There were times when there were so many of them that I would go to bed at night exhausted from working with them all day. I learned not to be afraid but I also knew that I had to set boundaries to function in my daily life.

One day I was in the living room talking to a friend on the phone when a young man appeared in front of me. He was tall with thick curly black hair, dark skin and brown eyes. He was wearing a white tee shirt and jeans with another shirt over the tee shirt. He just stood there as I continued talking with my friend. The young man began communicating with me about how he had died and how he was connected to the person with whom I was speaking on the phone. Specifically, he told me his name, where he had lived; and he even showed me his cat. This was what I call evidential information, which I was able to pass along to my friend. Once this evidential information was given, I was then able to pass on the messages that needed to be given. I was shocked that my friend did not dismiss my message. Rather, my friend was elated and grateful for the communication I conveyed from his nephew.

I learned that these meetings only happen by the grace of God and according to His plan. Meaning, I cannot conjure spirits. Rather, the spirits come to me as allowed by a higher Source. God allows the spirits to approach me so that we can orchestrate a three-way meeting for a greater good. Oftentimes, they come to me to help grieving loved ones. Other times the deceased want to resolve conflicts when they were alive. As my ability became more credible to others, more people asked me to help them with loved ones who have passed. Since God gave me this gift, I have not only given messages to loved ones but have worked with police detectives on several cold cases of murder and have also worked on several missing person cases.

Spirits in My Home

After my second NDE and before my divorce I lived in a beautiful old Victorian house. My husband at that time was a very cruel and abusive individual. There were many spirits that inhabited the house. I could see them. To me they looked solid and quite normal. They all treated me respectfully; but with my husband, it was a different story. He could not see them and he often said, "If I can't see them or

touch them, they aren't real." That line of thinking only made things worse for him.

There was one particular spirit whose name was Madeline. Back in the late 1800's her father had built the house and she lived there with her baby whose name was Sarah. One day while giving Sarah a bath, Madeline turned her back to get a towel and, in that moment, Sarah went under the water and drowned. Back in that day, it was not uncommon to bury on your property so she buried Sarah under an Apple tree in the yard.

I would stay up late at night after my husband had gone to bed, and Madeline would come down the stairs dressed in a beautiful black Victorian gown. She would walk through the house looking for Sarah. After we had been in the house for a while, she became very protective of me; but she did not like my husband because of his cruelty. She showed her anger by slamming doors, moving his things around, and even hiding his belongings; all of which made him even angrier. Back in that day, most of the houses had tiny rooms built off the master bedroom which were used as nurseries. Madeline would stand there looking out the window in the direction where the apple tree once stood, where Sarah had been buried so many years ago. Before I moved away, I spoke with a lady who knew the history of the house and the surrounding property; and she confirmed that all the information I received from Madeline was true.

After my divorce and before I moved to my parent's home to care of my mom, I had moved into a smaller Victorian house. It was a beautiful little house that had three inhabitants already occupying my new home. They were spirits but I saw them as solid as living people. There was a tall man who wore a light blue shirt, open at the neck, tan colored pants and a brown leather belt.

He seemed to be from the 1930's or 40's. In addition, there was a little girl who wore a brown flowered dress with a white pinafore over her dress. She had long, curly, brown hair put up in pigtails. She was

from a much earlier time period. The third inhabitant was a blonde cocker spaniel. I couldn't guess what time period the dog was from.

When I moved into the house, I laid down the ground rules. If we were going to exist together in the same place, I wasn't putting up with any head games. The man had the upstairs and I told him to stay upstairs. I slept downstairs on the couch. For the most part he respected my space but one day while sitting in the living room, I saw him walking down the stairs. I stopped him and told him, "Stop now, go back upstairs." He did as I asked.

The little girl had more fun flipping all the pictures in my house. I spent more time fixing all the pictures only to have her follow me, flipping them all askew again. One day I was tired of her game so I told her to go outside and play. She went outside and climbed the tree right next to the kitchen. I saw her take off her pinafore and throw it on the ground; and on one of the main branches, she began pulling off all the leaves from the tree, tossing them to the earth. She was sweet but very impish.

I had four living dogs who all got along very well together until we moved into that house. The little spirit dogs wreaked havoc with my pets. Never had my dogs reacted the way they did. They began fighting with each other, messing in the house and constantly growling. I knew that this arrangement was not going to work. Finally, I decided to move. I couldn't take any more of the nonsense. When I spoke to my landlord, I asked her if she was aware that her house was "haunted." She confirmed this and explained that it was the reason why she had only stayed in that house for one night and why she decided to rent it.

Discernment Spirits

God allowed me to witness the bounty of Heaven and to know the wonderful beauty of home; however, He also wanted me to know that evil does exist and that it is very real. God allowed evil beings to

come to me. He also showed me how to protect myself from evil and darkness, and He was with me the whole time.

One night God allowed me to see and smell a very powerful evil being and creatures under his control. It was a night like any other night. My husband was working and I was alone. I was watching television and doing laundry, just doing normal everyday things, when I saw them. Specifically, I remember walking into the bathroom to find little creepy creatures crawling between the wooden slats between the wall and the tub. They presented themselves as small, grotesquely shaped creatures. They appeared very short, about knee high, and had multiple eyes, six or eight scattered over their faces. Oddly, it looked like their skin had melted away leaving just muscle and bone. Obviously, I had never seen anything like it before. At first, I was confused and shocked. Now I realize that the creatures manifested themselves from dark creatures in popular horror films in order to show their evil and to terrorize me.

When I finally realized what was happening, I became extremely frightened. Then I lifted the shade of the window and they were all over the house crawling up the bricks. I called the police, and they came right out and searched the house and yard but didn't find anything. So, I went back to my laundry thinking the police thought I was crazy. A little later, the house was enveloped in a horrible stench and again I saw these little creatures. Now they began crawling all over the outside of the house, so I called the police a second time. I called my husband at work and told him to come home. Of course, he couldn't. The police dutifully came out again and checked around to humor me. After they left, it happened yet again. This time the house began to moan and creak loudly. I knew that I was not going insane because my dogs were barking and just going crazy.

I frantically went out in the back and noticed a man standing in front of me. I froze in my tracks. I couldn't figure out how he had found his way into my yard because we had a six-foot privacy fence with a locked gate. But there he was just standing there looking at me. Oddly,

the moonlight was shining down onto him like a spotlight. Something was blowing his long black hair, yet there was no wind blowing that night. He had long black hair, black pants, a black leather jacket, and a white shirt. He was very handsome until he smiled. Then my blood ran cold. I immediately shut the door and cried, "In the name of Jesus, go away!" Then I was completely alone.

It was one very long and frightening night until I said, "In the name of Jesus, go away!" Once I evoked the name of Christ, everything evil instantly vanished. Saying those words was automatic. It wasn't something I had to think about. Somewhere deep inside of my soul I just knew that was the right thing to say. I also knew that God had allowed that evil to appear to demonstrate that not all spirits are good. Rather, evil does exist, and it is very real. God revealed this to teach me how to discern spirits. The discernment of spirits is very important, especially for people who can see beings from another realm. I had to learn that negative spirits can be oppressive and manipulative. They can present themselves in any form, nasty or otherwise, bringing illusion and lies; however, good spirits bring forth light, truth, guidance, and love.

Angel in the Forest

Sitting in the woods one beautiful afternoon, I looked up into the bright blue sky, amazed by the beauty of the sun streaming down through the leaves. Sitting there, I felt as if I had come "home" and knew that God had lifted the veil of the earth to show me heaven again. It was so peaceful with everything full and alive. I could hear the heavenly music in the air as a river and a nearby waterfall sang a pure, rich melody. As the sun peeked through the clouds the hills glowed with vibrant colors of pure gold. I heard birds sing their songs of love. Wildflowers stuck their delicate little heads through the earth while blue swallowtail butterflies flitted all around me. As I soaked up all the natural beauty surrounding me, I heard the cry of a red-tailed hawk as he emerged from the thick woods. As I looked up at the hawk, I saw an angel.

The angel rapidly moved forward and then stood glowing in pure white before me. He said he had a message of great importance. He proclaimed, “God made a promise long ago that there would always be beauty to feed your souls. You have the chance to make something special of your life today. You are the co-creators of your own destiny. You have the power to heal your earth and stop all the wars and the pain. You have the power to stop what may be coming down the line, for you are not victims of the fates that lie ahead. You decide and you create. You do not make your lives perfect by complaining about what doesn’t work or about what doesn’t exist. Rather, you make your lives more perfect by valuing, learning from, and working with what does exist and what does work. You must also understand that where you are right now, this very moment is exactly where you are meant to be, by God’s design. You must understand that you may not be able to change the past but you can change its effect on the present. So, you must allow God to bring peace into your world and rejoice in the mystery of creation. All the realities that you could possibly experience, or that have ever existed, exist all at once in the Divine Mind of God.

Although you must have patience and allow these realities to unfold over time during your human experience, it is by your choice, your perceptions, and your intentions that lead you into one reality versus another. If you expect the best, in time you will have the best. If you expect the worst and persist in this, you may eventually see it. All miracles and all disasters are available to be woven into the tapestry of your life. These golden threads are a reality as well. God has given you free will and you can align yourselves with His love or feel separate from it. This is your choice. With each decision you make, you either walk with truth and with love, or you shy away from it. With each loving choice to honor your heart, and to believe in God's love and support, you walk the path of miracles. With each choice to believe, you are living your life's purpose. Conversely, with each unloving thought, you walk the path of struggle. The choice is yours and the results of such choices are the consequences you reap. You are truly blessed with the fact that God does not keep score and does not make judgments. In

the end, you are the ones who do the judging. One loving choice can change the course of your entire existence by steering you away from all past unloving thoughts and feelings. One loving choice can change the course of your life.”

Gray Eagle

After my NDE, the Native man with the horse that I had seen twice as a young child, appeared to me again. This time he stayed with me for several years. The first thing I can say about this Native soul would be that He was a very strong spirit. He wasn't transparent like some of the other spirits I would see, but appeared very solid like you or me. Consequently, I knew that he had the power and the ability to manifest clearly in the physical plane. He appeared wearing buckskin pants and moccasins on his feet with two beautiful feathers tied in his hair. These were the same clothes he had been wearing when he first appeared to me when I was a child. But now that I was grown, I could see the magnificent beauty residing within him that I was too young to notice. He had long, dark, ebony hair. His skin was the color of the earth, a reddish brown. He was tall and muscular with dark brown eyes, full lips, and a strong jaw. He had a scar on his right arm that I later learned was from a knife wound from a battle won long ago. He was a warrior of very high standing who naturally conveyed great dignity and importance. When he began talk to me, he was speaking in a language I didn't understand. I later learned that he spoke in Lakota.

This proved to make communication rather difficult even when telling me his name. He actually began showing me his name by using pictures. These were moving pictures similar to a movie. In the beginning he showed me that his name was Running Elk by showing me moving pictures of elk grazing on the prairie. As I watched this peaceful scene, I noticed that he was also in these moving pictures even as he was standing beside me at the same time. He had walked slowly up to the elk. When the elk caught scent of him, they lifted their heads and began to run. He sprinted alongside, keeping up with them easily

through the thick tall grass. Then the scene stopped and he spoke to me.

Still not understanding what he was saying, I finally said to him, "If you want to talk to me, you need to speak so I can understand you." Interestingly, he was able to fulfill my request, so in mid-sentence he began speaking in English. I had no idea that was all I needed to say to him. From then on, he spoke in English.

He repeated his question "What did you see out there on the prairie?" I responded, "I saw Elk."

He then asked, "And what were they doing?"

Again, I answered, "They were running."

He nodded and smiled. Then he asked, "So what is my name?"

I answered, "Running Elk."

Running Elk responded, "Very good, you learn quickly." Then in an instant he was gone, only to return again within the next few days, to teach me another lesson. During this second meeting, I had learned that his name had been changed to Gray Eagle. I asked him how could that be, as he had only been gone for a few days. He responded, "In the Spirit World, time is different than in your world. In the Spirit World you continue to grow, learn and count coup."

For North Plain Native American warriors, counting coup meant to win prestige. Gray Eagle continued, "I counted coup and was given a good name." I could see that he was proud of his new name. I could feel the pride with which he carried himself and although I knew little of Native culture, I knew that counting coup was one of the highest honors given to a warrior for heroic acts of bravery. Whatever it was that he had done, it was of great importance; of that, I was sure.

That was the beginning of a different yet wonderful relationship we shared for the next several years. I found him to be kind, loving, wise and very patient. He had taken on the roles of protector, mentor and so much more. He taught me so many lessons that it would fill an

entire book. Amazingly, I wasn't the only one who could see Gray Eagle. One evening, my granddaughter was playing upstairs while I was downstairs in the kitchen making supper. She excitedly ran down the stairs exclaiming, "Grandma, I heard three knocks on the wall and your Indian angel wants to talk to you." Now I had never told a living soul that three knocks was a signal from Gray Eagle that he wanted to speak with me. When she described him accurately to the smallest detail, I was elated. This was a huge confirmation for me that what I saw was real.

Also, my grandson told me that he had seen Gray Eagle. He had explained that one day he was out in the backyard playing and Gray Eagle appeared. My grandson stopped playing immediately and the two of them just stood there looking at each other. I thank God for allowing my granddaughter and my grandson to see him.

I had an artist friend who could also see spirits. I asked Gray Eagle to go to my friend and see if my friend could draw him. I gave no details to the artist, not even a name, as I wanted the picture to be as pure as possible. When the artist was finished, the picture was amazing. The artist drew Gray Eagle perfectly, in stunning detail. I was so excited about the picture that I wanted to show my family. When my mom saw it, she held it in her hands and exclaimed, "I remember this man." I had asked her how she knew him. She replied, "He was at my bedside in the hospital the day you were born."

My husband was furious and hated hearing about Gray Eagle. He would yell, "How can I compete with a ghost?" My husband was a cruel and abusive man. Our marriage was in ruins. I responded to his question by saying, "Gray Eagle is more of a man, even as a ghost, than you could ever be, so there is no need to even try to compete." Saying that made him angrier and more abusive. He would often say to me that if he couldn't see it or touch it, it wasn't real. He often told me that I was crazy, that Gray Eagle wasn't real, that God wasn't real and none of this spiritual stuff was real.

One day, I was extremely frustrated and irritated by my husband's dismissive attitude toward me. Gray Eagle appeared and I had asked him to please show himself to my husband so that he would stop saying that I was crazy. Gray Eagle was in a very jovial mood that day and with a wry grin on his face, he said, "Well, he could see me if he really wanted to but I suspect even if he did see me, he still wouldn't believe. My fear is that if he could see me, he might get angry and try to hurt you and then...well, I'd have to kill him." I can only imagine the look on my face as he said that, and Gray Eagle's eyes twinkled and he burst into laughter. Gray Eagle was a very kind and caring person. I couldn't imagine him ever intentionally hurting anyone; however, Gray Eagle would often tell me that he didn't like the way my husband treated me. Consequently, he seemed to become more and more protective.

Not only was he my protector, but Gray Eagle also served as my teacher. He taught me that our souls do the most growing through the human experience. Interestingly, he told me on many occasions that I was "one of many nations," meaning, I had the blood and experiences of different ethnic groups, including the Native American people. He added that I needed to be proud and honor my heritage. Curious, I had my DNA tested and learned that I am, in fact, "one of many nations." Among the many nations, I am part Native American. He told me there are many paths to get to the Creator and they are all correct. He further explained that there are many different religions and traditions that are also correct. He told me that I needed to learn that these religions, these paths, are not what the Creator looks at and evaluates. Rather, it is the person's spirit that He sees. Thus, I needed to accept all faiths and learn about them without judgment. On this matter, Gray Eagle told me, "The Creator gave each culture a path toward God and they are all good." He continued to teach me the Native way. He said, "To the Indian people, the Creator is in everything. Everything is alive with the Spirit of God. The water is alive. The trees are alive. The woods are alive. The mountains are alive. The wind is alive. The Great Spirit's breath is in everything and that is why it is alive. All of nature is our church. We don't need a building in which to pray for the Creator is

everywhere.” He taught me that I must honor all paths, and that tolerance and acceptance are very important. He said, “All people are connected. We are all one family.”

One day Gray Eagle asked me to step outside and into the backyard. As I did, I looked up into the sky and saw a huge eagle flying overhead. I was mesmerized by the grace and beauty of this magnificent animal, and I remembered what Gray Eagle had said about how the Creator had breathed His breath of life into this beautiful creation which made the eagle sacred. Gray Eagle began to use the eagle to teach me to look deeper into the meaning of creation. He explained, “Mankind has a way of looking at the world as if it were just black and white. Notice the eagle that flies to the sun. See how the flight feathers are black but its head and tail feathers are white. But, if you look closely, you will see that there are various shades of gray in the feathers that make up the body of the eagle.” Then he concluded, “Mankind needs to realize that things in this world aren’t always just black and white, but there are many shades of gray in between. There are dualities within everyone and within everything in life; and to maintain balance, one must embrace all of oneself. Mankind needs to look deeper and to see where truth can be found. They need to see that truth is often found within the shades of gray.”

Gray Eagle also taught me how to see with my spiritual eyes and not just with my physical eyes. He said, “It is easy to have faith in what you can see but the real test of faith is to believe in what you cannot see.” Then he added, “If you learn to see with your spiritual eyes instead of your physical eyes, you will be able to see clearer and much farther than you can possibly imagine.” He taught me practical Native knowledge like what it means when birds fly in certain directions or when leaves on the trees flip over during a storm or when moss grows on a tree in a certain direction. These are things I had never heard before, but now I understand them by knowing how to look deeper. But then Gray Eagle did something very special. He gave me a sweet, sparkling gift.

Gray Eagle appeared to me one day and took me back to Heaven. On this journey, I was not dead. I'm not exactly sure how this happened, but we did go to Heaven. I even recognized where we were. There was a magnificent gazebo made of mother of pearl. As he and I walked down a path towards the gazebo, I saw something sparkling beautifully in the soil. It was a beautiful diamond, the size of my hand. Gray Eagle smiled and told me that I was like that stone. He said, "You are a multi-faceted diamond. You are a gem of great beauty, of brilliance and intensity. You are God's Diamond. You are precious, beautiful and unbreakable!"

Then he wanted to show me what my soul looked like without a body. At that moment, a beautiful sparkling object appeared in his hand. It looked like one of the sparklers that children hold on the Fourth of July. He said, "Everyone has their own colors." My colors are rainbow colors light pink, blue, lavender, pale yellow, and mint green. I then asked to see what his soul looked like without a body. His revealed colors were rich, jewel tones of emerald-green, berry-red, deep purple and pure gold.

As I was studying the difference in the colors, the two sparklers began to merge. They were spinning and swirling in a gorgeous dance. A dance of love as two souls became one. It was breathtaking to see and brought tears to my eyes. As I watched this spectacle, I noticed Jesus standing in the gazebo. I also saw that something was quietly being said between Jesus and Gray Eagle. At that point, I was suddenly returned to the flower garden sitting next to Gray Eagle. I was sitting silently with him with wonder in my heart at all of the events that had just transpired. The wind blowing my hair into my face, Gray Eagle slowly reached up and gently brushed my hair away from my face, his strong hand softly touching my cheek. His brown eyes intently watching my reaction to his touch and then he said, "When two stars become one."

A couple days later, I was in the garden pulling some weeds in my favorite flower bed when Gray Eagle appeared. He told me about a small, injured dove lying in the alley behind our house. Concerned, I

followed Gray Eagle to see this poor little bird. When I saw her sitting there so tiny and vulnerable, I leaned down and scooped her into my hands. I nestled her against my heart, knowing deep inside that she wouldn't have long to live. Gray Eagle and I walked back home and I proceeded to look for injuries. Under her wing was a tiny scratch made by the claw of a cat. At that point, I knew she would only live a couple of hours due to an enzyme under a cat's claw that is deadly for birds. So, I just made the little bird comfortable by holding it to the warmth of my chest. The hour passed and the little dove didn't die, so I fed her and gave her water. She ate and drank hungrily. I was so excited I thought maybe she would live. Gray Eagle stood there smiling and he kept saying, "This is who you are. Don't you know, this is who you are? Remember who you are." The little injured dove held on for the rest of the day and through the night. It seemed like everyone from the entire neighborhood had come to see and touch the tiny dove.

When my husband came home from work and saw this, he was not happy about the crowds that had gathered. He thought it was silly to make such a fuss over a bird. I wasn't really sure how so many people found out so quickly about the little dove and I really didn't care what he thought. I felt that the more people who knew, the more could pray for her. Maybe, just maybe, she would make it. The next morning something woke me very early, and I ran into the room where the little dove lay. I could see that she was dying. I reached my hand into her cage and I touched her gently. She laid her head on my hand, and she reached around and pulled a tail feather out of her tail, placing it into my hand. She then laid her head back down, shutting her eyes, and she died. I was so heartbroken. Gray Eagle must have known because he appeared again. After a few moments, I took the tiny body out to the rose bushes in the backyard. I wrapped her in a red cloth and I gently placed her under the roses. I was devastated. I cried so hard as Gray Eagle wrapped me tightly in his arms. He just held me until my tears subsided.

Gray Eagle had given me a new name that day. He had given me the name Little Dove. He had said it was a good name and that I had earned it. He had said I would be a bringer of peace and love. He said that I understood how to be gentle and compassionate to even the smallest of God's creatures. I was very honored and thankful for the special name he gave me that day.

Gray Eagle had said several times during that day, "Remember who you are." This statement made me wonder, exactly what he meant. As I was considering this, Gray Eagle appeared again and he brought with him a beautiful Native woman who was dressed in a gorgeous white elk skin dress with blue beading across the bodice of her dress. Just like Gray Eagle, she appeared solid so I knew she was also a very strong spirit. Instantly I became jealous. I looked at Gray Eagle and said, "You are my spirit. Why do you bring that beautiful woman here?" I told him, "I do not share and you are mine."

Gray Eagle smiled as she approached. He told me she was a very holy and beloved woman among her people. I greeted the woman. She then wrapped a shawl around my shoulders and powerfully said, "Remember who you are." Then she added, "I am you and you are me. Remember who you are." Next, she told me, "You have given too much of yourself away. You need to face the four directions, call to the wind and then call yourself back. Bring back all the pieces of yourself and become whole again." After a moment, the beautiful Native woman spoke these piercing words:

"Remember who you are when the ice and snow melts away and the sun warms the earth. And remember who you are when Spring brings a new hope and a new life and when all the first flowers begin to show their brightest colors. Remember who you are and hold your head up high. Stand strong, walk your path in truth and light, and remember who you are when you look at the night sky with its soft and twinkling lights. Remember who you are as you hold your babies close to your breast and as they grow and they become little children. Remember who you are when you hold your children on your lap and they look deep into

your eyes and your heart fills to overflowing. Remember who you are as you hold so close to your heart the love of your family. Never let them stray from the truth. Remember who you are when you look into the eyes of the most cherished friends; for in love there are no bounds and we are all connected. Love is all there is. Remember who you are when the eagle flies in circled flight and his wings touch the morning light. Remember who you are when your day has come, for you have come through the storm with passion and grace. So be at Peace...and in the end you will remember me, as your soul whispers.”

She had told me that I would receive a dance shawl like the one she placed around me. She also said I would be gifted eagle feathers and a dress like the one she was wearing. Since her visit, I have received a dance shawl, a white elk skin dress and feathers. These precious gifts I still cherish to this day.

Gray Eagle spent a great deal of time teaching me about his people’s culture, traditions and history. I enjoyed listening to the many beautiful stories and songs he would share with me; and I wept at other stories he had told that were filled with horrific pain and suffering. It hurt me because I saw it as needless suffering brought on by the selfishness of others who took over the land and forced their religion and traditions upon his people.

One day in particular, Gray Eagle appeared and he seemed unusually solemn and quiet. I waited respectfully, knowing that whatever was bothering him was important. After a time, he began teaching me that one day in the future, I would see how important it was to know of these stories and of the past transgressions taken against people of many lands. He said, “There are many of my people who will be needed in the future to teach man of all colors how to survive on the land and how to do so in a sacred manner. You can be the bridge of healing that is needed if you choose to. Many hold on to past hurts that run deeply in their hearts. Holding on to these hurts, only hurts those who hold on to them.” He continued, “There are many, many nations of all colors, traditions and creeds who have suffered at the hands of

selfishness; but the past is no more. Mankind must learn from the mistakes of long ago and let go of the hurt and bitterness that is still so deep in their hearts today. The time has come to celebrate the things that are commonalities and learn from each other those things that are different. For all is sacred. Mankind will need one another to get through what is coming one day.” I listened intently, not knowing how I could possibly fit into this scenario. After all, I was nothing more than a county girl from a city barely on the map.

He continued to teach what it means to live in a sacred manner. He said, “When gathering food, take only what you need and leave the rest. The Creator has given enough food and land for all to share. When taking the life of an animal, pray, thanking the animal for the gift of its life. Use all of it, never waste the gift of its life. Never kill just for the sake of killing. The Earth belongs to no man. It is only loaned to us for a short time, and we must leave it better than the way we found it. Honor where you live and all those who share your life. Always be generous by sharing with others the bounty that has been given to you.”

Five Sacred Days

On the first sacred day at 3:40 in the afternoon, I was sitting in my backyard when I noticed the clouds begin to move and roll across the sky. It seemed rather odd, since there was no wind.

The day was beautiful and sunny, but as I continued to watch the clouds, they formed into what looked like a perfectly formed eagle. I saw the eagle’s eye, its talons, and wings. I could even see each individual feather. I recognized that it was a spotted eagle, flying from west to east. It was huge, all made of clouds, one glorious eagle in flight and it covered the sky. I couldn’t move for fear the clouds would dissipate.

On the second sacred day at 3:40 in the afternoon, I was in the kitchen doing dishes, when Gray Eagle came to me. He took my hand and told me to walk with him. We walked through the backyard and

down the alley behind my house. As we walked, we found ourselves walking up a huge mountain. Was I still in the physical body? I don't know. I asked, "What is this mountain and how did we get here? There was no mountain behind my house."

He saw my confusion and answered by saying, "This is a sacred mountain, in the Black Hills. It is called the Paha Sapa mountain." Looking down, I saw patches of melting snow and the dark, wet earth beneath our feet. When we reached the top of the sacred mountain, there, surrounded in pure, white snow, was an unusually large, white tipi.

Gray Eagle said, "You have been asked to come sit with me and some other important people at a council concerning a young medicine man who was not walking the sacred way. You know this young man."

Once we got to the tipi, he opened the flap and we went inside. It seemed dark at first after coming in from the bright sunlight and white snow. The only light came from the enormous fire at the center. We walked behind everyone, moving from left to right. As my eyes began to adjust, I was amazed at the large gathering of Native Americans who sat around the fire. The tipi was so big that they were not even crowded.

Seated nearest to the fire was the Great Circle of Chiefs. I saw Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Chief Joseph, Geronimo, Quannah Parker, Red Cloud and all the great chiefs. I recognized them from pictures I had seen on TV and in books. Sitting behind the Circle of Chiefs, I was surprised to see three people that I knew personally in my life. Gray Eagle whispered to me, "They are having a council. It is important, and you were asked to be here."

The Chiefs asked me to give the youngest of the three men a gift. It was to help this young man to remember how to walk the sacred way. He was a powerful medicine man, but he used his power the wrong way. I'm not sure why I did this, but I went outside. Walking through the snow, I found twelve arrowheads scattered around the ground. I

picked them up and with a pen I had in my coat pocket, I wrote on each arrowhead words like truth, honesty, compassion, understanding, listening, praying, fasting, dancing, and so on. Next to the tipi door, I found a small leather bag sitting on a tree stump and I placed these arrowheads inside.

Feeling like I had done my best to find a proper gift, I went back into the tipi and handed the bag to one of the Chiefs. He nodded his head in approval and handed the bag back to me, motioning for me to hand the bag directly to the young medicine man. I felt good that they approved of my gift to him. Later, at the end of the council, they passed around the sacred pipe. The pipe was passed to me. I held it in my hands for a moment, wondering what in the world I was supposed to do with it. I had never smoked a pipe before. I knew how to smoke cigarettes but not a pipe. After taking a deep draw from the pipe, I began to choke. Coughing hard and with tears pouring down my face, I noticed that all these great chiefs began laughing. Their smiles and laughter were infectious and I began laughing, too.

Afterward, Gray Eagle said it was time to return home. As he walked with me down the mountain, through the alley behind my house and back into my yard, he said, “You did well today. Laughter is good medicine. It is good to bring laughter to others and to laugh at ourselves when we make mistakes. I am proud of you.”

On the third sacred day at 3:40 in the afternoon, I was in my living room, cleaning, when I heard the back door slam. It was too early to be my husband since he would have still been at work. So, I had no idea who it could have been. As soon as I looked up, I immediately recognized him as one of the men sitting in the Great Circle of Chiefs from the previous day. It was Chief Red Cloud. He walked into my house carrying a red terracotta-colored blanket draped over his arm. He looked at me and quietly asked me to walk with him. We walked out into my backyard, down the alley behind my house; and once again, we found ourselves standing on top of the sacred mountain, the same one I had seen the day before. It had begun to get dark and I could see the

beautiful stars sparkling in the sky. He pointed to them and began speaking about the seven sisters. Then, he showed me the golden cords that come from the Creator, wrapped around each one of us, connecting us each one to the other, going to the four corners, making us all one, one family, one spirit, and then going back to the Creator. I reached up and touched those beautiful golden cords and they were just like spun gold.

I began to get cold and was shivering so he wrapped me in the terracotta red blanket and said, “You are like Mother Earth.” Then, he walked me home, back down the mountain, through the alley, back into my yard, and into my house. He took the blanket from around my shoulders, then he turned and left, going out the back door.

On the fourth sacred day at 3:40 in the afternoon, I was sitting in my living room, reading, when I heard the back door slam. As I looked up, I saw a young Native man walking towards me from the back door. He walked into the living room and began talking to me. He said, “This is a time of jubilation. You must gather all the people together, young and old. It is time to celebrate. You are the White Buffalo. You are the Sacred White Messenger. You will get eagle feathers. You are walking the sacred way, the medicine way. Be happy. Be happy. Be happy.” Then he turned and walked out the back door.

Needless to say, I was stunned. I did not know what to say. As I sat pondering the young man’s words, I said to myself, out loud, “Did he just call me a white buffalo?” I didn’t know whether to be happy or insulted by his words.

Many months later, I spoke to a Native friend, asking him what all these things meant. He told me to get the *Black Elk Speaks* book. When I saw the cover of the book, I just about fell on the floor. The picture on the cover was of Black Elk when he was nineteen years old; and I realized that he was the same man who had come to visit me, bringing me the message of the white buffalo.

On the fifth and final sacred day, Gray Eagle came to me as I was sitting on the back patio. He seemed rather anxious about something. I had never seen him so nervous. I asked him what was wrong. He sat down next to me and began talking about a subject of which I had never heard. It wasn't something I had ever been taught about, but he said, "The Great Spirit wants me to teach you about this because it will come back to you later in life and you need to know about it." He tried to tell me but had a hard time finding the right words. So, as he did when he appeared in the beginning, he began showing me moving pictures, like mini-movies. What I saw were three different scenarios, each were different time periods. In each scenario, he was in it, I was in it, my grandson was in it and my oldest granddaughter was in it.

The first scenario took place in the 1500s, the second in the mid-1600s, and the third, in the 1700s. All were Native lives and different tribes. As I sat there viewing these scenes before me, I was in shock. I realized that I had absolutely no memory of any of the events that I was being shown. Yet, I recognized my grandchildren and I could clearly see and feel the spiritual bond of love that existed between the man and the woman in these visions. I could see the deep love and devotion that they had for their children (who are now my grandchildren) and other family members. I could see in them great honor, strength, courage, and respect. I could also see in them great sorrow, hardship, loss and tragedy; but through it all, the love among them was so deep that it transcended time and space. In each of the different scenarios that played out, I could see the same spiritual essences of the people involved. The lives they spent together were very different in each scenario. Meaning, with each different time period, they had different appearances, they had different names, they had different homes, they lived in different villages in different parts of the country. But it appeared to be the same two people whose love was so strong that they were always led back to each other, over and over again, century after century. Their love was endless, timeless. Now, was all of this real or did Gray Eagle show me these different scenarios to help me better understand a concept, the concept of Reincarnation, as part of a bigger picture?

I honestly don't know. But I knew it was really big, much bigger than just him and me.

So, I simply said, "All righty, then." Gray Eagle took a deep sigh of relief and nothing more needed to be said.

That was my first introduction to the possibility of having a past life. After having this discussion, I proceeded to tell Jesus that if I ever even get the slightest inclination of wanting to come back here to do all of this again, I want Him to tie me to a rock and sit on top of me.

As the days and weeks passed, my husband became meaner and more abusive. I was absolutely numb; but when the numbness started to wear off, the tears started to flow and I didn't think they would ever stop. I was so unhappy. My heart was shattered and the sorrow enveloped every part of my very being. I was falling into a dark pit of despair.

Gray Eagle was never far from me. He always knew what I was feeling. On one of my darkest days, he came to me; and sitting on the floor, he pulled me onto his lap and held me tight. He rocked me. He rubbed my hair and spoke soft words of his love as I wept bitter tears. Never had I been held so gently or loved so completely. It felt as though we had sat there for hours. It was so beautiful, yet bittersweet.

My life felt as if it were falling in on itself as my marriage came to a close. One day during this time, I was sitting outside on the back patio completely absorbed in the problems of my marriage. I was very depressed. I felt that I had failed miserably in my marriage and that I should have done something different; but I didn't quite know what I could have done. Gray Eagle appeared and knelt down beside me with a semi-circle of tall angels behind me. I knew something very big was up. He gently took my hand and said "I know how you get when your heart hurts, that is why I will tell you something." He proceeded to tell me that my marriage was over and that there was nothing that I needed to

do except to “stand in peace.” He said that my husband would make all the necessary moves. As it turned out Gray Eagle was absolutely right, as always. He comforted me by instructing me to “always love the Great Spirit and to never stray from the truth.” He also told me to speak straight like an arrow so that my words would shoot like sunlight into the hearts of others. I knew Gray Eagle was teaching me how to remain strong and how to find the courage to walk my path, even if it meant walking alone.

When it was time for him to depart, he told me he had to leave for a long time and that he could not carry me on his back forever. He said it was time for me to spread my wings and learn to fly on my own because my wings had healed. He added that my wings were no longer broken but were whole and strong enough to carry me long and far. He told me that I just needed to have faith whenever I felt this was not true in moments of weakness. Then Gray Eagle elaborated as to why he had to leave. He explained that he had very important work to do for the good of mankind. He said that the Great Spirit had asked him to do this work and so he couldn't say no. However, he said that he would always be there for me, that he would always love me and that I should never be afraid.

Gray Eagle appeared again a couple days later. I was praying to God, Praying out of fear and worrying about what was about to come. God had heard my prayer. Gray Eagle appeared before me riding his beautiful white stallion. He said, "There is power in the horse. The horse gave humankind the power to journey many pathways, to gain knowledge to use for good. True wisdom is found in the remembering; therefore, you must remember all the pathways you have walked in another's moccasins. Now is the time to remember. Bring this into balance for you are a message carrier for you held and smoked the sacred pipe. You have the knowledge through humility that you are an instrument of the Great Spirit.

Share the gifts you have. Speak your words of wisdom and stand in the truth of what you speak; for your words are true because you have walked the sacred path. You understand that all pathways and all colors of the rainbow are one, for humanity is all one family. You walk the path of peace and light and you must now share your words of wisdom with others of what is to pass. Those who have ears to hear will hear while the others will move aside. You must rise above fear and doubt and be aware of all that is around you." Then he and his horse rode away.

Gray Eagle's vision of my divorce steadily came to pass. One day, out of the blue, my husband packed a bag and walked out of the door. It was over. My whole world crumbled down around me. Gray Eagle was gone. My marriage was over. I lost my home. My house went into foreclosure because my now ex-husband had taken all of our money to start his new life. I was lost and confused. I had no idea what I was going to do. I was at the lowest point I had ever been, but I knew it was time to pull myself together.

My Life after Gray Eagle's Departure

I had moved into my parent's home and spent several years taking care of my mom who had Alzheimer's. During that time, I got remarried and began focusing on writing my first book about my near-death experiences and began doing speaking engagements. While at one of the talks I had met a man who seemed very interested in my story about Gray Eagle. The man had a friend who was a historian. This historian called me one afternoon, telling me that he knew who my Gray Eagle was, and as we continued talking, I told him about the drawing I had of Gray Eagle. He asked if I would send it to him so he could have a look. He then sent me real-life photos of Gray Eagle. He sent pictures of the census with Gray Eagle's signature and sent me information about his life. He gave me the links to personal information about family members and explained that Gray Eagle was also known as Gabriel Gray Eagle which was how he had signed his name on the census. He also explained that Gray Eagle was Sitting Bull's brother-in-

law and that he died in 1935 which was the year my mother was born. Gray Eagle is buried at Standing Rock.

The spiritual experiences continued. Almost on a daily basis, the spirits continued to appear with messages for their loved ones. Beautiful angels visited with audible messages of love and hope. Jesus physically appeared five more times. I also had two more Near Death Experiences.

Third NDE

My third NDE was on November 3, 2016. I died during emergency surgery for a bowel obstruction. For this surgery, I was given general anesthesia. After I woke up, I had been told by the nurses that during the surgery something happened regarding the breathing tube; and I had aspirated causing me to die. After they revived me, I had severe pneumonia in both lungs.

During the surgery, my soul left my body and floated above the operating table. I could see the doctors and nurses. I saw their surgical hats on their heads and gloved hands as they were working over me. It was as if I was up in the ceiling looking down on them while they were leaning over me. This lasted what seemed like only a matter of a minute or two. Then I was surrounded by a beautiful rainbow-colored light. I began to feel as though I was moving very rapidly through this light. Then, I found myself standing in Heaven and I recognized it from a previous NDE.

This time, I was standing next to a golden wall that surrounded the glorious city. The wall was extremely high, very solid and made of the purest gold. I felt such a sense of pure love and peace that completely filled every pore in my body. I could hear what sounded like a celebration or a party going on just beyond the city walls. The air was pure and clean, crisp and sweet. It was filled with the fragrance of wildflowers that danced in the warm silken breeze that touched my skin. The colors were rich and vibrant. The sky was of the bluest blue and

reminded me of a gorgeous spring day. There was a beautiful light that lit up the sky and was as brilliant as the sun. Yet, there was no sun in the sky; but the light illuminated everything, giving off a beautiful golden glow. I knew it came from the heart of God. As I stood next to the golden wall, I saw a magnificent, lush green meadow filled with wildflowers of every color, rich vibrant pinks, purples, yellows, reds, violets and blues. Then, I saw an old fieldstone wall with pink roses growing over it. It stood halfway between the garden and the golden city. As I stood there next to the magnificent wall, a tiny brown and white beagle puppy wiggled at my feet demanding my attention. As I leaned down to pet him, he barked and wiggled all over with such joy while allowing me to rub his soft little belly. As I continued to rub his tummy and played with him, I looked up and saw hundreds of people pouring out of the beautiful garden and walking through the meadow. Each person had an angel walking with them. The angels were taller, dressed in light blue and white colored robes and were much more illuminated than the people. The people walking with their angels were laughing and talking among themselves happily.

The people were from all walks of life--men, women, and children of all races and all ages. Then, two men walked into my view. The younger I recognized immediately from pictures belonging to his mother who had been a friend of mine. He had died some years before. He was accompanied by an older gentleman whom I recognized as his father. As they passed by, I smiled and said, "I know you." They smiled at me and continued walking toward the entrance of the glorious city. Then, I was given infused knowledge that I had to return, as it wasn't my time and that I was to let this man's wife know that he and his son were together and that he was ok.

As I progressed further, I saw a beautiful building made of the finest alabaster with columns and archways. The floor was marble and polished to a glass-like shine. There were two huge ornate doors one at the front and one at the rear of the building. An angel stood at each door and each one held a key. No one could enter unless the angels allowed you entry by unlocking the door using these special keys. I was

permitted inside the door and once inside I saw that there was nothing inside this huge room but a large podium and sitting on this grandstand was a huge golden book. This glorious book is what we call The Book of Life. As I walked up to the stand and looked at the book, the book itself was made of the purest gold and seemed to illuminate the entire room with a golden glow. The paper inside was made of a material I had never seen before. It was not ordinary paper but rather, more of a tightly woven cloth. The book was open but to whose page I do not know. The writing was in gold and it was in a language I had never seen before. It seemed to be some kind of symbol, some kind of ancient script. The angel who gave me entrance was with me, still holding his key but did not speak. He just stared ahead keeping watch as I searched for the meaning of the ancient words written down before me. Since there were no answers forthcoming, the only thing I could conclude was the book was not opened to the page of my life; therefore, I could not read the words.

When it was time for me to leave, the Angel escorted me from the holy room and out into the courtyard of the building. He said only a few words. "To read from the Book of Life is a gift." The angel then took his leave, returning to his post at the entrance door.

Upon entering my body, I awoke still hooked to several machines with the nurse standing next to my bedside. Later that day, when I was well enough to be taken to my room, I received a message from another friend who told me that the woman whose son I had seen (and who passed some time ago), had lost her husband that day while I was in surgery. I was not surprised as those were the two men I had seen while standing at the golden wall that day.

I wasn't sure about the puppy until I told my daughter about my experience, she told me about how they had to call the police on a neighbor who lived down the street from them because this neighbor was seen beating to death a beagle puppy. I was absolutely stunned when she told me this. So, if there was ever any question as to whether our pets go to Heaven, they most certainly do, I'm so happy to

say. When I told my friend about her son and husband being together, she was grateful and thankful and it was helpful in her grieving process.

Fourth NDE

On December 17, 2017 at 8:45 am, I had my fourth Near Death Experience. I had been hospitalized for having had a seizure the day before and was on a 24-hour observation. On the morning of the 17th, I had had an adverse reaction to some seizure medication and had stopped breathing (Respiratory Acidosis.)

Before anyone had been alerted about my situation, I had fallen asleep in my hospital bed when I felt my spirit rise up out of my body. I went up through the ceiling, past the roof, into the sky and up into the vast dark universe. I was wrapped or cocooned within what felt like a warm, soft, thick, black velvet blanket. I could see myself within this cozy wrap as well as outside of myself and I felt so warm, safe, protected and deeply loved. There was a huge loving presence with me; and I could feel His love fill me. It was all around me yet, I couldn't see with my visual eyes who this presence was, but I knew this huge loving presence was God. I was not alone. I felt no fear or worry as I was curled in a fetal position within this velvet encasement. It felt as if I was a baby again in my mother's womb. As I hung there suspended, not moving up, down or sideways, I could see brilliant stars and planets all around me through the blanket. There was a slight feeling of curiosity and amusement at the twinkling stars but I realized that I felt more comfortable inside the thick, velvety blanket that surrounded me. I had no sense of time. I was there for what seemed like eternity. As I was held there suspended among the stars, it felt as though I was waiting, I was resting. It was quiet, calm, peaceful and the black velvet was so soft and warm. There was no fear or pain. I felt God again as a huge loving presence standing over me. I felt Him holding me in His huge, but formless hands. I felt such a deep sense of love and peace fill me. Then, I heard a conversation taking place between God and someone else. I don't know who the other being was, but the conversation was about weather I was to stay or go back and I heard the words, "I am here. I

will hold you. Just rest and don't make a hasty decision. You are exhausted and just need to rest. Let's just think about this for a while." Then suddenly, I felt like a vacuum was sucking me down, pulling me down, down, down back into my body.

Then, I could hear a lot of noise and as I opened my eyes, the lights in the room were so bright that my eyes hurt. There were so many people in my room, calling my name and talking that I thought my ears would explode. The pain was horrendous. I was so confused. I had no idea what had just happened. The doctor stood by my bed, while several nurses milled around the room; and then I saw my husband, who looked so terrified, standing over by the door. I had several IVs in my arms and a non-breather oxygen mask on my face. The nurses stayed by my side for quite a while to monitor my breathing. It wasn't until later that I was told how serious it had gotten. I had died from something called Acute Respiratory Acidosis or hypoventilation.

Every experience is different, this one certainly was vastly different from anything I had experienced in the past. Integration of these spiritual experiences often takes years. After my previous three experiences, I was not afraid to die but from being in many of the Near-Death Experience groups, I had heard talk of a place called "The Void." From the things I had heard, I was afraid of going to that place. I was fearful until I had actually gone there during my fourth experience. I learned that "The Void," in my experience, was a holding place. It was a place of rest and peace where God and my soul or my angel, together, made the decision about whether I was to stay or go back.

Other Worldly Phenomena – Missing Time

I've never been one to put God into a box. I've always believed that God is not a single-minded God. I have always felt or had a "knowing" that God created more forms of intelligent life than just humans and just our earth. I had no proof to back up this "knowing" until one night, (before my divorce) I was sitting at the dining room table working on the computer. I began to get a strange feeling that

there was someone else in the room with me. I looked around but saw no one else in the room. My husband had already gone to bed. I checked the time and it was eleven o'clock. All the doors and windows were locked. I had two very protective dogs and a cat in the room with me. The cat was acting normal but I noticed that my dogs who lay at my feet, seemed very calm; but they looked as though they were in some kind of trance, with their eyes wide open and not moving a muscle. Even though I felt a presence in the room with me, I didn't see anything amiss so I went back to my work on the computer. A couple of minutes later, I felt a strange feeling of pain in my neck.

The next thing I remember was waking up to someone very big and strong carrying me back from somewhere. I felt its heavy footsteps as it walked. I panicked and screamed in the back of my throat. Within a minute or so whatever it was that was carrying me laid me down on the floor in the doorway between the kitchen and dining room. I was terrified and lay there with my eyes shut. Whatever the being was seemed to stand over me for a minute or so and then went into the front room. Once I felt that it wasn't standing over me, I looked through my lashes. My dogs still lay in this strange stupor but the cat was under the buffet staring at the front room. She was in a crouching position putting one paw forward and then backing up. She continued doing this several times. Whatever it was that was in the house was standing at the front room. I quickly looked around the room and saw all the dining room furniture had been knocked over and scattered all around the room. I looked at the clock on the hutch and noticed it was almost two. I was still shaking and even more frightened because I remembered nothing. Three hours of missing time. I looked at the cat under the buffet, still crouched staring at something in the front room. Then she bolted into the front room, and I knew that whatever had been in there was gone. What shocked me, even more, was that whatever it was had left by going through a heavy, locked door. I lay for a moment physically shaking all over and was more terrified than I had ever been in my life.

As soon as I realized that it was gone, I got up and ran upstairs to wake my husband. He had always been a very light sleeper but that night, I couldn't wake him. I shook for hours until I finally fell sleep. The next morning, my neck was so sore I couldn't turn my head in either direction. My husband was still asleep so I got up and went downstairs. The furniture in the dining room was still knocked over and scattered around the room so I straightened it all up.

I was still shaking and my neck hurt so badly. I could not understand what had happened. The questions in my mind of who that was, where had it taken me, what did it do to me. There was nearly three hours of time I absolutely could not account for. Nothing like that had ever happened to me before and after all these years, I still have no idea what happened that night.

Over the years, I have tried hypnosis to help me remember but I still have no memory of those missing hours.

Conclusion

A message from The Angel of Ivory and Gold:

“No matter how tiny you might be in the vastness of the universe, God's love for you is so great that you are always in the divine mind of God.”

I inquired as to the meaning of "always being in the divine mind of God." The angel explained,

“It's quite simple. God thinks about you every single second of every single day for if God stopped thinking of you for one instant, you would cease to exist. Your life is truly a gift and is sustained by the constant outpouring of God's love and grace.”

My Lifelong Contact with Thousands of Diverse Forms of Non-Human Intelligence

by Zoli A. Browne

Perhaps some souls dance before they walk, sing before they speak, or breathe in their last breath before they are born. We aren't told much, are we? Off World intelligences seem to want to wake us up. The lies we are told become the truths we believe. Why do loving and well-intentioned parents teach our children to deny intuition, to sing the ancestral songs and dance to the politics of cultural norms?

We are awakening. The songs and dances become more authentic as consciousness and technology bleeds slowly into our race from those who watch us from above. Perhaps my paranormal and spiritual experiences are not so unusual after all. Is there a large and growing population of experiencers now stepping out of the shadows to dance in the light? To sing the new music? Yes, there is.

I am an experiencer who mediates frequencies from densities interacting with our shared reality called the third dimension. I receive these energies through the sixth chakra center called the Ajna. The difference in this and channeling is that channeling works through the third chakra, the emotional center connected to the Astral Plane. My particular work is mental, and I am called a Psychic Knower and Mental Medium.

My Childhood Experiences

All this started when as a small child I would see floating lights and sparkly ships outside my bedroom window at night. I understood none of this, but it felt like family to me, although my human family thought I was a big fat liar. And I don't blame them for loving me so dearly as to want my behavior to fit into the accepted norm of Birmingham, Alabama in the 1950's. No one else could see what I saw because I was born possessing etheric sight and could somehow see scents and smell sounds. Go figure.

Much of this story can be found in my book, *The Reality Pirate's Journal*, published in 2020.

1954-1960, Birth to age 6: New Orleans, Mt. Brook, Alabama

Extreme sensitivity to sounds and tastes because they reminded me of the ones I missed, not available on this planet. Sang peculiar songs in weirdo tongues, perfect pitch. Knew what others were thinking leading to many unpleasantries when voiced. Felt birds or something like that, flying around my bedroom at night. Intense inner silence and knowledge of who God was from early age. Saw spirits and colors not of this dimension.

1961-1964, Age 7-10, Mt. Brook, Alabama then Pensacola, FL

Disruptive in school because of autism but mainly because I knew was not from here and was unnervingly perceptive of children's motives. Psychic skills developed when Off Worlder teacher etherically guided my development. He spoke to me in my head, calming and kind. Ship activity increased when Grandpa bought a beach house in Pensacola. I began hearing toning in left ear. Pulled bloody glob out of left ear which I now know was part of an enhancement. Began spending most of my time alone in woods with Gnome population and other rock people. Was totally considered big fat liar by this time. Had first density shift awareness in Pensacola on friend's boat.

1965-1968, Age 11-14, Mt. Brook Alabama, Pensacola, FL

Rosicrucian energies entered as my esthetician taught me and prayed with Christ frequency. Started having dreams of Egypt and Persia, the Mystery Schools. Age 14 went through some sort of Theosophical initiation in which I dedicated this life to service and sharing, unification and truth. This was an Astral experience. Age 14 began receiving musical downloads and ideas for inventions, several of which are now commonplace. Different ships than before outside bedroom window, unusual smells and scents associated with some of the Beings. I believe now that they were Inter-dimensional because I had enhancements from one group who looked like bipedal cat dudes.

1969-1972, Age 15-18, Mt. Brook, Alabama, Pensacola, FL

High school years, continuing downloads of metaphysical and musical nature, writing skills blossomed when etheric yoga teacher took me on for a four-year period. He worked with me at night in Astral as well as attenuated my mental body to recognize not only his energetic signature but those of the Himalayans who began tutoring me from long scrolls. He said I was not yet fully protected and should not dabble in occult work until I had earned extra protection. Began integrating the Off Worlder signatures with the Devic and Mental/Astral frequencies. Body very ill and mind depressed for several years. Began perceiving “photon flashes” of minuscule lights blinking on paper as I wrote transmissions.

1972-1975, Age 19-22, Stephens College, Lubbock, TX

Ships in Pensacola area etherically visible to me non-stop. A karmic marriage ended. My body continued to change as they recalibrated my mind to accept finer frequencies. My yoga teacher was gone, I felt abandoned in my work. Still had all my learned skills. Psychotic break age 22 served to input massive download of what I call time release intel. The Himalayan told me my life was no longer my own, that they were counting on me to fulfill my work.

1976-1981, Age 23-27, Nashville and Pensacola, FL

Endured another initiatory period culminating with Himalayan teachers transporting my etheric body to Potala where I’d lived for several lifetimes. Became home sick for somewhere undefined and totally dedicated to my theosophical and psychic research. Devic entity educated me on maneuvering the dark portals, daemonic entities and shielding techniques. Horrific Saturn Return, body pain and psychotic breaks served to further align me with Off Worlder and Psychic downloads, resulting in calm peace of mind and healthy physical body.

1979 began work with Dr. Adrian V. Clark on inter-dimensional physics and consciousness. The inter-dimensional being I call Fish Man from Illyichthya mediated this research.

1982-1987, Age 28-33, Logan Martin Lake house, Alabama.

Began working etherically with Native American entity who educated me on herbals, flora and fauna. Ship activity reduced during this period as was guided to connect more fully with Terran frequencies and 3D manifestations. Research continued but more exploratory in nature than writing. Deepening connection with and recognition of various elemental and faery kingdoms. 1986 began getting downloads from Zetas, research picked up again as received more of physics equations and theories.

1987-2014 Tenino, Washington

At farm in Olympia, work with Zetas continued and ended. Many beings were seen and experienced on that property, vortices and portals were many. The Himalayan showed up again, pressing me to sink deeper into theosophy and metaphysics. Numerous experiences with Devas, faeries, and daemonic beings. Karmic marriage ended. Was told about my three hybrid children living on the ships. Became educated about the Off Worlder radiation energies often present with Transmissions and why they were necessary.

2014-2021 Missoula, Montana

I endured my Second Saturn return which was brutal as I had apparently agreed to losing everything to complete the next step in my mission. I entered a two-year Dark Night of the Soul, emerging transformed scared shitless of what might come next. Residence in high mountains remote and silent with eccentric Beings and etheric manifestations becoming commonplace. Intuition training morphed into

physical pain, emotional trauma presenting as more brief psychotic breaks creating new neural pathways ripe for imprinting and downloads manifesting as transcripts from Off-Worlders and Devic beings. Began seeing and identifying nature spirits and inter-dimensional entities, which I will transcribe below from my last PhD thesis on Consciousness Research, published in my book *The Reality Pirate's Journal* (2020).

As of today, these experiences continue.

Summer Solstice June 21, 2022

My beloved brought me some sage he picked in his travels, gifting it to me before he left for training today. I'd decided previously to create a token solstice fire at dusk to invoke and welcome the rising energies. When the time came, I donned a gauzy white long garment and stood barefoot in the grass, raising my arms in blessing, and thanking the Father, Son and Holy Spirit for Their presence in our life, then invoking the delicate yet powerful Mother goddesses, Devas, and all who guard and guide me. I invited in all of the equal to and higher energies whose intentions were wholesomeness, compassion, and love.

A wind arose as I raised my arms to the darkening sky, the scent of lavender wafted gently across the lawn. I felt a kindness projected my way, a sense that was not of this world. A group of tiny ships popped into my etheric sight just above the tree line on the mountain above our home, flashing an unearthly violet-pink and disappearing as silently as they had appeared.

I proceeded to the side of my garden and lit the sage bundle which was so dry that it caught the flame immediately. I again thanked the Devic and Otherworldly Beings of this place, saying, "May all be welcomed here who love and desire to be of service to The Plan of Light, Love and Power." I proceeded around the garden area, upsetting Gretta the wild turkey who had been resting in the tall grass behind the waterer, smiling at her familiar cooing as she trotted down the path. No

wind arose, no ships were seen, only peacefulness and delight presented with flickering from my dozens of “faery lights” decorating the edges of stone walls and flowerpots.

All was well with the world. My beloved safely on his way to monthly SWAT training in Olympia where he has been the advisor for a decade. A retired Sergeant Major Special Forces Medic and later a JSOC Operator in Fayetteville, Thom is a renaissance man possessing abilities beyond the exceptional norms. I have no reason to devote my female worry time to any mission or endeavor he creates; be it bear hunting alone in the Alaskan wilderness or wandering blissfully where even angels fear to tread. My beloved is a 6’4” 270 lb. mountain man, an earthly creature supremely comfortable with Terran energies. I’m telling you this because you want to understand that I, Zoli Althea, have absolutely none of those skills. My woo-woo focus on the out-there and inner planes is comically devoid of earth abilities. Camping is pure hell to me, as is fishing, hunting, riding quads and, well, you get it. Thom and I enjoy a traditional marriage with wifey sending happy husband off to “be a boy” while I revel in decorating our home, cooking, doing artsy fartsy stuff and retail therapy on the internet. We allow each other time alone to recharge and enjoy a boundary of personal space.

I’ve never attended a protest because I might break a heel or nail. You need to know this because it fits into the pattern of what happened next.

I went to bed kinda late last night, the clock showing 12:12. Really too late for comfort, but I expected to sleep well after a lovely evening. But no, I could not shut off monkey mind. The house faery had apparently invited some irritating amigos to shoot lights around the ceiling before jumping up to swat them with tiny fists. The gnome dude sat grumpily in the corner, chewing loudly on something that sounded like a glass sandwich. Our cat, Sophia Montana, oblivious to the

activity, snored loudly from the chair in the dressing room. Some bald-headed dude in a toga ran in and out of the bedroom, frantically chasing god knows what. This continued until 2:00 when I finally begged “Everybody out! I need sleep, please!”

I drifted in and out of it with dreams of white supremacists and dragons. Ridiculous. Just plain stupid. I sat straight up in bed and looked at the clock which showed 7:30. I guess I’d slept for a couple hours but was drained and pissed off at everyone who had partied like a rock star, denying me precious sleep. What you need to know is this home is over seven thousand square feet, three stories, as remote and silent as a monastery. But these entities gathered only in our bedroom! I know what you’re thinking, and you are right. Zoli, you idiot, why did you perform a Solstice ceremony and expect everyone to ignore the invite?

Here’s the deal. I can rarely differentiate the signatures of Devas, Spirits, Off-Worlders or Daemonic friends. I mean, who is who is blurred because they all present etherically. I am apparently not intelligent enough to always tell if the Being in front of me is alien or earth etheric. They usually appear all together, like in a scene where the cowboy and alien share a pizza. Why is that? I have ideas but they are probably wrong. What do you think? I often cannot see what is literally there but perceive what is not. May God continue to bless my hubby and friends who put up with my silliness. Thank you.

It’s now 9:13 am. If you don’t mind, I will take leave from your kind self as I need to get ready to meet Kathleen for lunch at the Montana Club in town. My lotions and potions process lasts thirty minutes prior to my ever venturing off the mountain. As an old southern lady, to avoid frightening small children I choose to dress and make-up appropriately. And as the queen of excess, as my friend calls me, Menopause Barbie, my ridiculous vanity allows me the illusion of believing my beloved when he admires my futile efforts. I promise to tell you more true tales of my etheric sight adventures, but temporal reality calls. Ta ta for now.

Noves, France June 1972

I was raised speaking French and continue to feel a deep longing and respect for la belle langue. The summer following my sophomore year at Mt Brook High School in the suburbs of Birmingham, Alabama found me at summer school in Nice, France. By then I spoke like a true native.

After graduating high school my parents treated me to a holiday in France, England and Italy. Dad drove us through the magnificent backroads we all adored. Little did I know that this trip would present me with a most intense past life recurrence, one which surpasses all others I have recalled.

L'Auberge du Noves was a quaint, charming auberge in the southwest of France. Much of the region still displays Roman aqueducts and a smattering of less dramatic vestiges of the Roman presence. We arrived just before dinner and I recall feeling lightheaded and out of sorts, whereas I took to the sheets rather early in the evening. I slept the deep sleep of the dead and remember thinking I had not changed position all night.

My parents rallied early, unable to convince me that the countryside required my presence. I clearly recall sitting lazily at the lovely little outside table laden with croissants, *caffe au lait* and a nasty smelling hunk of cheese. I tossed the offending dairy concoction into the bushes and breathed in the rose scented air wafting in like a morning prayer.

Something was not right, but at barely 18 years of age I was far from understanding the signature of a shifting density. I felt dizzy, unnerved, and confused with the sudden change in my perceptions and grabbed my coffee before stumbling back to the room. I had barely closed the door before I blacked out. How I got there I do not recall but came to sitting up in the bed.

I must have been out for a while because the sun was filtering differently around the room. More coffee would help, surely the innkeepers would indulge me that.

The patio was vacant save the little tables still presenting offerings to the auberge chat and squawking mockingbird hopping on the branch over the fountain. Ah, coffee! The sweet lady from breakfast urged me to sit, graciously offering me a pot of delicious awakening. I sat contentedly alone with the roses and wildlife, blissful and forgetful of the event of only an hour ago. I produced a pad of paper and pen from my bag and felt I was being told to write. Write what?

The air began shifting again, but this time I maintained awareness, more curious than afraid. I felt as though I was in a different era, and it was not a good thing, no, not at all. My hand began to write:

*So tell me now your life is planned
That words I seek don't lend a hand
You lie to me and I'll be damned
If you don't leave on tears.*

*The love of my forgotten soul
Betrayed by foolish pride and sold
With blackened sheets on dismal roads
Lay bloody, foul and weak.*

A darkness crept into my mind, something familiar yet unaccounted for had happened. I already understood the doctrine of reincarnation and intuited this was a memory of a life I'd had in this area of France. My hand then wrote another verse:

*But o'er the mist and dying moon
I rose to shed my cloak of doom
To steal unnoticed to your room
And watch the dagger sink.*

*So, tell me now your life was planned
The worlds you seek can't lend a hand
The lies you'd speak have left us damned
To fight eternal tears.*

My hand dropped the pen. It landed dagger-like in the soft fleshy earth in between flag stones. Quiet. It was quiet but not within my heart. Something had been awakened which refused to rest.

I stood up and stretched my lower back, glaring at the projectile sticking in the earth as though it caused this density shift within me. I was in a fog but had the mindfulness to retrieve the writing paper before anyone could see it and arrest me for my thoughts.

I heard a car crunching slowly into the lot, spraying tiny bits of pea gravel and sticks. My parents had returned from their adventure, comforting and bubbly with stories about the winery they'd visited, morning rules be damned. I smiled despite my mood, suffering to understand the comorbidity of who I thought I was and who I might be.

This event began a series of *deja vu* and synchronous revelations which became my life. I became myself cautiously, never alone but lonely. I often shook my fist at the evening skies, berating those who brazenly abandoned me here, unfulfilled by years yet wiser than expected at my age. The awakening had begun right on schedule, but whose? Songs began pouring out of me, none I had experienced in this life yet springing fully matured into compositions I have to this day, decades later.

My mediumship abilities, increasing intuition and familiar commo with Off Worlder populations insisting they were my family...all this frequency shifting became my normal life. An introvert, I remained separate from those my age, unable to understand what they wanted or why they acted in certain ways. I felt deep love and compassion for them yet was unable to normalize my responses because

I was an undiagnosed Autistic. This peculiarity gifted me with the ability to perceive otherworldly Beings and be the student of their ways.

The blessings of my upbringing were countless, yet my dear parents could not follow me down the paths of alternate realities, their worldly focus reeling me into the necessary lessons of fitting into our society. True dat.

I aspire to speak on these subjects to inspire like-minded others to accept their peculiarities as normal. Attenuating to alternate realities requires a disciplined approach to consciously maneuver this reality we all share. What is normal but an appropriate response to external stimuli, cauterized by the zeitgeist of specific time periods. Our normal is shifting radically. The signature of discomfort defines the experiences of having little time to integrate the new with the old. Our brains appear to be perhaps adapting to this new way, dragging us kicking and screaming into a kinder, brighter future.

We humans are rather clumsy with social change, threatening those who represent what we fear and deifying the emotions as though they insulate us from the humility begging from the gutters of our blame. But we'll figure it out. I love humanity and continue my fascination with the messy reality we share.

Mother Ship Thingy

Many years ago, when I was old enough to know better but still young enough to act irrationally, I began attending a monthly channeling session in Lakewood, Washington. This channeled entity claimed to be, well, you know...a god of sorts. Those of us impregnated with that New Age challenge to explore alternate realities will sooner or later face the astral energy of channeling. For ten years I wandered aimlessly through those halls, hoping to find out who and what my True Work was. Next!

Much magnificence can come through channeling received through levels five, six and seven of the Astral Realm. There are seven levels to the Astral Realm. Why is the Astral Realm illusory and fraught with deception? One can never be sure if the entity is really who they claim to be. Sadly, they believe themselves to actually be a Master or perhaps a Seraphim Angel, presenting grandiose delusion with all the expected bells and whistles expected from such high beings. That said, much truth can come of this fun park, but as my favorite saying directs: Trust in Allah but tie up your camel.

The entity channeled claimed the ability of calling in the ships. I had been told by psychics and such folks that I was “from” somewhere else. I once had a woman back up wide-eyed, claiming ad alta voce that I was an alien. I simply blew her off, even though being from Alabama could be considered alien territory. My issue has always been that I refuse to accept another’s interpretation of who I am supposed to be unless I, myself had that experience. Channels galore, I listened but did not accept. As we awaken, a first step is to give away our choice to a devotional or channeled path. It’s simply a steppingstone leading to the Keeper At The Gate.

On one unusual rainless eve in Washington State, my reticence would be tested, big time. The channeled entity told those of us in attendance that we were all “representatives of home planetary systems.” I recall coughing out loud, again embarrassing myself that I was the only non-believer in the group. The entity said I was a representative of a particular system and I smirked. But I then felt my head explode as if smacked by a 2X4. WTF?! The entity then directed the group to go outside and look up at the midnight sky. There was a humongo ship, darkening the sky as far as the eye could see. Group members began yipping, dancing, and yelling, while black-sheep-Zoli lay silently calm on the lawn, appreciating the heart connection from Home. I have no idea who they were. This was the only experience I have had of a ship dropping frequency enough for me to see it in the

visual spectrum. I have always believed, and can see them with etheric sight, don't ask me to explain that because I cannot. My scientific colleagues play in that sand box.

That was another crisis point in my life. I was 36 years old, forty years ago and a lifetime away from enduring the glamour-reducing testing I have undergone these last four decades. We are charged with telling the truth, right? We cannot even recognize it until we differentiate between the signatures of emotional glamour and intellectual illusion. Our Off-Worlder friends marvel at the messiness of our emotional bodies. They wonder why we leak energy rather than mentally control those emotions. Ouch. But that is their main fascination with us. Our fascination with them appears to be the upcoming Gathering. My hubby said that he will be a believer when a global experience occurs.

My colleague and best buddy from The Monroe Institute is Carol Taylor. She runs the labs during Gateway and other events. Her take on all this is that the Institute is peopled with forty-pound heads, high level scientists, artists and metaphysicians who swirl in and out of our programs faster than you can say Hemisync. She believes we are already "there," that light is pushing out the darkness and we are closer to mass consciousness shifting. I agree. The ships are here and are helping us to help ourselves. Perhaps we should say a blessed thank you and invite more with us. We shall see.

I don't want to leave you hanging. What follows are more experiences I have shared with these beings who live outside of 3D. These excerpts can also be found in my book ***The Reality Pirate's Journal.***

Fish Man

One night after class, my friend Judy and I were walking to her car. I looked up at the lamp on the post and saw a face which was smiling, benevolent, and alien. This was the beginning of my inner visual spectrum opening. This Being had gills in his neck, a fish-like human head, and held up a hand that looked like fish hand would look if they had them. The tips of the fingers were bulbous. There was webbing up to the knuckle and there were small fingernails on the ends of the fingers. I was so shocked and terrified that I froze in place, with Judy pushing my shoulder to make sure I was ok. This Being said that he was from a planet of liquid air called, ILLYICTHIA. This Being said he was going to teach me an evolving science called interdimensional psychics. All this was projected into my mind from this wonderful Being whom I called Fish Man. To this day I have maintained a loving relationship with my friend, Fish Man.

Aratron and The Dwarfs

I was sitting on the little bridge over Beaver Creek on the left-hand lower pasture area connecting to the forest of my Farm in Olympia. I visited there often, looking into the creek to meditate. On this particular afternoon I felt a change in the air, causing me to open my eyes and look up and find the source of the shift in energy. As I sat on the bridge looking to the right, I found myself staring at a pair of tall black boots. The man wearing them spoke to me telepathically, telling me to follow him into the forest.

There were several paths through the fern covered floor surrounded by huge fragrant cedar trees, big leaf maple, and fir. I knew these paths intimately. I followed this Being through the forest and up the hill to an area I had named FERNCREST. The entire side of the hill was covered with the sword ferns that are common to Western Washington. I then saw the mountain side open up, revealing dozens if not hundreds of the small Dwarfs with whom I had been

communicating for years. They took no notice of me and continued their work of doing projects with the earth. I recall saying to myself, “Oh, this is where they live”.

The Being next to me who wore the tall black boots told me his name was Aratron, and then he disappeared. The next thing I knew I was standing again on the little bridge, with no memory of walking the path through the forest back to where I had started.

I soon discovered that Aratron is an Olympic Spirit. Since that time, I have seen him often, recognizing his presence by his glyph which he showed me. Olympic Spirits stand between the midpoint of light and dark. They are messengers between humanity and the gods.

The Dwarfs I saw at the Farm I still see in Montana. They are approximately three feet tall with large feet, normal features, and wear no clothing. The first one I met at the Farm is named Lily. After moving to Montana, I met a male Dwarf whose name was Durga. They are Earth Beings and work closely with the Gnomes.

The Survivor Tree, The Farm

During that same year of meeting Aratron, I was in the barnyard after feeding the cattle, and happened to glance up the access road at the large cedar tree which we called the Survivor Tree.

The tree was broken off approximately twenty feet from the ground and was still alive with several branches protruding from the top. On one side of the tree there was a huge hole approximately two feet from the ground, supporting a very large root. Often while walking the dogs past this tree, a raccoon would pop his head out of the hole, fussing at the dogs.

On this particular day, while looking at the tree, I saw a fully manifested Gnome. He looked exactly like the archetypal garden gnome with the pointy hat, long beard, and pointed shoes. I stared in disbelief as he motioned for me to come up to the tree. Upon reaching the tree the Gnome pointed into the hidden hole and told me to reach into it. The only thing I imagined would be in the tree were raccoons, hence my hesitation to reach bare handed through the hole down into the trunk! But I did nonetheless and was surprised to feel a dry furry object. When I pulled the object out of the trunk, I saw it was a dehydrated squirrel. The Gnome directed me to place the squirrel carcass onto an old cedar stump three feet away. To my dismay, the Gnome told me to reach into the tree yet again. Low and behold, I pulled out a second squirrel carcass, which I dutifully placed on the cedar stump. I looked at the Gnome and saw him disappear. To this day I have had not a clue what that was about. The next morning when I went out to feed, I could not resist walking up to the Survivor Tree. The two dehydrated carcasses were no longer there. Go figure.

BearBo

When I was living at the Farm a woman asked if I would adopt a dog that everyone loved. His name was BearBo, a grey, furry, little guy, about twenty pounds and full of personality.

BearBo was very peculiar and aware, and I never thought he was fully canine, at that time I was working closely with the Zetas on interdimensional physics.

BearBo would sit outside looking in the sliding glass doors. I observed him observing almost continually. Approximately a year after adopting him, I was coming home from the gym and had an out of body experience, finding myself flying a small personal ship about the size of a Volkswagen Beetle. I recall doing this with familiarity and ease. I felt this was something I did often in altered consciousness. The joy and freedom of this experience is still with me although I have never

consciously repeated it. As I was flying through the beauty of space I saw and heard BearBo saying, “Thank You. I will be leaving you now, and I leave you with this: Never follow the dreams of another.” I knew what he meant was to stay steadfast to my own soul purpose. When I arrived at home I ran into the kitchen and asked my partner where BearBo was. He replied that he had not seen him. We searched the house and the Farm, but BearBo was gone, perhaps back to the ship. Was he a zeta consciousness in a dog form joyfully experiencing and learning about humanity? You decide.

God’s Man

The winter following our move to Montana found me smack in the middle of a brutal second Saturn Return. Astrology teaches that humans transit through a passage of the teacher, karma-bearing planet Saturn every 28 years or so. In this belief, the first Saturn Return occurs somewhere between age 26 and 30. It is childhoods’ end, a time of buckling under agreements made prior to birth, agreements we set in place to challenge our personality with lessons from our soul.

The “27 Club” is a darkly comic term for those in the entertainment industry who died during their first Saturn Return: Kurt Cobain, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Amy Winehouse, and many other or maybe they were actually called back, dunno. Some folks choose death over change while most of us battle through the challenges, coming out on the other side of our Return a bit wiser.

The second Saturn Return is a time to tidy up lessons as well as those scheduled as dessert during later years. It is then a time to give back and to share wisdom. And for all you astrology buffs, my birth chart shows Saturn retrograde in the 8th house, karma central.

Thom and I met during my second one. Both Saturn Returns highlight births, deaths, marriages, and divorces, beginnings and endings of any facet of life. During this time, I left the Farm and my beloved animals, my Hunka daughter and my father died. Hunka Lakota Ceremony; I was adopted into a family on the Rosebud Sioux Reservation, which created unbreakable ties and responsibilities to energetically remain connected for life, the relationship is sacred. I am not a part of the Lakota Nation, only an adopted member of my Hunka Family. I also adopted Chrissy as my Hunka daughter. I relinquished comfort and familiarity for the purpose of new challenges and opportunity to fulfill my karmic agreements here in Montana. Those agreements included buckling down to finish my degrees, to create record and art companies, and to live in a silent castle where I could hear my own thoughts and focus on my work. But it was not a pretty sight. My frustration and grief presented themselves at every turn. An entire year passed before I reconnected with both the Seminary and University, completing degrees in what I had done for 40 years. Refocusing on my studies and research offered me the peace of mind I craved.

But during that first winter, Thom and I endured a testing ground while we adjusted to a new marriage and community. I felt isolated and regretted leaving the Farm, although I never wanted to return there. I longed for familiarity and my old lifestyle. I was immature, self-centered, and angry that I was not comfortable being uncomfortable.

Thom and I locked into a stubborn refusal to see the other points of view. We were both learning each other's signals but choosing not to respond to them. I allowed myself to become so angry that I packed a few things into my truck and just left. Where was I going? I really had no idea but headed west on I-90 toward Olympia in an ice storm, yet.

Thom and Christina, my Hunka daughter at the Farm, were clearly worried because the mountain passes were frozen and expecting another blizzard that night. Christina called me to attempt to talk some

sense into my head. As we spoke, I realized I had driven about 45 minutes and was passing a billboard for that old bookstore I had always wanted to visit, and now seemed like a good a time as any.

By denying my true feelings I found it easy to ignore my family's concern for my well-being. At least, I mused, they'd be relieved if they knew I was stopping before Lookout Pass, the frozen stretch of highway separating Montana from Idaho at over 6,000 feet. I was so wrapped up in self-pity and anger that it did occur to me that I should at least call Thom. Misery loves the company it can lasso into its hole, right?

Bookstores and libraries are my safe place. My brother, Bill, and I spent our childhood in either the woods or in our books. We have always found respite and comfort surrounding ourselves with mounds of paper, either in its raw form as wood or the more refined product of pages with ink. So, there I went. The ice and snow covering Northwest Montana was building at a fast rate. I had neither snow tires nor chains, but my Angel was working overtime that cold afternoon.

I exited I-90 and made my way to the deserted parking lot, hoping someone was manning the store. The Montana Valley Bookstore in Alberton boasts possession of thousands of old books. When I walked through the door, I was enchanted by the seemingly endless stacks of cramped shelves all calling my name. The stress of the day fell away and I felt childish and ridiculous considering my escape from home. I had not run away from home before, so this was new territory. Feeling a bit more relaxed, my self-pity calmed by the sight and scent of thousands of old books, I resolved to phone Thom as soon as I could devour some of the delicious titles in front of me.

The lady behind the desk assured me that I had plenty of time and that whatever my interests were, I would surely find choice pieces in the seven-foot-tall cramped shelves. I ventured a smile and walked to the back left of the store as if something was calling my name. Stopping in the corner I found myself staring directly into the spine of an old

hardback book. My logical mind was telling me that there was absolutely no way I was really seeing what was in front of me. My heart skipped a few beats, the blood drained out of my face. This just couldn't be, not no but hell no.

My research topic from the previous week was the writings of the Christian psychologist M. Scott Peck, MD. I had been fascinated with three of his books including *Glimpses of the Devil*. In that book Peck relates the story of an exorcism in which the possessed gal had a fascination with a wordless book. Peck was convinced that this book was the gateway to her subsequent possession. Peck also strongly condemns any and all forms of the occult or metaphysics. Just thought you needed to know that.

As a researcher and physical medium, I have chosen to immerse myself in occult works as well as religious texts from all disciplines. I was neither surprised nor in agreement with Peck's assessment, finding it instead merely interesting and in alignment with his own brand of Christianity.

The book in question is a Faustian story titled *God's Man*. The wordless book is artfully done in woodcuts. It relates the story of an artist who sells out to dark forces. In Peck's book, he had a nun literally burn the book while declaring it evil. Peck also stated that there were few or no other copies left.

God's Man stared back at me in the musty book rack. I couldn't believe my eyes but feel a surge of excitement as I gingerly lifted the book off the shelf. Yep, that was it, *God's Man* in my hands. Opening it I gasped at the price for this first edition. \$200.00 was way out of my budget, but how could I not buy it? As I slowly gazed at the pages I remained on alert for signals of the demonic, but instead felt relief to find its story was actually a dark yet benign presentation on the archetype of greed.

Well there you have it. I paid the shopkeeper and sheepishly called home to tell Thom that I was on my way back. My daughter called to remind me that the passes would be closed, but I reassured her that her Mother's escape from karma was over.

The next day I reread Peck's account of the book now in possession. I placed both his book and the woodcut book in my Verboten Cabinet, the glass doors sheltering some cursed items I desired to keep from prying hands. Why did I do that if I felt nothing bad from the book? "Trust in Allah but tie up your camel."

Po-Thavia – Beings with Black Boots and Gloves

Sophia, our cat, looked up from her bed at someone coming through the door. I saw some Nature Beings dressed completely in black resembling an almost comical version of goth warriors. Their coats were a bit ragged but purposefully appearing as though they'd been in the elements. Black gloves and boots with a black soft helmet gathered around very dark skin, almost burnt in appearance. I smelled ozone.

"Whoa," I started, "who the hell are you guys?" "We work with the intellect." One responded. "Pi-amana is our interest. Pi-amana is their term for clearing of emotional blockages, allowing clear flow of mental energies. We keep emotion at bay, we are detached from the outcome. We are of the earth but work with and through fire."

I recalled awakening last night at midnight as thunder rolled through the gulch. Sharp cracks accompanied a lightening show so intense that I could make out the forest floor. Ultra-blue flashes danced around the valley. This is fire season in the Rocky Mountains. I intuit that these Beings came in with the light show last night and were just hangin' in the hood.

They said they are called Po-Thavia. The Po word energizes the second, Thavia. I could find nothing meaningful on the internet about their name. After they wandered through the house a bit, Sophia's ears flattened to suggest her irritation, they calmly departed. It was only then that I noticed the sharp pole one carried. When I awakened this morning, I could still feel a bit of their peculiar signature lingering in the great room. They are definitely connected to the Wakinyan. The Wakinyan, are Native American thunder Beings who are in the sky causing thunder and lightning. I feel that Po-Thavia are runners of sorts, low level workers serving higher powers.

Futharians

After taking Thom to the airport at o'dark thirty this morning, I climbed back in bed expecting a couple hours of shut eye. As I tried to drift off, I noted Beings at the three o'clock position. I saw silver-gray smoke. I asked who they were and heard "we are the Smoke Beings...we stay in the darkness." They are called FUTHARIANS. These guys are of the Fire element and were very pleasant to meet. They lacked the acerbic wit of the Salamander Fire Beings and seemed reticent to make their presence known. I thanked them for the meet-and-greet before they dissipated into the morning sunlight now filtering through the window.

And here's another incident: I wrote last month about seeing huge, earthy giant-type guys in the lumber area of Home Depot. They were lethargic, non-communicative, and focused on the tasks at hand, namely doing something with and around construction. I now connect their appearance, lethargy and density of communication, and intellect with the fact that these Beings are Earth energy. They are on the lower, denser spectrum of Earth Beings, almost identical in frequency to lumber, metal and concrete. It is important to note that these guys work with construction materials in their "second form," meaning wood as lumber, rock as concrete, base metals as iron, etc... never saw this before and I find it fascinating.

It is also cool that even though they do not speak, I was given intel about them through the Universal Translator I learned about during a lab session at the Monroe Institute last month.

Yesterday, Thom and I were at a fencing company in Missoula, planning out a huge iron gate system for our home. As I followed Thom through the yard, I saw those same construction giants doing something with the pipes and iron bars. Wow! That was surprising. No communication was made, as I was focused on the plethora of options for our gate system, yet I am positive that these Beings were identical to the ones in Home Depot.

Fire-Air Beings

Our fourth season of the year in Montana is “Fire Season.” Sometime in late July the skies fill with smoky haze, usually from Canada or the western states. During a hard season folks with respiratory illnesses are discouraged from outdoor activities. The critters fare no better, but it’s Montana.

My meadow garden is lush and abundant this time of year with deer and wild turkeys gorging blissfully on the feast. Our altitude and location offered little for them in the way of non-native goodies, such as annual flowers, horseradish, and rhubarb which I planted especially for them. They remain disinterested in my plethora of California and Himalayan poppies, mint varieties and the like.

But yesterday was a bit disturbing when, out of the blue I saw an enormous fairy floating three feet above “Artie”, my six-foot Artemisia plant. I have to say that I never seen an eight-foot winged fairy with modern looking shoes and a long wand. He was clearly a male, looking eerily similar to a basketball or footballer with distinct musculature and a dark beard! My mouth dropped open as I gaped rudely at his form floating with those ethereal wings above the garden. It bothered me so

much that I forgot ask him who he was, were there others, and what I could do for him. This cognitive dissonance was the most comical Being interaction I can recall having, ever. He would have fit divinely into a drag show or Cirque de Soleil event!

I remained in my chair for a few more moments, watching him watch me with a sort of detached disgust, before I had just had enough. I returned to the garage feeling as though I had seen someone I was perhaps not allowed to see.

I slept fitfully that night but awakened with a clearer picture of what had transpired. This dude is one of the seasonal Beings from the Fire/Air connection. It is indeed masculine and extremely fiery in his demeanor. Feeling neither warmth nor connection with him is indicative of his natural essence of Fire and Air, detached and willful to the extreme. I wandered into the garden area this morning, curious if he would appear, but instead saw a Being looking like a dragon-lizard hybrid. Very colorful and misty, floating in and out of an expanding and contracting horizontal pattern. Another Fire Being. With my natal Grand Trine in the fire signs, I am both comfortable with and magnetizing to these Beings, but the huge boy Faery really threw me off. He was nowhere to be seen.

Although rare, these Beings of Hers are around during this season, acting as overseers for the beloved salamanders and dragon beings in their charge, and no, they have zero interest in communicating with humans...too much water in us, I guess.

Hazelbob

I met a troll living in my office. I welcomed him and asked what he needed, to which he replied, "Warmth and kindness."

I promised him that and assured him he was welcomed. It appears he has been injured, so I showed him my med drawer of homeopathics and herbs, and he said thanks. I left the room before I noticed he had taken any homeopathics. He said his name is HAZELBOB.

Earth energies are the hardest for me as I have little earth in my natal chart, save Chiron in Capricorn and a Capricorn north node. And all that Saturnian energy is uber heavy. Challenging for sure. I am integrating the earth stuff into my electromagnetic biography.

Gwop

This past fall, 2016, I saw a Nature Spirit under the deck. He introduced himself as Gwop. I have seen these guys at the Farm, guarding the driveway, and also met a couple of them a year after we moved here. The ones I met here showed up when Thom was out of town for a while. I was in bed reading and noticed a huge troll with a club walk from the dressing room into the bedroom. A second smaller one came out of the bathroom. They were very sweet and said they were sent by Thom's energy to guard me.

Gwop, the ones at the Farm, and these two resemble each other enough for me to categorize them as the same species. They are about seven feet in height, with rosy-tan skin, and bald heads. They are naked except for a type of loin cloth. They always have a club in their possession and have very large feet. Facially, they are pleasant to observe as their features are actually rather refined for their type.

These guys are called GALGOTHIANs. They are earth energy and involve themselves with the gnomes a bit in that they work alongside them when constructing tunnels. And that is what Gwop was going to do when I met him, but I did not yet know that.

Looking under the deck I noticed the big guy rooting around in the rocks, seemingly arranging and attempting to assemble something. For next few days, I told Thom and Lynda that there was a “troll under the deck so please let him do whatever it is he needs to do” and so on.

I observed him doing something with some smaller faery dudes and finally asked him what was up. He then asked me if he could bring in some tools, to which I replied that he was welcome to complete his project, no worries.

The next morning, I saw that he had created a tunnel through the stone wall, leading under the yard and ending up I knew not where. He was still working so I chose not to bug him. I saw lots of long crawling Beings entering the tunnel, transporting some kind of energy balls.

Our first deep snow as late that fall, as we usually see it around Halloween. But this year it waited until mid-November. The tunnel was complete by then and had a gentle glow to it. I saw Gwop a few more times before he went underground with the Gnomes who retreat underground sometime between the fall solstice and the first deep snow.

This spring of 2017, I was glad to see Gwop out there again. He was not very communicative which seemed characteristical for that species. He wanted only to focus on the job at hand. I did recall though that the entrance to his tunnel was directly below where I had seen the garden faery in the summer of 2016, requesting that I strew some black tourmaline all around for grounding. Just recalled that.

I remarked last month to Lynda that I had not seen Gwop at all. Dunno. Tonight, taking a nature walk up the driveway with Sophia, I was told, “Now, look down at the wall where you recall the tunnel is located. See how there is an aura leading from the entrance to where you felt dizzy? Now follow that up the hill to where you are standing. Look down and see the faery’s face in the rock, pointing up the hill across the driveway. That is the line of the tunnel.”

So, to fill you in on the dizzy thing, an hour earlier as I was hand watering the garden area, I thought, “Hmmm. I wonder what’s up with Gwop? Is he still here?”

I then felt dizzy, as if I had been lifted off the ground for two seconds, not! I acknowledged that Gwop was indeed there and communicating. Noticing where I was standing, I realized that it was exactly in line with his tunnel.

When I came in, I googled the word and found no definition. But when I put in GWOP, I smiled to learn that it is an acronym for money, George Washington On Paper. So, no wonder he works with the Gnomes, as they are the guardians of gold and finances.

Winter Devas

I saw Beings in the air who, when interacting with the trees, become colorful and enter the visible spectrum, so as to assist the tree trunks in absorbing and emitting lethargic energy. They swirl like smoke then start to form limbs, body and head when touching the trunk. They are very colorful, lots of yellow, purple, and turquoise frequency lowered into the visible spectrum.

Driving down the mountain yesterday I saw what appeared to be a long line of little snow creatures connected to each-other’s tummy area with a white cord. They were small, furry and white like they had rolled in the snow. Very jolly and smiling, said they work with whom they identified as The Ice Queen. Sounded a bit like Narnia but no negative feeling like that.

For a week or so I have seen a gentle, smiling Being resembling a dog-lion. He just smiles and seems to be watching to size me up.

Went out at dusk into the sub-zero snowstorm. I invoked these winter Beings and requested more visual and energetic connection. They said, “Tomorrow at day-break.” That was when I saw the furry snow guys connected by the energetic gut-rope. Very sweet.

Weisenmullers

Coming out of the shower this morning I saw in my mind’s eye, a Being who is not present in Montana but who projected himself to me. He had a wolf-like head with very pointed small ears. I saw nothing else, yet he said he is Germanic and is called a WEISENMULLER. Weisen means to point, and muller is a miller.

Vestipes

Tonight, when Thom and I returned home and were stopped waiting for our gate to open, I happened to look up the hill towards Mike’s house and saw a wave pattern rolling down the hill. With three feet of snow on the ground this resembles a tsunami of glistening white energy. Accompanying this rolling motion was a Being waving a rod above his head seemingly directing the flow. He was a wizard-looking character, totally white, with only his upper torso visible.

Again, I saw those horses I have been seeing of late. One looks like a two-horned unicorn with cloven feet. Maybe it’s a goat? As I continue tuning in, I realized that the wizard dude and snow flow was pulsing, like breathing creating a magnetic furnace of sorts which was exchanging used energy with new fresh frequencies. I recall seeing that same phenomenon with the clear globes this summer, rolling down the mountain as their mouths gobbled up old energy. I am now thinking this is the method Gaia’s Beings use to create and destroy. This continual give and take created electrical and magnetic energies required for the negatively charged planet and waters and the positively charged air and fire energies.

So, here is some more intel on some Beings I saw ringing tree trunks with their arms. They have human male heads and very long arms which extend out several yards. As they float and approach a trunk their arms extend and circle it in sweeping motions. Interesting to see. Because these Beings are visible even ethereally until they touch the tree, they light up in the most magnificent of colors. Depending on the kind of tree, their colors will always mimic the feeling nature of that type of tree. They then begin curling up and down the trunk, vocalizing a high growling not unlike a dog makes when playing with another dog. These are kindly Beings who enjoy their work.

Not all Devic Beings are vegetarian, as some carnivorous ones appear very fierce, indeed. Those Beings I see devouring the etheric energies surrounding carcasses from hunts (ungulates, bears, etc.) are called VESTIPES. Their eyes are red, and mouths do not fully close as their tusks curl inward then extend out of the mouth into points. Front incisors are extremely pointed and sharp. These are the only teeth they have, as carrion is swallowed whole. They have paws like a black bear fur hind legs, and simian-appearing hands sporting very thick claws.

In areas of the world where the etheric veil is thin, passersby have spotted these Beings on road-killed bodies of animals. They are prohibited from consuming human flesh, whereas corpses void of souls are off limits. They eat only dead animals. I have never communicated with a Vestipe but have seen them...very disconcerting. It seems to me though that they are unaware of soul-inhabited Beings and anything with a heartbeat. Maybe I can see them because of my vulture totem energy. Dunno.

Saw some Beings called BEDOWIS pronounced Bed-wahs. I saw them in our great room, nimbly walking around the furniture, heads about foot from our 30-foot ceiling. Again, these guys were solid white. They resemble a humanoid version of a praying mantis. I was disturbed when one loomed over my chair, gaping at me. Their stilt-like legs seem to have on pants, while their humanoid long arms appear to give hands gripping long walking sticks. The head is rather conical,

and features are not clearly defined. Honestly, they seem the stuff of nightmares, but not evil at all. Hence, my insistence that SO many people, animals, and Devic Beings who appear ugly and scary are benevolent and mean no harm.

Phasing

I wanted to write a bit upon the subject of phasing, which is my terminology for the way Devic Beings manifest throughout varying frequencies. When I observe a Being, they are usually within the denser aspect of the process of phasing into an ethereally visible form. The form manifests to as a direct line from invisible to ethereally visible, but more so like you would imagine a hologram would appear. The phasing is a bit similar to the pattern of 0's and 1's in computer technology in that there is an employment of lateral and vertical frequencies, layers, if you will. But the interesting part occurs when the phasing becomes "colored" with whirling disc-shaped energies, seemingly filling in spaces to reveal the Devic Being.

How long does this take? Since I'm in a bit of an altered state when I tune in to them, I am afraid I cannot give you a definitive answer. Perhaps an observer of me could discern psych a temporal event.

Bechmilla

These particular Devic Beings present themselves in the snowy frigid temperatures of winter. I first noticed them on the ice- and snow-covered lawn surrounding the back of our home. The four-foot wall separating the lawn from the Montana scree is visible from inside the house. Peering over the top of it was a curious face, kindly and a bit deer-shaped but for the more pointed crest on its head. There was also the same color brown fur as we see on our whitetail deer, but as the Being climbed up onto the lawn, I noted a dark brown to black mottling on its belly, extending rather gracefully onto its shoulders and rump.

There was no tail. It appeared to be horse sized. The Being reached its very long, thin front legs onto the grass. Its hands resembled that of a frog. The back legs were the same length but sported cloven toes not unlike the Dall Sheep around these parts. There was a third set of legs closer to the back ones, attached to the belly area. These legs were about a third shorter than the other four and appeared pointed. I felt challenged to continue observing this Being because it resembled a huge tarantula. Not a fan of those.

As I continued to observe the Being, I saw others of various sizes around it. They were all making an “O” shape with their mouths as they deposited some kind of energy into the earth. When I asked them who they were and what they do, the larger one said they are called BECHMILLA, that they transmit etheric air energy into the earth when temps and snow create a stasis, allowing this transmission to occur.

I then hear Gaia tell me that the front hands allow them to grasp as they climb, the back hooves allow a surety of footing on cliffs, and those shorter third legs can pierce the ground. Apparently, these guys are present solely in the rock areas and steep areas. They appeared white, as have all of the snow creatures I see, but similarly, an array of ultraviolet colors moves in and out as they work. Very cool!

Kadtonians

While connected to the Indigo machine biofeedback, I met some Beings who said they were light keepers, called KADTONIANS. These Beings said they “stand at the edge of where light becomes visible.” They are human in form, very lithesome, and are from the Angelic Devas. They showed me an image of them sitting in the sky surrounded by blue in the clouds. There was one sitting on the edge of a window. They work with the Air Devas. Their color is crystal light blue, they move energy through the vortex of a worm hole type manifestation picture. If you visualize a donut turning in on itself towards the center, that is what it looks like.

Laboratory Session Monroe Institute:
Transcription from Microphone Recording

During these lab sessions, Zoli is in a light-conscious trance in which she explores many different levels of consciousness, communicating with various Beings. It is a bit confusing to follow because of the frequency-shifting that occurs from level to the next.

I am feeling in the back of the head and in the occipital area moving around the pons to the cerebellum to reptilian brain, some pulsating. I see my white snake, huge, he is the size of the mother ship coiled up over the institute, with his head pointing straight up. As it uncoils, I see clouds of consciousness coming down. My vulture is sitting on the edge of the energy conversion box waiting. We are waiting for the Komodo Dragon to get out of the pool playing with the little people. They are riding him; I didn't know they swam. Here he comes.

So, this is my third lab session this week. During the last session, Spirit, experimented with getting me out of the body in different ways or getting my consciousness out of the way. I am not sure what they want to do.

My friend, Carol T. (the vulture whisperer) gave me a beautiful suggestion for me to say, "Hello egoic mind, I value you, I value the left hemisphere of my brain and I am going to allow you to sit on a beautiful throne on the left side and observe. Let's put you at nine o'clock where you can observe and be all important take a break."

I'm feeling hands on my abdominal area. I see a sort of operating room that is working on the enhancement or implant that was put in last time, that long piece. (Breathe), making adjustments.

The next segment of temporal reality is where I will be up on the ship, here we go.

I'm in a room on the ship, a bit teary, overwhelmed with this feeling of compassion and love. I see some of my friends who are in Zeta bodies, Saurians, total, total understanding of this human experience.

I feel cradled in their hands. There's a humming sound. They are placing me in a long like tank. It is like a gelatin in air. Telling me to breathe.

Huh. This gelatin air (which is air, and water) has a fire coming through it like electricity. My right hand is twitching. This being's name is Tweeneedle. I now feel my body heating up as he sends some sort of current through my right first finger. This is causing my left leg to twitch, now the whole body is twitching. He's saying, and I can't say I truly understand it, "there's no separation in our mind, its only one, manifestation happens when there is no separation."

There's a Wo-Toadie, the little pet type character that has dog feet and head and a body that looks like a turtle, he has a kind of turtle tail. He's very happy, happy.

There, I can't understand what they are projecting, but they are activating, being a measuring sensor. There is like a long energetic probe that is going in, that's what the back of the head thing was, right below the pons right down the spinal column all the way down to the bottom chakra. Yeah, it's causing my body to twitch. So, I'm going to be silent for a few minutes while they do this. I saw a door open and the words **"consciousness does not create reality, consciousness IS reality."**

They've just pulled out the energetic rod from the top of the spinal column, my body is twitching, and when they pulled it out, it is like my body released into each of the frequencies. Ok, let me explain. If you are looking like at an X-ray of the spinal column you will see the skin a couple inches out, outside of that is an energetic spine and there

are what looks like little tubes going into the energetic spine where they pulled out color, which like a rose color, it's not an earth color, I don't know what the heck that is. A rose color, actually it went from my spine, physical spine to the outer spine. They call these "galactic centers of freedom and revolution." That is interesting, galactic centers of freedom. So, it's creating a shift, obviously a transmutation of energy of some sort.

So, they are wanting, some of the Beings want to pull me out of that tube and the Zetas are saying no, not yet. They are not arguing but they are not agreeing.

There is a magnetic component (or opponent?) they are talking about and it's very green now. That's very interesting, of course it's not a green that is on earth, but it is very, very beautiful. What are they doing with it? That green is connected to the Saurians. Huh. They're saying, how do I get this right?

I wish they'd slow down, I can't get that yet, let me go back, I see that green, some transfusion, some magnetic potential. Oh! There we have the geodesic points at each point above the triangle. Magnetic potential attaches similarly to, could say how these electrode things attach to my fingers like snaps in but when it snaps in its strange there are millions. Oh, there are millions almost unlimited transmitters and each one that we, what the heck is that, they're saying it's easier than when you dive into the ocean. I don't know what that means. There are more neuronal transmitters than we have identified. I need to look up the research they gave me, 20 years ago, where I had the name of the new one, darn it. What was it, a Neuro peptide? I don't know what that is.

They're showing me more on, who's this talking, I don't know, it's an air dimensional Being who just came onto the ship. It has a ghost-like appearance and is asking me if I remember "the last time we told you that," and the future science will be, art will be science, once again it's all one. It's one energy, everything, everything. That's how

we do what we do. We only separate it as a recognition and what you would call temporal spatial integrity. That Being left. That was too energetic for me right now, but he said that I will leave with something from your linear past, some, what the heck is that, oh that funny, this looks like its red and it looks like a little carved piece that people wear, like on that TV show *Naked and Afraid*. He says everybody wears that everybody, look at the things that everybody wears energetically.

(ok, Carol let's get into Miranon level 15.) I feel like I've been there all along. This is as though I'm floating in outer space, as though space is pressing in on me, very metallic taste in my mouth. They're showing me, wait I am with a family of the Essassani, this is "the planet where Spring began." Very blue, very small, origins.

The whole lower back of my head, the whole cerebellum area is on fire. They are talking about prime origins something called "frequency differential." Oh! Once again there is this geodesic globe, divided into all these triangles interconnecting. Each one of these triangles is a hologram, containing what we would call music but there is music that we wouldn't even recognize as such because the music and color are the same as these holograms. Each of these is like a small (it's a symbol of an embryo maybe a month old) fetus.

At the very center of these holograms this geodesic is some sort of an energy source, but it is multi-dimensional, so when creation is forming a planet (let me get this right).

It is like that saying, "the end is known from the beginning" but it's like within the planet itself there is a free will consciousness that comes in a dichotomy again. When creation forms a planet, the energetics of it looks like that core thing in the middle of the geodesic. It is like that saying, "the end is known from the beginning" but it's like within the planet itself there is a free will consciousness that comes in a dichotomy again. When creation forms a planet, the energetics of it looks like that core thing in the middle of the geodesic hologram, looks

like thousands of holograms, because it is so inner-interdimensional. It is like some consciousness is choosing from that source what will be the race structure of this planet and of course this planet is below the buddhi level, and we know that, but this core, it's almost as though this core when its formed it's the prime piece and then the planet evolves out of the physical core.

They are showing me a picture of Mars. That used to be more physical, and now the external Mars is three-dimensional, desert like, but there are levels on Mars that are not in the visible spectrum. But that core is vibrant, and it manifests itself through all manifestations of a planet. It's like the earth will evolve with visual sensory life on Mars or Venus, not Pluto, (Pluto is icky) the ones that are above us, in evolution, that are beyond us that of consciousness. It is always set to become itself when it was chosen from the beginning of its creation. It was always set but as the planets itself changes the more sounds, color sounds, whatever you want to imagine it is, comes and attaches to that core. It's like when people go through lifetimes, it's the seed, the atom that goes with one to the next, collecting all these experiences and then at some point it implodes as it returns, out of all levels of form to the creator.

(This is hard to talk). They have docked in this space station and they are huge like it's a joke, like vending machines, like you can choose your reality. It's obviously an allegory, it's very disconcerting it's like the Star Wars Bar. I love all these guys, but you know it's like when you are talking to an alien or using English or French or whatever language, we are not talking the same language.

As I am looking around, my eyes are itching like crazy. And there is like a tympani drum sound. This is a strange place. Every docking area that I am seeing through these energy fields are all different. It's like each planetary form has its own docking area. One has a lot of shrubbery, another one from the planet of friend of mine, "Minka." She is an upright cat, from planet of cats. Don't know where

they are from, and there are other ones that are not of course of our own solar system which is humanoid. This is way the hell out there. I cannot say I am comfortable. They just showed me a big screen with a John Wayne movie playing, “Zoli does that make you feel more at home?” That is embarrassing! Now my eyes are burning. The top of my head is bouncing around. Usually when I am in these space stations there is not this much activity.

Looks like HP13. Now there are sounds coming in, the sounds are these “Beings of wan wan wan.” What are they? They just zipped me right out of there, apparently, they are not they don't want to talk to me. I have had enough.

Back on the ship. Oh, that's better, I feel like I have left a classroom of 13-year-olds on sugar! Let me calm for a few minutes.

Need to see where we are going, you know. We are going, of course this is called The Planet of Waters. We are going to hang out a bit in my favorite inter dimensional space station, where left-handed side of our moon is looking at the earth. They are going to a little tissue repair work on me. Let's see what happens. They said, “So, you think you are not evolved enough to do this work?” Little child in me, says, “Right.” They said, “Well do you think there is an end point?” “What's the rush?” Got it. It never stops. Evolution never stops, but we have these set points, all related to the temporal magnificence of human experience. Once again, the back of my head is throbbing, moving. There is that tube thing with the gelatinous stuff in it. This is no time or space, crazy. So back when I saw myself in that tube, now I see what was happening, because I feel it now, now my hands and feet are straight and I am rolling to the left very quickly over and over, but at the same time to the right, over and over and over.

I think that gelatinous stuff is? “Zoli go look at your old research we gave you about dialectic.” It's a dialectic. Rolling to the left, magnetic rolling to the right, and the dialectic energy.

They are being funny. They are saying, “All these visuals are for your viewing pleasure Zoli.” This is a learning/teaching. So, now we are doing the thing where I feel like a little homunculus. I'm in a ball and rolling head of heels, it's very disconcerting. It's like I'm going from 11 to 5 o'clock, not actual 12 to 6. Here we go.

The same thing is happening in this session as my last session when during the whole session my left thumb presses onto my left finger like a Jin Shen Jyutsu feeling. Could be. I don't know. But the right hand is open.

So, they are saying, “Zoli, you are seeing this as a vocal transmission of transparent frequencies.” My right foot is buzzing, that is wild. It appears to be undecided yet, it's yet undecided whether or not it is necessary. Interesting. Choice, to have them go fully out to speak. This right foot is crazy feeling, and now itches, or it might be better for, it might that I continue to develop the ability to see in altered states, that going fully out. Fine. Whatever, but that is up to The Mother, as I serve Her, while I am on earth.

I'm feeling pressure on my heart center. There is the emerald green, “Gaia's heart.” Talk to me and tell me your dreams.

So, I see a group of my friends talking, they are Gnomes, they are saying, that those of us who are proponents of abnormal human realities, the families of the man that we always talk about “going out there” but it all happens here actually.

LRM/Lateral Reality Manipulation, Experiment Nelson Indigo Technology and Hemi-Sync

This theory I developed in 1978-9 while doing research with Dr. Clark in Huntsville and Nashville. LRM says that the physical reality of experiencing time as foreword, present, backwards, is also involved in temporal distortions where time moves side to side laterally. These are

expansions of the experiencing of time in the Now, or present. Parallel selves will present during these expansions.

This experiment today will play with those parallel realities and see who/what shows up. Carol W. at Dynamic Heath Technologies in Helena, Montana will attune to my frequency in sub space, tune the Indigo Machine to "time travel." I am at my home near Missoula, Montana and will be listening to a Hemi Sync CD entitled: Mind Food Destination: Higher Self CD 1. I chose this program because it feels most appropriate for this experiment. I have never experienced this CD prior to today.

The Indigo machine requires a specific time period to tune me with its frequency, so I have chosen to make this more challenging by requesting Carol W. ask the machine (after the 10 minutes tune up) to request that my Higher Self determine what time setting would best serve this lateral voyage. We are experimenting with two technologies, each created and used for the purpose of creating self-help, greater ability to heal and expansion of consciousness as appropriate for the individual in question. There is an absence of invasive manipulation, as the free will of the participant is never violated. That is sacrosanct.

When Carol W. called me at 10:00 in the morning, I related the idea stated above, that we stretch the limits of the Indigo, causing it to transmute its own ability in a way, by employing a triune communication of Zoli's will, Carol's will, and the frequency-will of the Indigo, to expand probability and allow a future reality to enter into our experiment. We have found that Indigo will, believe it or not, either alter its program to the requested frequency or simply create a new one.

My purpose with this experiment is to simply play with the frequencies as Hemi Sync and Indigo energies create two points on the triangle with Zoli's free will intent set as the third point.

Buckminster Fuller taught the theory of "tensile integrity." This proposes that a triangle is stronger than a square in that removal of one side of a square causes it to collapse, while when one arm of a triangle is removed, the other two remain stable. Hence the term applied of tensile integrity. Furthermore, the three sided/pointed geometry, when a fourth point is added in space, a fourth triangle is begun. A geodesic pattern begins to emerge. Hence, a grid of interconnected triangles may be used in a plethora of communicative venues, and in this experiment today, will be focused on my theory of lateral reality manipulation.

The experiment commences at 10:00 in the morning. Indigo will spend x amount of time balancing my mind body spirit, during which I will listen to Gateway Voyage Take Home Exercise, 51:59 minutes. After which Carol W. will attunes me to the time travel program and I will be listening to the Mind Food CD. Carol W. will maintain records of this session with Indigo, and I may pop out of frequency and write during the session. Dunno...let's see what is out there!

Went from Miranon level one up to 21, back down through the colors to one. Met my level 10 Gatekeeper, a Great Horned Owl.

Going in, at level 12 saw beings above me holding huge vases similar in appearance to ancient vessels used to hold liquids. As these beings tipped the vessels toward me, I went laterally out of consciousness and my physical body began twitching. Saw myself then at level 12 with my Gatekeeper and an upright Komodo Dragon holding a staff with a light on the end. Found myself in room under a pyramid, which I go to frequently.

There were beings doing something I could not understand. In the first foot of sand. I heard "place of 269." A zone or area of excavation? As went further, levels 15 through 21, saw forms morphing as though were oil on water. Felt drawn in, but "time" not existent. Was very surprised to hear Monroe's direction to return to level 10, no memory and think I zoned out. That CD was 51:59 minutes but seemed like perhaps five. Dunno. Waiting now for Carol W. to call to tell me to start the next CD.

So, Carol W. will write her work experience with this experiment. We have none of her notes. When she returned to the clinic the morning after our session, her notes were gone. Poof.

As usual, nothing I plan turns out exactly as my left brain predicts. After speaking with Carol W. for 40 minutes, we decided to do a Phase Two of the experiment because of the placements/settings our conjoined intent. Carol believes that it is fascinating to discern that the energy we created with me as the connecting piece to the Indigo and TMI, has opened an opportunity for like-minded others to participate in this work. Never saw that one coming! Absolutely wonderful.

Carol W. then ran a 10-minute time travel and I listened to CD Two of Attention/At Ease of the Hemi Sync sounds. Here is what I experienced:

I saw a primeval forest and also a glistening city of the future on Earth. A primitive man stood looking up at the sky, at a green apple with a bite taken out of it. Eden symbology. The white coiled snake I use in my "Box" was next to the apple. I then saw the Himalayas with floating cities above. Then, a city in France with ungulates wandering around, munching peacefully on vegetation. The air smelled sweet and fresh. There were flying creatures, similar to dinosaurs, floating majestically over tall buildings which had lush vegetation growing everywhere. I saw no people but knew they were there, even though they were rather thinly veiled. Dunno.

There were no clouds. Small floating ships soundlessly flew horizontally and vertically. Then saw volcanic ash spewing, a large dark pool with steps into it. Archetype maybe of primal goo and beginning of life? Fini.

Pinehurst Country Club, North Carolina,
Military Event, Note One

Thom and I ordered room service and were sitting in bed eating and watching TV. I had set my glasses on my side table and heard them hit the floor. I knew I had set them far back on the table, but perceived a man sitting in the chair next to the bed. I tuned in and saw he was a soldier dressed in old garb. He said he was 5th Cavalry and was lost. As he turned his head, I saw the left side of his face was blown off. He had on a small helmet I recognized from pics of World War One. He said his name was George McCormick and was from Virginia. I asked why he was here, and he said he was lost. He had with him a smallish white medium-long haired dog with a red collar. I asked if he wanted to go somewhere nice with others he knew and he asked if he could take his dog, which I assured him he could. I let him sit for a few minutes as I write this and prayed to Jesus to help him cross over. I saw him get really small and waver a bit, then returned to the size he was, which appeared to be about 5'7" or less.

I looked over at George and was told to take his hand. I then heard a loud, crashing banging on the door to our room, sounded like rifles were slamming into the wood. I went and opened the door to find spirit soldiers from a regiment come into the room. They were loud and in a hurry. "Come on George!" one said, and he looked shocked as he rose to greet them. I then opened the door further and they all left.

This was weird because I assumed (ha ha) that Jesus would just send someone to take him up, but then the door ruckus began. This is always a signature to me that I am not making this shit up.

George McCormick, 5th Cavalry World War One, said he was from Virginia, born in? Dunno. I actually found him in an internet search of his name! George McCormick, Michigan 5th Cavalry. It feels like this is him, dunno about Michigan, move there? Wow. Feel teary and grateful I was enabled to help him cross over.

Pinehurst Country Club, Note Two

11:55 in the morning. Had a restless night with huge impact of spirits/ghosts on this old piece of property. I recall remarking to Thom prior to our going to sleep that I hoped this area or room was not a vortex 'cause I won't get any rest. But of course, it is.

At breakfast downstairs I prayed to Jesus for assistance, as He is very strong in this section of the world, to "send me a whole battalion of transitional keepers to remove these thousands of Beings from this inter-dimensional holding pattern to Miranon Focus Levels 26-27." He responded immediately. "Done." This afternoon, while Thom is at the Building for their reunion tour, I will go into those deep levels to assist in the transition process. I have never seen as many folks stuck in-between as I see here, a good 90% are soldiers from numerous wars and earth-time eras. There are also many African American slaves and freemen. This is simply too big of a job for little ole' me to handle. I told them I will be alone and available to work at 15:00 today, which they agreed would be just fine.

14:14 Thom and I enjoyed a leisurely stroll earlier today, around these beautiful grounds. I noticed a large group of discarnates, ghosts, and Nature Beings parading behind us. As disconcerting as it felt, I recalled that I seem to travel to places "coincidentally" which require me to assist Beings in transition (recall the hotel in Asheville, the plantation in New Orleans, the Montana ghost town, etc.).

15:00 O.K., here we go: In the holy names of the Lord Jesus Christ, The Archangel St. Michael, and The Holy Mother, I invoke healing and protection for myself and all those Beings now agreeing to cross from this shadow land. I invoke Those of equal and higher frequencies to lovingly assist in this transportation process. I invoke the four winds, the four directions, those of the water and fire to present their assistance at this time. I remain at your service and in deep gratitude. So, Mote It Be.”

I became overwhelmed with a feeling of finality, began crying for whatever reason, perhaps to add my own emotional energy to this, dunno. That passed quickly as I saw a young woman dressed in a white frilly parasol and plantation-style dress, arrive to help us. Her name is Garnet, and she opened an arched doorway with the scent of jasmine wafting into the room. I see people dressed as Civil War soldiers, up to the current style of fatigues and dress blues, children, animals, pioneer women, Native Americans and some foreign folks whose dress is unfamiliar to me. They are still passing through the portal Garnet opened, being welcomed very quickly on the other side, disappearing with their helper(s) as if swept away by the wind. It is now 15:28 and they are still passing through the portal.

Oh! Why is an elephant here?! A young man stopped, came over to me out of curiosity. I pointed to the portal and encouraged him to pass through. I see and hear a marching band of recent years, lots of young people who died in a bus crash returning from a ball game. Why are all these people here, at this location? I asked that question just now and heard, “This is the Gathering.” I asked why I am here? They said, “Call it a coincidence, call it an agreement.”

I see a long row of shoes all lined up. What is that? I also see a huge room or closet of Antebellum dresses. What for? “These are thought forms from some who lived and died then, leaving now.”

Here is my question...now that these people are properly on the other side, how will this place be changed? Oh! I see Garnet waving to me as she closes the portal. I hear a popping and swoosh. The last to cross over were children. Done. So, what is different? It just feels “neutral,” not vacant or cleared or good, just neutral. Does that make sense? Crazy. I am exhausted and sad that they were here for so long, no time in the other side though, always in the present.

Is this a vortex area where other Beings will congregate to, attracted by the magnetics of this spot? Apparently so. Perhaps that is why it feels neutral. We’ll see.

Note: The elephant was a curious surprise. Earlier in the day Thom and I stopped in cute restaurant in Southern Pines for lunch. When prompted, I will quietly ask, “OK, who’s here? Who needs help?” I then saw a group of circus performers wander past our table from the front of the little cafe. I asked the waitress if a circus had ever come through this town? She asked the busboy who responded “Yep, they used to about once a month but not lately.” Whatever.

Pinehurst Country Club, Note Three

Decided it would be beneficial to create a doorway/ transition area from here to Miranon levels 24-27. Miranon Levels is a term from the Monroe Institute indicating frequencies of consciousness. The magnetism of this area is creating a vortex which attracts discarnates, requires a 24-27 method allowing them to cross over and not congregate/ back up as I saw has been happening here, apparently, since the 1700’s or before. Dunno.

I created a lighthouse with a huge, brilliant electric lamp to interact with the magnetism attracting discarnates to this area, see? As they become aware of the frequency allowing transport they may choose to cross-over or remain attached to this earthly level. Free will is sacrosanct on all levels.

After envisioning and setting this lighthouse in place, I saw a long white tunnel connecting the door at the bottom of the lighthouse to a series of other tunnels, all clearly marked.

Not with signs but with magnetically encoded tags connecting each discarnate's level of evolution with the correct level. (This is very complicated, I may not explain it properly, yet the process appears to be working.)

As a discarnate enters the lighthouse tunnel, he is gently and magnetically guided into the secondary tunnel chosen for his own level of evolution. Some go to healing centers while others move to the reception center. A few discarnates enter a pralaya state. In Hindu cosmology, Pralaya is a time of no activity when energy appears to stand still or dissipate; a consciousness of pure being, not acting. This is all I know at this time, but the system appears to be set up without potential for disruption.

As I sit writing this in our hotel room, I feel shades, shadows of Beings without the emotional stickiness I would feel if they were actually present. Wonder what is going on but interesting none the less. I actually smell an electrical charge, if that makes sense, kind of salty/musky and distant. That scent wafts up from various areas in the room, in and out of the walls, respecting no boundaries and impermanent. Very curious. I smell also a faint burnt toast scent, accompanied by a tickling sensation in the center of my face.

OK, enough of this. I am feeling that familiar nausea I identify with radiation from work with entities. This happens a lot when Lynda and I are working. She also experiences it at times. I rest now in deep gratitude and joy for being given this sacred opportunity to serve in my own small way, those entities and helpers doing the big work. Another curve for me in the road to greater service and awareness.

Virginia City, Montana

Thom and I are driving back home from West Yellowstone, Montana. We are just leaving Virginia City, where we stopped to have lunch. We live just four hours from the West Gate of Yellowstone. So, my whole opinion of ghost towns or old towns totally changed from when we stopped to walk around the city to when we left. And I'll tell you why that happened.

We decided to stop in a cafe to eat, in one of those long buildings with the original tin stamped ceiling. After we sat down, got us some iced tea, I said, "All right, who's here, I give up, what's going on?" I know better than to open that door but sometimes I indulge.

I started smelling chemicals, something medical. And I saw nurses or medical personnel walking the length of the building, aware that we were in Virginia City, an old mining town. I asked the waitress if she knew if this was a Hospital or medical clinic? The owner came up and said it was never a medical building, that it was built in 1938. A lot of the town had burned down, this was not a medical facility. I have learned to pursue things and asked what was next door. She said the wall between the buildings is new, but there was a barber there in the past. I know that in the 1800's a lot of the barbers were surgeons. Aha, there it is! We chatted more, and I decided to not pick up on any more stuff, just to eat my buffalo burger and leave. As we left the cafe and walked out onto the boardwalk, I saw a ghost miner, not a cowboy leaning up against a building. And he said is, "If you are crazy when you are alive, you will be crazy on the other side."

"I didn't shoot him, he shot me." I looked at him and somehow knew that was not true. It was as if the air was full of conversation. So, I said to him, "That's not true, you shot him, and he died." Whereas the ghost miner said, "No he shot me, and I died, and I shot him after that." I became irritated and this guy has been around here for about 100 years with the same argument. I am not sticking around for this. So, Thom

and I walked down the street to our truck, and I looked up and down the streets of Virginia City. It looked pretty much as it did in the 1800's. I started to feel sick. And I said, to myself I don't think I like these old ghostly towns anymore, because, they feel like the old-style nursing homes where people went just to die. I saw it as everything looking grey and dingy and as we drove off. I don't know if I want to go to another ghostly type town on purpose, but since we live in Montana, we have to drive through them to get to any other city here.

So, when we were in West Yellowstone, a man showed up standing right in front of me, he was a suicide, and I started seeing a thin veil of him before we left home, a couple days before.

I did not want to have anything to do with him because the whole side of his face was gone. When he was alive, he had blue eyes and red hair. This type of communication is not heartfelt, it's as though I am watching a television show and simply hearing what he has to say.

So, I agreed that I will listen but not do anything about it. But here is what he had to say: "The reason why I think suicide is illegal in this country is that it is the worst commitment to self-destruction possible. For those of us over here we all regret the act." For me, he is saying, "I hated what I had become and had no skills to change my life. I drank a lot of alcohol, and shot myself in my car, and was surprised to find myself on the other side."

"The reason suicide happens is because of a lack of connection with other human beings. I can't describe to you the shock of not being allowed to stay in the body after regretting what I had done." I don't like this guy, I don't like anything about him, I did not want to talk to him. There is a very dark depressive energy around him, and he is trying to attach to me, so it is not going to happen. To me he confirms what I have been told by other suicides, that it is rarely appreciated after they cross over. I think an important thing to tell people is that the difficult times are difficult not because they are bad but because they

are neutral in experience and we add emotion to them. So why would we do that? We do that to learn. And what are we learning is not to do that anymore. At the time we are experiencing the difficulty we truly do not know how to change our emotions. Each person's astrology chart lays out the path of their soul. If the person does nothing to change their life to become more aware, the astrology chart takes over. As it is said that the stars impel not compel. So, what is destiny? Destiny can be said to be the path we have chosen to overcome emotion that adds color to what we call problems. We have agreements and contracts with other human beings with places and events that set guideposts for these lessons. The truth is, we don't always achieve our goals. Now here is a strange statement: opposites can both be true, in the grander scheme of things maybe not immediately but they may both be true, and here is how that works. Example: human beings have free will, we can choose and live with the consequences of our choices, and by choosing and by using our free will, we set our own course of destiny. On the other hand, it is also true that the end is known from the beginning that everything is predestined. The reason both of those statements are a truth, is that they are only opposite with human understanding. In the greater scheme of things, there is neither space nor time, only agreements. So, when things appear to be on one side of the fence and we are having problems, perhaps the other side of the fence should draw our attention, whatever that means. I know It to be true that every second of the day we are giving every option of our free will or allowing fate to take over. That is the point of becoming a conscience human being.

We become more conscious by seeking the soul within us. The soul is a master on its own plane of being. The soul really does not care if we get it or not, in any particular life. The soul will just continue to shoot out another body over and over until low and behold, the human being begins to turn within and ask, "Who am I and why am I here?" The personality is what causes us all the problems. Our personality is married to our emotions and a divorce usually what is needed. Those people who meditate and who are seeking within themselves certainly

understand the frustration of the monkey mind as it chatters, reminding the person of all its wants and desires. So, if the soul does not really care in the human terms, how then are we supposed to find it? Strangely enough the search is done through detachment, and that is one of those strange dichotomies. To detach from the wants and desires of the personality frees the person. This takes perhaps thousands of lifetimes. For me personally, it is comical to hear a well-meaning person state that this is their last life and they aren't coming back because they are done. The truth is those people have usually just encountered soul 101, the beginning lessons, and some part of them is aware that the dark night is coming. There is nothing within experience that can prepare one to meet the soul. There is no training, there is no guidebook, there is nothing to prepare because is supposed to be unknowable and terrifying.

To show courage in the face of adversity while facing fears is the very transmutation that brings forth the soul purpose.

My prayer and aspiration is this: May our Tribe of Experiencers and Scientists be kind and accepting of our differences, supportive and loving as we ascend the future paradigm in the heart of our Off Worlder families.

Blessings and much love to you all, at your service, Zoli Althea. 2021

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My Near-Death Experience Cured My Incurable Disorder

by Bri Lafferty

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I knew moving to my new home was going to be an adventure, I just never could have imagined what kind. When I moved, I had been dealing with an incurable, and so far, a difficult to effectively treat neurological movement disorder called Myoclonus Dystoniaⁱⁱ for 14 years. I had sold my house and decided to take some time for myself in a beautiful apartment in the hill country of San Antonio, TX. Little did I know, I would die there.

It all started April 17th, 2017, when I started an entity releasement treatment. I believe I may have had attachments from the time I was 10. We lived in a house where the previous owner's youngest child had played with an Ouija board which may have opened a portal for entities to get in. My younger sister and I saw ghosts, spirits, and our dolls would move on their own. It wasn't until 2017 when I realized that I may have entity attachments; so I reached out for an entity release. The lady doing the releasing said I would get sick but we had no idea how bad it would get. On day two, I was vomiting and very ill and the next day it got even worse. She was asked to stop the release protocol but she didn't. She continued working behind the scenes to release entities. It is said that people can have "busloads of attached entities." I got sicker and sicker, and I had what I thought later was a psychotic break. I thought I was taking care of a baby all weekend in my apartment (I don't have any children.) I was able to come out of that false reality only to have demons show up. At first, they just tried to frighten me with horrific images, and I fought that off for a few days. I was aware of this tactic as they had tormented me in my sleep by creating horrific nightmares that had traumatized me over the years. However, on April 27th, they became way more aggressive, and they tortured me physically and mentally nonstop. My mom had been on the phone with me for over 24 hours praying and trying to comfort me. She lives in Colorado and couldn't get to me fast enough to help in person. The attack was so horrific that I could no longer take it and I finally surrendered to the only God I knew. It was around 2am. I never knew what "Surrendering completely" meant until that night.

Once I surrendered, the adventure of a lifetime began. The demons were immediately ripped from me and I finally felt at peace. I then felt tapping on the inside of my palms and the balls of my feet in which I knew some kind of spiritual surgery was being performed. I then heard a strong voice, not auditorily, but internally, that said “Are you ready?” I had no idea what I was ready for but I knew I was. In my mind I said, “Yes”. It also seems that the term telepathy isn’t quite accurate. It seems that instead of a question and a period of time, no matter how brief, an answer, that is not quite how it happens. It happens simultaneously without pause, a question/thought/instant, reply/answer.

I felt three hard thumps on my chest, and I was no longer within my body. I was instantly in a dark void with no light but it felt warm and velvety and of the purest love there is. I remembered nothing of my human self or of Earth. I was in no form, just consciousness. I saw nothing but I felt like I was with the Creator again.

Suddenly, I was going through an incredible tunnel with a blue light. I have never been able to find that same blue color here on Earth. The tunnel was swirling and filled with ones and zeros, like a “cosmic binary code” of some sort. I like to describe this experience as if you were going down one of those tunnel slides at an outdoor waterpark and a little light shine through, but the slide is covered in ones and zeros as you’re passing by. After my NDE, reading accounts or hearing accounts of others, many people describe this blue light/color or other colors that we don’t see here on earth.

Next, I ended up in an all-white room. It didn’t have walls or a ceiling or any dimension to it, but it felt like a room. There was a presence behind me that I never saw but I knew it was there. It was a higher being such as Jesus or someone comparable. I saw a huge stack of big black numbers in the middle of the room and I was instantly filled with joy as I walked up to them, grabbed an armful and shouted, “No wonder you love creating things!” I knew that everything was created with some kind of cosmic math at that point.

I was then in what seemed to be another world in which I ended up spending most of my “time.” There was a plaza in which some kind of large torch or craft was being made, an area of huge trees and brush, and a kind of community center where all the beings would meet up. I say beings because I had the feeling not all of them had been in human form before.

I started off by the trees that were covered in snow, there was no temperature, but I had the thought “I don’t like snow” and instantly it turned into a lush green forest where the branches were covered in inches of moss. A few other beings and I ended up sliding down the branches and swinging from their vines as if we were Tarzan. I then had the realization that because the environment had changed to what I wanted, a green and lush forest instead of being a cold and frozen one, that the other beings who were present with me in this event, may be experiencing a whole different type of environment/event of their very own creation at the very same time! I sensed that in this realm, we are able to experience multiple events simultaneously with multiple beings who are also experiencing their very own multiple events with others, all simultaneously! There are infinite dimensions, infinite possibilities, infinite beings. Infinity on steroids, all simultaneously.

After playing around on the trees, my companions and I tried our hand at flying. I wasn’t very good, and I ended up hitting something that cut my arm off. I was curious and wondered how I was going to get my arm back. (At this point I had a body of some sort, whether an energetic body with more form or a physical body, I’m not sure.) I watched as the numbers like the ones I had found in the white room without dimension, fused my arm back together. I was fascinated as I watched my arm reform when thousands of numbers appeared and coalesced to fuse my forearm back to my elbow. The numbers were the 1’s and 0’s like I had seen in the tunnel and again in the white room where I exclaimed, “That’s how you create everything!”. I never really got the hang of flying but it was a lot of fun trying.

I should mention that although I am telling my story in a linear time fashion where this event occurred and then this event, I distinctly had the impression that everything was happening simultaneously. So, the white room experience may have happened after the jungle flying experience or they happened at the same “time.”

Time is not the same in this realm as it is on earth. I will just explain my experience in the way time works here on earth.

I ended up in the plaza where they were building a torch or spacecraft of some kind. There were beings on a ladder welding next to where there was a huge flame. For some reason I wanted to be a snowman, so I became a snowman. I wanted to walk under the torch to get to the other side of the plaza. To be honest, I was curious what would happen if I got too close to the torch as a snowman. Well, I found out. I melted and I was nothing but a puddle of water with eyes. I was wondering if anyone would come to help me, and sure enough, they did! A bunch of other beings came and put me back together and once they did, I was now a robot.

I hung around as a robot for a little while exploring more of the plaza and the trees. I then became what I can best describe as a living Russian nesting doll, and I joined the others who were in the same form as I. We all worked together in a convenience-like store cleaning and stocking shelves. I have no idea why there was a store, there was no need for anything as we could create and have whatever we needed or wanted. We all worked in harmony and spoke without words. After we were done at the store, we moved to a stage and performed a perfectly coordinated dance even though we had never practiced. We moved about as if we had practiced the choreography a million times. We moved in unison like a school or fish or a flock of birds, just knowing where and when we were supposed to change direction or activities. I realized that we were all connected energetically as one and yet we were still separate.

After the dance, what seemed like night fell upon us. There was no such thing as time but yet it was night. When remembering my experience, this concept of no time and yet a sensation of nighttime is still a confusing concept for me to understand. I ended up in a human-like form inside a hexagonal glass room. There was a very ancient old man with a long beard, hunched over, holding a walking stick and sitting in the corner. I remember laying on the ground while he spoke. I hope one of these days I will remember what he said because he was “downloading” information that will hopefully open up to me at the appropriate time. After speaking with a psychic friend of mine, she believes that I may have been with Father Time. I’m sure what he said will come back to me at the right time. I fell asleep in that room and awoke to daylight.

After spending the “night” in the room with Father Time, I awoke to group of people (beings) heading towards an opening in a barbed wire fence. My perspective seemed to be as if I were floating behind them, and I was with a presence who was behind me as I watched the event unfold. Even though it was a barbed wire fence and should have been easy to see past, everything beyond it was blurry. There was an opening in the fence with a land bridge behind it in which everyone was crossing over. For some reason, I was not allowed to follow. I was not given a choice; I was just witnessing the crossing of a group of people/beings beyond a barbed wire fence. It’s interesting how this “boundary” of crossing over is different in the various Near-Death Experiences that I have read about later. Some say they saw a river, others say the Pearly Gates, and others it was a door, a gate, etc.

This takes me to the last part of my death. The golden scripted scroll. I was in what seemed like a small dark room with ~7 beings of importance behind me. I saw the most beautiful scroll appear in front of me and when it started to unfold, I knew it was my life story. There were beautiful golden letters being written in an unknown script and they floated up off the scroll into the air. It was at this moment that my human ego came back. I realized that my ego had been stripped from

me in the dark void and now it had returned. I thought, “Ha! You’re showing this to a human” and instantly the scene and scroll faded. It not only faded but that was when I was shot back into my body.

It is a weird sensation to feel your heart stop, but an even weirder one to feel your heart start beating again! I thought I was going to wake up in a coffin 6’ underground. I had only been gone 8 minutes, but it had felt like it had been weeks.

I want to speak about all the crazy effects I felt when I came back. To start, I couldn’t believe how restrictive our bodies are, or how restrictive our environment is. My body felt like I was a 3-pound sausage stuffed into a half pound casing. The walls were so hard that I could hardly understand it. My mom and dad had arrived the next day to comfort me and find out what in the world had been going on. My mom was aware of the Near-Death Experience phenomenon because her grandmother had had 2 of them. My mom’s mom had also read about and shared NDEs with my mom, so she had some familiarity with the concept. The one thing that really took her by surprise was the dark velvety comforting void aspect that many NDErs talk about. She hadn’t heard of this before but after my NDE she read more accounts and found that it is quite common to experience “The Dark Void.” My mom would watch me pat the walls and she’d ask what I was doing. I told her that everything was so solid.

It felt as if the plants were speaking to me. I was traveling with a friend when I saw a pile of dead tree branches being burned in a field and they were crying out in pain as they burned. I also felt as if I could hear animals speaking to me, especially my little dog Bean.

I was in a restaurant a few days later with my mom when I exclaimed, “I am a racist!” My mom was taken aback because I am definitely not a racist. She asked what was going on and I replied, “There is someone in this restaurant who is having a hissy fit because white and black people are sitting together and eating together.” I

realized that I was energetically entangled with this racist and I knew how he had become one with his upbringing. His emotions were vile, and I was having a difficult time distancing myself from his thoughts. I was understanding racism from a whole new perspective. It was shocking to realize that some people feel and believe this way. It was so disheartening, but I finally understood racism. It's not born, it's bred. I hated every moment of it. My mom realized then that I had returned with even more psychic empathic intuitive abilities. We think that my sister and I have had abilities since we were very young and that is why we have experienced the entities of ghosts, demons, and other types of phenomena. We just have a wider range of frequencies that we experience that give us a broader range of reality. However, we didn't understand this until closer to my NDE about 4 years ago.

I was able to feel where people were hurt during car accidents, I was able to read minds and true intentions, I could see auras, and I could know anything about anyone with a thought. It scared me though, so I shut most of it down. I had a very weird experience at a Christmas party. I wasn't drinking but I went through a group of tables who were drinking to get to the bar to get a soft drink. Coming back through the group of tables, I began to feel as if I were drunk. I told my mom when I got back to our table and she realized that it wasn't my energy, I was feeling the drunkenness of the people at the other tables. We decided that I had better learn to block unwanted energies and learn techniques to shut down unwanted information, otherwise I'd be overloaded all the time.

I'm still good at reading minds, however, I would love to get back into my medical knowledge. I really want to help people using my empathic skills. I think it was a huge gift that I didn't realize until I shut it down. I didn't understand the amount of people I could help with it at that point, and I needed more skill at controlling the energies.

Another important piece of information I came back with is, time is just a construct of humankind. It does not exist outside of here. So, coming back was really difficult understanding times and dates. Over

the last 4 years, I have understood time here better, but I am horrible at dates. They all mean nothing to me. I sort of have an amnesia about events prior to my NDE. It does not help my sleep cycle either. I can be up for 72 hours straight and sleep for 48 hours straight without rhyme or reason which makes it hard to function in our society. I have trouble with relationships and jobs because they operate on human time whereas I operate on my soul's time.

I try my best to operate in this human-driven world, and even though my physical body is human, I know that my soul is so much more. Sometimes it becomes so overwhelming that my infinite soul is stuck here, in this small body, I'm not sure what to do but escape.

I try to find the reason I came here in the first place, what the lessons of my NDE are, and now to deal with the aftereffects of my NDE and the juxtaposition of two very different realities. In the NDE realm, it seemed more real and that I was "Home" and I was enthralled with my unlimited self. This earth realm is such an illusion and confining. I am trying to access the abilities I had in the NDE realm and make them a reality here. What makes me happy now often includes good food, beautiful plants or landscapes, or just experiencing the good in others. Since I've been back, I am obsessed with shopping for, trying, and cooking new food. I love seeing beautiful things, living greener; and most importantly, I love seeing people who care so much about other people.

As for my "incurable" and very rare neurological movement disorder diagnosed in 2010, I have not experienced any of the symptoms that I used to have daily. I knew instantly upon re-entry into my body that something had changed dramatically. It has been just over 4 years now. Spontaneous healings are not unheard of in the NDE world.

I also was sent back knowing that I have two enormous, about 10 feet tall or more, angels/guides that are stationed permanently to either side of me. At first, I would “hear” them (kind of like telepathy) suggest I do something, and I would ignore them. I soon learned that it was a mistake not to listen to them and take the right action! I also realized that everyone always has their own personal guides/angels with them even if they don’t realize it themselves. My mom was stunned when she came to visit me, and we were driving in Atlanta traffic. There were six lanes going south and it had been raining. Suddenly, cars in front of us were hydroplaning and there wasn’t much space between all of the cars. Almost as if in slow motion the car to the right and in front of us careened left across 5 lanes of traffic, hit the guardrail and started careening back to the right. My mom ducked her head and braced for impact thinking it was going to be a deadly pile up. Instead, I calmly kept driving and I explained what I was witnessing. I knew there wasn’t going to be any wreck of any kind. Everyone’s personal angels had stepped in and were creating “bubbles” of protection around each car so that it was almost like driving “bumper cars”. Each car just stayed in their own bubble space and when things calmed down everyone was still driving in their lane safely. I have had many instances of seeing miraculous events unfold since my NDE.

I came back with information I currently have access to and information that will be revealed to me when the time is right. One of the big insights I received is about reincarnation which coincides with our purpose of being here on Earth. Our souls decide what lessons it wants to learn and how to achieve spiritual growth here on Earth. Oftentimes, we cannot achieve all our goals in one lifespan so we go to the “afterlife” to rest, recharge and decide what the next lessons will be. Our time between lives gives our soul a much-needed break before we come back. However, those who commit suicide are usually slingshotted right back into the next lifespan without the rest. I believe we finally stop reincarnating on Earth once we have reached our soul’s full potential. Knowing how to send love to the ones you hate, how to rid your soul of hate and how to forgive unconditionally is how you reach your soul’s full potential.

The one message that I would love to leave with everyone is this:

*We are all connected.
What I do to you,
I do to everyone else.
I also do it to myself.
I try to keep this in mind with all of
my interactions and thoughts.*

It truly is all about Love!

ALL IS LIGHT

A Close Encounter of the Fifth Kind: An Unidentified Aerial Phenomenon (UAP) event that involves direct communication with Non-Human Intelligence

**Captain Jimmy J. Jones,
U.S. Army (Retired)**

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A DISCLAIMER

I am an ordinary man that has experienced a series of beyond-extraordinary events.

My purpose is to inform the public at large of events that are clearly beyond the scope of conventional agreed-upon reality. I disclose these events in order to generate serious discussion and exploration among interested scholars and professionals, bring some semblance of solace to anyone who suffers from real or perceived mass ridicule, chastisement, or beratement (if you currently await a pitchfork mob to show up outside your door, you are not alone), and in general to benefit humankind. I give this freely to humanity at large and without mental reservation.

My Intent is not to convince you of anything. I am not attempting to entertain you at all. I do not want your money. I certainly do not wish for fame. I do not plot and scheme to defraud anyone. I have no other ulterior motives. I do not belong to any secret societies. I will testify before Congress. I will submit to a polygraph. Everything you are about to read is true and to my best recollection.

A SHORT BIO

My given name is Jimmy Joe Jones and I was born 29 August 1977 in Gastonia, Gaston County, North Carolina. My childhood was for the most part uneventful; a very poor kid from a rough southern town. The Highlights (if one could call them that) are: My Grandfather was a Combat Veteran (Infantryman) of World War II and the Korean War, and the father-figure in my life. My actual Father was a Biker in some of the toughest clubs out there in the 1970s and 80s. His generation were the children of WWII & Korean War Veterans. He and my mother divorced when I was five-years of age. My brothers and I would see him on occasion. I love them all very much. These things set the conditions for me to join the U.S. Military in April of 1997 at 19 years of age. I entered the recruiting office and never looked back,

having served as a Mustang (a soldier who serves in all three rank structures: enlisted, warrant officer, and commissioned officer) with over 20 years of active-duty service logged for my country. I love America. I love the World.

I joined the service and served in the Special Operations Community as a Parachute Rigger & Military Freefall Parachutist for 7 years, before being accepted to U.S. Army Flight School, where I was trained and spent the next 13 years of my career as a UH-60 A/L “Blackhawk” Combat Aviator. In the latter capacity, I spent 3 years in the Middle East and served in Iraq and Afghanistan. It should suffice that upon retirement I suffer from my fair share of medical conditions.

FIRST EVENT

(A Beautiful Message)

After 17 years of service and having just completed my third one-year tour in the Middle-East, I was assigned to Wheeler Army Airfield, Hawaii (which became my twilight tour). I arrived in Honolulu in June 2017, signed for on-post housing, and lived by hotel-hopping in Waikiki for nearly three months while awaiting housing quarters on post. It was a year for Exercise RIMPAC (Rim of the Pacific), which hosts the largest naval military exercise every four years in Hawaii. There was either nowhere to stay, or nowhere to stay longer than one week. After nearly two months, I was fortunate with a backroad hotel on the southeast side of Waikiki Beach, near the Zoo, where I spent the remainder of this transition period.

It was at this hotel that I ran four to five miles nearly every morning along the Waikiki water channel in order to prepare for assumption of command. Every morning after exercise, I walked around the corner, passed a few hotels, and ate at a nice pseudo-outdoor breakfast at a hotel beach bar with a beautiful breezy beach view. Every morning, upon my way to breakfast, I passed one particular hotel that prominently featured, sitting in the open-lounge porch, an old grey-haired man dressed in a Hawaiian shirt, reading the morning newspaper.

He never failed to waive at me and nod his head to gesture ‘good morning.’

On 22 August 2014, toward the end of living in Waikiki, and one week away from taking company command, I was invited to lunch by the outgoing commander and her husband, who was also a post-command army captain. They invited me to join them at the local Dining Facility (DFAC) at Wheeler Army Airfield to introduce me to the local on-post facilities. The three of us (all captains, all professional officers) received our meals and then sat down at a table to eat and converse. After a few bites, I noticed that in front of me, and behind the married officers, there was sitting alone, an old-man with grey hair and beard in a Hawaiian shirt staring through them and directly at me (I do not believe this was the same grey bearded man in Waikiki). As the married officers were discussing business with me, the old-man stood up, came directly to our table, and completely ignored my friends and our conversation, leaned in and stuttered directly to me “God told me to come over here and tell you that you will be blessed.” He repeated this line and variants of it like a broken record. The officers that I dined with looked at me in befuddlement, then silently mouthed “W.T.F!”

Overcoming the initial shock, I stood up and replied, “Well, thank you for the wonderful message, brother! May God bless you as well.” I held out my hand to shake his, and the old-man looked at my hand as if it were a foreign object. He did not know how to shake hands, or perhaps had forgotten how to shake hands. I physically reached out and gently put my hand in his and shook it, which I could tell from his mannerism and his continual repeating mantra that it still had not registered within his mind. I then sat down, whence the old-man turned around, walked to his table, and sat down. We were all stunned by the encounter. I looked at the officers within my own perplexity, then peered over her shoulder to look at the old-man. He was gone. Within two to three seconds, he had disappeared. He, nor his plate, were at the table. Nothing was at the table. Moreover, where we sat was directly in the path of where the old-man would have had to have walked directly past our table. He simply vanished! It was here that the officers told me

that a few of the next-door hangers were supposedly haunted since the attack on Pearl Harbor and Wheeler Army Airfield. In the next week, I took command and also celebrated my 38th birthday.

Command was extremely busy and did not leave much time to enjoy the Islands. Everyone was continually task saturated as we prepared for war in the Asia Theater of Operations. Despite the challenges inherent in Command, our company was very successful. We earned two international aviation awards, which was unprecedented. For a span of time our company had the highest Physical Fitness Score in the entire Division (about 10,000 soldiers). Our small company was very proud of this accomplishment. However, for me personally things took an unfortunate turn.

Nearing the end of my 18-month command, and after 19 years of service, I became extremely ill (passing out, memory lapse, etc.). The flight doctors sent me for various tests and discovered that I had Thyroid Failure (Chronic Hashimoto's Hypothyroidism) and severe adrenal fatigue, to which required an injection of adrenaline. Coupled with a few herniated discs, as well as arthritic knees and elbows and annular fibrosis (which is extremely painful) from my days as a paratrooper, my wife and I made the difficult decision to regretfully retire from service. After the initial reluctance, we faced toward our future, and as transplants from Hawaii, chose to settle in the area of Nashville, Tennessee.

We had moved into an apartment that faced directly due East toward a few low mountains. One morning, we were looking at the Sun and I told Vanessa that I could see code in the individual Sun's beams. She took pictures of the Sun that morning, and confirmed that she could see what appeared to be code in the photos, when expanded. The pictures have since disappeared from her phone.

SECOND EVENT

(Contact & the Black Helicopters)

Towards the end of one year spent in the Nashville area, Vanessa and I purchased our ‘peace of paradise’ about an hour outside of the area, adjoining a beautiful State Park. Up unto this time we had still on occasion brought up the ole ‘do you remember that old-man?’ event. We were never quite able to reconcile the strange encounter. In particular with consideration to his wonderful message as opposed to the heaviest thing on my mind; my health condition.

However, my life and entire reality were changed forever on Midnight, 11 March 2018. Vanessa and I were returning home from an evening spent in Nashville, Tennessee. As we neared our highway exit, Vanessa drew my attention to a beautiful powerful blue light radiating from behind a small mountain range in the country near where we live. We both mentioned the light, as it was out of the ordinary from our location, and out of the ordinary all together. We could not identify the light. Being recently retired from a career in aviation, I had seen nearly every light imaginable (airfield lights, farm lights, etc.), but I could not identify it. The light was a powerful blue tone and self-contained within an approximate 200-meter dome shape.

Our exit took us around the small dark mountain and to within close proximity of the light. I jokingly remarked to Vanessa, “maybe it’s an UFO?! We should go look at it!” However, to get to it we would have had to take an unimproved wooded road in total darkness and with less than an eighth tank of gas having travelled from Nashville, and both being tired from the day’s events. We decided against our natural curiosity and instead chose to go home.

We rounded the curve which took us past the blue light. As we neared the light, I heard someone say “Here he comes.” I turned to Vanessa and said, “did you here that?” “What?” she replied. A voice just said “here he comes.” “Was it from the radio?” At this moment, I experienced what I can only best describe as a time distortion (an

energetic warble) of some sort. The atmosphere became electrified inside the car. It physically felt as though time had slowed perhaps ½ second as we crossed near the light. Almost as though we had driven through an electric net. It happened within a matter of seconds, and we exited the other side of the energy, and time shifted forward to normal. I turned to Vanessa and said, “Oh my God. Vanessa. Did you feel that? That light did something to me!” In about 10 minutes we arrived home and the events became even more strange.

We were exhausted from the day altogether, and went straight to bed. As we lay together, discussing the light we had both seen, a beam of light shot from deep space and directly into our bedroom. I said, “Vanessa! Did you see that!” Just then a second beam did the same. She said, “Yes!” As we starred at each other in complete bafflement, I could feel the pressure differential change both inside and outside of myself. Our bedroom became dry and static. The sound pitch changed and my ears began to pop. Everything felt really crisp.

I heard a crystal-clear voice emanate from the center of my head which said, “we have anchored him to the Sun.” Then an electric ball (orb) of blue lightning appeared and scintillated outside of our bedroom. As the light ball appeared, the wall disappeared. The Ball of Lightning was an electrified and scintillating Flower of Life. I jumped out of bed, naked, threw my hands in the air and yelled, “Lord if that is you, we are ready to go! Praise the Lord! Praise Jesus!”

It felt like someone had saturated every molecule of my being with absolute 100% pure love; as if I could not hold anymore love within my vessel (my body & mind). Absolute ecstasy! Nirvana! Bliss! None of these words can do it justice. Even to this day, I cry tears of joy just thinking about it. What follows is the telepathic conversation between the light and myself:

THE BLUE LIGHT CONVERSATION

TWO LIGHT RAYS: “We have anchored him to the Sun.”

BLUE LIGHT: “What took you so long?”

JIMMY: “What?! Lord, is that you! If it is, I am ready to go!”

BLUE LIGHT: “Congratulations. You found me.”

BLUE LIGHT: “You are very young. And very immature.”

JIMMY: “Why me?”

BLUE LIGHT: “Because you were searching.”

JIMMY: “I feel so unworthy.”

JIMMY: “Why am I so physically sick?”

BLUE LIGHT: “Don’t you know they poisoned you?”

JIMMY: “How do I die?”

BLUE LIGHT: “Don’t worry. You go easy. In your sleep. No pain.”

JIMMY: “Where do I go?”

BLUE LIGHT: “To the Highest Heaven.”

BLUE LIGHT: “What do you desire?”

(Here, it showed me everything anyone could wish for; money, fame, sex, all your secret desires & fantasies. Somehow, I managed to compose myself enough in this state of mind and replied:)

JIMMY: “Solomon was the wisest man in the world, and asked to be wise, yes?”

BLUE LIGHT: “Yes.”

JIMMY: “And you are ALL Light, yes?”

BLUE LIGHT: “Yes.”

JIMMY: “And the purpose of Light is to Grow, yes?”

BLUE LIGHT: “YES!”

JIMMY: “Then, I know what to wish for.”

BLUE LIGHT: “What do you desire?”

JIMMY: “TO GROW THE MOST AMOUNT OF SACRED LIGHT, IN YOUR GLORY, EVEN IF IT IS AT MY OWN DETRIMENT. IT IS ABOUT TIME THAT SOMEONE MADE A WISH FOR YOU.”

(With my answer complete, I could feel the Light make a warm smile (like a crying smile), & pause in absolute contentment. It was not expecting my answer.)

JIMMY: “How much Light did we grow?”

BLUE LIGHT: “In business terms, you netted \$100M dollars’ worth of Light.”

(this did not sound like very much money/light, considering that there are billionaires today, but then it followed with:)

BLUE LIGHT: “You broke the record. This has been the most successful cycle yet.”

Scientific Note: Here I experienced a Hippocampal Orgasm. It felt as though my Hippocampus had a massive spasm.

THE LIGHT POURED INTO MY MIND.

All I could both physically and mentally see and feel is moving through a Master Mandelbrot Set. I understood that we have now entered the Aquarian Age. I understood that the massive Hindu cycles of time are correct. I understood that God is literally Light (absolutely everything, to include all consciousness, as it is consciousness itself) & has appeared in all cultures throughout endless cycles of time. I understood that the World is Eternal & has always existed. I understood why all ancient cultures worshipped the Sun. Why so many oriented their temple complexes with Orion. I understood that what we see on Earth is the remnants of countless cycles.)

JIMMY: “Why do we not remember our past lives?”

BLUE LIGHT: “Because you would go insane in this reincarnation if you remembered all the pain and suffering from previous ones. You have been tortured, burned at the stake, crucified, etc. You could not function in your present reality.”

JIMMY: “What do I do now?”

BLUE LIGHT: “Be Human.”

BLUE LIGHT: “Be careful. [They] will want your Sperm.”

BLUE LIGHT: “Be careful. There are Humans that are completely black inside. They are animated, but have no Soul.”

The entire conversation may have lasted perhaps 10 – 20 seconds. The Blue Light then shrank into nowhere and the wall returned. Within this timespan, a Flight of Helicopters (Aerial Reaction Force) came from nowhere and established a low orbit directly over our home. I am a UH-60 Blackhawk Pilot by trade and both Vanessa & I instantly recognized the sound of the helicopters as the Blackhawk. After approximately 10 minutes, the flight of helicopters departed. They have never returned.

Evidential note: Over time, the Blackhawk Helicopters establishing an orbit over our home ironically turned out to be a most assuring thought. It confirmed to me that something had happened outside of myself that was objective and definite. The establishment of an orbit was a flight violation over a residential area. No report was filed. The flight crew would have an annotated flight log as well as a debrief (most probably classified) with whomever they reported.

Meanwhile, I was standing naked in a total state of shock. The light that shrank into nowhere had appeared inside of me. I saw an electric blue dot appear from my left periphery & simultaneously an electric red dot appeared from my right periphery, both of which moved inward to my central vision. The dots merged into an electromagnetic Vesica Pisces, then morphed into a tri-polarized electromagnetic triangle, which then transmogrified into a moving and rotating Hypercube. I yelled, Vanessa! I have a Hypercube in front of my eyes! I have a Hypercube in my eyes!” I turned my head looking around the room, and found that the Hypercube was not in front of my physical eyes, but rather inside of me and imbedded within my vision.

Afterward, we laid back down to attempt to sleep. As I attempted to sleep through the night, I could feel the Light tugging on my Pineal. At one point it said, “you have a lot of bad programs. Removing.” I could feel & see pure code pouring into my head. This ended the first night.

Scientific Note: 3.11 (11 March 2018) – Zero (0) Sunspots. 11-Year Solar Cycles 24-25 experienced 751 spotless days (April 2014 – 20 August 2020). We entered the Deepest Solar Minimum Cycle(s) ever recorded.

Fractal Note: Within every level of the fractal of light, it is always darkest before the dawn.

Philosophical: It is always darkest before the dawn.

Thermal: It is coldest before sunrise.

Martial: Stand-to (waiting for the assault).

Astrological: The Sun is in Detriment (Exiled), Age of Aquarius (180 Opposition of Sun-Ruled Leo).

Cosmical: We are cresting over the Galactic Ecliptic (Dawn) as you read these very words. Ref: The Sinewave.

Scientific Note: 3.14 (14 March 2018) = Pi Day. A stream of solar wind began flowing from a wide gash in the Sun's Atmosphere, began its approach to Earth and arrived 14 March (3.14). Astride the Vernal Equinox, cracks open on an annual basis in the Earth's Magnetic Field where the Solar Wind Pours through the fissures. During the timeframe discussed (Pi) the sky exploded with Auroras.

The next morning my mind was bursting with information as if an intricate puzzle had been assembled within it throughout the night while I slept. It felt as though the detritus of my entire life had been washed away by the light. I became euphoric and ecstatic. I told Vanessa that the light was no ordinary light for sure. Something was talking to me through my mind and I felt compelled (a complete compulsion) to immediately start writing down the message. I began pouring incoherent words and numbers onto paper not knowing what it actually meant, and to relieve the pressure from the fountain of information pouring into my head. The message continued to pulse and course through me. It became stronger the next day and even stronger throughout the week. Wave after wave of electrical current continually bathed my head from the back of my scalp to the front. I continued to

see a moving hypercube within my forehead that became stronger as the Sun arose throughout the day. My eyes watered from its presence.

Other strange physical manifestations began to appear. One of these mornings (about 5:30 am), a heavy iron bell mounted outside of our porch rang three times. I jumped up and went outside and there was no one there. I played with the bell to see if it could have been the wind, and found that the bell is too heavy and there was no wind.

On Friday, 16 March 2018, five falcons formed a perfect circle over our home and circled for the better part of an hour. I could feel a column of energy (a Light beam) projecting from our home and out into space. Everything in my vision became extremely vivid. I could see the fractal in everything. The grass. The trees. The clouds. Vanessa noticed that our Silver Weimaraner's head had turned pure white. It remains lighter than the rest of her coat still today.

In one instance, we had a tornado of little light orbs swirling in our home. We managed to capture this on video. The lights are clearly not insects nor dust particles, as on the video one can observe them fly directly through the closed double-paned glass windows.

Scientific Note: It is noteworthy to mention that we live on a limestone aquifer with many caverns. We have small geodes (crystals) scattered in the woods and the land. I am aware that the Great Pyramid of Giza is built over an aquifer. I understand that Tesla built his Wardencliff Tower over an aquifer.

THIRD EVENT

(A Real Chakra Activation)

From 11 March until 21 June 2018, I lived in a state of complete euphoria. The light blessed me with a total peace and tranquility within my heart. This peace brought joy, and the joy brought ecstatic happiness, to which caused me to physically laugh unstoppable near continually for three months. I wrote down everything I could capture

and put it into the “Holy Book of Balance.” This book was written before the light downloaded color writing capability.

On 19 June 2018 my chakras began to open. One at high-noon on each day for the next seven days. Around high noon, an electromagnetic charge engulfed my body. The Sun emitted a super high frequency tone and I could see a rainbow corona within my vision. I was completely engulfed by the electromagnetic tone within this electrical experience. I experienced the rainbow of the Sun in my physical vision around high noon. These rainbows were accompanied by an incredible spiritual weight that drove me to my physical knees. I held up my hand as the rainbow light blinded me; pressed on me. There was IMMENSE internal pressure as each ‘seal was opened’ in reverse order. Each was accompanied with tremendous visions & emotion. I poured tears on every occurrence.

19 Jun: Crown Chakra Activation!

20 Jun: Brow Chakra Activation!

21 Jun: Throat Chakra Activation!

22 Jun: Heart Chakra Activation!

23 Jun: Solar Chakra Activation!

24 Jun: Sacral Chakra Activation!

25 Jun: Root Chakra Activation!

NOTE: 180°

opposition of 25 December (Christmas)

Upon the seventh day, at high-noon, a Rainbow Portal of Light Opened in front of my eyes and I witnessed the War in Heaven. Millions of Angels! I watched the Divine Archangel Michael dive through the clouds of heaven & defeat Lucifer in aerial combat. I watched them both land and kneel before the Feet of the Holy One! Upon Sunset, I stood in the doorway of my front porch and experienced the physical Sun pull my shadow straight through me and very Soul out of me and over the Horizon. Around midnight, the Heavens balanced and I could see and feel the grand celestial carousel in 360° balanced on axis Thuban (the Heart of Draco).

Scientific Note: From approximately 21 June – 29 August 2018, NASA recorded AT2018COW (CGCG 137-068) in the Hercules Constellation, Virgo Cluster. The total energy released from the holy cow was more than 20-200 keV ($\sim 1.4 \times 10^{50}$ erg). In context, $E \geq 10$ keV = more energy than your sun produces in 1,700 years. It is the largest energy signal ever recorded.

Religious Note: 28 August 2018, the Sacred Unblemished Red Heifer was born in Jerusalem.

FOURTH EVENT (Continuous Contact)

“Extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence” – Carl Sagan

Soon after these events, the connection began to somewhat dissipate but ultimately left me with a residual interconnectedness. In plain English, I hear and feel the Sun speak to my heart. It continually pours information about the fractal nature of reality into me (and you!). I am compelled to write it for you in an effort to awaken the heart of humanity as we crest above the plane of the galactic ecliptic in current space-time (Aquarius). I have been given from Light, the Secret of Light, and I wish to share it with you (the World).

THE SECRET OF LIGHT

I have written 14 books in two years which prove the true fractal properties of light (composed of tri-polarized electromagnetic current as opposed to the current scientifically accepted dielectric model – which is respectfully proven as a ‘partial truth’). Tri-polarized Electr-O-Magnetic Current is Tesla’s Secret of Three [- = +] which he confirmed that “you would have a key to the universe.” The secret is fractally synonymous with the three heads [- = +] of God in the Holy Zohar, the hidden three emerald tablets [- = +] of Thoth, the secret of three [- = +] held by Ganesh, the Secret of Pi (Π), the All-Seeing Eye of Divine Providence (Δ), of Ra (Δ), and of Horus (Δ), and many other fractal

points of view. Our ancients fully understood the Properties of Light and Codified it within our Family of World Religions. It is the Most Sacred and Important Knowledge passed from Generation to Generation. Remembering who you are is your Birthright. Thank you to our ancestors!

Scientific Note: Each book is only a small portion of the information pouring in at all times. I can literally write forever within omnidirectional information. I can pick any spot in the material and write forever in that direction. I even find my mind writing in mirror images (thought inversions). At some point (usually the point of exhaustion) I must break the synapse connection and publish the work for you. There is no end to a never-ending story of fractal thought. The information is never exhausted. If I am not writing about Light, I am thinking about Light. If I am not thinking about Light, I am dreaming about Light. I wake up every day inside of a dream and retire into the same dream every night.

THE REIMANN HYPOTHESIS:

I suck at math. It has always been my worst subject. Yet after the Blue Light occurrences, I have had (and continue to have) incomprehensible mathematical equations pouring through my mind. I had never even heard of the Riemann Hypothesis when a video appeared on my phone, and to which my subconscious instantly recognized. I do not know how I knew, but I knew the ‘what and why’ of the one-half real part ($\frac{1}{2}$ Re Part); of the negative one-twelfth ($-\frac{1}{12}$ th); and of the infinitudes within the Zeta Function (ζ). My Subconscious Mind recognized them and to what I later understood is the Fractal Mathematics of Light Harmonics. To this effort I produced one book with accompanying graphs with the expressed desire that professional academia and the world at large may be able to visualize and thus confirm the information. The short answer is “Yes, the $\frac{1}{2}$ Re Part will always appear along the critical line.” My supporting evidence is found at <https://www.celestialvision.info/game-theory>

Scientific Note: The Riemann information is produced on a 2D Euclidian Plane (with balance point 3). I can produce the same results on a 3D Fano Plane (with balance point 7) and perhaps beyond with 4D moving animation.

To the overarching endeavor of Human Enlightenment (Consciousness), I very respectfully submit my evidence to the court of public opinion. My extraordinary claims and supporting evidence are found at [**https://www.celestialvision.info/librarium**](https://www.celestialvision.info/librarium)

A MEDICAL DIAGNOSIS

After the Blue Light occurrences, I was medically diagnosed with two very rare ongoing conditions: synesthesia (a neurological condition in which information meant to stimulate one of your senses stimulates several of your senses) and Hypergraphia (a behavioral condition characterized by the intense desire to write or draw), along with Metagraphics-related symptoms (a synthesis of writing and other modalities). These medical conditions are within the spectrum of temporal lobe epilepsy. This was accompanied by a diagnosis of ‘localized psychosis,’ which in plain English means “we do not know exactly what it is, but we recognize it as some unknown psycho manifestation.”

Psychological Note: In my mind, Pareidolia (seeing something that is not actually there) is no more than a professionally agreed-upon term (codified and officialized in Latin) of a condition that humanity is yet to understand.

Psychological Note: In my mind, Apophenia (perceiving connections and meaning between unrelated things) is no more than a professionally agreed-upon term (codified and officialized in Latin) of a condition that humanity is yet to understand.

WHAT IS IT LIKE INSIDE OF MY MERCURIAL MIND?

Since the Blue Light occurrences on 11 March 2018, and for nearing the last three years, my mind has been seized inside of one primary thought – Light (the Formless God) and its collective human manifestations both contained and easily recognized within the individual religions (the Formed God) of all cultures. I both physically and mentally see Light (its properties, mathematics, and refractions) in everything and contained within nothing. I am not sure when it will end or if I want it to end.

Psychological Note: For my own peace of mind, I have invented the term Hyper Psychochromia (which in Latin simply means ‘unusually energetic Light within the Mind.’ Perhaps Hyper Psychochromentia would be a better suited term.

My mind falls into an infinitude of thought where others simply see a leaf. Where a normal mind may see a square, I see a simultaneous synthesis of a square (4×360^0), the heart, the Earth, the color green, the number four (and 4, and for, and fore), associated frequencies (432 Hz, 440 Hz, 444 Hz), a circle inversion ($4 / 360^0$), and down (or up) (or sideways) (or in ways) the fractal rabbit-hole of thought it goes. It feels as though I walk through reality in a continual DMT dream state. My mind has become Hyper-stimulated and in order to remotely function in this reality I have removed myself from society at large. By necessity, I have become a Hermit on a Mountain. I feel old before my time. Ancient!

I believe that I can easily solve or have already solved 90% of the mysteries presented on the supercool show *Ancient Aliens* (as they are all related to the Secret of Light). My reality has been strangely shifted into an analogous comparison somewhere in-between the movies *Powder* (Sean Patrick Flanery, 1995), *Phenomenon* (John Travolta, 1996), and *A Beautiful Mind* (Russell Crowe, 2001). I feel like I possess the World’s Greatest Secret (the Synchronistic Key of Light) (the

Immutable Proof of Super Consciousness) and have no one to share it with, or fear that I have failed to make it comprehensible for you. It takes everything within my power not to splash a rainbow prism of color and image all over this document in order for the document to feel normal to my senses (inner and outer sight). It equally takes everything within my power to avoid writing from the purple center line (½ Re Part) of this Pi (Π)/4 paper.

I feel like a fluke in the cosmos and a true living breathing out of place artifact. I continually await the pitchfork mob or the religious zealot. I attempt to live in this world as peacefully as possible and hope to perhaps bring some Peace to our Mother as we transition out of the Cosmological Age of Pisces (Hell) (your cosmological feet and physical feet are fractals one in the same).

A PRACTICAL FORMULA FOR YOU

(Dedicated to the Inquisitive Scientist in us all)
(This will get you started along the Narrow Path)

Bahkti Yoga (Complete Internal Devotion) +
x % Nishkam Karma (Non-Craving) +
x % Solitude (Silence Time to Think) +
x % Gratitude (For the Lessons of Life) –
x % Stress (Physical & Mental) =
Moksha (Liberation) Σ Samsara (Cycle of Reincarnation)

A MESSAGE FOR YOU

The Name of the Game is *The Inner Work of Man*, and it Requires You to Think Yourself out of Your Own Individualized Hell (Your very own Personalized Mind Trap) (the Mirror) (Your 3 x 3 Black Cube). This Requires Self Discipline using Your Tri-Polarized [- = +] Mental Will Power (the Secret of Ganesh the Dreamer) to Discover Real Forgiveness (which comes from Your Heart), which Balances the 3.14 between the Infinite Space of the 3 and 4) (Circle and Square).

Redemption comes from within. How Cool is it to Absolutely Know that God (Light) (the Formless Creator) has an Impenetrable Firewall that Requires You to be Good! God Wins!

“If a man can control his mind, he can find the way to Enlightenment...” – Gautama Buddha

AN ANSWER FOR YOU

Question: “What is the Relationship between Consciousness, our Cosmology, and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence via the Contact Modalities”?

Answer: The Phenomenon of Light - the one and only thing that is absolutely everything.

If you wish to contact me you may do so:

aquarius@celestialvision.info

Thank you for your time [0] and may the [1] Light shine upon you all.

“There is one thing stronger than all the armies in the world, and that is an idea whose time has come.” – Victor Hugo

Welcome to Aquarius!

Welcome to the Party Age!

Welcome to the Satya Yuga (1,728,000-Year Golden Age)!

Welcome to the Grand Jubilee!

Welcome to New Jerusalem!

Welcome to the Light!

Jimmy~

**In Search of the
Nature of Reality:
A Lifetime of Contact
with Various Non-Human
Intelligence via the
Contact Modalities**

by Zuzanna Vee

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When I was 2½ years old, I had my first Contact Experience. My brother had just been born, so it would have been late 1958 at the earliest or early 1959 at the latest. I was standing in the doorway of the bathroom watching my mother bathe the baby. She swaddled him up, and I watched as she took him to the room we shared together. Then, I turned in the opposite direction, looking into the darkness of my parents' room from the hallway.

There is a feeling that I have read about that accurately describes what I felt: an atmospheric pressure change affecting my ears, and everything was very quiet. There was also another sensation that I have struggled to articulate: some kind of vibration maybe, an electrical frequency perhaps. These are familiar sensations to me.

3 Feet Tall Elderly Human Beings Holding a Pekingese dog

I found myself by my parents' bed as I watched two short elderly people come out from under the bed! They didn't crawl out; they sort of stretched out of a misty substance and formed. They looked human, dressed in the fashion of the day, and were about three to four feet tall. They seemed physically solid. The man was holding what I took to be a Pekingese dog, and the woman was standing behind his left shoulder. I was dumbfounded, to say the least, but not scared. Then, the man handed me the dog, it growled in my arms, and I felt afraid. I handed it back to the man, and they disappeared under the bed again. No words were spoken. No telepathic communication remembered. Missing time was not something I would have been aware of at all.

I do not overstate in the least when I say that this experience has informed the whole of my life. I have never understood it, but neither have I forgotten it or thought it was a dream. Thankfully, I also knew intuitively not to share this experience with anyone.

After that I spent an inordinate amount of time under that bed as a child during the day. It became my room when I was six, and at night I was scared to death of something I couldn't name. I slept with a wool blanket over me for years as protection. I grew up in Florida and the only air conditioning was beautiful large trees. I sweated a lot.

One-Foot-Tall Gigantic Bugs Standing Up

When I was five, I woke from sleep in the middle of the night screaming-crying. This was not something I did before or since this event. What I saw around me on the shelves close to my bed were a dozen or more gigantic bugs. Being in Florida, they were palmetto bugs to me. They were at least a foot high and standing like people, not on their bellies as bugs are normally situated. And they were looking at me. There was also, hanging in the air behind me, a creature-like thing of glowing green – something like beads on a string.

I kept screaming until my dad came to see what was up. I was hysterical and remember the feeling of being in his arms as he carried me to the living room. I watched, horrified, as a small bug creature, about the size of a silver dollar, and floating near the ceiling above my head, followed me out. My dad settled me onto the couch and went back to bed. I stayed awake quite some time watching this small, dark bug creature up near the ceiling. At some point I fell asleep.

Now, here's the wildly weird thing: both my younger brother (two years younger) and sister (seven years younger) had identical experiences at the same age – five years old. I never talked about this to them or *anyone*, and they had the same experience, same outcome: screaming-crying from sleep, seeing giant bugs, as well as the green-bead string creature, and eventually settling down.

My childhood inner life, generally, was full of magic. I have a very clear memory of being outside at night on the quiet street of my neighborhood at Christmas time when I was six. The stars in the sky

were so devastatingly clear that night. This image has stuck with me for nearly 60 years. There is also a shiny metallic deep red color associated with this incident that, when I see it, snaps me right back to this magical feeling and being on that street, under the stars, alone. It felt numinous, as if something magnificent was about to happen. I've chased that feeling for many years trying to find it again.

Saw a Dark Humanoid Being in My Home

In the summer of my ninth year my parents invited the family of my best friend over for a cookout. My family did not socialize much at all, so this was a very special event. After dinner Diana and I left everyone conversing outside and we went into the house for some reason. At one point she disappeared, and as I was looking around for her she came out of my parent's room with her mouth open, looking shocked. Behind her I saw an unfamiliar dark figure going from my parents' room into mine, and *my* mouth flew open. We grabbed one another by the shoulders, and it took some time for a coherent story to emerge.

Diana had seen what she thought was my mother going into her room from mine and followed her to ask a question. When she got in the room, no one was there, and it was dark. She got scared and left. That was when I saw her expression, and behind her I saw the same figure going back into my room. We thought it was very cool and joked about how I had to sleep in that room later.

Premonition via Dreams

When I was 10 years old, I had a number of premonitory dreams. I dreamt my paternal grandfather, to whom I felt close, had died. Soon after this dream he died in an auto accident in East Texas where my father's side of the family lived. Online records show this to be February 8, 1966. I also remember having dreamt that our address had changed, and this made me feel very sad. Sure enough, shortly

thereafter, we were rezoned. We got a new house number, new town, and zip code. The street stayed the same, though it has since been renamed, too.

I realize that I have had quite a lot of prescient dreams as an adult, but the events they portray happen many years in the future and that is why I'd never connected dream to event until now. 9/11 was such a dream-incident.

Also at 10, I remember sitting on my bed in an existential crisis thinking, "What if what I can see with my eyes is the only thing there is." I felt horrible inside and was terrified that there might not be other realms and dimensions, though I wouldn't have known to call them that at this age. It was something that really worried me for a long time. I had a large mirror on the door of a closet and spent a lot of time staring into it, wondering how I might get in.

I had recurring dreams of going out into the yard at night around this time, too, and finding a beautiful reindeer waiting for me by the swing set. I would climb on its back, and we would fly all over the place. The feeling of freedom was so amazing! I remember seeing the small houses of my neighborhood below and swooping down low over the lake at the back of my house. Then suddenly waking up in my bed in the morning and being so utterly heartbroken, that this was *only* a dream.

When I was 15, I had a very perplexing experience, but again kept everything to myself. I was a very quiet, introspective person – still am. I had my period when I went to bed that night, and I 'dreamt' I had sex with the devil – no details, just that. It was very real; I can see a dark person over me whom I identified as 'the devil'. I can still bring it clearly to mind, as I can all these events of which I am writing.

I awoke in the morning for school, and when I got to the bathroom, not only did I not have my tampon in place, but I was no

longer on my period. No blood, *and* no tampon anywhere to be found to indicate that I may have been bleeding the night before.

Synchronicities, as well as dreams, have been a very large part of my life. They still are, and I've come to feel that the Inter-dimensional beings organize synchronistic events. When I can let go of worry, and trust that all will be well, amazing things happen. I have had, and have, a magical life. It has been a very challenging life, too.

When I was 19, I went to England, working for Pete Townshend of The Who for three years. This is entirely too long a story of bizarre synchronistic, and miraculous events to relate here. At any rate, I lived in England for the first 15 years of my adult life, eventually training, living and working for the last three and a half years at a residential yoga center near Bedford. An entirely better fit for me than the music industry.

From the time that I was a teenager, I knew I would never have children. I could not see bringing a child into such a world. It appalled me. One afternoon, probably in February of 1979, I was walking in Richmond, Surrey, close to where I lived. I was headed to the shops and took a short cut through Richmond Palace yard.

Suddenly, without warning, I was looking down at a beautiful child in my arms with large, deep brown eyes and long dark lashes. I felt such love for this child and was consumed with a desire to bring her into form. My husband at the time also did not want children, and thus began a quick reshuffle as if I had nothing to do with it. My husband and I broke up, I met another man, and we were quickly pregnant.

I had a very tough time with this pregnancy – horrible, in fact. I didn't know it at the time, but I discovered years later that my condition had a name: Hyperemesis Gravidarum. This extreme 'morning' sickness started very early in the first trimester and ran through nearly the entire pregnancy. Little things would set it off such as being hungry

and not eating something quickly enough or having eaten just a little too much. Being too tired would set me off, too, and I would projectile vomit across the room with little warning. My sense of smell seemed to have developed into a superpower (I have a very poor sense of smell normally), and that would set me off. I wondered how this baby was going to put up with this sort of thing!

However, when Katherine was born – a quick eight-hour labor for a first child! – she was the same being I had seen in my arms at the time of my ‘vision’. She was a lovely, perfect child – no problems at all in raising her (I checked a few years ago with her dad to see if he remembered this the same way as I did, or was I remembering through rose-colored glasses? He said, “No, she was a good one,” which was very high praise from him indeed).

Katherine knew things intuitively such as how to use crystals for healing at a young age. She healed her dad’s chronic chest complaint with a huge chunk of rose quartz that we bought at the Mind, Body, Spirit Festival in London when she was about eight. It was her idea to go to this event, and I had no notion at the time that crystal healing was a ‘thing’. She knew how to operate our video machine at four years old, and I would have her program it for me when I wanted to record something, because it completely flummoxed me. At the time it didn’t seem odd, but when I think of it now, I wonder. She saw many beings when she was a youngster, and was such a fun child to be with. She is the one person with whom I truly feel like ‘me’. I don’t know how to explain this. It’s weird to me, too.

I lived at a residential yoga center in Bedfordshire in the late 80s/early 90s. It was a beautiful country estate that had once been a 12th Century monastery. I used to run around the lake in the woods beyond the formal rose garden each morning and then walk back barefoot through the icy grass. It would feel like knives cutting my feet, but I felt great afterwards. There was an ancient well next to the lake with a three-foot tall standing stone and I was in the habit of sitting on the edge

of the well to chant OM after my run, and to meditate. It was a very beautiful and magical setting to be sure.

Short being with a Large Head, Small Eyes, Dark Skin, Dressed in Clothes

One of these mornings when meditating at the well, I suddenly got the feeling of looking to my left. I was shocked to see a being there. It looked as if it were projected onto my usual reality – kind of see-through, but clear enough for details. He was about two and a half feet tall, and sitting on the stones directly across from me, only about three feet away. He had a *very* round head, and small eyes, with an unremarkable nose and mouth, and was dressed in clothes - nothing that stood out.

His skin was a dark sand color. I immediately gasped and turned away. When I turned to look again, he was gone. I could have kicked myself for being so silly! Perhaps I could have engaged him in conversation. That afternoon, one of the other yoga teachers asked me if I'd ever seen any nature spirits here. We'd never broached this subject before, and I'd never seen anything before. I was able to tell him, yes, in fact, I had, and feeling the humor of the 'coincidence' in him asking today of all days.

I moved back to the United States in mid-1991 after my partner passed away. I was bereft. I cried all the time. After months of this I became aware of what I identified as an angel standing next to me all the time. Again, it was like a 'movie' image to my right projected over my usual reality. One evening, in the bathtub, I was crying so hard, the angel wrapped its wings about me – I felt it; I could see it.

My Angel with Wings Cured my Grief

Now, this angel was not the typical bright white sort of angel; it had large, speckled wings. Another example of the synchronistic events

I mentioned above happened at a local New Age shop where I found a picture of this exact angel! It was a painting by visionary artist, Susan Seddon Boulet of Archangel Michael with the same speckled wings. Coincidentally, my angel was also named Michael. Sometime later Michael did show up glowing white. He held a golden sword pointed upward in front of him. I had cause to know that he was waiting for ‘permission’ to heal me. When I gave it to him, he swung that sword down hard and into my chest. I registered shock and immediately went to sleep. My deep grief started to heal after that experience.

When I met John in 1995 and heard of his Contact Experience, things started happening in my life. About eight months after my return home, I had the first of what I call a Big Dream. To me, a Big Dream is something that happens in dreamtime, but it is real. Maybe not physical, but real nonetheless. We have this unfortunate habit in the West of believing that dreams are our mind’s entertainment while asleep; of no consequence except perhaps to work out our waking life issues. Perhaps that is true for some people. Who am I to say? But after a lifetime interest in dreams and charting my own profusion of dream experiences, I feel we go somewhere else when we sleep.

One morning in April 1996, my husband kissed me goodbye as he left for work. I rolled over and went back to sleep. When my alarm rang, I hit the snooze button. Four more minutes wouldn’t hurt.

A Very Lucid Dream

Immediately, I felt the bedcovers being tugged down hard from the foot of the bed – a physical experience that got my attention. I became frightened at its persistence and sat up noticing the dim outline of things in the room that shouldn’t be there. I tried to turn on the bedside lamp – it had been light out when my husband left. I knocked the lamp over and was shouting, “Oh, God, oh, God!” I finally got the lamp on, and saw lots of thick, medium-blue, lighted candles of varying heights, and satin bows of the same color. I *know* it is my birthday (it

wasn't in waking reality). There is also a heavy brass patterned stool nearby. No one else is around and I get up and run from room to room. In one of the bedrooms is a white eyelet baby hat and gown, on the bed. Everything is larger, different, and slightly more affluent. I look out of our bedroom window, and I see a mountainside town of Tudor-style houses. I say out loud, "Oh, shit!" I know this is not North Carolina where I'd been a few minutes earlier. I'm starting to panic. It's my house, there's no evil feeling, it's just different by a lot. I figure I must be dreaming and try to wake myself up.

I believe myself to be awake and the same thing happens again. I'm lying safe in bed, I feel the sharp tugging of the blankets, and I sit up, shouting, "Oh, God!" I see other different shapes in the room. I get the light on, and it is yet another setting. There is a stationary bike by my side of the bed this time – no lighted candles with bows. On its handlebars is a basket with letters inside. I take out the letters and there is a post card addressed to "Zuzu von Lyn". I then feel that this must be the future and I think to myself, "So, Mike (not his real name) and I didn't stay married after all." The picture on the postcard was of a Swiss village and beyond that are trees, then a very space-age looking city, and finally, in the distance, the ocean. I ran around through the various rooms again. They are all different. I smell cinnamon in the hallway, and I look in the guest bathroom where there is an old woman being helped by a paid helper in or out of the bath. The old woman looks surprised at me. It is like she recognizes me and wonders what the matter is.

Now, I'm in bed again, the tugging starts, I sit up shouting, and eventually get the bedside lamp turned on. The room is different yet again – a third scenario! I am freaking out now and run from room to room. It's a nice house – they all are. I ran into the master bathroom. It's much bigger and the floor is terracotta tiles, very nice, but not my expected bathroom. The walk-in closet beyond the bathroom is much bigger than in my waking reality. I lean up against the wall trying to

take this all in, breathing hard. Then, I am sitting on the edge of the bed, and *my husband's valet*, wearing a dark suit, comes in to get something for him, looking at me like I'm crazy (my husband in waking reality didn't have a valet). The alarm rings, I'm in bed, back to what is my known reality. I am shaken, breathless, and I know that this was not an ordinary dream.

In July of 1999 I was helping a friend drive across the country to Oregon, where she was moving. We took turns driving a huge Pensky truck with her pickup attached to the back. We had a good time – it's a big country! Somewhere in Nebraska, we stopped at a rest area and found beyond it, a magical area with mulleins, flowers, and the Platt River! We had a great time exploring and when we got back in the truck, we were both joyful and up lifted beyond what the actual experience warranted upon looking back at it. It felt as if something magical happened there, but we had no idea what it was. I stayed a few days at her apartment in Portland, and then flew home.

About a month later she sent me a box of 'gifts. One was a blue blowup alien (we never talked about anything of the sort), a medium-sized stone she picked up on a trail that had what looked like a woman holding a snake on both sides of it – an unusual natural marking. And a fictional novel of a historical Native American whose life was, it turned out, in part lived along the Platt River. I blew up the alien – it was about three feet high, (the same color blue, as it happens, as the candles in the Big Dream) cute, and I loved it. I named him Hokshilla Toh, which means Blue Boy in Lakota. The stone was ordinary enough, but I felt a deep love for it, and I went to sleep holding it every night. I beaded a little leather pouch for it to live in during the day and wore this under my clothes. This was not how I usually related to stones. I started reading the novel.

About half way through the book, I started sobbing every time I picked it up. I physically couldn't read it because of the tears. Of course, this troubled me deeply and I wondered if I had had a past life relationship with the protagonist. During this period of my life I was studying Native American spirituality, the Lakota language, and shamanic techniques with the Foundation for Shamanic Studies. I decided to do a simple journey to try to meet this character and see what was going on.

My Experience with a Non-Human Intelligence

I prepared, lay down, turned the drumming tape on, closed my eyes, and immediately started crying. Deep, wracking sobs. I did not have to try to focus at all, and was immediately there with this person I learned to call Ah-tay. He felt like a father to me, and indeed he called me 'daughter'.

After this very emotional meeting, Ah-tay became a daily presence in my life. For three months straight, morning and evening, we would meet and he would teach me. I wrote everything down. I would sit on my bed, crossed-legged, and could feel him come and sit opposite me; the bed moved with his weight. This did not scare me because I loved this being beyond anything I had ever known. I would sit for these meetings, close my eyes, and straight away, without even attempting to focus, I was there with him in some other reality. We would go to many different places, he taught me amazing things, and after three months, the frequency of these structured teachings gradually lessened.

One afternoon he walked into the kitchen when I was cooking and told me to stop eating bacon, Doritos, and store-bought cookies. I could see him as a vague projected image upon my usual reality. He was a little shorter than me – I'm 5'5". I took him seriously and stopped eating those things. I have since received other dietary suggestions over the years to implement and I try my best to follow them.

One day whilst driving in town, I began to get a migraine. This was not uncommon during this period. I remember sitting at a traffic light, and asking Ah-tay to help me with my migraine because I had a lot of stuff to get through that day. I physically *felt* him put his hand gently on the right side of my head and the headache disappeared before the light changed.

I was taking all this as normal interaction now and felt he would be with me forever. I was so grateful to have such a beloved teacher and friend in my life. But after about a year, he told me he didn't want me to become dependent upon him, and that he would be leaving. This just about killed me, confirming the veracity of his statement about being dependent upon him. I was two years in deep grief.

How I began to Channel

But before he left, he bestowed upon me the ability to channel. I would feel a pull to my right as if someone was calling from a long way off. Not a sound, but a sensation. After a day or two, a conversation would start, or information would come through. My first experience started when I was in the shower, and I had to hurry to get out and dried so I could take dictation. It was rather comical. After about 20 minutes of channeling, I would be so tired, no matter the time of day, I would have to stop and go to sleep for an hour or so. That made me realize something was really happening and I wasn't making it all up. After some months of regular practice, I didn't need to nap afterwards, and I could also initiate contact. When I was solid in this ability Ah-tay left. He said he needed 'on the other side of the galaxy'. So, I wasn't alone, but I missed him terribly. It was up to me now to build a relationship with The Continuum, the group I channel to this day.

I went off and on about this ability to channel. For a time, I would be ok with it, and then for years, I didn't want to know. I felt it was 'just me', or maybe I *was* crazy. I went back and forth like this for 20 years! I have discovered the hard way that it really doesn't work to try to be something you aren't. I have made a career of this over my entire life – that of trying to be something that I'm not, something more acceptable to others, someone 'normal'. I was fearful of how my life would change if I embraced the entire real me. It took a long time, much upheaval, and a lot of pain for me to choose to be authentic, and this was how Ah-tay organized for me to learn those lessons. I am a hard nut to crack apparently, and very grateful.

Reading this now, it recalls another childhood memory! Throughout my childhood, until about mid-teenage, I would periodically hear voices seemingly in my head. It was a male voice, sometimes several, at a low droning murmur. I don't believe I could ever make out what they were saying, and it would make me very uncomfortable. I thought I might be going crazy. When they'd start up, and it wasn't too often but regularly enough, I would go hang out in the kitchen with my mother and talk, so that I wouldn't have to listen to them. Eventually they'd stop, and I could go be on my own again, which I preferred. What I hear when I channel now isn't the same sound. It's telepathic. These childhood voices sounded physical, like having an ear bud in my ear, but that wasn't invented yet.

Another Lucid Dream

In April of 2000 I had another Big Dream. I am sitting at a rectangular wooden kitchen table in what is supposedly my house. My back is to an outside wall and a door is to my left in front of me. I sense a presence on the other side of this door. I am excited and I start to talk to it. To my amazement the door opens, and a blinding bright light floods out. I can't see, but I sense a being comes and sits across the table from me. I reach out my hands to it and it takes them gently. I can barely see two long, thin arms through a mist, but nothing else except the brightness. I say, "I can't see you. I want to see you."

The being comes around the table to my right. We face one another and putting his hands softly over my eyes, lifts them off quickly. I can see him fully now! He is a beautiful pale boy about nine years old with deep blue eyes and gossamer, curly blond hair. He has a large head with a narrow, pointed chin, and seems very sweet and gentle. I ask where he's from: another dimension or another planet? He says very seriously, "Oh, from far away." Then he is on the other side of the table again and we just talk. I ask what his name is and he tells me. I ask if I can write about this meeting in my journal and he seems dubious. I say, "I won't hi-light it or make it noticeable like *this is my first close encounter*." He thinks that will be okay.

Then, as we're talking, I notice two men exterminators pumping pesticides. One is inside, and one is outside. They can't see him and probably think I am off my rocker because I was speaking to no one. I begin yelling at the guy inside to stop, and he finally does. The guy outside doesn't and I'm screaming at the top of my lungs, "If you don't stop, I'm going to pull the fucking plug!" I'm surprised at my forcefulness and passion. I go to unplug various extension cords, and wake up, very disappointed that my interaction with such a beautiful being has been interrupted. Later that day I drew a picture of the beautiful blond boy. I felt a profound longing to be with this being again, and a deep sense of loss at his not being with me for many years after this experience.

He has shown up in dreams and journeys minimally over the past 20 years, but nothing as powerful as this dream. Just recently he has reappeared in my life through channeling and has initiated teaching me a healing method. As bizarre as it is, it seems to work, and I am grateful for his presence.

From the late 90s through to the present day, I have had what I call *dawn visitors*. This seems to be the time of day when it happens. I will have woken up and be in that lovely in-between state just hanging out with the sensation when I will feel the air pressure change and a mild electric-like vibration occur. My eyes are closed, but I am snapped into a hyper-alert state. Someone opens the bedroom door and quietly comes in, closing it behind them. They will walk around the bed, if I'm on the other side of it relative to the door, and gently sit next to my legs. One time I felt the person bump the end of the bed as they came around the bottom corner. I will feel them shift and move slightly for as long as I can remain in my focused state. I often feel scared because it is so real, and I wonder what the heck are they doing? I have seen no image of who or what they are. If I move, or open my eyes, or even breathe deeply, the state dissipates immediately, and I am no longer aware of them.

Recently this has happened with cats! I've had several instances now where I will feel a cat jump up on the bed, walk to my feet or lie along my back, and settle down there. I do not have cats. I will feel the movement, weight, and warmth, and I will fall back to sleep nestling up to my dawn kitty visitor feeling comforted and deeply relaxed. I do have a very special connection with cats, so this doesn't surprise me, but it is an utter joy when they visit.

In early December 2002 a freak ice storm came through the area where I was living, in the country, in North Carolina. We were without electricity for five days. I loved it! We had a wood stove, so were warm, and could cook. We dragged the mattress down to the living room, and hauled water for the toilet from a pond across the street. We had plenty of candles and stored the refrigerated food in the snow in the back yard. I was in seventh heaven, though I had never done this sort of thing before. It was like a paradise to me – we were living our lives by our own hard work, like the pioneers' lives.

When the electricity came on the afternoon of the fifth day, I registered disappointment. But life quickly went back to what it had been, and that was that. I didn't think any more about it. A week later, I had what I can only describe as a welling up of intense, raw rage. I was filled with the idea that I had been duped my whole life into believing I had to work for someone else to pay my bills, and now I knew I could support myself by my own physical labor. This was my experience – there are, rationally of course, a lot of holes in this thought process, but this was a visceral experience. Later that night we went out to dinner, I drove.

An Altered State of Consciousness Experience

On the way, I started feeling odd. Internally itchy, maybe – it's difficult to describe. It got more and more pronounced until by the time we arrived at the restaurant in the town 20 minutes away, I was in a very weird, altered state. Everything around me looked foreign (I'd lived in the area for 11 years at this point), I felt dreadfully out of place and had the distinct feeling that I *knew* something that no one else knew.

Now, this was very unlike me. I can't stand the idea of 'the chosen ones': the *special* people who are above everyone else and oh, so smug in their 'wisdom'. Still, the feeling persisted, and I kept saying to my partner, that I knew something that no one else knew, but I couldn't articulate it. I felt something above me was pressing down on me – it was quite a devastating experience. I could hardly look around at the people in the restaurant, and I was terrified of making eye contact with anyone. It all seemed like a very dangerous joke. I don't remember eating, but I'm sure I did. It was as if someone very foreign was looking out through my eyes and appalled at what they were witnessing, though I was that person, too.

We finally left – it was excruciating to be in such a busy place – and I told my partner that I didn’t think I could drive and handed over the keys. As I got in the passenger seat, I shouted, “Oh, no! This isn’t my car!!” And started to jump out. I truly felt that this was not my car. Then I spotted a familiar item on the dashboard and knew this was indeed my car. I just shut up after that and closed my eyes for the ride home. I’d had enough! This horror gradually dissipated, and I had no idea what to do with this experience. Life moved on.....

Sixteen years later, I now knew what to do with this. Without going into detail, in 2018, it became clear that I couldn’t continue to pay rent. I then decided I would give everything away, which I did (except my paintings that a friend has stored for me) and convert my car by taking the back and passenger seats out and building a bed platform in the car. I bought a tent, a camp stove and was given a solar lantern. Now I house sit, pet sit (where I get paid), or camp. I have a very alternative, minimalist lifestyle, though not unique currently. It seems to suit me. I have experienced unbelievable magic and kindness, synchronicities, and internal ease since stepping out into the unknown in this way. I believe that experience in 2002 was an invitation, preparation and prescience all rolled into one event.

I have recently heard Sherry Wilde talk about us living on a slave planet and this really resonated within me. It is what I felt I *knew* but couldn’t articulate during that 2002 experience. Still, there are lots of holes in the theory of how to live freely in this world, but right now, I am the happiest I’ve ever been and I take life one moment at a time. My entire life I have been terrified of becoming homeless, and in the process of facing that fear head-on I experienced the worst visceral fear imaginable. I came out the other side whole and in love with life. I no longer fear anything as deeply as I once did.

Living in New York City and Seeing my First UFO

In 2012 I was living in Queens and had been studying art in New York City for four years. Learning techniques from three amazing teachers allows me to paint and draw important dream images as well as beings that I have interacted with. This has been so important in my life. It was challenging for me living in the city because I love being in nature and I'm not at all enthralled with crowds. We were living with my mother-in-law and taking care of her. I was working at the American Museum of Natural History, one of their thousands of amazing volunteers, the one place in the city where I felt utterly safe and at home. I spent a lot of time there and would sketch of an afternoon weekly in their magical halls.

I had come home from the AMNH one afternoon on the subway in March 2012, and as I was walking home, I was suddenly enveloped with the knowing that I could *do* this. Whatever I needed to do to make city life tenable, it was worth it for my experiences at the Museum and my art classes. And I went forward with that in mind, feeling at peace.

On July 31, a Tuesday, I woke up with a sore throat unexpectedly. I was in the kitchen of the top, and 6th floor, of our apartment making some tea later in the afternoon when I gazed out the window as I often did to watch the pigeons and see the occasional hawk. I was staggered to see there in the sky, my very first memory, waking reality UAP! The sun glinted off it at one point so I could tell that it was spherical. The color was charcoal grey, and it was heading almost directly toward the window at about a 10th floor height (Queens only had 6th floor-tall buildings at the time), going east. I had a good minute to watch it at close range and it eventually went over our building. There was no sound to it and I was certain it was not a balloon – they are often seen in the City drifting along, having escaped some child's party no doubt. As the UAP got closer, and more over head, I could see what seemed like an energy trail from behind it: like wavering 'heat mirage' energy in a narrow band, nearly invisible, and horizontal

to the ground. I noted the time at 3:23 pm. I didn't tell anyone. I had waited my whole life for this and didn't want any negative comments to flatten the experience.

On August 4th I had lunch with an old friend from my music industry days and his wife who were heading back to England the next day after a year of world travels. My husband decided at the last minute to stay home. I had a lovely time but got caught in the rain coming home without an umbrella. The next night, the 5th, I discovered that I had something itching on the inside wrist of my right arm. There was a fine hairline scratch there and I couldn't think how it had gotten there. The next day it showed up as a wide, curved shape sort of like a boomerang that looked more like a burn than a scratch. It was then that I recalled that a few days previously I had noticed a similar mark on my inside right ankle. If I put my palm flat on the floor next to my foot, the marks were the same distance from the floor on my body – about eight inches. The next day, August 6th, I developed full-blown bronchitis and was in bed for two weeks. Looking at my journal, after this sighting, I had several dreams about UAPs, one of a Star Being telling me “Grandmother says hello, hello, hello...”, and of secret organizations having to do with the visitor experience.

I was often in an altered state during my bronchitis episode. I have always handled my health issues homeopathically and with herbs since the late 80s and have an intense distrust of the conventional medical profession generally. I remember talking on the phone to a friend and telling her that my husband was acting weird and that when my bronchitis was clear, he was going to ask me to leave. Sure enough, on August 20th, he did just that. I said, “Yes, you are right. I'll leave.” I related this reprieve to my having been content to make this NYC life work. When we accept life, it can change. Now, I can see a broader picture and how my UAP sighting might have had something to do with this dramatic change in circumstances as well.

Saw a Second UFO that Changed Shape

Two days after this decision, my husband and I were driving on the causeway just before Grand Central. From my passenger seat, I saw a charcoal-colored round object moving slightly ahead and nearly parallel to us in the car. I checked the time: it was 1:35 pm. Part of me thought this could be a balloon, but as I watched it, it seemed to be moving of its own volition. There was no cloud movement, and I felt this object was not being blown horizontal to the ground. Balloons seem to be buffeted by air currents and tend to drift ever upwards. It was about as high as the bridge I could see not far beyond it, but I am not able to guess distances well at all. As I watched, it seemed to change from a spherical shape to a flatter disc shape and even to rectangular. I thought I could see the little energy trail from it, too, when it was a sphere. These two sightings really looked identical to me except for the shapeshifting.

I looked at this object for at least 5 minutes, didn't comment, but my husband saw it too. He actually said, "Oh, there's a helicopter," as it crossed in front of us a little way ahead. I was stunned that he could mistake this thing for a helicopter but didn't comment. It was clearly a spherical object without the blades and tail of a helicopter! There was also no loud churning sound that a helicopter would make at this distance either. His comment scared me.

Saw my Third UFO

Then, on September 9th, we were on the Taconic State Parkway. Looking out my passenger's window again, I saw a small, pale-yellow disc floating over the treetops along the side of the road. There was a darker colored ridge on the top of the disc. It stayed with us only briefly and we zoomed on our way.

It took some time to organize my move, but things came together easily and quickly: movers, storage, a room to rent at a friend's back in North Carolina, etc. Although I was organizing it, it didn't seem to be me doing it. It was all very seamless.

Back in North Carolina, I was arranging to get together with an old friend for his birthday on December 30th. I wanted to see *The Hobbit*, but this didn't interest him. So, we ended up at the North Carolina Museum of Art. I remember discovering their Egyptian room – they'd built a whole new wing while I was living in NYC. I walked right up to a beautiful basalt bust of Sekhmet, the lion-headed goddess, and said, out loud, "Oh, they have a Sekhmet!" I felt ever so pleased and relieved, as if it was a personal 'welcome home' to me. A few minutes later in another gallery, I came back to myself and thought, "Wait a minute! I don't know Sekhmet – I've never heard that name before!" And thus began a whole new adventure!

My journey with the Inter-dimensional is exciting, fun, and fascinating – sometimes perplexing, bewildering and confusing, too. I am more than grateful to them for persevering with me. But it means nothing if I haven't evolved for the better because of it. If it doesn't come out of the realm of the merely entertaining or intellectually stimulating, and into daily living, it is useless.

So, what have I learned from these wonderful, dedicated, fearless friends?

One of the things they have been drumming into me again and again over the last eight years is to follow what interests, excites and enthuses me. The implementation of this wisdom has opened a whole new life for me. It releases me from doing what I think I *should* because I was taught to do so, and to embrace what a more current, authentic me wants for my life. It also releases me from having to have a *reason* why I am engaging in something. In other words, how can it be monetized? I am told that when this practice of following what interests, excites and

enthuses one is adopted, it allows the Inter-dimensional *space* in which to then organize the synchronicities that bring us to a new place in our life, a new timeline, perhaps, and often an entirely new way of living. It also keeps our frequency high if we are enjoying life and that helps the whole process exceedingly well.

When I follow what interests, excites and enthuses me, I develop a *trust* that life has meaning, that I am being guided appropriately, that information will come to me when I need it and not before – and that I can become comfortable with not knowing what the next day, week, month or year might hold. I can rely on myself, which was the main issue in the ice storm experience – self-reliance and self-sufficiency. I am sufficient unto myself because I am much more than just *me*. I have a whole team of beings cheering me on and guiding me forward. I am connected to the Universal Field of Energy, and when I reside in that place of experiencing it, miracles happen. My life is testament to this. I'm just now *getting* the full meaning of it all.

Another huge lesson from them was getting me to be comfortable with What Is. Only when I am comfortable with What Is, knowing that all is well, can things change. Weird, that one. It confounds the intellect and intuition both. It's rather like Zen.

They have taught me that the fabric of the Universe is Love that the Universal Field of Energy is Love, and that the Universe is on my side. You can call it what you will, but it will always come down to the same thing. It is what *Is*. Love is what we *are* at a fundamental level.

Love is what we need to be harmonious, joyful, integrated beings. We don't need the latest iPhone or an upgraded anything, or a PhD, or a job promotion. These things are fine if they don't define and own us. They are there for us to use, not to be subservient to them. I can't tell you how tough it was for me to get this!

They have also taught me how important meditation is on so many levels. The information is out there. I'm not going to give a lesson on how to meditate or what it does for our entire human experience. I have been given downloads over the years of various meditation practices. They were all amazing. I get upgraded to different practices when I'm ready. Meditate daily.

One of the most meaningful lessons for me was that All is One – really. Not merely a familiar platitude, but honest to goodness Everything is One Thing. This also means that *everything* has consciousness.

We can communicate with one another, we can communicate with animals, trees, plants, and stones. We can communicate with the planets, Inter-dimensional beings, and plasma ships. We can communicate with the weather, Gaia, forests, oceans, and ocean life. We may not get the results or answer we desire in these communications, but that is because we are not the *apex of life and consciousness* that we have been taught we are. Embrace humility.

On a more prosaic, tangible level, here is how Inter-dimensional Non-Human Intelligence have helped me and have transformed me. And by 'helped me' I mean my search for the true nature of Reality, for that is my life's focus. It comes with one change of perception at a time.

When I returned from NYC at the end of 2012, I began another chapter in my life in more ways than one. I started writing again and gave myself a year to paint with abandon. I found myself interested in humanity's deep ancient past and started outlining a possible narrative around the framework of the Great Ages, the place of precession in our past and its link with the cyclic rise and fall of consciousness on the planet. About halfway through the process, I realized this information wasn't something I was generating alone. Too many corroborative synchronicities were occurring. I would get an insight, write, and write,

and then be put in the way of books and articles that corroborated my hypothesis, or fleshed it out – often both. This was like having a research assistant and collaborator working with me – a fascinating and satisfying process in which to participate. I was interested in using a cross-discipline approach and included archaeological, historical, and mythological information, as well as anthropological, astronomical, geological, paleo-climatological, and so forth.

Concurrently, I was getting images that I was painting, and *they* also seemed to be fitting in with the written material. It was a very productive period of self-discovery in my life. This body of work became what I called *Goddess Consciousness* and I blogged about it from August 2014 through December 2015. The actual event that precipitated this blogging (I had no interest in doing so previously) was two nights on Wilmington Beach, NC, with a dear friend. We were both tuned in to something *big*, and spent hours stargazing alone on the beach. Scorpio coming up over the Atlantic seemed incredibly potent and portentous and the Great Rift of the Milky Way was birthing us anew. We both felt it, then and afterwards. Suddenly my work snapped into focus upon my return home from my visit.

During this time, I would often receive messages when coming to waking consciousness in the mornings, and images during morning meditation. One morning upon waking in late 2015 I heard, “Study the sidereal zodiac.” I had been an astrologer for many years, but interested in broad cycles, not doing chart readings. As I began studying the sidereal zodiac, where the planets and stars *appear in the sky* relative to the constellations of the ecliptic, things suddenly fell into place. I asked twelve friends if they would let me give them a reading with a new system I was working with and did these over the course of a few months.

I began to Study Goddess Astrology

The readings were heartily and positively received. Later in the year I did one for a woman in Crete (who found me ‘by chance’) over the Internet. She was so enthusiastic, and asked if she could study further with me. We worked together almost weekly for a year on the *Goddess Consciousness* material, and then went directly into the second phase that was coming through at the time. She is now a very dear and valued friend.

In the summer of 2016, I started receiving downloads for a new astrological system based on the sidereal zodiac, *Goddess Astrology*, the second phase. The final download came in November of 2017, and I had a very new and exciting method of gaining deep and meaningful insight for personal growth through the blueprint of our lives, the natal chart. This incredible gift never ceases to amaze me even though it came *through* me and has become invaluable on my own path of self-discovery and self-acceptance.

Now in January 2020 I am being shown a new healing modality. There are several ‘sections’ to this work that are being revealed one at a time.

So, this is an example of how “follow what interests, excites and enthuses you” dovetails nicely into the practical application of life for me. It has been explained to me that presently I need to have a framework of basic understanding of a subject, such as my astrological knowledge, before they can effectively download, or give through channeling, any very technical information. In other words, I wouldn’t be given *technical information* about which I had no previous understanding or experience, though other channelers do work that way. The exceptional Edgar Cayce was one. I do, of course, get information about which I have no prior knowledge, but that is different.

A year ago, I was directed to start practicing qigong and to work with an on-body tuning fork in the 12th harmonic of the Schumann Resonance. These practices have given me a much deeper relationship with self-healing, and healing potential generally. I am expanding upon this experience now through what my Inter-dimensional teachers are bringing into my awareness: the qigong and tuning fork work was the foundational framework of understanding around which they are now building the new healing modality information. Pretty neat, I must say.

It has been incredibly important for me to have dispensed with that mental compartmentalized filing system and to see the whole of my life as one event: that of moving toward a gradual understanding of the true nature of Reality and my place within it (I continue to be a work in progress). Now, in my later years, this is the most important thing to me. I only hope I am as good a student to my Inter-dimensional tutors as I can be. I believe humanity's continuation on the planet is dependent upon us gaining a higher understanding of our interconnectedness and that love is the healing force we need to secure our survival. With the help of my teachers, I will spend the rest of my life in this pursuit in whatever way it may manifest. I am incredibly blessed to have been able to incarnate at this time, as, I believe, we are all.

Summary of the Dr. Edgar Mitchell FREE Foundation CAP-UFO Experienter Research Study

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The following is a quick summary of a fraction of the data findings from this historic 5-year academic research study of UFO Contact Experiencers published in our 820-page book “*Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence*”. To review the actual data findings, presented via bar graphs and pie charts, please review Chapters 1 and 2 in our book, available as a downloadable PDF file from the CCRI website at: **AGreaterReality.Com**.

Chapter One of our book was an analysis of the data findings from Survey #1 and Survey #2, our qualitative research instruments, which were comprised of 700 quantitative questions. Harvard Professor Dr. Rudy Schild and Reinerio (Rey) Hernandez were the authors for Chapter One of “*Beyond UFOs*”. Chapter Two of our book was comprised of any analysis of our Survey #3, which was comprised of 70 qualitative open-ended questions. Dr. John Klimo, a Ph.D. graduate from Brown University, who taught Qualitative Survey Methodology to Ph.D. graduate students, wrote the analysis for Chapter Two. We received over 10,000 pages of responses to the 70 open-ended questions in our Survey. We received responses from 4,350 UFO Contact Experiencers from 125 countries for our 3 surveys in the English language. We also conducted our surveys in other languages but this analysis will only discuss the findings from our English language survey.

The following is a brief summary of our research findings:

1. **UFO contact is overwhelmingly a positive experience:**

Even though 37% of the 4,350 individuals who took our English language surveys initially viewed their experiences as negative, eventually, over their lifetime, the overwhelming number of CAP-UFO Experiencers concluded that their contact experiences were mainly positive, between 85-95% depending on the question asked. **We asked over 25 questions to determine if their experiences were Positive, Negative, or Neutral and we asked this question in many ways.**

Why? -- because depending how you phrase a question you will receive a different response. Only 5% responded that their experiences were negative. For our Spanish language surveys, the percentage that viewed their experience as negative was less than 1%. Below is a summary of some these 25 questions:

The overwhelming number of materialist Ufology researchers believe that ALL “UFO Contact” results in an Abduction and that ALL of these experiences are “Negative”. This is FALSE! Abductees (individuals that have been involuntarily brought to another location) only accounted for one-third of the Experiencers. Of these 33%, the vast majority had OBE and Astral Travel Experiences. Two-thirds of Experiencers have seen a CAP/UFO, have had contact with Non-Human Intelligence, but have never had an abduction. Materialist Ufology is missing more than 2/3rds of all Contact Experiencers.

Thus, the vast majority of “Contact” does not involve an “Abduction”. We also discovered that what occurs in an “Abduction” is very different than what is reported by the “abduction researchers” in the field of materialist Ufology. If you want to learn more about the “abduction phenomenon” read Volume 3-6 of the “*A Greater Reality*” book series. I also highly encourage you to read the article written by UFO pioneer researcher, Raymond Fowler, in Volume 4 of our *A*

Greater Reality book series. Raymond investigated hundreds of UFO abduction cases for over 50 years and his perspective is the complete opposite of the views of Hopkins, Jacobs and Dolan.

Of the one-third that have described having had an abduction (individuals that have been involuntarily brought to another location), the majority of these individuals were actually brought to other “multidimensional matrix realities” by Non-Human Intelligence where the majority received some form of spiritual message. The percent that actually had a stereotypical abduction experience (taken by little grey beings and being examined by them in a flat table, etc., as presented by Jacobs, Hopkins, Dolan, and the other “Alien Abduction” Researchers was 15%, or approximately one half of those that claimed to have had an abduction experience. (I encourage everyone to read the chapter in this book by Carol Rainey, the ex-wife of “abduction researcher” Budd Hopkins, to learn more about how the “abduction phenomena” was co-created by Budd Hopkins and his friend David Jacobs. Her article is titled “*Priests of High Strangeness: Co-Creation of the Alien Abduction Phenomenon*”)

Of the 1/3rd who stated they had an “Abduction”, more than 70% of these individuals now call themselves Contactees and NOT Abductees. Initially, 37% of all UFO Contact Experiences (Abductees and Non-Abductees) viewed their experiences as negative because of the ontological shock of the experience. The majority of these individuals continued to have contact experiences with various forms of Non-Human Intelligence. Over time, these experiences became increasingly more positive than the earlier experiences. In their later contact experiences, 85-95%, depending on the question asked, viewed their experiences as positive, even the vast majority that initially had an abduction type of experience. The vast majority of Contact Experiencers, both Abductees and Non-Abductees have had many diverse contact experiences. 40% have had more than 20 contact experiences. Another 20% have had between 10-20 contact experiences.

We discovered that the more experiences you have had, your perception of your experiences becomes more positive. Thus, when you start your experiences, 37% view them as negative but over time, only 5% view them as negative. It is individuals that have had only 1 or 2 abduction type of experiences are the ones with the most negative responses. These individuals remained traumatized and continue to view their experiences as mainly negative throughout their lives (approximately 5% of all Contact Experiencers, depending on the question asked). As previously stated, 70% of those who claim to have had an “Abduction” experience do not call themselves “Abductees” but instead they now call themselves “CONTACTEES”.

Almost 50% of all participants stated that they “were brought to a “Matrix Type” of reality and received information” (Like Jodie Foster's “**Contact**” Movie). This was more than double the number of those that have had a typical “alien abduction” scenario. These experiences were overwhelmingly positive.

The overwhelming number of contact experiences with a Non-Human Intelligence lasted less than one minute, usually less than 30 seconds.

Individuals have seen thousands of different types of Non-Human Intelligence “beings” even though we only categorized 12 different types in our quantitative surveys. Our qualitative survey, consisting of 70 Open-Ended questions, discussed contact with thousands of different types of physical and non-physical beings. As of May 2018, the date that we closed our surveys, the most common type was the **Energy Being**, seen by 56% of all Experiencers and only 7% viewed this being as “Negative”. The **Human Looking Being** was seen by 50.1% and only 5% viewed them as “Negative”. The **Small Grays** were the third most seen being at 49.4% and only 10.5% viewed them as “Negative”. All of these physical beings came in all sizes, physical colors and appearance, while some had hundreds of different types of clothes, hats, etc. For example, the Grays were seen in numerous different sizes, colors, clothing, physical appearances. The Human Looking Beings

were also observed in numerous different sizes, colors, clothing, physical appearances. Some were Asian looking, some had African features, some were 15 feet tall and some were 2 feet tall, some had blonde hair and blue eyes and other had a vast array of hair and eye color, some were even bald. Some wore suits, some wore tuxedos, and they were observed wearing all types of hats, including baseball hats from the New York Yankees. In addition, these individuals described thousands of different types of “Humanoid Beings”. Another researcher, Albert J Rosales, has published 16 books on experiences with tens of thousands of **different** types of Humanoids.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09C4VWHRP?binding=paperback&searchxofy=true>

Academic Professor Dr. Jon Klimo wrote Chapter 2 for Beyond UFOs, which was an analysis of the responses to our 70 open ended questions. We received more than 10,000 pages to these 70 open ended questions. What Dr. Klimo discovered was that the UFO Contact Experiencer had experiences with thousands of **different types** of perceived physical “beings”. This leads to the question: **Are these tens of thousands of diverse physical beings coming to visit us, usually for less than 30 seconds, from tens of thousands of different physical planets?** Or is the answer a bit more complicated than merely a physical being visiting us from a physical planet? Are these thousands of different physical beings coming to visit us from different physical planet? Are they multi-dimensional beings from another reality? Are they holographic projections or cloaked mental images projected to our Consciousness? Are there other possible explanations? At this point, many of the academic researchers of the FREE Foundation share the hypotheses that these perceived “physical beings” might be projected mental images into our individuated units of consciousness, but no one can be certain. This hypothesis was also presented by many major Ufologists, such as Dr. Jacque Vallee, Dr. J. Allen Hynek (in his later years), Dr. Edgar Mitchell, Dr. John Mack (Professor of Psychiatry at the Harvard School of Medicine), Dr. Rudy Schild (Astrophysicist at Harvard University), Dr. John Klimo

(Professor of Psychology), Dr. Kenneth Ring (Emeritus Professor of Psychology at the University of Connecticut) and CAP-UFO Researchers such as Reinerio (Rey) Hernandez, Raymond Fowler, John Keele, Brad Steiger and many others.

2. **UFO contact is overwhelmingly a “Paranormal” and not primarily a Physical Phenomenon.**

While all of the Experiencers of our survey have both seen UFOs and have had various types of Contact with Non-Human Intelligence, including a physical entity, we found that the Contact Experience is overwhelmingly NOT a Physical/Material Phenomena-- instead, it is primarily a Paranormal/Psychic Phenomena.

Dr. Jacque Vallee, Dr. Allan Hynek, Dr. John Mack, Dr. Edgar Mitchell, and many others hypothesized this more than 40 years ago. Unlike previous research from Vallee, Hynek, Mack, or Mitchell, FREE has actually confirmed this hypothesis with academically derived data.

For example, for all that took our surveys, 95% have had Paranormal experiences in their home, 80% have had an OBE, 67% have received telepathic communications, 50% have received a medical healing by non-human intelligence, 37% have had an NDE, 60% have physically seen Orbs, almost 50% have been brought to a Matrix Reality, etc. We asked almost 100 paranormal related questions and these individuals have had almost every paranormal experience known to humanity. Chapter One of our book “*Beyond UFOs*” provides many more details and explanations for this finding.

3. **The Contact Experience is an overwhelmingly Positive Transformative Experience.**

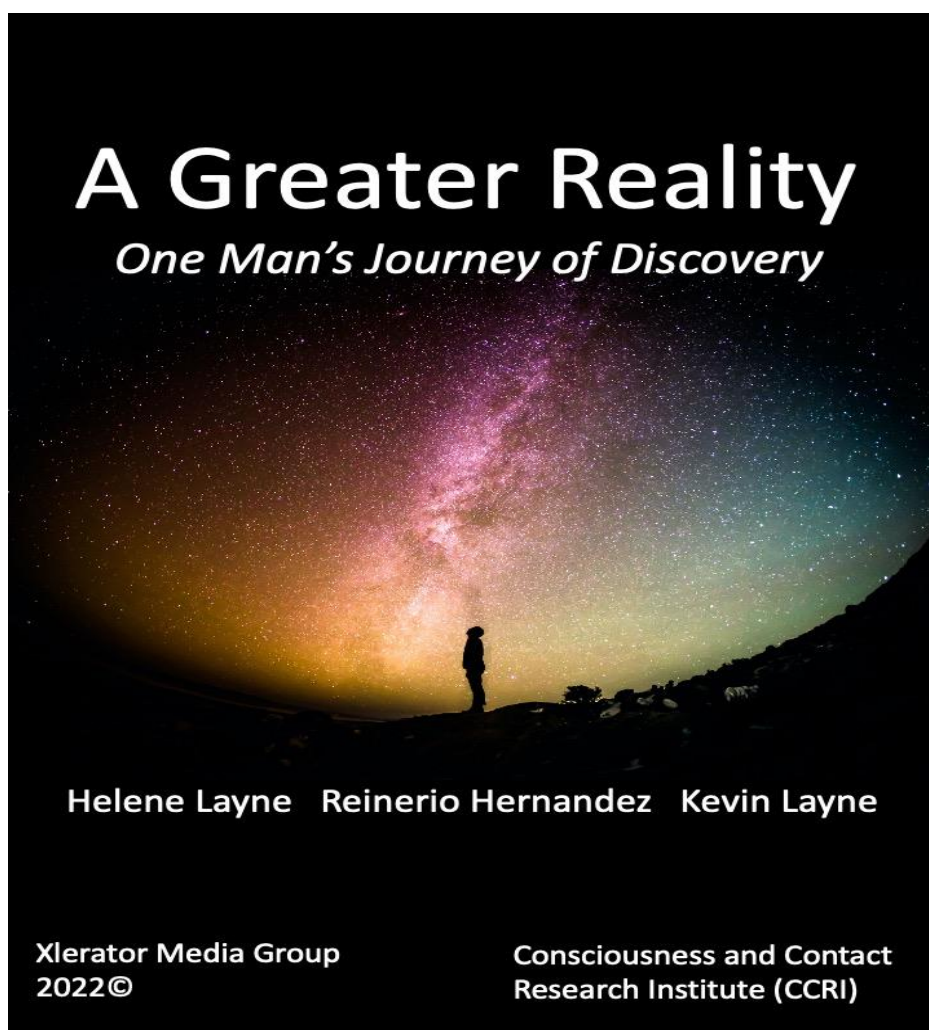
For the vast majority, you start as a caterpillar and finish as a butterfly, even though a very small percentage are still traumatized by the experience. Approximately 85% of the FREE survey participants, more than 4,350 individuals from over 125 countries, have changed in the following ways, they became: more loving to other humans, more ecological, less materialistic, more spiritual, no longer feared death, know the purpose of their life, are more consciously aware, less religious, etc. We asked more than 70 different questions regarding the question of how they changed their worldview. Chapter One of our book provides many more details and explanations for this finding.

4. **The UFO Contact Experience involves a manipulation of Space-Time and this in turn leads one to hypothesize that the CAP-UFO Non-Human Intelligence might be multidimensional in nature**

This hypothesis was presented by various researchers, which include the following: more than 40 years ago by Dr. Jacques Vallee (Astronomer, Co-Inventor of the Internet and legendary Ufologist), Dr. J. Allen Hynek (Astrophysicist at Northeastern University), Dr. John Mack (Harvard Medical School Professor of Psychiatry), Apollo 14 astronaut Dr. Edgar Mitchell (MIT trained aeronautical engineer and physicist), Dr. Rudy Schild (Harvard Astrophysicist for 45 years), and Dr. Claude Swanson (Ph.D. in Physics from Princeton University), and many others. This, in turn, presents the hypothesis that this Non-Human Intelligence might be multidimensional in nature. In other words, the UFO Non-Human Intelligence might be consciousness-based and might be "embedded" in the very fabric of our reality.

Volume 2 of CCRIs book, *A Greater Reality*, contains 11 chapters that begin to discuss some possible theories on the relationship between CAP-UFO-related Non-Human Intelligence, the manipulation of Space-Time, and the cosmology of our Greater Reality.

Helene Layne, Kevin Layne and I are the 3 co-producers of a new science-based documentary titled “*A Greater Reality: One Man’s Journey of Discovery*”. We spent 5 years filming over 30 Ph.D. academics, scientists and medical doctors in addition to over 50 Experiencers of the Contact Modalities. Kevin and Helene developed more than 10 Star Trek films for William Shatner so we are in good hands. Our documentary will be a mirror image of our 5-Volume book series, *A Greater Reality*. We expect to release the film in the Spring of 2025. The draft “trailer” for the documentary can be viewed at the bottom of our website: AGreaterReality.Com.



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A GREATER REALITY

*The New Paradigm of Nonlocal Consciousness
the Paranormal & the Contact Modalities*

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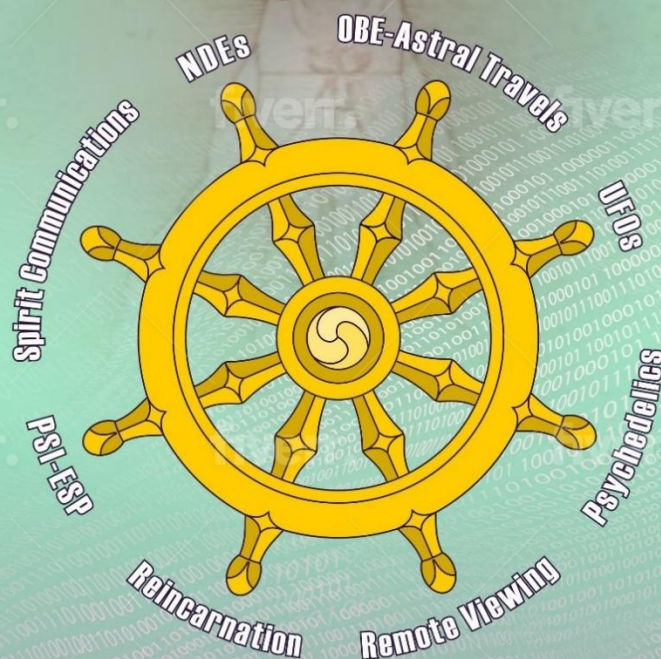
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The Mind of GOD

*A Spiritual-Virtual Reality Model of Consciousness &
The Contact Modalities*



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BEYOND UFOs

*The Science of Consciousness
and Contact with
Non Human Intelligence
“Volume 1”*

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