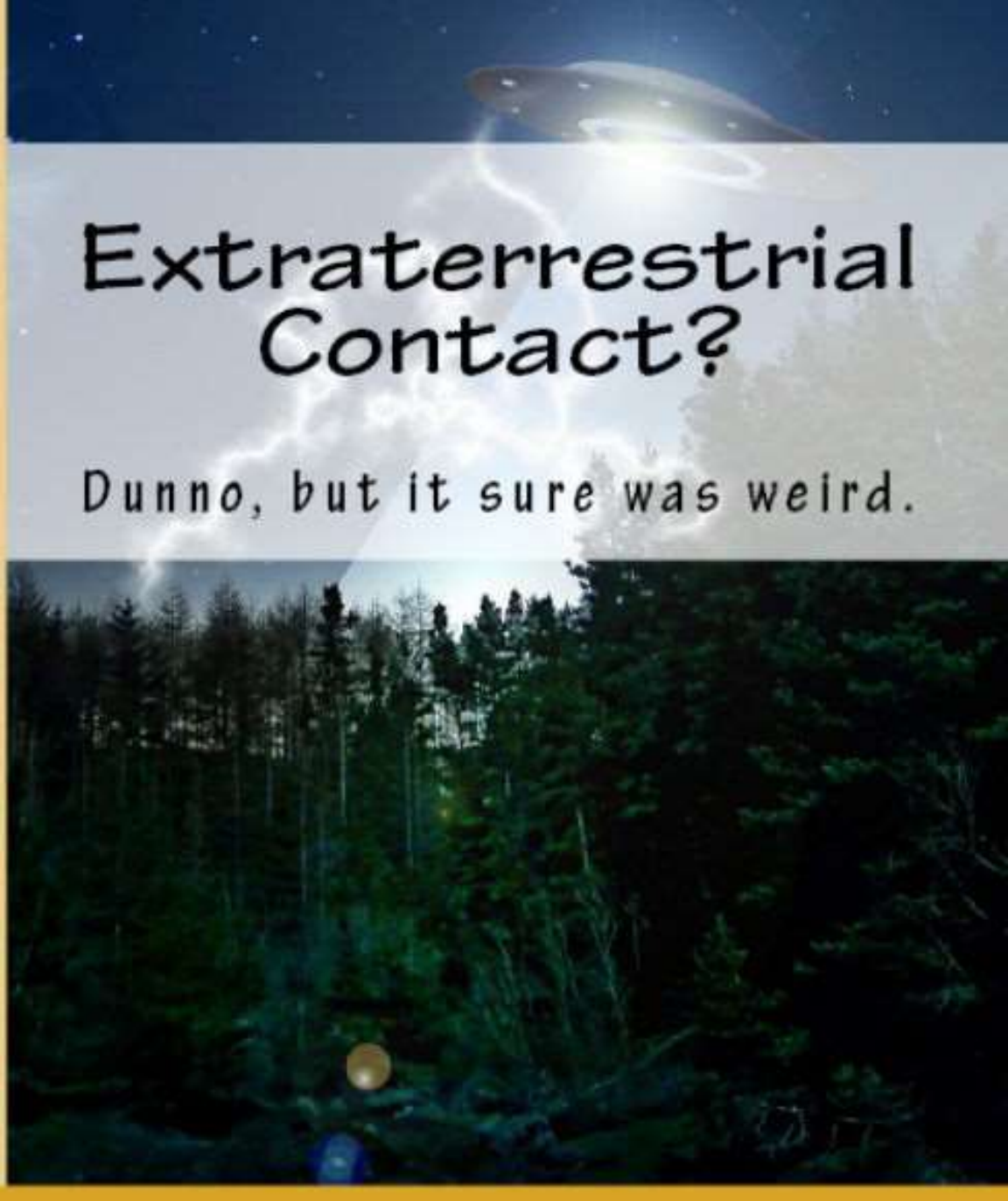

Extraterrestrial Contact?

Dunno, but it sure was weird.

Zen Benefiel

“It’s tough for most people to relate to the depths of curiosity and discovery of one who knows no terrestrial heritage and apparently is open to worlds beyond the scope of even good script writers.”

Extraterrestrial Contact?

I dunno, but it sure was weird.

Bruce ‘Zen’ Benefiel

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BISAC: Body, Mind & Spirit / UFOs & Extraterrestrials

The feeling of awe-inspired inquiry continually assists the experience of the kid in the candy store, ecstatic and driven toward the soon to be discovered treats. You will find some here as well, so long as you are able to bear with my stream of consciousness and threads of discussion. You will be stretched, of that there is no doubt.

In the face of developing nomenclature for the 'new generations' of planetary pioneers (least of all potentially being one) I would offer yet another label; that of 'assimilationist' or better yet, 'harmonist' as we harvest our past on the way to the future, hopefully avoiding any catastrophic occurrences that would destroy ourselves and our planet in the process of learning just how powerful we've become.

I intend to take you on a transdimensional journey, full of trials and tribulations, leading toward a comprehension of the components of consciousness, now appearing in your inner theater on a growing scale I presume. You wouldn't be reading this otherwise – looking for your own answers, corroboration and possible validation.

I would offer that the term 'alien' or 'extraterrestrial' is incomplete and misunderstood. We have an immense spectrum of electromagnetic energy, only some of which we can see with the normal sensory array we're born with on earth. Some have an expanded view but don't have the ability to integrate it with the daily living and misperceptions of others who are more religiously focused.

As an orphan and adoptee with no biological records I have pondered many identities in the process of self-awareness and self-actualization, often finding that at the deepest levels of consciousness identity is a moot point. Our experience is simply our experience. I've met many challenges in this and other

worlds; the greatest of which has been my own quest for identity and purpose in this world.

Now in the throes of planetary challenges and *change* there is new opportunity for many to consider how to proceed in personal and professional endeavors. Maybe there is a thread of consciousness that unites our hearts in a wonderful union toward harmony. I believe this consideration to be a potential of Christ Consciousness within each one of us, born of our celestial heritage and nurtured by our desire to know truth.

Religious dogma and superstition have come under scientific scrutiny now. I hope to share some deep quandaries and a consideration of realities far greater than our current awareness. Quantum physicists are just beginning to discover what mystics have known for millennia, only now this scientific mirror is opening a door for many to consider possibilities once only offered by spiritual studies or religious pathways. Our world views are changing dramatically.

I've been gifted with great intelligence and a plethora of experience, some directly with Jesus with witnesses. I don't wield it as some religious piety, but I do hold it to be a strong indication of additional possibilities. I simply cannot deny an experience shared like that.

That alone is enough to handle as one seeks to understand abandonment juxtaposed with unconditional love and find harmony within oneself in the dance of life. I hope to be able to bring a new view of old patterns and how a new world order is evolving, regardless of those who fear it. It isn't what we think.

Just relax and enjoy the ride. Like most writers, I'll probably say a lot to say a little, but it is simpler that way. That is the paradox of story-telling, and you are about to read a story that will push your intellectual and perhaps spiritual boundaries.

Contents

As a Kid…

I learned early that I was adopted, so my base perspective of life changed far earlier than most. I didn't have to wait until my late teens to start questioning identity, life and purpose. Some early experiences are important to share because they set up many things later in my life.

Nowadays it isn't so incredulous to reveal being able to hear an inner voice. Mine started not long after I found out I was adopted, around my 5th birthday. It became a constant companion in my quiet moments of contemplation. It helped me to enjoy out-of-body experiences just before starting second grade.

A year later I was introduced to remote viewing. I would wake up in the middle of the night, up in the corner of my bedroom looking down on my physical body. I'd watch as I got out of bed, open my bedroom window and climb out. I walk across our neighbor's back yard and over to a fence that surrounded a ten-acre pasture.

Once I reach the fence, I climb over it and walk out into the pasture. After about twenty paces I begin to rise up into the air. I look up, from my observer vantage point, to see a very large orange cigar-shaped cloud. I continue to rise up and just as I start to enter the cloud, the observer gets drawn into the body and I wake up in bed the next morning with an intense desire to return.

I don't tell a soul for years and it wasn't until I happened upon Ruth Montgomery's *Aliens Among Us* did I even think about the potential of being an extraterrestrial contactee. It all seemed like a natural part of my childhood, although it did make me feel quite different as an individual.

I have to admit I never felt threatened in any way. As a matter of fact, the tenure of the orange cloud experiences lasted about two years. I got the sense of feeling like I was with family or at least those I felt much more comfortable with beyond my adoptive parents and friends.

Turns out I have a very high IQ and my parents were afraid to let me know, thinking it might cause an overdeveloped ego and unsatisfactory socialization as a youth. I got along with almost everyone, but had a few tense moments with bullies that I learned to overcome.

I did not overcome the bullies by talking, though. While on a school bus one day in seventh grade, I was being accosted and asked the other student to please stop several times. My self-preservation took over and I stabbed him in the leg with a compass after getting frustrated with his continued behavior.

He became one of my best friends and word spread, evidently. My mother was a teacher at our school and several weeks later she asked me about the incident, having overheard some students. I wasn't proud of what I did, though it was effective.

I had to learn better ways to negotiate through conflict and stay calm in the process.

I went through high school with a knack for paying attention in class and rarely took books home to study, although when I did I blasted my stereo the whole time. It seemed that when I took tests, I'd recall what I was listening to when I read the material and I'd be able to answer the questions, if I got stuck on any.

I loved sports and was a star athlete, but I also didn't push for positions like many others did. I was better than most of them, but didn't feel like the hassle of lobbying for a position was worth it. I just liked the challenge of the sport, not the egos.

I was still one of the fastest people in school, so I got put on third base, as free safety and on high-hurdles. Nobody could touch me for the first 50 yards. After that was another story. I was built for quickness and short bursts of speed.

A Rude Awakening

I entered college as a Pre-Med student in the Honors Program. I also had a penchant for exploring other things that altered consciousness while in high school. My first true love was left behind as well, which didn't bode well by the end of the first quarter.

I returned home on break with the intention of asking her to marry me. I found out she was

already married and it tore my heart out for the first time. I went back to school and, feeling empty and alone, prayed to know what truth was and offered my life to know it if necessary.

Well, the old saying of 'be careful what you ask for' certainly applied. The following week I was meditating and the voice I had heard since childhood asked me if I was willing to die for what I believed in. I was caught in shock for a moment and then thought of two things in rapid succession: Christ Consciousness and then Cosmic Consciousness. I said, "Yes."

The next moments left a life-long impression on me. I found myself in the White Light, then beyond it and was told about my 'purpose and mission' here on Earth. I was 18. I didn't have a clue how I was going to accomplish such a thing, but somehow I knew that life would reveal the way.

I made the mistake of telling everyone about my experience, including my parents. I found myself in a psychiatrist's office the following week. It actually was beneficial; he listened without judgment. Then he edified my sanity but cautioned me, too. He advised me to remain silent, that few would understand the wisdom I had garnered from the experience of the 'spiritual enlightenment.'

I was still rather agitated and uncomfortable, so he prescribed some Stelazine and Cogentin to help me

through that period. He understood my psyche was blown open and I needed a little help to stay cool.

I finished the school year with a 3.33 GPA, but I wasn't sure I wanted to continue with the Pre-Med program as I had begun to explore the depths of consciousness and spirituality. I read everything I could get my hands on. Little of it had to do with my chosen major, though.

It seemed that books and music opened doors to perception that I'd only imagined possible, yet I did imagine it possible. I'd been brought up Christian, so the Bible had been the only spiritual book I'd encountered, not realizing that Jonathan Livingston Seagull was just as important.

From the Bhagavad Gita to the Urantia Book and Aldous Huxley to Zoroaster I explored the writings to see if I could find references to the things I'd experienced personally to date. In the process I opened my experience to even more, including astral projection, psychokinesis and telepathy.

I noticed that many things began to seem transparent, like they were unimportant and insignificant. People seemed more important; their hearts and minds rich with curiosity and fearlessness. We were teenagers exploring reality.

The second year in school was not so kind and I began to make some foolish choices. I bought two sets of drums with my room and board money so I had to move out of the honors dorm during

Christmas break. I got beat up at a frat house shortly afterward and spent some time in the hospital as a result, not just for physical healing.

When I got out of the hospital I had been withdrawn from school, so I returned home to recuperate and begin the next phase of my life. I was extremely insecure and sensitive. I shook on the inside so bad at times that my body would tremble. It was embarrassing to say the least.

Over time and with help I began to restore my confidence. I found work in a grocery store, eventually becoming a meat cutter and began playing in a band. I even got married, but I was still deeply insecure and sensitive to others. I had no one to help me understand these sensitivities and I dare not talk about them.

A few years later we had the opportunity to move to Phoenix, Arizona. I had been working part-time as a machinist, a meat cutter and a musician. All three jobs disappeared in three days, so I had to make some major choices. The auto industry had taken its toll on the economy in the area at the time. I was lucky to have found the work I had, but the local economy couldn't support me any longer.

So, in an attempt to reach out to God I strode out on our front porch later that week, thrust my hands up to the sun and yelled out, "Okay, I'm listening… Where do you want me to go?" This is going to

sound weird, but I distinctly heard, "Phoenix," as a reply. I hadn't even considered it until then.

I told my wife and she looked at me funny, but then remembered we had some friends that had moved there the year before, so we called them. We had a place to stay and I had a job waiting on me.

It was the following week I found myself in a bookstore in Muncie, Indiana, just following a notion that there was something there for me. I had been in Muncie to pick up some materials for our impending trip and the bookstore was on my way home. I had no idea what I'd find.

I was walking down one of the aisles and a book dropped on the floor in front of me. There was no one around, not even on the other side of the bookshelf. I walked over to the book. It was opened with the cover facing up… ***Aliens Among Us***.

I picked the book up, keeping it open to where it had landed. Turning it over the first paragraph I was drawn to, I found that the most common UFO contactee experience in the late 1950s and early 60s was the orange cigar-shaped cloud. Needless to say I had a 'moment' of mind-blowing numbness.

I placed the book back on the shelf after standing there for a while contemplating what that passage meant for me. I returned home and never said a word to my wife about it. I already knew that she was frightened by spirits, so talking to her about aliens would certainly cause more problems.

I could not help but wonder what it might mean. The experiences from college took on a whole new depth of possibility and I began to wonder about my terrestrial heritage. I thought maybe someone might know how to deal with all this stuff.

We packed up and moved to Phoenix in mid-April and life required my attention on family and work arrangements for some time. We had a one year old daughter and our second daughter was due in August. By the time she was born we were in our own apartment and I was working for a larger aerospace company as a grinder specialist.

If you've had weird things happen to you, they don't always appear when you are prepared. Shortly after beginning work at the aerospace company my guide Zephyr, whom I'd met during the college days, stepped onto the lathe wood platform in front of my machine. I knew it was him because I felt the step, turned to look and saw no one there. I heard, "Turn around and draw."

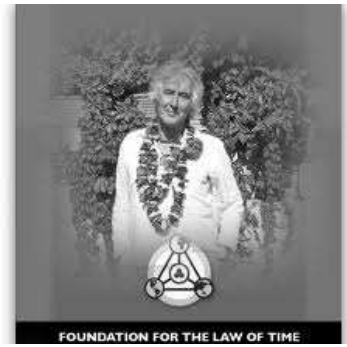
When I was done I had a symbol that seemed to include just about every religion and then some. A few years later I found a graphic artist that cleaned it up and made it look pretty.

There were some other interesting events during that period, but by the following May the industry was in a downturn and I got laid off. I found work at a health food manufacturer, eventually leading to managing a 13-state territory in the Midwest.

That job lasted for about a year and a half. I left to return to the aerospace world and a new division that had just opened in Tempe, Arizona. I went from machinist into production control in a year.

My presentation at the IANDS 2010 conference in Denver, CO, USA

On the Way to Work



On the way to work one Friday morning before dawn I was listening to a local classic rock station and the morning crew was talking about this 'Harmonic Convergence' thing. They mentioned it a couple of times between tunes. I had a really weird feeling come over me as I listened.

I felt more than a little curious about this event. My solar plexus started vibrating like nothing I'd experienced in quite some time... since college in the mid-70s. I didn't understanding what was happening, but I did know that I had better pay attention. Something was up.

On their next break I listened as the DJs explain a bit more about José Arguelles' book, The Mayan Factor and the crossing of three calendars on this date (August 16-17, 1987). Something was stirring deep inside that I hadn't felt for a long time. It felt like a part of me I had been missing for quite some time was beginning to be reawakened. I felt ecstatic and frightened.

By the time I got to work I was so curious I called the radio station as soon as I could. I asked how I could get more information. They said to call the Crystal Castle in Sedona; that they could help, along with picking up copies of José's interview in

Meditation Magazine that were available at Changing Hands Bookstore in downtown Tempe.

I called my wife and suggested we take off for the weekend to go camping near Sedona. She was not at all comfortable with my metaphysical pursuits so I did not mention the 'real' purpose for our camping trip. Nevertheless, I talked her into packing up the kids and heading north for a weekend trip into the wilderness somewhere around Sedona.

According to the folks at the Crystal Castle, Sedona was one of the ‘gathering places’ of people around the world for the Harmonic Convergence… whatever that meant. This was all new to me, but it felt familiar for some reason.

I stopped at Changing Hands on my way home the next day and picked up a copy of José’s interview to read later that evening once we were settled in our camping spot. The whole experience was connected to something much more than I imagined. I could feel it deeply.

As we were packing the car to head out, my oldest daughter (8 at the time) had collected a bag of large pieces of crushed limestone and handed it to me saying, "Here Daddy, you'll need these." She had a huge smile on her face when she gave them to me. I was curious about her intuition.

I thanked her for her instincts and packed them in the trunk with our gear. I had no idea how they would come into play. Krystal loved to take an

active role in our family outings. She and Katie were both telepathic, but I never spoke to Leeann about their abilities. I knew they were receptive because they responded to me regularly when I'd call for them without saying a word.

As we were just about to finish loading, I heard Zephyr in my head, telling me to get the mushrooms I had in the freezer. This was unacceptable. I was not going to take them with us. I argued with him because my journeys were never with my family present. My personal path I chose to keep away from them.

Zephyr would not let up and if you've ever had a constant voice in your head demanding attention, knowing you weren't crazy; it is more than a bit disconcerting let alone annoying. I eventually gave in just to get him to shut up.

My wife did not agree with my personal path when it came to this kind of behavior either. Sacred plants, their purpose and wisdom, were not something she could understand. Her previous experience had been too overwhelming when she had to face her own demons.

It did not stop me, although I did reserve my spiritual path work for short periods with long intervals between, sometimes years. I packed the mushrooms although I was not intending to take them regardless. I was pacifying Zephyr for the most part… I thought.

When we arrived in Sedona the first place we stopped was at the Crystal Castle. It is quite the metaphysical smorgasbord. The store, in an old two-story house along the banks of Oak Creek, had all kinds of items from books to crystals to wands, potions, music and jewelry. They had soft and soothing native flute music playing, too.

The kids all picked out a crystal that appealed to them in some special way. I encouraged them to just ‘feel’ their way through their selection. Krystal had picked a beautiful amethyst piece that fit perfectly in the palm of her little hand. Katie and Michael both chose their own as well, rose quartz and smoky quartz. They were all so happy with their special stones.

I inquired about the camping locations and was given a few spots to check out, along with a map. We left and drove around Sedona to check out the various places the folks had suggested. It was disappointing in that nothing ‘felt’ right.

We drove around for hours, picked up a couple of commemorative shirts during our course, but didn’t find anything that seemed like it was where we were supposed to be that night. None of them 'felt' right so I followed my hunch to go just a bit east, across the freeway, to Mormon Lake. I didn’t know why it felt appropriate, but off we went.

Since we were involved with the Mormon Church at the time, it seemed like it might be a neat place to

spend the night. We had never been there before, but we'd heard about it from others. The strange thing about the area was that the 'lake' was only a few feet deep if there was water at all; most of the year it was just a marsh.

When we arrived at Mormon Lake about a half an hour later, it was dark already. We didn't have a map, but we got there okay. I've always been good at finding places with little direction.

We passed a campground right after we turned toward the lake, but I didn't 'feel' anything. We came upon a place called Dairy Springs Campground next. I felt a tug and turned in. Finding the spot was a bit synchronistic.

We pulled in and drove all the way around the campground, finding no space open... bummer. I was not feeling happy about having to look elsewhere, especially in the dark. I knew I felt the tug, but it didn't seem like it was working. My thoughts were soon quelled as we were headed back toward the front.

We'd noticed a car with its trunk lid open on the way in, commenting about them just getting there, too. We were wrong, though. The space where they had been was now open.

It felt strangely synchronistic and perfect for us, although I kept silent and said nothing to my wife other than, 'How perfect could that timing have been?' and just let it go.

It was space number 9. My mind repeated… number 9, number 9, number 9; I thought it reminiscent of the Beatles. I heard Jimi Hendrix's tune, "If 6 were 9" echoing in my head as well. I could sense a magical air yet, I had to remain quiet and attend to the family's needs.

I need to digress here a moment. I met Jimi [Hendrix] as he appeared in place of a friend's body one night during college. We'd been talking about the limits of telepathy while taking a nice long walk around campus.

Later, while lying on the beds on either end of the dorm room gazing into each other's eyes as we listened to some music, his body disappeared and I saw Jimi, then Lenny Bruce, then Marilyn Monroe, then Jim Morrison, then Janis Joplin and then my friend again. What a trip… I had no idea why.

His eyes shifted focus upon his return and when I asked him what happened (I was reluctant to say anything) he said he felt like he'd gone someplace else for a moment. I told him what I had seen in his place. I wasn't sure why, but we had 'experienced' something beyond explanation.

Harmonic Convergence

Back to Mormon Lake… I thought this campsite would be the perfect place, but was still unaware of just how perfect it would be for us. I just felt relieved that we were able to set up camp, have dinner and treat the kids to S'mores.

We began unpacking. the park ranger came up to collect the fee, informing us of our luck. The couple had become ill. I was happy for our open spot, even though it came by their misfortune.

We started a campfire so the kids could fix hotdogs and s'mores. I spread out the tarp we brought, and put our sleeping blankets on it. The weather was perfect, so not having a tent was fine. It was cool and comfortable with a slight breeze wafting through the trees offering a soothing sound and the fresh scent of pine.

Krystal went exploring a short distance way, still visible by the light of the campfire. She shouted with joy when she found a place to put her rocks. She ran back excited to show me what she had found. She grabbed my hand and we headed toward her discovery.

It was the top of a large bolder just protruding through the surface. It formed a rather flat area about a meter in diameter. I wasn't sure how many stones we had in the bag, but I had a good feeling we would have fun finding out.

I got the impression to make a hexagram. We spread the rocks out in a star pattern with a circle of stones around it. There were just enough rocks to put 6 in each leg of the star and 18 in the circle surrounding them with none left over. Krystal was tuned in alright.

I told her I was so excited that this was just perfect and I was proud that she listened to her belly. She smiled so big that I knew she felt something too. I'd had many talks with her and her sister about listening to her belly and her telepathic ability was quiet obvious at times.

We put the amethyst she got at Crystal Castle in the center in honor of her find and because she was such a wonderful part of this process. I had a particular affinity for amethyst, too. She was so happy she could hardly stand still.

I helped everyone get settled in their sleeping bags with Angel snuggled in with mom. She was only 8 months old at the time. Krystal, Katie and Michael spent a little more time around the campfire with me, making S'mores. The children got tired after a while so I helped them get into their sleeping bags. I stayed up to read José's interview by our propane camp light.

I felt the quivering as I picked up the article. As I read about the crossing of three calendars, the Hopi, Mayan and Aztec I reflected on the symbol Zephyr presented to me years ago. The Hopi

believe that this is the beginning of moving from the fourth world to the fifth, the Mayan from the fifth to the sixth, and the Aztecs believe it is the time where the devil takes off his mask to reveal the true god that he is. Hmmm…

I was fascinated by the confluence of calendars. I learned much later that the Egyptian, Hindu and Sumerian calendars also noted this particular event, leading up to the winter solstice of 2012. It was supposed to be the period between one galactic year to the next, an ascension of consciousness was supposed to accompany it.

José went on to say that above the gathering places could be seen a rotating feathered serpent medicine wheel as a symbol of the energy anchored at these locations. I thought it strange and wondered just how these could be visible to the naked eye. I didn’t consider the second sight.

There was a wonderful drawing of what looked to be part serpent and part dragon. It also included a rough drawing of the rotating feathered serpent medicine wheel on one of the pages, along with some Mayan glyphs I don't remember just now.

The article also briefly explained the planetary alignment that was taking place along with the crossing of calendars. It was supposed to start a 25-year period leading up the 2012 date. There is another 25-year period after that point in time

where the moment of awareness turns into real change on a global scale that benefits humanity.

I was curious as to what the implications of the devil taking off his mask would be as I already understood the aspects of the number (666) and its relationship to human beings as ONE, rather than the number of the Beast as has been the popular belief. The carbon atom which is the foundation of organic life forms has 6 protons, 6 neutrons and 6 electrons. It's got to be a clue.

I finished the article, stripped down to my garments and settled into my sleeping bag just before midnight. It didn't take long for me to fall asleep. The air was clean and I could hear a ram pump a short distance away with the consistent 'thick-kung' sound reverberating in the air like a constant drum beat every few seconds. It served as a lullaby in a way, much gentler than my description of the sound, like the clickety-clack of a train I remembered as a young boy.

I offered a prayer for deep connection to Creator and to be available for my highest service to all.

When I awoke a short time later, feeling the effects and an increased awareness, I opened my eyes and looked up into the sky. The stars were so vivid. I saw a cluster so brightly visible that it looked like a connect-the-dots picture of the Buddha, and I was at his feet. I was soon to find out these were stars of a different variety.

As soon as I recognized this image and my position I heard a voice like many speaking as one, "We would like to channel energy through your body into the planet and, in return, we will answer any questions you have." Holy shit!

It seemed as though they were asking permission and I didn't take long to decide... maybe a heartbeat or two at most. “Awesome! I’m ready! Okay, let’s do it!” I wasn’t sure what to expect.

I felt a slight tingle in my feet like a very small electric current. This sensation remained there for a while and eventually began to move up my legs and throughout my body over the course of the experience. It was pretty amazing and I could definitely feel the energy.

My first question was about the possibility of them being part of the group that visited me as a youth. I reflected on the many trips, watching my physical body get out of bed, climb out my bedroom window, walking across the neighbor’s back yard to the edge of a pasture, climbing the fence and walking out into the middle of the field.

It wasn’t until just before moving to Phoenix that I had an inkling of what really happened. You will recall the incident in the bookstore in Muncie, Indiana. Oh, and btw… Muncie is where *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* began if you recall.

They affirmed they were part of my family, but also said there was much more to who they were as part of my universal family. I felt my mind let go and another part of me step in from a much greater depth, almost like I felt when I entered the light. I felt fearless and completely safe.

While the energy was continuing to flow through my feet, I formulated some questions. I started with inquiring about my early experiences. I wanted to know more about my 'family' and why I had all the experiences as a youth.

What they said had me second-guessing life as I knew it. I was from the stars, they said, born on Earth as part of a universal process to restore ancient knowledge and wisdom that had been lost. I had to learn what it was like to be human; my adoption was part of the program. I had to find out on my own by whatever means I needed.

The early out-of-body experiences were guided by other members of my family in order to prepare me to be able to witness the trips to the ship. It was important that I was able to remember the initial part of the 'sessions' for comfortability. They said there was much more to consciousness than I knew, but in time I would understand.

My education continued on board, but my human mind would not be able to comprehend what was happening yet. There were too many aspects of my consciousness that to reveal them all as a youth

would not have been healthy for my development in a denser environment. I was allowed to have some memory so that the curiosity and development would continue.

The early 'training' I received was in the art of what some call Eckankar, or soul travel. It sparked my interest in both Eckankar and Scientology in college so that I could begin to develop the awareness on a more conscious level.

The ease I had in exploring inner realms was because I had been in them for some time already, yet it was a challenge for the human brain to assimilate into the denser Earth realm.

I snapped back into the critical part of my consciousness for a moment, checking in with what I read and studied about in school beyond the bookwork required for the classes. It all made sense at a level I hadn't thought about yet. I knew my mind was on overdrive and these thoughts certainly weren't going to occur on a normal day-to-day basis. Life had too many distractions, duties and responsibilities.

They told me there was so much more yet to be revealed, but it would come in a more natural process. The sacred plants allowed access to my consciousness in a different way; a process that had been used throughout the development of the spiritual understanding garnered by some of the human race to date, across many cultures.

I had many other emotional experiences that have prepared me to understand the deeper principles of being. All of the early experiences in my life were preparatory for awakening to my purpose. In time I would be given fuller details but for now the bridging of inner and outer realities, something I'd already been curious about, would take years of training still.

All of this seemed rather surreal and far-fetched but there was something that resonated within me, something I knew was true but could not articulate how I knew it. I shifted back to the feeling of the energy slowly moving up my calves and into my thighs. I had to be silent to feel it.

I was aware there was more going on with the energy they were channeling through my body than I was being told. It didn't matter because I was so engaged in the experience and the sensation of being part of something cosmic.

Thinking about the cosmic applications I had a quick thought about the points of light I saw in college. My thoughts were like triggers to them to move on, too. I recalled the imagery and the message I was given. As magnificent as it was, my questions of 'how?' and 'what do I need to do to prepare?' were ever-present in my quiet moments of contemplation.

I realized these points that appeared now where indeed connected and I felt so deeply appreciative

for the opportunity to continue the conversation. When I first encountered them I was in no place to converse as the feeling of awe kept me from thinking. I just experienced the moments as an undeniable connection beyond my awareness.

Now, the conversation picked up with the delivery of additional knowledge of the 'how?' for my benefit. My curiosity of whether the points of consciousness were in body or not originally was now further revealed through this process.

They explained to me that these points of consciousness were indeed incarnate in others like me all over the planet. The manner in which they interacted with each other varies on the type of duties and responsibilities they were given. Given? Yes, each has a soular blueprint designed especially for carrying out their mission, like me.

I had a moment of impatience in wanting to connect with these others. Patience, I was told, is tantamount to the process. I may never meet some of them. In fact, some may never truly know what their full consciousness is doing to support the process of establishing a new world order.

They explained that consciousness has many layers, many dimensions and even many bodies that are all connected. Each layer has its own function and, when fully realized, is made available to the individuated consciousness incarnate on

Earth but, not until they make the choice to become more aware in the physical.

Even after that choice is made it could be days or years for the consciousness to develop within the human form. The aspects of each and their importance to the whole are different for everyone. However, the collective vision that operates from the ONE MIND is shared; backup plans are always in place in case of poor choices.

My mind was reeling at this point; attempting to keep up with the data stream of consciousness at these levels was pretty intense to say the least. I reflected on reiterations and resistance of others.

I paused in my thoughts and became silent again, noticing the movement of energy up through my thighs and into my hips. I asked about my family and how I would be able to continue to live in the dichotomy with my wife, knowing my children were already showing signs of advanced awareness. I didn't like the answer I got.

They told me this path, like I'd been told before, is full of trials and tribulations. I may not be able to bridge the worlds with her and be together as a family. I needed to be aware of that now and prepare for the possibility. I was stubborn and refused to think I could not work things out. I paused to feel the sense of deep connection.

Then, as if to cause the complete opposite, they asked me to get up and kiss the amethyst that I had placed in the center of the star Krystal and I had made earlier. I refused. I wasn't about to get out of my comfortable sleeping bag to appease some distant voice. I was being a jerk and met the challenge with great reluctance. I felt like it was unnecessary; they could continue regardless.

The amethyst was some 15 meters away and it was quite chilly by that time at that altitude. I felt the snap back into my body as I looked around in the dark, faced with either accepting this as reality or believing it to be just a wild trip from the mushrooms - all my imagination. NOT!

I have to admit I was sort of hoping for the latter, it sure would make it easier to completely dismiss if it was all just my imagination. My life was challenging enough and yet, I knew I had to demonstrate my commitment. I also knew that in such states other worlds open for experience. I'd experienced, read and studied shamanic practices enough to know special events can happen.

We were converts to the Mormon Church at the time; recently demonstrating our 'worthiness,' resulting in getting 'married and sealed' in the Temple in Mesa, Arizona. I had on my garments, but it was more than chilly in the mountain air and I was not about to get out of my nice warm sleeping bag for some etheric voices, no matter how cool they seemed.

They withdrew their energy completely; like a vacuum just sucked it away in an instant… nothing but emptiness is what I felt then. It was a complete absence of the deep connection I'd been feeling since awakening in this experience.

I could not deny the difference in sensation their absence produced as I laid there a moment and considered my options and position. It was easier to believe it was my imagination to a degree, but I could not at all rationalize the change of sensation.

I was processing so much so quick that it felt more like I was in an accelerated learning curve rather than an imaginary tale. I still wasn't sure it was all real, but just in case I got up to do what they asked. Getting up and making the effort to test the truth of what was happening seemed to be more important than my selfishness.

I got up and walked over to the circle, knelt and kissed the amethyst with as much reverence as I could bring forth in my being. In that moment my prayer was to know truth once again, regardless of the impact on my life. I knew I risked it all… *everything…* by doing so.

As soon as I was back in my sleeping bag and took a few moments to get silent, they were back again instantly. Even in my current state, I could tell the difference in sensation and was glad I had gotten over myself. My thoughts drifted to the energy once

again as it moved up to my lower abdomen and solar plexus. It felt like a slight anxious feeling.

They began to explain about the energy they were sending through me. They told me that this energy was part of everything, of creation, and flowed like water throughout all things when one becomes aware. It was a science that was not developed yet on our planet and it was time to awaken its reality. I was one of the few being awakened to this level of awareness now. So this is what the Harmonic Convergence is about, I thought.

I flashed on explaining it to others for a moment. Not a pretty picture based on my experiences to date. I sure didn't like being called 'full of Satan' and I damn sure didn't like the hospital incarceration. I also didn't want anything to do with creating something for people to attach allegiance; there were too many gurus already.

My visitors explained that sending this energy through my body into the earth would help connect many to a deeper feeling of communion as well as help to understand the process of what José had called 'the ascension.' It was a rising of consciousness within humanity.

They explained it was more of a process of raising awareness about celestial consciousness than humans had known yet. This level of awareness in consciousness permeates creation, but humans

were still entertaining their free will and satiating their physical senses to become aware just yet.

According to them, this would facilitate a greater connection with the Earth and her people for me, so that I would be connected at energetic levels to the consciousness that pervades the Universe.

I understood deep within, but I was sure I could not put it into words if asked at the time. It was more of a sense of knowing. I hadn't tried to discuss any of my experiences with others for years, so I knew I'd be challenged to do so now.

They told me all would happen in time. I would eventually be able to articulate clearly and help make sense common to all. I mused on the flip of common sense and the comedic remark. I thought that was pretty humorous in such a serious conversation. I would learn more about humor.

I acknowledged that it would be an honor to live in such close connection with our Mother Earth and that I would serve Her to the best of my ability. They explained that as a result of this process she [Mother Earth] would be speaking through me to many and that I would lead this group as I had led in the past. It was part of my destiny.

"I led in the past?" I thought.

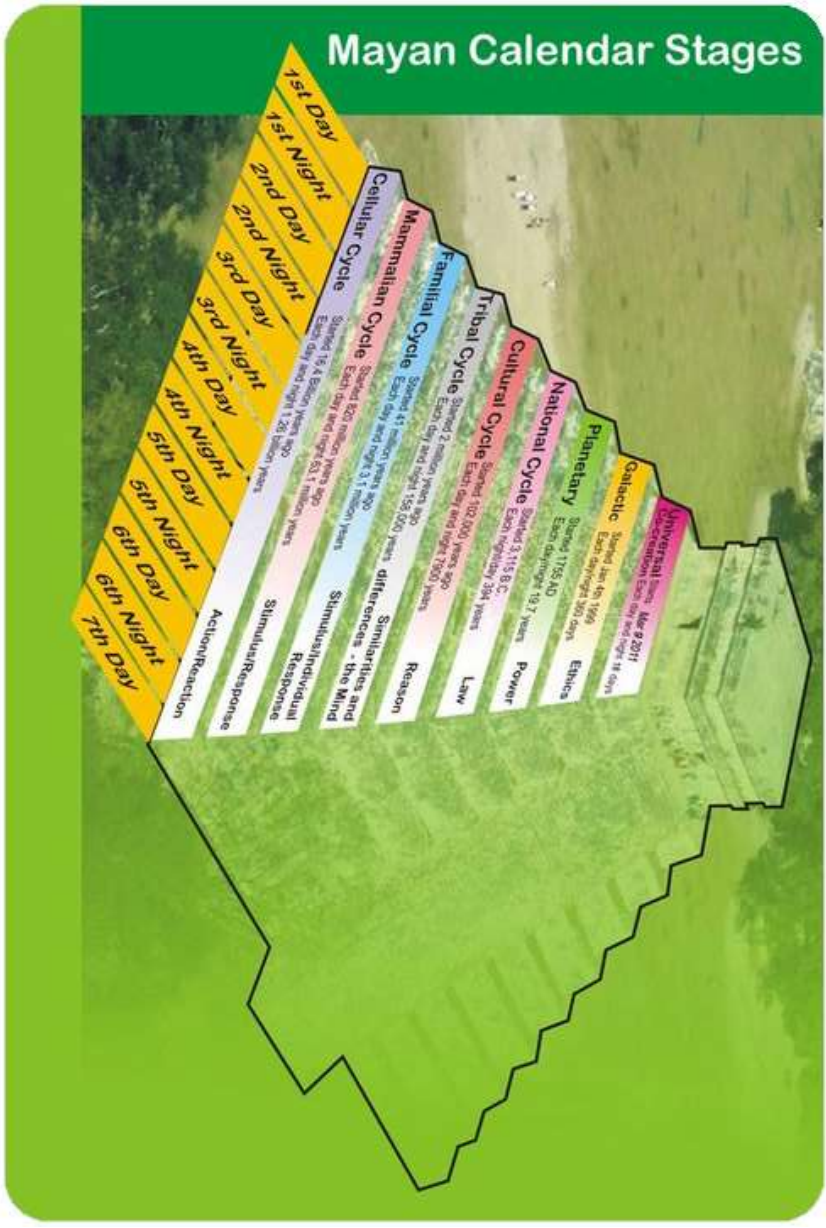
I returned to the vision of being surrounded by the points of light. I questioned the progress toward completing my mission; the marching orders I'd

received during the experience of going through the white light and being told I was here to work with others in order to facilitate a' new world order.'

I was still a bit unclear how such a 'charged' term could work. It took some years to recognize that often times a 'charged' term is necessary to stir the energy and help move it from chaos to order; from resistance to compliance in the flow of things.

They expressed that they were here now as part of the 'help' that was promised. They were here to assist me in making some adjustments to further align with my mission and that I had been doing very well so far. I took a deep breath of relief and just let go again. I noticed the energy moving up into my heart and chest area.

I was being 'tuned in' to the planetary grid system as part of my preparation now. I had no idea what the 'planetary grid' was but being a brainiac I figured it was how everything was connected energetically on the planet. I had a sense of what that meant, but I knew the grid was much more to be experienced.


Mayan Calendar Stages
1st Day
1st Night
2nd Day
2nd Night
3rd Day
3rd Night
4th Day
4th Night
5th Day
5th Night
6th Day
6th Night
7th Day
Cellular Cycle
Mammalian Cycle
Familial Cycle
Tribal Cycle
Cultural Cycle
National Cycle
Planetary
Galactic
Universal
Action/Reaction
Stimulus/Response
Stimulus/Individual Response
Similarities and differences - the Mind
Reason
Law
Power
Ethics

Celestial and Terrestrial Heritage

I wanted to know about our heritage, where we began and how we gain knowledge of harmony among people and planet. I'd read much in the Urantia Book, which gives a very detailed organizational diagram of the hierarchy and structure of creation, but it was just words.

The story that unfolded had me mesmerized for hours. It began through a vision of light condensing into form, something that completely caught me off guard and yet made me even more curious.

The imagery was spectacular, a rainbow-sparkled ball of light streaking across the universe and descending toward a lush green planet. When it reached the planet there was a flash as though the whole planet lit up for an instant, and then it was gone. The planet remained; a sense that a union had been created, between the light and the planet. Was that consciousness taking an evo-leap?

Then I saw a series of scenes with a variety of creatures that all behaved like tribes, working together in various ways to support their community. I saw cities and countryside that looked straight out of some science fiction movie with multiple suns and moons, flora and fauna from desert to tropical rain forests and gorgeous colors that were so vibrant they seemed alive.

I was so in awe that I wasn't sure where I was at – in body, out of body or seeing it in person as I was

so absorbed by the events. I felt like I was actually visiting these various places and even the residents were responding to my gaze with a quick glance my way on a couple of occasions.

The beings in each location were different, mirroring many of the life forms on earth yet displaying complete sentience and organization representative of civilization. The styles and types of buildings, although different in materials, all seemed to reflect elegant architecture combined with geometric shapes that appeared organic, malleable yet resilient and strong.

The cities had the feel of concentric circles for the most part, but then some of them actually lifted off the surface of the planets. The 'countryside' had such beauty in the integration of architectural structures that they were nearly invisible as habitations amongst the terrain.

The scenery passed by quickly, but I could identify many of the kinds of extraterrestrial beings I'd seen from drawings and dreams I'd had since childhood. There seemed to be dozens of worlds in all, each with a slightly different planetary landscape. Each world had completely different beings or bodies and all bi-pedal, or at least upright locomotion.

Even though I was in another world, or many, I still had the capability of critical thinking. I questioned the reason I was being shown all of this spectacular scenery and acknowledged my complete submission

to whatever the narrators had in store. I felt eternal in those moments, alive and free of any constraints of consciousness.

I was told these were our ancestors, our brothers and sisters in the universe and that each had reached a state of consciousness where they were all connected to a universal mind, naturally in harmony with their surroundings. It took many hundreds of thousands of years for this to happen on each planet. Ours was ready for an evo-leap.

It took thousands of years just to accomplish the idea of 'soul' that we humans have developed. The consciousness transfers from one body to the next, semi-unconsciously, until that 'eternal' connection is made. It is a natural process of the evolution of consciousness that has condensed into a physical form. For most it happened as the lifespan increased to hundreds of years.

The density constrains the stream of human consciousness for a time while the physical being matures, often taking many incarnations. Our planet had been in such a state long ago. I started to ask how it changed, but the thought seemed unimportant and I dismissed it.

We were here now and the past was the past. If I needed to know more, it would be presented at some point when appropriate. My thoughts fell quiet again, in observance of this consciousness.

The substance of the body is from each planet and returns to it until the consciousness opens the gate, like a computer program that has to run subroutines in the boot up process. Only the completed program just launches another set of subroutines until the link between the intellect and the soul is completely open. Then the bodies converge into one operating platform.

We might see it as God dwelling in man again. I eventually understood it as cosmic consciousness condensing into form and becoming aware of it.

The result, according to the narrator, is a sense of oneness and willingness to operate free from intellectual pursuits driven by the desire to dominate the environment. Each individual soul has purpose, like a thread in the tapestry of life that is just as important as any other thread. The beauty of the tapestry is dependent on the threads, no matter the color, diameter or length.

When all the threads become aware of the tapestry, it becomes alive and whole – able to be viewed. Individuals are like fractals of the tapestry, able to contain the original yet finding form, fit and function within it as their own filaments combine to form the whole.

It was then that I was shown spaceships of various designs and shapes; saucer-shaped, cigar-shaped, triangular-shaped, and sphere-shaped of various sizes. They all seemed to pulse with some kind of

energy, like they were connected to a heart-beat of some kind.

It reminded me of the pulse I felt during an out of body experience while traveling through what seemed to be a wormhole. When I was completely silent, I could feel/hear this pulse that seemed bio-mechanical at the time based on the sound.

I noticed the pulse as the foundation of the experience, even though I was able to argue points of order. I asked for clarification on many apparent miscommunications between the 'wise' and the 'minions' over time.

There was too much dualism in the human models and I wanted to understand the One's unifying perspective. I felt like it was already a part of me, but I needed further enlightenment.

I got a telepathic narration that informed me that many of these races had advanced to the understanding that Jesus demonstrated, able to take their bodies with them. This did not, in some cases, inhibit further incarnations.

As their body consciousness continued to develop, those who demonstrated a certain discipline were allowed greater integration with greater cosmic consciousness and, therefore, given even more responsibility in cosmic affairs. It all seemed so logical and pure.

They eventually learned how to incarnate in other planetary forms, consistent with each planet, in order to assist other planetary civilizations during epochal changes, both in consciousness and planetary evolution. The scenes revealed what appeared to be catastrophic events, yet there was complete serenity in the transitions.

It really felt strange to observe and feel the sensations beyond emotions, like I was seeing through the eyes of God. It was amazing. I felt like 'I' completely disappeared, too.

I understood the process of gaining awareness and self-actualization was the same for all beings, to a point. Like divisions of labor, those who had greater purpose garnered awareness of greater principles and universal understanding at a young age, far beyond the planetary civilization's ability to comprehend in most cases.

That is, until the critical mass was effectively 'seeded' enough for the conversation to take on a new level. That level was what I was being prepared for here on Earth. In that space and time it all made perfect sense and I felt like I was ready for anything. Let's rock!

The sensations that accompanied this experience were amazingly scintillating, like I was completely free of any attachment to judging what was happening. Part of me knew that I was like a speck in the cosmos at the mercy of something way

beyond anything I could comprehend in that moment, but another part of me was perfectly comfortable with what was happening, almost like it was more real than anything I'd ever known in my life. I mused at the paradox.

I let go and trusted, just as I had when I was asked if I was willing to die for what I believed in nearly half my life ago. Real or not, I became a better person because of it. But I digress…

When I cycled back to the energy running through my body, I could feel it in my upper chest and throat now. They told me that there was a pair of shoes ready for me to step into if I was ready.

Without hesitation, I pictured my purple Converse All-Star's in their worn and tattered state; my favorite shoes for many years. I verified that they would provide all the tools and they would be there at the appropriate time just as had been promised to me in the beginning. It was risky, but I felt sort of comfortable with the decision.

I got the feeling of confirmation deep inside me, so I loosened up a bit more and allowed the energy to flow completely unimpeded by my body and mind once again. It felt like I was catapulted through the stars while simultaneously expanding to encompass them. I felt really big, yet invisible and unimportant at the time.

With the previous event's understanding reaffirmed, I agreed to step into the shoes. As soon as I did, it felt like every bit of tension that I apparently wasn't aware of was now gone.

I felt free of *everything*.

Noting the difference in the sense of focus in the outer world in everyday living, it was so real and extraordinary to feel that sensation. I felt huge now, like I was the universe for a moment.

I was completely in awe at how this would all play out but the power of the moment was intimately unmistakable so I just listened intently. As I did, they told me part of a story about my life that seemed like I was in a fantasy world akin to some sci-fi adventure. It sure made me feel humble to say the least. I wondered if any of this would ever truly come to pass. Time alone would tell.

I was not alone here, they said. There are others like me in various states of consciousness, the points of light I'd seen before and even among the group I was witnessing now. We all have specific duties and responsibilities; mine was to consciously facilitate the reunion.

The reunion was not at all like I thought; each comes together in the thoughtmosphere with their particular skill set being applied to the collective. Indeed it was like a collective messiah; free of any

singular focus, as with Jesus, yet manifesting Christ Consciousness throughout. I felt relieved.

Another question surfaced, "If God made us, who made God?" The immediate and only answer came in the form of the symbol that José had mentioned in the interview, a rotating white feathered serpent medicine wheel. It was huge, taking up nearly a third of the sky and way off in the distance. It was positioned in the sky rotating above Sedona. I mused over José's words.

My line of sight happened to be in position with Sedona as I lay in the sleeping bag under the stars. The spin was a slow clockwise rotation and I just starred empty-minded at this beautiful image, letting it soak in. I knew I didn't understand, but it didn't matter. I let go again.

I knew then that there indeed was an answer in this rotating wheel, even though my human consciousness was not able to comprehend it yet. I knew that in time I would and they affirmed my feelings as well, noting that it would take some time for this entire experience to unfold completely in my consciousness and life.

What I did feel was imparted to me in that vision was that spin, the cycle, and that like José had said, we are in the beginning of a 50-year cycle, with 2012 as the midpoint. 2012 was the tipping point where the momentum of the rising of consciousness in humanity would finally be

recognized globally and a new living awareness emerges as a result.

I returned to the silence again and felt the energy move into my third eye and crown area. My head was abuzz to say the least. I noticed that it felt and sounded like what I hear when completely quiet and the environment is silent as well. It’s a high-pitched whine that carries a slight oscillation.

The next question addressed something that I was resistant to exploring even though I'd been mentored regarding it since childhood. "Am I the Rider of the White Horse?" I asked, almost ashamed for even bringing it up. I had this weird sense that I had something to do with it but I did more to dismiss the feeling than accept it for all of my life. I thought it was too self-aggrandizing to even consider it as a possibility, yet I cannot deny that the thoughts were there. What happened next was quite unexpected and totally cool.

I was immediately attracted to the lower right of my field of vision. As I looked over I saw a beautiful white horse, a quarter of the size of the area my field of vision as it came into view. It moved in a slow-motion gallop across the sky.

I was completely engrossed in the view. As it reached the center of my vision, it turned and came straight toward me. I didn’t know what to think. My heart leapt and I felt like crying in joy, but it came from a place I’d never known within.

It was so beautiful that I got lost in the awe and forgot about my question because I was so absorbed in its grandeur. As it turned toward me I remembered I had asked the question. I felt so small and insignificant in that moment.

Still in awe I meekly inquired, "Am I?" As it came closer I felt even more humble and thought, "Am I?" like a child getting a gift he'd never thought possible. Then, as it reached the point of being right in front of me I accepted and acknowledged, "I AM!" It just felt right no matter my resistance.

As this magnificent being passed slightly to my right I reached my arm out to grab its neck as it came by and swung myself up to sit on its majestic back. It happened so quickly that I just responded without a second thought and found myself accordingly suspended above its back. An eternity seemed to pass in that moment.

The instant I touched its back I heard a trumpet echo in the woods all around us. Instantly I was completely awake, noticing the sunlight was just beginning to offer a peak at the surrounding trees. I must've had my eyes closed for a while.

I knew I heard the trumpet with my physical ears and sat straight up in my sleeping bag, looking around for the trumpeter as if I'd see them somewhere close. I just knew I would. Alas, there was no one in sight, but I could hear others in the campground beginning to stir.

With tears streaming down my face I gently nudged my wife to share with her what had happened, hoping she would feel the same excitement. As she opened her eyes and I began to express, she blurted out, "I thought you weren't going to do any mushrooms." My heart was crushed in an instant and I became completely silent and withdrawn.

She did not know I even had them. But her first response flattened my excitement like a smashed bug on a windshield. I felt disappointed and destitute, hopeless and completely alone. I let go of my expectations and hurt as best I could, but the experience (both pain and pleasure) was undeniably real in oh, so many ways.

I had said nothing about the mushrooms, but she cut me down to size nonetheless. My heart broke in two as she turned the proverbial fire hose on me. I was speechless. I felt the distance between us ever so deeply in that moment.

I could tell something was about to change drastically. We had worked through one affair already after her accident and the connection I hoped would develop felt like it was slipping away as part of the process I had to endure.

I could not deny what had happened, even under the influence of the mushrooms. It was too real and validated by the actions I was asked to take during the conversation and the interaction with the group of beings, whatever they were.

I’ve got a good imagination, but it seemed to take me back to a previous profound position among the points of light as a teen. The strange thing was that they felt like they were part of a family I belonged to somehow, much the same as the previous encounter. The latter was after being asked if I was willing to die for what I believed in.


Change Your Life
Step Up Your Game !

Many Ways of Dying

There are many ways of dying, I found out.

I felt more connected to those points of light than any person, even my children. I only wish everyone could feel that sense of family unity and connection, beyond anything imaginable on Earth, like nothing else I've ever felt – except once before. The experience strengthened the awareness of responsibility I have toward my life and mission, beyond anything I could express.

The points of light I had experienced once before happened in 1975, just after returning to college after the first quarter break.

So, one evening I knelt in prayer. "Heavenly Father, I want to know truth, eternal truth, and I'm willing to die for it if necessary."

Although short, this heart-felt cry was a most intense prayer from my heart. I called out from the depths of the despair within me to seek something totally beyond me now. I don't really know if many go through this, especially at that age. Strange as that may seem, the outer world has a profound effect on the development of the inner connections, or lack of them, due to the struggles involved and how we choose to handle them.

The following week after school one day I was listening to the debut album of a band called 'Journey,' lounging on my dorm room bed in a pseudo-meditative state. The album itself was a

testament to the journey of self and the style of the music was much different than traditional rock-n-roll. It offered a launching pad of sorts.

Their music took one from the depths of tumultuousness to the heights of heaven, soaring like an eagle in the ethers of consciousness.

As I listened I fell into the deep depression of being alone and wondered how I would ever recover. I became silent in that feeling. During the second song on the album, In the Morning Day, there was a pause after the lyrics before the vamp played out. What came next has affected my spiritual path and daily life since.

Out of nowhere I heard that familiar 'Voice' say, "Bruce, are you willing to die for what you believe in?" Immediately the 'Voice' had my attention and I thought for a moment about what I believed in strongly enough to give up my life. I felt like I was put on call, above all calls, and my mind careened as I searched for the answer.

I thought, 'Jesus Christ,' but more - 'Christ Consciousness' was the fullness of what I was ready to accept as the call. I thought it was the clearest path, but it still felt a bit empty. The thought of Cosmic Consciousness occurred and felt much more complete in present state of mind.

Just as I said, "Yes," to the question the music continued with a guitar riff that sounded sort of like

a jet going by at Mach 3. The timing was so perfectly exquisite. I felt myself gently drifting upward, away of my body and so I let go and followed the movement.

I turned and looked back to see my body lying across my bed, my head leaning against the wall and my pillow and my feet on the floor.

When I turned back to look where I was going I was immediately and totally engulfed in white light... feeling at one with God. It felt like home; warm, effervescent and serene, resting in the energy of unimaginable pure love.

I could see, but only white light. I could think, so I knew I was conscious. I had no tactile sensations of having my body, though. There was no element of fear whatsoever, only the pure feeling of this total surrender to love – completely free of any judgment. I did not ‘see’ any personage or anything else for that matter.

I was aware that I could think, hear, and see, so I knew that I was still very much 'alive' even in this new place that I'd only heard you go to when you die. I had totally let go of any attachment to life, but felt like I was more alive than I had ever known, humming like an amazingly powerful electric field.

It felt like I was wide-open in this field, yet silent and alone in the light as there was no ‘voice’ now.

The paradox was that I felt connected to everything and everyone, I felt a 'oneness' of being. Only years later did I understand that oneness in a more explicable way.

Still, as an impetuous teen that bored easily and thrived on exploration of consciousness, I asked, "Is there more?" I felt another slight movement and found myself in the center of a sphere of pinpoints of light with an indigo background. The blue-blackness made the points stand out significantly.

I gazed in complete awe as I recognized what I've heard called 'nirvana' in Eastern texts. Wow!

It seemed like I could have counted the points of light had I so desired, as there were only a few hundred or so readily visible in this place of space. I could see in any direction I wanted simultaneously with a simple thought and without sensing any movement. They all seemed to be of the same intensity, but I could tell there was a depth of field in this celestial scenery.

As I pondered these points of light, I instinctively and intuitively recognized that they were points of consciousness, whether in body or not I wasn't sure. I knew I sure wasn't at that time. Just as I made the completion of this recognition the 'Voice' resumed as if it was listening to my thoughts.

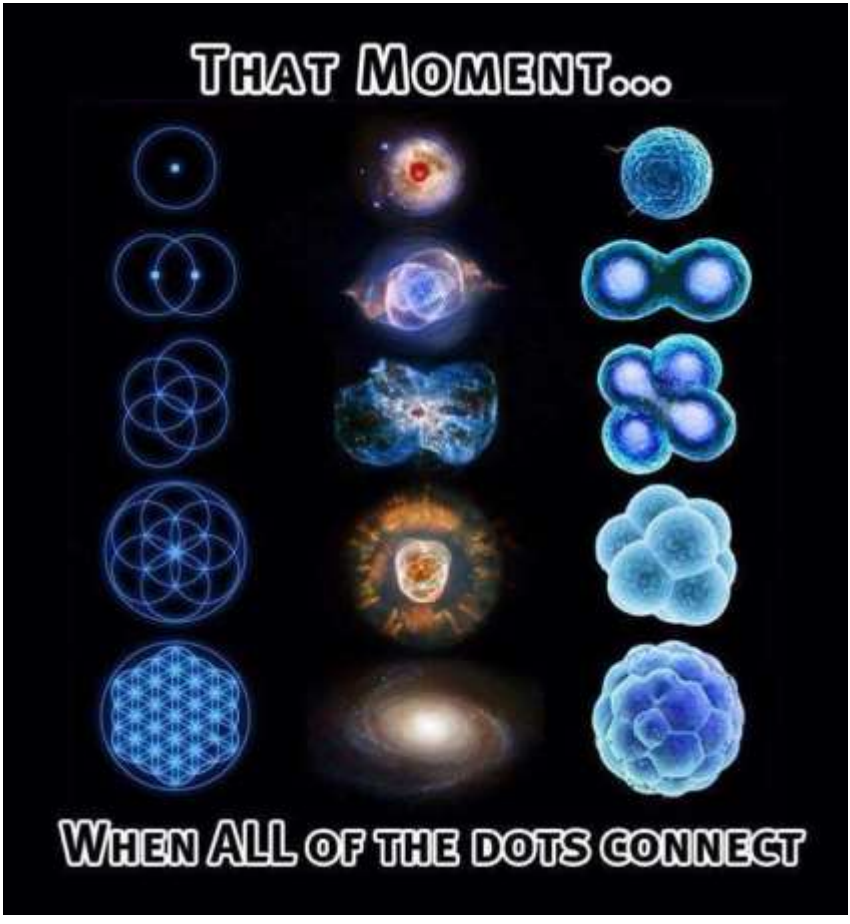
"These are those that you are to work with in order to facilitate the new world order. It will happen in

your lifetime. Know this to be true. Your path will be full of trials and tribulations. Trust and have faith that everything you need will be there at the appointed time. Trust and allow."

As I heard the finish of these words I felt another rush of energy. It was stronger than the other two movements. It felt like when I used to snap back into my body from an OBE, only as soon as I felt the 'landing' I immediately took a big gasp of air, like I had actually not been breathing for those moments I'd spent in the experience.

I kept my eyes closed for a few moments, totally enjoying the reintegration process as my body felt oh, so wonderful to me. The feeling of being 'born again' was as great as the feeling in the white light had been. I eventually opened my eyes and wondered what the f.. had just happened to me.

I could only relate to the experience as it was – with everything that happened as REALITY – because it was my direct experience. I heard years later that in most philosophical and psychological schools of thought, perception is reality.


THAT MOMENT...
WHEN ALL OF THE DOTS CONNECT

Focus On You

The following week I changed my business research project for my bachelor's degree from a business case solution at work to the first writing of a project plan for a model community, then simply called an international cultural center. I didn't have statistics to back up my plan. There weren't any readily available, so it affected my grade tremendously.

I did have an interesting experience while doing some research at a large new age expo at the Phoenix Civic Center. I went there to see if there were any people presenting on community building, either lectures or vendors. The expo was called 'Focus on You' and it seemed more like it was geared toward new age products and services rather than community development.

I took my son with me so we could have some time together and introduce him to things beyond our everyday lives. I was dressed in lavender slacks, a purple pull-over, purple/lavender plaid cap I'd nearly worn out golfing and my trusty purple Converse All Stars. Michael, also clad in a purple ensemble, strode around the event sporting a smile and curious eyes as he took in everything.

We stopped just after turning a corner and watched as a gentleman demonstrated sending energy through a single-terminated quartz crystal about 4 inches in diameter. He was standing just outside his booth where there were two huge amethyst geodes from Brazil, nearly 3 foot in diameter and almost 10

foot long with sections removed and lights accenting the interior.

As he was completing his demonstration, I caught his eye and held up my hand. He mirrored my action and I sent a pulse of energy from my hand to his, or at least I imagined doing so. His eyes lit up, evidently feeling the pulse, and he walked quickly over to me.

He looked deeply into my eyes and asked, "Are you Saint Germaine? I've been waiting for you." I didn't know what to say, so I just gazed back and remained silent. I thought to myself that I really don't know who I am yet.

My adoption and birth record, or lack of them, along with the recent experiences gave me cause for concern. I was completely taken by surprise with his question and comment. I quickly turned the conversation toward the beauty of the amethyst geodes and my son's fascination with them. I dismissed the event as being a random perception and just left it alone.

Over the years I've found that identity can be somewhat illusive at best, especially in the kinds of situations that come up out of the blue. Whenever others recognize me as this person or that person, according to their perception, it gives me the opportunity to detach and recognize that I can often be whoever the person needs me to be in that moment. I am able to remain detached as a matter

of personal sanity. It doesn't matter. It is not about me, but what I can offer to the other.

I had the latter show up big time the following year during an interview on KTAR radio. A Metaphysical Coming Together was an event the New Age Alliance was holding at the Biltmore Hotel. I was the marketing director for the event and stepped in for the interview because no one else was available.

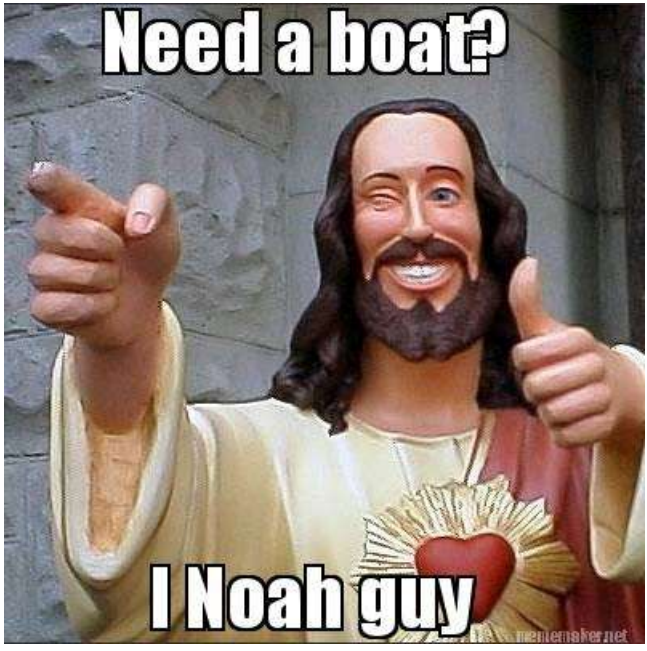
I was young and naïve, too, thinking the event would be well-received by the public. Arizona is a very conservative state, I found out, with a lot of bigoted and prejudiced religious folk. I got a real taste of it during the interview, but was able to come out of it relatively unscathed.

I was back in school, working on my Bachelor's degree in Business Administration at the time. I was still working for the aerospace company, but after suggesting interpersonal skills classes, I found myself suffering a demotion. I was also dealing with a failing marriage that I couldn't fix, no matter how hard I tried.

Life fell apart for by the end of that year, my divorce finalized on 11/22/88. The following year was amazing, even though I went from $54K to less than $6K in income and my child support debt reached a nearly insurmountable amount.

I think A Tale of Two Cities begins the same…

IT WAS the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way- in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.



Is It Conspiracy?

We are entering a truly blessed time in the history of our planet. Many vie for your attention outside of your heart. You know this to be true. It is evidence of the climax of human consciousness as it ascends into the next world.

The Hopis and the Mayans both have prophesied this movement, with the Aztecs revealing that it is the time where the devil takes off his mask to reveal the true god that he is. This is the polarity paradigm conclusion, ascending into ONEness.

The Hopis speak of moving from the Fourth World to the Fifth and the Mayans the Fifth World to the Sixth. This indeed could be evidence of different civilizations evolving simultaneously on our world, inside and out.

The Mind of Man still seeks control while the Heart of Humankind pushes everything in the way of ONEness to the surface of the Mind. As we become aware of this process, we ascend to new levels of consciousness as an individual, rising to our peak potential so to speak.

As we ascend, we resonate with a higher vibration and begin to find our own harmonic within this new orchestration of light and sound. It is a tough journey. It is full of trials and tribulations.

The time is nearing when this, too, shall pass and we will enjoy a new heaven and a new earth. I really don’t know when that will be, only that I will see it in my lifetime. Who knows, maybe our life

expectancy will leap to hundreds of years soon. Our ancestors were capable of it, so why wouldn't we be able to return to that way of life?

As luck would have it, another event came to town not too long after my probing. It was called "A New Age and Alien Agenda Expo," put on by Tim Beckley. I thought I'd be able to connect with others who had similar experiences there.

I was introduced to Tim by another friend, Jerry Wills, who had also been a guest on One World the previous year. One World was a television show I was doing on public access at the time. Ted Loman was also in process with his show in Tucson, UFO AZ, which he produced for over a decade.

Jerry was a contactee since his early teens, growing up in rural Kentucky. He had just started going to South America to investigate shamans and UFO sightings there. Jerry was a gentle man in spite of his 6'8" frame. He towered over nearly everyone.

Jerry introduced me to Tim, thinking he'd make an interesting guest on the show since he was also in the middle of the 'phenomena' of agendas. I'm not that tall; Jerry towers over me at 6'8" and Tim was slightly shorter than me.

After I was introduced I just gazed into Tim's eyes for a moment before saying a word. I spoke briefly about the show, but within moments he became visibly uncomfortable and with only a 'Gotta go…' he turned and nearly ran away. I was baffled.

Jerry had already left, so I just stood there a moment wondering what that heck that interaction was about because it felt rather rude to say the least. I went outside of the hotel meeting area and joined the group near the pool. It was late fall, so the weather was a bit cool and the sun was just setting. I was attracted to a stunningly good looking blonde with bright blue eyes and turquoise cowboy boots. We struck up a conversation and it became fortuitous almost immediately.

Susan wanted to meet Jim Dilettoso specifically, so when she found out I knew him I couldn't refuse the introduction. It set many things in motion.

Jim wasn't there at the time, though. I knew where he lived, at the 'Flying Heart' Ranch in Scottsdale, so I offered to take her out there. Jim was accustomed to folks just dropping in, so there was no need for a phone call. We all talked until late in the night and ended up spending the night.

The next morning Susan and I were talking about the similar dreams we had about an open field with a short stone wall on one side. It had an opening in the middle of the wall and we described a very similar scene, so it seemed we had entered the twilight zone together.

Jim must've been listening to our conversation because he entered the room with a question about a tree on the left of the scene that we both remembered. Evidently he was there, too.

The essence of the dream was about a group of human-looking ETs that had landed in the field. We both felt like they were part of an extended family and we were celebrating a reunion of sorts. She and I had been working in the ethers for years and just now reconnected on Earth, so there was cause for celebration. It had mixed results for me at the time.

Susan became Jim's partner for several years afterward, even becoming the drummer for the UFAUX Band – a slot I was hoping to fill at the time.

I got to know some other folks fairly well over the years; Rev. Robert and Shirley Short, Dr. Frank Stranges, Al Bielek, Bill Cooper, Bill Hamilton, Ret. Colonel Wendelle Stephens, Brian O'Leary, Darrell Sims, Anna Mitchell-Hedges, Hunbatz Men and some other lesser known wonderful people who were really working toward disclosure, transparency and harmony among people and planet as best they could. I was quite fortunate to find such company.

What I found from being around this crowd was there were several themes that sought attention, not all of them congruent with what I knew to be true for me. Perspectives generally evolve from the inner truth looking place that folks hold sacred. Whether it is fear-based or love-based depends on the individual and their belief system.

Invariably, though, the belief system wins out regardless of the experience. For instance, when one encounters a being with energy far above the tolerable ranges to humans, it generally will cause a fight or flight response… which is interpreted as a negative energy. The 'being' or 'consciousness' of the intelligent life form may not be malevolent at all, but it is perceived so because of the lack of understanding and physical shock response.

Then there are those who, regardless of the truth, will always look for some sinister plan or conspiracy behind every curtain. It doesn't matter who the wizard is or what is really happening. The belief is propagated and eventually finds a foothold in a particular population.

Howard Bloom's book, *The Lucifer Principle*, explains this psychological profile of humanity in great detail and references historical events that are far too many to ignore as coincidence or conjecture. It's how humans behave, whether base in truth or not. Populations are manipulated by those who understand how to do it.

That doesn't negate the fact that some humans are just downright nasty and even evil by all respects. I cannot speak to the reality of evil beings from other worlds because I have not experienced them. That does not mean they do not exist.

What I perceive, though, is that the nature of the consciousness involved learning and understanding space/time travel or even interdimensional travel is basically benevolent. What that means is that no malevolent energy can move through time/space, period. It is impossible for inharmonious energy to move through interdimensional pathways.

Any disturbance in the 'force' does not allow travel in any direction, except in the current realm of occupation. So, when you are stuck that is all you can think about – being stuck. We can observe that with humans and extrapolate that elsewhere, perhaps, if we are any reflection of other realms. I have a sense that other beings in realms of finer vibratory rates, though, do not get 'stuck.'

Probing Questions

Now I’m going to stretch you a little more. This is the core of the title of this book. I’m sharing an experience that continues to cause a rift in the Ufology crowd and even contactees have resisted it. This seminal view presents a new understanding that confronts many previously held beliefs within the field. So be it.

In bed one night a couple of years later I became aware of a lucid dream, or so I thought it was, until physical sensations bridged worlds. I woke up laughing on a table, like stainless steel, with several Zeta-looking individuals (Verdants are also of the same look I’m told) at the end of the table, having stepped back as I awoke.

How I awoke was interesting... laughing and joking with them as I began pulling electrodes the size of acupuncture needles out of my sphincter. I had a shirt on and was unclothed otherwise. I normally sleep nude, so the shirt was uncommon but it was there nevertheless. I still wonder why. I’m certainly not shy, but the vulnerability of nakedness is there.

I said something like, "C'mon guys, what are you doing?!?!," as I began pulling the electrodes out one by one. It seemed they were pinned up against the wall pushed there from the uncontrollable laughter I presented instead of the normal fear that could be managed by their minds. These kinds of events often cause people to become frightened and frantic, a fight or flight scenario.

As they watched me continue pulling the electrodes out, I was having no sensation until I got to the very end. I felt like I'd pulled out a pubic hair as I pulled the last one out. You know those things sting...lol. (Sorry for getting so graphic) At any rate, I instantly awoke in my bed as a result.

How did that happen? What it just a dream? How could I be in one place and instantly be in another yet feel like both of them are equally real? WTF?

I was baffled at how I could be there one moment and instantly return to my bed. I hadn't really understood non-linear time yet or non-local events, let alone the aspect of multiple dimensions, even though I'd experienced moments of them throughout my life.

When I first opened my eyes in bed I instantly knew I'd had an opportunity few get. "Shit," I thought, "I screwed up. I want to go back." I wanted to go back with all my intention and power to do. Yet, I had no idea how. I had a chance for a conversation and I missed it! So…

I closed my eyes again, hoping to find a way back to the table, or at least the same room. As I let go of physical boundaries I began to feel like I was moving slightly, but I didn't know where. It was an odd feeling, almost like that moment just before an out-of-body experience happens.

As I let go and embraced the sensation, instantly I found myself talking to a rather androgynous looking humanoid figure that appeared to be in a

shimmering black/white robe of some kind, he rather glowed in the darkness.

I didn't notice any particular surroundings. This one says to me in a soothing male voice, "Next time, just relax. We were only trying to make it easier to communicate." Now THAT I didn’t expect.

My immediate thoughts went to a recent library scene. My partner/love, Kim Fox, and I had been doing some research on the perineum nerve. She was training as a message therapist and needed to do the research for her anatomy class. I loved spending time with her.

She was so adorable in her efforts to manage me and keep my ego in check. I screwed up our relationship later and regretted it for decades. She developed cancer years later and made her transition. I saw her about a year before and knew something was amiss, but she kept quiet.

To make a long story short, the perineum nerve is a direct-connect to the central nervous system through the anus. This explains why some suppositories are so much more effective than oral medications in the medical field. How it applied here was similar as I found out moments later.

It was a probing question, of course. And it was an answer that explains many, if not all, the ‘anal probes’ reported by abductees. Sure it is embarrassing, but when you think about the science, it makes perfect sense.

At that point I lost waking consciousness again. I woke up the next morning with combination of awe and honor from the experience. I knew that soon I would have better connections and discourses with others of the 'Order.' By that I mean Divine Order as I could best determine. The sense of sacredness continued to permeate the contemplations.

I have to admit, I'm still not sure of the term 'extraterrestrial' in the sense of off-planet sentient beings. These were definitely off-planet, but the sense of other-dimensional was uncanny. I think they are indeed multidimensional and we just haven't got a clue what that really means yet.

So if you were part of an advanced society capable of light-speed or space/time travel, as indicated by the Tesseract model perhaps, and had technology to bridge worlds, how might you do it?

If humans, as a bi-pedal life form with nervous systems that have specific points of potential integration, could be 'hooked up' to help them increase their vibratory rate it would make sense that it be done through the sphincter. Wouldn't it? I mean, it is the obvious place.

What still remains unsettling is the explanation of the dimensions of consciousness that the technology was able to bridge and how. There is an element beyond the physical and yet still part of it. Our limited human consciousness still cannot comprehend the nature of this ability or the technology that allows its functional use, but it

apparently is common to many abductees. Is it a question of letting go, taken to a new level?

When you let go of ego and surrender, Divine Order is all that is left. I'm not sure how else to express it. Is that what is happening here? I didn't have that type of experience again until some years later, although there have been many more 'other' types of things in my life.

Beyond my beliefs, I've shown up at places and times and witnessed some amazing manifestations. As I bear witness to my own experience, I testify to the reality of Christ Consciousness and the Kingdom of Heaven, for lack of a better. I chose to give my life in service and surrendered to God's Will or Truth as I had perceived it.

I have not only seen the Light, I have been inside it and beyond it. I even had an escort to meet the forefathers. I wondered about the foremothers, too. These things I live and breathe and have my being in...LOVE. I believe it is available to everyone.

I seek to share in this deep connection of LOVE we all know in the depths of our Being. Call me whatever you want, including late for dinner. I have much more to share for those who desire. I know I'm not the only one that has had these types of things happen. I may be one of the few that sees it in such a different light, though.

Downloads & Data Delivery

It seemed like I was getting 'downloads' of information whenever I spoke with some of those folks I mentioned earlier. My mind is in a much quieter space when I was being curious. If you've ever witnessed a medium or a 'channeler' they often have visible shifts in their body and language.

Sometimes the folks I talked with would exhibit these changes, speak to me about things no one else could possibly know, and then shift back to their normal demeanor without knowledge of what they had just said.

Experiencing those kinds of relationships was a bit bizarre to say the least, but I will not deny their reality. Maybe you've had something like that happen in your life. Suffice it to say that one is challenged to speak out about these things in any kind of company, except where others experience similar things. These events seemed to be a perfect place to encounter those kinds of people; a little more comfortable an atmosphere for talk.

Later that year at another small event in Scottsdale I met Anna Mitchell-Hedges and Brian O'Leary. Anna was traveling with the crystal skull she had discovered while with her father on an archeological expedition in Belize. She, too, was adopted and had such a bright-eyed countenance even at the advanced age.

Because of the normal flow around these events, there wasn't much time to talk, but we did have a

short conversation about the skull releasing information to those who were tuned in to the frequency of the cosmic order from which it came. She knew that much and was eager to have me share a moment with the skull.

I slipped my hands underneath it and held it just above the table for a few moments with my eyes closed and my mind as open as possible… nothing. I thanked her and moved on so the next person could have their moment with her and the skull. I could not have imagined what would happen next.

Some minutes later when the gathering was being called to order, Brian O'Leary spoke for a few moments to 'open' the evening and then asked us to join in a short meditation. I closed my eyes with all the others, a few hundred or so.

He started with some words of guidance to relax and focus our energy. Within a few sentences I saw a bright flash, like a flash bulb, a few feet above his head. I felt like it was a pulse of data, generated by the skull, which was specifically for me at that time.

I sat there in silence, listening to Brian while doing my best to keep my mind from racing with the internal investigation of the meaning of the pulse of light. It is really hard to just allow the flow to happen and not get caught up in all the mental perturbations of inquiry.

Still, I knew that this was a 'data pack' of immense importance. How long it was going to take to 'unpack' I wasn't sure, but I knew it would.

The pulse of light might also have been experienced by others, so large as to have filled the room for an instant. After the meditation Brian spoke for about an hour so I had to wait to inquire of others about their experience.

Afterward I asked about a dozen people, most of which I did not know, if they had experienced anything like a flash of light during the meditation. Only a couple had, but they didn't seem to think it was of much importance.

How could you not think it was important? I was reminded almost instantly of how limited most people think. They just don't go deep or pay attention to the most obvious of signs, let along the subtle signs.

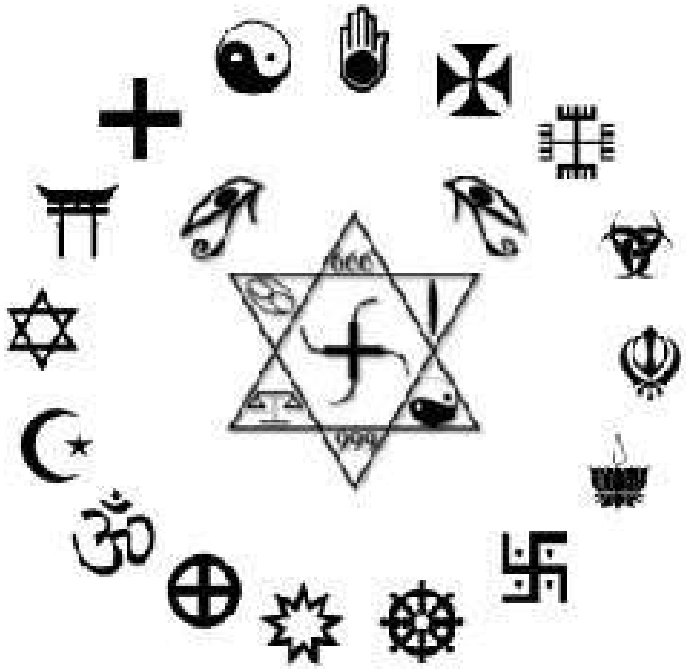
These spontaneous and short-lived events always seemed to have the most importance and significance in my quest for understanding. It seems the quieter one is the louder the internal voice becomes. Non-linear and non-localism at work, I suppose.

Sometimes, however rarely, others hear that voice, too. I find myself caught between the desire for others to be so free to hear and the sadness of the reality that they simply do not care to no matter what they profess to be their spiritual intent.

I think this is the most important lesson we can learn from Jesus' teachings; that indeed 'anything is possible to those who believe.' To listen to His words and 'not taste death.' What does that really

mean? I tasted what others call ‘death’ when I was asked to die for what I believed in so many years ago. There are many ‘little deaths’ in life.

I returned with a new living awareness that I’ve sought to understand for the rest of my life. Maybe this sounds all too familiar to you as well. Life continues to offer some amazing experiences that, frankly, take the old belief systems, turn them on their head and offer a new world order within some kind of quantum entanglement that makes sense common and even science can validate.



Commander Hurley

I'm really a skeptic at heart I suppose. I was told that they wanted to make it easier to communicate. I didn’t realize how deep the rabbit hole would go. I've experienced a lot and a lot I haven't.

Still I find even with the most bizarre and intense experiences I've had, I question others with the intensity of my own discovery process.

Truth is often shared agreements. When truth of experience or even just a desire to connect with life in such a way as to open our eyes, ears and heart happens, the agreement has been made.

On a Tuesday afternoon in mid-September 1991, I was going over some notes and received a phone call from one of my previous guests. She and her partner had worked with ETs and humans to remove etheric implant devices from them. Now granted, I thought it was a bunch of hooey to begin with as well.

In my investigations I've found many profess and few actually deliver. They proved to have some interesting abilities. I wouldn't have believed it, except I saw it with my own inner eye as they demonstrated their work to me in process of preparing for their interview.

I went to their office on a gorgeous spring day. The temperature had already hit the 80s, normal for Phoenix in April. They were expecting me. We had a short conversation about the theme of the show and how I’d been encouraged to get to know them

by another guest, a publisher of a multi-cultural magazine that served the corporate market. Mary and Royal invited me to experience their work first hand, so I joined them in their 'healing room.'

The room had a massage table in the center, covered with a lavender colored sheet. Around the perimeter of the room were various candles and crystals, an incense burner and pictures of grand celestial scenes on the walls.

I took my shoes off and climbed on the table, lying on my back with my eyes closed. They told me they were going to scan my body for implants first. I didn't think they would find any and they did not. However, they did detect an energy 'block' in my right knee.

Now I don't normally 'see' things, but occasionally I do and even with a vivid imagination the visuals have a different 'sense' to them when my inner sight is activated. When they noted the 'block' in my knee I could see what appeared to be a swollen thigh, about twice the size of my left thigh. What happened next made me a believer.

I watched internally as I felt them place their hands on my knee. I saw what looked like violet laser lights coming from their eyes and going through their hands into my knee.

The swelling in my thigh began to subside and I could feel a distinct change in the flow of energy through my leg. I have to say it was rather bizarre, but my experience was nevertheless real.

For some reason I was moved to try something new for me, too. I open my hands up and moved them to where I could direct energy from them toward their feet.

I visualized sending light from my hands to their feet and up through their bodies. At the same instant they both stood straight up for a moment and then returned to a semi-bent over position they had previously.

I asked them if they just experienced something, noting their movement. Both Mary and Royal said they felt like they left their bodies for a moment and went up to a spaceship and then returned almost instantly. I told them what I had done.

None of us could explain the apparent synchronous events beyond our individual perspectives, but it was obvious they were connected somehow. Strange indeed and we all just accepted that we experienced the event.

We did the show a couple of weeks later. My standard set of questions included how the guests were led to their work from both inner and outer perspectives. Each guest was different, of course, but they all had some form inner guidance that led them through the process.

A few months later I got a frantic phone call from Mary early in the afternoon. She was alone and she said I was the only one that came to mind to help her address the situation. Her partner had flown to Canada for a few days to take care of some

personal business at the time. So, I listened to what she had to say.

Her voice was anxious, a bit confused and bewildered. She said there was a tall ET standing outside their office door, hunched over like he was injured in some way. She described him as a Zeta-looking figure, approximately 8 foot tall.

She was having trouble communicating with him, she thought because of his unfamiliarity with the feminine energy perhaps. I had my own type of experience yet this kind of mid-day occurrence was new to me. I listened to her with a bit of skepticism yet, something rang true.

She asked me if I would come over as soon as I could to help with the situation. For some reason she felt like he intended for her to contact me immediately after she saw him outside the doorway. She had seen ETs before but this was new for her, too, and I could tell she wasn’t sure just what to do.

Well, I told her I'd be right over. It was about a 15 - 20 minute journey depending on traffic. I didn't have anything else to do at the moment and thought it might be a nice diversion, whatever the 'reality' of the situation.

My critical-self did not want to accept that anything was actually happening, but after the session with them I was at least open to possibility.

I rolled a smoke along the way and pondered this event. If he was injured, and it was real, where was he hurt?

Instantly I felt a sharp pain in my left hip joint, as though a spear had been run through it. I mean it HURT that I doubled over in the car! My body doesn't do obstinate things like that normally.

So, I began to loosen my skeptical spectacles.

What the heck could this be about?

Why was I called?

Are these guys really aware of who I AM?

Who is this guy and what is he doing here of all places?

Then I got back to me... What AM I to do?

Hmmm.... I thought. Well, let's just play it by ear and see what happens. It would certainly be interesting and maybe I'd learn something.

I pulled up behind the building, in front of their door. It was standing open and I could hear this woman inside. She met me at the doorway. I raised my eyebrow to her and she proceeded to explain what had happened so far.

This doorway was at ground level of an attached office in the rear of a 7 story office building that bordered Alhambra High School football field at the rear of the property, just a few meters from their door. There were a few trees along the fence line, in between the building and the 'visitors' bleachers

that were about a hundred feet away from the chain link fence.

This other-dimensional ET had shown up there appearing hurt and needing assistance. She said it took her a few moments to settle down as this was completely new to her.

When she was able to communicate with him finally, he told her that she had done the right thing by calling me. He came there knowing that she would contact me.

It was me who he came to see specifically and he knew that she would be able to get me there. I was the only one that could assist him, both for triage and for something else he needed. That was all she knew. I was skeptical.

I raised my eyebrow again, asking her to go on. She told me that she didn't know much else at that point; the majority of the time of my journey was in persuading him to come into the office and lay on the healing table.

She did say that he was not of this dimension, although he looked like a tall Zeta, with the large almond eyes. I asked her to show me in please.

As we walked through the door into the healing room (a small room with a couple of tables, some incense, an altar, and a massage table in the center of the room) I blinked my eyes.

Now, I don't blink too often as it is. When I did, I was amazed at what I saw, even only if it was for just a moment… I clearly saw [it].

By 'it' I mean 'him'... He was as tall as she'd said, with his feet hanging well over a foot beyond the end of the table. He was dressed in a uniform and looked like something of a ranking officer by the tailoring of his uniform and its emblems, which I only remember vaguely now.

What I saw was not a Zeta, though. He was what some would call a Draconian. His head was wide and looked like a crocodile with straight teeth, well inside his 'lips', and a shorten snout, wider than they (crocs) are normally.

I wondered why she had seen a Zeta. Later she revealed her fears of the Dracs, so I was not surprised at his disguise toward her. They do have the ability to shape shift, you know, just as we do. Regardless, at the time I wondered why, all I felt was that he was docile and needed attention. He truly was no threat.

She had established a conscious link with him by this time and I did not feel it necessary, so she related his answers to my questions as we proceeded. Before we did, though, it was necessary to stabilize his condition. His injury was in the precise place that I had felt the pain earlier, evidencing once again that this was a 'real' multidimensional event.

Some part of me knew that there was much more to this happening than we knew. These things happen like that... when you least expect it. The normal questions were asked.. Who are you? What are you doing here? Where did you come from? …that sort of thing.

The summation of the discussion was that he and his crew were assigned to watch us, myself and my close associations, and dissuade us from progressing in our work of figuring out how to bring a new heaven and a new earth about.

His name, as close as we could get it in English, was Hurley. He was a commander of a 3-ship flotilla assigned to Earth and us, in particular.

Why we got that much attention was beyond me. While they watched us... which had been a period of years... they were touched by our compassion. By this time I was also carrying on a telepathic conversation with him beyond the one I was having through Mary-Margareht.

Hurley explained that at first they felt it as incongruent to them; this new sensation. They were logic-driven creatures with mission focus their only direction and task. They were basically devoid of emotions. That changed.

Their own natural process took over when they began questioning themselves about why we acted in such unconditional ways. It was completely foreign to them. As they pondered, a spark began to burn in their hearts.

Their understanding of compassion grew from there and brought them to a new living awareness that they could not deny. Now for a logic-driven specie this was hard to compute as it defied what they knew about 'reason.'

Reasonably so, they began to question their own mission and why they were sent to thwart our mission, if that were indeed the case. Perceptions and perspectives often changed depending on the vantage point from which one looks.

During our conversation he revealed that they knew I was the son of Ashtar and Athena and that is why they had been dispatched. He was a member of what we would call their ‘High Council’ as well. I’m still not sure what he was supposed to do.

As I mentioned earlier, the woman and her partner were adepts at removing etheric implants. They had worked with humans and ETs for some time. That much was obvious to me. The woman still did not know of his Draconian appearance as I had assumed she could see the same thing. It’s good she didn’t.

I found out years later that again, the axiom had applied. I assumed wrong. If he had shown himself in his true form, she would have not been able to deal with the situation as she was predisposed to the 'Dracs' as being a 'bad' race of beings to be treated with disdain and distrust. I can see how by what happened later.

I find that most information and 'stories' portray them as being some kind of controlling race that is hell-bent on taking over the Earth. If that were the real case, they have had the capability of doing that for a long, long time. Even if they had particular needs for their survival, they had not demonstrated such an 'antagonist' role.

Humans are used to the literary polarities and often carry them over into whatever reality they may be interacting. Of course, I've also seen quite a number of 'true forms' when gazing into the eyes of another for such purpose, but the Dracs have never seemed that intimidating to me.

Hurley went on to say that he and his crew had attacked the etheric implant facility that was being used for Earth and the surrounding territory. They destroyed it and in the ensuing battle he was injured. Sounded like Star Wars to me.

As a member of the High Council, he was both feared and revered and the normal protocols of the facility were lessened at his approach. They had left quickly, destroying their communication and tracking systems on board their ships so they could not be tracked.

Telepathy was used for ship-to-ship ongoing communication. They proceeded to our location in order to carry out his next intentional move that had been prompted by their heart-awakening.

He had his own internal realizations and transformations that he knew to be connected with

something far greater than he. It took him several years of observation, and even attempted interventions, before his observations changed his previous thinking and mental constructs of his cultural upbringing.

Understanding this, and my connection to the Ashtar Command and the Galactic Federation as commander of the New Jerusalem, he knew that their next step would be to contact me; however that was to be achieved.

Mary-Margareht was the solution because of her openness to the next level of hearing and sight.

According to Hurley, they came straight here to contact me and ask for permission to board the New Jerusalem and join the Federation. He said I was the only one that could grant them that permission. He knew it would be the beginning of massive changes within their domain.

The whole thing made my head spin. Knowing of my celestial heritage did not make it any easier to manage on a conscious level. I wouldn't have dreamed this scenario in a thousand years, yet here it was in my face.

So, I did what I felt anyone perceived to have that authority would do... I gave permission, with stipulations. It was time to bring the regions of time and space together as ONE. By this time I had been engaged in this conversation for nearly an hour.

The whole time I had Mary stand at his feet and redirect the energy from his feet into the ground as I sat at his head and sent energy through his crown, into his body and out his feet in order to stabilize his condition.

I left shortly after wondering what the heck had really just happened. It was not a lucid dream. It was waking consciousness. It was unreal!

It was the middle of the afternoon!

A couple of hours later she called again, relating that she was able to see nearly a hundred more of them at first, in between the office and the back of the bleachers. They gradually disappeared in small groups and the last were about to leave.

She thanked me for the help and said that had she not witnessed it herself, it would be one of those wild stories you hear about that no one knows if they are true or not. As I said before, don't believe a thing I've said here. It's all just a story... or is it?

YO...DA!

Some weeks later, I called out to Hurley just to see if the connection was still there. I was meditating just before falling asleep, pondering recent interactions that could be deemed out of integrity in human behavior, yet seemingly in alignment with soular re-encounters.

As his energy entered a few moments later, it was more intense than nearly anything I'd experienced. It was so strong that if I had been of a fearful

nature, it would have made me so afraid that I would have hidden somehow. How I processed this intense sensation took me to a dark place initially.

I instantly went into a self-judgment mode regarding my recent behavior. No matter what I'd been doing, I felt it was not good enough. An old pattern that brought up really intense self-critical emotions and sense of abandonment. It could even feel paralyzing at times. Maybe it was a reminder.

Yet, there was another level of sensation, like when a near-miss occurs, a life-threatening event that passes instantly without harm and in process your adrenaline rushes with the sudden burst of fight or flight energy. The same occurs when one recalls of a moment of extreme doubt in self, in my opinion.

To be aware of all those sensations and still breathe through it without losing consciousness, there arose a really quiet place that literally had a ring to it. I can't explain it exactly, but it was definitely another realm of consciousness that emerged. It was so subtle in how it just bubbled up from silence.

I can understand why many humans do fear them and concoct all kinds of stories to corroborate that fear. We fear intense sensations instead of embracing them. When I quieted my mind again, I soon remembered that I had called out to Hurley.

It was his energy that had prompted the constriction of my internal value system. Some kind of test. Or maybe it was so high that no judgment

could exist there and I had to let it go just to be able to rise into the frequency.

At any rate, once I cleared my thoughts, Hurley's communication was available. I was both engaged in the conversation and wondering if I was nuts. It was happening. It didn't really matter whether I believed it or not. Strange place to find yourself, I have to admit.

After a brief conformational conversation of my awareness of his presence, he informed me that things were well underway in the current negotiations to bring their race into harmony with the ONE and aligned with the Federation.

He stated that in every progression of time and space, there comes a time when all things must honor their uniqueness and sameness within the construct of consciousness simultaneously, establishing an 'order' of coexistence, collaboration, cooperation and most of all... *communion*.

We both weren't sure about the human race being able to get over their misconceptions of truth. Nevertheless, we acknowledged our allegiance to service to others in accordance with the ONE. Love is eternal and all things come to pass to demonstrate that love is intrinsic to creation. We are part of it, seeking to make sense common.

Either you believe it or you don't. I grow tired of those who constantly look for deceit and dissention. There are groups dedicated to such things, and yet there is another path we can take.

Commander Hurley

Strange things happen. Hopefully this new millennial myth will help to align your heart and mind with the ONE. As incredulous as it may seem, I'm just reporting and reflecting as intelligently as I can at this time.

Admittedly, it's weird.

Speaking of reporting….

Check out UfologyPRSS.com:

First Contact –

Council of 300

We'll fast-forward to February of 200. I had a series of experiences during dreamtime that one just cannot forget. At first I wanted to write them all down and share them as it seemed to fit perfectly with the flow of my life. However, as I sat with them for a while I realized that it wasn't time to share just yet.

After the Gathering of Souls in the fall of 2000, an international conference focusing on the Ashtar Command, the Galactic Federation and our involvement as ETs incarnate, I returned to Phoenix with a huge vision and *some* ideas of how to begin to fulfill it. After all, being announced as a son of Ashtar and Athena tends to push one to production.

It was easy for me to release my attachments to earning a living and focus my efforts on what I knew was more important to everyone. The foundation of faith, love and trust I'd developed certainly made the transitions easier, but they were still tough to manage financially.

Even with help, the sheer magnitude of what I had been asked to do was daunting to say the least, but I thought it would all work out as long as I remained committed and willing to do whatever it

took. I knew that only time would tell. As I tested the water, so to speak, I found that few if any were able to hear me from where I spoke and their projections from lack of understanding did more to create further separation than to harmonize.

Meanwhile, I called a friend that was building websites and he helped me put one together to share my experiences, ideas and information relevant to the mission of unity resulting in harmony among people and planet. Now this would be no small task as the mental perturbations of the participants in process, let alone the articulation of possibilities to coagulate, were cause for needing a way to make sense common.

I'd hoped I could get others involved in some kind of collaboration to create events all over the world. It seemed like the best thing to do… gather people and talk about our experiences. After the Gathering, I crafted an introductory letter and sent it out to individuals and groups all over the world. I suggested that we create small groups and meetings so that folks could get to know me in person. Unfortunately, that didn't happen...yet.

I picked up the web crafting quickly and soon took over the work of creating and posting pages. I was really enjoying crafting these pages and applying desktop publishing skills I had learned. I'd wanted to be able to create visual and written work for various projects I had in mind after the summer on

the hill a decade prior. I was excited about the prospects of producing and writing.

I had gone back to school in 1991 for the first time after my divorce and learned something practical that would help communicate ideas and possibilities. I got a certificate in Desktop Publishing from AzTech College.

Within the first 6 months it was up, the website was getting 5,000 unique visitors a month. By the end of the year, we'd reached 25,000 a month. I was ecstatic, but there was no action and no income generated. The latter I never considered; money was always a second or third thought, if at all. I just wasn't money motivated.

I was between jobs so I had copious amounts of time on my hands. My hosting was inexpensive, so I just poured my creative flow into the digital world for a while. The creative spark can sure be ignited when you are arranging a bunch of electrons on a screen and sharing them across the world.

It didn't take me long to figure out how to do some pretty cool stuff, but I still felt like my skills were inept at best. I could copy and paste to perfection, but I didn't have the foggiest clue about coding as a creator, not just a user. But I digress.

It was February 13, 2001 sometime around midnight in Phoenix, Arizona. I'd just gotten horizontal after an evening of webbery; chatting

with some folks about the Ashtar Command and what the 'contactee' experience was like. I found that many were still caught up in mixed emotions and concern for 'negative' ETs that seemed to get in the way of their development. Fear is just not a factor in the thin worlds. It simply doesn't exist.

My energy always gets ramped up when that happens and it takes me a while to relax enough to go to sleep. Sometimes I have spontaneous multidimensional experiences as a result.

Even though the communication is somewhat linear, the thoughtmospheric conditions sure are not. Light pulses contain terabytes if not yottbytes (Wikipedia) of information.

Whenever I have discussions with others there is always a period of self-reflection and questions within my own mind and heart. It's generally to make sure I'm out of the way and able to receive answers without my own labyrinth of filters getting in the way. So I was feeling a bit elevated to say the least, allowing that trust factor inside to pave the way as always.

All of a sudden I felt the transition between worlds that has become so familiar over the years. It's like being freed from one world to enter another accompanied by a definite shift in the sensation of vibration. There is a sound that is beyond hearing that accompanies the shift. It feels like a wind at

my back, catapulting my relation-ship beyond the ocean of emotion.

This one was a bit different, though. My focus seemed to expand and contract simultaneously. The practice of 'seeing' is much like scrying with a mirror or looking at an image that has a 3-D effect, gazing without looking intentionally. Years later in DMT - The Spirit Molecule I read accounts of folks who tried to explain their experience and they seemed to draw upon the same kind of explanations for their non-linear experiences.

I found myself in front of a large group of folks that looked they came from across the galaxy; so many varieties I was a bit taken by surprise for a moment, but I have to say it felt quite natural and normal. Then my consciousness shifted again, into the 'performance mode' where I was able to observe yet another part of me was in charge. I was performing as a facilitator for a large meeting, feeling like I was in complete charge.

As my focus developed and dissipated, I could tell I was on board a ship of substantial size. Sounds like a paradox, huh? Developed and dissipated… but that is how it seemed. I was in a large meeting room that reminded me of a lecture hall from college, with several hundred in the audience. This audience wasn't your standard student body though; far from it. I looked out to see a plethora of life forms.

There were dozens of different races represented in the group, too many to recall them all, but they included thinly skinned egg-shaped blobs of a golden rainbow sparkled color with central orbs that were just a bit brighter; a variety of insectoids that were just slightly different in body style and skin tone, with heads that looked similar to ants on some and praying mantis on others that varied in color, skin texture, appearance and position of eyes with some of them slightly shimmering in the light of the room.

There were also reptilians that included short-snouted crocodilian types, small to medium sized lizards and even snake-like heads of different sizes, colors and scale structure from smooth to rough skin appearance and all bi-pedal; humanoids of varying heights, looks and colors; beings of different sizes, body types and arrangements of eyes some large and some thin, sometimes spindly ranging from a light golden to dark shades of green and grey. It was truly a sight to behold.

Of course there were the Zetas, too, with their almond-shaped eyes and thin bodies. What was odd, though, was there were at least a dozen different varieties of these types, from very short to very tall with skin texture and tone different on each, from dark grey to almost white. They all were visibly similar in structure, but quite different in their appearance and detail.

It reminded me of the bar scene from Star Wars only it felt a little more serious. The sensation was anchored in some kind of 'importance' and 'responsibility' that went beyond anything I'd experienced to date. I seemed to become aware of my participation even though I wasn't in charge of my actions from my point of view.

I felt confident in the plethora of participants and the myriads of systems they represented, all members of the Galactic Federation. I understood that latter without question. Although there was no obvious announcement of their affiliation, the sense of unity was profound and complete.

Apparently I was there as part of the proceedings as the facilitator and I bounced back and forth from participating (looking out through my eyes) to observing (watching from a distance from a few feet behind).

The exact details are too cumbersome to elucidate here now and meetings of any type are usually boring to a degree, but the focus of the meeting was to go over the agreed upon processes, protocols, rules and responsibilities of 'First Contact' on Earth.

It was apparent the process had been going on for some time, so there was no exact date for establishing a timeline. Truth be known, it started millennia ago while humans were just beginning to evolve on their own.

Long ago through several means and for a multitude of reasons, many life-forms were brought here after certain planetary evolution cycles made the atmosphere and terrain inhabitable. Humans have been fascinated with their history, but they haven't been able to free their minds enough to grapple with the reality of an extraterrestrial origin or the magnitude of which celestial beings are capable of interacting with planetary inhabitants.

It was time to begin the strategic actions to bring consciousness among humanity to a new level. They had advanced to a point of priority for planetary survival. It would become necessary for many kinds of open contact to occur. Humans were still too projective with the energy and they hadn't learned how to listen, so many methods and options were to be discussed.

That may seem like a simple concept, listening, but the depth of the listening is what enables the interdimensional travel beyond the linear frameworks that humans have developed.

You might recall a line in one of the favorite books among humankind stating, 'for those who have the ears to hear and the eyes to see.' When your consciousness shifts, so does one's ability to become aware and perceive.

This new living awareness comes from the silence within; the 'void.' I mean, think about it… If the Voice of Being comes from the Silence…. We, as

humans, just don't pay attention to 'what is.' Too often the satiation of the senses distracts us from the subtle impressions and our attention is focused on the gross, like the attendance of alien-spun doomsday-themed movies.

How distracting is that ?!

The outer efforts made with various humans had not proved fruitful as every agreement and treaty with humans in authority had been broken. Shutting off military missile silos and disarming spaceships was not enough.

It would be years before the retired military leaders spoke out about the silo incidents around the world at the National Press Club. We couldn't wait for the humans to learn self-awareness.

I confirmed the need for consideration of the general public and their ignorance of other dimensions, let alone the nether worlds with the exception of a few. Self-awareness had to be initiated before anything could progress. We had waited, but undesirable selections competed.

The sense was that most were not going to be able to understand the universal laws and understanding we all took for granted as a living awareness. Linear thinking was about all they are capable of, yet it was our job to introduce circular and spherical forms of thinking as quickly as possible, creating a new thoughtmosphere of opportunity for ascension.

I began to introduce another to go over the methodologies and procedures for seeding the thoughtmosphere with cathartic drips and runs through a matrix of media portals. I watched the scene fade as I felt pulled back. I saw a series of events of catastrophic nature and even more that could be averted if humans chose to change.

It was understood that some things might indeed happen and that the Earth itself was going to go through some growth pangs that had nothing to do with the human population. Still, regardless of the outcome, humans are ready for their next evo-leap of consciousness.

One of the ways this was to be accomplished was the voluntary incarnation of some of the members of the Federation, developing as normal humans within the population yet being able to accelerate the advancement of consciousness along with the natural development of the human system. I knew that to be true for myself, but I longed for others like me to join the party.

Only after a decade of holding this within and, although I've been quite outspoken about my experiences, this one has not had the ears to hear until now. I've witnessed the growth of listening and as we approach the tipping point, where consciousness has been expanding globally to understand the shift, it seems time to share and take my chances.

The next morning I woke up wondering if it was all real, although it really didn't matter. It had the feel of King Arthur's court and a Beatle's concert all wrapped together, a real magical mystery tour.

I'd had numerous weird dreams in my life already, but this one felt oddly different and then I remembered what the androgynous humanoid had told me as I was trying to get back to the ship. They were only making it easier for us to communicate and if I'm who it seems I am…

Well, that didn't make me feel any better. Now I was faced with a possibility of a reality far beyond anything I'd considered, even knowing the previous two decades or so of experiences have set me up. How the hell could I talk to anyone without seeming like I was not even *loosely* connected to a 'normal' reality? I longed for companionship.

'First Contact' is a misnomer, though. It is not a singular event, although the process could culminate in one if things work out right. Again, linear thinking gets in the way. Albeit many may only consider a mass landing and press conference to be a true 'first contact,' it happens in layers through adjusting rhythms within the hyperdimensional space.

Truly it is 'spooky action at a distance,' as Einstein put it, and triggers an experience of quantum entanglement... non-linear reality.

Humans are very predictable when they are caught in the lower realms and can be read easily with subtle energy technology. They can be just as easily manipulated by those who understand it, too.

Their energy patterns and activity can be seen in their auras or read in their frequency by all the other races, including the human lineage ancestry. The prime directive, though, is to present and allow… no control or manipulation… let free will take its natural course after encounters and wait.

Learning those skills was a natural part of their development before they were able to transcend the space-time linear activity and venture into space from the inside. In turn, the outer technologies developed and Type 1, 2 and 3 civilizations evolved across the universe. Earth is still and infant. Humans think they are ready for solid food and we're barely able to drink the milk.

I use the 'Type' terminology because it is more understandable and has already been noted by the scientific community. The evolution of planetary civilizations is far more complex and monitored than any on Earth realize. There is no 'intervention' as some may believe; humans have to grow on their own and address change collectively.

Humans seem to need outer events, rallying points for collaboration beyond borders. They have not discovered the methodologies to move beyond the barbaric nature of their behavior, even in the most

sophisticated organizations. Others will mix their understanding, limited as it may be, in perceiving some 'dark' force attempting to manipulate.

The next night was equally as inviting. I was chatting with a small group of people in the chat room I created on the website. The ET agenda was the topic again, relative to the Ashtar Command.

There were many questions about how I saw things unfolding. One had a particularly interesting energy and when I closed my eyes and asked about it, I saw a grid that covered the US with a bright spot at an intersection or 'node' around the Arkansas or Oklahoma area.

Typing the answers out on the screen was quite excruciating. I longed for a better way to explain things, so I created more pages during the days ahead that I could reference. Remembering the link addresses was a bit easier and sometimes I left them open in my browser ahead of time so I could just copy and paste when necessary.

I still had to depend on people actually reading them. I learned later that a simple thought can be plugged into the thoughtmosphere and it will permeate the consciousness of humanity.

Too often people want the Cliff Notes version, racing forward without the necessary preparation and internal work to really understand the message. Humans listen and read from so many

places and points of view in consciousness. I look forward to the day when data transfer can be done effortlessly, maybe even through a simple gaze or loving embrace. Some of the ET races seem to communicate through such high-level vibrations that it feels more like an electrical shock.

Just after midnight I retired with my mind abuzz and within a few moments again felt the profound shift in sensation, noticing a frequency along with the sensation this time. I can only describe it as a high pitched whine deep within the center of my head. As I closed my eyes and focused on the sensation and sound I found myself in the auditorium again. I know it didn't happen instantly, but time was different in that space.

I knew this was happening whether I was able to witness it or not, remembering the training I got when I first started going aboard the 'orange cigar-shaped cloud.' I tried to think about what was happening and found it easier just to watch. My training with the Multi-Level and Multi-Plane Awareness Techniques made the process much easier. They are phenomenal tools for research.

I went over the foundations of our intention, to assist through every means possible without violating the principles of free will or engaging any actions outside the ability of the humans, save shutting down obvious missile systems. Free will is the choice humans have, to listen within and respond or ignore the voice and act of their own

accord. Every human has the capacity to turn within, listen and move in flow as the energy that accompanies the information will lead the way.

Every religion teaches this principle. All Federation members use this, too.

A select group has the responsibility for creating more attention to the latter as humans question purpose more deeply in the coming years; a result of the 'End Times' scenario many will bring into focus. The method of communication through non-linear methods was still not understood. Humans want to see things finitely, like a war with a victory or a cataclysmic destruction and recovery. Oy…

The next 'presenter' picked up from there and began discussing how crop circles were being used to provide a bridge through the use of symbols embedded in the deeper levels of the subconscious of humans. The function of this biological bridge between plants and humans, organic in nature, affects levels of consciousness humans are nearly unable to grasp with their current scientific and spiritual understanding. They speak of oneness, but have no real grasp of how to live it.

Another group was responsible for monitoring the thoughtmosphere and providing breadcrumbs, so to speak, to those who were picking up the subtle messages. It was expressed that many who are capable of relaying cosmic wisdom through various types of communication would likely not have the

discernment to clearly communicate and thus include earth-based duality-framed information as a result. This still occurs in spite of the admonitions.

It became clear that this referred to many so-called 'channels' who claim association with the Galactic Federation but are unable to disassociate the paradigms so deeply embedded in the human thoughtmosphere.

I'd already noticed that those who claim that 'cabals' or 'dark ones' would be effectively dealt with by the Federation were missing the core truth that humanity has to fix their own problems. The Federation will not do the work for them, but they will assist in helping humans to understand *how* to do the work.

Fractals in consciousness are deeply embedded in the morphogenic fields that the symbols and shifting frequencies from the ship's devices were designed to unlock. Not until a question is asked can a response be given. Once that question is present in the thoughtmosphere, then the new logic path created by the answer begins to filter throughout the collective consciousness. It would be a great challenge to cleanse the desire of 'intervention' from affecting those who were attempting to share.

It was then I realized these were the points of light, or at least many of them, that I'd seen as a teenager. They were of a purer consciousness that

remained free of the distractions of claiming to be messengers. The real messengers would be challenged to address those with less clarity until the internal neural networks could be cleansed, so to speak. I thought this might apply to those who had already developed many followers. Could they make the shift, though? Too often they seem to feel they are transformed already.

I watched as images of crop circles began to appear on the screen behind the speaker and the scene faded once again. Before the scene faded I got the distinct understanding that this was a purer language, based on symbols used in galactic communication as part of the process of raising the language capacity for each planet's bio-system.

It was evident human and environment was interconnected consciousness in the symbiosis of life as is known throughout the universe in other worlds beyond our own.

I woke up the following morning with the same sense of surrealism. My world seemed really loose. I wondered how to address those who were consciously or unconsciously keeping humans caught in the concept of dualism and/or creating false hope and complacency because of their claims of 'interventions' and/or removal of so-called cabals or dark ones manipulating humanity. Pointing out cognitive dissonance didn't seem to work.

Sure, there are some poor excuses for human beings who have forgotten the honor and respect for life and humanity. However, if these humans weren't behaving as they are there would be nothing to move other humans to their next level of global unity, recognizing what feels wrong beyond reason and actually doing something about it. We all have those intuitive feelings, the 'calling' if you will, but few act on them.

Without chaos, there can be no order.

What I *knew* was that everything was *in order*. Humanity is in a process of learning about their power of choice and arising to collectively address the perceived ills of what their predecessors had created. Humans are still in the process of learning ethical and morally responsible behavior.

Certain freedoms had allowed many to create systems that only served a few, a natural part of the evolution of a planetary civilization.

This, too, would only change through becoming responsible stewards, not through some arbitrary action of the Federation. This was simply not part of the roles and responsibilities of First Contact. The HUmans have to take responsibility for their own evolutionary process by choice, not by hook or crook. It simply doesn't work that way. All planetary civilization has to go through this process on their way to inclusion in universe affairs.

Everyone is called, but few have chosen this path to date. Psychology and science, even with the leaps humans have made, is still overshadowed by linear methodologies. The evo-leaps in logic available in the 'quantum entanglement' are just beginning to surface as experiencers and seekers alike are becoming self-aware in a new living awareness space of interconnectivity.

Since the Harmonic Convergence, though, there has been a marked increase in communicating such awareness and of the realizations that many have discovered as a result. In the 25 years since the celestial event, the momentum has been growing toward a new living awareness of unity.

With the transition center-point being the winter solstice of 2012, there is still another 25 years to implement the processes, programs and systems of change as we transform our world to its natural place of harmony among people and planet.

Great progress has been made to date even with those few who have been on the front line of change, whether they've been accepted by the majority or not. As I was thinking the next day, it occurred to me that it is possible those various life forms in the room could indeed be incarnate in physical bodies on the Earth now. It made so much sense in the creation of continuity in consciousness.

I reflected on my prayer to know truth, being willing to die for it if necessary, and the following

experience that introduced me to points of consciousness – so many I could not count them all in the time I had.

It wasn't about 'body snatching' at all. The movies Hollywood has produced present the negative views as a means to desensitize or heighten the fear of anything different than ourselves or from outside our sphere of experience. Humans like stimulation of the senses.

The resulting efforts at production don't necessarily have a sinister motivation, but adrenaline is an addictive chemical and humans crave it.

We have absolutely no intention of control or malice toward humans. In fact, just the opposite is true. We are helping humans awaken to their true nature; their natural evolutionary path. I recalled the movement from the Light to the Points of Light and back into a body, this body, here now.

Humans have been responsible for many atrocities. If you think about it for a moment, maybe even do some research, there is no record of death or destruction caused by any of the visitors in our known history, especially in the last several millennia. Yet it is well documented that visitations have occurred.

The Military Industrial Complex is aware of their non-threatening position as well, having

experienced ICBM missile installations being 'turned off' by visiting craft.

This has all been part of a grand plan, with time tables that run into the centuries rather than a 90-day life cycle of electronic technology currently. As we are able to reduce, so are we also able to expand our scope, but humans must see beyond the short-term gains. Our financial system is built on capitalism beyond conscience, numbers rather than people. It will change as we are able to organize and transform existing systems.

Durability and sustainability are only words in human consciousness that encompass decades or possibly centuries. Compared to the Galactic Federation, which encompasses worlds and systems far beyond anything humans have encountered - thousands of years are at play.

We are like infants in the cosmic picture, still unable to grasp that we are cosmic consciousness condensed into form – Christ Consciousness if you will. Cosmic consciousness is formless, Christ consciousness relates to the form, the body with knowledge of the Divine.

The next day I was back on the computer again, chatting with a gentleman that found me through another chat room on SpiritWeb. I had sensed something different about him immediately. His energy was quite familiar even across the electrons of cyberspace. His communication seemed either

arrogant or quite confident and I wasn't sure which at the time.

Sometimes we can just close our eyes, ask the right question and 'see' an answer manifest in the moment. It did with him. I turned inward and asked about his connection with me and why I felt a strong kinship with him. What I saw was a high altitude view of a light grid surrounding Earth.

I saw what appeared like a large 'node' of light somewhere in Oklahoma. I opened my eyes up and immediately asked him where he lived. Guess where? Apparently we're related through the Sun. I reflected on my experience with the three suns some years before.

It seemed like people could just not get enough of the 'conversations with zen' chat room. At the time I hadn't made the connection between all the conversation in the chat room and the events that evolved during the night. Sounds silly, but I can be a little naïve at times. The dots don't always connect immediately, but they do connect.

By the time I was done in the chat room I was feeling the usual buzz. I'd gotten done a bit earlier and decided to have a bowl of cereal before retiring. I felt so small and insignificant when I considered the magnitude of what I seemed to be engaging, yet I could sense a part of me that was completely up to the task.

I pondered if any of these chats were ever going to amount to actually drawing people together to begin working on collective projects. I'd prepared numerous possibilities, including a week long symposium for developing community. I could see that many of these folks were struggling with their own realities. Many I had met were more fringe than functional in any existing systems.

I lay down and drifted off to sleep. I don't know how long I was asleep before I woke up, hearing the familiar frequency and feeling the sensation of being shifted from one realm to another. The process had become seamless, much like when I was first taught how to leave my body as a young boy. 'Be ye as little children' continues to echo…

Again I introduced various other members of the Federation's leadership to deliver specific instructions, procedures, processes, protocols, rules and regulations in dealing with specific areas of the primary groups of contact. The overall sense was of a malleable process that truly depended on humanity's ability to rise above their outworn patterns of separation and subjugation, manipulation and marauding in the name of religion and fighting over resources that no one truly owns.

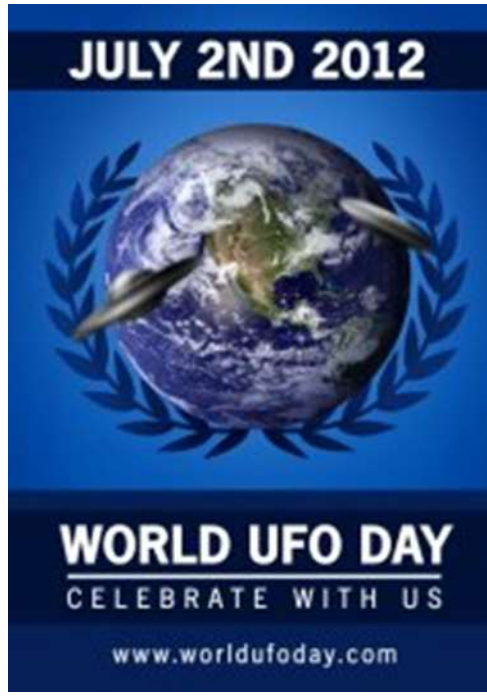
I continued to bounce back and forth from participating to observing, so there must've have been yet another aspect of my consciousness that was engaged. I did notice that words, per se, were rarely used and the information seemed to be

disseminated through some kind of internal data stream not unlike the pulses of light we send down the glass tubes on Earth.

This time I began by presenting the need for working within existing systems to facilitate the shift in activity in corporations toward social responsibility; humanitarian actions beyond doing business as usual.

Accordingly, the next presenter began sharing details of how groups were going to work together to alleviate the resistance as much as possible through preparing and introducing new programs that appeal to the sense of connectedness and empathy resident in the conscience of every human being and the flora and fauna of a planetary civilization. This is where the crop circles connect.

Some Dates…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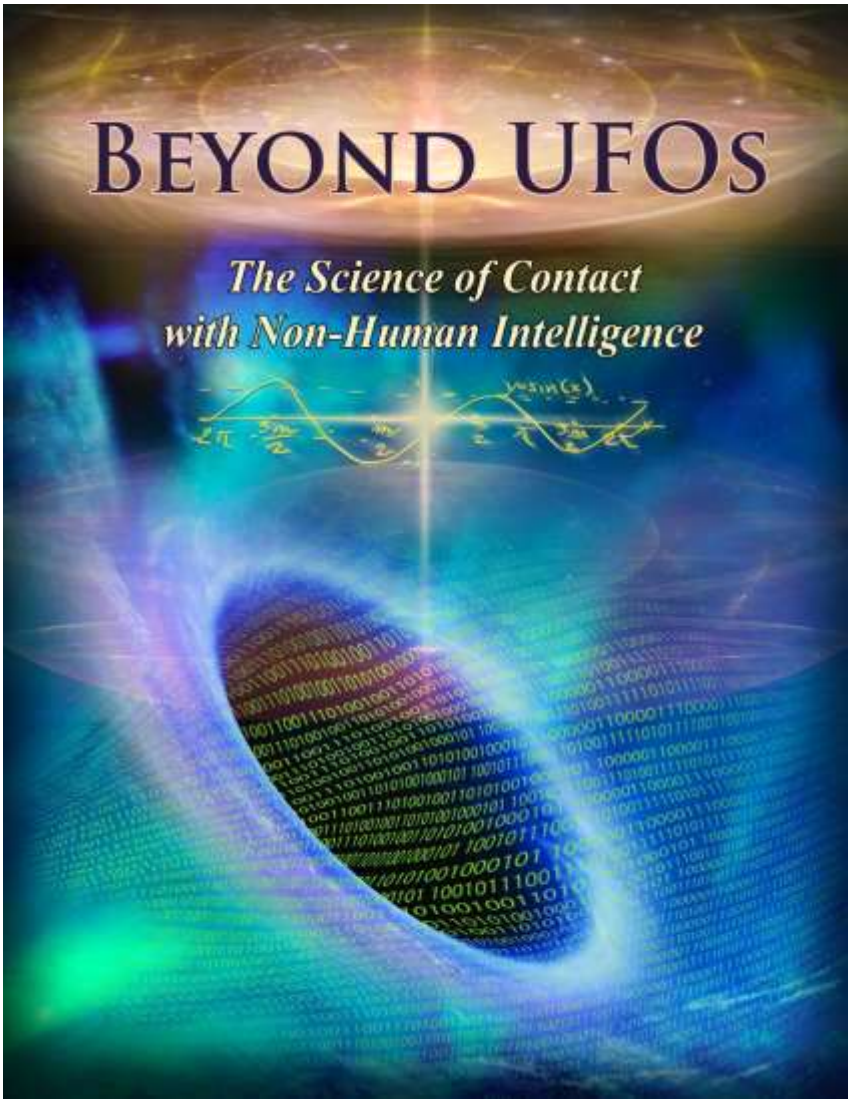
EXPERIENCER LIBERATION DAY
OCTOBER 1st



As of this writing, this book was in production.

The Dr. Edgar Mitchell Foundation for Research into Extraterrestrial Encounters (FREE) has done some amazing research on the 'contact' topic.

www.Experiencer.org

Ongoing Contact

Humans are scared to death that they are going to lose control over their precious jobs and/or corporate kingdoms or whatever they've grown to hold sacred. This creates undue resistance to change, increasing the fight factor that inhibits the reformation of belief systems into experience systems that are built on proven truths, not faith.

The following year a crop circle appeared that rocked the world again. It was the first that actually showed a being with an encoded message we could decipher.

The message read: "Beware of the bearers of gifts and the broken promises. Much pain but still time. Believe there is good out there. We oppose the deceivers. The conduit is closing."

Yes, we consider all life forms to be relatives and coming from a single source with multiple aspects and realms of existence. I reflected on what I knew of indigenous beliefs and I faded off again, waking up the next morning with the sense that maybe these dreams weren't so imaginary after all. I was still grappling with this expanded reality.

Some of the races, or moreover some of the beings across the gamut of races, have developed the ability to consciously incarnate and carry the special knowledge specific to the areas of economic, environmental, leadership, social architecture and technological development to name only a few.

I can hardly imagine the skill sets of these folks, yet I can imagine the collaboration possible. My work as a Partnering Facilitator of multi-million dollar construction projects gives me a special insight into the manifestation.

Each of us, those points of light I saw as a teenager, has served in various capacities in planetary development of other worlds and the experts I introduced were already well-known and respected authorities in the Federation. It was the epitome of service to others, everyone had a sense of commitment and sincerity beyond anything I've experienced on Earth, yet there have been moments where I've witnessed the possibility.

Now, I might want to mention that our age and number of incarnations is incomprehensible by humans at this stage of the game, so we have to act as if this lifetime is it, as in the prevalent human perception – One Time and One Shot at doing the right things right as much as possible.

We've been able to introduce the concept of ascension through our brother humans know as Jesus and others not so well known but chronicled

in the history of Earth. It is possible for everyone to achieve as they learn the objectives of cosmic consciousness in body. It has nothing to do with religion and everything to do with evolution.

We allowed Constantine to bridge church and state, eliminating important information from public view. Many think the Bible to be a book of lies, many believe it to be the ultimate truth. From my perspective, having a direct experience beyond most people on the planet, I prefer to think it is a book of incomplete truths. I, just like all the rest of us, have had to discover the truth of who and what I AM through experience beyond the written word.

Texts and oral traditions only point the way, yet the 'soular code' embedded in our akashic

generated genetic transmissions is still available within and assists the seeker to find their own voice. The most effective method I've found to begin that process is so simple that most people do not even attempt it on a regular basis even after having a direct experience when I've introduced it to them.

Simply… put your fingertips together, ***breath*** consciously and ***feel*** your heart beat. The rest will come as you practice.

Our methods of communication to the ground crew include dreams, crop circles, events in the sky, telepathy and vibration as well as the standard

forms of direct contact. We apologize for any discomfort caused by the perceptions of inappropriate or uninvited contact.

Abductions are a misnomer in that the individual's soular contract is in agreement, whether or not the mental preparation has been achieved is irrelevant. Ye 'olde anal probe is a method for adjusting the vibratory rate via a direct connect to the central nervous system through the perineum nerve.

Some of you just weren't as ready as anticipated, so the timeline of your 'mission' may not have matched with the terrestrial preparations necessary to allow the flow of the plan to be unimpeded. There may come a time when the uncomfortability is recognized to be our own choice.

We have the opportunity to change then, to listen deeper and ask better questions in order to understand personal motivations and act accordingly for the highest good of all. It is that simple in its complexity.

The process of First Contact is a very intricate and far-reaching effort to get humans to be more proactive in managing their consciousness and the development of a new world order of planetary administration, with harmony among people and planet as the goal. As simple as the goal may sound, just look at all the change that must take place for it to occur.

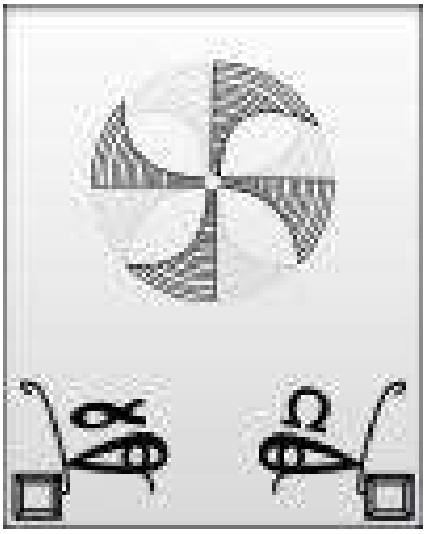
Once this is reached then open interaction is possible, but not until. Humans must learn to manage themselves without direct outside intervention. We can support this through many methods available from a place of advanced consciousness and understanding of the ONE. The process and timing are consistent and concurrent with the shift from the Piscean Age to the Aquarian Age. The vibratory rate in this new area of space is subtly higher.

What that means is there is a natural movement toward increased awareness, intelligent action in harmony with people and planet and a trend toward Christ Consciousness – Cosmic Consciousness that has been accessed on purpose through the actions, behavior and communication of those who have come to assist the planetary civilization to evolve.

Quite to my surprise during the closing ceremony, there was a small delegation from the Central Source and Council of One that asked me to join them in front of the assembly. The energy of their presence brought the entire assembly into a state of Being that no human words can describe yet.

It felt like the vibrations of a gong, only much more subtle in nature, permeating the depths of each in attendance. It felt like one vibration, one mind.

They presented me with a small plaque at the close of the last meeting. It was explained that, according to the Central Council, this event marked



the completion of a process that had taken millennia to achieve. It was exhilarating and I found myself speechless.

All I could do was bow in humility and utter a 'mmmmm' as acknowledgement.

The plaque was almost an inch in thickness and not much larger than a standard sheet of paper. On the lower corners were two raised squares, like buttons, that were about ¾ of an inch square and ¼ of an inch high. Just inside and slightly above these buttons were the right and left eye of Horus stylized to look like two high-backed chairs with the eyes in place of the cushions. On top of the left eye was the Greek letter 'Alpha' and above the right, the 'Omega.' It gave me a whole new perspective.

The only other visible part of the plaque was a circle in the upper center portion. Within this circle were two rotating 'swastikas' that looked like wispy four-spoked wheels or rotating feathered serpent medicine wheels. They were translucent and on the same 'plane' within the confines of the plaque.

Now why did this all happen? The 'how' was a moot point at the time, because I had sufficient

preparation throughout my life. The fact that this meeting was then validated as the 'Council of 300' from numerous sources made it even more impactful, although the news didn't reach my desk until weeks later.

Seeing the references on the Web caused me to be more reticent of speaking out at the time, especially after the feeling of being rejected by the very folks I thought would have welcomed me with open arms, proving their belief and understanding was indeed true and I was living proof of it.

The consideration of First Contact had been a widely talked about topic among contactees and experiencers for decades already. The cosmological events in play only serve to imbue the process with universal appeal. The topics of discussion did seem to coincide with the development of the symposium I was working on during the day. I knew a life's work would find some traction at some point.

I had been working on the website, continuing to compile articles and website links that would be helpful to the members of Ashtar's Trinity, Sananda's Eagles and the others looking for information. It had only been since November that the website had been up and it was getting several thousand visits a week already.

I was appreciative of the gals devoting their lives to serving something bigger.

I had plenty of time to devote to web wizardry. By the time I was sort of done, I had over one hundred pages of information up on the web. I was rather amazed that I'd put that much information together in such a short time. Today, it is over a thousand under a number of website banners.

The evenings during those months were usually spent in some kind of chat session, whether individual or in group chats, always about awareness and spirituality beyond the extraterrestrial obsession. By this time, though, I was a bit worn out. It seemed there was more intrigue about what they were like than preparing and doing the work to find out on their own.

I was making trips back and forth to the Village of Oak Creek to visit with the gals and work on strategies for moving forward. It seemed increasingly obvious that their ideas were different than mine and I could sense a frustration building. It came to a head one day with a display of what I thought was unconscionable behavior. The projections proved that there was indeed a problem, Houston, and I got out of town.

Rather than argue or engage I chose to say that I would not participate in what I felt to be totally ego-based action, wished them well and bid them adieu. A sordid twist for Valentine's Day as that was when it occurred. I walked away because it no longer felt like it was in integrity for me to stay. Yet another Mobius operandi moment.

During that time, though, there were some other interesting events that came out of the group. One of the gals that I thought might have been the curly headed blonde I was looking for (except her hair was turning gray and it was much shorter) later moved to Sedona from Sweden. She and the gentleman that had initially informed me of the event became an item and eventually united.

While she was still in Sweden we participated in several online chat sessions, along with a couple dozen others, about the Ashtar Command and more. There was another woman from Australia who was more active than most in the chats.

I developed deeper relationships with both of them outside the chat room and experimented with them a bit; testing the bi-location and telepathy ability I had learned in college. I thought it might come in handy to be able to communicate with some of the other contactees.

I have to say I sprung the experiments on them without much warning, just to see if the ability still worked. On separate occasions I had them both just sit back and close their eyes for a moment and just 'look' without intending to 'see' anything. I'd met one in person and the other I had a picture of, so I was able to 'look' into their eyes from a distance. That is all I did, just look into their eyes.

I asked each what they saw. The gal from Sweden immediately said she saw my face just as vivid as if

I was standing in front of her at that moment. The gal from Australia was a bit more hesitant, saying she wasn't sure at first because the only thing she saw was my face. So I still had 'it' whatever 'it' was and they were proof.

Ever since my experience in the light and beyond, I have had this sense that I'm intricately connected to some level of consciousness within all of those points of light. I believed that Aurora and Allie were among them, as well as many of the contactees and people I've been close to on those levels in my life.

It is definitely a challenge to be open with folks about it because the level of awareness in most just isn't within their scope of experience.

I'm sure I sound like a mad scientist or on the fringe player with little hold on reality. Though I know different from the personal and professional successes I've had, degrees garnered, character references and reputation garnered (you can check out my professional LinkedIn profile: http://linkedin.com/in/zenbenefiel); discussing the history of my life proves cumbersome and risky at best. It is full of fury and signifies nothing.

Truth is, I'm just a guy with a little different experience than most who is doing his best to stay balanced, focused and open to the possibilities that come for coagulation – putting people, places and things together to do stuff… really cool stuff.

Contact in the Desert

I’m not sure if this will make sense or not, but I hope that at least some things will be palatable. Many of us are looking for truth and experiencing a wide range of chances to vet our perception. In the overall scheme of things there are certain indicators that let us know we’re on the right track.

Sometimes I get tapped on the shoulder to do things that I wouldn’t necessarily choose to do, but end up doing them nevertheless. I had one of those moments recently. I'd like to share it because I think it is important. I risk appearing like I live in a separate reality, but that is not the case. Sometimes I wish I did, though. These moments are very real and yet are only a fraction of my life.

I was present during the opening of an event recently. I was feeling fine initially, but then as the speaker was opening his talk there was a moment where he created a moment of sympathy from the audience. In that moment I felt a sharp poke in the area of my liver. It didn’t seem too important at first, but throughout the day the pain got worse. I wasn’t thinking about when I first noticed it until sometime later when I had more time to focus.

I was traveling with a friend. We had arrived early in the morning and just got a little sleep. I made a pot of coffee and had a couple of cups before walking down to the cafeteria where breakfast was being served. I had a couple more cups while enjoying reconnecting with some folks I hadn’t seen

in a while. I normally have several cups of coffee first thing in the morning and don't eat until noon, so this was par for the course as far as my daily activity was concerned.

Later that afternoon I mentioned the pain in my side to my traveling companion and we thought it might have been due to the water I used to make the coffee earlier. As it turned out, the water wasn't the cause. The pain kept getting worse as I was walking around the event in the late afternoon.

I returned to the cottage we'd rented and decided to lie down for a while, hoping to just work through it. It kept getting worse, to the point of nearly causing me to double up. I can tolerate a lot of pain, but it got so bad that I thought I was going to have to be taken to a hospital. Thank I made a choice to go within.

I had learned how to do deep meditation some years ago, but hadn't needed to go beyond pain for quite some time. I had the impression that it was necessary to go into that space now, so I began to go through the process. After some time I was inside far enough that I'd turned off all outer disturbances and quieted my mind as well. I had found that place of silence within that we all know is there and is often so difficult to reach.

As I went deeper and deeper I came to a place where something shifted, like a frequency band went from one to another. It was a noticeable shift

in the sensation I was experiencing, like dropping into a lower gear but the vibe was higher indeed. Within moments of recognizing this shift I heard, "We've been waiting for you," just as clear as day. I recognized the voice as one I've heard many times before, a cosmic cohort of sorts that precipitates 'meetings' with a type of council that I still haven't been able to completely 'label.'

The voice went on to say, "We needed to get your attention and this was the only way to do it." I immediately reflected on the 'pain' I'd been feeling and choosing to move into the meditation rather than go to the hospital.

I've had events like this before, but obviously not enough to recognize the process. I understood completely, though, and began to relax even more. I was now in a comfort zone with this group, even though I knew it was going to be a bit uncomfortable in working through the conversation with them. It always is.

It's a deep process of overcoming a situation that is usually associated with a larger reflection in the 'thoughtmosphere' of humanity. I know it sounds close to bordering megalomania, but I've been through it enough to know it isn't about me at all.

In fact, it's more like I become a guinea pig of sorts (without harm) in being 'forced' to ask pertinent questions that reveals deeper awareness and

understanding which ultimately transcends an old belief system or pattern of intellectual behavior.

So not that I'm there and through some initial inquiries I understand that we're going to be working on some kind of fear-based pattern that has prohibited the growth of consciousness in the thoughtmosphere of humanity. The initial entrance of this pattern, which is as much a part of the thoughtmosphere as any, is through a door in consciousness created by becoming vulnerable.

The speaker created the opening earlier in the day and without proper awareness (filters) it can lead to adoption of a fear-based thoughtform without being consciously aware of it.

The explanation and understanding seemed to be immediate, but the cycle of questions that kept coming back to it continued for some time. I was told at the end of it that I would be able to relax, go to sleep and wake up without the intense pain I'd been experiencing.

However, I had to come up with the questions that exhausted all possible entrances into this particular pattern so that the 'portal' could be at least inhibited if not closed and that by doing so the baseline for consciousness in humanity could be moved up a notch.

They told me it was an arduous process, but it was necessary for any kind of progress.

During the ‘session’ I had to get up and go to the bathroom several times. Part of my ‘practice’ as a healer is to take on the discordant energy and then release it through urinating of defecating.

The method was introduced to me as a teenager as a way to cleanse the energy, releasing all the ‘stuff’ through normal body functions, a bit more consciously. I’ve found it to work wonders. I heard my traveling companion come in and check on me several times, but usually was too deep to make the effort to interact.

There was a time, though, when I opened my eyes and said, “This one is clean,” with the overtones of the old woman on Amityville Horror and ‘this house is clean.’ Peter just laughed and shook his head.

I have to admit it was still possible that something outside of the ‘energy,’ like something in the water, might have been the root cause for my discomfort. It certainly had the symptoms of such. I cannot discount the possibility.

I had eaten very little, some fruit and health bars, during the day. I was feeling a bit dehydrated and my trips to the bathroom were within a few minutes of drinking a large glass of water. Still, there seemed to be more that was going on at a more subtle level of consciousness.

I’m sure he was a bit concerned because in all the time we’ve known each other he has never seen me

in such a condition. He is much more analytical and pragmatic, initially believing that it was the tap water that had caused my stomach disorder.

Wrong side of the body, though, as it was centered more in my liver area, just below the surface of my skin. After I spoke to him he smiled and left, knowing that I was okay for now. I went back in and continued the process, going even deeper still this time.

The experience was like flying around a Maypole, coming into center and then getting spun out again, each time was with a different question from a different perspective or point of view. It got to the point where I became a bit frustrated with the line of questions. It had been hours, it seemed, and I just wanted to go to sleep.

My mind was so active that it was impossible to do so in this place and space time with the engagement of this council. I say 'council' because there were obvious differences in the tone or vibration of the participants as I engaged the questions and subsequent answers unraveled.

They did unravel in a way that I both heard and saw examples of how the effects of the shift in consciousness empowered change within the behaviors of humanity over time. I understood it would be painstakingly slow, but that it was happening right in front of my eyes.

I knew that any change, global or otherwise, takes patience and time for it to permeate the mind and environment where the change is needed. It's just the way change works. I did have moments during this experience where I became deeply grateful for being able to answer the call, even with the discomfort I had to bear in order to get to this place. I suppose like anything, change happens because the pain of staying the same becomes unbearable. Does it always have to be this way?

I eventually fell asleep around midnight or so and I don't recall any dreams that night. I'd 'gone in' around 6, so it was quite the long ordeal. It was almost like taking a journey on a psychotropic, but I had not done anything like that in years. I eventually got to a place where I realized you can take heaven by storm, but you have to learn how to walk in the front door on your own to make it real.

Speaking of making it real, the following morning's events certainly did the trick. I stopped in to listen to several speakers and one panel discussion. You know how timing is when you are 'on it.' Well, with no exception every stop included someone mentioning the need for moving away or up from a fear-based mentality. It's one thing to know it, but I hadn't heard so many actually speak about it.

The previous discussions had generally been about conspiracy and/or disclosure and way too often carried an undercurrent of some fear-based thoughtform. That morning was completely

different and evident of the work I'd reluctantly engaged with the council.

I still had to question what was going on. Even though I have such bizarre things happen regularly, it seems, I still rip it apart in my own mind. I want proof that it happened, or at least some kind of corroboration. I thought the well-timed entrances and utterances of the morning's events were such evidence, but I got even more that seemed to let me know I was leading the way.

I was standing and talking with Kim Carlsberg outside one of the lecture halls. She had her books and photography set up there. As we were talking, and I don't remember about what, the speaker and I said 'so' at the same instant and we [Kim and I] were both aware it had happened. She gave me one of those 'looks' and we continued talking.

Moments later I (again I don't recall the specifics) I said, 'workshop' and with no pause at all the speaker said, 'workshop' instantly after me. This time Kim made a comment like, 'whoa dude, that's getting a little too weird.' Well, maybe it was. Still, it let me know I was in tune.

Now I would offer that in some way the 'energy' of the thoughtmosphere of humanity has indeed changed to a slight degree and that we are continuing to shift consciousness toward transforming our beautiful planet and its people.

Where are we going?

We're recognizing that we are consciousness condensed into form and we have the choice as to how we are 'terra-forming' the thoughtmosphere.

I know this story sounds way 'out there'… but isn't the truth 'out there' somewhere? Could it also be that the 'truth' is inside each of us somehow and we are just beginning to find and share it?

This is an update…

Little did I know that my once and future wife had also attended the event. There was a series of circuitous events and some playful scenarios that neither one of us was in charge of; we met through a friend at her Kundalini Yoga Teacher Training graduation. The story of how it all happened will be the topic of another book.

Suffice it to say that she had her own 'crew' working on getting us together. She was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, so you know there was absolutely NO coincidence of our reunion. I helped her meet her 'guide' who introduced himself as 'Nicolas' and morphed from a cherubic child to a tall grey on her mental screen almost instantly.

She has her own story to tell as well. More later…

Contact in the Desert 2014

Joan Brem, Zen, Barbara Marx Hubbard

Please consider exploring more through visiting the www.facebook.com/UfologyPRSS page (don't forget to share it) or purchase my book and investigate more thought-provoking events and considerations of an evolving human race. Just go to Amazon.com and type in ***Zendor the Contrarian***.

Keep in mind (and heart) that you are in charge of your reality and the pillars of such are faith, love and trust. When you are truly rooted in those essences, life's mysteries unfold and share the gold.

I have a lot of respect for folks who are diligent researchers and sharers of information, like Dr. Edgar Mitchell, Jim Dilettoso, Grant Cameron, Rebecca Hardcastle-Wright, Dr. Joseph Burkes, Kosta Makreas and newcomer Rey Hernandez. Travis Walton I've known for decades, destined to meet since shortly after my arrival in Arizona in April of 1981. It was my question to him many years later that helped him acknowledge publicly that the 'abduction' actually saved his life.

I know them all personally from years of interaction in the field of Ufology and more. We don't all agree on everything, but we do work independently together to bring the truth to light…. I hope.

As these videos will demonstrate, I've been curious and investigative for a long time. You'll find some recent and a few from decades ago in Sedona, AZ.

Kindle reader et al https://youtu.be/AMdG1lGqXLY

A few moments…UfologyPRSS on YouTube

Master Teachers

It is all-visible to each 'presence' within our entire population; however the effect of each choice in the filter of their own consciousness is often one of the ‘hidden’ processes that take place, regardless of the external activity.

These are processes that one internalizes and rarely offers in reflection to the group. Now that we have this collective database, we begin to realize the similarities in each individual contribution, as they are virtually the same in the evocation of feelings.

What I mean is that they have the same intent or purpose in achieving greater harmony as reflected in the expressions of shared feelings, exemplary of a greater synergy of experience. However, sometimes it is not clearly communicated due to using individual dictionaries of personal data to explain individual perspectives.

A master teacher will facilitate the group toward understanding that they are saying similar things in different ways. Once this process is comprehended, the next phase is to begin to inquire as to the ‘categorization’ of importance in the list of priorities that provide the greatest good for ALL.

Now even Senge recognizes that a learning organization evolves at its own speed and needs to be treated like a garden rather than a machine. The gardener doubles as an edutainer in the classroom;

tilling and teasing the seeds to grow by being able to keep their rapidly moving attention engaged in relevant learning.

From the perspective of Godhood (non-gender/genre specific) we begin to filter each of the reflections through the participation facilitated by the instructor, teacher, our internal observer, or whomever. This one has already done his/her homework and compiled a list of information that has been derived from a much larger data pool.

In this particular instance the information comes from comparative religious studies as well as modern psychological documentation available today. We're evolving. Our senses are expanding. Children are learning at near light speed. A master teacher is well prepared to facilitate their classroom experience, having begun with the end in mind.

Let’s look at Gardner’s Multiple Intelligences for a moment to illustrate the growth and unfoldment of a natural order within a construct of consciousness. This appears to be a result of simply observing patterns to reveal process. Multiple intelligences were discovered through observation.

It has been widely accepted that these multiple intelligences provide the essence of classroom students’ experiences, and for students of life as well. Life is just a bigger classroom with greater risks and potential outcomes. Intelligences that

Gardner has revealed so far are: Verbal-Linguistic, Musical-Rhythmic, Logical-Mathematical, Visual-Spatial, Bodily-Kinesthetic, Intra-Personal, Inter-Personal, and Naturalistic.

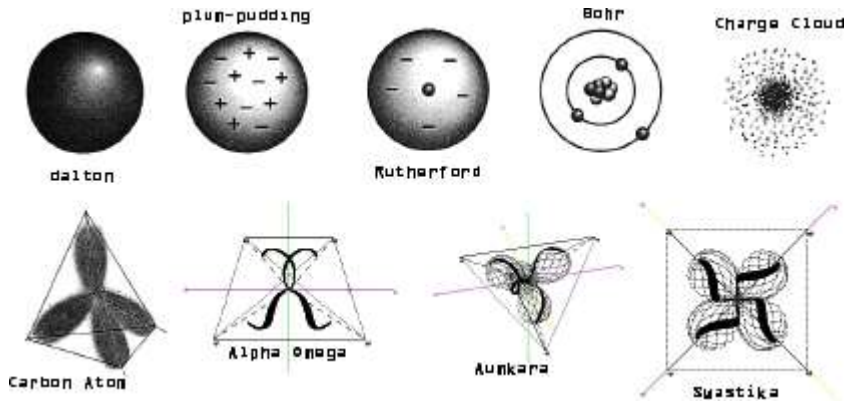
There are no definitive tools to assess exactly what percentage of each we individually manifest in order to provide instructional materials to empower these intelligences as of yet. There are types of learning centers developed to utilize activities that nurture the various intelligences.

These intelligences are usually only truly observable by a trained eye in the actual classroom environments. I believe there is one more intelligence that remains to be revealed.

That is Spiritual Intelligence, which imbues every intelligence with a connectedness to all the others and a holistic model of life that is understood by the individual at very deep levels previously inaccessible by planes, trains, and automobiles. What kind of environment would we need to nurture our Spiritual Intelligence? Are there any present examples?

It has already been proven, scientifically, that life is made up of sets of fractals, each having its resonant core of the self-replicating pattern. Quantum physics has unveiled the mathematical understanding of our ability to change our patterns. We have yet to comprehend that this self-

replicating pattern exists in its purest organic form (Naturalistic Intelligence) in our carbon atom. Its scientific reference would be 6 protons, 6 neutrons, and 6 electrons. If we look at the examples below, we see that there are some very interesting patterns that evolve from the carbon atom's configuration.



Now, what does this all mean? It means that this Spiritual Intelligence is at the core of our genetic fiber. It is locked in to the very building blocks of our physicality. The understanding science is now offering helps us to move beyond subjugated religious superstition that promotes separation of mental and emotional intelligence.

Organically we are able to use this intelligence to activate Bloom's taxonomy to the next level. In his work, there are six basic areas of focus in our educational processes: Knowledge, Comprehension, Application, Analysis, Synthesis, and Evaluation.

Through the use of Spiritual Intelligence, we are able to observe the categorical changes necessary in our world environment to align with the natural organic patterns of an interdependent civilization. We can all imagine what a world like this might be like. Or can we?

There is so much information about the pieces of such an environment, a new world order if you will, that it would seem our duty to utilize our knowledge to apply the best practices of Spiritual Intelligence throughout society. We've found the key that eliminates all boundaries, making us truly one people and one planet.

Comprehending the change takes time. Our current outer stimuli keep our mental focus so busy on trivial circumstances that we are unable to quiet the mind. We have the direct-connect to the inner knowledge and wisdom, yet the voice is muffled by all the outer activity.

Those able to recognize the internal connections from the stillness within become the patient agents of perfected patterns that balance the scales of iniquity currently present on our planet, without placing undue focus on them. Our ability and knowledge as a unified people has been ignored for some time, or maybe it has not.

The chaos created through the media may indeed have another purpose. We already know how to

evolve mental constructs into physical form. We also understand that it requires not a ubiquitous desire for change. Only a few are necessary to begin the process. Our job is to craft the wheel of change for the greatest safety, the most sustainable comfort, and the greatest joy.

How do we do that?

Analyzing each of our alternative choices, and the risk of loss in each, we can assess the outcome of the choices and synergistically reveal the best choices to serve the greatest good, locally and globally.

This leads us naturally to the application and implementation of the processes necessary, as our synthesis of solutions was developed as a natural evolution of the analysis of our choices. Evaluating these results demonstrates a natural progression of consciousness in our evolution.

Again, it falls into the realms of pure intuitive logical thought as the entire process evolves naturally through the parameters of the foundational structure.

We have nearly transcended the fear, anger, ignorance, and immobility. What is left is to take action and grow beyond our current frustrations.

How does this reflect on the process of education? By definition the process of education is organic: to draw out. Ignoring an old scientific axiom of 10% brain usage being 'normal,' is it possible that we have many more senses, or levels of sense, with the other 90% of brain capacity? Could the 'junk DNA' be the access points into a greater realm of experience and understanding?

We now have the tools to draw out our map for our journey toward ONEness in perfectly acceptable order; a 'new world order' that acknowledges our past with honor and dignity, yet is concerned with the sustainability of our future.

We harvest our past by bringing forth those tools most useful for our future, including the undesirable lessons learning the art of war. Now we can apply the same conceptual frameworks, used by the masters of manipulation of time and space, to create an atmosphere conducive to our ultimate need in the call toward Divinity: to be love and be loved.

Check for Understanding

We can look back through each of the premises that evolved into the understanding presented. Essentially, we considered the effects of viewing ourselves as potential change agents for the 21st Century. We presented the premises from which our logic was drawn and showed cause for and a

path toward changing a mindset and active role in one's life and community.

Master teachers are the capable crew who lead the way, assisting the creation and formulation of questions that guide a person or class to self-discovery and Self-discovery, former being the understanding of their own patterns and the latter being God Consciousness, Christ Consciousness, Cosmic Consciousness, et al..

A great philosopher once said that Creators want playmates, not subjects or dominions; they want to have fun. They want to play. Think of how you felt as a child, or even adult, when you were at the height of 'play' in your life. Remember how it felt? Educationally fulfilling, entertaining and maybe even exhilarating, right?

Now the rest of the story is up to you. Do you have concerns or questions? What have you found what really works for you?

More Stuff

Speaking of stuff, you'll want to take a look at the next page. It has links to my books, guided imagery tours (including the multi-level and multi-plane awareness techniques) and some music I've helped produce as a drummer.

Please feel free to explore my other titles as well as a great selection of guided meditation CDs and music CDs from the 90s…Outcasts & Social Misfits.

Visit: Amazon.com/author/zendor

Or, ZenBenefiel.com

YouTube: https://youtu.be/28b7AHeF6kA

Or just Google: Adam Abraham & Zen Benefiel

About the Author

Bruce Lee Benefiel was orphaned at birth and adopted at 6 weeks old, his biological history still a mystery. His search for roots revealed the adoption records, stored by the State, were destroyed in a flood and the Department of Health only had non-identifying information in their files.

He began having OBEs and extraterrestrial 'contactee' experiences, among others, long before his 10th birthday. A gifted athlete, empath and stellar student, he claims that being an 'eduholic' with an addiction to knowing truth that leads one to explore the unknown repeatedly as a part of living.

Now a divorcee with four children and eight grandchildren, he finds that life entails the challenge to be a peace with self, first, and then relationships can flow. Any regrets seem to anchor one in the past, making it impossible to Be Here Now, the moment within a precious present where miracles happen often. It is what the true Work is about…building relationships.

With two Master's degrees in Business and various successes in aerospace, education and special events as accomplishments, 'Zen' (as he is known now) enjoys his work as a 'Possibilities Coagulator' helping others put people, places and things into a executable framework for achieving dreams and goals, complete with action and/or business plan.

His primary business is quite aptly named… BE The Dream, LLC, coaching and consulting entrepreneurs, startup and small businesses. He also facilitates road and bridge 'partnering' pre-construction workshops for various contractors, DOTs and the Federal Highways Administration under Team Partnering, LLC.

More recently he is co-host of a small business talk radio show, 2 Small Biz Guys, growing from 0 to 150,000 listens their first year – his digital marketing the reason. He and the love of his lifetimes also launched PlanckMedia.com, a social media agency specializing in WordPress development and digital marketing.