

## **AND HERE IT IS 25+ YEARS LATER**

### **SO I WILL TRY AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO REMEMBER**

My name is Viceola Johnson and my friends just call me Vicey, or Vice. I've never been much of a writer, but I have been accused of being a talker. So I'm going to talk about my friend Lilian, who I've only spoken to via telephone and Facebook/Messenger. I hope before too long I can meet and spend time with her in person. She has had a deep and profound effect on my life. Sometimes it's hard to realize that I only first met Lilian a few months ago. It feels I've known her all my life.

I first became aware of Lilian through my son, Kenneth. I would hear little tidbits about her from time to time. I specifically remember him telling me about this wonderful lady who believed she had the ability to steer storms/hurricanes. Although I am an Over-the-Road (OTR) trucker, my "home" is in Florida, a state that hurricanes and other tropical disturbances often set their sights on. I recall my son telling me that Lilian had called him to help steer a particular storm. Afterwards, I remember thinking...well, I guess they did it, because the storm veered away from what seems like a foregone conclusion that it would definitely hit. Kenny also had a very disturbing incident with two police officers, who accosted him in his own yard, which ended in him being tazed. Lilian interviewed him by Skype on one of her shows, so that he could tell his story. One of her viewers donated money to help Kenny with his legal pursuits, to which apparently Kenny felt that Lilian and I had something in common. He gave her his number and she called me and it seems that the rest is history. I remember our very first conversation and as Kenny had felt, we did actually have many things in common and she would say, you've got to read my book and you will understand what I mean! She sent me a link to all of her books and videos, but being on the road I didn't always have wi-fi except for my phone with the small screen which was difficult to see. I wanted the actual book, which Lilian says was no longer in publication, but occasionally you could find them on sale online. I did a search, and voila!!! I found one and had it promptly delivered to me. It feels good and cozy to snuggle up to a good book after a long day of driving. This book was not like any one I had ever read. The title of it is "And the Moral of the Story is... One Person at a Time". What a journey! And what was so interesting is, this book told me so much about Lilian, at the same time that she and I would talk. It was as if talking with Lilian and reading the book was like some large puzzle, where the pieces were gradually being put together to create a beautiful, intricate, strange? ... lol... picture. I felt that I knew the people that she wrote about, and I even cried when someone in the story passed on. It felt like my loss as well.

Because Lilian is a night-owl, it often works very well for us to converse, as many of the miles I drive are through the night. I remember one night I was so tired, and Lilian said I'll keep you company while you drive. I told her I had about 400 miles to go. She stayed with

me the whole time until I arrived at my destination and was safely parked.

Lilian inspires me. She has such a vast amount of knowledge in a staggering array of subject matters. It's funny to me how when I first met her and was still in the process of getting to know her. I said to myself that she reminded me of Forrest Gump, if you remember the part of the movie where somehow he always had a role in the life of some historically important character. It seemed that Lilian knew so many people! And then, as I started reading the book, there was a passage where she actually related her life to Forrest Gump, for the same reason! I knew then that she and I had a connection.

With all of Lilian's professional knowledge, psychic abilities, crop circle and alien research, and her time with the entertainment industry, when she and I talk, we're mostly just two women, who share a lot of the same interests and a profound love for Trevor Noah, lol but mostly trying to maneuver in this world with real everyday problems and illnesses to deal with. She has given so much in her life, and still, she gives more... her cup runneth over.

I have come to love Lilian and I know that our friendship will go on...

## FOREWORD

When I wrote the book in 1997 it was a struggle to put the book into a category. It was long before anyone was familiar with “Fact Checkers”. They might have had problems unless they were metaphysically oriented or multidimensional. I wrote the book for my children, they were not interested in anything I was doing and I figured at one point they may be interested in who their Mother was. I wrote it the way I talk to give the impression I was actually talking to them. Since my life was a bit unconventional I did not want to overload them. As it turned out as I was recalling my life, it became a “time-jumper” and occasionally a setting for a story was required. As a result it was neither a biography, nor fiction and we settled for NOVEL. We actually encountered that problem with the TV Show A Visit with a person of High Strangeness, which later came about as a result of the book, when entering consideration for an EBE AWARD, there was no slot for us and we settled for Informational. The first Update came along in 2003, by then many things now had an explanation. I updated it which was factual and in the book: **Remembering your Future** followed. In the mean time, now that I am at the end of my life, it was suggested I add the rest of my life story, since many questions were answered and as purpose for the whole undertaking became clear.

**Jan 24<sup>th</sup> 2023!**

The Doomsday Clock was set to 90 seconds to midnight due to several occurrences, technological and biological threats are present, in part due to Covid 19, threats of climate crisis and breakdowns of global norms. It was set in 1947, the year I was born..1968 was the year I came to America and in 1998 I released the Moral book. In 2017 I updated the book and here we are 2023 and I became obsessed with having to add a closing chapter to the Book. It had been requested, NO, it was strongly suggested for some time I do this but it only became obsessive during the time of the adjustment of the Paradime Clock, I prefer this description to Doomsday Clock. It however could be there has to be a connection, at least in my life timeline, to that occurrence.

Like so often, I have no clue what that means, but for the moment I am rolling with it. Its almost comical to think I am starting the 3<sup>rd</sup> leg of my life, or is it the 4<sup>th</sup>, at 75, well if life starts with creation it is 76. The human life cycle has **six main stages**: fetus, baby, child, adolescent, adult and elderly, I however prefer the last leg description.

As I am writing this I realize we really live in a venerable time period, true, we have repeats of some things, but seldom were in a position where Lawmakers were in their 70-80' and this is a totally different world than it was before. Being this age myself, no matter how hard I try... I consider myself rather intelligent and street-smart... at the same time I can NOT keep up with the new reality. Terminology, so much is abbreviated into computer terms, the way we pay bills, the way we have to solve simple problems which used to take just common sense, everything is done per PC. I am struggling with all of it. HOWEVER, many things are a historical repeat as I discovered when re-reading my account of MY reality, had it not been for having to go over it with a fine tooth I may have missed it. Oddly enough since Covid 19 came along and the studio, which is now TCMedia, formally TCTV, was closed 2 years for production. My old studio equipment in my home was outdated and no longer compatible with that of TCMedia, so it forced me to re-air old shows from 1998-2019. What was so bizarre as that whatever aired on Tuesday was related to a current issue or whatever was important for that week. It was like "Remembering Your Future" came to be for us to experience, just as it was portrayed 20+ years ago. Like watching the daily news.

During the Elections I got a call from a young Lady, she did not identify herself, all she said was: "I am an Indigo Child and old enough to vote!" She hung up.

We lost many brilliant people, good friends and some relations. It reminded us that we need to live our lives missions to the fullest and make sure we share all of us, mostly information for future generations to understand how we got here and who we truly are and can be when follow our divine purpose on this Planet. Here are some friends we lost:

Bob White from the Museum of the Unexplained.

Stanton Friedman.

Dr. John Mack.

Jim Marrs.

Anne Couvillion.  
Elena Smitha.  
Bill Ramsey.  
Al Bielek.  
Aleya Lealand,  
Kathryn Grandfield.  
Spirit Wolf.  
Credo Mutwa.  
Art Bell.  
Big Eagle.  
Standing Elk.  
Rose White.  
Matisse.  
Rusty Smith.  
Edgar Mitchell.  
Electra Ahn.  
Ingo Swann.  
Vanya Arnold.  
Jim Jackson.  
Charles McGillis.  
Clarence Moore.  
Eric Kelly  
Josephine Heintges  
Phillip Williams  
Martha Barnhill  
Barbralisa Booker

The term Racist is used used for almost everything not liked or disagreed with. Red and Blue use to be applied the Street Gangs, The Bloods and Crips, it now applies when talking about political parties. Oh My o My how confusing to a person like me. I even stopped talking to several people since their subjects of conversation is foreign to me or truth be told does not interest me. Its either about drug problems, health issues, recepies or body functions. I need stimulating conversation, sorry. Luckily the way we deal with phonecalls has changed so much. It shows the number and name of the caller and one has the choice to answer or not. And oh yeah, it now lets you know if the number is a possible SCAM. I had to educate myself as to what a Scam is, well then.... 40% of all calls are just that. Oh Crap, here is the phone again, just when I am in deep thought. Do I answer or not, I do,I disguise my voice and say Yeah, what is that is reference to? Usually you hear a click and they hang up, not so this time!

“Heh Aunty,its Patrick, your favorite great nephew from Germany. I took the day off so I can talk to you for more that 20 minutes. I am always so busy with driving this big old

truck, wife and kids, my MOM, your niece, and my Grandmother, YOUR SISTER. Wanted to have you all for myself. Glad you are a night person since I am 9 hours ahead of you.”  
“ What a surprise to hear from you,all OK in your world?”

“ Not really. Mom told me she is coming to visit you for 3 weeks next month, we are all excited for her. Before Covid she came every 6 month doing shows with you . She loves Amerika, well, mostly the family, she is full of stories when she comes back, we all look forward to her coming home again with Goddies. I have been trying to get time of work and oh well never enough funds to bring the family always seem to fall short, always something coming up. Mom told me you are not doing so well and I had better get to it, so I am aiming to come by-my-self in December to spend time with you. I still talk about our visit when we came and I was 7 years old. All the places we went, the food we ate and how in awe we were experiencing your part of the world, David and Michelle and of course YOU.”

“ Have you been getting the Owls I send you?”

“Oh Yeah, actually thats what I want to talk to you about. I have lots of time, like I said I took the day off for that purpose, providing you can hang that long, LOL! I know they said the ...gifted people... in past generations in the the family were Female, but I have reason to believe this is no longer correct. I am like you and my Mother. Like you I am always on the road, being a truck driver. It gives me much time to reflect. When Josef died you said she told you she was going to appear to you in form of an OWL. Well, they have been following me and then one day without me asking you you started sending me OWLS. I HAVE CONSTAND DREAMS ABOUT THE FUTURE. I am not really able to talk about that with anyone one, I tied, but am being accused of being negative all the time. You called yourself the Universal Troublemaker at one time and a trouble shooter for people so they can make better or, NO, different choices, by knowing what is coming their way. I am like that also. I still understand some English, but the vocabulary has changed so much since I was a kid and I wanted to talk to you so to make sure I understand correctly. I want to be the best Father I can be to my boys and protect them by teaching them the reality of life and it is so hard, especially with so much opposition.”

“You know Patrick, we here in America and from what I hear you had your share of unbelievable horrendous Winter conditions this year. 2023 was soo hard. I spend most of my time sitting in my chair . Michelle is my caregiver, she comes and helps me do things. Multiple Sclerosis has finally caught up with me full force. Don't know if you remember but I had a bone treatment years ago, it was called a Reclast Infusion which caused my present condition,which set this in motion,well, its in motion full time now. I drive very seldom anymore and only when I have a really good day. When I do I sneak off because I know how I feel and don't want to hear anyone's mouth as what I should or shouldn do. So yesterday was a beautiful day for a change and felt like a human being so I snuck off and

went for a drive. I admired the early Spring, the beauty of the colors and the fact I was able to witness Mother Earth rebirth and recovery from the hard winter. It occurred to me that this is possibly my last Spring and I wanted to soak up the experience. Wish I could have bottled my emotions so I can re-experience it over and over. I was so grateful to have been allowed to have been able to once more soak in and experience the new beginning of Earth rebirth in nature. Ahead of me was a red Jeep of some sort. A large German Shepard kept sticking his upper body out of the window and he barked, he barked and barked. You could hear his excitement, someone from inside of the Jeep told him to get back in and sit down, he did, only to re-emerge again and again barking out his happiness to feel Spring on his face and upper torso. I am sure he could not hear me but I yelled out of MY window, I am with you MR or MS DOG!”

“Aunty, dont worry you live to be 100, you are young at heart and so busy regardless of your circumstances...”

“Oh I hope not, I think I have accomplished what I needed to and am ready to leave this place, I have done my best and ready to go on my next assignment. It is exhausting to be in pain all of the time, it is hard to change rolls from caregiver to care receiver. It is the natural flow of life in Universal Order, it is the time for Baby Boomers to vacate and make room for new generations, that is why it is so important for you to take the rein, I have no problem passing the torch to you.”

“ If you put it this way It is Ok I think, we always act surprized even though it is the natural order. We just miss people.”

“Sure, thats why it is important to listen to your Elders stories, to take time out to continue traditions and to show Love rather than hohum about everythg later, after the fact.”

“ Thats what I was guided to do today, wow. Our News in Germany only touches on some going on's from USA, what is the problem with what they call Critical Race Theory. I can't understand why they dont want history explained. Look at all the things you have experienced so you can pass it on and we can learn from it as to not to repeat it.”

"What can I say, I dont understand it either, too big for my head, but you know history repeats. We are repeating 2003 and 2009 from my way of remembering. Instead of learning we repeat hoping for a different outcome. Thats why we need Towncryers and Universal troublemakers, the rest is up to you.”

“Aunty, lets get back to the MS, you said it was because of a treatment? Explain please.”

“OMG you really squeaking my brain trying to remember it all, oh I know, I wrote an article about it. Let be make some coffee and I read it to you. When old, sometimes we

become creative out of desperation. LOL. Thats what I do. Here I go:

June 6, 2010

## **OMG... What was I thinking!!!! I have been Re-Clasted**

Lilian's adventures with the hideous drug known as "Reclast".

OMG... What was I thinking!!!!

I have been Re-Clasted

by Lilian Mustelier

In the early part of 2009 my least favorite Doctor insisted I take a bone density test. I agreed, since I was grasping at straws as to how to rectify my chronic pain and improve my ability to walk and stand. The nice Lady at the clinic asked to repeat the test, since she thought there was a problem with the equipment. Eventually, sometimes in May, my Dr. stated his concern for my bones and referred me to a Hematologist at the local cancer clinic. A little odd I thought, to have a Hematologist treat me for Osteoporosis....but OK, I agreed to do that in order to have a procedure "Reclast Infusion".

I liked the Doctor and it appeared he was very knowledgeable in reference to the procedure and he cared about his patients. He told me my bones were in such bad shape and he added only about 2% of the world population had bones like mine and they more likely resided in 3rd world countries. I informed him that I had done my homework and looked up everything about Reclast on the Internet, since I was allergic to many medications. He thought I might look at the pro's and con's and make a decision.

One of the side affects involved elevated heart palpitation, it concerned me greatly, since I have issues with a heart valve. I arranged a visit with my cardiologist and after some examination we decided that my medicine would offset the increased heart palpitations. Next stop was the Gastrologist, since stomach issues were also listed as side affects. This Doctor has known me for 30 years and we had a frank conversation. He thought my deteriorating bones would kill me and he was confident he could assist me with my stomach problems, which might arise if it became necessary.

One of the major side affects is Jawbone problems. I wear dentures and was unable to be seen by a dentist, since I have no teeth.

During the time all of these preparations on my part took place the Hematologist discovered that my Calcium was way too low and my body had problems retaining Vitamin D. He ordered 100,000 mg of vitamin D a week. I was allergic to the dye in the vitamins, but decided to continue to take them, since there was no other way to administer the vitamins. A pretty miserable month followed and we decided to change the dosage and switch to another brand. I was still able to take care of myself, go shopping, go the clinic every two



weeks for blood tests and continue to produce my weekly TV Show and finish the book I was working on, from my home.

By mid November it was decided that we now could attempt the procedure, I must have been the longest "IN PREPARENESS" patient in history. My last visit with the Doctor was rather odd and I got somewhat nervous about the whole thing. Just as I was ready to change my mind it came to light that one of my grand daughters and a nephew had similar bone issues, so I agreed to go ahead with the procedure so the young relatives, both in their 20'S would know what they were up against, in case a Reclast Infusion was suggested to them. I scheduled the procedure for December 2nd 2009.

The staff at the chemo therapy unit were extremely nice to me, while signing release papers I noticed that my kidney function had not been checked, so I requested the test and they did that. The results came back OK and the zoledronic acid was put into my bloodstream over a 30 minute period. I had time to reflect on how I had prepared for this, working ahead on my shows, my book was finished, the house was clean and I had prepared food for the next 6 days...I was ready.

The nurse instructed me to drink lots of water and take 2 pain pills as soon as I got home to lessen the discomfort which was about to happen to me and made an appointment for a blood test in 2 months.

Just as she predicted within a few hours I thought I had the swine flu.

Four days after the procedure I thought I should call the Dr, since I was deadly ill and realized this may not be normal. I got very cold, at which time my temperature was 102 degrees. I got very hot, at which time my temperature dropped to 94.2 degrees. My personal physician was no longer available.... he went "NORTH" and I was unable to find a doctor to see me.

Within a week I had ADDED THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS:

**Loss of use of both arms.....** that comes on very suddenly and only lasts a few minutes.... about once or twice a day.

I had to learn how to handle hot objects to keep from getting burned and stay within reach of a counter or table to drop things on in a split second.

**Sudden hypoglycemic attacks.... no warning**

I have food located about every 10 feet, since I do not have time to reach the kitchen when this happens and would faint unless I eat something.....besides regular meals.

**Swelling of hands and feet...**

I removed all of my jewelry so it won't have to be cut off my finger in an emergency.

**Bleeding....**

A 3 millimeter surface cut bled for 4 hours.... frequent nose bleeds....

**Loss of smell and taste....**

I smelled a skunk once. I smelled Tobasco Sauce once, except it was not there. I can smell Orange peels, that seems to help a bit.

**Gum and Jaw problems....**

Upper and lower gums are always sore and bleed and my left jaw hurts constantly, it feels like a toothache inasmuch that the pain reaches all the way in my lower eye cavity.

**Neck Pain....**

My neck hurts constantly

**Extreme dizziness.... without warning, even when sitting still...**

I walk with a walker to keep from falling and removed objects from tables and counters, in case I need to grab something.

**Cross-eyed...**

I am not sure if I am actually cross-eyed, it is very bad and scary, I get nauseated. It feels worse than VERTIGO. I try to lay flat when it is possible.

**Charley Horse pains in various parts of the body...**

I have no Idea how to deal with that as of yet.

**Insomnia....**

I am unable to sleep, so I take many naps when I can.

**Extreme weakness....**

I lay down throughout the day, any activity exhausts me. Cooking, getting dressed, hygiene and any other physical activity is very difficult.

**Weakness in lower back....**

Before the procedure I was able to stand 7-8 minutes before my back gave out on me. Now, I can stand 90 seconds before my back weakens and feels like it is unable to support my upper torso.

**Stomach problems.... Heartburn**

I saw my gastrologist, he gave me Prilosec and added Vitamin B to my medications, which helped me a little with my nervous system. He was unfamiliar with the side affects of Reclast and I was grateful he tried to help me. I have doctored myself with the

rest.

In the meantime, it has been determined that Prilosec used over a long period of time promotes bone fractures. I have replaced Prilosec with Dan Active.

These symptoms never appear at the same time and in no particular order. Each time I manage to adjust to one thing, a new problem will arise and render me fairly immobile.

As soon as some of these symptoms started I attempted to seek medical help with my dilemma. My personal physician has not been replaced,, to date..., a walk in clinic could not treat me and offered to refer me to an emergency room.

I called the cancer clinic, which administered the Reclast and was told there were no answers for me there. The medicine is approved by the FDA and according to the person at the clinic two 7-month tests had taken place, the outcome was unknown to them. I wanted to know why 7-month studies were conducted if the medicine remains in the system 12 months. I was told all participants were "OLD" , what are they saying? I am 62!

I was instructed to call the FDA and report my symptoms. If you have ever tried calling the FDA you will be right in guessing that did not work and I got nowhere.

I called the Pharmaceutical company and was advised to see the Doctor who ordered the infusion.

After two month of fighting I was able to get a Doctor's appointment.

I insisted a written record of my symptoms along with the letter from Kathryn Grandfield be enclosed in my medical records. The Dr. was very thorough and ordered a full set of blood tests, urinary and ultra sound of the upper abdominal organs, kidney, liver, bladder, stomach and bile duct... I have no gall bladder. All tests came back normal and my association with the hematologist ended.

Just because my tests were normal, that did not end my dilemma. Nothing has changed in my condition. At the beginning of my 4th month after my infusion I was scheduled for my yearly check up with my Cardiologist. He also took a long look at my list of symptoms. He ordered a 24-hour heart monitor and a series of blood tests. After hearing about my ongoing symptoms, especially my "CROSS EYE PROBLEM" which now occurs almost daily without warning. He was also concerned about me loosing the use of my limbs, he was almost positive it was not connected to any of my heart problems. He suggested I should be seen by a Neurologist, since some of the symptoms sounded like MS.

The blood tests are back and it showed my thyroid function was low, an additional problem for me. Since I have multi allergies, IODINE is one of them and I do not respond well to Thyroid meds, that is a problem. All Doctors were aware I have Graves. The problem is there are so many side affects for Reclast I am sure it will take years to find a better

solution.

A MRI followed, my brain looked very good my Neurologist of 30 years explained to me, no signs of MS or any other disturbances he could diagnose, to be on the safe side he also took a EEG.

I finally have a new permanent Physician, she is very thorough and listens.

A CT Scan of my jaw was taken, no conclusive results, without a capable dentist no-one seems to know what they are looking for.

All I know is, my jaw, way into the right sinus cavity hurts ALL the time, like a constant toothache.

I have treated myself with Camphor, Colodial Silver and Bamboo Silica, I am unable to use over the counter remedies due to my Novacaine allergies.

It also complicates my ability to eat and swells and bleeds at night.

My jaw problems have intensified, no-one seems to be able to know what to do, including a Dentist friend in Reno, NV. I had asked to look into the problem, I thought if he discovered what the problem was he could write a medical paper for a journal, except he thought it was too bizarre to subject himself to a research program without proper pay.

My children bought me an electric scooter, a blue AMIGO and I am grateful. Unfortunately my home is not wheelchair friendly and a whole new challenge has presented itself, a challenge I will learn to master. Rebuilding Thurston County built me a larger wheelchair ramp and I am grateful.

I can now, six months to the date, smell pickles, orange peels, lemons and freshly cut grass. Since I am unable to taste my food, I still eat by texture and memory.

I can taste ginger.

Six months to the day of my infusion I still deal with the same challenges of the side affects and now have also added occasional "NUMBNESS" of my face and mouth.

I have learned to brace/hang myself by my elbows or slide to the floor when my legs disappear. I am unable to regularly produce my TV show, and have to air re-runs.

My procedure was suggested by my... AT THAT TIME ... Doctor, which I thought was familiar with my ailments.

Television ads by Pharmaceutical companies sound very good at times and they suggest for you to talk to your Physician about certain treatments.

They also suggest IF you have side affects to call your Doctor, EXCEPT Doctors rarely have an answer for you. Chances are they were not educated as to what to do for you. They

are unable to identify the full extend of the side affects. It costs thousands of dollars to rule out new conditions and can easily render you immobile.

Especially when people taking many medications are unable to tell you what is wrong with them and are often ignored. I have known several people... friends and relatives.. which have lost their lives, because they were not as aware of their bodies as I am. I am still in a position to maneuver myself somewhat, was I a much older person, people would assume I was FAILING and going downhill.

There is a possibility I am the exception to the rule, in case I am not:

Please do not become a statistic!

This is the letter Kathryn Grandfield wrote when I asked her what she remembered about the days she supported me from a distance.

Lilian - to chronicle the experiences you have had since Reclast was administered to you in early December so you can accurately relay this information to your physician. Since you became very ill during this time, I am writing to give you my recollections of the experience you had by way of talking with you almost every day during this time, at least once a day and often more than once.

My memory is that the discomfort began later in the day after the drug was given to you at the clinic and that you began taking pain pills for the pain that day. The next day you were in increasing pain and had started having some muscle cramping. At this time you were still mobile and could get around fairly well, occasionally mentioning you thought you probably should be using the walker because of vertigo and dizziness. Within a few days you had sores in your mouth and had great difficulty eating food. Each day you seemed to be weaker and it was often difficult to understand your speech. Each day was worse than the day before and the symptoms seemed to escalate and also increase in number. At the time we talked about your kidney function. You were drinking a great deal of water and were not voiding very much. since you had been given information that the drug could cause kidney damage, you were concerned about your water intake. Things seemed to go from bad to worse right around the Christmas holidays. You were constantly either very cold and unable to get warm, or overly hot. I believe someone brought you a thermometer so you could monitor your temperature. At one point I remember you had just taken it and it was 102.6. I thought this was very high and asked you if you had thought of calling the doctor again. You said you had called the doctors office and the clinic where the drug had been administered and neither of them would help you in any way. You were worried about going to an emergency room on your own where they would not have access to your extensive medical history and might cause you harm without meaning to. In addition to dealing with the Reclast and the effects of having it in your system, you were also dealing with heart problems, problems with your neck which was hurting you so much you said you were unable to move your head. Your neck and diminished ability to breathe and swallow has

been an ongoing problem for you for many years due to thyroid surgery and Graves disease, which have been a problem for some time. At this point I became very worried for your survival and kept urging you to call your doctor again. You seemed to be constantly dizzy and unable to stand at all, and sitting was difficult as well. You had completely lost your ability to taste and smell anything. Your arms were also going numb on you and you were unable to hold things sometimes. I remember several times you would drop things when we were talking. You were sometimes very disoriented and I could hear the sound of giving up in your voice. You never give up on anything but this seemed to be causing you so much pain and you could not get help. The vertigo continued. You continued to have instances where you described it feeling like you had no arms and hands because you could not move them or feel them. The muscle cramps were getting worse and seemed to affect you in many places at the same time.....legs, feet, abdomen. I forgot. Your digestive system seemed very upset during this time as well. You had constant burning. Your loss of taste and smell seemed to have decreased your desire to eat food. We often talked about how you had to eat to give your body enough nutrients to deal with the problems you were having. It seemed to me that there wasn't any aspect of being a physical human being in you that wasn't adversely affected by this drug. My outrage that knowing your medical history, none of the doctors would help you when you phoned them.....no referral to someone else if they didn't want to treat you, and none of them would see you until your gastrologist agreed to see you about your digestive problem. I was worried you were going to sit in your home and just die because no one would run any kind of blood test to even try to get a picture of what had happened to your body. Perhaps the most frightening thing occurred this past week when you suddenly became what you described as cross eyed. You had trouble staying upright. You couldn't see correctly. It lasted for about 10 minutes.

I am very glad you are at last going to be able to see the physician who administered this potentially damaging drug to you.....how long ago has it been? Almost two months? I can't remember accurately how many times you contacted his office for help. Two months with a drug of this calibre with absolutely no one monitoring your physical condition. I remain outraged and I urge you to do whatever you can to see that no one has to undergo an experience like this alone again. It seemed to me there had been a complete breakdown in the health care delivery system as far as you were concerned. With all the warnings you had been given by them no one had taken the time too hear what was happening to you,.which might have resulted in them being alerted to some of the conditions they had warned you about. But no one would take the time to even talk to you over the phone! What kind of medical people are they? I often wondered if they just thought you would die.....especially since the clinic nurse told you they had never encountered your problems by people taking this drug because the people were old. I remember we laughed because it sounded like she was saying everyone died and didn't live long enough for them to get a picture of what the drug did to people. And now after this drug you cannot stand at all. So you are worse than you were to begin with.

Please let me know what the doctor says. Hopefully he will at least run some tests to detect

kidney damage if it occurred, or liver damage or any of the other numerous problems that you were warned about before you took the drug. Do you suppose you were supposed to suffer the pain and debilitating effects of the drug AND self diagnose at the same time? Kind of sounds like it, don't you think?

Love,  
Kathryn

“Information is not knowledge.”

----Albert Einstein----

The drug was eventually taken off the market, but it was too late for me. I don't remember if there was a lawsuit, either way I was busy doing other things and would not have been emotionally equipped to fight. Remember I have MPD (Multiple Personality Disorder) and I am not mentally equipped to deal with such stressful things, I am busy keeping myself organized in my chest-drawer of my mind, which is a daily struggle. My Therapist Phillip Williams died 3 years ago and I have been muddling through life without his help since there are no Therapist who specialize in that affliction. Times require mostly Therapy in Drug and Relationship problems. I actually had a few sessions with a Professor which claimed to be an expert, only when I brought up a subject I wanted to discuss on my last appointment. It was during the midterm elections and I wanted to talk to him about the danger of election Hershel Walker. If he won and switched he could have done a lot of damage voting on some important issues. My Shrink, I forgot his name, he said he never met anyone like me, he did not understand my brain and there is nothing he could do for me. He said Goodby and slammed the door behind me. Oh shoot, let me see if I can find my cigarettes, I still smoke religiously, it is just part of who I am.”

“Aunty please explain MPD to me again, I want to make sure I fully understand.”

“OK So I will read you what I documented. It was hard because in order to explain it I had to allow all my parts to participate. Took 3 weeks and that long to get organized again. Reading to you,ok? That's what happened to me at Heloland experimenting on myself and so many other girls. Sometimes I feel it needed to be like this in order for me to accomplish some of the things which happened as a result of me being so many at the same time. At one point the German Government put out a call for the Heloland Girls to come forward so they could pay us restitution for what they did to us. Of course I declined, not crazy, like I should trust my tormentors. How can you pay your way out of something like that.

**I Hear Hoofs.... Who Goes There?**

By Lilian Mustelier

We live in a world of texting and abbreviations, second nature to some and hard to comprehend for others. DID and MPD are short words for something enormous, in fact most people are unable to tell you what they stands for.

PTSD is an abbreviation which has been forced into our vocabulary because of the significant amount of people, which have been afflicted.

**DID** stands for Dissociative Identity Disorder.

**MPD** stands for Multiple Personality Disorder.

**PTSD** stands for Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

The football player Herschel Walker released a book last month: "Breaking Free" .

By doing so he attempted to, once again, bring this subject to the forefront. 20/20 showed a report about... A woman which wrote a book: The Woman Who Can't Forget. By Jill Price and Bart Davis.

In 1997 I wrote a book: And The Moral Of The Story Is... One Person At A Time. <https://www.highstrangeness.tv/>

Each one of these accounts touch on... in a broad sense... what it is like to be somewhat different.

Let me invite you into my world for a short time and tell you my story.

In 1987 I was diagnosed with MPD. It was determined I had suffered from said disorder since I was 9 years old. Extreme DID/MPD is brought on by severe trauma, torture or experimentations. It serves no purpose at this time for me to explain what this consisted of, only that during this time my own survival mechanism found it necessary to create a path for me to survive certain occurrences.

It created many compartmentalized files in my brain, which are accessible by

different parts of me, Lilian. Somehow the brain managed to put in place the unique ability to become a "DIFFERENT" person all together, when it found

it necessary to carry out a task. It was documented that even physical changes can occur, for example during an eye examination, in which my sight changed, from short-sighted in the left eye and far sighted in the right eye, to 20/20 vision in both eyes. Suffering from lifelong back problems and mild scoliosis, it was noted that during episodes I walked totally straight.

Other times I have been unable to speak English. I am multi-lingual and sessions in other languages have been recorded by my therapist.

Changes in style of dress, food, music and physical activities are also common.

There was a time when I had no recall of anything, unaware of lost time or my whereabouts. It was not unusual to be unable to recall weeks. I jokingly call myself a "HOLEY" person, because I am unable to remember many parts of my life. It is not in my memory bank only to resurface at other times.



I am unable to fill out paperwork which dealing with facts, including but not limited to medical history, work history or whereabouts. Many times I have no or very vague recollection of my children. I do not baby-sit my grandchildren due to fear I don't know who they are and leave them in a stressful situation. I recall an instance taking a granddaughter skating. Not having skated in 20 years I was concerned about falling and hurting myself. Somehow I became 8 years old, the time period when I was an excellent figure skater. When it was time to go home I asked the girl with me to please call her mother, I did not know where we lived. I have made arrangements with my doctors to ask how old I am before leaving their office. Anything less than 16 is reason for concern because at that age I do not know how to drive.

For almost 30 years I have had great therapists which taught me, very patiently, how to maneuver. There are no medications one can take, it takes hard work on a daily basis to navigate the maze, which is my life. In recent times I had a therapist which, in my opinion, was not qualified and set me back in my learning progress by 10 years. Each time, after leaving his office, I would find myself in unfamiliar places. After several hours I did regain control long enough to have friends help me to find my way home. There were also times I would, the next day, find foreign food in the refrigerator. No recollection where I bought them, or how much money I spend. The Lady at my bank would pay a check ... This is 2007-2008... dated 1974. She notify me of the overdraft (without charge ) and a friend would have to come to my aid and cover the checks. Please keep in mind while I, LILIAN, have no recollection of many things these OTHER people occupying my body are fully operational and function normally according to their standards. Lilian's brain just shifts to a different compartment and operates according to the memory file in that part of the brain.

For those of you, which remember an EP/LP record along with the times your record skipped, after slightly tapping the record you might loose a fraction of the song you listened to, but the song would recover. Now picture a CD or DVD. As soon there is any discrepancy, dirt a scratch or malfunction with the disk you will not be able to continue what you listened to. At best you can try a different player, which is usually of no avail. The only choice you have is to reboot and hope the disk will recover. It rarely does. With MPD a person feels a scratch coming on, some times with masterful skills continue play is possible with a few bumps and skips. More often than not the only course of action is to stop, separate from the situation and reboot.

Each one of these disorders require a trigger. A trigger is something which

tells the brain to access memories from a certain time period. PTSD, in my opinion, creates vivid memories which play out like a video, transporting the person in the time period said memory was experienced and forces the experiencer to re-live said instance and act accordingly.

DID and MPD act different in as much as it forces the experiencer to shut down and leave, therefore totally switching the brain to a facilitating alter.

With intense praxis after 30 years I sometimes recognize when I am "Scrambled" If I catch it in time I am able to maintain enough of my composure to stop a switch. Other times my skills let me down and I have to do the best I can AFTER the fact. Example: A friend owns a small aircraft. She offered to take me on a flight in order for me to film aerial shots for my TV Show. I was excited. However, she called while I was writing this article, an almost impossible task. She called to tell me to come on we were going to fly. I said NO. It was only the next day I was able to tell her that one of my OTHER PEOPLE, loved skydiving and I easily could have jumped out of the plane, without a parachute

As far as we can tell the "Persons" which occupy my body are as follows:

1. Male, in charge of logical decisions.
2. Small child, afraid.
3. Young woman, terrified of riding as a passenger in cars.
3. Woman, creative and excellent painter.
4. Male, prone to failure.
5. Woman, brilliant in business an PR.
6. Woman, mother and defender.
7. Woman, social butterfly as well as dancer very popular with opposite sex.
8. Woman, writer/researcher very focused producer/director/host.

And there is the ME, LILIAN. Nondenominational, wise, extremely psychic, happy and the facilitator of everything which is ME. I am unemployable since I am unable to function at all. When under stress I am not able to control which part of my brain is going to be access, who takes charge of what needs to be addressed next. There was I time I would argue about events, things said and attempt to explain why I would never have done or said what I was accused of and search my memory for days to remember what people around me made reference to. I would have to actually recover physically, much as one has to after surgery. With time I learned that, at running the risk of being called a liar, I now just answer with, this is not in my memory banks at this time, ask me again later, I might remember.

So, what do we need from the people around us?????

Most of us attempt to notify the people which we have close relationships

with. Family, select friends, and people we work with, on a need to know basis. Health care providers should be notified, except there is no training other than how to deal with distraught people. In present times that can be a life threatening event for people like myself. Emergency personnel, ER personnel and Police are not trained to allow a person like myself to gain control, at which time everything becomes intensified. For example: I lived under occupation when I was small. A day after Sep.11 I saw soldiers driving by. A police car followed and for a moment I panicked. I realized I would not have been able to tell anyone my name. I was on my way to therapy and it was decided for me to wear a medic alert bracelet identifying me by name and to state I had MPD.

When spoken to I visualize everything a person tells me, sometimes it takes a couple of seconds longer to answer, than it would the average person. This is often mistaken for not answering or disinterest. The response of a person I am conversating with can sometimes act as a trigger. Triggers are different for each person. In my case it can be an odor, an event, holidays, a sound or the person I am dealing with themselves, their tone of voice when speaking or questioning me.

Picture yourself watching a TV program. You follow the story line. All of a sudden someone behind you changes the channel. You have little or no objection since you understand there are more people present than yourself. You get involved in the new storyline only to have the channel changed again and again and again at which time you are dizzy. Your blood pressure and adrenalin rises, your choice is to become confrontational or leave. My eye movement will change when someone switches the channel and I will always decide to walk away to reboot. Unfortunately even the people we attempted to educate are not able or willing to afford us this luxury. In rare instances people will deliberately create an instance to switch me in order to accomplish an agenda which is NOT in my interest. A law was passed in the 90's to charge people with a crime if they were aware of a persons diagnosis and created a situation in which sexual favors are involved. The charge is Rape.

The suggestion of calling 911 for help does not serve a purpose in as much as a person such as myself is not able to explain to an untrained person what the problem is, it only intensifies the situation. It will add panic to the equation. If I was able to explain my dilemma, I could reboot and fix it myself.

What is needed is TOLLERANCE, it is almost more important than UNDERSTANDING. Even people aware of the situation forget or do not want to deal with an episode. They take things personal and are unable to RECOGNISE something is not right. AT THAT CRITICAL MOMENT. Stand

down... Do not offer an aspirin and any medical solution. There is no pill, we need a clear mind and the luxury of composing ourselves. When the episode is over DO NOT ask questions trying to reconstruct what happened, this will only delay the recovery from that incident. Often there is NO memory about what happened. DO NOT TAKE ANYTHING PERSONAL. DO NOT BABY THE PERSON. DO NOT EXCATURATE THE EVENT. Or outright lie.

I live by myself. Each room is decorated in a different theme. I can tell my frame of mind by which room I spend my time in. I create myself a focus point. I do well when traveling because it is not necessary for me to explain myself since I am only at a place for a very short time. I do things at my own pace. I ask to be reminded of appointments. I do one thing at the same time each week, so I know at least once a week I will return "HOME". Unfortunately there are many people, which are not able to maneuver in this fashion. They live with others, they may not be as skilled as I have become after 30 years, they may not even know there is something which prevents them from functioning properly. My hope is that more education will be available for ALL of us, especially since so many people have at least PTSD.

Close your eyes, you hear hoofs. You assume, no, you know you  
hear a horse.  
Open your eyes.  
IT IS A ZEBRA!

“ I was a child last time I saw you and never noticed a thing, except I thought you was cool, like a kid my own age. Now I understand, too bad it is not hereditary, imagine how much time one could save learning things.”

“Oh no Honey, you don't want to wish something like this on anyone, not everyone is as lucky as I am and had a therapist who was able to make a mental toolbox which allows me to function. It is hard work and like I said only a few allow us to maneuver at our own pace. It is so tiresome....please dont ever wish to live like someone else, be careful what you ask for.”

“ I guess you are right, wish I did not know the future and have these dreams, they are so very real, I am keeping most to myself, how do I explain what it is like. Especially for me, a male, I am not able to stay three dimensional at times. Men suppose to be logical and percise and leave emotions and thought patterns of this nature to you Ladies. What do you think happened to our family.”

“Dont know, I am not sure if this applies to many because I have met so many males who are so in tune and psychic. I just dont know how to answer this for you”

'Speaking of family.... they told me you finally located your Father. My grandmother said you have another sister, a twin at that. Not sure how well she deals with that. Please tell me what happened and how you came about this knowledge.”

Stop, I am not a scratching pole, stop that hurts. I am not neglecting you. Talking to Patrick, all the way in Germany. He knew MS. E.T. Guess I will introduce you, too bad we are not video chadding. When MS E.T. was with me we did not have video to share, she sat in a bowl at the studio and was the star of the show, now we can share everybody with everybody. 20 years have changed so much. OUTCH! Quit clawing my leg what do you want. You got food, water, crowling and your hair is already brushed, what do you want CAT?

I want to tell the story the way I heard and remember it.

Here is the Scoop

I am CAT. Actually I used to be a wild cat. I was born, raised and lived along a highway till one day I saw houses. One of them had an open door so I marched right in to see where this would lead me. The woman sitting in a chair said “Oh no, I do not want any more animals. I can't take care of myself I do NOT want a cat!” Instead of telling me to get out she dished up a bowl of fresh caught smoked Tuna. She sat it in front of me and said: “EAT you look so hungry.” She closed the door and I never left. She never found a suitable name for me, so I am CAT. I am biologically a HE but she refers to me as a SHE. Recently we watched many programs for Pride Day Celebrations and I wondered myself if I was in fact a TWO SPIRIT.

Not very often, occasionally, someone would come by and I noticed they called the woman OMI. I thought her name was Lilian, but they referred to her as Omi. By now we had gotten fairly well acquainted with one another and I inquired why they called her that, she explained it meant Deep Waters and meant Grandmother. I need to add it took a while before I learned her ways and she thought she had domesticated me. It took a while to make her aware I did not like a toilet in a box and rather go outside, So each Friday she check the litter-box and sure enough it would look the same way as the Friday before. We worked out a system when we smooch, She gesture me to sit on her lap, we rub noses and bump heads. We snuggle real close and sleep together, she broke me from climbing on things and became very good friends. I learned English and German and she learned cat. She open the door for me so I am able to “rumble” with my kind, but for the most part it's me and her.

We smooched and comforted each other through the tail part of the Trump Administration. It was hard. Omi had not written any of her famous Newsletters for a

long time because she was trying to come to terms with her advanced battle with Multiple Sclerosis which took a while learning to maneuver her new current inability to do hardly anything and she stopped going places. Each day presented a new challenge. I felt so helpless what could I do, No matter what she just was unable to collect her thoughts she was so absorbed just to get to the next day. Eventually she got a part time caregiver for assistance and she managed to work out a system to get some small things done. MS is a sneaky disease it has no pattern. I lay on her lap and she tells me stories about the life. She started to remember much of her horrendous childhood, her knowing she had to come to Amerika. We soon realized she remembered some things but her short term memory failed her very often. Me bumping my head on hers put a smile on her face and the sadness would leave her. No biting, that is not allowed even though it is a form of affection for my species. So no biting and I honor that, Four years of the previous administration were very hard for people especially those with disabilities and most BabyBoomers. She is in both categories.

Omi has not written anything for quiet a while, not so much that she didn't want to, she was just not up to it. So I offered to be useful and help her with the process. Like always as soon as we started PC went bonkers and here we are days later still trying to get it fixed. Like unforeseen forces don't want these stories to be told.

It was an exciting time midst all the turmoil Omi's Sister came for a visit. By now everyone knows how this came about, it was actually turned into one of Omi's TV Shows. It all started with a post on Facebook which we found recently. Rebecca had posted on her family page.

*Jean Cahill Mott Michelle, Lillian's daughter had also done Ancestry DNA. I sent her a message but didn't hear back. Then I researched her name and location and found Michelle's Mom. I got a hold of her trying to figure how I could possibly be related to her daughter. Then found out that Lillian had been adopted out but she knew the name of her birth father. She said that Ferman Wayne Pruitt was her birth father. My mouth hit the floor!! That was my grandmother's brother that went missing in 56 or 57. She died never knowing what happened to him. We still don't know. Could make for a good movie!*

*Becca and Omi had the same birthday, they were 11 years apart, but their DNA was so close they were twins. It took some doing and was determined they came from "The same Petrydish" connected to Omi's Father.*

So finally they were together and became whole. They had found their missing piece of themselves.

I often wondered how I could have ended up in this household, I guess it must something to do with pre-destination.

When news about the murdered Native children came out Omi was suffering from a

serious case of PTSD remembering Institutions from her childhood. She buried so much in the back of her brain and ever so often something will bleed through at the moment. According to Massachusetts Institute of Technology is explained this way.

"Dual reality" is the concept of maintaining two worlds, one virtual and one real, that reflect, influence, and merge into each other by means of deeply embedded sensor/actuator networks. Both the real and virtual components of a dual reality are complete unto themselves, but are enriched by their mutual interaction.

Omi experiences dual reality a bit different. She refers to it as Here I Am and Here I Am. Like there is a totally different world right next to the one we occupy and sometimes it runs simultaneously. Some have the ability to, per will, go from one to the other consciously, others slip into it without realizing it and for that reason live 2 totally different realities. Some were excited about the partial release of UFO documents, they worked toward disclosure for many, many years, so it was a bit disappointing to be thrown a crumb. Well, at least it was something and made some less "Crazy" if you will. Having been forced to being housebound during Winter due to physical ailments it was so wonderful to finally roam free in fresh air and a glimpse of sunshine. When Omi finally ventured out she noticed that plant-life, especially trees were growing at an unusual speed. Almost like they skipped a few years of evolution, She pointed it out to me, what could I tell her, I may have been a wild cat but never climbed trees. Looking up from the ground everything was super tall to me. So she posted a question on Facebook to see if anyone else had noticed something. Sure enough reports came from all around the WORLD this was the case and it was neither regional nor in her head or this other reality she talks about. She is trying to figure out what happened to explain this. She also inquired about time discrepancies and found out many people noticed it after it was pointed out. It is Sunday, Wednesday and Friday. It FEELS like we skip Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Some want to blame mental distortions on Covid-19. Unfortunately neither myself or Omi will live long enough to see the long term Earth Changes many talk about. Sure would be interesting to add that to all the things Omi talks about can happen to a person in a lifetime. Hope she does not disown me after me telling all these things, she hates gossip. Like I said only trying to help her It may be quiet a while before she writes again. Or allows me or that matter.

TCMedia was closed for over a year, 14 month I think, but don't quote me on it. Covid-19 took it's toll on everyone. The show SISTERS the first show produced at the Station when it re-opened. Of course I had to wait and see it later since I was not allowed to come along to the Station like MS E.T. use to be. My purpose in life is different than that of MS.E.T's. I am to keep an eye on Omi and have never ending story-times with her. Due to her MS she is forgetful, short term memory, and we have the same conversation more than once, sometimes in the same night, we are both day sleepers.

Some say cats did not originate on Planet Earth. If that is true my home planet relatives today saw what we are dealing with. UFO from a different Planet. EARTH. Welcome to our world!

So finally they were together and became whole. They had found their missing piece of themselves. I often wondered how I could have ended up in this household, I guess it must have something to do with life purpose, even for a cat. Back to the sisters, before I get too sidetracked.

“ So what do you think about the weird happenings with Lilian;s family on her fathers side? Since Humans discovered DNA testing things like this happen.”

“ So tell it to me in short-form please so I can understand. I know Claudia, Lilian and the family talked about it for days. Remember SHORT-FORM.”

Lilian was asked to forward a message to her daughter. She did. She reported such to the Lady which requested it. They got to talking and the Lady said she was related to my daughter according to ancestry. This sounded strange since they did not match by race. For some reason Lilian asked the Lady about her maiden name and it turned out the Lady is Lilian niece on her fathers side. DNA was spread over 3 continents.”

“CAT stop talking, you are so confusing, that's not how it happened let Rebecca tell it from her perspective.”

### **Little did I know that a little spit in a tube would forever change my life!**

I'm the the Summer of 2017 I decided to do an Ancestry DNA kit. Truth be known I was trying to find the biological son that my cousin gave up for adoption.

I grew up around a large family but everything changed the older I got and with their passing so did their secrets.

I'm an only child, born on November 5th, 1958. My cousins became my siblings and the vast majority of them lived within 150 miles. On my Daddy's side of the family I was the baby of 5 1st cousins with my cousin Bobby being the closest in age. On my Mom's side of the family I was one of 2 1st cousins with Mary being the youngest. I can't even put into words how much I loved both of them. They both lived nearby so when I wasn't with one I was with the other. But at the end of the day I often found myself crying and sitting alone in my room. During the day beginning at about age 3, I would get up, eat breakfast while watching Captain Kangaroo then run out the door looking for someone to play. My Mom was the typical 1960's Housewife that cleaned, watched Soaps and screamed for me every time she needed to borrow something from the neighbors. I was outside Monday - Friday climbing trees and light poles until about 4:59 when the dreaded 5:00 traffic began and my



Daddy was usually home by 6. Then we would eat then I would snuggle up to my Daddy and would stay glued to his side. I think I was 5 or 6 when my Daddy was a traveling salesman and I would only see him on weekends so I was pretty much on my own Monday - Friday. My Mom was not pleasant to be around and I think she was a bit jealous that my Daddy would spend so much time with me on the weekends. So I found myself staying at my Nanny and PawPaw's house a lot where my cousin Bobby lived with his Mom, "Toots" and older brother.

I was 9 or 10 I think when we moved to another town so Daddy could be home at night. I was in school on Weekdays and outside in the evenings and weekends. The neighborhood kids weren't the best influence. My Daddy would help me with my homework, read me a story and put me to bed. On the weekends I was usually in an Airplane with my Daddy. We moved back to the "City" in 1970.

Another part of growing up was going to Church every Sunday morning and evening to the local small town Methodist Church. My favorite time was the once a month fellowships when all the ladies brought potluck.

Upon moving back to the City my grandmother (my Mom's Mom) wanted us to start going to an undenominational church that her cousin's son was preaching at. It was a very different church that some would describe as charismatic. Then a traveling evangelist named Brian Rudd came for a summer revival, 3 weeks of non stop church, morning noon and night. Little by little it was standing room only. Andre Crouch and the Disciples became our nightly entertainment. Brian Rudd's claim to fame so to speak was that he had been in prison for drug dealing and he accepted Jesus and that God had forgiven him and miraculously changed his fingerprints. And yes, myself and everyone else were smitten with him. A lot of "hippie kids" older than me fresh out of the Summer of Love started showing up, getting saved and one by one leaving all of their drugs and paraphernalia on the alter. What a miracle!

A lot of "homeless teens" all of the sudden needed good Christian homes to live in so my Mom offered our home. I was 12 and now really on my own. I was in Heaven because I was finally getting brothers and sisters. I skipped being a tween and teenager and went straight to 18, well in my mind. I was left in the care of drug addicts and motorcycle gangs and I was cool.

My life went from Brady Bunch to Sons of Anarchy faster than a fly on shit!

My first foster brother was a drug addict hooked on heroin. He left then we got a girl on Heroin and then it evolved into a home for unwed mothers etc. Of course, to be cool I was

trying to keep up with my Foster Siblings. I didn't know shit about shit. I was young naive and clueless. My parents were out of town one weekend and I was sexually attacked by 4 boys from my school. I kept saying no but they kept insisting that I cooperate if I wanted to be cheerleader and they had chosen me. This happened in my backyard, and I was 13. One of my foster sisters walked into the yard and lost it on the boys. I was both thankful and embarrassed. I cried all night.

The next day the four boys and additional members of the football team showed up at my house for the same thing. I might add that I was horribly drunk the night before too. I served them all beverages while they had fun pulling me to their laps and saying vile things. My Foster sisters came home and put an end to it. I was instantly the school slut and I thought my life was over. I did attempt suicide a couple of times but failed.

My foster sisters decided it best to "tell" on me when they got back. Looking into my Daddies was the worst. Such disappointment. I lied and told them it was only one boy and I begged them not to tell his parents. To make matters worse I had to "testify" in front of the whole church what a whore I was but God had restored my virginity. My life and my grades went spiraling out of control. One night I was sleeping and I woke up with hands all over me to get the demons out of my body. It was scary. I ran away from home and started hitchhiking to LA. I'm so lucky that a nice gentleman picked me up and along the ride he talked me into calling my parents. Next thing I knew I was being arrested by the Holbrook Police Department and spent the night in jail waiting for my Daddy to get there. Once again, he was so disappointed in me. My Mom was extremely embarrassed by me. The next year I ran away again but this time I made it to LA!

Prior to running away the second time I had gotten a job at our local NBC affiliate and loved it. I was also working nights at the local Dinner Theater. I think my Mom started liking me again because I was hanging with celebrities. 90% of each day she was in front of a Tv. Peter Lupas gave me my first job working for a Celebrity. He was such a nice man. Back to running away again. This time I was smart I had saved enough money and bought myself a plane ticket. But what I hadn't counted on was seeing my Dad and my cousin running to the airport to the Terminal Lobby. So, I immediately drove to Midland Texas and bought a Red Eye. I met a very nice man on the plane that upon landing in LA that he would drive me to the Valley. He dropped me at the Beverly Garland Hotel that had a 24 hour cafe. Then another stroke of luck my waiter only lived a few blocks from my friends.

First thing I knew I needed a job. I saw an ad in the LA newspaper that said. Get paid \$750.00 per week dancing, playing pool and watching TV. I thought Dad gum, this is easy money. It was called Danceland and it was in Downtown LA. Turned out to be all old men that wanted to grind up against me. I lasted about an hour and I got out of there. I also

saw a job listed working for Rona Barret. My typing was crap so I didn't get hired. Feeling super discouraged I was hitch hiking through Hollywood and a very nice guy picked me up on his motorcycle. He asked how old I was, and I told him 18, which was a lie. He was a nice guy, and we did have consensual sex a few times. He was a truck driver and delivered lumbar to all of of major studio lots so he let me ride along. I found myself standing in front of Mel's Drive-in from Happy Days and I did get to watch them filming a new show called Laverne & Shirley. I thought I made it. One thing I wasn't doing was making money and I was broke! I told Tom more about my story. He convinced me to go home, and he got me a bus ticket. Well, the first stop was Needles and I had been in that stinky bus for hours. So, I got off and hitched the rest of the way. Again, I was very lucky!! My first ride from a couple of Truckers and they gave me a ride from Needles to Amarillo plus they lined me up with a ride to Lubbock.

I rolled into Lubbock around 8 or 9pm on a Friday or Saturday night, just in time to hit my favorite Disco Bar called Uncle Nasty's. I had been hitting the Bar Scene since I was 14 or 15, the Drinking Age in Texas was 18. I looked a lot older and was more mature than most girls I knew. I walked into Uncle Nasty looking a bit disshuffled from my long ride back to Lubbock so I went straight to the bathroom and washed up. I ran into a male friend, I'll call him EK for now. I shared my recent adventures, and he offered me a place to stay for the night and I accepted. After we got to his house one thing led to another and we ended up having sex. Afterwards, he said you are on the pill right?? I said yes, which was a lie. My Mom had found my pills and threw them away which I think is why I ran away the second time. Anyway, I left and didn't really think anymore about it.

This next part gets cloudy for me on the timeline, and I don't remember who I was staying with. I did not tell my parents I was back in Lubbock.

I think it was a few weeks later and I was back at Uncle Nasty's. I was in the bathroom, I felt ill, dizzy and then I passed out. I don't remember if a friend or ambulance driver took me to the hospital ER. The ER called my parents, and they came and got me. So, I went back home again.

Many other things once I got home but for now they aren't relevant at this time.

At some point I started wondering if I might be pregnant, so I started faking like I was having my period. A few days later I came home later to see my mom holding my bathroom trash can in one hand and a Kotex in the other.

I stood there in shock and Mom said "Well??" then said "You are pregnant aren't you!" At this point I didn't really even know myself; this was long before home pregnancy kits. I blurted out "Yes, Mom I am! You threw away my Birth Control remember!" Then she said, "You will give up that Baby for adoption or you will not live in this house!" So, I packed a bag and I left. I slept on many couches then ultimately ended up living alone in my VW

Beetle. I seriously had no clue what to do. Skip to I ended up at my Nanny and PaPa's House, they were my Daddy's parents. My Nanny welcomed me with open arms, but I don't think my PaPa was too happy. This is when Nanny and I got closer than ever. She started telling me little bits and pieces about her family. I think it was then that I realized that she was one of 12 children. I was like Holy Shit. I had never met any of them, she was from Oklahoma. She spoke fondly of her Siblings yet so many tragedies. Each one could be a book so I'm going to focus on just one for now. She told me the story of her little brother that was eight years younger than her. She said he went missing in the late 50's and no one ever saw or heard from him again. She said he had been in WWII and Korea at roughly the same time as my Daddy and his twin in the late 40's and 50's. He came back to the states and visited their other Sister in the Texas Panhandle, left a few belongings there with the promise to write. He left and said he was headed to the White Sands in New Mexico. He kept his promise to their sister and sent her a letter in 56 or 57 from Ft Bliss in Texas. Then poof! No one ever heard from him again. This was in is 1976 like 20 years later. She said before I die, I really want to know what happened to him. She had tears in her eyes. I gave her a hug. I was 17 at the time and it didn't really sink in the devastation that she felt.

Now I'm skipping way far ahead, well at least 10 years later. I finally got my act together, had a good job working in the travel industry in hotels and a travel agency. That set me once again on track to get involved with the Entertainment Industry. I moved to Denver with my then boyfriend and baby and was working in a really nice hotel. Lots of Rock Bands and NFL Players stayed at our hotel and I catered to them and grew that business. Neither my boyfriend or I made much money, so we lived in his van with my baby and his Dog. When the weather got too cold, we moved back to Lubbock. I got a job at a nice Hotel in Lubbock. I contacted the road managers of the bands, and they started staying at the Hotel in Lubbock. Then I got recruited to work for a travel agency where I found myself working and producing events with Celebrities for Tennis and Golf Tournaments.

Somewhere in there I got married to my longtime off and on-again boyfriend in 1982. We divorced in 1985. Then I started working with TV Networks, Radio Stations and major magazines all across the country. In 1987 business in Texas took a dive. A friend of mine who was a Soap Star back then needed a house sitter in LA so he could work for the Summer in New York. I packed my car to the brim and headed once again to LA. Three weeks later I sent for my now 10-year-old son.

Just prior to my leaving Lubbock my Dad's sister, very affectionately known as "Aunt Toots" started working on our Family Tree mostly on Nannies side of the family since their were so

many siblings. Toots was more of a mom to me than my own Mom was. I could talk to her for hours. She told me so many stories and sadly I have forgotten most of them. Once I got to LA I called her often.

Once I got to LA. and had my son I started working in PR and ended up working with several teen stars from the 80's and 90's. The kids became family, and my son spent his tweens and early teens in "Hollywood". That's another book! He turned 13 in the 7th grade and started acting out. Due to my work, he was left unattended for a lot of the time. I ended up sending him back to Texas to live with my first husband who was the only father he ever knew, not his biological Dad. That's another book!

I'm 1989 I met my now Husband. We started dating in 1992, we moved to Georgetown, Colorado in 1994 and bought a cafe and named it the Full Circle Cafe. It came with Ghosts and we ended up being on the TV Show "Sightings" the segment just before ours was about an Alien Encounter in Salida, Colorado. Tourists came from all over the world, and we became known as the "Haunted Cafe". The hubby and I became very interested in Ghosts and UFO's. I made a little gift shop in the Cafe full of Ghosts, UFO's, Aliens, and South Park stickers. We even went to some UFO Conventions.

In 1998, my dad suffered a massive stroke within a few weeks we put the Cafe and our House up for sale. We bought an RV and hit the road. We had family in Colorado, Texas, Pennsylvania, and LA. We sold everything and traveled across the country for 3 years. We called our RV "Bounce". We got married in 2000 and in 2002 we parked and lived in our RV until 2018. Lots of stories and potential books in between! I am positive we passed A Person of High Strangeness somewhere along the way.

Back to Aunt Toots, I asked her about Nannies brother that went missing in the late 50's since she had been working on family history. She said that she heard that he had gone to California and had been in a movie called "Go West Young Man". But that was all she knew but she was still looking for him for Nannie. Years passed; my Nannie passed away never knowing. My Daddy passed and My Aunt developed Alzheimers.

Back in 2017 my cousin/brother Bobby did a DNA test with 23&Me and he was telling me how cool it was and that I should do it too. I got the money together and did one on Ancestry and 23 & Me. He was right! I had relatives popping up all over the place and could figure a lot of them out. We were mostly from Ireland, Scotland, and England. I had a secret hope of finding a 1/2 sibling that I never knew about. Being an only child, I always felt a part of me was missing but I was also trying to find a son that my cousin on my Mom's side had given up for adoption. No luck on either.

Sometime in early to mid 2019 I ran across a cousin with a fairly high DNA match on my dad's side that I couldn't quite figure! I sent her a note but didn't hear back. It took me

awhile of searching but I found her mother, a woman named Lilian. With more searches I found Lilian on Facebook and started looking at her pictures, I started shaking and trembling with excitement! Here was a woman that looked just like me, but she was a little older. I looked at her about info and saw that she was born in Algier on November 5th 1947!! My birthday is November 5th, 1958, exactly 11 years later! Now I'm thinking Holy Shit my Daddy and his twin were both in Germany in WWII. Could it be? Do I have a half Sister or a new Cousin? A lot of what happened next is a bit of a blur, but Lilian and I started talking on the phone and I told her that we have to be related somehow. As we visited, I found out that she had been adopted. I kept thinking we were related on the Mathis side of my family.

We kept visiting and she told me that her birth mother had found her in the late 70s when Lilian as 27 years old I think. I kept asking questions and she said, "I know who my bio father is, his name was Ferman Wayne Pruitt" At that point I think I seriously shit my pants. Ferman Wayne Pruitt was my grandmother's little brother that she had lost so many years before. I was balling like a baby with Joy. If only my Nannie was alive to tell her. As soon as we hung up the phone, I called my Aunt Toots. As usual my uncle answered the phone because of Toot's Alzheimers. He had been on the journey right along with my aunt. I believe his comment was, "Well I'll be damned!" In November of 2019 I took my mom on one last trip to Lubbock. Seeing Toots was at the top of my Agenda as she was turning 90. We went to her house, and I knew she vaguely knew who I was. We started looking at old photos. She knew them like it was yesterday. She saw a baby picture of me and said awe that's baby Becca. She pointed to Nannie and said that's my Momma. I said do you remember Nannies brother Ferman she was looking for. She said yes! I said guess what! I found his daughter! Her eyes got real big looking both surprised and puzzled, she said, "You did??" and I said Yep! Best I can tell Ferman never knew about her. Her biological mother gave her up for adoption so we still have no clue where Ferman was or what happened to him, but we continue to look for him!

Since mine and Lilian's first conversation I have continued to get to know her. She is the mother of two, grandmother and great grandmother. She is affectionately known as OMI.

Getting to know each other has proved a little bit difficult for both of us, we each have challenges. Lilian loves to talk on the phone, I hate talking on the phone, I like to text, Lilian hates to text because it hurts her fingers. I ask Lilian a question and she will say I

don't know, read my book. But Lilian, I hate to read because it's extremely difficult for me. I feel like that song called "There's a Hole in my Bucket" LOL.

We were talking a lot in the beginning then I had a series of mishaps, I got Covid, family problems etc. I find myself going into a shell.

Fast forward to May of 2021. I got a plane ticket and headed to Seattle to meet Lilian and my new family. We were having such an amazing time. Walking into Lilian's house I immediately felt at home. I met her daughter Michelle, grandson, Maeson, Grand Daughters Ebony, Destiny and each of their children. Everything was going great then I had a panic attack, still not sure why but I have an idea. While staying with Lilian I started listening to the "Moral Book" I tried so hard to get it to sink in. I think my ADD got the best of me. But the strange thing is that I was finding with each page I already knew the story!! We are so much alike; we share more DNA than cousins but not enough to be half siblings. Lilian says we got mixed up a little in the peatree dish like "Twins". I call us Cosmic Twins. I have no way to explain it, but she is my Sister and we are identical. Our lives have crossed paths multiple times and it's like we have been on the same journey. I couldn't possibly love her or her family anymore. Im so Lucky!

Lilian asked me if I would write a little piece for her book as she wants to do an anniversary and updated version. I said sure. While writing this "short" piece it has generated even more memories but to tell it right I needed to start at my beginning.

My sweet Sister came up with the most brilliant idea. She has started reading the book to me 15-20 minutes at a time then she will message me the page numbers along with the audio! Problem solved.

The book is a wonderful adventure and collection of stories, we are about 1/3 the way through. But with each turn of the page, edited I have discovered that her story is my story. It's our story.

I Love You Sister!!

Your Cosmic Twin

Becca

"So Patrick, sorry about my little episode with Cat, she gets jealous when she does not get my full attention. Poor thing she does not mean to scratch me, just claws away to get my attention. As we were saying..... Well let me inject something here. Over many years because I was on the road so often visting my Mate Omar and later promoting my books

and filming for the shows....I filmed in Summer and produced my shows in Winter, that's when your Mom came so often to help me. For a good while she was a big part of my life. Then Covid 19 came along and things changed. Well, I used to attend many UFO Conferences, Remote Viewing conventions. I was an occasions a speaker and twice served as a Judge on EBE AWARD events, that's like Academy Awards for Metaphysical and Paranormal movies. I was actually nominated for an award for my show on the Spooklight of Joplin MS. I lost to Brian Gumble, they had lots of money for their project, I did not. We did "real Tv" before there was "real TV" and instead if 1 Spooklight, which appears at times we captured 7 at the same time side by side. Like Universe put on a special show for us. This however did not matter since nothing had been super imposed and was all in real time, people were not used to this. I think they were used to stories like a movie. You see by that time the Shows Ancient Aliens, Spirit Chasers and Paranormal 911 had come along as a result of my show, which was about one of the firsts of that nature. By then people were used to the subjects, most all of the participants of those shows had been guests on my show and viewers were use to seeing them on TV. In fact at a later time I put all those experiences into a book: Remembering Your Future and explained who everyone was. My shows can still be seen on [youtube psygeria](#) "

"Aunti wait I have to go pee and get me another Jagermeister"

"Well, now that you back, BTW I stretched my legs while you was gone, so glued to this chair all the time. I got so sidetracked anyway. To get back to what Cat was trying to say.... There came a time I had met and stayed in touch with everyone connected to these subjects. The last Convention I attendet ended with a Banquet. There must have been about 60-Plus of us present. Somehow I got up, banged on the wine glass...like in the movies... and said: Now that I have you all in the same place and present I have some questions.

1.

What is the connection between Neanderthalers and E.Ts.

2.

What do you know about Helgoland.

3.

Who has ever heard the name Furmin Wayne Pruitt.

A voice at the end of the long banquet table said it ws all part of the Werner Von Braun Bunch. Shortly after Stories and research became topic of conversation and douments on the subject and started surfacing. The German Government wanted to pay us restituion for what took place on that Island in the North See.

When Rebecca arrived in my reality she was in possetion of all of Furman's Military Records except a Death Certificate. It stated he had went missing between White Sands and Roswell NM. We also checked, as much as we could Werner von Brauns places of whereabouts and they matched. After the show Sisters aired a man called, said he was the one from the Banquet and was glad he told me right. He hung up. We had our connection between My Grandmother's Bookkeeper and Furman, which explained the distance of 3



continents which were involved in order for my birth to take place. A few years ago we could not have understood the 11 year difference of twins, now we do, in fact there was a case in the news about 2 frozen embryos which were implanted into two different woman. They had been frozen for 30 years. The woman both gave birth about about the same time. Thinking of some of the horrible things which was done to me, I guess it had to be someone, all the females who become mothers now, because someone had a crazy idea about a Petri Dish.

The part which made me extremely happy is the fact that my grandmother on my fathers side was Choctaw of the Wolf Clan. Therefore my obsession and connection with the Mounds I had all of my life. They still talk to me, rather accurately, I may add. We laughed because it brought to an end my argument about not having Native American genes because I am from a different continent, my friends knew it all along, instinctively. Plus my life has been so enriched since Becca came into my life I feel whole and know who I am.

As a Bonus I have a Cousin named BECCY who turned out to be a GREAT Psychic, she has been sharing the yearly Predictions for the United States on my TV Show, along with Lokesh Kumar Singh, a very well known Astrologer from India who, BTW, also imports the show to India.”

“Good for you, what about me, I am so disturbed I need to know who I am please help me sort this out. Claudia is my Mother and you are my Great Aunt that is the only thing I am sure of. How can we live in 2 realities, tell me.”

“Oh Honey, I know a lot about something and a lot about nothing. During my association with so many in those fields I know most people acquire the talent by learning from the Masters. However I do know some of us are born like this, maybe we won't understand it till we return to our place of origin after we die on Earth. It is said we made an agreement and or contract before we get here. I often think IF this is so maybe we agreed on a quick trip and assignment according to the time of where we were, maybe 5 minutes without realizing what awaited us on Earth time.

A lifetime is long, I think we are teachers by experience so we can relate to what is happening and make a difference to some. I often yell at Universe HEY I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY to have agreed to this, take it away, except it never stops I calm down and continue with what ever task before me. Maybe we know what it is all about when we return “HOME” where ever that is. All I know there has to be a reason for us being here and then I return home I would like to report I did the best I could, since we are all equally important in this puzzle of life. If it was a chain, we can remove a link and still function, we are a puzzle and need all of the pieces to see the complete picture. I will share with you what I know and what I not know while still here only you can put it to use as you need it. Most things are predestined and the only thing you can hope to accomplish to educate and buffer the responses to the outcome.”

“But how do you do this?”

“Most of the time I throw my hands in the air... guess some call this form of dialog prayer... and say UNIVERSE YOU DO IT! If what you know, dream or see frightens you, just ask to change the program. Fear distorts perception. At least it works for me. Remember I asked to change my abductions and my Abductors looked like someone I recognized. There was a time I also asked for physical proof so I knew I was not imagining anything, Universe obliged me by tying my shoelaces together and I fell out of the car while getting out. Recently I discovered ALL my clothes were inside out. I thought I was driving on a straight line to get to my destination. Fear and I are no longer in competition that works for me.

My Mother talked about Kakadu, the Sacred Mountain of the Aborigine and the face on Mars often. When I joined Facebook I reached out to the Aborigine and they were very forthcoming to help me understand the time changes, the KNOWING I experience. They agreed that some of us came from other places more than once and somehow we reconnect under the strangest circumstances. Earth is a living Being and somehow we appear to help with the birth of new times. Just in our lifetime there has been an almost unnatural jump in evolution. Earth Changes, many man made, also changes in Human body structure, technology, everything.”

“You have been here 70 plus years, I am still young and want the best for my children, how do I keep them safe?”

“I think at this point we are on automatic pilot and serving our purpose whatever that means. Do you remember when you visited Mt St Helens as a child? So majestic and beautiful after the fact? It underwent many changes since BEFORE the eruption and created a whole new OH WOW HOW AWESOME for us to enjoy. Do you remember? My life changed overnight when I was 50, I became a different person. Until then I never gave anything a second thought. When Gypsy involved me in the OJ case, I did not see any reason for it, except help my friend and yeah, I was upset with the legal system because of what happened to OMAR, the terrible injustice that had taken place, I often thanked his soul for having agreed to his terrible predicament which in turn forced me to follow my path. It took all way to 2009, 18 years, to get him his freedom. As a result of the OJ case the Innocence Project was born. I got to look at several cases because of the people I met along the way and to this day some wrongfully accused people have been freed. Just the other day a man who had been convicted of a crime he did not commit and was sentenced to 400 years was released after 37 years. 37 years, too long for me to comprehend in my brain, but he got his freedom. 37 years !

Omar lives in LA where he has excellent medical attention, he was so damaged while in prison for 18 long years. We both struggle with our health but are still here to witness what comes next.

Tamara is married with 3 children.

Destiny has 2 children  
Ebony married with 4 children.  
Malcolm married and 1 child.  
Vanya left us, she died accidentally....It was suicide.  
Meason is single and doing well.  
Sirius is in a long term relationship.  
Chiante is single.  
Deshon is married with 3 children.  
My son had a son, he is almost grown and doing well.  
My Daughter is still Mother Hen and got a handle on everything. She is also my caregiver.

The years pass fast looking back, except when we live it and experience it Earth time it can seem endless.

Look at you, you are married and have children, not too long ago you was 7 years old. I so remember it. It is my hope to be able to embrace you once more while in this physical body.

“ All fine and good, Auntie but what do I do, much like you I am different, help me please.”

“ Before we go there I wanted to tell you about an observation I made last night before drifting off to sleep. I had just posted the 20-minute segment of me reading the Moral Book to a group of friends who are unable to read either by lack of time or age, so they listen to it on their messenger. Here it is 20-plus years after the book was written and we have come a long ways technologically, everything is “ON LINE” and a push of a button zapps information around the world. Anyway, the update to the book was written right after the re-set of the Paradigm Clock, March 2004, right before Easter. As I sit here talking to you it is the same time period in 2023. Tomorrow is Easter....a repeat again. A few months ago I fell into a Gopher hole in front of my house and broke my arm in 3 Places just like I broke my leg in 3 places when I fell of the stage at the Studio in 2003. When I broke my leg I went on a trip. With this break I was forced to stop everything. My MS, Kidney failure and old age forced me to just sit and take care of myself, with help. Like my life looped again. I thought I was done, but here you are forcing me to rethink that conclusion, wild, HUH? My friend Martha Barnhill worked for Colin Powel and always talked about her friend Mr Byrd. I told her I also knew a Mr Byrd and it sounded, by description, he was the same man. It was, one of our relatives. Again, 2 continents apart. Along with that, it became important to some to hear the stories again and ask me to read to them. Your Mother is coming in 3 weeks like always and it looks like I will have to participate in a documentary about Roswell, it appears I am the only Person in possession of interviews with the Investigators of that time period, since they have all died by now. Just think, here you ask me to explain Universal going-ons to you. I am flattered but it is hard to remember how to do things over a 20-year period when NOTHING goes in a straight line, orderly if you know what I

mean....”

“ But AUNTI, give me the highlights or something, how do I function with what is going on in my head?”

“ Let's see. When a Dolberman gets hurt, or better yet, gets hit by a car he usually dies because he gets hit in the head. Reason being he ALWAYS charges strait forward. He has no perception as to what is going on to the left or right of him, always straight forward. So the impact kills him. A Bulldog on the other hand moves his body almost sideways, with that he is able to maneuver and survives. Sure, he also gets hit but survives because his injuries are of a different nature and can heal. Healing or events which you percieve can sometimes take a VERY long time to materialize. Example: In the predictions for 2019 I “SAW” Mr. Trump in a small room with a toilet, He lost all of his money and was confined. At the time I thought it as a jail cell, however a psychiatrist friend of mine pointed out that rooms in Mental Facilities also look like that. Mr Trump was NOT President, not too long elected yet at that time in October of 2018. Here we are in Aril of 2023 and it would appear that something similar like this will actually happen, only so much later. Remember Universal time is not the same as Earthly time. Moral of that story, DONT BE A DOBERMAN, BE A BULLDOG! You will recover. Someone said: Worry is interest paid on a debt not yet occurred. You see when we know things we can re-route, try to protect and make different decisions. If something is predestined it makes no difference what you do, it will play out anyway. When you was 7 years old we took you to the crater at MT.ST. HELENS. You was in awe of it, you saw the aftermath, you even saw beauty in the experience. It is hard to imagine how it got there, no one could have stopped it. It was predestined and part of change.

“So how can I compehend what took place before the change?”

“Its hard to say, you see if you just follow your inner knowing and share some of your knowing, no matter how seldom because you can live a orderly life, or how small, one day you realize that even the smallest piece of information can be life changing for someone. You never know what touches someone.”

“So you saying I can remain myself without the mombojumbo I thought was connected to my knowledge? Please tell me about it.”

Its a very long story are you sure? You never know when and how or even IF you see results.”

“Like I said I took the day off work to have this talk, let me get comphy so I dont have to interrupt.”

“OK, I will share some comments and letters I received over the years.”

1.

"It is not change that we fear, but the speed at which it takes place". This quote from author and medical intuitive Caroline Myss is one that has echoed about my head many times this year. I have seen countless examples in 2012 not only of change, but of the fear that accompanies it, despite our best attempts to embrace the knowledge that all is happening according to Divine order. So many of us have experienced so many variations of this, during 2012 in particular. Most of them are sudden, and some of them happened so incrementally that we didn't even see them until they were upon us. For many, time has sped up ( as if it weren't moving fast enough ). And yet I have also seen just as many opportunities granted to those riding out the proverbial storm. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, though despite an endless progression of vivid dreams, I haven't exactly been shown the best method of progression. I have been doing and learning many things on the fly of late, able to hold on to no more than my intention, and a willingness to be ready.

When I first met Caroline at a Tattered Cover bookstore in downtown Denver, she was accompanied by her friend and fellow author Clarissa Pinkola Estes, who wrote "Women Who Run With The Wolves", among many other other empowering bodies of work . A particular sentence Clarissa had uttered during the presentation also continued to echo about my head as I approached the teachers with books they would sign for me, "Now is the time. Now is the time."

I would see Caroline a couple more times over the years and when I ran into Clarissa again at the exact same Tattered Cover earlier this summer I felt as if many events, wisdoms, losses, worries and miracles had come full circle. I was vastly more empowered, educated and alive than I was when I had first seen these friends laughing like schoolgirls and whispering as I approached their table, at first intimidated by them but later beaming with grace as Clarissa sized me up and remarked how she "liked my look". She sent me off with a dare to uncover the Divine Mother in every aspect of my life, who was always there when I needed her, nurturing, loving, devoted. In true synchronistic fashion, she then began popping up everywhere, always when I felt the most vulnerable.

I wanted so much to provide for others what they had for myself, which was the gift of story, arranged in such a way that it could become a great helium in one's balloon regardless of the weight and pressure I felt building in the world around me year after year. I had come to believe that words were alive, and as I sat with them over long evenings in solitude I began to understand how to sort them out in ways that would both uplift and inspire total strangers from across the globe.

Performance artist Laurie Anderson, who I also had the pleasure of speaking with after a

couple of her shows in Boulder, Colorado, helped to expand a concept explored by author William S. Burroughs in which he claimed that language was a virus communicable by mouth. They believed that words were alive, and as I continued to explore this bizarre notion, thinking of their gestation and mutation within myself, I couldn't help feeling a little saddened by what had become of language in general this year alone.

A best friend of mine, one who I had known for over two decades, had come to the point in her texts and internet posts in which no one could understand her anymore, including me. Everything was abbreviated with the ever-popular "OMG"s, "LMFAO"s or "ROTFLMAO"s, "UNI"s, and TTYL"s, not to mention the emoticons she was creating that were supposed to resemble horizontal faces, in addition to several references of hers to obscure and bizarre internet memes: humorous concepts that spread through the web, much like a virus...

I would lose this friend by the end of summer, still grasping at who she had been, or who she could be. I had asked if she might imagine walking beside a rice paper thin wall, and on the other side she could almost see her other self, her higher self, whispering to her, "This is who you could be. Cross over. Now is the time." She had helped me move back to Manitou Springs, an area so sacred to the former Ute Indians that they would remove their warpaint upon entering its valley. I had moved back there just in time to be evacuated from the Waldo Canyon Fire a week later. In the evenings I would watch as the skies glowed with an unsettling apocalyptic red hue, the enormous plume of smoke drawing ever closer to my new home. Still, if I were meant to lose all 91 of my recently-moved worldly possessions, so be it. I read a story by Lilian in which she had also lost a home and many belongings in a mysterious sinkhole incident, and I gathered much inspiration from her startling honesty and candor, as I always have, in her assembly of easily-identifiable words bestowing me with the helium I would need after having lost my previous home to foreclosure.

Somewhere along the way my friend and ally had begun to embrace fear and flirt with its companion: anger. I took her to eight of the natural mineral springs in Manitou which were still producing water. The Utes believed that each of these sacred springs had the power to heal, especially when taken together. I made us lemonade with them. I walked through the town with her, walking backward in time, back through the events that had made us fast friends. I thought about who I was, so eager and hungry for light, and how uncomfortable it had made my friend the year I had discovered Caroline Myss's books. We had both been victimized in several ways throughout our youth and had showed off our wounds as easily as we had tattoos. Yet, I wanted authentic healing, and that meant having one day to climb out of the life boat I had shared with her, and to practice spirituality on a congruent basis. It was a jump she was not yet ready herself to make.

By that time the bat had become my primary totem animal. I envied its means of echolocation, and the symbology behind its being able to see in the dark. To explore darkness as if it were an entity, to greet it, to embrace it, I decided to explore the nearby system of caves above Manitou, which the Utes also said contained an entrance to the Underworld. I was doing so to confront my fear, fear in general, the fear of fear itself, hoping to pass through that rice paper veil and take a larger part in my place of things. It was dark there, dangerous, confining, a vast labyrinth where one could easily become lost or knock themselves unconscious on one of the many low-hanging rock ceiling stalactites. I had went in with James, who I had an instant spiritual connection with when we first met at a metaphysical store I was managing in 2004. He was fearless, and after an hour and a half our underground journey led us to a place where we were able to photograph the many spirits coming and going through a portal to the otherside. Our photographs were in fact so startling that the Biography channel flew us out to L.A. for an interview on our experience there. The producers, as was typical of Hollywood, put a very fear-based spin on our story, although we had been filled with nothing but wonder. They dispatched a cameraman out to meet us at the caves once more, where we were granted even more evidence of spirit activity, including several shots of an entity holding what clearly resembled a bow and arrow. Perhaps he knew I was an Oglala Sioux, and he was a Ute warrior who had come to protect us from some of the darker manifestations in the caverns.

Afterward, joining us during a nighttime excursion to an enchanted grove, I realized that my friend was also losing her vision, her perception having become too contaminated and distorted by fear. I was going into a lot of dark places, not only in the physical world but during my dreamtime. I wanted to be ready for whatever was going to happen, and I knew I still had a lot left to learn and apply. Alerted to a series of videos being reported on Whitley Streiber's website, a man who I had met during his "Confirmation" book tour on alien abduction, I watched the YouTube video footage of a woman who claimed to have captured evidence of real fairies and sprites near her home. As a Native American I was taught early on that everything had a spirit, that there were several forms of life outside those one might only find in text books. Many of these exist in other dimensions but are able to come through every now and then. Not everyone can see them. By then, James and I had many albums featuring paranormal phenomena, our own perceptions having broadened with belief, so much so that we decided to form our own paranormal investigation team in 2007, but I had still never seen a fairy, or a sprite. It costs us absolutely nothing to hold a thought form in our mind, to explore its facets, to turn it over like a crystal and ponder its importance in our lives. If it turns out that it simply can't fit within our belief system, we simply let it go. As such, I didn't mind investing in the belief that fairies might be a very real possibility, and I began calling out to them as if uttering a silent prayer.

As it was, everyone the world over was capturing "orbs". Why now? Why so many? They couldn't all be dust particles and insects flying too close to the camera lens. I had followed the crop circle enigma very closely, author and reporter Linda Moulton Howe having spoken to James and I at a MUFON symposium in 2010, and had been shown a number of the newest formations. The world was alive with miracles and yet so many souls were choosing to ignore them. I saw the orb phenomena as an event which was more interactive and accessible to the people. My friend had taken many photos of them, but when we went out into that enchanted grove together, calling out to that which we are usually unable to see, her fear stopped her dead in her tracks after a man appeared in James' camera flash. I continued onward, knowing it rude to call someone and hang up when they answered, remembering what it was like to descend deeper and deeper into the darkness and disorientation of the caves while trying to emit signals of peace and good intent. But as I did, I myself began to capture photographs of little self-luminous winged people, one of which even had its arms outstretched as if welcoming us. Surrounding this grove were also giant gelatinous orbs, big green amoebas peacefully floating past the camera lens and a mysterious sweet glitter we could see showering us every time we took a photo.

I understood the fear which clouded my friend's vision, crestfallen that she was unable to share the same experience, and in the aftermath she chose to accept anger amid the warnings that the age of reason was finally beginning its collapse. And ecosystems were collapsing. Insects were disappearing. Great swaths of sea life were washing up on shores. Mammals were becoming infected with mysterious, life-threatening viruses. One could no longer deny the change in our climate, and as I watched another superstorm flooding the country, and saw the photos of a flooded Ground Zero, I could feel a symbolic cleansing again taking place. Just as a fire had decimated the lands surrounding my home, the environment was crying out for a great change in how we lived and perceived things. My friend, upset at her inability to photograph the unknown, began her own sterilization of wonder. Two years ago I stood with retired Sgt. John Burroughs who was involved in the 1980 Rendlesham Forest Incident, in which he and several others at the RAF/USAF Bentwaters and Woodbridge bases in Suffolk, England witnessed a legendary UFO landing. I was absolutely floored at the things he confided to James and I.

Many skeptics passed off this incredible event as no more than the sighting of a nearby light house. These were the people who had their labels set to "swamp gas" whenever some new report of unknown phenomena was released. I could understand a bit of what Mr. Burroughs was feeling, as shortly after the SyFy channel featured a collage of our Cave Of The Winds photos the comments section was inundated with proclamations that we were photographing no more than smoke, dust, and our own shadows. There seemed to be a great need for people to take the wondrous and inexplicable experiences away



from others as they were having none of their own, and they didn't think that anyone else should either. Many of the comments were positively brutal, and hateful, and anger once again emerged as the primary emotion whether someone was attacking the personal experience of another, having an African American for president, being made to wait in a grocery store or post office, or simply in bouts of road rage we witness every day. What if mystery were to leave our planet entirely? Would these people be satisfied? Would we have to wait eons for our civilization to advance far enough without destroying ourselves that we might one day finally encounter these architects and ask why they had left? And would they answer, "Because you wouldn't believe in us?" Now is the time.

During the Dark Knight Rises shooting tragedy here in Colorado, James and I had plans for our own midnight showing. We were due to see the movie in Aurora, but the tickets had sold out quickly and we arranged for a later show. The afternoon of the shooting, we both shifted uncomfortably in a Colorado Springs theater. I clutched a bat fetish close to my chest as the audience gasped at the sudden beams of light appearing behind the screen, unaware at first that these were simply the flashlights of the increased security. I flinched with every explosion and rattle of gunfire, though the film turned out to be very inspirational and even Batman himself spoke out against the use of guns. After the show, our blessings and prayers going out to those affected by the shooting, we walked out into a sunny afternoon with the sounds of a quickly-assembled charity concert surrounding us. The actor portraying Batman came to visit the shooting victims in Aurora, as did President Obama. The hospitals waived fees, Warner Brothers donated a huge sum themselves, and musician Hans Zimmer composed a piece to which all proceeds were donated to the victims. There was such an outpouring of grace afterward, but my friend, ever the victim, chose to use this event to garner sympathy for herself despite being uninvolved with the tragedy. I attempted explaining to her the archetypes that were appearing, how the event had certain symbolic aspects when viewed as a story, none of which she was able to grasp. She clutched ever tighter to her anger, and I decided to stay on my path of healing.

I then met a woman whose niece was in the theater during the shooting. Her niece had been pregnant and had to deliver her baby alone, as her husband, who had shielded her during the attack, was still lying in a coma. It turned out, synchronistically, that her aunt was also employed by the same metaphysical center where I had previously worked. Eventually I would return to my former job there, delighted that I had returned in time for the 4-day metaphysical fair, which would also be their 100th fair. On the fourth day, at three in the afternoon, the doors to the auditorium were closed, all of the vendors suspended their business and we joined together in a special aligning ceremony for 2012. Again, I was reminded how everything was cyclical, feeling that everything had once again come full circle. I saw many old friends and acquaintances, all radiating the

same intent, all laughing, cheering and singing together. The chants of one of the energy healers echoed throughout the auditorium, rising far above the butterflies and Buddhas, dreamcatchers, dragonfly banners and Goddess fetishes. I knew I was exactly who I needed to be then, in exactly the right place. "Now is the time. Now is the time." Each day of work I am surrounded by wisdoms and concepts old and new, fresh insights into 2012 and where civilization as a whole is headed. I hear many stories, and I pay extra special attention to my dreamtime, just as I have ever since receiving my Indian name. All I can do is radiate grace and love, and with each smile I create I know I am getting closer to the man behind the rice paper wall. I have left behind many thoughtforms which no longer served me, most of which never really belonged to me anyway. There have been great changes in health, in home, in environment and fortune all over the world, all over the town I live in. There are so many sensitive youths running about with their nerve endings exposed, with insomnia, with great outbursts of psychic energy creating poltergeist-like phenomena in their home. I see these people and I hear their stories every day. Last week I saw photographs of an odd cylindrical object taken by 10 different people, none of whom knew each other. Two weeks ago a soldier who lived in my old neighborhood texted me a series of photos featuring strange faces that were appearing in her home. She was disturbed because they didn't resemble typical ghosts, but instead appeared alien in nature. I happened to mention all the activity people were experiencing to a psychic one day at work and I showed her one of the photos I had been texted. Without knowing the story behind it, she said, quick as a flash, "Those aren't from this world. The veil is thinning, and not just the veil between ours and the Underworld. More people are seeing things, capturing photos of things they don't understand. It started with those orbs. It will be like crop circles. At first they were very simple, but they will grow into something much more meaningful and complex."

I looked at her with love as she squeezed my hand, thanking me for sharing the pictures with her. She had been a psychic reader for a very long time, as well as an elder, a living library. I have noticed many elders losing their knowledge to Alzheimer's, or crossing over altogether. Many people have been leaving the planet this year, leaving behind a wealth of information for new generations of highly intuitive souls who will know what to do with it. Elder and storyteller George Lucas recently selling Lucasfilm to Disney for \$40 billion, leaving his stories, archetypes and myths to new generations was very symbolic of this, including his decision to donate much of the money to charity for educational purposes.

I think of what I have left behind, willingly or unwillingly: a house, a vice, an attitude, a friendship. My former lifeboat, replete with its crutches and bandaids and all manner of things that once provided me with comfort as I sailed toward healing shores, was never meant to be a permanent settlement but simply a means to get me to the other

side.

I watch as it drifts away and onward, my friend waving her goodbyes through a rice paper veil, as the waters claim them, and the shadows grow long, reminding me of the passage of time and my own passage unto spiritual maturity. Now I can move forward. Now is the time.

- Christopher Allen Brewer, November, 2012

## 2.

As a child I was raised as a Jehovah's Witness and was taught that things like psychic phenomenon, aliens and UFOs could only come from evil spirits and the people who experienced such things were cavorting with the devil, so I naturally buried my own experiences deep in my subconscious and created a version of reality which excluded such things. As a result, my version of reality was not very real and didn't provide me with the means to comprehend my greater reality, nor did it allow me to process the emotions related to such experiences.

As I became a teenager I started thinking more for myself and started remembering more of my childhood. I remembered a near-death experience at age four and a life-time of alien encounters. However, I didn't know anyone I could talk to about such things and so wrote-off important parts of my existence as mere imagination.

In my mid-twenties I was kidnapped, tortured and brainwashed in a staged alien abduction by the military because I knew too much about the the CIA's drug smuggling through Central America in what would later become known as Iran-Contra. The experience remained buried deep in my subconscious under three hours of missing time until a couple of years later when I suffered sleep deprivation from working 18 hours a day. Once the memories started leaking out a post-hypnotic suggestion was activated and I sought out a California hypno-therapist who specialized in alien abductions and secretly worked for the Air Force. My crash-course in military mind control had reached the next level.

The hypnotic regressions brought out much more than just the memories related to my98 military abduction. It allowed me to recover my past and my own natural psychic abilities and to become aware of a much greater reality. As a result, I started researching consciousness and developing my own abilities. The more aware I became the more strange experiences I started having and the more sensitive I became. The new awareness enabled me to start a life-long quest to understand the human experience. When I first met Lilian she was the kind of person I had been warned about as a child and so she was a bit scary to me but at the same time I instantly recognized her as a kindred spirit. She was the first person I met that I could talk to about about the strange things I had experienced who really knew what I was talking about and didn't think that I was weird or crazy.

Like many others, Lilian has inspired me to be myself, not ignore the high strangeness and accept it as a meaningful part of my journey and grow from it. Like me, Lilian has struggled with her own experiences with govt. mind control and encounters with things seemingly not of this world. She has coped with the experiences with a grace and courage that few others would have the strength for. She has never given up in her quest for answers and to be herself, even when she wasn't sure who she really was.

To many people, Lilian is a bit kooky, but that is only because they don't know her. The kookiness is just an ingenious disguise and a way to reach the people she really needs to. Our time here is far too short to spend on those who aren't ready to open their eyes to the greater reality.

For over a decade her courage has inspired me, helped me keep my balance and continue the struggle to comprehend the world in which I find myself. She is one of the very few people on Earth that I dare call a true friend. It is my hope that I can continue to be honored with her friendship.

As souls, we are all here in this reality for the same basic reasons: to gain experience, grow stronger, develop compassion and help others. These things are all that we take with us when we depart from this reality and it is these things which make us who we are and make our next life more interesting and meaningful.

As you read the following please do so with an open mind and heart and allow its truth and wisdom to sink in where it can work its magic. It may not all make sense to your human mind but your soul will understand and grow from the experience.

I hope that you enjoy your journey with That Person of High Strangeness as much as I have.

Tim Loncarich

### 3.

Calla Lily

This is the day the Universe put me in front of the computer with the words in my head that I wanted to write to you. This will probably be long. I have a story to tell.

I remember being obsessed with a plant for about 4 years. The plant is the Calla Lily. I have tried to grow many of them. Each one would bloom once or twice and then begin to fade. And I would diligently buy another one. When I moved down here I thought I had finally succeeded with one of them and moved it very carefully. It faded in the new house. Once a friend who knew of my obsession with these beautiful flowers felt sorry for me and had a florists shop deliver a very large healthy Calla Lily for my birthday. She had been guaranteed that this Lily would survive if I just watered it. But it too faded. I was so sad. I remember thinking one day "I guess this just isn't the time for me and Lily's."

Last summer I was fixated on fireflies. Each evening for months I would sit on the porch for lengthy periods of time and watch the magnificent show in my front yard. It seemed there were thousands of these beautiful little lights flying everywhere. When I went to bed I shared my fascination with my cat Sabrina, and she soon joined me in my fascination with these creatures. Night after night she would wait for me to turn out the light and then she would run to the window and look out as the light show began. We went to sleep each night while watching fireflies. My friends thought I was a little nuts. Everyone here knows fireflies and no one pays much attention to them anymore. At least not adults. They commented on my fascination and asked me if I had forgotten about fireflies. I told them no, I had always seen them but that they seemed especially beautiful this year. The fireflies continued in my yard long after no one else had seen them. I saw fireflies into October. No one believed me so several came late at night to see if I was really seeing live fireflies or if I was imagining it. They were surprised to find several flying around my yard even though the calendar said they should all be gone.

Paula had told me about her friend Lilian that she had met in Kimberling City. She said Lilian was a psychic, was someone who did readings, and was a very interesting person. I didn't pay much attention to this information at first. Every now and then Lilian would come up in the conversation and long about September I decided maybe I would have a reading done by this Lilian person. After all, I was at some sort of impasse in my life and had no idea where I was going. I had been searching for answers to my thousands of questions all my life, and I was getting tired of the journey. And I had no idea what I need to be doing with my life. It seemed to me that my usefulness to anyone else had ended. I had started to ask the Universe to either show me what I could be doing or to get me out of here and let me move on in my spiritual journey elsewhere. All I got was silence. So finally I went to your website and wrote you about the procedure for having you do a reading. And you wrote back to phone you. I did this. And when I talked to you, I saw Calla Lilies in my head. And you know, I had not remembered that until this morning when I decided to write to you! And now I know, the obsession with Calla Lilies was the beginning of my search to find you.....only of course I didn't know it at the time. So I phoned you and you did the reading. I remember trying to take notes during the conversation. You kept telling me that you would send the tape but that wasn't good enough for me, I wanted notes so I could remember as soon as the conversation ended. But my notes were garbled and unintelligible when the phone was back on the hook. I couldn't believe you hit as many things about me as you did. And I was so HAPPY to be hearing your voice.

In a few days you called again. I was thrilled. I couldn't believe you had phoned me back. I had wanted to call you but I thought I would be being a nuisance, so I had not done it. In one of our first conversations I mentioned to you that I had been fascinated with the fireflies. And you told me a Native American belief that the fireflies represented new hope or new beginnings (I can't remember which) and I instantly began to understand.

I am so honored. The Universe had been telling me for 4 years that you were coming. It gave me Calla Lilies and fireflies. By the way, after our first conversation I never saw another firefly last year. The message had finally been received.

Having you come into my life has changed me so much. I have been thinking about how I could tell you this because I want you to know how important the work you do with others is to them.

I was a wanderer through life last October when you did the reading. I was in a limbo of sorts. There was my past life, which centered on being a mother and wife; there was my illfated journey to the northwest; there was my work in social services. But at that time I had no idea where I was headed in my life. I had been marking time for several years. These had been years of trying to heal from some not very good personal experiences, but I felt much of the healing had been done. I had decided to study Reiki and had finished that. I had always known people had seen me as a healer of some kind and with Reiki I had a name and way of carrying that out in visible form. While I loved practicing Reiki, I nevertheless still felt unfinished and without direction. I had read many books in my search for a new direction. Each one would push me a little farther along, but none gave me the fuel I needed to rev up and really begin moving.

Soon we began talking often. I found myself suddenly learning names and things I had never included in my reality. Crop Circles, ET's, Abductions, Remote Viewing, Earthquakes, Volcanoes, Rampa, Credo Mutwa, Sangomas, Time Travel, Dimensional Shifts, and many other names and things and places soon began integrating into my consciousness and understanding. I began to buy new books. I no longer expected any of these books to give me THE answer, but rather I had come to understand they were simply one more piece to the puzzle. You began to share videos of your shows with me. I was ecstatic! I could see and hear you on the videos and that was wonderful. But also the videos brought me into contact with many others who had stories to tell. It was another piece to the puzzle – a large and very important part of the puzzle to be sure.

I also learned I could share things about myself with you without fear of being ridiculed or thought to be nuts. This was absolutely wonderful. It is always good to know someone else understands what you previously thought no one else

could ever understand. Not only did you understand, you helped me to learn to begin to sort these occurrences out.

Then came THE night. Do you remember? I saw my first UFO. It was about 2:45 AM. I had just finished meditating for a few minutes and was getting under the covers when I began to notice something odd in the back yard. I saw three green globes of light. They were the color of green traffic lights. When I saw the first one it was about 20 feet from the bedroom window. I remember shutting my eyes several times thinking that something was messed up in my vision. Then I saw the second one right away and it was just in front of the garage door. At this time I began to pay closer attention and then saw the third one up in the sky about a block away. I shook my head. I thought I must be seeing things. I lay down and mentioned to the cat that there were such bright stars in the sky. I forgot for a moment that it was a very cloudy night. I was looking at what seemed to be three bright stars up in the sky. Then I noticed one of them was pulsating. At this point I got up to get my glasses. I thought I was not seeing something clearly. As I lay down I noticed the brightest of the stars seemed to be pulsating. And, in addition to pulsating, I saw that it was composed of several lights of different colors. There were green, blue and white lights. I thought it must be an airplane. But it didn't move. I thought it must be a satellite, but again there was no movement. These lights stayed in the exact same positions in the sky. Then I began to get excited. Could this be something other than stars and satellites and airplanes? I watched it for about 20 minutes and then I couldn't stand it any longer. I phoned you and woke you up. You asked me several questions and I answered them. And then you asked me to wave to it. Just to pass my hand in front of my eyes back and forth. I thought you wanted me to do this to interrupt my field of vision so I could see more clearly or something. But then I noticed the pulsating lights began to pulsate at the same time, which they had not done before. You then informed me this was a response and that somehow they could see us wave at them if they knew we were watching. I was on fire! I couldn't believe it. I felt like a child at Christmas! Then you suggested tactfully that I might want to go outside and look at this thing there. I grabbed some shoes, kept the phone in my hand and ran outside in the cold January air in my pajamas. I found a viewing place that gave me the best view of the lights and then we watched them for another 10 minutes or so until I was so cold that I was getting numb and then I had to go back inside. By the time I got back into bed, the lights had left. I will probably never know if these lights were from a US aircraft of some new variety, from another country on earth, or from someplace else in the Universe. It doesn't matter at all to me. I saw an unidentified flying object...three of them to be exact. I know they exist. I KNOW this of a certainty. They are

part of my reality now. And I shared it with you. And during this sharing you helped me to be unafraid, to investigate as much as I could, and to have some level of understanding about the event. I can't think of anyone else in the world more appropriate to share this experience with than you. Alone I would

have been frightened, intimidated and wouldn't have enjoyed it nearly as much as I did with Lilian on the other end of the phone quietly telling me what I needed to know and understand. I can never thank you enough for that experience.

My life has changed much since that reading last October. My stack of reading and viewing grows weekly. I have my own time traveling pound of hamburger in the freezer (at least that's where it was yesterday – who knows where it is today), and I am learning to appreciate my own abilities that I previously thought were simply weirdness. I still don't know where I am going and have no idea how I would get there anyway, but it doesn't matter anymore. I know who I am. I am a Lightworker for the Universe. One of the most amazing things that have happened concerns my ability to write. I used to write all the time. But for about 12 or 13 years I had not been about to write anything about myself or life, and had been limited to factual articles about 3rd dimensional things. And, for about 5 years I had not been able to write at all. I thought it was something that was gone forever. Lately though I find myself in front of the computer screen and keyboard with thoughts spilling out of my head. Sometimes I can't type fast enough. I keep a pad and pen in my purse and jot down thoughts for some future writing effort as I am shopping, or driving somewhere. I am finding my voice again.

I think you are like the town criers of olden times. These were people who walked through the streets, sometimes ringing a bell, and shouting messages the people needed to hear. We live in strange times. No one knows what is going on most of the time. Sometimes people are scared. And always it is difficult to understand and make sense out of the chaos that characterizes our world. I believe you bring the message of understanding and hope to the people. You are there to help them make sense out of things they believed could make no sense. And you bring the things of high strangeness to a place where we all can begin to comprehend them. I have always wanted to paint but don't seem to have the ability. If I could, I would paint a picture of a beautiful Calla Lily with a firefly on it and name the painting Lilian.

I am so grateful to you. And, I am sure everyone who knows you is also. I cannot adequately express my gratitude for the things you have helped me to know and understand about the Universe and about myself. I am beginning to be at peace. And I think I am beginning to trust the Universe. Thank you, Lilian. I am so honored and appreciative to know you. And I feel so blessed to call you friend.



Love, Kathryn

#### 4.

##### Review of my first book

And the Moral of the Story is ... One Person at a Time

An autobiography of a person of high strangeness “

This is a book about a known psychic and profiler's exciting travels, and contacts with 99 unusual people who describe their unusual and exciting experiences. She is seemingly guided in her adventures, and thus meets unusual people, and also has many unusual, and unexplainable experiences.

Her book adds much to the ET/UFO community, and also expresses some interesting political views based upon various experiences. Subjects are mentioned including: Crop Circles, UNICOR, Tesla, Fort Detrick and the World Health Organization, among other subjects which weave in and out of other discussions of her travels.

Mention is also made of her past experiences in Germany and other places. If one reads this book from cover to cover, things will eventually tie together.

Abduction, church organizations, as well as other topics, are mentioned in passing as related to her observations and conversations with interesting individuals.

She traveled from the west coast ( Washington, Oregon ), through the Rocky Mountain area ( Utah, Colorado ) and on to the Midwest ( including Missouri ). I find the book both humorous, descriptive, and informative.

This book should transform the skeptic, and might provoke new thoughts.

Spiritual experiences, like these should be included along with scientific investigation in relating to the Universe and its impact on mankind in the present and the future.

Dr. Gilbert F. Jordan PE, CEM, ME

A. Consultant to the EEMF ( which publishes the Journal of New Energy ) and the Museum of the Unexplained.

So you see. Just be YOU and trust Universe will provide and steer you right. Myself I just accept me as I am. It is hard to squeeze 20 years into a story or report because it is just life when you actually experience it. It is our differences which make us unique. Myself, I actually got .. sidetracked... making shows. Ebony got married and is raising 4 children, but on command we can hook into anything of importance because we hear our Guides and listen when necessary, In the mean time we live our earthly existence, experience and purpose. We make people aware of upcoming dangers and changes, IF they HEAR us or pay attention. Mostly they don't and have to struggle through their own mess. That's what allows for the human experience. Like I said I know a lot about something and a lot about

nothing, it just appears when needed. I am on automatic pilot for the most part and yes, I miss things, usually what I refer to as biggies. Please trust your Higher Self or your gut, if that sounds easier. TRUST, TRUST TRUST. Like I told you many times I don't know what to do and just request Universe do it and it DOES. Don't care about what others think of you, just stay true to yourself in your own puzzle. Most importantly don't ever forget to stay HUMBLE, that is the most important quality you can possess.”

“That sounds so easy.”

“Well its not. I fell into a gopher hole last summer, right out in the front yard. It forced me to get back to MY normal, had forgotten how to leave things up to Universe. I remembered Electra Ahn walking those Wood Hedges like a young girl, She was 90+ if I remember right. I asked her what was next for her. She answered by saying, I am going on assignment. She died 2 days later. She knew she could help us more as an Ancestor than in present form and did we ever need her. Not a ghost floating about the house like so many believe but an Ancestor. I am going to be able to help you any time you need, not with selfish bull of earthly nature, but with who you are and to fulfill your purpose.”

“ That's a lot to absorb, Aunti, guess I chew on that for a while. It may actually help me, if I could just quit knowing the terrible things I dream about.”

“ Change your relationship to your KNOWING. Just yesterday I attended a surprise Party for a family member. Everyone came. I sat at the end of a long table when a 6-year old great granddaughter came and embraced me. I only see my great grandchildren 1-2 times a year. She asked me to please sit with her and started to cry. She told me how long she had missed me, not to leave her. She kept physical contact with me, we actually held each other for better than an hour. She had written songs about me and sang them for me. She talked about things most adults don't know. The Earth, how to preserve it and the Universe in general. It so caught me off guard and I was unable to process my feelings. They were foreign to me When I got home my Twin Sister called from Texas. She wanted to show me the pants she was wearing....I was wearing the matching top to the party. My daughter had sent her a recording of the little girl's singing and she wanted to talk about that.I tried explaining my emotions which I still had not been able to cope with when it occurred to Becca we should look at past lives. This took us to my Mother, your great grandmother. When I disappeared she never came to terms with that. When she found me at 27 she was always worried about losing me again. Because of

her fear she ALWAYS was in physical contact with me just like the little one was. Both Becca, Omar and myself came to the conclusion the little girl was my Mother in her past life. Once my mother told me if she was ever going to appear to me for help it would be in form of an Owl.”

“I know what is next....an Owl came.”

“Yup....sat right on my woodpile in front of the window.”

**“I dreamed the same dream in the same colors I dreamed 15 years ago.**

**I was dreaming while dreaming and told myself to remember every detail because it contained my answer, Cat came jumped on me and erased the story line. I will never forget the feeling of the realization that it was the identical dream from so long ago. Dennis Brown type biker leather jacket with a collage of photos, of which one was Trinidad's Dennis Brown. Leather texture HANGING ON THE wall, all next to the exit door. A long line of mixed Creoles emerged from the right side door in a line. The female behind the counter recognized me and nodded her head in recognition of me. Took a long time till I reached her side of the counter and knew I needed patience to reach the end of the counter, since ownership of the jacket was already established. When I got there the girl asked me why I did not take the picture on the back of the jacket, since I was wearing it. I shook my head and took a deep breath so I was able to absorb the smell of fresh leather. Cat jumped on me and I opened my eyes.**

What does it mean? I have no clue, I am telling you because you may understand it one day. PLEASE go with the flow, remember our time and Universal time is not the same. 60 seconds to midnight on the Paradigm Clock can be Millennia long, just live your life, enjoy your children and remember that you can always get ahold of me, your Auntie of High Strangeness.

Just call, I will answer, especially then. Thank you for having spent time and space with me. OH OH here come the kids, visit is over”.

I am going on a New Assignment.



*Lilian and Becca*

"A journey through life's mysteries and madness. This autobiography of a woman's personal/spiritual development teaches us to trust the Universe's subtle messages and synchronicities. As she explores this and other realities, it becomes clear that our world is not what it appears to be. This book will provoke thoughts--it will transform you. I could not put it down."

Lisa Bielski  
Dancing Wind Enterprises

"Canya's trip is interesting, detailed. Felt like I was there. Very descriptive, humorous."

Dr. Roger Duncon  
Producer/Host Mind Hour  
Anchorage, Alaska

"Lilian learned who to trust and when to act . . . and her journey demonstrates for all of us the success for going beyond, face . . . knowingness that Marlo Morgan describes the Aborigines have in their daily dreamtime journey. It is our journey also. Waiting for us. A vast playground of synchronicity, perfect timing, soulmates, karmic relationships, service to others in this planet. I've experienced this wonderful feeling of "knowingness" and it brings magic back into our lives that was lost with our youth. Daily practice and gratitude, when these events happen, allows the Universe to continue to bring us more events, more fascinating people, more challenges and growth . . . Thank you, Lilian, for sharing your journey and for having the courage to GO . . . Can't wait for the next, best adventure, for us all."

Brenda Roberts  
Producer/Host JourneyTV

Quite amazing . . . moment to moment . . . guidance! Quirks of synchronicity . . . and then tests . . . like Meme."

Claudia Eubanks  
Author/Editor/Publisher  
Furth, Germany



"The CROPPER"

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