

# **And the Moral of the Story is...**

## **One Person at a Time**

**An autobiography of a person  
of high strangeness – Updated 2023**

**By Rev. Fatima Lilian Mustelier**





Dedication

This labor of love is dedicated to our best friend

GYPSY HURLEY

She came to this life to serve and help people.  
For all the times we forgot we want to say we Love you.  
You touched a lot of hearts in your earthly life and do  
so even now on a daily basis.

You meant a lot to many people, especially to us.  
We think of you often and wish you well in your world.  
Thank you for having shared Time and Space with us.

Thank you.....

I want to thank my wonderful Children DAVID and MICHELLE for allowing me to be their mother and for the unconditional love they show me even under the most trying circumstances.

The unique Grandchildren in order of their birth.

TAMARA-DESTINY-EBONY-MALCOLM-VANYA-MAESON-SIRIUS

OMAR for being my Soulmate and for his soul to have chosen his path so this could be possible.

VANN and DESHON

ILYES, BRENDA ROBERTS and PETER DAVENPORT for letting me display their Affiliation on the Cropper.

TIM for having faith in me when we started this ... strange... project.  
Marian for the numerous hours of work.

MONICA MOORE and JANIS VANDERPOOL for editing this book with love and patience.

MICHELLE for double checking.

DR.OTT and DR GOULD for putting up with me all those years.

MARY MCKENNA and PHILIP WILLIAMS to be there for me in my hours of mental turmoil.

G.GAVILAN for creating my bookcover.

MONICA and RUSTY for bearing with me.

My SUPPORTERS: Paula and her family, Sandy and Brian, Carlos, Deborah and Carl, Terry, Randy and the boys. Donna and her family, Mawuli, Collette, Nancy, Ruth and Chuck Davidson, Pam, Laceydeb and Joe.  
Theresa Thomas for being my biggest fan.

Forward

“ 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 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 her 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, MEA. Consultant to the EEMF ( which publishes the Journal of New Energy ) and the Museum of the Unexplained.

## Introduction

My dear friend Lilian honors me once again, by asking me if I would write something about the author of her book. Where do you begin with someone as unique as Lilian? If one begins at the beginning, it seems that would be the end, for how could a human being live through such an ordeal? Oddly enough, they can. This book is a life story of an adventure most people would rather not live through, but I know her. She isn't like most people. Lilian is intelligent, kind and very psychic. She is a seeker of truth. What does that mean? Well not the truth the New Age person is seeking, not the truth Christians are seeking, but a deeper truth that rushes past all others the meaning of why we are here, I have nothing against anyone's truth, if it works for you and makes you happy, then it is a wonderful truth, for there is very little happiness in this world.

Allow yourself to enter into her truth for awhile, come into the real picture of our world. Many people have learned first hand that things are different with her. Time is different, people are different, animals are different. She has had her own television show for some years now, she has honored me by asking me to share the spot light with her a few times, we have had some wonderful talks. There aren't too many things you can say to her that she can't make a conversation about. The people she has interviewed, the places she has gone have all been more or less guided by the universe as she calls it. I do not know many people in this world that would give themselves over to their guidance the way she does. If they tell her she must take a trip, she does it. Guidance is one of the trickiest things, because we are all guided. But very few of us listen the way Lilian does. She is making wonderful strides in friendship with all people of this planet, one person at a time, or many, it makes no difference, if you or anyone can reach out and bring truth and love and understanding to another as Lilian does, then we just may have a chance for this world.

I am very honored to know her, her gifts are many and very unique, she will hold you spellbound, with things she tells you. I know these things are true. I know Lilian. She is the Person of High Strangeness.

A Friend  
Rev. Barbara McGuire

## AUTHOR'S NOTES

**HIGH STRANGENESS CONSTITUTES:** An applied description for events that are so extraordinary that conventional systems of analysis produce only contradictions, as part of an overall spiritual evolution. They necessitate that the experiencer undergoes a paradigm shift that leads to a greater understanding.

Just as the trip I undertook in the summer of 1997 was guided, so is this book. I was commissioned to write it in the way I would present it, were you to speak to me in person.

After speaking with two Publishers I was guided to write this book and work with the group of people My UNIVERSAL CREATOR assigned to me to help with this project.

Nothing except the spelling has been changed. If my style of speech is unfamiliar to you, I request your indulgence. You will understand me by the time you finish reading this book.

This book is the truth as I see it. Only a few names have been changed, in every case I will introduce them with lets call him/her followed by a name the actual people chose for themselves.

Because of the times that we live in this might be the only book I am to write. It is important that some of the very complicated subjects will be covered in a very simple manner. I have tried to the best of my ability to do so, with humor as to not put too many unnecessary burdens on the reader. I told my lifestory as I actually recalled and in the mind-set in which it happened.

I am grateful for the friends and supporters that have made it possible for me to take this time to relate the story.

I have provided you with links to Experts on some of the subjects I cover. In each instance I will have read their works in part after I already had this information, unless stated otherwise. I feel it is time to educate or at least make some of the...normal...people think.

Most people in the metaphysical mind frame have full knowledge of the things I talk about and you might find them enjoyable.

It is the main stream reader I wish to address. We live in a time where personal beliefs do not really enter the arena of life any longer. We have to learn to respect and tolerate all Beeings, regardless of their origin. Earthly or otherwise. We are all equally important in this puzzle we call life.

Should I accidentally offend anyone I apologize, that is not my intentions. As HUMAN BEEINGS none of us is perfect.

Emotions and thought pattern are not revealed to hurt anyone, only to explain my turmoil as to coming to terms with who I really am.

I thank the people that have caused me harm for the lessons they taught me, so I am able to tell you about them.

I hope at least one thing I have said will ring true and make a difference in your life.

One of the publishers I had spoken to said there are so many books written and yet we are hoping for that One more. I hope to be that One more for some of you. If not, I am hoping to have narrowed that gap at least.

I thank you, the reader, for accompanying me on my JOURNEY. I thank my Friends to have allowed me to write this book without changing a thing. I thank the rest of the world for tolerating me.

God, I do not care  
What name you have been given.  
I know that you are there,  
In a hidden place somewhere in space  
And with that...I am content.

BY ZOLRAK

Should you see me somewhere in my travels in the CROPPER, feel free to share time and thought with me. Love and Light, Lilian

May 13, 1997 12:01 AM

As I am pulling out of my driveway turning my head to the left to bid good-bye to MT RAINIER for a while to start this journey, I have been commissioned to take, I feel a lot pride and satisfaction.

I know this is important so as I drive the empty streets through town, somehow I know that life is going to change for me again.

After a quick stop at my daughter Michelle's house to kiss the babies all 6 of them, in order of their birth, Tamara, Destiny, Ebony, Malcolm, Vanya and Maeson, I am finally on my way!

The old 1977 23 foot motorhome feels a little scary, as I am finally on the Interstate. Everything else is in place and this is it!

After a few minutes of small talk about the dinner we had enjoyed a bit earlier with my son David, his concerns about me taking this crosscountry trip in a 20 year old RV, my traveling companion falls asleep. Traffic is nonexistent and I am grateful.

At least 3 hours before I have to change to Interstate 84, that gives me time to reflect on the madness of the last 2 months that have brought me to this. It is really hard to pinpoint the time in January when I was told it was now time to get an RV and make this trip. Being **TOLD** to me means a knowing, like it is being told to me by an outside source. As my story unfolds you will realize the Humor of this, fact being I had just been forced into bankruptcy. I feel like a **CROSS** between Forrest Gump and Erma Bombeck. Forrest being this wonderful Beeing that on one hand always accidentally finds himself in a situation that somehow comes out successful, Erma on the other, finding humor in anything and in her genius with humor is able to turn a total disaster into a positive experience.

As I notify all the friends, "I just have to have an RV to make my trip," they are not surprised or overly concerned, they are used to me doing things a little out of the ordinary. So when I start off a sentence with: "It's really weird," instead of asking what do you mean Lilian? or waiting for a punchline, they know what comes out of my mouth next is fine, and at most will make a comment like, you'll do it, you always do. Everyone is now on the lookout for a motorhome.

I am a **SCORPIO** so patience is not in my vocabulary and like a true Scorpio, I set out to accomplish this task. I call every dealership within 85 miles telling them how I have to make this trip in May. "Can you help me?" I ask. "Sure" they say, until they find out I have neither money nor credit.

Eventually I find my way to a local dealership, walk right in and tell



the manager who I am, that I am broke but I intend to go on a trip to talk to STARPEOPLE as requested by Universe. Without asking for an explanation he says “OK. There is nothing here today but I will call you when one comes in”.

An acquaintance hears about the dilemma and drops by to tell me about the one he has owned for some time, so when I explain the importance of my MISSION to him and ask him to sell me his, he answers “NO WAY, I WOULD NOT SELL YOU THIS PIECE OF CRAP, YOU WOULD SUE ME.” Please keep in mind this man is a lawyer. Eventually he drops off a stack of papers with phone numbers, RV’s for sale.

Somewhere in this stack is a number that catches my attention and I call. The person is not interested in the offer I make and time keeps ticking right along. It is now February and I am working very hard on visualization.

My friend MONICA from Anchorage is of Like Mind and has her own Information Sources. Monica is a very important player in this story as you will get a little better acquainted with her as this story unfolds. She was visiting me when the phone rang and the news came there was a suitable RV waiting for me at the dealership. We were excited to say the least. But then came the instruction not to buy it if it turns out to be a WINNEBAGO. When we arrived at the office all documents were spread across the table. The wonderful man that was about to make this possible for me, given all circumstances, with a smile of accomplishment and pride about having been able to pull this off against all odds and I say, “If it is a Winnebago I cannot take it”. You guessed it... The smile disappeared from his face, he politely said he understands, we thank him for all his troubles and without taking even one look at the RV left. I cannot believe I did this and like Erma Bombeck I am laughing..What else can I do. I really blew it and with that starts my lesson of listening. It would be wrong to tell you that was the end of my emotional state in reference with the Winnebago, it stuck with me for several days actually. My Friend TIM , that is also a key player here, surprised me with a sizable gift in cash to help with the project and I am so very grateful. At this time he suggests there is a need for me to be surrounded by CROP CIRCLES on this trip. Needless to say, he also is a person of Like Mind, so I pay attention to what it is he is telling, or better, relating to me. Again I am formulating a plan in my head as to what should happen next, so right about that time, my lawyer acquaintance, remember the one that was not going to sell me his motorhome, calls telling me that he is unable to sleep and .. something.. is telling him to fix up the very same so I can be on my merry way in what is now 3 weeks. All that is left to do is to install a new engine that he

has purchased and the cost of that is \$600.00. Aside from that the motorhome is a gift. The \$600.00 is my travel money and no, I do not want to do that. For the following two days we went around about that and I finally agree to look at the motorhome. It is absolutely the ugliest mode of transportation I have ever seen. Everything in my being shouted NO WAY!

Later that night Universe requested that I give him the money, it was a lesson for his HIGHER-SELF. NO WAY! After presenting the problem I was having with this revelation, I call two of my very logical male friends, male because I am expecting reinforcement of my refusal to give up the money. I am Scorpio after all. They explained to me that it was the right thing to do on a spiritual level and yes, I did give him the money!

Three weeks until I have to go and as a Scorpio always have a back up plan. I resume looking for an RV. Just in Case you know. It took me back to the phone number that I had originally called, and this time the man was more receptive. When I told him I had a VAN I could trade him he said to come by the next day to see if we could make a deal. Well, I am back on track only this time the message is DO NOT BUY if the tabs are expired.

Next day I drive the 30 miles to where I was told to meet the gentleman and what a lovely sight! In front of me was a travel ready RV. Just what I wanted! In no time I knew exactly where everything should be put, all the things I needed to take on my journey, everything was there, except current tabs. Even though I knew I was to pass this one up I arranged for pickup the next day, especially when we agreed on an even exchange. Van for RV.

My heart sings right about now and before I know it I am somewhere totally different, not the highway I came in on. "Now what?" I am thinking or maybe I am saying it since I talk to myself often, and I heard what sounded like: "You complain about not remembering things, now DO". As I am trying to decipher that ...BOOM...the hood flew back and since I knew how to handle that situation, it had happened to me on the freeway once before many years ago, I manage to stop safely. I was able to secure the hood and drove home in deep thought. I casually sit at the kitchen table, that seems to be the place from which I rule the world, drinking a stiff cup of coffee, smoking a cigarette thinking about what just happened and how was I going to leave on time now. I did not listen, so when the friends called to see how I made out all I could say was: "I could have had a V8" and break out in laughter. What else was there to do? "What are you going to do?" they ask. I said: "Leave on the 13th, the RV will fall out of the sky."

At this time in my life, the word depressed is no longer in my vocabulary, so I am thinking hard, as not to let on how bad I feel when the

friends came over to cheer me up. I give this long speech on how everything happens for a reason and we get on the subject of what would we do if we won the Lotto. We use it to the good of mankind of course, and we all imagine how the world is now again perfect. That got old so we decide to go and hear a lecture that was to be given by a Lakota Elder about the White Buffalo.

On the way there our friend JIM wanted to stop for a nature call and on the way out of the restaurant we had stopped at for that purpose, bought a scratch ticket. \$7777. We were all cool about it and each one of us was excited in our own way. Oddly enough no one was envious, we are all glad for Jim. No one really knew exactly what the White Buffalo Story was about I guess we all had thoughts of our own, like, what would we do with the money if it were ours? In fact, it kept me from getting a good nights sleep thinking how that money would solve my problem. Now anyone that knows me or of me, knows I am not a nice person before noon, that being the time I greet the new day and then after several cups of coffee and a few cigarettes, my brain finally kicks in about 1:00pm or so.

At 8:00am the phone rings and gets me out of the deep sleep that finally came. After I answered, "Hello," that sounded more like it originated from Tales of the Crypt than me, Monica says, "Rise and shine, good morning! You got to get up and take the money" and the doorbell rings. "What is wrong with you people? Do you know what time it is" I shout, but do open the door. There is Jim with a big smile and asks, "How much do you want for the Van"? "\$4,200, but I'll take \$3,800, but remember I wrecked it" I shouted. I had forgotten about Monica being on the phone altogether. I am not up yet remember? Jim counts out \$3,800.00. Monica of course had heard and we said our good-byes quickly. After talking to the insurance company, they agreed to fix the van for the new owner and we were both happy. Jim's car died in the driveway, I gave him the key and off he went, in his new wrecked Van.

I am now awake and thinking again. The first thing I am thinking is what a coincidence, Jim and the lawyer, that did not deliver the original motorhome, have the same last name. WOW!!

The next thought is, YES! I can now buy the RV. That thought however only lasted a second as I remember that is how I wrecked the van, don't want to go there. Well than, I have no credit, no car, I gave away the traveling money, but, I do have \$3,800.00 and I am leaving.

"Look for that little piece of paper" I hear, so I start looking for what exactly I don't know, and after what seems forever there is a little piece of

pink paper with a phone number on it. I then remember I have called there already. This RV is \$5,000.00 FIRM. I call however and leave a message. "\$3,800 FIRM" and leave my number. Shortly thereafter a man calls back and tells me that the bluebook price of his RV is \$6,900.00 and he wants \$5,000.00 and what do I want it for in such a hurry anyway. I explain my mission to him and he says: "My wife will never go for that. Are you going to be home on Tuesday say around six pm?" I say "yes, I will be here."

Right away I call all the friends and tell them the RV will be here Tuesday at 6:00pm, you have to be here so we can bless it and they said, "you see Lilian, we knew you could do it!"

At 5:30pm on Tuesday all the friends arrived, we hugged and were so happy. I had not told them the deal had not been made and had a silent conversation with Universe. 6:00pm, 6:05pm, 6:07pm, nothing. 6:10pm I could hear it. There around the corner came the RV and it was big! The excitement had set in, we ran outside like children expecting treats from whom ever had just returned from town and we hugged and laughed and as I am hugging this man, I realize I have never seen before, he whispers in my ear "\$3,800.00." We all got in it and there was a teapot with a note for the NEW OWNER.. ME..and we had tea and blessed the RV. I later found out the \$3,800.00 decision had been made than. My lesson for that day was FAITH and I was grateful for not looking really stupid had this not worked out like that.

The next day I looked at everything and found that everything was in perfect shape... Of course it was! Universe provided this one and I knew it was the one to take the journey in. But what about the CROP CIRCLES I was told I had to surround myself with? Jim with the aid of a projector helped me put a rough draft of the ones I liked on the sides and back and for the next two weeks I painted. The neighbors, knowing me to be weird, eventually stopped to ask me what I was doing this time and when it became necessary to talk to the biggest raincloud I had seen all year to please hold back the rain so as not to ruin my work of art, it did, they finally just gave up and stopped asking questions. I almost missed the fact they no longer appeared to be nosy, giving me a chance to explain what Crop Circles are and even being able to talk about UFO's for a minute. Ilyes, the National coordinator for Centre for Cropcircle Studies / US Network, had suggested we name the RV the CROP CIRCLE EXPLORER, CE for short and Peter Davenport, Director of the UFO HOTLINE in Seattle had given me permission to list that phone number, add BRENDA ROBERTS, the Producer/Host of JOURNEY TV and the doors were full with writings, which made room for lots of questions from neighbors

and bypassers that normally stayed clear of me, because I am weird.

To take a little breather from this labor I was now doing on a daily basis, a few of us decided to stop at the PSYCHIC SHOWCASE in Seattle and socialize for a minute. A lady requested someone to speak about smudging. I was volunteered but we never got to that, time had run out so she requested my phone number. A few days later she E-mailed me telling me she had heard I was going on a trip to the East Coast and could she come along as far as South Carolina. Just her and DOG. You know that feeling one gets when something is not quite politically correct, well there it was. I negotiated with Universe on that one. As we all know that is not a good thing sometimes. The lady only lived 70 miles away and it would have been very easy to offer to pick her up, instead my test, after the RV Fiasco, I am being careful to listen, my go ahead from Universe was to have her come herself on May 12th by midnight.

May 12th arrived, the art was finished, everything was packed. Did not look like I would recover the traveling money I had given away. The fact that HEAVENS GATE had just complicated my job a little by leaving me open to the assumption I was associated with OCCULT, UFO's written right there on the door, did not discourage me a bit. Did not think there was a problem. In fact my children thought I had now really lost my mind or what was left of it, leaving in a 20 year old RV I knew nothing about, had not even driven. I was painting all this time, no time for driving, I didn't know how to drive or park this sweet monster I called the CROP CIRCLE EXPLORER. NO, that was not a problem.

This voice I refer to so often now said: "Drive a steep hill." We have no hills, not even little ones. OK. To the nearby Indian reservation I went and as I drive up this hill I notice little drops of water. Don't panic and whatever you do, do not let your son think he was right when he told you all the things that are wrong with 20 year old RV's you know nothing about.

I am a SCORPIO remember, so DEFEAT is not in my vocabulary either and I really wanted to listen to Universe and trust, so far it seemed to be working. I call the mechanic and one look tells him it is time for a new waterpump. I panic, counting my money in my head but no other way. He finishes the job about 4:00pm. My passenger has not arrived. At 5:30pm I notice a BRONCO. Fully loaded, I mean literally. No, that would not be her! It is! She forgot to tell me she is moving! I did not want to go back on the deal I made with Universe, of course not.

So we repack, squeeze in a dinner with David, fill up the tank, all 45 gallons, and with a CONOCO gas credit card, \$32.00 and a happy heart pull

out at 12:01 May 13th.

The Dalles, Oregon already, time to let DOG out. I made it to I-84, the doorway to the EAST. I think I only passed two cars in the Portland area. Traveling at night was smart, wish I had thought of that. Ten miles to the rest area, will stop and sleep for a bit, it has been a long day. My companion, lets call her MEME, wakes up and we decide that she is to sleep on top with DOG and my bed is to be the couch next to the door. I sleep pretty good actually, maybe it has something to do with the fact that I installed alarms on driver's, passenger's and the side door, the one that now opens my new home. Fire extinguisher, smoke alarm and carbon monoxide alarm all in place and nearby trucks just make these humming sounds and I felt safe.

DOG wakes up and wants to go outside so I get up also. As I open the door the fresh air fills my lungs. I look around to see where Universe has taken me, and there is the Columbia River to my left, mountains to my right. The sign say STARVATION CREEK, OREGON. What a strange name, a stream and the view is putting you in a space that makes you feel glad that you are alive, the place looks pretty prosperous to me.

MEME comes back from walking DOG. "OH GAWD it is going to be hot" she says. "I went camping for 20 years with my husband and we always leave the propane on and how am I going to get to the stove, or the bathroom? This is going to be a looong trip." I wanted to say: "If you had told me you were moving we could have arranged your stuff in a better fashion and I could have brought all of the clothes I really intended," but I was nice and did not answer. That was my first clue that we were really not compatible. Universe must have had a reason to do this to me.

As she puts on her makeup and nibbles on her breakfast she tells me how she is this famous ASTROLOGER and came along as a favor to me to teach me things since I REALLY don't know who she is. Under my breath I say: "You don't know who I AM either" and smiled to myself. Reality has now set in and I am not going to spoil this joy and accomplishment I feel.

We are on our way. After filling the tank again in Pendleton, Oregon, I thought it would be a good idea to keep track of the mileage and write it down. We talk about the route we plan on taking, I tell her how I have sent letters ahead and am expected in places to give talks and readings. She tells me of her plans and how true I am to the fact that I am a VIRGO.

Before I can address that part of the conversation we smell a foul cat odor that changes into a mushroom odor. It is coming from outside and we comment on it. We also notice that we went from mile post 13 to 312 in about an hour. Just to make sure, I check the miles on the odometer and sure

enough, we have gained miles but lost time. Losing and gaining time for me is normal and I am used to it, I am an Abductee and step out of time on a regular basis. Well, maybe Universe brought me this person so I could clarify some things for her but I decide to wait a bit to see if anything else happens.

A Knock under my foot and I think there is a problem with the CE. In case I need help I turn on the CB and the truckers are talking about my driving, 50 mph. As soon as you get around that Washington CROPPER you will be just fine they said and for the remainder of the trip I am known as THE CROPPER. Cute, could have been the Creeper, so CROPPER suits me fine. The knock is very persistent and something is going on in the emotional part of my body. Just Nerves or my PHOBIA about trucks. A leftover from my childhood when I was a passenger in an MG that ran under an 18wheeler and the driver got decapitated. Time for me to change my relationship to trucks. I talk to the truckers and make them People and that way the trucks are only their transportation. It seems to work. My stress level increases however. A Service station. Everything that could possibly be responsible for this knocking noise is checked, everything is just fine. MEME is just chatting away, I do not respond, something is going on but WHAT? Now it sounds like I am driving over metal grooves under the pavement. I know I have the hearing of a Doberman but this I also feel. It's metal under the pavement for sure. I get more irritated by the minute. Maybe it is the energy in Idaho, never did care too much for Idaho. That must be it.... The goiter in my neck is now swollen, the same way it was during the Chernobyl episode when I was in Europe. What am I? The radiation gauge for everybody?

There is a sign coming up. SAFE WASTE SITE. That has to be it. MEME is still chatting and I hear her say "I have to go to POCATELLO." "Pocatello I say, we are not going there, we are on our way to Boise". "I want to go to Pocatello, you VIRGO'S never listen." I suggest she look at the map to see that Pocatello is really NOT on the way and I feel ill. RUPERT, I think I will stop for a while. The knock disappeared as soon as I got to the Safe Waste Site sign, so I am no longer concerned about that. I just need to stop, something is really making me sick.

MEME makes a phone call to her friend in Pocatello and is told to wait for a call back. I order a cup of mint tea at the restaurant that is attached to the service station, maybe I will feel better. MEME makes a second call and is giving instructions on how to get to Pocatello. As she presents them to me I again refuse to go there and try to explain to her something is making me ill and we need to settle that a little later or as soon as I feel better. "You KNOW maybe I need to stay in IDAHO, this is not working out" and

before I can catch it, out of my mouth comes: “Maybe you should! I will wait for your call back so they can pick you up, I am NOT going to Pocatello, and another thing, DO NOT call me a VIRGO! I am a SCORPIO!” “Oh well she says, that explains YOUR ATTITUDE!!!! You know, I really need to get to South Carolina to spend some time with the Archangel Michael.”

I make some phone calls myself. One of them to my friend at MUFON, Mutual UFO Network, telling him that something is very wrong with me. He informs me that there has been an accident at Hanford Nuclear Plant about 200 miles from where I am, and I was only a short distance from Umatilla, Oregon, another nuclear burial ground. A drum has been leaking for some time at Hanford and had busted. At least I know what is making me ill and I no longer worry about the rest of the trip. I tell MEME “I am going to get better and will wait for your call.”

Shortly after I feel better and sit and reflect on the day. I really like my new home. My friend John made a bookcase to divide the kitchen from the living room. I had randomly grabbed books and Journey Shows to fill it. I had food for two months. I like it and I can make it. MY JOURNEY.

After a rest and waiting 20 hours for MEME’s call back that never came, it was time to go and Universe still found it necessary to leave MEME with me. Now she starts yelling: “LOOK” and as she shows me her legs and thighs, I realize that an abduction had taken place somewhere during resttime. I look at my legs and thighs and the markings are IDENTICAL. Since I have planned to interview people along the way I got out the camera and documented that occurrence. By that time she is really shook up and remembering the earlier time change we had experienced, so I promised to explain things in detail a little later and that seemed to do the trick. I feel this urgency to get going now, Idaho is really bothering me and this explanation may take several hours. I take a couple of pictures of the place we are parked in Rupert, Idaho including the FIELD across the street. I know I am not coming back here. We say good-bye to the waiter and he promises to check us out on the internet and on our way we are.

The next few hours we are quiet, each one of us following our own thoughts. I cannot speak for her’s but mine were with Hanford and how I had read about the high cancer rate in that area and how irresponsible I thought it was for anything of that nature to be allowed to even exist. I also thought about how I planned on explaining a very complicated subject to her. She said she was a spiritual person and metaphysically oriented. This is a new subject for her and UNIVERSE, DO I HAVE TO???????

The loud beep of a trucker’s horn got me out of my mind pattern, gosh



I thought, what is wrong with my driving now? He signaled me to go to the next rest area and it was there he asked if I could talk to him for a while. He had noticed the Crop Circles painted on the CE. Fixed him a cup of coffee and we talked about almost anything connected with that subject. We talked about Time Travel, The Philadelphia Experiment, Free Energy, Area 51, Rosswell, Harrp and personal experiences. MEME had romance on her mind and kept trying to change the subject. After that did not seem to change the things we talked about, she and DOG left for a while. At the end of what seemed to have been hours, I sent him on his way with Journey Shows dealing with most of those subjects... I just so happened to have picked them at random.

At her return I told her that there was a purpose for this trip and I don't know what got into me I started out with: "I am not your PSYCHIC FRIEND. I use my ability to tap into universal knowledge and give detailed information about all areas of life. That includes what we just talked about". I explained the ability to see into Ethereal Dimensions without using physical eyes. That means that I come from a family of Clairvoyants and in modern days we are able to do a lot for mankind. We act as consultants, friends, that person that talks to you when no one else is listening. We help find missing persons, runaways and solve crimes. Sometimes we even remind you of the affairs of Planet Earth and other Heavenly Bodies. We deal with UFO and Frequency Changes that can cause physical disturbances. We have vast knowledge and counseling abilities in this never ending story that we seem to live in and call life. She looks at me in a strange kind of way and said she was hard of hearing on one side and with the side wind from the window she had heard just bits and pieces.

We stop at a truck stop along the way and without really saying too much, drift off to sleep. For a while. Very gently I hear my name called in my sleep and it tells me it is time to get up and keep moving. It seemed to have been done in such a loving way I got up and just started driving. DOG looked a little puzzled but he settled right down again and went back to sleep. Neither DOG nor my driving disturbed MEME and as the sun came up I am on the outskirts of BOISE, IDAHO. MEME having been in this deep sleep, never slowing down with her snoring, made me think that she had been traveling in her sleep.

Only after we got out to take a shower, it was still impossible to get to the bathtub, did she realize we were in a different Flying J Truckstop. "What's the big hurry" she inquired and I responded I did not really know but I needed to get to SALT LAKE before dark. 250 miles in the CROPPER was a good days

drive as I was just now getting used to driving a vehicle that size.

“OH GAWD, it is going to be hot”, that is how we started that new day and it went on like that for along time. Again I had my little dialog with Universe, but got no answers. NONE! She said she needed to call a friend in Salt Lake so we stopped on the outskirts to make the call. Besides I had decided not to drive thru town in daytime, the traffic is just too bad and had totally frustrated me the two prior trips I had made thru there in a car which was alot easier to drive than the CROPPER, having a total blindspot behind me. It was then that I heard on the radio OGDEN, UTAH was about to be flooded because of early snowmelt and I had been directed to be on the other side, in that loving way. How wonderful, gratitude fills my heart. Universe is blessing me. The friend that she called is not available till 10pm she tells me and that he owns a DIGERIDU FARM. Finally, we have something in common. She has not forgiven me for not going to Pocatello.

DIGERIDU, now there is something we can talk on, how they are made etc. I am a fan of MARLO MORGAN, the Author of Mutant Message down under...and Robert WOLFF that lived with the Aboriginal people of Australia. About a friend that uses the Digeridu for toning and does actual healings with the sounds of this, oh so wonderful tool of the ancients. “Criminal cases” she says instead. I have a friend in OHIO that needs help, what do you need to get going on that?” A little puzzled I said: “A picture of the victim by overnight mail to the next place we stop at with an address.” “OK” she said and went to make a phone call after getting an address from me for that purpose.

Time for a little nap, I want to be presentable when her friend arrives. Her friend does not arrive, I am now asked to go to his house and because I feel bad having been so definite about Pocatello, I agree to call to get directions, it is after all late and the traffic has thinned out alot. Get off on exit 11 my instructions read.

There it is now...Oh SHOOT, can't go that way... There is a 7-11. To the left, the left! WOW, at least I am somewhere but wait, no way to back up. Well, guess I forgot this wasn't a car. Guess we better call again to tell him I am lost.

The man at the 7-11 is so excited to see the CROPPER and we talk as much as his busy schedule allows. We are across from the stadium, the Sonic game is about to get out! How IDIOTIC, the Seattle Supersonics I am thinking and all that traffic ready to start all over. I leave the man with Journey shows and tell him to call me soon.

Here comes the friend. After the introduction we are figuring out how

to back me up in all the traffic and I explain about the blindspot in the back and how I do not wish to go on the freeway, because I am only traveling at 55, “no problem,” he said and off we went on to the freeway, left lane, 75mph. Things are falling off the wall, no where to go, can’t pull over I am in it! I hear myself crying, HEY HEY, this was not part of the deal, like someone is really going to hear me. MEME now wants to chat about the day and I start crying. It feels like this gentle hand touches me and strokes my hair and does the driving for me, I cannot explain it any other way. WHO is that driving???? I am calming down and for about the next 10 miles someone is driving for me. Finally, the exit and I am only shaking a little now. We get to the house, I step out and get sick. I felt like slapping someone but that would have been the wrong thing to do so I only put all the things back in place and thanked UNIVERSE.

As I reflected on the last few minutes the movie BEETLEJUICE came to mind. The one in which the people had died and did not know it, I touched my arm repeatedly I was here and fine. DOG started to smell, well maybe not and it was just my nerves and I am imagining things. We went for a tour of the Digeridu Farm. A large work area in the basement of the house and there were drums. Beautiful drums, plain, tie dyed, all kinds of drums. I made arrangements for getting a plain Shaman drum paid for by a predated check and I had a new friend. Drum and I bonded very well while MEME visited. We were allowed to take a shower and park in front of the house over night.

Internet is a great tool but I am now beginning to realize that it allows people to be these faceless beeingings and as real people they lose something. How sad. This was my first experience with people that only communicate per computer. Guess the lesson for that day for me was that I really needed People, People in my life and that there are beeingings in the Universe that are there to protect and guide you. The latter was a very comforting thought, being a Scorpio I don’t need anyone.

Unable to say good-bye the next morning and starting out with the by now daily negativity I find some backroads and finally get out of SALT LAKE without getting back on the freeway.

A couple of years previous I had made a trip with Michelle and some of the children so I knew that between Provo, Utah and Grand Junction was a rest area. It was so peaceful there and I thought after having been so ugly I would maybe share a special moment with MEME and share some of the stories from that trip with her. Putting on her makeup, I often wondered why she could not do that while in route, her being a woman that was used to campers as she kept pointing this very fact out to me. It would always be at

least NOON before we got going. We stopped at a park to let DOG play for a while, by now I kind of liked the little mutt, wasn't his fault he had no hair and stunk.

It was well into dark when the mountain ranges got steeper and I realized Grand Junction was not going to be the final destination for that day. HWY 6 must be a shortcut to somewhere, 60 % of all traffic are trucks. Even though I have now changed my relationship with trucks after several hours I am a little nervous. I even talk to MEME about some things I think I will find during this trip especially at the NAVAHO and HOPI reservations that I have been invited to visit. About a money clip I was suppose to find and rattled on like that until she reminded me she was deaf at her convenience. It made me mad, even though I do not drink Alcohol at this time, she did. I could be way in the back between all the boxes and bags and open a pop. She would hear that assuming it is time for a beer and a stop. I would refuse to leave without the empty can being left at the rest stop.

I am getting a little tired so I pull into the rest area. It is very dark and I am glad to be off the highway. I am in touch with the family on a daily basis, Michelle keeps me posted on things of importance such as mail and which bill collector is now calling me. After a snack and reflections of the day I go to sleep.

As I wake up I notice DOG on the upper bunk. As soon as he sees anyone's eyes open he just gets excited, that is his clue to get down and out. Cute I think, let me get up. I open the door and step right onto a display of jewelry put there by the Native Navaho. I bend down to straighten out the mess I just made and noticed I had stepped on a money clip. A Katchina design. What a coincidence... I had accidentally stopped at the place I wanted to be only because it was dark I did not see it. These little affirmations that Universe presented to me were very moving and I am glad I am on this journey. Little did I know, these were the little preview clips they tease us with, when we desire to see the whole show. The creek was swollen with water. Last time I saw it, it was just a trickle and I reminisce about the picnic we had with the kids and the joy it presented to them finally getting out of a hot cramped Van.

Here comes a bus of tourists, they get out and admire the CROPPER taking pictures and again I get to tell a few stories and pass out a copy of the websites that deal with these things. WOW! I am making a difference and life is good!

Next stop is GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO. I have been there many times and am looking forward to seeing my good friends. The weather

is gorgeous and I am glad to be alive. I think maybe DOG does smell but today I am enjoying my journey regardless. Grand Junction, seems like I have such a connection to this little town and Thunder Mountain. I am coming in a different way and get a little lost. Will stop at the Mesa Mall. As I pull into the parking lot I notice three ladies eating supper sitting at a bench. I stop to ask directions and to stretch my legs. As always, CROPPER is the topic of discussion and I get to tell the story about the trip. After awhile, one of the ladies offers to take me to the house I am trying to find. I am aware that my friends are out of town a little longer and have instructions as to where to find the key. As we drive up there seems to be a party going on in the yard next door. Having ALIEN stickers in the window we are being cheered as we drive up. Cool I thought, what a welcome.

I am unable to find the key at first try and the lady that became our guide is having second thoughts about doing so. She thinks of the stories about burglars that call a locksmith and hire a moving truck for the job. She asks the neighbors "do you know these people?" and gets a "no, we just moved here." But wait...here, I found the key. I open the door and there is a welcome note for us. I show it to the lady and can see how this weight equal to a house just lifted off of her it seems and here comes our hostess Marian. We laugh about the incident. What a world we live in I am thinking, so sad we have to worry about things like that. After catching up on things we settle down for what will be our home for a few days. Electricity, phonenumber for the computer, life is good. MEME and I are even decent to one another. DOG needs a bath but instead gets a powder and flea treatment. A strange sound from MEME she is actually laughing, I am not going to mention it and spoil the moment. She makes me a starchart and has a wonderful time chatting away on-line.

It is at that time I realize that I am behind time in my schedule because of the 20 hour wait back in Rupert and as I contacted everyone I find it impossible to rearrange the schedules. I panic. What about money for further travels, what about the bills back home, what about everything? I remind myself that Universe provides, therefore, it will fall out of the sky.

That night I attempted to talk about the abduction incident because I saw MEME listed it as unexplained problems to her friends on the internet. We never got that far because again, we started to fuss about the "Pocatello thing." I got out a map to prove my point and even mapped out the rest of the way to Greenville Illinois. "Why no further than that" she asked? I said "that is where we part ways." She said, "but we are going to South Carolina I am going to see the Archangel Michael." I said, "no we are not, there will be bad weather. I am no longer to go there." "How will I get to South

Carolina?” she asks again. I told her a woman named SOLAS was going to pick her up and get her the rest of the way. “I don’t know a woman named SOLAS”.... Well neither did I but that was what I knew. “Do you always get things in Grand Junction? she asked.. Get it? GRANT JUNCTION? “No” I said and at that time I did not... get it. MEME was happy being able to work on her computer and I was having a nice time at my friend Marian’s who is of Like Mind, but it is now time to keep moving on to the next place.

Right before disconnecting the computer in order to leave, a message came in from one of MEME’s friends telling her she had changed networks, her new name and address was SOLAS at such and such. Solas also lives in Illinois, imagine that! ... about 150 miles from Greenville and is more than happy to pick up her friend on the way to St. Louis, Missouri, which turned out to be 40 miles east of Greenville. With Scorpio efficiency I felt good, problem solved.

We said our good-byes and since I knew the way out of town I did not need a map. I got lost. A U-turn would be the thing, so wow, here we go... Right into a parking lot next to a exhibit that says NASA. I know Universe would take me places and show me things, so I am at the NASA REPLICA of the Spaceshuttle! I think, WOW! UFO...Spaceshuttle, how appropriate! So when MEME said, “WEEEEEL, can’t get nowhere stopping everywhere,” I just looked at her, must have been one of my special, you know what looks, she remained silent. The local news was there and rows of school children all lined up, excitement in their voices. I ask the Attendant if I would be allowed to film a tour. He said yes, only one problem, the tours started at 1400 hours. It is now 1230 hours. As I walk by the news car, almost at the CROPPER, a lady in a NASA uniform touches me on the shoulder and said: “Come on, but enter thru the EXIT.” I grab the Camcorder and do just that. Wonder what made them change their mind about the time I am thinking. I look at my watch again and it is 2:00pm, 1400 hours. The camera crew from the news station is already filming and I wonder if they even noticed the shift in time we had just experienced. Told Universe Thank-You and filmed the presentation that was given to the eager children. “What was that all about” asked MEME. I answered “Oh nothing!! just got more time” and left it at that.

That little timeshift however took me to a different setting altogether. In order to get to my next destination, FLORENCE, COLORADO, I needed to cross Monarch Pass, elevation 14,000 feet plus...

I had driven across Monarch Pass a total of four times in the past few

years. Never as early as May and never in a 23footer. Last time in a 4cylinder with 2 adults, that is counting myself and 5 kids. The time before 3 adults and an eight month old baby, one adult being 320 pounds. In the same 4cylinder. Monarch is the steepest mountain pass in the US and has a way to stay in your memory banks for that reason. Beautiful country, a lot of UFO activity and it seemed to be a totally different world so far up. I was kind of looking forward to that drive in an anticipating kind of way because I had been told I was to spend the night at Continental Divide. Of course I did not mention that, but I am wondering what this part of the journey holds for me. I do however talk about the Trading Post in Saline that is full of treasures and a Rock Shop that sells crystals by the pound.

A few minutes into the drive I turn on the CB, which is really a sore spot in MEME's eyes but, knowing what lay ahead, I did. Shortly there after a big truck passes me.. 3 trailers. That is a big truck on a two way highway. A few minutes later this Voice said to me: "Pull over and look at the Scenery." I did that for a brief moment, did not feel too safe doing that. On our way we are again and over the CB comes, "a ..... truck lost his load, eastbound. It's sliding. It's ..... sideways down the ..... highway it's ..... stopped." And there is was straight across. The third trailer had come unattached and was sitting across the highway. Looked like it had been sliding quite a ways before coming to that stop. It did leave enough room to drive around. What happened to the rest of the truck we wondered...

We never did see the first two trailers of the truck. Thank You Universe for pulling me over!

I am a little nervous now but keep climbing, actually the CROPPER is making this mountain easier than the 4cylinder did. Almost nightfall, there is the summit. I will go and stop at that lake I am thinking, just at that time the snow starts falling and my vision is almost zero. There is Continental Divide, "DO NOT PULL OVER the ground is too wet," I hear and keep going.

After what seemed to be forever, I see lights and I need a break. I pull into the left to the Deli Market and as I get out to stretch my legs on the other side of the street there is the Trading Post I wanted to go to. I am in Saline, but the Trading Post is closed. Seemed like at that time it finally dawned on me... You are in an RV you can wait till they open in the morning.. We ask for permission to park at the market and buy some food, still cannot get to the stove or anything else for that matter, and just reflect on the day. The truck comes to mind and MY, that was close!

When I left I had pre-paid phone cards. 150 minutes. I was "fined" all

but 37 of them. How can they do that? So we compared notes and had found something we did have in common, so we bad mouthed the phone companies for the next 2 hours.

It was cold that night, I could not get to the stove or the heater and we had no electricity. I was envious of MEME at least she had DOG to keep her feet warm, she was just snoring away like always. I had a thermos with Coffee and sat up wrapped in a 10 foot long blanket Michelle had made for me for my birthday a couple years earlier. Biggest blanket I ever seen, she said she wanted it long enough to double in case she needed to borrow it one day. Michelle is 6 feet, I am 5'5". Boy, do I love my child for making me this giant of a blanket. I am out of hot water and coffee so on my little couch I try to get some sleep. I change my mind, I can't sleep I am too cold and excited about going into the Trading Post in the am. I find a candle and light it. CROPPER looks pretty cozy in candlelight, it stinks, DOG is still powdered and it is too cold to open the window.

I think about how when CROPPER first arrived it had yellow flowers all over. Hippie Era, how could we have liked that I wonder. Now it is a native American motive, browns and golds, good earth colors. Pictures adorn the walls and photos of the friends that wanted to go along symbolicaly. Every stop I would pick up someone else. All it took was: "Sure wish I could go with you and I say why can't you?" I take a picture and add it to the ones already present. Time to move the family to the refrigerator, I am almost out of space... The bookcase is so becoming, all these treasures. Books, Videos, my cigar box, postcards I have collected and if I ever get to it, will send to the friends. All nicely BUNJICORDED. That is truly a great invention. Wonder what we ever did without them. There is the drum from Kenya I brought along and the Shaman drum I picked up in Salt Lake. A Teddy bear I thought I needed for company. I use to think I liked snoring, the thing about security, well I lied.... Eventually I will fall asleep.

9:00 am I am up. I am not combing my hair, that takes too long, Combing my hair can take an hour... if you have ever seen my hair. Time to go to the Trading Post! The owner remembers me from the last visit, talked his head off then too. "UFO's he says. Seen any?" I said "All the time." "Did you hear about the ones in the valley? Sightings was here one day they filmed everybody, lots of stuff going on in the valley." "I know, Brenda Roberts did a Journey show with some of the people that live there." "Chris O'BRIAN?" "YES." "Oh well then guess you know the whole thing. About the sightings and the animal mutilations." "YES." "What mutilations?" MEME asks. "You know, he says, them Aliens." It is time for me to get out



of the conversation because I do not want to open that can of worms, so I buy a box of incense resenting I have no money because I truly want everything in the place. There is a difference between wants and needs I taught my offspring, Universe provides for needs, not for wants, so if my wants was to fall out of the sky, right here and now it would truly kill me dead. "Stop in again" he says. I say "I will" and off we are. MEME did ask me about THEM ALIENS and I suggested she read the book, Mysterious Valley by Chris O'BRIAN as we drove the curvy road. The sights are truly breathtaking. The red rocks on the left, the Snake River to the right. White water rafters ever so often and an occasional kyacker.

Time to pay attention and look for the Rock Shop. It is a red A-frame with ROCKS written on the roof and easily missed being built right by another one of those numerous curves in the road. There it is to the left.

So many rocks, crystals, agates, quartz, anything you could imagine. Where do I start? Surprise bag \$9.99. I take that and look at it later.

What is this? A Kachina in a rock shop? The girl says I don't know how that got in here it is mine, last time I saw it was in the house. Oh well it's yours if you need it. There is that word. NEED. I do need it. So she gives it to me.

MEME buys a necklace, just like the one I have and we sit in the CROPPER to look at our new things. I notice so many trucks are going by they are all over the highway all of a sudden and I realize there had been none. Like Universe had detoured them all to I-70. Last truck I remember seeing was the one that lost the trailer. WOW!

Here is that voice again. GO NOW!

I say, "lets go" as I slam the door shut, had almost shut DOG in it and back on the highway I went. Not one truck all the way to Florence about a 30 mile drive MEME says, "I've never seen anyone this erratic," and I pretend to be deaf.

Florence, Colorado. First stop the Post Office. The Lady that works there always knows the newest stories so it is logical for me to go there.

"Lilian, your mail is here," she says. "Thank you," it's the overnight from OHIO. "I owe you from last time you was in town so go to JOHN WAYNES and have dinner, put it on my tab." GREAT! REAL FOOD!

As we order MEME asks, "What's in Florence that is so important, I wanted to stop in Canyon City." "My friends" I say, and the haunted hotel, the Florence Hotel. "A haunted hotel?" "Yes." I tell her the story how a year ago I stayed there with my partner Spirit Wolf. As soon as we arrived we found evidence of several Ghosts and how we had gotten permission to do a story that was so good we had sent it to Sightings. I explained that when you deal

with Etherics or Ghosts you can walk thru a place and by impressions formulate a story about the people that lived there in the past and things that have happened. How we had captured etheric energies on film and even one on a still photo. How I had went back 3 weeks later with Michelle and four of the children on our vacation and was able to verify most of what we had documented and how the children, being my grandchildren, had seen some of the ghosts and still talk about them to this day. One year is a long time to talk about something like that for 3-5 year olds. "I never saw it on Sightings," MEME said. "Of course not, they stopped taping right about than and we are saving it for another time." Here comes dinner and another beer for MEME. I am in Florence, I am full and I am happy.

We leave and go to the spot I was told to park, I get out and get the key that had been left for me in a secret spot. "How come everywhere we go they leave you a key?" Instead of answering that question truthfully, I said "The hotel is closed to the public at this time and my friend will not be home until late."

The shower feels good, so does the energy, guess we have gotten rid of the one negative spirit that lived here for good. I think about the two previous times I had been here and all the people and the laughter then, so quiet. The room looks the same. I miss the kids. Last time here they were running up and down the hallway unable to conceal their excitement about all the things to look at and the marvel of how big a "HOUSE" really can be. Not that their home with 5.5 bedrooms is a shoebox mind you, but this is, WOW! It also reminds me of the villa I was born in.

Wait, I hear my hostess now. We hug and introduce MEME and then after making a pot of coffee we sit and talk and catch up on all happenings of the past year. We talk about mutual friends and tell MEME about the time Spirit Wolf and I had found our way into this strangely wonderful hotel. How we had sipped cognac and told Star Trek jokes with the guests that had been there from every state in the Union it seemed.

About the time a local Cherokee came and we voiced our intent to find ceremonial water before returning home and he directed us to the UTES Spring in Manitou Springs. How he had instructed us only to take water from the left side of the terrain, being the right side was contaminated. Spirit Wolf being of Cherokee decent herself realized the important of this advice. So the next day we had set out to complete that task. His instructions were easy to follow and there was the Statue of the UTES CHIEF. No water was coming out of his cup. So we located the caretaker to

find out why that was so. He in turn advised us that this, to the best of his knowledge, had never happened before. We were unable to locate the owner of the Park, he was at a POW WOW and before we knew it, it was a big thing. Tourists as well as locals were looking on in disbelief. No one could understand why there was no water. After a long time of trying to get the problem corrected, we decided to drive into the mountains and get the water from the original source, the stream. We thanked the caretaker for the stories he told us about this being the spot the natives laid down their weapons and attempted to get back on the highway. Attempted because by now we noticed the road had been closed off by the local police for Emergency Vehicles only. Some people had gotten stuck behind the waterfalls we were told. That was the clue that the water was not to come from that source.

Oh well, Spirit Wolf is a Shaman, so strange occurrences are normal to her as well. People are still talking about that Joyce tells me. She is still looking for a buyer for this Historical Hotel. Would think it being haunted would be a plus. Just about everyone living in Florence has had some experience there or knows of someone that has. Universe will bring the right people one day... If only I had the money...

Telephone jacks! MEME gets permission to hook up the computer. DOG finely gets a bath!!!! By now I feel very attached to the CROPPER so I decline the offer to sleep in "MY" room. Besides it is time to work on the Ohio Case and that is easier for me in my own space.

Before I retire for the night I make my daily call to Michelle and find out there is a family crisis and I need to get home. Sleep would not come that night as I battled with myself or Universe, sometimes it felt like it was one and the same. My chance to correct a wrong, in my dark days before I knew who I was, that time I suffered from what I call the "Jonah in the whale syndrome" because we have been swallowed up by life's idiosyncrasies. I had not been a very supportive mother to my children. I was either too tired or medicated or out working. Got to get that almighty dollar. On a scale of 1-10 I might have been a 4. All these old memories and guilt feelings, where are they coming from? Things I have not thought of in years..... Universe sent me on this journey, so why now, I cry. To go home and start all over again and I again beat myself up over things that happened so long ago. They jumped right back into my face. I am going home. What about MEME? Have to make a choice and so I am at war with my emotions.

Finally, almost at daybreak the voice says: "You stay on your journey. You are not deserting your child, you are interfering with her growth."

THANK YOU!!!!

With my Scorpio mind I look for an alternative route. I have been active in local politics for years. A few phone calls are in order to remove the person that committed the crime that is responsible for the pain my grandson is going thru, that's all. Michelle is a good daughter and agrees I should not come home, in my present state I will make things only worse with my big mouth. She is a wonderful mother, much better than I ever was and she is handling things just fine.

As it turns out being a victim is a never ending dilemma. That line about justice for all turns out to be a piece of crap for a victim. All the hours I spent over a lot of years identifying problems that different State Agencies have. All the committees that have been formed only to appoint another committee. Everything remains the same. Another lesson perhaps? I feel helpless, reminds me of 1992 only in reverse. And so my troubled mind jumps back and forward to things that happened so long ago. Because a phone is available and I am able to be reached, Florence becomes my home for 5 days. The fury I feel in my soul remains, but I am able to function a little better and my mind gets back on the mission I was sent on. MEME is happy, just working away at her computer and surprisingly she has a compassionate side.

I know there is a leather shop here but I am unable to find it. I ask the shop keepers what happened to it. They say they do not know. I need a small piece of leather for my drum beater, don't like the one I picked up in Salt Lake. I know that the store was here. It was here I bought the walkingstick that was eventually made into my Medicinestaff.....

There is a little boy! He has his mothers face. The Lady I am looking for! I follow him at a distance as not to alarm him. He enters the building. I follow. The door is locked. I step back onto Mainstreet stopping the traffic by my action to see if I can find another way in. There is none. Maybe there is an animal. Remember a lady I met had explained to me how we are able to telepathically summon animals, I'll try that. After a while, LOOK a cat comes to a window. She responds to my thoughts and eventually gets the attention of the Lady I been looking for. She comes down and opens the door for me, surprised that her neighbors would not tell me her where about. Competitiveness will do that I guess. As we visit and meet the new additions to the family, 2 little boys, she tells me that during the full moon each month they have managed to gather seventy friends from the surrounding areas, Colorado Springs and Pueblo both not being any further than 30 miles away and they have little moon ceremonies at her shop the WHITE PHOENIX. A

little place filled with books and items from far away places like Peru, Africa and so many things one finds only in a metaphysical store. Denise calls her group telling them she has a guest and I will be doing readings the next day and arranges for a BLUEMOON GATHERING. Nice people. A lot of positive vibes and positive minds. That day I trade for readings for what I WANT not what I NEED. A new walkingstick for myself, a pan drum from Peru, books and Aboriginal MASKS, one male, one female. They are made out of pigs skin and look very realistic. Have just the place for them in the CROPPER.

Think about Marlo Morgan again and her walkabout. What lessons she learned and how graciously she shared them with the rest of the world, anyone that needed to hear. I am looking forward to the gathering.

I go back to the hotel, something took place between Joyce and MEME. I can feel the tension but I am not going to ask. I sneak out and go back to the shop. It is then decided that this gathering is by invitation only. In order to avoid party crashers, mainly MEME, we lock all doors. Smart move, but WAIT how are we going to get out without being seen? Someone has a brainstorm. A Tattoo parlor is attached to the PHOENIX. How about we skip the outside gathering and all bond by getting matching tattoos!!!! “No way...I really don’t think so.” After a lot of, “OH come on Lilian,” I thought that how in the last few months I had learned a lot and was on my way to be less judgmental. Defile my body? What the heck, I am 50 years old I can live with a tattoo for a few years... Go ahead... We all got matching tattoos, a half-moon with a star. We all picked our own colors, mine was to be blue and gold. Blue like the moon as in BLUE MOON and that is how often I would do that. The little star same gold as I had used in painting the Crop Circles. Before long I knew everything about tattooing, do’s and don’t’s and was actually surprised that it did not hurt. We told funny stories and had a ball. Took pictures and added the new friends to the backwall of the CROPPER. I tiptoed to the CROPPER in the early hours of the morning. I had FUN. All I have to do now is tell the kids I got a tattoo. David said “Oh well MOM. HUH.” Michelle took it a little further with, “Oh well, in case you were wondering if you are crazy...Now we all know” and the grandkids thought it was COOL and awesome. I thought it was cool too. MEME I am sure felt neglected and was ready to go, I was not. As she slowly brought things back into the CROPPER she spotted the Aboriginal Masks that were by now hanging neatly over the window just dangling as one moved about the Cropper. “AHHHHHH!!! Shrunken HEADS, she’s got shrunken HEADS!” My eyes lit up like it did when we would play a joke on the teacher

and it worked and for a minute I thought a little Coyote had been added to my totem. Coyote is the trixter as I had read about that in TED ANDREWS ANIMAL SPEAKS a book I never leave home without. I seem to need it on a daily basis. I could have explained the heads being masks, but did not. Guess that was my way of getting back in DOG'S place for having to scratch constantly lacking a bath for so long. The heads were to be a real issue for the remainder of MEME's stay. I never did explain. I thought it was funny, mean maybe, but funny. Later on when things continued to be so negative, I look at heads and just laugh.

My friend Joyce had changed a little and so I would not have to take sides, I was sure something had taken place, I suggested it was time to go. I thanked her for her hospitality and as I returned the key I remembered to inquire how people liked the Journey shows her son had agreed to take to the local cable company. Journey is produced at TCI the local access company and with the help of networkers sponsored and distributed to their local Cable Company to be aired on the local station. Since there is no funding and we all chip in on a voluntary basis, it takes a little effort to accomplish this. About 8 months prior I had sent 23 shows to Joyce's son to make airing possible for the enjoyment of the townspeople. I forgot, they are still in the box, as we were moving things around they got lost in the shuffle. "Do you want them back?" "That would be nice," I say. Maybe I can take them to Colorado Springs myself.

I am a little sad that something has changed but I have learned that at this time we should not take things personal, we all have our own path and that sometimes means getting to a crossroad. This was the crossroad regardless how it had gotten there.

I put on my caftan. That is a long dress we wear in my homeland. A caftan is pretty and practical. As the temperature changes you can add or remove clothing that is worn under it and perfect for travel, especially in hot weather. Caftan is really ALL I wear or need.

Had promised Denise to do a little story for Journey on her store before I left, so early I set out to do that. Everything was still closed, I had not really noticed the time. It was 7:30 am. I had outdone myself. As I am debating if I want to subject myself to "Oooh, it is going to be hot today" or not, I spotted a tavern. Would have preferred it to be a lounge, really a nicer word for the same thing. I decided to wait there and have coffee till the Phoenix opens. Three people there already. The bartender seems nice, smiles as she serves me a coffee. The man I am sitting next to says, "If you wore a pair of jeans and a T-shirt someone would talk to you." with a smile on my face I responded, "I

know. This IS why I dress like that.” The wheels in his head were spinning and he finally said, “OH...And what is that thing you got there? pointing to the camcorder, what you gonna do with that thing?” “I am going to film an interview at the store.” “What kind of interview?” “Anything about the paranormal and UFO’s.”

“UFO’s, I got a story for you. In 1967 I was flying a plane and landing in Lubbock, Texas. As we landed there was the brightest light you ever saw. I called the tower and yelled what the ... is that? Nothing they said, you are seeing nothing. Scared the ...out of me. I bet you don’t believe me either.” I ask, “would you tell the story again so I can record it?” “...ing - A- right I would” he answered and told the identical story on camera. Name, Rank and Serial Number added. “Well, believe me, do ya?” “Yes, I said, in fact, we did interview some of your crew members, they were not willing to tell us who you were.” What are the odds of running into him at 7:30am at the local tavern in Florence, Colorado elev. 7900 feet. “So what kind of show are these here, what you call them?” “Journey.” “Allright, Journey.” “They are shows in which we interview authors, scientists, Richard Hogland”...”The Mars face guy,” he interrupts, “That’s right.” “Where do I get them.” I said, “Right here. I am leaving at 9:00am tomorrow morning, I am parked by the Hotel so would you please return them by then?” “I will, he says and adds... you’re OK for whatever you are,” and looks me up and down again.

I go to the CROPPER and select several 30 min shows. Duncon Cameron and Al Bielek from Philadelphia experiment, Preston Nickols from Mountauk. Robert Dean and a report on the UFO hotline, 3 hours, oh well, one more, Dr. Richard Boylan about alien abductions. I take him the tapes and at that time ask him if he drinks because he sees things or sees things because he drinks. He does not answer.

I spend the day cleaning what little I can in the CROPPER and work on my Ohio case a little. I never got to my story at Denise’s, I think that was only the means to get to the Tavern. I am thinking about that long hot drive to Topeka, Kansas, Yuk!... I am glad I did not have to return home, life was surely getting exciting. Here were two people cramped in a small space and DOG and we were going our separate ways so different from one another.

8:45am. My new found friend knocked at the door. “Here, he said handing me an envelope and a six-pack of diet Pepsi. For your trip. I copied the tapes, here are the ones you loaned me.” He shakes my hand and says, “THANK YOU.” HE IS SOBER.....

Stop at the post office on the way out of town to say good-bye till next time and go to AL’s Auto Supply to get extensions put on the rear tires. So

hard to get to get to them in case I have a flat. “Crop Circles, HUH? the mechanic says. “My mother has pictures of BIGFOOT, she used to live in Oregon.” “Think she would be willing to show them to me?” “No, she is old and people always told her she is crazy, no I don’t think so.” “What do you think?” “I know she saw him. “What do I owe you?” “3 bucks.” I open the envelope the Pilot gave me. It contains \$50.00.  
Thank You Universe!!!

I am deciding whether to go I-70 or the back roads to Kansas. I choose the backroads. “Well Dorothy, here we gooo, following the yellow brick road.” MEME says. “Who is DOROTHY,” I ask? “Weaall, Kansas, Dorothy, from the Wizard Of Oz!” “I don’t know that story, I tell her, I thought it was Michael Jackson.” As soon as I realize I am picking on MEME again... Gosh she never smiles... I proceed to tell her I was thinking of the story THE WIZ but I wasn’t able to clean it up, MEME is deaf again.

Conoco stations are few and far between, I am grateful for the money. I reflect on my visit to Florence. Feel such a connection to that little town. Hope one day they find a suitable buyer for the hotel. That would change the energy. Only jobs in town are.. WAREHOUSING.. as they call it. PRISONS. What a terrible word for a place they keep people.

The year before when Michelle, I and the kids were driving back to Florence about midnight one could really feel the uneasiness of the place as a whole. For miles. We were coming in a different way and the only car on the highway. The kids were asleep we both followed our own thoughts and were watching the clouds racing across the sky. We would comment on some of them. I could tell Michelle was nervous when she got on the CB and imitated me: excuse me..anyone out here..Just me looking for UFO’s and right about then, BAM, a bird hit the van and scared us both. Several days later on the way home we stopped in Gunnison to get gas. At the 7-11. On the newsstand was a World Report. DEVIL SIGHTED OVER CHICAGO and a picture of a cloud that really looked like Lucifer himself. We looked at each other and broke out in a very odd laugh. And we saw it in Kansas she said. I had seen it too but did not want to mention it. “Why did you not tell me?” I asked... “I was too scared.” Then we laughed a healthy laugh I was on those same roads. What would Universe have in store for me this time?

Scott Fitzgerald makes the prettiest music I thought as I listen to Thunder Drums. Wait, there is the voice again. Be parked in a safe place by 8:00 PM. 8:00 PM Kansas or Washington time I wonder.

I had looked at the picture I had gotten as requested from OHIO several times. The past few days had been a little eventful and I was still



preoccupied with the problems at home so I had not really made a conscious effort to get into it. But it was in the back of my mind. I would do it in Topeka. As if she had read my mind MEME said: "what about my friends picture and all that," I notified her I would take care of it in Topeka and I had other things on my mind. "I know the whole story just waiting to see what you are going to say about it." "Don't tell me anything," I requested since I prefer to start from scratch. I find it exciting to start from scratch and watch a story unfold in my mind. After I am finish then I ask questions. "What do you keep looking out of the window for so intensely?" "I am watching the clouds." "You are always watching something, you are one sick puppy." I started to tell the story about Michelle's and my LUCIFER CLOUD or what I was really looking for, but decided not to. "I am going to give these rocks I bought to my friends, they are getting worried about me, it's taking forever for us to get anywhere. I have a friend. He changed his name to Gentle Thunder. Did you change your name? Oh yeah. What does CANYA mean? You don't look like an African," she said.

"Canya is a nickname that later became a business name," I relate. In the 70's I went to a party. Everyone had a nickname except me, so they nicknamed me CANYA. It stands for Can ya take me to the store? Can ya keep the kids? Can ya loan me 20 bucks? I liked it and put it on my license plate and used it as an Artist name when painting. And you are right, I am very light skinned."

Kansas now starts to smell like farm, can not roll up the windows must be 95 in the shade. Here is one of those little trucks again pulling this little trailer. DO NOT PASS FLAMMABLE. Had seen a lot of those on my trip thru here a year ago and not until we were on the way back did we know that these were chemicals that were to be put into planes, that later was to be sprayed on the crops. All that talk about... eat your Veggies, it's good for you, what a joke that statement.....You can't pass it, but you can eat it. Don't know what Mortal man is thinking of.....

Time for gas and a six-pack of BUD for MEME. For about the second time she is down to her last \$100.00. I have been hiding the \$100.00 that was enclosed with the picture from Ohio. I knew I would earn it fair and square. I might need it for later and I am the only one to run up the Gas card.

"Get going, the voice says, you got to be parked by 8:pm" "GAWED..I'm not done with my beer." Two minutes and I am leaving and I start the CROPPER. I look at the watch. 6:30 pm. The smell outside gets worse, even DOG is noticing it. Now that same noise under my feet that I had in Idaho. I pull over. Nothing there. Two miles later that metal sound under the highway again. I keep going. SAFE WASTE DUMP. WOW! A voice in my head and

something with a hammer under the CROPPER to get my attention... I am listening! The knock disappears and miles and miles of nothing. Like a dessert only it is green and it smells.

7:45pm still nothing. Hurry, hurry, hurry the voice says. "I am going as fast as I can," I say out loud and step on it.

7:55pm a few houses ahead and there is a store. I breath a sigh of relief. The sign on the door at the store says OPEN 7am till 8:pm. Just made it! I run inside, ask them not to dump the coffee, they are closing the till already. "I need to park against your building for the night, may I," I ask? "Sure, said the lady, pull it right around to the other side."

I tell her, "It has to be on the side I am on because of the wind." "What wind, she asks, well suit it yourself. Just take the Coffee, I am closed."

MEME puts glue on her fingernail for the 10th time. Good, at least it changes the fragrance. I look out the window and as in slow motion 8-10 people drive up and enter the store. MEME said, "You told me they were closed." I said, "They are".... I look at the watch it is 9:00pm. Another time change. "I am getting out of here, MEME says, I don't like this place, what the .... is going on all the time. What is this???" I say, "We can not leave we have to be safe." "Safe from what?" she shouts. I say, "The storm." "What storm?" I point to the sky and right about than it sounds like we are in a giant wave and the rain pours like in the days of NOAH. The CROPPER shakes and for the second time on this journey everything falls off the walls. "So how long have you known about this?" she yells... "Since this morning." The wind settles down, we put everything back on the walls and drink the coffee the woman had given me. "Did you see the people," she asks and I answer, "yes." "Were they there?" "I don't know." But we saw them..... The next morning the headline in the paper said Tornadoes in Kansas and Texas killed 13. As we get back on the highway I thank my guides, there is nothing after that town for 60 miles. Some flooding, but nothing to interfere with out travels.

Eventually we stop at a little restaurant. Sometimes it feels good just to sit and have coffee and a smoke in a place other than the CROPPER. I now tell MEME that the plan is to spend a couple of days with MONA. I wanted to prepare her being MEME had never been to a Muslem household. Drinking alcohol is not exceptable and we take our shoes off when we enter the house. DOG is to stay in the CROPPER, no one in the family is overly fond of dogs. The same two being reason for Joyce's displeasure it turned out.

Mona and her sister Navine young ladies born in EGYPT entered my life when their Mother passed away and they were still a tender young age. Their Father, a strict Muslem had asked me to take the girls under my wings

so they had a female in their life and so the girls became like my own. Their Father too has past over. Navine lives close to where I do and married a man from Ghana and has a little boy. Mona married a very nice ambitious man of American descent on his way to becoming quite the Human Rights Lawyer. They have two sons and a daughter. I am OMI. Grandmother.. to all these children.

Topeka, being a city, I am more cautious as to whom to ask for directions, so I stop at a Motel 6 to call Mona. I have arrived. When Brandon arrives at the hotel I follow him to the house. AN ALLEY, I am not going to make it.... Again I stop traffic and Brandon bails me out by backing the CROPPER in for me. Mona and the children meet us at the door. What excitement! What did you bring OMI? And so they were delighted that I had stopped in Oregon to pick up the biggest pine cones beside this tree we had been parked by. All the plans they had for those cones. Wonderful to see that children can get excited about something that simple in this day and age. Mona proudly presents me with a new prayer cloth she made for me.

Dinner is ready. Lamb, Couscous, Pita bread and melons. What a feast!!!!!! A Bath. A telephone line and electricity. That is truly the LIFE.....

We call the store about my lecture. Like all the others, I am too late. I really thought I would address the masses and again that was not to be. Some friends from India and Pakistan came and we discussed the affairs of the world. MEME had her computer up and running and again she was happy. After we had caught up on all the gossip, it was time to now concentrate on the Ohio Case.

I had touched the picture of the young man on several occasions already and know I am not dealing with a live person any longer. The children interrupt my thought. They request I come into the house to meet some more of the friends that by now know of my visit and came to see me. MEME is invited to join us. For the next several hours as we nibble on Figs, Dates, fried Plantains rolled in Coconut and sipping strong Cuban Coffee , compare basic beliefs of our homelands. The JINN'S of the Islamic belief being created from fire by God. How they live in parallel dimensions being able to move about freely and interact with mankind. How they like busy places and have even been know to father a human child. We comment how the evil Genie story must have originated with someone that had heard of AFRIT the evil JINN and had based all his stories on that. We talk about the more traditional beliefs of the Ancient Egyptians, the stories... My Mother... had taught me that had

been passed down from her mother. How a giant spaceship appeared piloted by ISIS and Osiris because GEIA, the earth, was in trouble. How they were the ancestors of Akhunaton the extraterrestrial king that had married Nefertiti and how he had freed the Nubian slaves. We talked about the DOGON and their ancestry on SIRIUS, the Hopi and the Bushman in the Kalahari. Add the Mayan that acknowledged the Pleiadies, the Yoruba, the Congolese, the Maori of New Zealand and the Giants of the Bible. The beliefs of Krishna that teaches that at time of death, the consciousness created by the living being carries him to the next body. We talked about Shapeshifters. Before long we were all confused because the stories were so similar that we decided we were all related to the Starpeople, at least each one of us in this conversation. I was proud of MEME, she sat thru the whole thing only rolling her eyes once. Before the night was out she asked me what I believe and I told her that I believe there is GEIA, Mother Earth. EARTH Humans. Spiritual BEEINGS in Human form that live amongst us, Interdementional Beings that come and assist us. Hybrid Extraterrestials as a result of experiments that have been allowed for centuries and especially since the 40's and beings from other planets... and their offspring with most of their memory intact, memories of missions and why they came to earth at this time. "I don't think so," she said. "Where do you read all that." I responded that I read very little, I just know that, but promised to try and combine a list of books that might be of interest to her. The only ones I could think of right off hand were GODS of EDEN by William Bameier, AKHUNATON by Daniel Steward and THE SIRIUS MYSTERY by Robert Temple. And what else, she was writing this down. I don't know my mind is tired and I still have to work on the Ohio case.

I do so enjoy my visit with Mona and the Family. Monica has called several times from Anchorage and I keep her posted. She is a lifeline to my sanity being one of only a few that understands what I mean when I speak of something. We must be soul mates, we are one and the same on a spiritual level. I should thank her more often.

MEME is restless this night, we must have scared her with our conversation. Like talking of witches and goblins. I remember she asked me why I love thunder and lightening so much and I told her it gives me security. When I was a small child my Mother would say; "Almighty Creator is telling us something. We better get the affairs of the world straight!" Let that always be your reminder that CHANGO is paying attention to what mankind does to Geia, Mother earth, Chango being the keeper of thunder and lightening. As if he had heard me the thunder rolled in from far away. I watch for lightening and count 1-2-3-4, I hear the thunder. 40 miles away. She taught me how to

tell distance in the weather by counting. Each number representing 10 miles. I taught those same stories to my kids and they would say: "OH MOM." I did not know any nursery rhymes being a foreigner, so I would tell Hyena Stories. Even now when I tell stories in school to the 3rd and 4th graders, those are their favorites. When I ponder over what I will talk about Michelle will say, "What ever you do Mother, don't tell that stupid Hyena story, and each time I will respond: you mean the one when the Hyena walks down the road and sees the Antelope and thinks FOOD and kills the Antelope as to have her supper. Right about that time she sees a goat and thinks supper and kills the goat and starts to eat the goat. As she is eating the goat she gets worried someone might come along and take the Antelope on the other side of the street so she runs to the other side of the street eating on the antelope and worries about someone taking the goat and runs back and forward all worried and eventually starves to death?" "I know, Michelle says imitating me: The moral of the story is..Don't be greedy children," and we both laugh. Sure enough I will tell the story and the kids want to hear it again.

I really don't know anything about Topeka except it is a noisy place and they have very little green bugs everywhere, wonder what they are called. Other than for the occasional thunder it is quiet now. I like the still of the night. Not too many crickets this year and the frogs are leaving this earth. All this pollution. So many species are leaving. On the news they refer to it as being extinct. I think they make a conscious decision to leave. Unlike the dinosaurs that had no warning. I think the frogs know something..... I think I stick with Richard Hogland's explanation that a meteor fell and as a result of that the dinosaurs got killed after being the inhabitants of the earth for millions of years. That explanation feels right.

I like living in the CROPPER. Life is simple and as I just sit I think of so many little things that seem unrelated but when you think about it they are however connected. Thinking all the time, well maybe I won't get Alzheimer's. Another man made illness. With all the pitfalls of modern day living I am living in the right time. 100 years ago I would have gotten in big trouble for thinking some of my thoughts. On the other hand gifted people were important all thru out history and they would have referred to me as a Shaman, not a Psychic. I've heard it said that Shaman is one of the oldest professions.

A little music would be nice, but wait. If I play music I won't be able to hear MEME snore. Sometimes she just stops snoring and breathing all together. It wakes me up and I worry because it is a known fact we are not crazy about each other. How would I explain that, especially since she told all

her friends on the Internet according to my stargate I could be a murderer and like rumors have a way of getting out of hand there are at least two people out there that think she is traveling with a murderer.

How do I get into these things???? Bet David would have an answer for that. But than David thinks his mother is depressed and never does anything fun anymore. I try to tell him I am so busy there is not enough time in the day. For the first time in my life I am happy and I know who I am. He would look at me and say. That's right MOM, that is why you are on this trip in this 20 year old RV talking about crickets and dinosaurs.....  
I love him...My SON

Coffeetime... Ouch... fell over the walker again right into the Digeridus that are filling up the space in the bathtub. Guess this is also a reality check. I have to get going on the OHIO case. Amazing how that human part of us always makes a plan on how to do something, when in reality all we need to do is give it to Universe and it comes naturally. Why am I procrastinating with that task?

I prefer to look for runaways. After the parents ask for help with the help of a picture or a piece of clothing. I follow the child remotely and like treasure island follow one clue after another. If the parents follow thru on verifying what I perceive and are totally honest, in most cases, we find the child because they will be able to wait for them at their destination. Always check with a couple of the friends, double-checking I call it. My mother would always say a double seam holds better and your pants never fall down in public... Good advice! So get going.....

Years earlier a friend had asked me if I could find out why his brother had committed suicide. Remember telling him I did not know how to do that. One would have to know my friend to know NO is not an option. So rather than listen to his mouth I said OK I'll try. I did know how the man died, he had shot himself in the head. I allowed myself to become the victim. By doing so I was able to retrace his steps on that day. He had gotten up as always. He was a picky man. The kind that would change his underwear before leaving the house in case there was an accident. That day he was looking for a document that had been on his mind for a couple of days. Some kind of policy from his job from before he retired. He got more frustrated as time went on and he was unable to find it. He gets a headache and takes medicine for it. He takes his prozac thinking he had earlier forgot to do so. He gets agitated and wants the person at the house to leave. The person leaves. Jeans, can't make out the face. The Victim goes into the bedroom. He thinks how sick he is of the blue shirt he is wearing and is frustrated. The bed

is still unmade. He puts his hand in the nightstand drawer. He has something in his hand. It's the gun. His mind is blank as he puts it to his head.....I come back...

As it turned out the man was very neat and had he planned on killing himself he would have dressed up for the occasion. He had send his nephew to get some chinese food. The documents he was looking for were bonds he bought while working for the Air Force. He was wearing a blue shirt and the bed was unmade. He had accidentally took too much of the Prozac. I don't think he had planned on killing himself at all. My friend thanked me. Suicide was one of the words he had trouble with and it did help him to know it was indirectly an accident.

No one is 100% . We are only as good as our Guides that is why it is so very important to know in your heart your Guides are from the Light. Being able to tap into this unseen world carries a heavy responsibility. We cannot use our own logic and only report what we...see... And recognize when we ....see... things we cannot report at all. Either the time is not right or it is too painful. In this case however, as painful as it was, it eased my friends mind and showed me that this could be done.

PHHHHHHH

I am holding the picture.

I keep jumping into different time periods of this young mans life.

He had... past tense... this is not a living person..... a fear of success.

Pain, what is this pain????

Bones, testicles, kidney I am in such pain..... Abused as a child...

That is not what the pain is!

Because of the conduct of his mother he liked flighty women...

Eventually thought he settled down.

Continues the friendships against his better judgment... Ah the pain...What is this?????

Smell something... One Man Show... A cologne ONE MAN SHOW.

Grinding, big cement truck maybe? round and round and round..... Noise.

Lots of noise.

Union... Alabama... Mobile..... Explosive...

Smell cologne again.

Even though very troubled was a good human being.

Down the road. A barn, a gun. The killer is leaving... Will go scott free.

This is murder.

Why is tissue sample not taken?

Fight about the girl he loves. Drugs. Fight.

His death is a surprise to him.

Was supposed to happen the night before, got interrupted.

One man show.

I have to come out of this! This feels terrible.

Wish I was still a drinking person, a Cognac would be in order right about now. But I can smoke a cigar.

The next morning I call the lady and tell her what I had found out. This is the story she tells me.

The young man, her friend works for her. He was a troubled soul. A hard worker. Often spoke of suicide because he felt he was not worthy of a good life. After many meaningless relationships he falls for a girl.

The night before the ACCIDENT as she believes it to be, there was a terrible fight at the house with an old boyfriend. He comes to work upset and before long to the horror of the co-workers they discover he has fallen into a woodchipper. No autopsy was possible because the only recognizable part was a fingernail. The man he had the fight with lives on Alabama Street. The girl lives in a mobile home or at least that is how I remember it.

It is to be a long time before this case is over.

She finds the barn by the side of the road.

She reports what I have told her.

Description of the cologne, One Man Show, is according to a perfume shop: Fresh and green when damp. As it dries harmony, woody spicy, floral, leathery undertones.

To this point it has been thought this was a suicide or an accident. Two coworkers were present. No one saw anything and this lady is in so much pain thinking she could have prevented this. It is now being investigated as a murder. The lady mourns the loss of her friend but rests easier that someone is now finally doing something and in time his name will be vindicated. That is the beginning of the story and still unfolding. That day I moved up a notch in MEME's opinion even though a cement truck is not a woodchipper.

Almost time to leave. I am a little sad, would have liked to stay a little longer. In my mind I estimate the time it will take to drive to Illinois. Two large cities. Kansas City and St. Louis. Lots of traffic. I cannot afford to miss my rendezvous with this lady, SOLAS. If I miss that..... don't even want to think about that... time to go.

My friend SEDRA keeps creeping in my mind. Sedra and I used to work fairs together in the early days. She is now a very successful REIKI MASTER. Why is she stuck? Stuck... what does that mean now? Wish for



once, I get something straight and not in riddles. All I know is that she is somewhere in Oklahoma. I break down the cords and secure everything for the next part of the journey. Here is SEDRA again. I find her mothers address and drop a line requesting she call the house and leave a phone number since she is stuck... Maybe she needs a ride. Something else I am forgetting. Oh yeh. Peter Davenport gave me a number for his friends place in Missouri. Peter never gives out phone numbers, this must be important. I go back in the house and call Heinrich. Wonderful he says, just get off the Interstate, it's 3 miles from the main road, looking forward to meeting you. See you soon.

After we get the CROPPER turned around waiting for the fanbelt to quit squeaking, we say our good-byes. Don't forget you have a TOLL FREEWAY! Mona reminds me as she loads me up with jars of instant coffee and creamer. I-70 gets real crazy as we get closer to Kansas City. Where are all these people going? Me, Slowpoke, is really irritating them, good thing I am so big. Honestly believe they would run over me if I was not. So BIG is better. MEME is not talking so I get to laugh at my own joke. Wondered how much ... toll ...I have to pay? Oh no... 31 miles of road construction. Well I am in it! Speed limit 55. Great that is still 5 miles more than I do without construction. Left lane ends, merge right. At least I am in the right lane. Turn on the CB. What is this noise? What are these vibrations in the bathroom??? It's a truck so close on my bumper, feels like he is riding the CROPPER piggyback. I get on the mike and say: "This is the CROPPER. I am a little old Lady from Pasadena. You don't want to make me nervous. If you do, you really won't know what I am going to do. I don't go... You don't go." MEME breaks out in laughter, the first sincere laughter I have heard from her since we have been on the trip... Strange woman. It takes a crisis for her to talk or laugh. "Hey CROPPER. I'm two behind you. Those tapes you gave me in Idaho are pretty good. This is my second trip around and you are still not in Illinois. I'll get behind you and push you thru Kansas City so they won't run over you, take your time. I'll get behind you after the construction." Thank you UNIVERSE!!!! The sound and the vibrations in the bathroom fade. The truck behind me had backed off. Time to pay the toll \$4.80 and here is Kansas City. WOW! Curves, brick walls, what a ride. "Get in the left lane and stay there," my friend now behind me instructs me. Potholes. Potholes nothing but potholes. Here we had just paid a toll and end up in this, this must be the worst city streets on earth. For the third time everything falls off the walls. Let it.... "There ya go sweetie, he says as he pushes me on to the turn on the freeway and turns off waving. See you next time around and watch out for the

UFO's. I'm on my way to the LONESTAR." "He is so cute," MEME says. You are right. And NICE.

Looks like a truck stop up ahead, we will stop there for the night, don't want to be too close to the city, it is too dangerous. Remember when I lived in Louisiana and heard my first rattlesnake. Had never seen one but knew what that sound was first time I did actually hear it. So sad we have to develop this built in alarm system when we get close to the city takes a lot away from the quality of life. Not that I live in a place that is crime free mind you. We are lucky. A little crack, a little heroin a lot of domestic violence and a shooting once a month, usually as a result of a police chase. We count our blessings. Erma would have looked at it that way. We lost a wonderful teacher when she died. She did leave her mark in the world and I am grateful for her having been on this earthly plane. Bet she is bringing laughter to the ANGELS.

We go inside the truck stop and get a sandwich and some stamps. Don't forget AIR-FRESHNER. Dog stinks to HIGH HEAVEN. No nice way to describe it any longer. We decided to use the phone while waiting for the food. The food was slow in coming, that was all right with MEME, she was on the phone. Eventually, she hung up, turned to me and said, "You knooow, I am really needed in South Carolina. My friend is the Archangel Michael, except he don't know that. Stuck in that body, 320 pounds, but he is getting a divorce." Here it comes, I say, "Forgive my ignorance and limited knowledge of the Bible. I do however know Archangel Michael, was the firstborn of the morning stars, Lucifer being the second. Michael became the man Jesus. What makes you think for one minute... I said as I rose out of my chair leaned across the table and got in her face... being the ArchAngel Michael, he wouldn't .....remember that?!" MEME gave me a drop dead look and left.

MEME is sitting in the CROPPER gluing her fingernails and it is dark. I close the curtain that separates the Cabin from the rest of the CROPPER. Time to reflect on the day. What a nice visit at Mona's and what a coincidence about our trucker friend. His name escapes me, bet MEME knows it but I don't want to open that can of worms again. I am terrible with names. Could be a built in safety mechanism. Readings are confidential. Bet some Therapist would be jealous if they knew the things people tell a Psychic and we are actually getting places and make people feel better about themselves without taking PROZAC. By me not remembering names I cannot accidentally betray a confidence. I do however ask for permission to relate a story if I find by doing so it will explain a point otherwise missed. Universe is a FREE WILL ZONE we are free to make our

own choices. This does not mean we refuse to take responsibility as in...God will forgive me and continue to transgress. OR, the devil made me do it, it is his fault or everyone else's for that matter. We are not allowed to intrude in another person's space with the exception of a missing or runaway minor, a missing person or at the request of law enforcement if it is connected with a crime. Your answer as to a cheating mate from me is therefore out of the question, I do not get involved in relationships. Does he/she love me? Does he/she? Only you and one other person know that. You and HIM/HER. I am going to bed.

MEME is still watching, very obviously, the numerous drug deals being made all around us in neighboring cars. I try to tell her that is not a good idea and being nosy is dangerous, she responds by saying she is surrounded by a BUBBLE. I hope so. Forrest Gump time. I do so hope I will come out of this one OK accidentally. Why me UNIVERSE?? 36 hours and I will be SOLO. I wake up all thru the night. MEME is still watching the cars. I remember she has friends in Kansas City. I suggest she call them in case they want to come and see her before leaving. "I'll do it later," she answers.

Daybreak! One of my Totems is the praying mantis. POWER OF STILLNESS. They are mostly found in African lore. Whenever a mantis gets himself in trouble he goes off and hides. He goes to sleep and dreams his solutions. The ancients speak of seven levels of silence, the first being contemplation the last being death. In-between them are dimensions that add power, never did like the word POWER I prefer EMPOWERMENT. Mantis is much like the chameleon and blends in with his environment. Between Forrest Gump and Mantis I did OK... I am out of here.....

Guess I stop at the winery in Missouri to tell Heinrich hello. Maybe not, I am on the other end of the state, somehow we got our highways mixed up and it is not to be. That gives me extra time and I can drive around the backroads which take me around St. Louis. St. Louis is another place that holds memories for me.

The year before I had to fly into St. Louis International Airport. I was so nervous when I made my plane reservations. I like flying so this was unusual. Told the AIRLINE I did not wish to go thru DENVER. No other way I was told. I did not want to go to DENVER, something about the connecting plane to St. Louis. That feeling never left me and I was a wreck when I got to DENVER. Did not want to get on that plane. Like the lady had informed me, it is the only way to get to St. Louis by air. The plane boarded, I was the next person in line to get on board. They stopped loading and removed everyone from the Plane. THANK YOU UNIVERSE. Everyone

in uproar and upset because of the change except me. I am so relieved. Report to the desk was the request. After a lot of arguing and complaining by the other passengers my mouth got the best of me.

Be grateful I said, this just saved your life. So who are you that you know things we don't know.....The attendant at the desk had overheard this by now unpleasant conversation and called me to the side. She asked for my name and if I would like to change Airlines. I said, "yes." She ask, "What do you know?" I gave her my card and told her the plane had major engine trouble and would have crashed. She said, "You are right." She issued me a new ticket and made arrangements for the car rental agency to deliver the car at a different terminal and time.

I got to St. Louis 10:55pm only to find the INTERNATIONAL Airport closes at 11:00pm, what a joke... The rental car was never delivered. I was to stay here till 7:00am. About 2:00am a security guard came. He knew my name and said the attendant from DENVER had called and asked if I had gotten there OK and how I was. To put me in a hotel paid for by the Airlines. There were no rooms but that was OK, someone cared. The security officer said come on and locked me into the employee's bathroom, equipped with couch, to keep me safe. At 6:30 am he returned to let me out.

After a week as I was returning to the Airport driving on I-70, I felt so alone. I was the only car on the highway. Right about than a large UFO appeared, hard to say how big, was unable to determine that because I was driving. Was so happy to see SOMEBODY. Managed to snap a picture of it but never got around to authenticating it, I have so many it doesn't seem to matter what people think anymore. I know what they are and the friends take my word for those occurrences, they have seen the pictures and the videos. By interacting with my flying travel companion I got lost. HOSPITAL the sign said. I took that exit and pulled into the hospital parking lot. I went to the emergency room and the lady asked, "What is your Emergency?" I said, "I can't find the darn airport." As she looked up from her paperwork an old man said, "My grandbaby brought me lunch, bless her heart. She'll take you to the airport LADY." She did guide me all the way to the rental car return and took me to the plane. I offered to pay her and she said, "That's OK, people help me all the time. I am just paying back what the LORD gives me."

What's that??? A sign, almost missed it, HISTORICAL SIGHT. I make a U-TURN. "What now," MEME asks. Discovery of PLUTO. Have to stop there even if it is a plaque in a hole in the wall, no insult intended. Burdett is the boyhood home of Dr. Clyde Tombaugh, discoverer of the planet Pluto. Dr Tombough photographed 65% of the sky. Spent 7000

hours examining 90 million stars. He discovered six starclusters, one cloud of galaxies. One comet and 775 asteroids. Only appropriate I have a picture with that and CROPPER. Somehow I feel there is more but I don't know what, YET. DOG is happy he gets to get out of the stinking CROPPER, don't blame him, I would not be in it either was it not for the fact that I am the driver. 24 more hours.

I get back on I-70 somewhere, missed St. Louis all together and I am glad. POCAHANTIS. Greenville 9 miles... YAHOOO... I pull into the service station to call the kids to tell them I made it and I am stationary for a while. MEME goes to the ladies room for what seemed to be a long time. She comes out all upset because people keep interrupting her curling her hair because someone constantly wanted to use the ladies room. She calls her friend in Kansas City demanding he comes to visit. I pull out the map so I can show her that Kansas is Kansas and Illinois is Illinois. I changed my mind. Rather loud she complains how unreliable people are and I gesture SHHH. "Why, I'll never come back here," she says. I say, "You got that right." After she calls SOLAS verifying pick up time is still 2:00pm the following day, I drive across the street to the local family restaurant and request permission to park there for the night. That parking lot being PICK UP LOCATION. Permission granted.

Our last night together. I offer to help to put everything in order so all we have to do is transfer to her friends car. She is bringing 2 friends with her and we are going to St. Louis to the casino, and than to Indiana. 10:00pm. everything is packed and ready to go.

"This trip sure has been different than what I am used to, I hope you have good luck the rest of the way. I went camping with my husband for 20 years and we always had the gas on, you are weird." Trucks pull right beside me and I hear the by now familiar humming of their engine. It is a full moon and a warm night, I open the window and get a good nights sleep.

6:00am I am up. This is the day ! I spend most of the morning in the restaurant. The local BODY AND FENDER guy and his wife ask, "weren't you here last year?" I said, "I was." "Well, nice seeing you again." French fries with cheese YUK!

1:00pm. Here comes a van, it's them!!!!!!! I start putting out the bags and boxes, "don't forget the leash," I say. There seems to be a little problem I can tell by the way the lady looks at me. No time for the weary, I am still putting boxes on the ground. And the Digeridus, all 6 of them. Wait, here is a coffepot. Oh no... here comes the lady.

"I am Solan, wonder if you can do me a favor." "Nice meeting you," I

say. "MEME did not tell me she was moving and the van is too small." Panic.... "Can you send her things?" "NO!" "Then I am going to rent a car for her." No rental cars in Greenville. She said: "There is a car dealer maybe I can buy a cheap car and she can just drive herself." She leaves, I am still putting things out of the CROPPER. She comes back. "They won't take my check. How about you take her," I interrupt, "NO!" Eventually the ladies in their fancy clothes manage to find room for everything including DOG. HUUUH..... "Weeell, MEME says, Have a nice trip." I say, "I will and MEME, get you some HAPPINESS and a LIFE!!!!!" I wave good-bye as I close the door and drive off. YES!!!!!!.

I had spotted a store with a large parking lot. One side was an open field. I drive there, get out, roll in the grass and I AM HAPPY. "Universe, I said, I do not know why you brought me this woman. PLEASE DON'T BRING HER BACK!!" And with that I throw everything out. Blankets, Cushions everything that is not nailed down to get the smell out. A Bathtub ! A stove ! I can see the refrigerator! I am HAPPY!!!!!!LIFE IS GOOD !!!!!

Someone asked, "WHO are you?" "The Cosmic Gofer" I responded. Gofer covers a lot of territory. Being that, in part, had brought me here. What a wonderful feeling, to finally be solo and two days just to be myself. What is going to be in store. Had a good nights sleep, so quiet. Remember thinking about the lessons I had learned so far. Never really figured that out, but I am where Universe sent me and maybe now I can re-vamp my schedule and address the masses.

A good way to start the day would be to make some phone calls. After "Hello," I would be asked if my passenger from Hades was gone and I would say "Yes." Michelle however took it a little further with, "what's the matter mother, depressed are you? Bet you are broke, go to the ATM, I put a little change in your account." Had I been depressed that alone would have brought me right out of it. \$50.00 is a lot of money when you are broke. Still had the \$100.00 stashed that had been enclosed with the Ohio Case. David wanted to know the number of the mile marker I was parked at, in case some one needed to get a hold of me and I talked to all the kids.

Since I am rolling in dough I am going to PIZZA HUT for breakfast, everything is still a little unorganized in the CROPPER being that I remembered I had went a little overboard the day before, scrubbing everything with Lysol and I think it still smells. Hard to say, I am so used to the odor. Nice people at the Pizza Hut. What's that??? A vending machine with

ALIEN-BABY Stickers, just what I need and I buy several of each.

“What are you going to do with that many?” the waitress asked, “I don’t know yet I say, But I am sure I will need them one day.”.....

“Where can I find a Laundrynette,” I ask. “ Right down there, 2 blocks,” she says.

The laundry is across from a store. A little bank inside, a phone that rings back....Pay phones that ring are a rarity, so this is great! I park in the store parking lot and looking like ST. NIKOLAUS, a garbage bag full of clothes and bedding over my shoulder, I cross the street and arrive at the laundry. Two ladies and two children are already at work. “Good morning” they say. As I am looking at the wash machines I realize I know nothing about them. I have never been to a public Washateria. I put the clothes in the same as I would do at home and try to observe how the ladies are handling this. The little boy comes over and says, “Let me help you. I do this all the time.” He gets on tippy toes and gets the machine going. “For when you dry he says This one over there, he points to the dryer on the left, You have to hit it just right and if you have rubber pants they melt.” He starts loading the second machine for me and asks why I have no bleach. I don’t like bleach and I tell him the story about how when I first came to America I would boil all the clothes. How upset my husband was and he went to buy me a washer. A Frigidare at that. From what I had seen on TV that was almost as good as a Maytag that never needed repairs. How I had washed the clothes and then took the whites and laid them in the grass in the backyard for the sun to bleach them. When I picked them back up I had to wash them again, because the bees had pooped on my clean white sheets, I thought it was a waste to have a washing machine, if I have to wash them twice anyway. I had complained to my husband about the same and he came home the following day with a bottle and told me it was CLOROX. Bleach in a bottle..... It stank I thought, it was a terrible odor. I was not about to use stinky sunshine in a bottle, so I went back to boiling the clothes and it was a long time before my husband caught me. He yelled for a long time something about this being America and I had best get used to it..... The boy laughed, so did his mother and the rest of the people that were present by now.

“Not from here?”

“No, I live in Washington State.”

“Where are you going?”

“Well I am not sure yet. I do know my next stop is Nashville Tennessee.”

“That is great! Going to see Garth Brooks?”

“Not exactly. I am going to give some lectures at the TRADE Exchange and a

radio interview.”

“I see. Is that your RV?”

“Yes it is.”

“Pretty nice them RV’S, what are those things painted on it?”

“Crop Circles.”

“Oh, saw some of them on the Discovery channel. Do you think they are real?”

“Sure do.”

Our conversation got interrupted, I offer to give the boy a dollar for helping me. He says, “No thank you. I am suppose to help people and serve the Lord.”

I have a closet to keep my clothes in, I can get to it! I can see the mirror that covers the door! I can twirl and see myself!

Spotted an electrical socket and I am going to iron my Caftans. “Nice clothes,” a man says. “Where are you going so decked out?” and I repeat the story about me traveling the country giving lectures and giving readings.

“I have friends in Westport, Washington.” “I’ve been there many times. The salmon Capitol of the world. Mother nature has taken it’s toll on Westport these past few years, with storms and waves 20 feet high. Each time that occurs the ocean keeps another 100 feet of beach front property.”

Twenty years ago it was prime property because people wanted to retire there, go whale watching and fishing. With the earth changes in the making, that no longer holds true, in fact some of the locals will kidd about things like, it’s California that’s supposed to fall in the ocean, not Westport. Some compare themselves to Harry Truman, the man that stayed behind when Mt.ST.HELEN’s blew and others just sold their beach front while it was still there. You should go and visit your friends,” I advise the man, “I know, he says, Could be they will move away too.”

Six loads of laundry already. This is time consuming. Pretty nice people I have met already. Had heard on OPRAH once that is a great place to meet people. They could be right. The caretaker comes, I am assuming it is the lady that takes care of the place. Everyone knows her. “I am closing early,” she says, holding up her bandaged hand. “What happened?” she is asked. “Oh well I fell and it hurts like the dickens and I want to go home.” “I can help you, I have nothing to do after you close, just tell me what needs to be done.” “Why that’s nice of you,” she says. So between the two of us we have everything in place in no time. She chats about her family and I about mine. “Well don’t they get worried about you driving all across country by yourself?” “Yes, they know that is something I was commissioned to do.”



“You got more guts than I do.” “It’s not about guts, I am not brave, crazy maybe, brave, no. I am just on my path.”

“So can you tell the future?” “In a way I can, but we have choices so we are in charge of our destiny.” “My sister sure would like to talk to you, would you call her?” “Sure.” “Are you going to be around tomorrow?” “Yes,” I tell her and laugh as I tell her bits and pieces of how I got into the situation to have such a stinky house anyway. “At least you can laugh about it. Oh well, I’ll see you tomorrow then.” “I will be here tomorrow, have to wash all the blankets and the curtains yet.” Nice day, nice people.

I had permission from the department store on the other end of town to park overnight again. Actually it was more like. “Don’t ask, people park here all the time, and I am not the person that told you that.”

I had asked and that was good enough for me. The previous owner of the RV was a member of the Good Sam Club and had clued me in to the do’s and don’t’s about parking at Walmart, K-mart and Safeway. “As long as you have a Good Sam sticker you will be alright,” he said. There were none of these franchises in this little town, would have not done any good anyway. Good Sam was now an ALIEN. The stickers I had bought in Washington had covered Sam’s face and they fit so perfect....

Stopped at the Shell station to buy the Betty Boop sticker I had seen there the time I had stopped there on my way into town. Michelle will like that. She has collected Betty Boop ever since she saw Roger Rabbit, again and again and again, it being the favorite of the kids for what seemed forever. There came a time they would talk right along with the story..OH NO! DIPP! That was our clue that the movie was about half over and they would start it again. The girls would pretend to be Jessica and sing that song again.

I called home one more time to let them know where I would be parked and to set their mind at ease. It is hot and as I find the perfect spot, I open the door and cook my dinner. I am in AWE how great it is that I can change neighborhoods every day now. Tonight I will look at the parking lot from a different angle. Great to have a stove and soon the smell of curry and cinnamon over rides the smell that just seemed to linger. I take a bath, wow that is great, won’t have to go to truck stops any longer for personal maintenance. Bathtub seems surprised too. Water instead of digeridus and drums. I wash my hair, that feels great but wait... Oh no! 4 gallons of water at the time, I forgot!!! That is not going to rinse my hair. Think Universe heard me and just about that time a hard rain fell. Now that is rain!!! In Washington it rains all the time and we are used to it. Very few of us own umbrellas, we just pretend it is not there and we don’t seem to get too wet. Children play

and walk to school, we go to the park and ball games like the rain is unnoticed. Saw a bumper sticker once, it said, "Washingtonians don't tan... they rust... We did get to 108 degrees one year, took a picture and sent it to the weather man STEVE POOL and it was the picture of the night on channel 4. I am grateful for the Illinois rain. Maybe I can catch some to rinse my hair... oh well... I step out and dance in it like a ballerina. 3 twirls and my hair is rinsed. Thank you UNIVERSE. Don't think anyone saw me, everyone is running for cover. Flash flood. Now this is rain!

As fast as it came it is gone and my hair smells RAINWATER FRESH. Make myself another cup of coffee and flip in a tape. I missed playing music these past few weeks, but I don't want to think about that anymore, this is a new time. Either there is a pond nearby or the rain has brought out frogs. Sounds like there are many of them. The sound reminds me of GYPSY. We used to sit at her place, SERENDIPITY, and listen to the frogs. My friend GYPSY, my best friend.

In 1981 I had been invited to come to a clout meeting. CLOUT was a discount card much like a'la carte, only one could use it in stores that had been recruited by their representatives. Clients in turn would pay a membership and get a discount. I arrived and was a little lost. Feeling lost is not an emotion I experience very often, I did that day however and must have looked it. I heard this clear singing kind of voice say: "Hello Darlin, I am GYPSY." She gestured for me to sit next to her. "I am Lilian," I said as I sat down. "LILYEN, that's a nice name. Nice to make your acquaintance Ms. LILYEN." She was strikingly pretty. Black hair, a big brim hat and a beautiful smile. About 15 years my senior. I liked this Lady whose name was GYPSY. All thru the meeting she would pat my arm as to cheer me on every time I nodded my head in agreement with something. "Let's do lunch," she said and as we exchanged phone numbers we admired each others jewelry, yes, we had things in common.

It later turned out CLOUT never really got off the ground, we lost a lot of money but this cloud had drifted into my life long enough to bring me GYPSY the ANGEL-LADY, or was it the other way around??

We did lunch often. In fact we talked to each other every day at 11:30pm after everyone else was asleep and we could just chat away without interruptions.

She was a private nurse for the widow of the president of Standard Oil and her lady would have drifted off to sleep and my children, then being teenagers, would sleep most of the time by then. We would talk about the affairs of the world. She would tell me stories from her childhood and about

Charleston, South Carolina. About her Uncle being the oldest member of congress, her Father having worked for the secret service and her brother being in politics too. How she grew up in a very loving family and eventually married and moved to EATONVILLE Washington. Her hardships in that little town, they were not use to LADIES and she refused to be anything else. How out of place she felt and how as a little girl she always knew she had fallen out of the sky and one day she would get to go home.

She was not referring to Charleston. "I am from MU. I know you don't believe me Lilyen, but that is OK" she would say. Soon we were sharing our deepest secrets and I was honored to have a friend like that. She would sew and make brooms for halloween. X-mas trees for the homeless. She would decorate the little trees with chocolate kisses. "Why Kisses," I ask. "WHY LILYAN..Homeless people sometimes don't have lights." And I would laugh, that was pretty dumb. She would make Angels for the patients at the hospital and tall bags stuffed with bears for the Eagles for the fund-raisers. "You know everybody and their Mother, she would say, just take them here and there and pass them out, I am stuck here and can't leave." As soon as she said, "Can you do me a favor?" We would know we have to go again because she had made more of something. On her day off she would have us go shopping. "I need a bra," she would say and thinking that task to be easy, we would shop all day, two, three shopping carts full of things for everyone, except herself and after coming home I would say, "Let me see your Bra," and she would say, "Now isn't that something, the very thing I went to get, I did not." So we have to go back next week. And next week it would be the same.

She'd drive with two feet and as she laughed about my stories. Everytime she slowed down the car would make that jerking motion and my neck would be out of place by the time the ride was over. "Been riding with GYPSY again" our Chiropractor would laugh. " YEH, Whiplash.. " Eventually she would just hand me the key before I could say "I am not doing the two foot whip-lash-thing GYPSY." And off we go. To the Follies, her favorite.

For her 50th birthday I gave her a teddy bear dressed in a superman suit.

My children loved her and in the later years when I was in EUROPE she became their substitute MOM.

She tried her best to get me to like Angels. " Why don't you like angels Lilyen?" "It's not that I don't like angels, I don't think they are little children with wings." "You are right," she would say, " They are Beings from other places. Now did I say anything to you when you got the antique table

and you took a chisel and de-winged the poor things and changed them into children?" "No, I said, you did not." "Now you know as well as I do, you and I know things we cannot talk about, at this time, people need Angels and that is what they are going to get whether you like it or not." From frogs to Angels..... Only she could understand how my mind would skip. She would say yellow and I would start talking about toy soldiers. Some how she knew that they wear yellow frocks and had no problems understanding me. Of course she did not, we were of one mind. Well, most of the time. I miss my friend!

Time to put the clothes away and break my thought pattern. Really don't like the curtains that are in the kitchen area. All yellow with green balls dangling at the edges that look like Brussel-Sprouts. Amazing how little a place can be and give one a sense of belonging, this 23 foot house and that includes the driver's cabin. Down sizing, that's what it is. Down sizing ones quarters and still it feels like home. The past few months have been so hectic trying to get ready for the trip, so this quiet time is fine. The frogs started up again, they had gotten quiet for a while or I had just been in such deep thought I had no longer heard them. In the distance, thunder. It gives me comfort and this parking lot is safe so I will enjoy every moment of the storm.

Still have some VIKINGBREAD. A friend had brought it by, "so you have something to nibble on," she said. She explained that it was truly a treat since she had to order it from some import dealer. "This is the way you fix it, she said. You hold it under water for a minute. As you do that to 4-5 pieces you then layer it and cover it up with a towel till it gets soft and swells to about this high, she gestured with her fingers about half an inch, then you sprinkle sugar and cinnamon on top and cut it in little pieces." Some people top it with cheese but since she had also prepared the cinnamon, cinnamon it is. My friend is right, it is a treat, must remember to thank her again.

The sky is clear again, it has cooled off, it smells good and it is safe to sleep with the window open. Think I am getting used to the time difference of two hours, maybe I can get some sleep.

Hugh Masekela always has a soothing effect on me, I play the tape he gave me. When I was 10 years old I fell in love with Hugh Masekela the dashing young trumpet player from South Afrika. Had seen his picture in the paper and read the story how he had been exiled from his country for speaking his mind. How I admired him and his wife for standing up for their beliefs. I was unable to recall her name, remember I was 10 years old and in Love, so a wife was not a good thing for him to have. Well, if I can't have him I want

someone just like him and with that in mind I set out to find anything at all with his music so I could see what was so terrible for >>THEM<< to throw him out of the country. Eventually, I did find some of his records and I would walk a long way to a friend's house to play them on an old gramophone she had. A man with a mission and a way to tell the world about the great injustice that exists. He had chosen to tell the world with his sweet music. I must be on a mission too, I thought and one day I will carry it out. After I got older I would still think of Hugh and before long I had another person to model myself after. Mama Afrika herself, the great Miriam Makeba. She used her voice as an ambassador for the world, singing about the hardships of life and how she is going to change the world. We all have a gift I thought, we just have to find out what it is. I knew she was a WISE woman. She knew things no one else did and I so identified with her and felt her emotions. I even forgave her for being Hugh's wife..... I set out to make it my goal to shake hands with this woman in my lifetime. So, for many years, it seemed like we were playing TAG. I would get to a city in my travels and she had left the day before. Sometimes it was the other way around and I would have to leave just as she was going to arrive. I sang her songs to my children and asked for my record collection in my divorce. She was and is my HERO. Hugh's and Miriam's music followed me everywhere and when my grandchildren were born they too heard the music and my stories.

In 1992 I got an invitation to attend a party in Seattle. I accept and Hugh Masekela had been invited too. What excitement. It was almost impossible to get a good look at him and to speak to him was out of the question. I decided to write a note telling him how he had been my first love and how I appreciated him being who he is and that it so affected our lives. I gave the note to the security guard. Shortly thereafter the band played a song I had heard him sing as a child. The song was in the ZULU language, but I remembered it so well. I sang right along with it and it filled my heart with joy. The security guard came and asked me to step out. Everybody looked at me like: wonder what crime she is guilty of. Here was Hugh and he embraced me. Said he had played that song to see if I was on the LEVEL... he called it. Only one person still knew that song. Me.

We spent a good while together and I told him how much he had taught me, my children and now the grandchildren. He asked for my phone number and said sorry that he had not married me, smiled and I was moved.

Four months later he called requesting that I and my granddaughter would do the honors to come to the fund-raiser to benefit the election of Nelson Mandela that he, Danny Glover and Miss MAKEBA were giving in

Seattle. I accepted. I was deadly ill at the time. Tamara being of my bloodline did not take no for an answer. "Come on OMI, she said. You said you had to meet Ms. Makeba before you die so lets go!" She learned 6 songs in ZULU. Zulu being one of the four original languages in the world and sharing a clicking sound with the dialect of the Dogon, Bushman of the Kalahari, the Hottentots and some of the Aboriginal tribes of Australia. One of the most difficult languages in the world, besides English to a foreigner. Both dressed in Caftans, we started the 60 mile drive to Seattle. I would have to stop every 10 miles and Tamara would cheer me on. "Come on OMI, you can make it, this is going to be the best day of your life." We can always call someone to get us on the way home, but right now OMI come on." We did not mention that part to her mother until much later.

We made it and upon our arrival were escorted to our front row seats. Tamara sang along and I noticed she was swaying with the music identically to the man sitting next to her. Remember thinking how this 10 year old child not only remembered the words but was able to copy the neighbor in his trance like movements. I looked again and she had her eyes closed. She was feeling the music and the powerful spiritual message of the night. Another gifted child in my family!

After the concert we went to visit with Hugh and Miss Makeba. It turned out to be Hugh's 62nd birthday. One could not tell his age. He moved so smoothly and brought so much joy, like Sarafina, a musical he had written a little prior starring Whoopi Goldberg. A musical about Apartheid. Miss Makeba was a lot shorter than I had imagined her to be. Such GIANTS in this world though. They have a path and a mission. Tamara told her how I always talked about her great accomplishments as an ambassador of freedom and that on occasions had said, had I been able to pick a mother I would have chosen her. She turned to me and smilingly said, "That would make me very old." We laughed. I asked how come she had never realized a song about her being the great SANGOMA I knew she is, again she smiled. A SANGOMA is a SHAMAN, a WISEWOMAN. She did release a CD called Sangoma. Songs of her mother, all in Zulu. Coincidence? Maybe. That visit lingered on for a long time. Tamara called it the best day of her life, we did make it home safe.

The experience stayed with her and she told her teacher. Shortly there after I was asked to come to school and tell the story that Tamara had related. With her as my helper, we shared songs and stories, showed the 3rd and 4th Grade the difference between the native clothes of Africa and Egypt. We showed them pictures of long lines of people that had walked for days to have

their voice heard in the elections and how important it was to vote and how ONE person can make a difference. How against all odds they had given a freedom concert in Zimbabwe, to raise the consciousness, so they would eventually be allowed to give a concert in the new free South Afrika. And of course, we told the Hyena story.

Eventually they did have that concert along with Ladysmith Black Mombazo, Mombazo meaning ax, of the township of Ladysmith. To discourage white artists, mainly Paul Simon, to join with the African Musicians, Josef Shabalala's Brother ..accidentally.. got shot by the police. Josef being the leader of Ladysmith Black Mombazo. No one cared that most of that money was to benefit a school the group had built and supported. Only later when they made a Lifesaver commercial did people even inquire who this powerful acappella group was.

The African continent has a universal National Anthem, Akalele Afrika, that is the closest I can come pronouncing it in English. It is honored by all countries and each will add their own, following that song. When I worked as a DJ over the years, I would use it as a signature song and play it at the end of each show. What seems to be little things can go a long way and make a difference. Maybe not to all, but a few. Paul Simon in his own rights, in my opinion, is a LIGHTWORKER. Does he know? Maybe. What do you think Gypsy? My mind is back with Gypsy. With that I drift off to sleep.

“Wake up, very softly I hear in my sleep. Close the window it is going to rain.” 3:00 am and I am up again. I close the window and immediately the rain falls once more. Cannot get upset about having been woke up in such a gentle, loving way. Hope this will not be an every night occurrence, 3:00am. That makes it 5:00am in Washington, usually the time I go to bed. Where is that can of Cuban Coffee I had in Topeka? I totally dislike the wallpaper in the bathroom, yellow flowers, daisies maybe? Either way that wall paper will have to go right along with the Brussel-Sprout curtains. Can't do anything about it this time a night. I can just close the door. Never noticed the door. That's better. Flower washroom, makes me dizzy just thinking about it! Here is the coffee. I should journal this trip. As I am waiting for the water to boil, I am looking for a writing tablet. Almost like being at home, whatever I need just happens to be somewhere. I put the powdered coffee in the glass container and add the boiling water. Love that smell. Coffee so strong it grows hair on your chest...

After I got back from Germany, I had asked Gypsy to invest in an

Espresso Cart. Even after I explained how great of an idea that was, just putting it on the street corner and sell strong coffee and espresso, she said, “NO. Now Lilyan, who would be crazy enough to buy coffee for a dollar?” When Starbucks opened and the Latte’ craze took over the Great Northwest, I often brought it back up, how wrong she was about that. For once! “Remind me to invest in your next crazy Idea,” she said.

I drink coffee often before going back to sleep. It puts Oxygen in your brain and relaxes, the Doctor had told me when I had gotten ill, when visiting my Mother. She agreed and I guess that was the reason she would wake me up at 2:00am every morning for an “AUDIENCE” she called it. Little tea cart with coffee and little golden spoons. Cream and sugar dish from my great grandmother adorned the little “DUMB WAITER” that’s what she called the cart. After we sipped on our treat we would go right back to bed. So it must be working and I still practice this little ritual should I wake up. Got Gypsy started on it. She was not allowed to smoke in the house at her place of employment so she would sit on the dryer in the washroom drinking coffee, smoking and talking to me. “And how is OMAR?” she asked. That was enough to set me off all over again and bless her heart, she would listen to me resite the whole ugly story again for the 600th time. That many because that many days had went by since this whole fiasco started.

In 1987 I worked as a booking agent. I booked bands into nightclubs and DJ’s into discos. On one of those occasions I had seen a man that was very much to my liking. He was very handsome, a little shorter than what I preferred in the perfect man but I instantly liked him. He was of CUBAN descent, from the province of Santiago. He had a sense of humor, his eyes would just twinkle when he told a story in such a serious manner and just when, because of the vivid description, one got all emotional about the story unfolding, this little boy look on his face would appear and one would realize he was pulling one’s leg again. And he would laugh. Over a period of time Omar and I became very good friends. Somehow I knew this man would play an important role in my life and he felt the same. We decided to be friends because sometimes lovers break up and the relationship changes and we did not want to end up like that. We had a lot in common and Omar was always by my side in case of crisis, which was quite often. We would discuss our intimate feelings about the people in our lives. He had never been married and had no children so he would share my family. He would look forward to the birth of yet, another child and on holidays he would stop at our place before going to whomever the Lady of his life was at that time. If anyone’s car broke down we’d yell: “OMAR!” and he would rush right over to see that



everything came out OK. “Just to make sure,” he would say. The fact that between our two accents we would royally screw up directions and do it our way anyway, was fine with him.

He owned FRESHIES. A catfish franchise and sold catfish to the local restaurants and stores. He also had a clothing outlet in Los Angeles so catfish and clothes were not on our shopping list any longer. He would come all loaded down with catfish and take over my kitchen and again, show me how real catfish was skinned, so it don't taste “Fishy.” “The name of my business is FRESHI, not FISHY” he'd say. He was so proud, as again, he had cooked up a perfect batch of “FRESHIES.”

His girlfriend did not like me and truth should be told my boyfriend did not like Omar either. Somehow all my male friends were jealous of our very unique relationship and the deep love we had for one another. When he broke up with the girlfriend, he closed Freshies right after he catered a local boat ride in Puget Sound. We had called it the “CAT- FISH -FLOAT.” He liked that term because the purpose for the boat ride was to board at 8:00pm, on to what had been turned into a floating Disco, so people could dance, eat a little catfish and hushpuppies and dance and repeat the process till 2:00am, that being the time the state law stops all alcoholic activities.

He got a contract with the PX on FT. LEWIS, the nearby Army base, to become one of the vendors that had little shops in the front entrance. We talked to each other every night and talked about everything under the sun. We were so compatible. By culture, music, spiritual beliefs, in fact, we agreed on almost everything. I was still active in local politics and a member of Blacks in Government, the only light skinned person, which sometimes created a little confusion, but I was used to that. For hours we would talk about the fact that we need to do more for the children and how to make the world a better place to live in. How sad it was that drugs had been so infiltrated into society and how we both felt that drug dealers were murderers. And all the talk about, what society dictates, I can't get a job and all the other stereotype cop-outs were just that. How maybe not in other places but in America one could make something out of themselves and would not have to resort to selling or using drugs. When time came to support DARE, he would be the first to buy whatever we were selling to raise money for that purpose.

I was unable to get around some days because of my back and other health problems and it pained him to see me suffer about anything. “If you could do anything that you enjoy, he asks, what would you want to happen?” I told him that I feel I have a mission in life and have to reach masses with a message and music would be the way I could do that. “OK, he said, let's do

it.” We found a very good artist and started recording beautiful songs about people and their relationships and hardships of life and the joy of children and the elderly. Everyone was excited when they heard LOLLIPOP GIRL, the song we released first.

His uncle had come to visit from Miami, what a challenge that was. I spoke no Spanish and Uncle no English. So when grandmother died during his stay and I tried to comfort him, I resorted to the little Italian I remembered and it worked. Proving the fact that with effort all obstacles can be overcome. Shortly after that, Omar’s Mother passed and that was a hard thing for my friend. Somehow he felt guilty about not having gone back to Cuba to visit, only the political situation made that to be a problem not even he was able to solve. We were very close in those days, felt like we were one and the same. Again, that created problems in relationships we both entertained. Michelle, I and the kids had planned to drive to Indianapolis to introduce the Babies to the great grandparents and he made it possible for us to make the trip in his Van, he had traded a car for it. We were to leave in a few days.

One morning at two o’clock, I got a call from Omar telling me he was in jail. Thinking he had gotten a traffic ticket I offered to come right over to post his bail. “No, he said, you don’t understand. I was arrested for drugs.” “Drugs,” I said and we both laughed thinking it was all a joke. Remembering how he used to pull my leg with his funny stories, I really thought that again he had made a joke, except it was not funny. But he assured me, yes, he was really in jail having been arrested for drugs. Did not matter what I asked him about he could not answer the question, he did not really know what was going on. The next day I went to court to a bail hearing and he had been accused of owning 500 plus grams of crack cocaine. They found it in the woods several miles from his home. Was asked if I wanted to post bail, I declined. Gypsy and I had discussed it and she was willing to give her property up for collateral but Omar did not allow us to do that. “It’s a misunderstanding he said. They made a mistake.”

I had no key to his apartment, it had been left on the van key chain. When I requested a key from the manager, I was told he was not allowed to give it to me. But he did accept the rent money. Let Omar deal with that when he gets home. As time went on and the story unfolded it became clear he was not to come home.

We hired a lawyer and he said, “No problem I’ll take care of it.” The FBI came to my house asking me questions, very nicely mind you. They said he would not come back, he was to go to prison for 40 years. They mentioned that they knew I had no knowledge of his activities, or the 17

girlfriends he maintained besides me and I would be allowed to keep the Cadillac, the old 77 Seville. To go into the apartment and get his things, they are yours for your trouble. Almost sounded like they had really meant STUPIDITY, but they were nice about it and I realized they thought I was his girlfriend.

He came over with the MARIEL Boatlift in the 80's. Never had a job in his life and had connections to the drug lords in Miami and Los Angeles, I was told. Not a problem I thought, because of his limited English, I had taken care of almost all tax returns, State and Federal and knew that was a lie.

His relatives came from Los Angeles with the rest of the records and receipts and we gave them to the lawyer. We were able to account for almost all of the \$87,000.00 taken from his apartment. The money we had planned to finish the record deal with. Took every business license I could track down and the names and phone numbers of the Drug Lords that was programmed into the phone. Those numbers were phone numbers of relatives and friends, I knew them all, or should I say knew of them. I transferred the phone, every call that used to come to the apartment now came to my house. No requests for Drugs. I took the Caddy into the neighborhoods infested with drugs thinking someone might recognize it and ask me to make a buy. That did not happen. I am a Scorpio and had to know for myself.

We were not able to make the trip because they had taken the van at the time of the arrest.

This has to be political I thought and Omar and I still thought a mistake had been made. He had told the lawyer, with me on a three way phone call, he did not sell drugs to the man earlier in May, as stated in the indictment. The informer owed him money and out of the blue one day decided to re-pay him and they had met at the car wash, at the request of the informant. "Why was he not arrested then?" we inquired. "Don't worry about that the lawyer said. We can clear that up."

How about the day of the arrest when it was stated he was under surveillance the whole day and no one saw me, fact being I was in and out of his apartment several times that day? How could he have been arrested in the first place that night. He had been awakened by his Mother's Spirit and told to get up and leave. In a hurry, he had not went to the bathroom and as men often do, stopped at the roadside to take care of that little matter. 4 miles later he was arrested. No drugs on his person, no drugs taken from the house he was never to enter again after that.

How about the fact that at months end the local paper stated \$5,000.00 confiscated during the month in drug busts? How I had called DARE asking

whatever happened to the \$87,000.00 that was taken in their jurisdiction that should have brought up the amount to \$92,000.00 for the month. How about the fact they knew nothing about that and were so surprised when I told them how I knew of this. And how, OOPS ,the money had gotten lost until I brought it to their attention? “No Problem,” the lawyer said.

It soon became apparent that the lawyer, knowing there was no more money to be gotten, decided to sell his client up the river and plead him GUILTY. I was part of every conversation except one. Omar was to plead guilty and get 20 years in Federal Prison and a \$4,000,000.00 FOUR MILLION dollar fine. Omar is an honorable man and continued to tell him he was not guilty of those crimes and no, he would not do that. He knew that with a jury of 12 decent citizens, there would be at least half that could see what had really happened. A drug dealer buying his freedom and turning in an innocent man. The lawyer told the judge he would accept the deal, only he did not know Omar. He stood right up and waved his handcuffs until the Judge asked, “What do you want?” He told the judge he was innocent and did not ever agree to take a deal. The Judge fired the lawyer that day, it being a Thursday. Omar was put into isolation and I never spoke to him after that.

On Monday I saw him in court. He was not allowed to speak to me. “Show no emotions and be quiet,” they tell the defendent. I think it is because of that, so many of us good citizen always think criminals have no emotions, when in fact that is part of the circus they call trials. When lawyers are on stage, in their power plays, then go laugh about it at the end of the day, as to whom has a better story. That is why murderers go free or only get a few years of their lives taken away from them, Child molesters get a slap on the wrist and sometimes an innocent man falls through the cracks and goes to prison for a long time, not having the money to continue to prove his innocence. On Monday we went back to court with the same lawyer that had just been fired and they could not explain that to me. The trial lasted for three days. Somewhere in the process, I was referred to as his wife. We decided not to change that. The lawyer told the jury his client was guilty and Omar got convicted.

Remember standing on the courthouse steps with Omar’s girlfriend. We just stood there embracing, in disbelief of what we just seen happen. The lawyer had not used one piece of evidence I had given him. Not one of ANYTHING! We saw the van that drove Omar back to jail and waved. A court clerk eventually told us that the court house was closing and that we had stood there for hours in shock. “It’s over, he said, You cannot change a thing.”

In a daze I had driven home and after fixing myself a cup of coffee to

drink at the kitchen table I heard something so very frightening. I heard what sounded like an animal howling. The sound was coming from my mouth! No, from my soul! It got louder and louder. In my mind I said “stop it..stop it!”..... It did not. I was crazy, I knew this was it! I had lost my mind. It would not stop. Eventually it did and a peace came over me, like I had been placed into a “Nothing, Non-Existence.” I decided not to call 911. Later I found out that was called a primal scream. “I know DARLIN, Gypsy would say. That’s why primal means prehistoric. It is all the pain that has ever been stored in your Cellular Memory from the time your soul came to exist.” But it is so scary and I thought I went crazy. “LILYEN you mean CRAZIER.” “OK Crazier. You know, if every person could do this in a controlled environment it would get rid of so much pain.” “I agree.” “But who wants to be in charge of that? “ “ YOU? “ “Of course not Lilyan. There are people that can do that and that is not your job. Nor mine.” “So what is my job?” “You’ll know one day. I’m going to bed, Good Night Darlin.”

WOW! Six O’clock, I had better get back to sleep before the town wakes up! How can I have just sat here so in thought. It’s daylight. Have a long day ahead of me at the laundry.

It was well after 12 noon when I finally did arrive at the laundry. The man with whom I had a conversation about Westport the day prior was there. “ Didn’t think you were coming. I brought you some doughnuts. And your coffee is cold too.” He hands a bag to me and I thank him. “So, how long are you going to be in town?” “21 days, than I am going to Nashville.” “Oh yeah you said that yesterday. Tell me, how can you get that much dirty laundry in a rolling house like yours?” “It’s quite spacious. Want to look?” “Sure.” He steps in and admires all my STUFF. “Pretty kitchen curtains you have.” “Would you like to have them?” Here is my chance to get rid of the Brussel-Sprouts! “No. My kitchen faces away from the street, I am a simple man don’t need curtains. You do have alot of room. Nice Heads.” I felt the need to explain that they were masks remembering the panic they had created in MEME. “ They are nice, real nice. What you want for them?” “They are not for sale.” “Ok then, thanks for showing me your place.” Let me help you with that and with that he carried the rest of the blankets in the laundry for me. “So you drive around looking for Crop Circles, do you?” “In part, it’s a little early in the year. In order to have Crop Circles you need crops and they are not big enough yet. Even though I have seen pictures of three already that appeared in England, in RAPE, that is what you call cranola. They were early

too.” “That so? See any UFO’s?”

“All the time. Saw one on my way to the airport in St.Louis last year.”

“Yep they are around here all the time. People don’t talk about it much. I’ve seen them past several years. Well, nice talking to you. Had best go now, suppose to take my brother to Maybury.”

I am a little hungry, but I am saving these doughnuts for tonight in case I wake up. What a long night. So unusual to just sit and think without a phone or a TV. My house is like a bus station every one dropping in all hours of the night. I am going to change that when I get home.

I decide on smoked fish and Pita bread for lunch. Like smoked and pickled fish. Best thing for a hangover. I have to chuckle at my own joke. Only had two hangovers in all my life. That always did surprise me, considering at one time I could drink a bottle of Cognac in a day. Had not had a drink in 5 years. Just decided one day I could not afford to drink any more after seeing I had spent \$300.00 in one place alone. WOW, where did that come from at lunch time?

A lady approaches me telling me she works at the laundynette in the GOOD part of town. Would I be nice enough to stop in there? Some people had asked could I talk to them for a while. I agreed to come the next day, maybe. She gives me instructions how to get to the GOOD part if town. “Do you still have swapmeets on Saturday?” I ask. “No, she says, there is a SHAVEN ICE STAND there now.”

Don’t want to appear stupid, what is shaven Ice? No, I am not going to ask. I’ll try to see for myself when I go to the dollar store later, the DOLLARSTORE being straight across from the lot I remembered seeing the swapmeet. The dialects have changed a lot and I have to really pay attention as to understand people. Can’t keep asking what they say and that might sound rude.

The lady I helped to clean up last night has arrived already, her arm still bandaged. Actually, more of it than I remembered from last night. Inquire how she is feeling. She said “OK, went to the doctor and now I am in a cast.” So for the second night I help her clean up. Her sister came and we sat in the back room and I did two readings. They said they were quite good and could they have their friends call on me. Of course. I feel like I have a purpose.

They invite me for dinner, close to where I had spent the night. You should park further up town they suggest. People park at Harvey’s and the police station is right there and it is safe. Should pull under the tree by the laundry, it’s too hot to not have shade. The mailman stops there all the time

and we appreciate the company. Before parting ways I agree and get a hug. That's nice. Greenville is OK.

As I find myself a new angle to park at Grand Pa's, the name of the store I have been parked at these past few nights, I notice that even though the store is closed, the swimming pools and bicycles are left out over night, how impressive to be in a town that feels safe enough to do that. Go try that in the city and see what happens..... It is hot, still 95' in the CROPPER. Good thing I like heat, without electricity the air conditioner doesn't work, maybe there will be another rain to cool things off a little. Put in a good days work, all the blankets are clean including my ten footer and I think the smell is just so much better. Tomorrow I will dye the curtains that cover the windows in the sleeping cab. Don't want anything to remind me of the reason that my house stinks to high heaven. At least now I can invite someone to come in without having to explain that affliction. Next thing you know I will experience Tissue Memories. Remember how about four years ago I had a terrible pain in my right arm and was unable to move, it felt like it was just hanging there. Could not really see what was the matter with it, but it seemed that is was all broken up. The pain got worse, so eventually I went to the Emergency Room. Felt real stupid when I filled out the papers stating it felt as if I had broken my arm except I had not and how it had just started to hurt like that all of a sudden. The nurse looked at me a little strange but she had dealings with me before, so I am sure she said to herself: "It's that weird woman again, let the doctor deal with that." And with that she handed me a gown. Told the doctor the same thing and that I had no idea what was the matter. "Ever hurt your arm there before?" he asked. "Why actually yes," I answered. "What happened?" he asked and I explained to him that I had fallen while skating. I wanted to be a professional Rollerskater. As a result of a double fracture in my arm I was unable to skate after that. "Well let me see than," he said. It was at that time that I started to cry like a child. "What's wrong? he asked, does it really hurt that much?" "Yes, I whimpered, why did he hit me so hard?" "Who hit you?" doctor asked.

"Papa, I said. He wanted me to weed the carrots but the beans next to the carrots made me itch and I stopped and he hit me with the shovel." Heard the doctor say as in a distance, "well, we'll fix that arm right up for you young lady." Coming back to my senses I wiped the tears off my face and realized I had just now remembered how I had really broken my arm.

Doctor said I was suffering from TISSUE MEMORIES and explained that sometimes, when something traumatic happens to us our brain is kind

enough to file it away and sometimes we remember it later and sometimes we don't. And as we remember, we have to go through the physical pain that we rejected at the time we filed it away. "What !!! I got a broken arm 45 years after I broke it?" I demanded to know. "No, he said, but you need to go through the healing just the same. We will X-ray it, just in case you did re-injure yourself and we'll let it heal." The X-ray was fine. Over my objections he put a cast on it and for 3 weeks I felt totally stupid having my arm in a cast. What happened to you Lilian? Oh well, I am healing the arm I broke 45 years ago. GREAT!!! So I avoided people altogether for 3 weeks. And I was mad. Kind of funny now, but it was not funny for the three weeks. Michelle asked "How is your 45 year old break," and we would laugh eventually, what else could we do? Boy, if those curtains were to give me tissue memories I don't even want to think that, they have to go. Here comes somebody...

I open the door and an elderly Lady introduces herself as ANN. "Wonder if I might speak to you for a bit. People at the laundry told me I might find you here and that they had visited with you." "I am Lilian. Come in would you like a cup of tea?" "Only if it is decaffeinated and you have Sweet and Low." "I do, I don't like the taste of anything starting with DIET but I keep it for company." As she waits for the tea she admires the bookcase and the rest of the furnishings. She really liked the drum I got in Salt Lake. She spotted the flyers that had been left on the table, picked it up and looked at the picture. As she turned it over she noticed writing on it. "Is that your Flyer?" "Yes." "I can read the big letters, but not the little ones, what does it say?" "Well that is the article I wrote last year... FEELING EARTHQUAKEY." "Oh, sure would like to hear it. My eyes are not good can you read it?" "Sure.. "Here is your tea. Are you ready?" "I guess so, it's so hot and my feet are swollen." "Just take your shoes off." "Oh could I? Hope I can get them back on, well, I don't live too far from here, if I have to I'll drive barefooted." After we struggle with the shoes for a bit, she said: "I am ready."

In the early 1980's I was sick a lot. Going to the doctor 3-4 times a week was normal. Only one problem. My symptoms did not go with my illnesses. As a last resort, I was sent to Seattle to what was then called "NEW LIFE FOUNDATION".

When I arrived, I was interviewed by an MD, a Psychiatrist, a gentlemen from Seismology from the University of Washington, a Minister and a PSYCHIC named KAHANASHEBASHON. Wow, I thought at the time, I think I'm really nuts. As it turned out, it was determined that I was one of many people that were physically affected by Earth Movement.



After four months of close monitoring, I was enrolled in a program that had been set up and Government funded. We were given a chart to fill out on a daily basis and given a phone number to call whenever we felt ill. On the chart it listed symptoms, such as Palpating-heart, Aches in joints, Loss of Libido, Loss of Balance, Hot flashes (male and female) Headaches, Kidney pain, Depression, Aggression and a list of our own.

We had to list this daily from 1-10, with 5 being normal. If we had a 8 or 9, or more than 3 symptoms, we would call a phone number we had been given, to get information about what was going on in the world. Like Earthquakes, Volcanoes, High tides or Eclipses.

As time went on I realized that I was not nuts at all. I learned (before the Government discontinued the program) that what was happening to me and so many others, really had a logical explanation. Any Kind of earth movement sends low pitch frequencies into the Atmosphere. We in turn pick it up with our inner ear and it translates into Pain, Mood Change Vertigo...No balance...etc.

I knew a lady that worked as a shoe salesperson. She eventually had to change jobs because she could no longer climb a ladder as these things occurred more and more.

Volcanoes omit gases that contain sulfur. In people that are sensitive to sulfur that results in itching and extreme nervousness.

Now as you know the earth moves on a regular basis. I am sure a lot of you have been very frustrated, to say the least, with your physical health. Please continue to see your doctor. At the same time you might ask some of your friends how they are feeling. There are several doctors and chiropractors in the Olympia Area that are aware of these facts (gosh they have been treating me for 16 years) and even though we no longer have a network like in the 80's, there are still some of us that are willing to share Symptoms with you. If anyone is interested in forming a support group please let me know.

One never gets used to this rollercoaster of VIRUSES as the doctors call them for lack of a better word. And yes, they will go away for a little while once a Quake occurs and then they start all over again. There is a webpage on the Internet that lists all activity, maybe you would like to monitor that. Just knowing what is wrong with you will help to set your mind at ease. And if you feel REAL CRAZY at 2am or ??? feel free to call me.

We are in the middle, or beginning of the Earthchanges, depending on how you want to look at it. As the animals that are so affected by these frequency changes, we too, will have to learn how to adjust and go with the

Flow. HO!

“Well that explains a lot of my problems” she says. And put so simple, hate reading anything, even if it is in large print. Everything sounds so complicated so who cares!” “Got a lot of feedback on that article, I explain and several people had commented on that very same fact. We still post it at the library and the doctors and I get a lot of calls even now, one year later. It is a little outdated, I am going to have to add HAARP to that.” She gives me an empty kind of look, still sipping on her mint tea. “My son John said I should come and see you. You can tell the future he had heard someone say.” “OK, we can do that.” Was this woman old in years or old in life? Hard to tell. Only John I remember talking to was a young man 23-24 maybe. As the reading is in full swing now, I still only pick up one thing...A gigantic sinkhole.

“Do you live in a flood area?” I ask. “No.”

“Is there a new construction by your place?” “No.”

“Is there landfill near by?” “No.”

The reading took me to some small issues as to her health and a delinquent Insurance payment. A traffic ticket a family member had forgotten to pay and right back to the SINKHOLE. I explained that sometimes it does not give details, like the time I had told a lady in Alaska she was to live in a DUMP only having HALF of a wall. I advised her to check her home owners insurance for replacement value and how I did not want to put my own logic into the reading. Six weeks later it turned out that a water heater had burst and flooded her house. She had not checked her insurance policy, so when it was all said and done, she had been paid only enough to install half of a wall.

“You are right, she said. I do live in a dump with half of a wall.” No reaction from Ann, wonder if she understood me. Maybe my accent prevented her from fully understanding. “Ann, I am sorry all I can get from your reading is a Sinkhole and I don’t know what that means.”

“I don’t either. I had best go now, usually don’t stay away from home that late.” She put \$25.00 on the table and said, “Thank you for your time.”

As I was about to close the door behind her, I heard that voice say: “Give her a metal box.” I said : “WAIT.” Got a little metal box out of a box I keep by the bath room sink and handed it to her. “It’s a wishbox, I heard myself say, You put your wishes and dreams in it. Should someone other than yourself steal or open it, it is just an empty box.” “A wishbox she said, you know no one ever gives me anything, it takes a stranger to give me a wishbox.”

She had the prettiest smile on her face, the only one I had seen since I met her. She looked young. She gave me a HUG. I realized it was her life I had seen,

the sinkhole was her life.

Ten o'clock in the AM. Never did wake up last night. That was nice for a change. After my usual toiletries I decide to get some Honeybuns. We don't have Honeybuns in Washington, Junglejuice either for that matter. Always buy lots of those treats for the kids. They remember them from their childhood when we lived in Louisiana and Memphis. Think I'll take the advice about coming further up town, even if this is not the Good part, so I stop at Harvey's and ask permission to spend the night in their parking lot. "Sure they say, glad to have you. Always have at least a couple 18wheelers now that they can't park at Loubobs any more." "I was there the night I came to town, lots of trucks then," I said. "Yeah, but they are getting ready to put up the 4th of July fireworks and close off the lot after dark. Started doing that last night. Well, we'll see you tonight then."

Stop at the Dollar Store, today I am doing things a little different. Will buy fabric softener at the Dollar Store. \$1.00 for 3 sheets of Bounce at the Laundry what a rip off! As I drive up to the store to park, I notice a bright colored stand, looks like a little cabin. A lady is painting a parakeet on the door. What bright happy colors. Get out of the CROPPER. She sticks her head out of the door and says "HI AGAIN." It's the lady I met last year at the swapmeet. "Still wearing them pretty long dresses she says. That's how I knew who you were. Going to stay Long?" "No, I reply, Just 3 weeks." "Been anywhere interesting yet" she asks. "Not yet. Been thinking about asking the townfathers if they'll give me permission to film the old jail. Thought I'd do a ghost story while I am here." "Well, that would be different. We don't have the swapmeet anymore, just did not pay off. Everybody is going to St. Louis these days and there are enough second hand stores in town anyway. Yvonne has a little stand at the antique mall. You do remember Yvonne, she is the one you bought all them paintings from last year." "Oh yeah, now I remember. I am looking for a computer place, have to send some E-mail." "Not here, they are charging a quarter a copy at the post office now, things are getting so outrageous, would you agree? Try the library maybe he will let you use his computer." She hands me a Snowcone. "Pina-colada, our new flavor." "Thanks"... so that is Shaved Ice... If only I could remember this ladies name. Amazing how people here can see you one time and remember who you are. Pretty good.... "Well see ya later," and with that she disappears inside of the little booth.

I do like this Dollar Store. 100 Tylenol \$2.00, 2 cans of tuna \$ 1.00, Spraypaint \$1.00, Carpet runners \$10.00, Cup-A-Noodle 6 for \$1.00.

Better stop looking. Do I really need spraypaint? Well one never knows. I buy one gold and one silver. I do need those runners though and the Tylenol. Almost \$25.00 again. Where does it go so fast I wonder. Oh wait, I do need those mauve curtains. They are too long. That's OK, I'll shorten them and with that I am done shopping for today.

I stop at the Library and the Gentlemen there is nice enough to let me use his Net, he called it, after he explains several times how it works. "Thank you I tell him." This is the first time, since I left TOPEKA, that I have been able to get into my mail. Mostly junk. Does not matter what brilliant device anyone invents, won't be long before it becomes a JUNKTOOL. Keeps people in jobs. The printsetter, the publisher, the mailman and the trashman. All that money just wasted. Have to pay to haul away what I did not want in the first place. Wonder if I can list that as a tax expense. Do have letters from some of the friends wishing me well on my trip. After about an hour or so I am all done here. I ask if they have any meeting rooms here so I could give a little talk for the towns people. "Talk on what?" the Gentlemen asked. "Crop Circles and Ghosts." "Well, he says, you can try that, but since that collage came to town we are very limited on what we can think even. All about Money you know." "I know" I say. "But do check back, I'll see what I can do for you."

I also stop at the local radio station inquiring if there are any Talk Shows looking for an unusual guest. "No, the woman bellows, we play MUSIC." "OK thank you" I say as I tiptoe out of the station. What a strange variety of people.

Lots of people at the laundry today. I find a machine and make them aware that this one will have red dye in it, so let me make sure it is rinsed out good, before anyone else uses it. As the curtains wash and change color I am taking down the ugly Brussel-sprout curtains and throw them in the garbage. FINALLY they are gone! To emphasize that fact, I take the trash inside the laundry so I won't accidentally forget and those ugly things won't get stuck hanging on the door for one more minute. Clean out the machine and put the curtains in the dryer. Don't know anyone here today.

I park under the tree like was suggested to me the night before, maybe the mailman would like to have lunch, will ask him in so he can get out of his hot car. The back of the CROPPER is so light now that there are no curtains and I can really see those ugly yellow flowers in the bath room. Spray paint... That is why I bought that. I spray gold and silver blotches over the wallpaper. That looks a little better, but I don't like it, something is missing... The Alien-stickers from Pizzahut. That's it! And so I wallpaper the bath room with

Alien-baby-stickers. Looks great! Now the new curtains, they are too long. I am not crazy about sewing, but will when unable to find what I want, such is the case with my Caftans and now these curtains. I'll just tie some knots in them like this--- and this --- and ---- whoollla. Now that looks nice. Everything is finally all matching. Now the Runners, they fit too. This is looking very nice.

A knock on the door.

This is a male because it is a hard knock. Must be the Mailman.

"Come in."

The door opens and there are two police officers.

"That your RIG ma'am?"

"Yes officer."

"You can't live here."

"I beg your Pardon?"

"You can't live here at the laundromat."

"I am not living at the laundrynette."

"So what are you doing here than?"

"LAUNDRY?"

"Let me see your license. No, I don't need your registration or your insurance papers. You license MA'AM. State your business in Greenville ma'am."

"I am here to visit my husband, he is an inmate at the Federal Penitentiary."

"Well I would suggest you don't talk to anybody while you are here."

"Excuse me Officer, I don't understand what you mean."

"What I mean is that we don't want you to talk to NOOOOBODY you got that?"

In my mind I said what the .... do you mean NOOOOBODY, but instead I said,

"I am sorry I don't understand what you mean Officer."

"We had a complaint saying you are living at the Laundry and talking to people. We have a GYPSYLAW in this here town and you can't talk to nobody."

"May I get my laundry?"

"YES, but than you have to leave here. That's all MA'AM."

I heard Omar say: "Never let anyone see you sweat," where did that come from... A GYPSY LAW how ironic. Should I laugh now or later.

Actually this is not funny. I am use to being racially confused, but it never occurred that I might be mistaken for a Gypsy. Gypsies are wonderful people, I have known many. I get the curtains out of the dryer. A young black man looks at me in an understanding kind of way and said: "Better you than me Lady," and I tell him "bye." I go to the store across the street and call home. I

am shook up now. No answer.

Just as I am getting back into the CROPPER the police come for a second time.

“Let me see that license again” He pulls the police car in front of the CROPPER. Like, where am I going. Omar comes to mind, that is a scary feeling to be surrounded by police except you don’t know why exactly.

“We told you not to speak to people and you went to the store.” “Yes Officer, I attempted to make a phone call.”

“Where are you going to be tonight?”

“At Harvey’s.”

“You can’t just park places.”

“I am a respectful person, Officer and I have permission to park there.”

“Go see if that is the truth,” he tells his partner.

My Erma Bombeck mind sets in! “Would you like to come in for a cup of tea while we are waiting Officer?”

“No.”

“She does have permission” his partner said on his return.

“OK then, when are you leaving?”

“In 19 days.”

“Where are you going then?”

“Nashville.”

“NOOOOBODY!”

He returns my license for the second time. I sit down for a moment and as I get ready to shut the door a Lady calls to me. “How are you Lilian? What are you doing in Greenville?” It is Theresa, a friend from FLORENCE, COLORADO. She saw the question mark on my face and I tell her how I am. Mad. Mad. Mad. “You stay here, she says. I will be right back.”

I get out my notebook and make an entry. Emotions: Confused, angry, unjustly accused, of what I don’t know, it just feels like it, scared, surprised. Never cared about if people liked me or not, but this is different. Am I homeless? Is that how homeless people feel, like they are a nuisance and in peoples way? By not doing anything a threat, or a threat because they are different? Like the homeless man laying on the side of the road amidst his box house talking to someone we were unable to see. In the middle of nowhere in Idaho? Had filmed him thru the window, as not to disturb him. Maybe he was talking to angels. I am not a vagrant. I have my house with me, a couple of dollars in my pocket and even an American Express card a friend had given me for my use in case of an emergency. Not that I am going to use it, this is not an emergency. I am in a free will Universe and will not let

this force me to live somewhere I don't want to be, or cannot afford. Omar must feel like this being so helpless since he cannot change his circumstances.

Teresa comes back with a friend. "This is Jenny, we go to the same church, you can park at her house." "Thank you" I say and follow Jenny home. One Block from the police station. I have an eerie feeling and am a little paranoid. I am parked at an angle, so I won't be able to turn on the gas. That is ok I am invited, welcome and safe.

I sit in my newly decorated house and look around. I really like the new look. In candlelight it is so cozy. Been gone 4 weeks now. Lots of things happened in 4 weeks. Lot of memories came to the surface, especially the last few days now that I am by myself. The candle light has a soothing affect and gives me a safe feeling. Still have not come to terms with the emotions from this afternoon. Think of the odds of Teresa showing up so out of the blue. Last time I saw her was in Florence, Colorado two years ago. Universe works in strange ways. At least I can talk to her while I am here. Forgot to ask her where she lives. Should have tried to visit with my hostess before it got this late. I'll do it tomorrow. Really felt like I was doing something in this town, just think of the smile on that Ladies face, what was her name? Oh yeah ANN.

Guess they won't let me do the talk at the library either. All these places I have been already and nothing has worked out. Had all these expectations and nothing is working out. My thoughts are repeating. Talk about beating myself up.... I guess I am really shook up. What's the matter Lilian? Loosing your touch? Maybe it is the feeling of rejection that ticks me off. Never had that problem when I was in Sales. Could sell a refrigerator for an igloo some one said once. Did not know what an IGLOO was and thought the man had made a racial joke. Just as I started to correct him on that, I realized the English language had gotten the best of me again. Actually the American language. Eventually I had figured out that people wanted what they could not have, so I would make bets with the guys as to what car I would sell next. They would say, "You'll never do it, we have been trying to sell that one for a month." As the customers came in I would just very nonchalant brush against that car and keep going. I'd show them everything in stock except that one. "What about that first one?" they would ask. "Oh that one, that's not the one you want," I'd say. I'd go right back to my presentation and they'd stop me. "I want to see that one," pointing to the one I refused to show them and almost always, that would be the one they'd buy. Again I win the bet. Was hard to compete against men in the 70's. Once I gave a presentation

at the Safeway Corporation, can't remember what about. What I do remember is that everyone looked so bored. An all male audience, they thought I did not know what I was talking about. Again the English got mixed up. I meant to say "Let me draw you a diagram." Instead I said "Let me draw you a diaphragm." Had their full attention then. We've come a long way since then and that is good. Progress is good.

One day a person asked me very rude and snotty, "What can I do for you?" I said, "Nothing. What can I DO FOR YOU?" After that I felt I had a lot of value and a lot to offer and approached all my sales like that. Maybe I am being reminded of that lesson. Don't be so friendly, let them come to you. After I went thru my roll call of what if's I decided that this afternoon happened for a reason.

Not having access to a phone near by, I drove back to the other end of town to the Shell Station and called my children. Told Michelle what had happened and she could tell I was still in awe of the whole thing. She has a way to reverse roles with me at times so, as if she was my mother she talked to me and made me feel better. She has a relaxing way about her. In my younger days I was able to solve problems in seconds, sometimes before the end of the description of the problem. Now it takes minutes for me and seconds for her. Even Tamara is a great problem solver. Quick too. Chip off the old block. I had always been so judgmental and domineering, everything had to be one way and one way only. Michelle spent a lot of time with her stepmother which was my total opposite and a lot had rubbed off on my child. Not always to my liking, but now I was glad she was more relaxed about things than I ever was. She did know how to make me feel better and soon we laughed about it. I told her how paranoid I was driving across town, "Well Mother, you could head for the hills in your 23 footer," she said. "What Hill," I ask and realized she was joking.

I called my son too, but did not tell him what happened. My son is every mother's dream. Owns his house and a couple of nice cars. Has a good job and volunteers at the Fire Department. His house is spotless and everything in his life is orderly. I am very proud of him. Only now I wish I had taught him how to relax and that it is OK not to be perfect. He has such a hard time understanding why I remain by Omar's side. How can I love a criminal. It is I, that taught my son that the system is just and no one is in jail without a reason. I believed that to be true at the time, but now I know different.

I know about a man by the name of Keith Benjamin. He had gotten accused of killing a man 17 years ago in ST. CROIX, Virgin Islands. He did



not. He was convicted and got life without parole. Seven years into his sentence they found out the main witness had lied and was actually asleep at the time, not a witness at all, so who is the guilty party? Why is Keith still in jail? Ten years after the disclosure of the truth. Maybe the Governor of ST. CROIX will pardon him, maybe not. All I know, my life has not been the same since OMAR went to prison and I look at things differently now. I am no longer judgmental. No need for me to tell David anyway. Michelle will do it, she tells him everything.

“Go now.” The voice tells me. As I am driving up the street in front of me in the distance is a UFO, triangular shaped. It fades out for a couple of seconds and reappears. No clouds in the sky. It makes a couple of loops and shoots off in the distance and disappears. I feel better, I am not alone. As I drive up at the house that is now my ... HOME... the dog barks, hope I don't wake anyone up at one in the morning.

Only sleep a couple of hours. Never do sleep the night before I go for that first visit. Use to go every 2 months while he was in California and even took the kids when possible. He, Omar so misses the kids. Now as they are taking him further and further away from home, it is too expensive and sometimes too hard to travel, especially when my back is acting up. Feel this excitement of seeing him after a year. I write almost daily and tell him everything. If anything changes at the house, as by purchase, I take a picture and also of the people that are in my life now so he knows what the people look like and where things are. If he ever gets home maybe it will feel like he just went to the store or stepped out for a minute. Writing and talking on the phone once a week is fine but the visits are always so special.

Finally time to go. I look just fine. Soon the CROPPER pulls into the Gate of the Federal Penitentiary. Feels strange to arrive with my house. CROPPER gets a couple of admiring looks and I check myself in the mirror one more time. Between filling out all the papers, being taken thru all the locked doors and finally seeing him come thru the door takes almost 2 hours. So a visit is almost an all day project. He gives me that hug that I would drive to the end of the earth for. Not too long, that is not allowed. He smells so good, Cologne he saved from an insert in a magazine. It's pleasant. He is so thin and his face is terribly swollen. I get alarmed. Did they beat him? “No, he said, I have an ABC's (abscessed) tooth, been like that for 2 weeks.” He is a diabetic and even though there are court rulings as to treatment of diabetic inmates that does not seem to make a difference. “Today they gave me antibiotica,” he said. We just sit and say nothing for a long while. Guess we are both thinking about the fact that again we did not wake up from this

dream, thinking we only had a nightmare. "I'm glad you are here and safe. Took you a long time to get here. Tell me about the trip" and so I do. It is hard for him to laugh but he tries. He is not able to eat today so neither will I. We have coffee that is being sold in vending machines. 60 cents for coffee. \$1.00 pudding. \$3.65 a sandwich. At least they have food in the vending machine, some places they do not or it is all moldy and you just waste your money. This place has a nice court yard and we can sit outside and smoke. Omar does not smoke, he doesn't have to, I do, enough for both of us. They allowed me to bring in Cigars and even though he feels so bad we sit and smoke a Cigar and in our mind pray to Great Mother Earth to help us overcome this hardship. I told him what happened with the police. "Did you tell them you was a Minister?" he asked, I said: "No." "How is Joyce and Ruby in Florence?" he asked and I showed him my tattoo. It being in a very respectable place. He liked it. "Did you go to the SUPERMAX?" The lady sitting next to me asked "what is a Supermax, a new store?" "No, we told her. It is the new Maximum Security Prison. It is made out of concrete and they keep the prisoners under the ground." "What do you mean, under the ground, like bury them?" "YEP, one could say that. They never see daylight." I had been invited to address the paranormal class they teach there, but I did not go this time. Maybe next time.

"I'll stay 3 weeks" I told Omar. "I'd like that" he responded. Since he was not feeling well I suggested I leave and since I would come back the next day we would talk then. "I am so glad you here and safe." After a short embrace I left. How can his face get like that. An infection like that can kill him. But that is the System. Animals have more rights in places. Took almost an hour to come back out and sign all the papers and I am shaken by his appearance.

Stop by Grand Pa's to get some cookies and then I plan on eating at LUBOBS. Don't feel like cooking today. Only 4:00 PM maybe later. The fish dinner I had was as always excellent. I am so tired, not sleeping all night "Lay down and sleep" the voice tells me. I lay down and fall asleep immediately.

When I wake up it is raining. Must have been asleep for an hour. A hard knock at the door... Oh not again! Two men in civilian clothes. I open the door. "We want to talk to you for a bit." "I am not allowed to talk to anyone." "We know, they said. It's the talk of the town, everybody heard what happened yesterday. That is why we are here. I am a retired police officer and have a shop up town. My friend still is on the force. We wanted to know if you could come to the shop a few hours every morning. We set you up an Office. Lots of people in this town that need your help."

“Guess that is why I am still parked here,” I said. “Oh yeah. But we would have come looking for you anyway. If anyone bothers you, tell them you are a friend of Tom’s. Here is the address. See you at 9:00 am, I’ll make your appointments.”

What a turn of events!!!!!!

The CROPPER finally looked ... simply marvelous... The smell had left and it felt like ME. Finally. Books and tapes all neatly arranged. Candles and my cigar box. An ocean shell I had acquired and my box containing my Orisha Cards, all fit snugly side by side, so they would not shake out of place now that I was stationary as a dwelling, but at the same time using the CROPPER as my vehicle at the drop of a hat. Only took me a few minutes to put everything away. Had developed a routine these past two days, as to refill the drinking water, get rid of the garbage so it no longer felt like a task. Think I can live like this. Drinking my daily coffee I looked around affectionately. I am glad someone finally published cards that dealt with the ORISHAS. Orishas being the Deities of the traditional beliefs of the Afrikaans. As they were brought as slaves to the new world and were forced to convert to Christianity, they found it necessary to disguise their gods as the SAINTS of the Christians. Afrikaans, being part of the aboriginal people of the world, came from deep rooted beliefs. They were the Kings and Queens of old and did not understand how a new religion had to make way for beliefs that had proven to be true for 1000’s of years. A religion that demands you follow the teachings of one leader, as you did so and according to that leader it was an honor to suffer in this life so you could be rewarded in the next. So very skillfully they had found a way to worship their own gods anyway. By comparing those stories with those of the Native Americans and just about any ancient civilization that has ever inhabited the earth, one will find the similarity in the stories and that is how LEGENDS are born. The stories are similar and in some cases even the names.

In the 60’s I had studied the works of Tertullion, Josephus, Socrates and Plato. One could compare the basic accounts of the different nations. Egyptians, Assyrians, Hebrews, Babylonians and later the Greeks and the Romans. Even though their political accounts varied from one to another the spiritual messages were very similar. For instance, the Hebrews talked about how Moses had, with the help of his god, parted the Red Sea and that account was triumphant. The Egyptians acknowledged the event by telling how the Hebrews left, as they walked into the sea. That was a defeat. Like Watergate. We all know the story, have to acknowledge it and go on to the next subject

because it represents embarrassment.

So it is with the Orishas, they again have surfaced into the mainstream and I am glad to live in the time when we can combine all our knowledge and resources to be able to see that it is all connected and this GRAND CREATOR of the Heavens and the Earth is really in charge of everything. The Universe as a whole, not just a little piece, ALL OF IT. It no longer matters what we believe or what we are ... into... We live in a new reality and need to embrace all of it. We need to learn how to get along and embrace ALL Beings as our spiritual relations.

My hostess interrupts my thought asking If I want to join her and her 3 year old son for dinner. I accept, that is my chance to get to know her. We go to PIZZA HUT. They refilled the vending machine the waitress said explaining to Jenny that I had emptied the ALIEN SECTION the other day. "Did you find a use for them yet?" "Yes, I said, I wallpapered the bath room wall with them." We had a nice visit as we waited for our pizza to arrive. I thanked her for having me and asked her what I owed her. "Nothing, she said, if you need anything from the house just go in, the dog don't bite. However, she said, I have a circle of friends that would like to meet with you. They live in ST. Louis so one day soon could we arrange that?" I did not ask for details I just said, "SURE."

I was beginning to realize that the episode the day prior had made it possible for me to do my work in a different capacity. As I had wondered what MEME'S function was in all of this, I began to see that Universe has used her to set up things in a way that would have made little or no sense to me. I know I am hard headed I thought but gee, did you have to scare me like that? I will try to listen more often I promised. Soon we headed for home. "Have to go to bed early so I can go to Church in the morning," she said. Strange Lady. Friendly, but distant. My hostess. Here comes the young man I remembered as John. Ann's son, my Sinkhole Lady. Why do I always associate things with people. Oh well, it seems to work for me so much better than keeping track of names.

"Hi, my mom said she came to see you."

"How is your MOM?"

"Fine."

"Do you have \$5.00 John?"

"Yeah, do you need it?"

"Actually I want you to do me a favor."

"Sure."

If you hurry, you will catch Grand Pa's still open. I would like for you to buy

me one of those little perfume baskets. They are next to the tin cans of popcorn in the first Isle.”

“Anyone in particular?”

“No, any of the baskets will do.”

“Ok than I’ll be right back.”

It is so hot this evening, bet it is still 90 again. Will walk to a phone and tell Monica about my day, now that I have an 800 number. I’ll do that as soon as it cools off a bit.

Today is the day all the friends are at BOEINGS. A big company with it’s own Parapsychology club. How about that..... Twice a year they sponsor a Psychicfair. For the last two years I have been one of the 30 carefully selected Psychics featured at that fair. Except today of course. I am in Greenville.

About a week following the second Fair I participated in I got a call one evening. The lady caller said: “CANYA, I got your card at Boeings.” “I did not have cards at BOEINGS,” I interrupted, as I so often do. I had flyers.” “Well, she responded, I had been in Seattle, I live in Anchorage. As I was saying, I went to Boeings to get a reading. A tall man wearing dreadlocks gave me your card. He said to call, you were correct all the time.” “What color is the card?” “ORANGE.” Man in dreadlocks, orange card. That is a card I left in Tacoma 2 years ago. I color code my business cards so I can get location and time and know how long before they come back.

“MR.HENDERSON,” I said. “Well, whatever. He gave me the card and I am calling you, I need a reading.” After we had concluded that task and it was just that, a task, she said “I am amazed, I’ll have my friend call you.” She hung up. Weird chick I thought...Oh well.

John is back. He comes in and hands me the perfume basket. “Like it? Is it the right one?” “It is” I tell him. I wrap it and put a little ribbon on the top and hand it back to John and say: “Now give this to your MOTHER and watch her SMILE.” With a puzzled look he says his good-byes and is gone as quickly as he came. I smile to myself. That felt good.

Where was I? Like David would say... get to the point..... It’s kind of funny. I think my stories irritate him, in fact, he has told me “It irritates me when you do that, tell these long stories.” “I am a storyteller.” “I know, but please get to the point.” And as I am careful not to repeat that irritating habit, I would say what I need to and catch him off guard and he’d say: “What do you mean,” So I get to tell the story my way after all. Think that is so cute..... The point.

Two days after I had spoken with the lady from Anchorage I got a second call. This time from her friend. Beverly, I liked her instantly. After an

hour of conversation and a chuckle at the expense of her friend, Beverly suggests I come to Alaska. No way!!!! It is too cold. Alaska being one of the two places I had no desire to go because of that reason. "Oh come on, she said. It is still warm in October. You'll stay at my house, it is going to be so much fun." "I smoke." "That's fine I have a large porch. Come on it will be fun. I'll make the arrangements." The friends thought that was funny they knew where I stood on COLD ISSUES. I was booked at the A>T>O>M> Center, the metaphysical coliseum of Alaska. Everybody that was anybody appears at the A>T>O>M>.

Two weeks later, I was landing in Anchorage. It started to snow and snow and snow. "That's strange, Beverly said, the snow is too early." After I got settled at her home I called Michelle to complain. "Life goes on, it did, when I lived in Fairbanks with my Dad. Don't worry Mother, people are use to this. You are after all in Alaska. Get it? ALASKA." Well, they were not use to it. It snowed too early, not even the snow plows were ready and in a few hours time the City was shut down. Front Page News. Don't remember what it said exactly, but it amounted to: Caught you with your pants down!

By 5:00pm I was a maniac, having to smoke on this cold, cold porch. I was so rude. Even talk of Mike Tyson calling did not make me feel better. Always thought of MIKY as this beautiful spiritual Beeing that got stuck in that GREAT BODY and was just caught up in worldly things. He was Beverly's friend. Great, maybe she could explain to him who he really is! It snowed and snowed. The recording at the A>T>O>M> said we are "snowely" sorry the lecture has been canceled and it gave Beverly's phone number in case anyone needed to speak to me.

Next day. "Hellloo, this is MONICA. I like to make an appointment. So where are you?" I looked out of the window. Don't know where I am. It all looks the same. All snowed under." "Do you want to meet somewhere, Monica asked. How far are you from a Restaurant?" Turned to Bev and she said, there was a DENNY'S 4 blocks up. Could she get me there? Even that was questionable in a 4wheeldrive. Being 5'5", I was too short, the snow was 6 feet plus. "Well, just try Monica said, and I see you there. Leaving right now." We did make it to Denny's. Oh I CAN SMOKE! Made arrangements to be picked up later. If that was not possible, I could live at Denny's for a day or so, at least I was able to smoke. Nice window seat. Can see Monica when she arrives, in a tank probably. Forgot to ask what to look for.

Wow ...would you look at that..... An old Lincoln Continental just sliding down the street sideways. It's sliding into Denny's. It's Monica!!! "Have not had time to put on snow tires it's too early to snow, she said. You

must be Lilian.” We chatted and we smoked, looked at the crystals I had brought along. In her reading it said she was a great Healer. At least that is how I remember the story. We liked each other a lot. At 5:00pm I got very ugly again. Just sitting there drinking coffee and smoking. As the mood had changed a little we said our good-byes. Not before Monica had invited me to speak to her women’s group on Wednesday. Wednesday, I am ready to bail out NOW. I was able to control my emotions shortly and forgot about my little incident.

By the next day the streets had been cleared and I was able to make an appearance at the A>T>O>M>. Was in a reading with a very nice elderly lady. She was in a wheelchair. Everything was just fine and then, I don’t know what came over me. I rose to my feet. Hand reached out, aiming for a throat as if I was about to choke this nice old lady. My mind clicked and I said: “EXCUSE me I need to go to the bathroom.” I was pretty shaken. I washed my face and as I was drying myself off, I noticed the time. 5:00pm. So it was NOT WITHDRAWAL. What was it? What happens in Anchorage at 5:00pm??? I put that question to the group of people that had come to finally hear me speak later on that night. No one really seemed to know at the time.

Monica later told how she had picked up an orange flyer. It had stuck to her hand. As she looked at it, she noticed it said: “SMOKERS ARE WELCOME.” She figured I must be an alright person and do not discriminate. Universe is so wise. Eventually someone suggested I might be sensitive to HAARP. That’s about the time they turn it up.

I spend the last night of my stay at Monica’s house and meet her wonderful husband Rusty. “What is HAARP?” I ask him. “Oh some device they have outside Fairbanks,” he told me. I am going to get to the bottom of that. We went sight seeing the next day, I am not sure if it was really me or an ice-sickle accompanying Monica. Looked at the videotape later, it kind of looked like me. I thanked my hosts and assured them I would NEVER be back.

Six weeks later, one week before Christmas to be exact, I was back sitting at Monica and Rustie’s kitchen table.

I best call my friend and sister Monica before it gets too late. My friend because we are of like mind and my sister because we are of like Spirit.

A little music to relax me, it has been an eventful day. Ojala que Lluvia Cafe, by Juan Luis. I wish it would rain coffee too. Someone told me what the song talks about. Should really learn Spanish. Really don’t have to, that’s what I have OMAR for. He always translates for me. He did not look

well.

I am trying to go with the flow realizing that Universe time is not my time, but it is so hard to wait for things, especially when one is a Scorpio. Take for instance the GREENVILLE incident. It went from good to bad to better all in 2 days. Just so hard to wait for the ending of a story, especially if it is one that causes discomfort. Like suffering from an illness. Only after one gets well, can one make a correct statement as to how bad one really felt. The phrase: "I am so sick, I could just die," becomes a rather ridiculous statement after the fact.

Have to do something about my finances. I will take the rest of the money and buy coffee. Sad that money has to be such a deciding factor in our life. Saw on the news someone did a survey to determine what people talk about most. 43% of the people polled said "MONEY," 17% percent said "SEX." Can't remember what the rest was, but that is really explaining the signs of the times. Remember the times when talking Finances was a TABOO. Was doing OK back in those days. Was life better? That gives food for thought because our stress just seemed to change with the times.

"Where do you work?" "What car do you drive?" "Do you own a house?" What a way to start off interviewing a potential mate or friend.

Suppose they answer, "I am a spiritual person, talented and respect mankind. I have no car, I walk and enjoy the little nature that is left for us. After working for 20 years I lost my job, I get food stamps and live in a BUS."

That changes things a little. Do people really want to live like that? I don't think so. So we keep on stepping, to make sure we get to keep our little piece of the pie. That reminds me of a phone call I got late one night. The man on the other end of the phone line said: "What are you going to do about them Aliens." "Aliens?" "Yeah, you know them spaceship aliens. Are they going to take my food stamps?" I was very tired that night and hung up on him. To this day I regret hanging up on him. He did not really mind them, only in the respect that there was another species to take away his food.

That is where we are as a people. How sad.....

Just as I get ready to change into my night robe I hear something. Sounds like a car and different voices. "Here she is, told you we would find her." "Stop the car." "Maybe she is asleep." "Oh shut up. Maybe she isn't." I roll down the window and ask: "Are you looking for me?" "Yes" one of the voices answers. I can not see a face, the car it is lower than the CROPPER. I step onto the street and can now see a lady with a car full of children. They seem to range from Teen to Toddler. "Sorry to bother you that late, but I need to speak to you, been driving almost every street in town to find you." The



dog in the house is barking, so not to wake up the neighbors she asked if I would follow her to her house. Within minutes everything is again secured in the CROPPER and here I go again. The Lady makes a U-TURN in the middle of the street. Not ME ! I am 23 feet I point out to her. So I make a block and meet up with her one street over. As I am following for what seems to be forever, I am thinking that I am either stupid, or all of a sudden have acquired a lot of faith. Following a total stranger to heavens knows where... Eventually she turns into a driveway. "Never thought to tell you I live in Madison County, not Greenville, she explained. You are about 8 miles from town." She asks me in and offers me a seat at the kitchen table. "Coffee or milk?" She slides an ashtray in front of me.

"I am Agnes and these are my kids, all 4 of them." "You get to bed," she directs them. They are not that keen on the idea so it is agreed they can stay up a little longer. They pull up a chair and sit around the table nice and orderly. "I use to be a drug addict, Agnes starts the conversation. I have been clean for better than 10 years. I am depressed and have a bad temper, but what I really want to talk to you about is what I see in this house.

I see things floating thru the walls. Have terrible nightmares." "I see them too," one of the children interrupted. "Be quiet and let her talk," one of the others said. "Anyway, Agnes continues, my friend Teresa said she knows you and I should talk to you. She takes me to Church and everyone is telling me I have Demons because the lifestyle I use to live. I can't make up my mind whether to commit Suicide or get myself committed." She starts to explain how she sees things out of the corner of her eyes, even in the daytime and often stays up at night so she won't have to go to sleep and dream. She must be tired because lately she is forgetful and can't tell time. One minute it is 2:00pm than a minute later it is 3:30pm. "Are these flashbacks from my drug days? And it is always the same nightmare. Someone sits on the bottom of the bed and I feel like I am floating." "And than I come down a hallway or something and there is a table," one of the children interjects.

"Be quiet, this is my dream," Agnes says. "But MOM, I see it too." I am not interrupting because it is the same story I have heard so often and I already know the ending. Between her and the children they finish the story. About the ghosts or demons that stand around what seems to be an examination table. How they insert a cold instrument in their privates. None of them remembers if it hurts. But they do remember waking up in places other than where they remember having laid down to go to sleep. "Anyone wake up with nosebleeds? Any unexplained marks," I inquire? "How do you know?" the little girl asks. "Because I know other people that have that very same

dream,” I respond. “Do you have them too?” one of the younger girls ask me. “I have dreams too, but mine are a little different.” “What kind of movies do you watch?” I am trying to change the subject long enough for me to think of a way I can calm them down, without having to explain a 50 year old problem in a half an hour. I do not want to be irresponsible and start something I cannot finish tonight. That would do more harm than good. “We watch Disney, ER and Cartoons.” “No Horror movies or STAR TREK?” “We watched Independence Day,” one of the children said, and Alien Nation. Do you dream about any of those things?” “No.” I excuse myself and go to the CROPPER, in order to find some Journey shows that Brenda had taped interviewing abductees.

David Chace is a friend that draws pictures of the Beeings described by some of the abductees that seek help from him in that area. I am going to give her a DR. BOYLAND interview also. He wrote some books on that subject. On the way out I grab my photo album. I show them 14 photos of people, young and old, some of them are small children, as small as 3 years old. I point out to them that they live in different parts of the country, are of different races and do not know each other. But they all share the same DREAMS. “How do you know them,” someone asked. “I am the person that took those picture and I know them all.” “Might as well take our picture too,” the Teenage Girl said. I suggest we now send the children to bed. After a real struggle with that they do go to their rooms. I am now addressing Agnes, “Can you afford a lot of long distance Phone calls?” “Some,” she says. “I would like you to call an acquaintance of mine. Sharon Phillip in Woodinville, Washington. She runs a place there it is called Center for Studies of Alien Abductions.” “So these are not GHOSTS or DEMONS.” “No, nor flashbacks from LSD you took 10 years ago. I am going to leave you these tapes. I need them back very soon. They are my originals, I explain almost apologetic. See if you can relate to some of the beeings these people are describing.” I give her the phone numbers of the guests on those interviews and tell her they don’t mind talking to you should you have a crisis. “You are neither full of demons nor crazy. And Suicide is not an option.” Agnes lets out a moan and it appears she feels a little more at ease. 4:00am, “You must be tired, I am so sorry I kept you up all night. Can you come back Sunday, that will give me a chance to view the tapes. Just spend the night if you like. Heard about your problem with the police, you can always come here if you need to.” She gives me a hug and we leave it at that.

I stay parked there for the night. I am tired and don’t know where I am at. Have to be at my OFFICE at 9:00am and it is Omar’s birthday. His 5th

since he has been incarcerated. Hope Agnes and the kids are alright, a big subject in a little amount of time. Think she prefers ALIENS to DEMONS. So do I. I sleep with my clothes on. Too tired to change.

I am glad to have stayed here last night, the children being up early to catch the school bus helped wake me up. I am still tired. I'll eat with Omar. Better get ready for a new day. Eight miles feels like a long drive this morning, hope I don't get lost.

Here is Greenville. The antique shop I was asked to come to is right behind Jennies house, could have walked there. "Good morning, Tom says. Fixed up your office in the back of the store. Come look! Do you like it?" It looks great. A card table, two chairs. Table cloth on the table, fresh flowers and some kind of glass ball sitting on a little stand. A makeshift Crystalball. Great! "How is that for a GYPSY," he asks. "Think it is just wonderful, I say. Thank you." "Your 9 O'clock is here. I want to talk to about something before you leave, OK?" "OK." My first official Client. A man named Terry. A nice looking man, a little rugged and has a hard look on his face. "What do you need to know?" he asks. "Your hair color." "Brown." After we finish with the reading he looks as deep in thought and says: "You got all that from my hair color?" "Yes." Well I'll be! I am going to have the rest of my family come talk to you. Hope you can straighten out that sister of mine, now she is a person that REALLY needs help." "So how was it?" Tom inquires. "Pretty alright," Terry answers. A smirk comes on his face. Think he was actually aiming for a smile. Not quiet. Maybe next time.

"You know Lilian, there is something in my basement, think you could figure out what it is?" "I can try. I'll be back at 3:30pm." "If you allow me to film that area, lots of times I can capture things on tape," I tell him. "There's been things there for a long time I think." "Tell me after I tell you what I found" I tell him. "Well OK, see you at 3:30pm."

I am heading for the prison. Everybody seems to be in a terrible mood. Going to be one of those days. I have learned to be quiet, show no emotions and forget that time exists in the real world. It is not unusual for the guards to forget we are visitors, not inmates. And than everyone suffers. So it is today. One of the Ladies trying to visit her husband is detained for a long time, something about her pants, don't meet the dress code. She must be new at this, arguing about anything at all just creates a new problem. I offer to loan her a coat since I am in my HOUSE and just so happen to have the luxury of being able to change clothes, instead of having to buy something else to wear.

Have often thought the guards get a kickback from the local merchants since almost every day a new purchase becomes necessary for at least one visitor, after they have driven many miles, sometimes all night, to be insulted. In California I have witnessed an old woman being strip searched with a K-9 present. She was so shook up, said she would never come back. Said she spent \$600.00 to get there so she could be treated like a criminal. "What is this world coming to?" she asked as she blew her nose to hide the tears she had in her eyes.

Finally.... Omar looks worse today. His eye is almost swollen shut. I try to hide the shock, but he knows me too well. "Don't let that sweat you Baby," he says. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY." He attempted a smile that reminds me of a GOOSE BUMP Cartoon. He is in so much pain. He denies it and says it hurt only a little bit. "When are you going to the dentist?" "I don't know," he says. "You know how it is around here. Lets get you some coffee." He gets a cranberry juice. "Thought you don't like cranberries." "I don't, watch this." And with that he uses the can as an ICE-PACK. I report the happenings of my last 12 hours to him and he says: "That's good MAMI. That's good. Besides me, there is always a reason you end up in places. I am glad they are not hasseling you anymore and you are safe. Still think about you driving across country by yourself like that. It's crazy, but I know how you are. Once you make up your mind, that is it. Guess that is one of the reasons I love you. You are crazy." And with that he manages a laugh.

"Take it we won't eat lunch today either." "No, can't eat," he said. So we just sit and smoke our ceremonial Cigar, staring into space following our own thoughts. It's HOT! The lady that had gratefully accepted my offer of wearing my coat and her husband came to join us at the table we were sitting. The husband tells me "thanks. How long have you been doing this," he asks. "Five long years," Omar answers in my place.

"MIKE, JUDY...OMAR, LILIAN."

"You driving in from St. Louis?" "No, Seattle." "Seattle!! On vacation?"

"No, I can do my >>>>WORK<<<< where ever I go." In 10 words or less I tell him what I do. "Think you'll find any Crop Circles?" I am surprised.

Usually I have to explain all of what I had just told him in 10 words or less.

"Hope so." "I was in the military for 20 years. Was barred from re-enlistment because I was on board an ALIEN CRAFT." He notices Omar's look on his face and it was hard to tell what kind of expression that was, it being so swollen. "Yeah man. SPACESHIP. How long are you going to visit?" "3 weeks." "Well, I have to tell you some stories about my time in the Army, he said. Some of those stories can boggle your mind."

“Like to see you buggle, Omar could not say Boggle, her mind. I don’t think so, she talks about them things all the time. Could be she bugglels you my friend.” “Lets try to talk again,” MIKE said. Ask Omar to loan him the special edition of the Magazine I had send him for his birthday. The one that had been published in honor of the 50 year anniversary of the Rosswell Incident. “Great Mike said.” “Want to go for a bite to eat,” Judy asked. “Sure. I’ll meet you at Pizza Hut. Have to be up town at 3:30pm and that is right next to where I am going. That will work out just fine.” Omar says he needs to lay down and I agree. “Happy Birthday Baby. Hope you feel better.” He waves at me and steps into the room in which they search the inmates after each visit.

At 2:05 pm Judy arrives at the Pizza Hut. She returns the coat and offers to buy lunch in exchange for my kindness. I allow her to do so. Money is a real problem right about now. After some small talk she gets to the point. “Do you really believe in Aliens? Think Michael caught something while he was in the service. The things he tells me can’t be true, they are just to bizzare and why don’t the government ever talk about those things, if they really happened.” “Well Judy, lets see what story he tells and I’ll let you know if he is crazy.” “Got to run anyway,” she said. “Bye, see you in a few days.” I in turn could live on Pizza Hut pizza if I had to.

Tom is waiting. Already opened the trap door. “All ready for you.” Quiet a few people are in the store. “I told some of the friends we would have a ghost hunt and they wanted to watch.”

Not good. Lots of energies, bad ones, extremely bad.

“Would you happen to know if there has ever been a tunnel of some kind down here, maybe leading across the street? Something about a railroad?”

“Don’t know,” Tom says. “Well, actually they say the Underground Railroad from the slave days had a stop across the street at the old Jail.” I want to go upstairs again, something is hot and I want to know what is above me.

Another trap door. As I come back down I pick up something. Can’t see what it is. But I can feel it. It floats into the wall directly under what turned out to be that other trap door. Ask Tom where the other entrance is, the one behind the brick wall. “There is none,” he says. “Has to be. The foundation can’t stop here.” “Well it does.”

Rituals. Satan worship. Demons.

Something moves and everybody scrambles to get upstairs. Except me, of course, I am on to something. I can feel something go by me again and than it stops. Don’t think I can get anything else from here today. Everyone is in heavy debate as I emerge from the cellar. Quickly they shut the trap door.

“Make sure it is shut good they say, don’t want nothing to come up here.”

“Aren’t you scared,” someone asks.

“No. I have done this before and I am protected. I am a Lightworker.”

“If you say so. I inquire if there is a VCR in the store. There is. We look at it now??? “NOW.” For a long while nothing. Just blurs and color changes.

With infra-red film I could have caught it I thought. Wait, WHAT IS THAT?????

Plain as day there is something floating. It reminds me of the Dark

Underlords of the Universe from the Movie Howard the Duck. A Demon big enough to take up half of the ceiling, sort of blue in Color and it floats.

Around the mannequin stand and up and right thru that wall. I did capture it on film! “Well I’ll be!” I am tired and promise to talk more on it tomorrow. I am so tired, not sleeping last night. Working like this takes a lot out of me.

“Don’t forget to say your prayers,” I suggest as I turn and leave.

A new day! Sunshine. Birds and the smell of fresh cut grass.

Did not always appreciate those simple things in life that we so often take for granted.

In 1994 I was so terribly ill. Did not know the full extend of my problem at the time, somehow I had been dying for so long I never noticed how sick I had gotten, had just kind of gotten use to feeling bad. I think it was in the early winter. Had made arrangements to travel to California to visit Omar.

Thought I had better go to the Doctor to get my medicine refilled.

“You don’t look so hot,” DR. OTT, my Internist said.

“What’s the matter? Volcanoes? There was another earthquake in the Aleutions.” Dr.Ott keeps track of the earthchanges, occasionally he would laugh about the fact every time I come for an office call, something would blow up some where. “I am on my way to California and wanted to come in.” He knew by me being unable to tell Frequency problems from illnesses most of the time, I would wait till the last minute to come see him, which was not good at times. Poor DR.OTT, don’t know how he put up with me all those years. He took a couple of blood tests and even made me wait in his office for the results. Should have figured something then, usually he calls me with the results. “Are you flying,” he asked. “Yes.” “Would really prefer for you to take a train this time. Just take care of what you need to, don’t stay to long. Ten days max. Take a train and leave me a number in case I need to reach you.” I am no longer fond of trains, ever since I had gotten assaulted on the 4th of July on a train in Germany. I felt so sick but I was going to make the

trip. So train it was. My train ride was so terrible that my mind was kind enough to erase it from my memory and I am not digging it back up.

Had called my friend Anna Rodriques, to see if she would be willing to drive from Santa Ana to Lompoc and spend the week with me there, in case I needed help. "Fine," she said she would pick me up in San Luis Obispo.

Almost as soon as I got to Lompoc, I had a call from the doctor's office to come back, because I had Hepatitis. "Am I contagious?" I asked. "No, it's not that kind. It's the kind that you get from Drugs and the same kind that sort of never goes away and kills you a little. "What kind of Drugs am I taking?" I demanded to know and they said: "It was possible it was caused by my heart pills."

That was a hard visit for me. Faking my well being, Omar knew some thing was wrong, but I just played it down.

One afternoon Anna and I went to SOLVANG, a nearby little Danish town to eat. We would catch the EARLYBIRD Specials because these trips were getting very draining on my pocketbook. About 5:30pm or so we were on our way back to Lompoc. "Look at the MOON," I said pointing to the big orange Moon that seemed to be sitting right smack in the middle of the highway. "LILI look at the MOON," Anna said, pointing to the big orange MOON that was sitting right next to the one I had just pointed out to her. "Pull over," she said, "No one is going to believe this Lili. TWO MOONS!!! Take a picture of it!" We did and took it to a One Hour Photo. When we looked at it, it looked like two over exposed blobs. All the traffic seemed to have disappeared. Too bad. For the next few days we talked about the two moons trying to figure out what we had really seen. That took the conversation off my being so ill.

The day before I was to leave I found out my son's Appendix had burst. He had a close call. I told Omar and we talked about how close to death we sometimes are. He said if I was ever that ill he would want to know. We had promised each other never to show tears and when I left him there at that terrible place never to come back, I thought I did have tears in my eyes. Much later I told him how ill I had been and he said he knew.

As I was waiting for the train in San Luis Obispo, it hit me full force that I was not coming back. I was dying. I noticed plants, birds and took in the smells of the world that I was about to leave. "I am not ready to go," I told Universe and as if to give me an answer right then and there, I saw a little bush. It was magnolias, still in bloom, so close to Christmas. In the middle I saw something white. I looked closer and it was a LILY. Some kind of way it had grown inside of the bush, all protected from the cool nights and still

bloomed. I was moved and to this day it is my favorite Photograph I call it: “UNIVERSE talking to LILLI, ME.” We really take things for granted. So as they changed my medicine and I did get better, I never forgot what it felt like to know it is time to die and one is allowed to take one more glimpse at things. I take glimpses each and every day. A lesson well learned.

The two moons it turned out years later were part of a gigantic UFO that is seen in that area often. Think we had drove right into it. A friend now, a stranger then, was able to take a photograph of the craft in it’s entirety and I talked to a lady years later that claimed she and her daughter had been on board of that craft in 1982. I have no reason to doubt that report. I know what Anna and I saw. I used to show the BLOB of my two moons telling the friends: “This is a UFO.” “Nice Lilian,” they say. Not disputing me, but not really sure about the whole thing. I am now able to show it as a CLOSE UP of the photograph my friend took. It matches. It took from 1982 to 1997 to clear up that mystery. Five people that had never met before but, by COINCIDENCE all had a piece of that puzzle.

I am going to walk to my Office. Lots of people here this morning. They must have a sale or are giving away things, I am thinking as I say “GOOD MORNING.” They came to see me. About the Video we took in the basement. They tell stories of the satanic sites right outside town. How at one time or another a lot of the townspeople went there for gatherings. How one man stepped out of time and accidentally got stuck in DEVIL TERRITORY they called it. He had learned to do all kinds of things with his mind but that episode, he himself told me, had scared him so and now he is a born again Christian.

“Be careful,” he advised me, “Don’t want anything to happen to you.” “I am well protected, I tell him, I am doing the work I have been commissioned to do.” “Prove it,” he says. Sounded like a challenge to me and I answered: “Just wait, Universe is going to put a bunch of Crop Circles in your backyard.” “I bet,” he said. I think his name is BILL. Several teenagers are also here and ask if I can give them a reading. I explain to them that because they are minors I need permission from their parents. One of the girls, Terry’s daughter, said: “I already have permission for that.” A couple of Ladies from the laundry, from the BAD part of town came. Was I going to got to the laundry in the GOOD part of town they wondered. “No, no laundries in Greenville for me. Have to come to my OFFICE.” Tom says: “Greenville is getting better for you isn’t it? Let me go and buy you an Ice-cream-cone.” So for the next 2 hours I sit and answer a lot of questions. Several people have seen UFO’s in the area but did not know that they could report that to the UFO



HOT LINE. I give them the phone number and again explain that by calling there, their information is collected and put into a DATABASE. A written report, pictures and illustrations are very welcomed. Sometimes sightings are being turned over for investigation to MUFON, or similar agencies, verified and logged so they can be made available to the general public. It is also a way we can track these crafts if that is what they are. If in fact these agencies find credibility or evidence, it is then classified as an occurrence of High Strangeness. As in... It did happen. BUT...

But... There are laws that require a person to be picked up for quarantine, for up to a year without hearing, in case you encountered a spacecraft. It is illegal to communicate with ALIENS. However according to the government, Aliens don't exist. So it is illegal to socialize with someone that does not exist. And like in the Movie ET, if you hide them they will come and pick you up, but. That is what I mean by BUT. Did I make my point? I am not sure.

I am however invited to go to dinner with some locals to POCAHANTES I am told. 6:00pm. Don't look like they are going to run me out of town after all.

My visit with Omar is short, he is worse. High fever, still no dentist. He said he was glad I was with him and apologized that he was so UGLY, he called it. Told him he was as handsome as ever, he agreed. We both laughed because we were both lying. Mike and Judy were not there today.

Pocahantes is about 9 miles west of Greenville. They drove the backroad so I got to see a little of their country. They explained where everything was and who lived where. Dinner was good, even though we all felt like eggs and bacon, "Tomorrow's breakfast" we said and thought that was funny. Some of the townspeople told me they would stop by if that was OK. "You need to see Gladys, she owns a restaurant by the lake, she would like to see you, she likes people like you." I will. Wonder what people like me means? Most everyone here is a farmer or a cop of some sort I concluded. They took me back to Greenville, was a nice evening.

What is that??? About 20 kids surrounding the CROPPER. If I was in a City I would be VERY worried. The times we live in. Scared of a bunch of kids. I'll meet this head on. I think...

"Ms Lilian, Ms Lilian can we talk to you?" That was close, at least they know my name. They are waving papers at me. Permission slips from their parents. They were paying attention. Guess being weary of one another works both ways these days. Kids are scared of older people too, worried they might encounter a pervert. Both generations get cheated. They out of my wisdom, me out of their hunger for knowledge. It is wonderful that we have this

awareness as to the dangers these associations sometimes hold and with that my mind drifts back to the problem back home and the fact that the System is a joke, should one really become a victim.

My thoughts are interrupted. "Can you do a reading," the kids ask? "There are too many of you so how about Psychometry?" "What's that?" You give me an object that belongs to you and by touching it, I can tell things about you, your life and your health. "You know If I'm sick?" "Legally I cannot give you medical advice but, sometimes I can tell if there is a problem." "Yeah," one of the girls interrupted. "You told my Uncle about his appendix. You said he had a problem with his appendix and he showed you his stitches, he just came out of the hospital." "Oh Yeah. That is my uncle. He told everybody about that." And so I did 23 Objects belonging to the kids. A police car circled several times. I finally mentioned it because I was a little nervous. We heard about "THAT" as it was now called. Everybody had heard about THAT. "That is just my dad, he is going to give me a ride home," a young boy said. And he did. Saluted me and drove away.

Alaska being 3 hours behind in time, I called Monica. "Hellooo" she said. "Guess what... I found a \$100 bill with your name on it. It said I want to go to Lilian's so, tomorrow it should be in Greenville." "Thank YOU!" "The man that sold me the CROPPER instructed me to change the oil every 3000 miles I am overdue 100." "So now you fix it," Monica said. Not that easy. The bay at the Jiffy Lube is only 9 feet and I am, meaning the CROPPER, 12 feet something. "Well, something will just fall out of the sky like it always does," she said. It was a long, good day. Productive and eventful. And \$100 what else could I ask for.

I take a long bath in my MIDGET TUB and wash my hair. Figured out a better way to do that so I do not need rain. Just a gallon jug of water. It is so hot, the water is warm, without having to heat it. Tomorrow is Sunday and I want to look especially pretty for the man in my Life. This will be an everlasting love, oh yeh it is, Natalie Cole sings and I try a little dance in my Alien bath room.

My rest did not last long. I woke up from a dream. Gypsy was there and reminds me that since I do everything twice, it seems I really needed to stop at Continental Divide. She shows me property lines at the Navaho and HOPI Nations, they are to change..

HAARP will interfere with the power supply and the solar flares are being blamed.

I never dream about Gypsy. Everyone else does. And something else I

remember. When I woke up, I had a sensation of having made love.

Greenville is to be symbolic of things to come. Soon all jobs would require a background in Law Enforcement or Military. Male and female alike.

Prisons are on bartime, I should synchronize.

Wonder what that means? Bet it will be two years before all those pieces fall in place. But I made a note of it.

Gosh, it is hot. I got another nosebleed. I check myself carefully. It is not unusual to have Implants in the nose cavity. Seen them. One in particular. It was a little triangular piece of metal with an antenna looking thing on it that looked like a bean sprout. I touch myself behind the ear, right under my earlobe. My implant is still in the same place. Dr.Ott had just checked on it a few weeks ago. He was fascinated by the fact that I had what appeared to be a metal bump behind my ear, that I claim to be an implant. Never did let him take it out. I did however tell him about the footage we had where some people in Texas actually removed them for people and I saw a whole tray full of them once. Even joked about the fact that if the medical profession was to handle transplants like implants it would cut down on the rejection process, reason being the metal is surrounded by ones own tissue before inserted and therefore the body does not reject it, thinking it is part of the same body rather than a foreign object. We laugh about it. "That could work you know" he said. I was serious. Wonder if he really believed me. Used to think Implants served the purpose of tracking, like the little boxes they attach to cars that I had seen in the action movies. I now believe they are there to help me with the frequency jumps. At least in my case. Makes no difference, it doesn't bother me, in fact I am kind of fond of my implant.

The CROPPER rocks back and forward a couple of times. No wind. I see something out of the corner of my eyes. This was not a dream it was an abduction! Must tell Omar about it tomorrow.

"Oh no" he'll say. "Making Love huh, wasn't me Baby," and he'll laugh.

Never have been so close to a person that I can know what they are going to say. Used to not remember what a man said to me after the fact. How wise for Universe to provide me with a mate. Omar and I are one in many ways. He makes me feel loved and appreciated. I can bear my soul to him and we talk about everything. Even if he doesn't understand exactly what I mean he still lets me speak my peace. We don't agree on everything but we respect each other enough to try to see things from the other persons perspective. He trusts me with his life and I, him with mine. He always supports what I might want to do and even if he were home right now, I am

sure he would never be anything other than supportive and not get in my way. I must thank his soul for having agreed to take on this terrible life experience to make it possible for me to be who I am. I thank Universe for accidentally making me his wife. Maybe I can drift off to sleep and have a real dream.....

Lots of visitors today. I am glad to see so many families. It is hard to maintain any kind of family life when someone is incarcerated. Right or wrong, family is family. Some of the guys, mostly minorities, look like children. Took me almost an hour to get checked in again. The staff was nice though. Guess they are use to seeing the CROPPER every day. Truth should be told, I would not want to change places with the officers either, such a high stress job, dealing with so many frustrated inmates. Contrary to what we as good citizen think, this is not a free ride. They have to buy everything. From toothpaste to shaving cream. Stamps and clothes that are available in the commissary. Tennis shoes cost \$65.00. Mostly the families send the money. Anytime a collect call is made by an inmate a \$2.00 surcharge is attached and it is my belief that \$2.00 goes back to the system. However, I could not swear to that. Had tried to question that once and ran into several brick walls.

Here he is now. He looks a little better. As we are smoking our usual cigar Mike and Judy join us. Mike talks about his time in the service. How, while stationed in Germany, they went on patrol often, encountering UFO's. How scared he got at times and he said on one occasion he had actually encountered Aliens and some of the soldiers had been taken on a craft. Him being one of them. How now, most of his comrades were either in jail or in a mental institution "To keep us quiet," he said. He did not really go into detail. It was too painful to remember he said. Later Omar commented that even though he hears me talk about those things, like they are part of my normal life, it sounded different coming from someone else. The stories being almost identical. Almost apologetic. "You know things too," I say. He does not answer. I check the clock on the wall. It is BARTIME. Washington State Law requires all alcohol to be removed from the tables at 2am. In order to accomplish this, all bars set their clocks 10 minutes ahead. That gives them 10 extra minutes to locate glasses from the time everyone leaves until the Liquor Board arrives if they so choose. Therefore, the term BARTIME.

As I drive thru town I notice the streets are so empty and almost all the stores are closed. Well they would be since it is Sunday. Call Agnes to see at what time I should come to her house so we can finish out visit. "I can't talk to you any more," she says. "I watched the tapes and I know all the beings in the stories. Teresa told everyone at church you was a witch. Don't want

trouble from the Church members so I will leave your tapes at the antique shop for you. I just can't talk to you any more." "Wait, I can help." Click. She had hung up. Darn that Teresa.

I saw Tom. "Let me buy you an Ice-cream today," I suggest. "OK, bring it thru the shop, the one next to mine. The backdoor is open. I got to go, see you then." Strange day, everybody is strange today. Get the Ice-cream and do as he asked. I open the backdoor. It takes me into a backyard in the alley. About 20 people are having a BBQ. Have a seat and they all introduce themselves and again I explain my dilemma with names. "Don't worry about it, they say, we know who you are and that is all that is important. Welcome to the town BBQ." I recognize quite a few people, especially the police officers that in the mean time had come to talk to me and oddly enough, most of them were abductees. They knew it and talked about it openly and all the strange things that they knew was going on in the prisons. Had often wondered why the water tanks of the prisons were so visible from the air or great distance. One can spot them from an airplane at 32,000 feet. Another cover Up? "Have enough juice in your battery? Lets hook you up for a bit later on tonight so you won't sit in the dark in your travels. Hear you are leaving for Nashville." "I am," I said. "So are you all set? Long drive for a little Lady by herself."

All set except I need an oilchange, all verified on the... Got side tracked by the noise that seemed to come closer. It was coming from the edge of the alley. An old 67 GTO. "What are you making all that racket for boy," Tom demanded to know from the young man driving this prize possession. "Wanted to show off the car and tell you I got my Certification." "Your GED?"

"No, I am now a certified mechanic." "Good," Tom said. "Go and change Lilians OIL." We took the CROPPER to Grand Pa's to buy the parts. Told him he looked like the Shaman from the TV SHOW Northern Exposure.

"That's because I am an Eskimo. Been needing to make myself a medicinebag, but I don't know how."

"I do," I said.

"Well, I need a pouch."

"Have that."

"A pink quartz."

"Have that."

"A turkey feather."

"Have that."

"A crystal."

“Have that.”

“And a deer claw.”

“Have that.”

Well I guess we are all set. Told him how I had an extra pouch someone had given me in lieu of payment. The crystal and quartz had been in my \$9.99 surprise bag from the rock shop in Colorado and I would remove one claw from a rattle someone had given me at the MOON TATTOO Party. The turkey feather was in a book, had used it for a bookmark for some time. While he changed the oil, I cooked up a big pot of COUSCOUS to contribute to the BBQ. We made the medicinebag and compared stories of a >>>SPIRITUAL NATURE<<<<

“Let me borrow your bottle,” he said. He was referring to a 10 gallon bottle I kept water in. Used more water lately since I had began to stick my feet in a bucket of water at night because it was so hot. Helped me cool off.

Before I could thank him he had left.

“Strange young fellow,” Tom said, “I like strange,” I responded. “This is good, what do you call it?” “Couscous.” It is a North African dish. Like little pastas made from ground durum wheat. You call it Semolina. Can prepare it like cereal, or a main dish. The one I fixed had curry, almonds and raisins “Don’t eat it all, I am going to take the leftovers home,” someone said. “Can you cook some other exotic dish next Sunday?” “I will be gone. But I’ll do it when I get back in a month.” “We do this every Sunday. Hell, nowhere to go. Everything is illegal within the City limits. So we have our little group and we get together. Use to be a liberal little town till they opened that Christian women college. Bring a little economy to town, next thing they tell you how to live. That is where the GYPSY LAW came from. It is illegal to tell fortunes in Greenville. It’s OK to show the friends here what you do. Can no one arrest you, all the officers of the law are here and present.” And everyone laughed. Eventually my Eskimo friend came back. He had driven 10 miles to get me some drinking water from a >>> Special place <<< “We hate to see you leave. At least you did make some friends in Greenville. You certainly have left an impression on this little town.

We made you a map how to get to Nashville and you be safe.” The English couple gave me 2 books they had brought from the old country. The COMBS CASE. A story about a farmer and his family that had been visited by spaceships and the men in black that followed. “We knew the Combs well,” he said. “Think you will enjoy the story.” It was late when the party broke up. Got some handshakes and some hugs. “See you in a month.” Called Tim, Monica and the Kids to tell them I would be on my way to Nashville.

Next morning I wrote a Thank- you- note to my hostess and told her I would be back in a month and maybe I could talk to her friends from ST.Louis than. Picked up the tapes that Agnes had dropped off at the antique shop just as she had said she would. Universe had provided for me so far. Decided to send the money I still had to Omar in case he needed to buy aspirins or something for his infection. Maybe he could bribe the cook to give him some garlic and ginger. That sometimes helps infections, remembered that from when I was little and we used a lot of home remedies. After I purchased the money order a lady stopped me and said she really needed a reading. Advised her to make alternative arrangements for her and her children. Where she lived now would no longer be a safe place and all hell was about to break loose there. "I've been seeing that coming," she said and as fast as she had appeared, she was gone.

Went to see Omar again for a little while. He looked a little better. Saw the sadness in his eyes like always, when it was time to go. "You'll be back in a minute," he said. "Just stay safe." I assured him everything was confirmed, all lectures were in place and I had a home made map. Shared my experience about the BBQ and how I had gotten the oil changed. Did not tell him that I had sent him all my money, he would have frowned on that.

As I was driving I remembered what the people in Pochahantis said about Gladys, the lady with the restaurant by the lake. I was going in that direction, so I drove the extra 11 miles and introduced myself. "Great! Glad you stopped by." We went in the office and I asked if she had recovered her stolen money yet. "They tell you about it?" she inquired. "No. It's in your reading." I described the thief. "Kind of suspected that person, she said. That is good enough for me, I will confront him." She fixed me lunch and gave me \$20.00. Was unable to stay long and said my good-byes. On the way out a young man arrived. I looked at her as to gesture to her that was her thief. She nodded in acknowledgment.

Bought \$20.00 in gas on the way out and I am on my way to Nashville. After 3 hours my gas gauge is getting a little low. Tell Universe I need a CONOCO STATION. I really need a CONOCO Station. 30 minutes pass. I REALLY need a Conoco. Pretty please..... I am in the middle of nowhere. Wait, back up a little, what is that way of to the left? I'll be. In the distance I see that long red sign. CONOCO. That was close. I had 4 gallons of gas left. At 6 miles a gallon I am out. THANK YOU UNIVERSE. "How far to I-64?" "One mile." Huh that was too close for comfort, hope I won't do that again.

"Get off on Exit 83," the voice in my head said. I am on a new interstate so I have no idea as to where exit 83 might be. Not a problem, I'll

do it. Hey! Exit 83, almost missed it. Only 1.5 miles from where I had just gone on to the freeway.

INA ILL. I get off. To my right. Open spaces. To the left. Nothing. I'll drive over the overpass to the left. A big Building. Don't look like anything either. I make a U-TURN. I hear a lady call me. I stop. "Crop Circles! Wonder if you could stay for a while. Been looking for a person like you. I have a daughter that has lots of problems. Could you do a reading? I call her right now! Do you trade?" I nod yes. "Junior!!!!!" The biggest man I have ever seen emerges on a backhoe from around the building. "You load that Lady up." I am at a canfood warehouse. After I promise Maxine to stop back by on my way back and tell junior and the daughter good-bye, I leave with the CROPPER loaded down with food. From fish to corn to just about anything that one can fit in a can. Now that I am all stocked up with cans, I realize how low on food I had really been. All I have to do now is cook it. I am a little tired and no, I am not going to cook tonight. "Then go and wash your POT." "What?????" The pot I had not washed after preparing the couscous the day before. I do talk back when I hear the voices quite often and LOUD. "OK, I'll wash the pot."

Next exit is a rest area. Park the CROPPER on a little cul de sac and head for the bath room. Pot in hand. When I return to the CROPPER, almost next to it, at a concrete table and bench sits an older couple. "Would you talk to us for a bit," the lady calls out to me? As I introduce myself to Margot and Ralph and take my seat next to them on the bench I notice they are eating their supper. A Big Mac. One in front of her, one in front of him. Next to him is a third Styrofoam container. "See PAPA, I told you I needed another dinner." And with that she gestures me to sit there. It is my hot supper. Margot talks about the UFO's she encountered on a regular basis in her hometown of LUBECK, GERMANY and Ralph tells the story that when in the Air Force it was his job to find spare parts for the US made craft that was kept in a cave in Wyoming. I had heard of that craft once before. Don't remember where exactly but, point being I knew the story was true. He told how the windows were blowing out on a regular basis because, the materials did not mix because the Aliens held out on them with some of the technology and he chuckled to himself like he was reliving the whole fiasco. I was in Harrisburg. "Stop by, if you should ever come thru town again." The rest area was beautiful! Water-skis and boats, a lot of wildlife and oh, so many pretty flowers. It was getting dark. "Best be on our way," Margot said like a true German, not leaving any room for suggestion.

I stopped in Marion for the night. A big truck stop and well lit. Had



coffee and talked on the phone for hours. How great to actually sit on a table and talk instead of having to stand in the middle of the street.

Monica kept saying: "OH MY ,OH MY," and was so moved about the awesome day I had. Tim thought it was great too. He asked if I had enough change. "Define change," I said. "50-100-150 as in Dollars." "How about 623 pennies." "I'll wire you a couple hundred DOLLARS, not pennies he said. Do it right now. Should be there in an hour." And yes, a person can actually get Western Union at a truckstop. Talked to everybody that night and even wrote postcards. No one else answered the phone after that, with the time difference it was too late everywhere else that night, that was fine, was all talked out anyway. Picked up my \$200.00 Took a shower and soaked my feet. Rained hard that night and CHANGO the Thunder God paid a visit and I felt safe.

The next day took me to Kentucky. So many wildflowers. Wonder if they have snakes. However, did not like the energy in Paduca, I am not even going to stop in that little town. Feels Negative.

When I realized I would hit Nashville during rush hour I chose to stay at a rest area, take a nap and go for a walk. Picked flowers and bungycorded them right to the table. Too pretty not to. I call the Trade Center one more time to make sure I got the right instructions and off to Nashville I am. "Go to Powell, make a left. Red light. West on Isis at Wendy's, make a left to Berry Hill drive.

Here is Wendy's, Berry Hill .... Oh shoot I am lost.....

An hour later they finally find me. Unknown to them there was a Berry Hill Street in the same area and one would follow almost the same directions. It is dark. I tell Oliver, the man that came for me to please not drive to fast. "Just follow me," he said. I did. Right into the backyard of the Trade Exchange. I am parked between two buildings. The Lady that requested I come tells me she is running late, she is on her way to the Airport, she has to go to Dallas on business, to make myself at home and by the way, none of the schedules for my lectures coincided with hers, nor the radio show with GAYLORDS, the Cable Channel, so see what you can do. She locks the gate. "This is Smoky, he'll keep you company," pointing to a big Chow-Chow. Everybody is gone. So this is Nashville.

My last thoughts before going to sleep were those of disbelief. Several times I had confirmed my schedule in Nashville. The other place on earth I

never wanted to be. I was sad and disappointed about things not being set up the way I was told. Another Lesson? Thought I had done that lesson in Anchorage, the first time I visited there. But then Alaska turned out to be a very important part of my life. “Why me UNIVERSE?” Just as I was getting places in Greenville. No answer.

The heat woke me up. Gosh, it is hotter in Nashville than it was in Illinois. 11:00am. There is that train again, I vaguely remember hearing trains in my sleep. Like the sound of trains. They Trigger pleasant thoughts in my memory banks. I look around to see where I am besides directly next to a railroad track. Can't see. Bushes and trees are obstructing my view. Two buildings next to each other, divided by a little walkway of sorts. I am parked next to them, kind of close actually. To the right a house, sounds like a recording studio. Only way out of this yard is to back out of a gate that is so small wonder how I was able to drive in it going forward. I am stuck. Everything quiet, no one anywhere.

Well Smokey! Are you ready to eat? Think Smokey was happy to see anybody. He did not care that I had dropped into his world in a house on wheels. He came in and sat next to me. I told him all my problems as we had chicken noodle soup for lunch. Nice DOGGY. Something got his attention and here was a nice looking young man. Said his name was DALTON CREED. Now a name like that I will remember. “Heard you was our Psychic Friend and visiting for a few days. I am to take you to a CONNOISSEUR Party at the MERE BULLES. Formal attire, we are leaving at 5:00pm.” “I am not set up for formal, how about traditional?” “That be just fine MA'AM. He is gone. Smokey sat back down. Good thing Michelle had sent me some clothes while I was in Greenville. Until that time I had been still upset that, because of how MEME had arrived at the last minute and how because of that, I had left half of my clothes at home.

A lady named Caroll and the man from the night before came and picked me up. Let's call him Oliver. On the way to the party I am thinking how I really do not want to be here, especially since Country Western Music is totally unfamiliar to me. And what would I talk about. This being Nashville I am sure that is all they talk about. Do I tell them I was a record producer? No. I am sure they have never heard of Bobby G and the Electric Slide before either. Michael Jackson was not the same subject it used to be and I knew nothing about Charley Pride. I AM NOT THEIR PSYCHIC FRIEND.

Universe was kind to me that night. We were at a DISCO that played all the oldies from the 70's and 80's. Got thru the night without making a fool out of myself. Oliver was to give a speech and because of my knowledge

about filming I was elected to record with a camcorder someone had handed me. Everything went real well for a few lines and then, I can't believe it. A shadowy figure walks right thru my picture. Here is another one. "Hey, You Guys, I said under my breath to the ghosts, I am not here for that." And there was another something. Used to think I was only able to pick up things with my own camcorder, like we were a team and had a very metaphysical connection. Not so. Like the Etherics were just laying for me. WOW! Requested to speak to the manager. She came and I asked her if she knew there were GHOSTS in the Club. "Oh yes, she said, this is an old building. About 110 years old. Lots of things transpire here."

I am accustomed to standing out like a sore thumb because of the way I dress, so it was the case here. Dalton introduced me around. I like Dalton. "How long will I be in town, where am I staying?" I don't know where I am, so Dalton would come to my aid and tell them I was visiting at the Trade Center for a few days. It was nice, but I was happy to have gotten home in one piece, Oliver driving 95 mph on the way home. I am a terrible passenger and all I could think about, was not to leave the wonderful Hors d'oeuvres I had eaten in Oliver's car. And so they just left.

Can't believe they left and I am still stuck between the buildings. At least I had made my phone calls while I was at the Hotel. Smokey was ready for companionship and food. His dinner consisted of chicken noodle soup.

Told Smokey about Marlo Morgan. How she had been invited to an Aboriginal Tribe for a reward. Thinking she was going to get an award she got all dressed up, was asked to change her clothes into native attire, "Rags," she called it and ended up on a four month WALK ABOUT. I told Smokey the whole story, including the part where she ate worms. They are nutritional according to Marlo. Don't worry Smokey, we have lots of chicken noodle soup.

Michelle was still having the same family problem. I had been told by my guides to butt out. I had however been allowed to send one of my guides to my grandson and I had loaned STEFAN to a friend...

Monica was on Vacation and not available to me to cheer me on or up depending on what was called for. I am ALONE and ON MY OWN. I am worried about Omar, him still having this horrendous infection after 3 weeks.

Can't believe these people have left me here again without instructions. Good thing I charged the batteries before leaving Greenville. The radio has batteries so at least I can listen to the news. If only I could understand this

dialect better, sounds like I am in a different Country. Well I am. Country-Western-Country. Smokey jumps the fence to visit his girlfriend.

The light dims and the battery goes dead. GREAT..... “How about some light,” I yell at Universe. Behold, what the .... is that????? Little bugs with light bulbs up their butt. Just great... Thank you UNIVERSE. I open the door and let in the lightening bugs, as I later found out they were called. Universe does have a sense of humor. I am glad because I am close to losing it. Think about Marlo again. She said “What we need every day is one good laugh.” Hahahahahaha! Wonder why she keeps floating around in my head. For weeks already. Will call Brenda to get her phone number and give her a call. Here comes Smokey. That did not take long. Smokey demands entry. I light the candle. Fix him a bowl of water, myself a cup of coffee and share the last cookies I have. Smokey looks at me as to ask me: “ so how did you get here?” All right, here is the story.

I was born the number two daughter to a pretty woman named Josefine. We lived in a beautiful villa with my grandfather Antoine, my grandmother Josefine, my Mother’s twin sister Lisa and my sisters Jeanette two years my senior and Edith one year my junior.

The Villa was on RUE DE COLOGNE on the outskirts of ALGIERS the capitol of Algeria. The Mediterranean to the north, Sahara Dessert to the southwest, the AGADIR Mountains to the east.

My grandfather was a Biochemist and worked a lot with chemicals to improve Synthetics that were now being used to make rugs.

The staff were Sudanese, beautiful tall human beings, rich with culture and endless stories to tell. My Nanny would rush me out of the sun about noon, 120 degrees being too harsh on my skin. “You are just too light with your GREEN Eyes,” she would say. “You will burn in a flash. Where did you come from you strange little child.” Muwali would play ball with me for hours. Remember that ball. It was blue and had a Teddybear on it. It had a black spot on it and I would accuse Muwali of having rubbed off on it again. Muwali was so tall and his black skin would just glisten in the sunlight. Still remember his scent. At dusk one could hear the hundreds of monkeys that congregated at the edge of town, they would make a terrible racket. Nanny and I would sit side by side on a bench watching the red sun set. Blood red I remember the skies. She’d tell Hyena stories and as I was a little older, about 5, she’d tell me about how girls grow up and get married and serve their husbands. Telling stories like that to a 5 year old is acceptable in Afrika I explain to Smokey. Not in America, but I want to tell you the story the way I remember it. Smokey let out a sigh and I gave him a potato chip out of the

box I had overlooked when I had thrown MEME's things away. As I was saying... The talking drums would carry their sounds from the Ocean, to the desert, to the mountains.

My grandmother did not like me too well so I stayed clear of her, she never hit me, but something in her demeanor suggested for me to be careful of her. "Don't worry Child, your Grandmother is leery of you because you fell out of the sky," my Nanny would tell me. "We fear what is different. And you are different CHERI," she'd say.

Really don't remember too much about Jeanette or Edith. Do remember my Mother and Lisa behaving like the good and the evil twins. My Mother soft spoken and loving and Lisa demanding and hardly ever smiling. That is how I could tell them apart from a distance.

Long after we were safely lounging under the mosquito nets, Lisa would still be out there keeping company with the animals. Pheasants, Pigeon-Doves, the afghan dogs and the Pekinese. I had a hedgehog for a pet. He had so many fleas some days and one year he disappeared and I was heartbroken. Thought some wild animal had eaten him even though he could roll himself in a ball. One could not even see his little face. "If you ever encounter a hedgehog I advise you not to mess with him," I tell Smokey. Looked like Smokey understood me. Good. Refuse to tell a story for no reason. Anyway, the following spring we found my pet. He had slept thru the winter under a water barrel that had been turned upside down for some reason. So Muwali told me that some animals hibernate in the winter.

I got to spend time with my grandfather every night, after evening prayers. We were Muslems. Soon he started to go on trips more often and my Mother would be allowed to accompany him on several occasions. I missed them both but did not mind at all because, those were the days I would be allowed to stay in the Village we called it. In the homes of the Sudanese. Grandmother and Lisa stayed clear of me pretty much, Nanny must be telling the truth about them being leery of me.

Muwali would teach me about Herb's and brews he had for every illness. He was a Muslem but even so, he was a traditional person. He taught me how to play a bamboo flute and something that looked like a xylophone. Nanny would tell me about my ancestors having come from Egypt, Ethiopia and the Santa Cruz Islands. She taught me how to dance and even a little "HIGH LIFE" she call it. In case I would have to go to a European Dance with my husband she said. Don't want you to be an old maid. We will have you a husband by 12. She'd rinse my hair in a paste that was made out of coffee. "So your pretty black hair will shine in the wind Cheri," she'd say.

She told me about NKONDE, how he was a BEEING from a different star and the Woodcarver had carved him and the Medicineman or the Fetish had put a soul in the statues belly. To make sure you keep your promises. If you don't, he will follow you thru time and space. She told me how our forefathers came from the planet SIRIUS and how the Neanderthal woman became our great mother. How pretty she was the great IRIS. How the Bedouins and the Gypsies would worship her, as the GREAT SARAH and some of them made a journey to France each year, that being the country where the black Sarah was kept in a shrine. "Do worship no one except your CREATOR. All others are at your disposal and helpers. Especially the ones from the unseen world. Only a few can see them and they are chosen. Your great Grandmother, your Grandmother your Mother and now You. You strange child, that fell out of the sky." I inquired why my mother would call me a CUCKOO. "That's because the CUCKOO Bird lays it's eggs in someone else's nest to hatch," she answered.

One day my grandmother came running and called everyone to the house and told us to get in the basement. We were all there, not knowing what was so urgent about her command. A horrible noise and the earth started rolling it felt like. Like a big snake had gotten under the house and was just slithering away. Seemed like that horrible sound lasted forever. The Agadir mountains had shook. A terrible earthquake. Over 25,000 people had died. For many days the house shook and the chandeliers would just rock from one side to the other. "How did she know about that," I asked my Nanny. "She is a Clairvoyant" my Nanny answered. She'd dress me in Caftans and show me how to wrap the head gear and how to arrange my KUFU. She told me never to be without a chestnut, they would protect me from EVIL. "My grandmother?" I asked.

"Oh no child," she said, "your grandmother is a different Beeing." And just as we laughed about that one she was standing there, BAYA the Afghan right next to her. She had on that long black dress and her hair flying in the wind. She looked like a Madwoman. Those black eyes of hers just spitting fire.

Smokey: "That's it for tonight. I'll tell you some more tomorrow. Get out." With that I closed the door.

Hear Smokey bark at somebody. Guess I slept thru the whole night. Was a blessing, most of the time I am unable to sleep when I am unhappy. And I am unhappy. Let Smokey in. Another hot day. What day is it? I don't know. "If you want to stay in here you must stand guard while I take my bath.

EH, no drinking out of the toilet. Got deodorizer in it. You'll kill yourself. Wouldn't know who to call and I certainly can't take you to the vet, I am stuck remember? Be good, or no more stories for you!" Think he knows I mean it. Breakfast. Find a can of Alpo that was left, from DOG. I am almost out of coffee and my cigarettes are demising.

Finally! Dalton is back. "Why is it so hot in here," he asks. "No power." "What??? They left you here without power? I am just sooo sorry Lilian." With that he opens a door on the bottom floor of the building next to me. Hear him mumble to himself. Heck, here is a phone too. "You do need a phone, don't you? Well here is one, oh no the cord is too short."

"No problem, I have a 50 footer." All set then. I offer him coffee and bare my soul to him in reference to being really ticked off about everything. "Well, I can understand your displeasure. Let me see what I can do."

About that time the rest of the gang has arrived. Oliver, Carol and a man by the name of ORION. "Orion is strange, he is the handyman, don't mind him. He actually tells people he sees spaceships and aliens. Right here at that."

"REALLY??? Thanks for the warning." "Welcome aboard." Orion says.

"Same here." Carol sets the table for a nice outdoor lunch. Dalton comes out of the office building which I assume to be the Trade Center. Tells me that that he sent out a press release about the famous psychic that arrived in Nashville. "Dalton, DEAR. I came to do lectures." "Oh well, it will be fun. Just answer line # 5. That will be for you." "You know Dalton I really don't like that, I had a talk with the LORD and he said we should not associate with a Psychic." Oliver must have seen his Video. Ghosts and all.

"I am a religious man and it is just not right for you to be on these here premises," Oliver continues. Carol makes the sign of the cross at him and tries to make a joke out of his statement. "As I was saying, it would be best for you to leave and that goes for you too, ORION. You are fired. I want you gone, gone, gone. Is there a problem with that?" "Actually there is, Oliver. First of all, I am stuck. Even if I were not stuck, I am not ready to go." "Yep, here is a time for everything. A time to come, a time to go a time... "Stop it CAROL." Well why do you want to be so ugly, Oliver? The Lord did not tell you this. The Lord wants you to show Love and Compassion." "He DID tell me that! That's all I am going to say on that." With that he storms out of the yard. "HEARING voices Oliver? Maybe it isn't the LORD, maybe you are Psychic." Poor Oliver is burning rubber on the way out. "Carol, you did upset that poor man." Asked her if there was a fax machine she nodded, yes.

Called Brenda and asked for Marlo's phone number. "You should have stopped in to see her, Brenda said, you do know you went right by her

house.” “I sure did when I was in Missouri. That is when I must have picked her up.” “You know how telepathic she is, Brenda reminded me, if so, she knows someone is looking for her.” “I guess you are right.” Ask Brenda to E-mail a girl named TIGGGY for me. Tigggy with three G’S. Request her to give me a call. Tigggy is a girl I met on the Internet about 8 month ago. She does live in Tennessee somewhere.

I sent a Fax to Marlo Morgan telling her that I am on a Driveabout. If she has a new person floating around in her head, that would be me. Think I accidentally connected with her coming thru town. Carol and I talked for a long time and I gave her a reading. “Thanks for keeping Smokey company she said, here is his food. I am late for a Movie. BYE” she said and off she goes. Dalton has to leave too, but promises to be back.

Soon Line 5 rings, it is a lady from Gaylords, wants a phone reading. “I’ll send you a check,” she said. She was pleased and try to work me into one of the talk shows in 3 weeks. “Sorry about the mix-up.” Tigggy calls also. She is exited to hear from me. She lives 40 miles from where I am STUCK and promises to come and see me the next day.

Things are starting to look up a little. Lights, phone. Guess it’s OK to be stuck till tomorrow. I am really going to make some changes then. No need for me to hang around here for no reason. I sit at the table, the very same that we had our lunch at, Smokey laying by my feet.

Had such big expectations when I started this journey that Universe has send me on. It did turn out to be a lot different than I had envisioned it. Sure, I thought I would have encounters with UFO’s. A couple of Crop Circles would be nice and speaking to the masses, well 20-30 people at the time would be OK. Nothing at all like this. Have met a lot of people that either had information for me, or I for them, but WHY are things going this way? It’s not like I am rolling in dough and can just drive around the country to visit strangers. Michelle having to take care of my affairs at home, is adding a burden to her already hectic life. I feel frustrated, restless, out of control and so alone. Smokey is good company, but give me a break, he is a dog. I am all alone, my guides are busy somewhere else, well, I said that would be OK, except like so often I put my foot in my mouth with that. Kind of takes me back to my JOHNA in the Whale Syndrome. Aimlessly floating about. Maybe I need to learn how to fine tune some things I say to people, or UNIVERSE for that matter. I try to be descriptive, maybe they really don’t know what I mean. The things or occurrences are in my head. Maybe my friend from the newspaper is right when he says: “The way we present things



and the way people perceive things, are not the same.” I am careful as not to do that and often ask for definition of a word, just to make sure we are talking about the same thing. Well, Universe. I know what I am talking about, is your version different? If so, I wish these lessons were less stressful. I am trying to pay attention. How am I going to start the CROPPER and follow directions, if I am stuck here? I want to get out of here, I do not like it here!

ORION is here, good, at least I have someone to talk to. He jumps the fence and tells me how he had been hired to do odd jobs. He thought it was very disturbing to him, Oliver having acted like that. He thought it was fear Oliver having encountered two BEEINGS from far away places. Said he was a timetraveler and the name ORION had been giving to him. After the Star System he added. Said he had remembered that, before he was born on this earth he had lived on Orion. He wrote music and sang songs on street corners for money, hoping to get a break and record a CD and address the masses.

MASSSES. That same word I had just wondered about.

He lived in an RV very similar to the CROPPER. Explained to him I was just on a trip and had a home back in Washington State. “I am going to Virginia, you ought to come with me, I’ll sing and you do readings and we can have a good life.” I thanked him for offering and told him that was not to be my path. Also advised him that the East would not be a safe place to be a little later in the year because of the horrendous weather conditions. “I know” he said, “but I am going anyway.” Said he knew a girl there he liked. “I have to move on,” he said “I am out of food and getting fired like that, did not help.” As he was telling me that he really did not feel right about leaving me there, I started packing up some of the canned food Maxine had given me. I had plenty, so I was able to share. He drew me a map, showing where it would be safe for me to park overnight, “this is a crime ridden town” he said. We unhooked all the cords and he tried turning the CROPPER around. “Piece of cake, its just like mine” he said. But he was unable to do so. Before it was all said and done, all we had accomplished was to face it at an different angle, still facing the wrong way. We talked a while longer, about how judgmental Oliver really was, even he proclaimed to have spoken to the Lord. Truth be told, we had a laugh or two at Oliver’s expense. Don’t know why we are having such a hard time in this world, but I guess we are only here for a minute, ORION TIME, only observers and while we are here, we are exactly where we are suppose to be. Point well taken. We lifted the sack of groceries over the fence and ...The man from ORION... jumped it again, waved good-bye and left in his old RV. Nice of him to come and check on me.

Reconnected the phone line and the electricity. Made Makarelpatties,

fried potatoes, pickled beets and rice pudding for dinner. Smokey and I sat on the patio at the table and supper was good. The sunset was beautiful, things were OK, even if they were not going my way. AT ALL, I might add. The water out of the water hose by the side of the house was hot, so I was able to wash dishes. It was hot, must be 100 plus. Smokey takes off to see his girlfriend and I make some phone calls.

Monica and I have a friend in TEXAS, let's call her Anette. Called her, we talked about my dilemma for 2 hours. POW!!!! Just blew a fuse and I am sitting in the dark again. No way for me to get inside of the building. This was one place they had not left me a key. Thought about ORION again, wondering if he really had left to go to Virginia. Soon after I had changed into my night clothes Smokey reappeared. "Ready for your bedtime story?" Smokey did not look like he really came for that, so I told him that since he asked me, I was going to finish the story. If he didn't listen, I would not give him a treat. So he laid down and looked at me like: Do I have too? YOU DO! He yawns and looks like: "so go ahead if you must. Tell me about your grandmother with the fiery eyes."

Actually my friend, I am not able to do that quite yet. I have to tell it the way I remember it.

I am now 10 years old. My name is MONIKA. It is snowing and I am riding a sled. My mother has told me to come back, as soon as the sun sets. I tell the other kids I must go now. "WHY?" "My mother told me so." "She cannot tell you anything. She is not your mother." I jump on the boy and hit him with a rock. The ski cap slides off my head and my blond hair is all wet. I am going to really be in trouble, they had just bleached my hair and I am not allowed to get dirty. I run up the stairs to the 3rd floor of the apartment where I live with my mother LINA and my father KARL. They say I have a speech problem, because I cannot pronounce so many of the German words and my grammar is terrible. "The kids said you are not my mother." She was cleaning fish and had a knife in her hand. She dropped the knife and the fish. She wiped her hands on her apron, turned whiter than I had ever seen her. "That is not so, MONI." Thought I was in trouble, but she never said anything about me being dirty. My Father comes out of the other room and wants to know what I have done this time, to upset his wife. Before we could answer he started hitting me with his arm. He had a cast on it. He called me a slut and just kept beating me. He hits me in the face and I can taste the blood in my mouth. I manage to get away and he lets off a little. "He is upset because his mother died, she said. It's hard on him. Two more days before we can bury her, it will get better after that. Blow your nose, you are getting blood all

over the floor.”

I go to the room I usually sleep in, only now it is no longer a refuge. His mother is all propped up in my bed. We had washed her and put her Sunday clothes on her, so people could come by and pay their respects. The room is kept cold so she won't start smelling before it is time for burial. I sit in the corner real quiet, trying to understand what the boy meant when he said, “she is not your mother.” Maybe he is not my father either. In fact, I would welcome that. That would explain why he looks at me the way he does. When we go for long walks. Sometimes we catch the train and go a long ways only to play DEER on the long way home. I am the DEER. He is the WOLF. I hide, he catches me. When he does, he throws me down and licks my face. Can smell his breath, smells like cigars. Then he has me sit like a dog and beg for treats. About two blocks from where we live is a public Bathhouse. We stop there so I can get cleaned up and I have to change clothes. He always has a bag of spare clothes for me to change into. “So you won't upset your mother being all dirty,” he'd say.

That night I stay in the room with his dead mother, don't want to come out and no one attempts to come for me to eat my supper. Boiled potatoes, applesauce and bloodsausage. I line up my dolls and start talking to them in a different language. Where did I learn that I wonder. They said it was French, Kauderwelch and GODAMNED American. He must have heard me, here he comes again. Like the night before he throws me on the bed, right on top of his dead mother and rapes me. A few days after the burial I finally get to put everything back the way it was. I find a paper. It looks strange. It is black paper and white writing. I have never seen writing like that before. Beautiful curves, almost looks like music, like dancing. I hide it.

A few days later I bring home a paper from school. My teacher, MS. SCARTON wants me to sing in the choral society from church. “Music is your gift,” she said. You came here to make beautiful music. Had been fighting again on the way home, me and a girl named Sylvis against two of the other kids. She was born in Yugoslavia, we always had to fight because we were different. “Not PURE” the other kids said. Had bitten this girl twice my size on her breast, that was the only place I could catch her. Her grandmother came to talk to my father and he never asked what happened, he just started beating me again. “CRY, you bitch,” he had yelled and I did not. That only made him angrier. Maybe if I did cry, it would make it easier. But I will not cry. EVER! When I looked in the mirror I scared myself. looked like a person with two heads. The one I had was so swollen. Like another one had grown right next to it.

He did not allow my mother to sign the papers for the church choir  
“You are not allowed in church. I refuse to pay church taxes. And if you don’t quit talking about things that happen in the future you will get a beating again. They told me how you refused to go into this little house last week, telling everyone it would collapse. And then it did. There is no God, he’s dead, dead, dead. If you don’t change your ways, I’ll prove it to you. You’ll be dead too. You and God both. And sit up straight at the table. Move your hand away from your head,” and with that he hit me with the knife he had in his hand, so he could cut his meat. And the bloody mess started all over again. At night I would get out that paper and look at it. All I knew that paper was important. Seemed I was MS SCARTON’S pick in school. She was different too. Looked like she had a tan and long black hair, tied in a knot behind her head. I could trust her. I’d ran home from school some days, so I could stop at the library without mother knowing I had went there. I’d hide the book and the next day run home again so I would have a minute to sit by the water fountain, by the Protestant Church and read for a few minutes. I snuck in the church one day to see how God lived, even though he was dead. There he was hanging on a cross, guess the old man had told me the truth. God was dead. Eventually I showed that paper to MS SCARTON, she mentioned it was written in Arabic, she could not read it, but it looked like an official document, for me not to lose it. I promised I wouldn’t.

It was a long way to school and there was a lot of traffic. Cars and horses pulling wagons that were loaded with hay and barrels. Some of the buildings were still in ruins and had grass growing over the bricks and the copplestones, the streets were so uneven that if you’d run, you would twist your ankle badly. “That’s left over from the war,” they had told me. Had learned to get to the street corner at a certain time. The Americans would drive thru town with their big tanks, exactly the same time each morning and if you got to the corner in time, than they would stop and let us cross the street. Americans are great! They like kids. Why else would they stop for us in such a fashion. Sometimes they even hand out Hershey bars and chewing gum. I had gotten gum one morning, but when my father had caught me chewing, he yelled something about not being like the godamn Americans and I had gotten a horrible beating.

It was on of one those mornings, while crossing the street, I met James Graham. He was a tall Afro American. He looked so familiar. He reminded me of someone. He asked how I was and if I liked school and how well I spoke English. Said he lived right down the street and I should come and visit him and his wife some afternoon. Rose would really like me. You must come

and he gave me the address. When he handed the paper on which he had written the address, I picked up a scent I knew from somewhere.

The next day he stopped and gave me a book. Had an inscription. To Monica. Good luck always. James. You really don't need this dictionary, your English is so good. Where did you learn that? It's the same language I speak to my dolls, have always known it. My father said it was godamn American. James laughed and said he was right. So he had told me the truth about that.

Had asked my mother to take me to a matinee. Porgy and Bess. She finally agreed, but was really mad that the movie was in English and all black. She said it was a disgrace to have had to spend all that money for that! But somehow she did stay and I got to watch it. I felt so connected to Bess and some of the townswomen in the story. And Crown, well he was so tall and shiny black he reminded me of someone, just did not know who. I must go to MADAGASCAR when I grow up. "What foolish talk, my mother said, that is some savage bushcountry in Africa." She gave me a strange look and said: "I will never take you to anything like that again. BASTA." When she used the word "BASTA" I knew never to bring that up again. But I had a wonderful afternoon and told the dolls all about it, in a low whisper, so no one would hear me. The next time she took me to the circus that had appeared overnight in front of the church. I got very sick and they called an ambulance, they determined I was allergic to elephants. How strange I thought, never been allergic to elephants before, I used to feed them camphor. My mother said I was imagining things again, I had never seen an elephant before. I should stop talking like MUNCHHAUSEN, the guy in my storybook that was a perpetual liar. Seemed every time she took me anywhere, something went wrong so I stopped asking to go places and just went to skating practice on the other end of town. When I was on those roller-skates, I was free and in control. Like I could dance with the wind and that reminded me of something nice.

One night I had dropped a jar of jelly. It was a terrible mess. Before I was able to clean it, my father had seen it and beat me to an inch of my life. He picked me up by the neck and threw me in a chair. "I tell you something you clumsy slut. You are just like your mother. A whore. That's right. You real mother. We adopted you and gave you our name and our home. Out of the orphanage, we should have left you there. Our Daughter Honni died, you are just a replacement, so you can take care of us in our old age. You cost more trouble than what you are worth, just like your mother, you WHORE. And quit going around telling people what is going to happen. Someone told me you've done it again. I tell you your future. If you don't change, I will kill you, you whore. Now sit and eat!" He put a plate with a cheese sandwich in

front of me and a tincup of mintea. I sat for a while thinking how that must have been, what that boy had been talking about, when he told me my mother was not my mother. I watched the cheese walk right off that piece of bread. It had that many maggots on it. Walked right off that piece of bread.

The next day I skipped school and went to visit Rose Graham. She was glad I had came. I got to play with her little girl. Rose was pregnant and I got to rub her stomach. We had hamburgers and potato chips. She said she was born in Florida, as she described the weather and the people I thought for sure she was talking about Madagascar. Told her she reminded me of my sister Edith, how they both had bronze skin and curly hair and how Edith and her both looked like the Queen of Sheba.

“Tell me about your sister,” she said. I cried because I didn’t know why I said that. Told her I was a perpetual liar and did not have a sister at all.

“Don’t cry honey,” she said and just held me. “Please don’t call me Honey, I am her replacement.” Rose looked puzzled but she said, “OK I won’t.” Rose became my friend. She could not read the paper I had still hidden either, but promised to save it for me. “For safekeeping” she said. So things were looking real good for a while.

It was right after my 11th birthday and it had just started to snow. It was early November. Mother had went somewhere without me and Father was still at work. We lived on a dead-end-street, last house on the bottom of the hill. Heard a knock on the door and thought mother had forgotten her key. It was James Graham with his little girl. “Rose is in labor, he said, I have to go to the hospital. Can you baby-sit?” I agreed and he left. My mother came home and let out a yell. “Bringing that savage’s child in my house, wait till your father gets home!” My god, I had never thought about that. She ran out of the house still screaming. Had settled down the little girl, she was real frightened. Mother came back with the police. They said they had a report, a black man had been parking his car on top of the hill and came over to see me, as soon as my mother leaves and that had been going on for a long time. They knew I was having relations with him. They called me a traitor, such a pretty, young German girl to lay with a Nigger, that was sacreligious. They took the little girl with them. When Father came home he didn’t even beat me, he just looked at me in disgust. The next day the police came back and took me to the doctor. Had to get undressed and they gave me a VD Check. They told my mother I was no longer a virgin. She sat in the corner and cried, “How could you do this to us” she asked. “Do WHAT???” As soon as we got home these two women came and took me to a girls home. All I remember about that is, that it had bars on the windows.

One day I was told to get dressed in my Sunday clothes, we were going to court. My Mother and Father was there, but they did not look at me. The judge said I was guilty. I was hereditarily disadvantaged by race. Adoption annulled. "You are not to use the name MONIKA FRAUND any longer. Your Name is LILIAN HEINTGES," the judge said. "You are free to go." I am 12 years old. Where do I go? I walked for hours and finally ended up on Rose Grahams door steps. She helped me in and fed me supper. A beautiful new baby boy. "They convicted James of childrape. He has to go to prison and I am going home to Florida," Rose said. "I am going to America too," I said. She gave me back my paper and said I could live with her till the Army shipped her out. "James didn't do anything," I told her. She explained what childrape was. "But he didn't do it!" I said. "I know," she answered and we both cried. "Tell me about your sister EDITH." I still could not remember, all I knew I was NOT GERMAN and I told her what the judge had said. My hair was mostly black again, because it had not been bleached for a long time. Rose looked at me closely and concluded that I wasn't white either. "So what am I?" I asked.

"Don't know she said, whatever you is you are a little on the light side. Creole maybe. Like them Louisiana Creoles. French and Black."

I remembered something about Ethiopia, but than the thought was gone again. Rose found me a place to live with a Mulatto man from Canada. He had two children and I took care of them while he worked. She left for Florida and I never saw them again. But I still have the dictionary James gave me. Have it with me now. "See Smokey?" Smokey is asleep. Oh well.....

I am making a cup of coffee. I am really disturbed. Why did I have to dig all this up again?

"Wake up Smokey, you started this and you are going to listen to the rest of the story, I am only telling this one once. In a way I am glad you are a dog, at least you can't repeat it. Here, have some milk and another Makarelpatty. Good HUH?"

Pier, the Canadian was a nice man. Don't remember how long I lived there. We talked way into the night sometimes. We played records with ODDETTA, a folksinger and Ella Fitzgerald. Told him about that paper on one of those occasions. "You ought to try and find your family," he said. "Where do I start?" "Let me have the paper for a few days. I work for Intelligence and we might be able to help you. At least we can try to find someone that can read what this says." Eventually he told me that the paper was some kind of a sales agreement, but it did not make all that much sense.

He had however found an address on it and he wanted to check on something else. He came home early one afternoon and said he had found my grandmother, she lived about a 2 hour drive from us. Said because of the revolution the family had left Algeria and moved to different parts of Europe. Algeria...The memories were slow to come. But they did. We went to Wiesbaden to a big villa by the Casino. "Your Grandmother spends her summers here, he said, don't know where she lives the rest of the time." I was very nervous as we drove up the steep driveway. Got out of the car and slowly walked to the door and rang the bell. A Servant answered the door and I asked for Josefina.

"Who should I say is calling?" he asked.

"Her granddaughter Lilian."

He shut the door and I waited for long time. Was almost ready to leave. The door opened again.

"What do you want?"

"I want to see my Mother."

"I am the only one that lives here."

It was my grandmother. I recognized her, the Pekingese Dogs by her feet, the long black dress and those black eyes that spit fire. The door shut.

Remembered my Nanny and what she had said about her being scared of me. I think my Nanny was right. I erased my grandmother from my mind for the next 20 years. Just like I had the Fraunds.

Pier send me to school, music school actually and I worked in a little music shop. The owner was a one of the last violin makers, he made them by hand, that is why he was famous. Like with so many other things, factories had pretty much taken over that industry also. How wonderful the wood smelled and the lacquer he put on the carved instruments. Said he would have me work for the HOUSE OF FABER. Faber made Pianos.

"I like that, Mr. Schunzel, I said, only I cannot take you up on that I am going to America." "Not till I am dead and gone. Never will find someone with your photographic memory," he replied. Thought everyone could remember stock numbers, zip codes and phone numbers after hearing them once. Thought everyone could remember voices on the telephone after hearing them once. Thought everyone could tell what the next day brings so we could be prepared for potential problems.

Eventually I finished school and Pier moved back to Canada. I had money from working so I rented a room at a hotel. It was there, I met Henry Baron Johnson. A GI from Pennsylvania. He looked like Lamar Burton. In my opinion, I was old enough to have a husband. Johnny, as I called him, was



nice. So we became engaged at the ROD and GUN Club. He bought me a beautiful ring. Had an inscription. I love you forever. Our Party was cut short. Someone had shot President Kennedy. It was terrible. Had just went to see him and Jackie at the General van Stuyven Hotel. Had been really close to them. Had liked them real well. Unlike the Queen of England that had arrived at the train station, just about the time I had gotten there to catch a train. The train was right there, I could see it. Only trouble, between me and the train, was a rope and a red carpet. Here came Queen Elisabeth. She had on a pink suit and was wearing a matching pink hat. I was so close to her and was so mad, could have slapped her. Missed my train and had to wait 24 hours for the next one.

I felt real bad about President Kennedy getting killed. We had went back to the Hotel where I lived. The pill Johnny had given me had made me real sick. I was a little shade of green actually. As it turned out I had eaten the Norform, thinking it was a pill. Didn't get over that sick feeling for a long time, so I went to the doctor and told him I had a tape worm. "What makes you think that?" the doctor asked. "I feel sick all the time and I can feel him moving." My Anthony was born 3 weeks later. Johnny's father owned a trucking company and Johnny had to go home on leave, to help out for a couple of weeks. He was buying a house for us to live in when we would go to the United States. Johnny never came back. He got killed in a car accident and Anthony died when he was 4 months old. RH Factor they said. Johnny's Mother did tell me I could still come and live in the house, it was rightfully mine. I told her that was OK, she could have it. So I filed Johnny and Anthony away in my memories with the other things that were too painful. I moved out of the hotel and rented a room in a big house by the Rhine river...

That's when I remember going for walks and lots of time end up at a Ballpark. There was always this bright light over my head, real bright. I would wake up laying on the bench, with that bright light over my head and never remember how I got there.

Somewhere in that time frame I hooked up with EDITH. We were like two peas in a pod and dressed alike. Me with my light skin and my straight black hair and Edith with her ebony skin and her curly hair. Had forgotten about that for many years and can't recall the details, but my husband told me years later that, it had been my Sister. Even at that I can only really recall the dresses we wore, not the fact that she was my Sister.

It was then, I met the Love of my life. Drove right by us in a pretty pink Caddillac. He made a U-turn and we went for dinner. He was so

handsome, 6,4' and he reminded me of someone in the back of my mind. He was so kind and I was his Queen. He loved that car! Wasn't allowed to smoke in it. My nail polish was kept in the ashtray, in case I had a chip, so I could repair it right then and there. He was a little picky and made me listen to Hank Snow at the club every Saturday. I disliked Hank Snow's music, but I loved being with my man. That love stayed with me all my life to this day. Omar and I talk about my first Love often and he thinks I should just call him one day. Omar knows he is my One and Only, so he is not worried about me, still thinking about that man. Anyway, his mother had a stroke and he went to Chicago on a compassionate reassignment and he never came back to Germany.

I got married to someone else that next year and my son David was born. My son was my everything, he would never leave me. I thanked Universe for my son. By now I had realized God was not dead. He had blessed me with my son. I hug him and kiss him and sing songs in a different language and remember my early childhood. I promise him he will never get lost, like I did. Couldn't tell him how I got to be someone else, but I was always going to be with him.

My husband got orders to go to Vietnam. My visa wasn't ready so he left. Was supposed to follow right behind him. I got my Visa but the Germans said: "You can leave any day now, but you cannot take your son. He is a German, black maybe, but never the less, he is not going to leave the country." Had seen on AFN (American Forces Network) that if anyone had a problem to call Vice President Hubert Humphry. I did that and he told me to go to a Col. Watzeck and tell him my story. I did that and was told my son was an American citizen, to go home and wait. Not to talk to any Germans about that. Few days later two German officers came and wanted to take my son. I threatened to kill the baby, I was not going to give him to anyone. I had only said that, but they must have believed me. The room got real light, just like in the ballpark and they left looking all crazy.

Later Col. Watzeck sent someone to pick me up and take me to the Army Base, so I could leave for the United States. They put me on an army plane and as soon as it took off, all of David's bottles exploded, the pressure was different the lady sitting next to me told me. When we landed in New York, they took us to FT. Dix. Had arrived in the middle of the airline strike and was stuck there for 6 days. It was hot in July of 1966. They put us on a train to go to Washington State. Only had a few things, the movers had picked up all my belongings weeks ago and shipped to the US.

Had a layover in Chicago, so I called a cab and went to see My First Loves Mother. She was so happy to see me and we stayed friends almost till

the day she died. She was like my Nanny. Loving and kind, fair and so pretty. Even sitting in her wheelchair she was a Queen and she loved my baby. Just held him and kissed him and did not want to put him to down to go to sleep. How precious he is, just look at him, what an angel!

It disturbed her a little to find out that I had such a hard time to get to her house on the Westside. The cab driver did not want to take us to the black part of town, guess he thought we were white. And one more little detail I should mention, there was a riot at the time. I called my husband and told him where I was. He was real mad and told me I had better come to Washington, NOW! Remembered what my Nanny had said, about obeying my husband so I got ready to leave. Couldn't remember what train station I had come in on, was in awe of the fact that Chicago could have more than one. And what tall buildings. Finally got to Union Station and it took another 3 days to get to FT. LEWIS, Washington. My husband picked us up from the train station, in a pink Oldsmobile. He had fixed up the house really nice and all my things were there already. He was glad to see us, but was so angry about my "stopover" in Chicago. He was mad about that all the years we were married.

The next year Michelle was born. She looked like a little Indian baby. My children were my everything.

My husband was a good provider and we never needed anything. We had the best of everything. He ran his household with an iron fist. We never could please him and everything had to be perfect. I think he did love me. That was just his ways and insecurities.

I must be doing something wrong. So I thought I would do the American thing and become a Christian. My Guides had helped me to get thru life this far, especially the tall one that use to stand behind me. Someone was always with me. Things moved and there was a presence all the time. Once I was in the hospital, my husband said he was unable to sleep because of the Chinese saucers flying around the house. We had no Chinese saucers, but he saw what he saw.

I became a Jehovah's Witness. If I am becoming a Christian I am going to be the best that I can be, and that was that. I now had a purpose, I got to know God and had gained a family of sisters and brothers. Even when we offered our home to visiting Overseers and found out they were not comfortable staying.. with a ..MIXED Couple..I forgave them.

They would come to the house and pray with me for hours because I was demonized, so was my house. My guides were now Demons and all holy hell broke loose. The more I wanted to stop knowing things, the more I was plagued by knowing things. All the praying did not help, it only made it

worse. I was a good Christian I thought and made sure my perfect children became even more perfect. My husband was very opposed to it all and the abuse got worse. That was OK I had my children and my brothers and sisters. I was a full time preacher and knew the bible inside out.

I used to think about my first Love when things got really bad and he would just appear in my dreams. That's how I kept my sanity. He actually came a few times in person and offered to rescue us, but as a good Christian woman I could not leave my husband.

Vietnam had made things worse. He would get malaria and throw me clear across the room in his delirium thinking I was the Vietcong. I faulted the Government for that. No one had educated us as wives and children to cope with that. No one had told us most of the men came back crazy. We didn't know what had happened to them, they left one morning and came back a year later, that is all that we knew. David said later we were all victims. He was right.

The only way to end a marriage is by death or adultery I was told. Adultery, only if you can prove it to God. Eventually I was granted that divorce. My husband had made a lot of money and we were use to the best. I was not about to raise my children in poverty. I was sick all the time. I must pray more.

In the mean time a new rule had been established. We, as Witnesses, were no longer allowed to smoke. I was a nervous wreck from all the problems I was now facing, as a single parent, but I had just made the deadline with the no smoking policy. I was called to appear in front of the Elders. "Why was I smoking?" I said, "I enjoy it." No one asked me if I was still smoking. Based on that answer I was told I was disfellowshipped. That meant noone was allowed to talk to me any longer, God had condemned me to die. I was dead in this life and the hereafter. Until I change my ways. I sat in the back of the Kingdom Hall many days after that, always hoping to be able to regain Gods favor, but I could never quite do it. Like the old man had said. God is dead. At least to me he was, how can Father deny his child? The God of the Christians was now my father, at least that is what they had taught me and I had preached for so long. God and Jesus was no longer available to me. My guides were still with me, only to me they were still demons and so it remained for 20 years. What a horrible burden to put on anyone, almost criminal. Tried to start a support group for disfellowshipped people a couple of times, but they were even to scared to do that. Many turned to drugs and many committed suicide.

I worked day and night to make the money my husband use to. Being

out working with bands we all drank. I don't think I was an alcoholic, I just drank every day, it was part of the job. I felt guilty, my children not having a father. A family is a mother, a father and the kids. So I married again. And again.

One day I got a card in the mail. It was a Birthday Card. I opened it. It was from my Mother. I cried a river that day.

I was 32 years old when that card came. Use to think about my Mother, especially on my birthday. How could she have forgotten about me? Why did she not rescue me? Did she not know I had disappeared one day? And then out of all things a Birthdaycard!!! Had been forwarded from Indianapolis by my ex mother in Law. When my husband and I divorced I had made sure that the children got to keep their grandparents, did not divorce them. And so we had stayed in touch. Still are, 30 years later and our path crosses often. The card had a phone number on it. After I quit shaking, I picked up the phone and started to dial. Think I dialed more than once, or even twice.

"I like to speak to Josefine."

"There you are, my sweet Lilian," the voice said. It was my Mother.

After a couple of minutes of small talk she told me how she had searched for me all those years. How she and Grandfather had come home from a trip and found me gone. How her and Grandfather eventually found out my grandmother had sold me to a German couple. She did not need the money, so she had given the money to my Grandfathers bookkeeper, he had arranged for everything. My grandfather had divorced her prior to finding out what she had done. He divorced her because she would not tell them how I had just disappeared.

Grandfather had moved to Bentley, upstate New York and lived there till he died.

Mother had moved to BEIRUT after Jeanette was grown and lived there till the American Embassy got bombed.

Jeanette had married an American GI from Montana and was stationed in Germany.

Edith had left at an early age and all she knew is that eventually she had married a dentist somewhere in Texas, we never heard from her.

While living in Germany with Jeanette, Mother became a Magistracy and because she speaks 7 languages would do translations for different Agencies on the side. It was thru one of those case researches she ran into a Birth Certificate. It said David Baron, my son. My name and maiden name, me as the mother. She called the US EMBASSY and had been refered to the

address in Indianapolis. She tried to sue the German Government and did not get far. It ran her out of the little money she still had. Years later I visited and she showed me the boxes of documents she had saved for me, she always knew she would find me, one day.

But that is a whole other story, Smokey. Time for you to go home and me to get some sleep. "What's the matter Smokey, thought my stories were boring you and now you don't want to leave. Tell you what. I'll fix us a snack and one more story and that's it. OK?" I happen to like orange juice with baby rice cereal that's OK, you can have chicken in a can. One more large cup of coffee for me. It is hard to tell a life story in one night. Ok, two nights.

Like I told you, I had filed away the Fraunds, that German family that bought me, for better than 10 years. I was fascinated by American TV. I loved commercials, especially the one where the West Indian held up two nuts, one light one dark. He'd say: "This is a cola-nut," pointing to the dark one. "And this is an un-cola- nut," pointing to the light one. And then he'd just laugh: "Hahahhahahah" Thought that was so sexy. My husband use to get jealous of the "Un-cola-man," I think. Everything was about HYGIENE, like, wash this, scrub that, use to think I had landed in a really dirty country and they had to tell people what to wash. So when I saw a commercial about what is going to happen to your parents in their old age and they showed a nursing home, I thought about the Fraunds getting old. They were always old, they were old when I lived there. That night I asked my Husband If I could have \$1000.00 and take the kids to Germany. "Germany, what do you want to do there, you can't stand that place." "I know, I said, but I have to go and confront the people that treated me so bad." "Hell, write them a letter," he said. He looked at me in a strange way, as to say: "I know you are crazy, but at least you are not cooking on sticks in the middle of the living room and you did not ask to go to Chicago. "OK, he said, if you must." I packed up the kids and we took off to Germany.

Since I had arrived in the US on an Armyplane I did not think it was strange that they searched us before getting on a commercial airliner. I did not think it was strange, that when we changed planes in New York, everything was robed off and they took me and the kids to the side and looked at our passports several times. Shortly before landing in Frankfurt, David asked me what the word was he was not suppose to say. I whispered "HIJACK." Michelle looked so pretty with her Indian HEADBAND around her head. She had gotten it from a young Apache that for a long time, we thought he was a neighbor, he was "HER" Apache. Many years later we realized there was no neighbor of Apache decent, but he was there and played with her and gave her

the headband. The kids we were excited. Where were we going? I was not sure at that time, but I said we are going to visit their substitute Grandparents.

The plane did not taxi to the Gate, instead it parked in the middle of the runway. Announcements were made in French and Arabic and they said that it was a short stop, to remain in our seats, this plane had been detoured to Tel Aviv. Two vans arrived at the plane. A bunch of police officers with short machine guns jumped out of the van. Two Officers stepped out of the other one and they requested we, 4 of us total, step off the plane and searched us again. I looked up and thru the windows at the Airport, I could see Police and soldiers pointing their short guns at us. The plane rolled away as soon as we had gotten off and they put us in the vans. After they took apart everything we had brought with us and confiscated my Cigarettes, they said, "The reason for the extra security is the fact that a lot of Athletes have been killed in MUNCHEN at the Olympics. Just to make sure, with dark looking passengers on a Arabic airplane." Instantly I remembered how I had forgotten some of the things I had disliked about this place. Oh well, we were here now. We caught a cab to the town the Fraunds lived in.

When we got to the house I had lived in, the neighbors told us where they had moved to and we were welcome to stay in a little loft over the Garage. Remembered them. Also remember how they had been in AWE the time I told them to check the skirting on the roof on the house straight across for safety. "Why?" they had asked. "Because a man is going to fall to his death from the roof." They did not believe me and the man did fall and died a few days after that, looked out of the window and saw him fall. Still remember the sound he made when he hit the pavement. Could be those memories made them act so nice. They were even nice to David and Michelle.

The next day we went to the house the Fraunds lived in. It was a Retirement Community. Some of the residents were looking out of the windows, trying to see who this Lady and the "darkskin" children were and where were they going. Lina answered the door and all the blood drained out of her face. "MONI?" She made a step towards me, almost like she was glad to see me. That's when she saw the kids. She reversed that step. "Come here Karl," she called out to him. I walked right by her and said to this man, with a look on his face that was worth all the years of suffering: "I am home, POP, and look, I even brought the Children." He opened his mouth as to say something, but before he could get a word out, I smiled at him and said, "I am grown now and I am not scared of you any more, you SOB, I came to make you face your worse fears. Nice to see you, too." And with that, I started to take the kids coats off and got comfortable. I was glad the children was

unable to understand what we talked about. I knew it was just killing him. But he was very decent and him and David seemed like buddies.

She asked if the kids were Hawaiian, I said, "NO, they are black. Like the Graham's, you do remember the Graham's, the man that you put in Jail for no reason?" "I do remember the Graham's," she said in an almost sad voice and I let off this path of destruction I had originally planned. I felt sorry for them. All old, with no one, the very same thing they had feared. We were not allowed to sleep under their roof but that was OK, we remained at the flat over the garage. After 3 weeks of realization that color made little difference and kids were kids, they offered to be Grandpa and Grandma and we left it at that. They started to send X-mas and birthday presents. She sewed Pajamas for the kids and as they got older, they would send money. Once the kids asked me why they would send money and I said, "you take it, I've earned it," never explaining what I meant. Unfortunately the kids they never wanted to have a relationship with my Mother their real Grandmother, they could not understand why she had left me. After I got all the details about that, they were older and did not want to hear my stories any more. So they were cheated out of a great relationship with a wonderful woman. My MOM.

I would visit the Fraunds every time I went to see my Mother. He would say, "Going to see HER again?" I'd say: "Yes, I am going to see the WHORE." Never did tell him that I knew how he really got me. How they had bought me and forged the papers and than adopted me. Till they found out I was not "WHITE" what an unforgivable flaw.

He is dead now, died at the kitchen table at breakfast one morning cursing me. But I have forgiven her and call her twice a week to check and make sure she is OK. She is 91 now and we, the kids and I are the only people that care. So for 8 years, we talk about everything, BUT THAT. That was my lesson in forgiveness. Which reminds me Smokey, it is Tuesday and time to call the old Lady.

"Good night, go home."

END 13-17

Had no more than gotten ready for the day, when I heard a woman's voice call my name. A young lady was standing on the other side of the fence. Smokey never barked, when I helped her to jump the fence. "Hi Lilian, I am TIGGGY, with three G's." She gave me a big hug. Was nice to see a friendly face. We sat in the CROPPER and reminisced how we had met. One night, she had just zapped into my program on the Internet, wanting to know If I could tell if she would become a columnist for the NASHVILLE



PAPER. How should I know? “Well, aren’t you a PSYCHIC?” She had me there. We stayed in touch, E-mailing back and forth for several months and now we sat here together in person. Unlike some of the other people I had meet thru MEME, this young woman was a genuine Human Beeing. “Can I do anything for you?” she asked. “Need to do laundry?” Not lucky at the laundry I explained, by telling her my laundry story and Nashville had turned out to be a story all by itsself. “No thank you.....No Laundry for me.” I only live 40 miles from here, you are welcome to come to my house and I’ll bring you back whenever. So we did pack up the laundry, Journey tapes, my nightclothes and my toothbrush just in case. Told Smokey to watch the house, promised two bed time stories and he watched us jump over the fence and drive away. Tigggy was nice and drove thru town, so at least I could see what Nashville and surrounding areas looked like. We stopped at SACK’S of FIFTH AVENUE and bought a slip for \$5.99. Had not been to fine store in years and had flashbacks of the better days. Told her how I had bought designer purses MCM, Gucci and Cartier for Michelle and she liked them but she thought having all this writing on them was stupid. Had suits from the house of ARMANI and LEO VITON. “Really, Tigggy said. How can you handle K-mart?” Just fine, I laughed. “Guess you’re right, she said. There is reality and there is Reality.”

“Exactly.” At one time we had re-entered the interstate. Traffic was at a stand still and ticket scalpers walked in the middle lane, offering tickets for some big concert. Was a little in awe of that. Her husband was nice and her little girl darling. We talked about alot. We washed my clothes. She ordered Pizza and for a minute I wondered how the friends were in Greenville.

We laughed about the fact that I was stuck between two buildings and tried to figure out why that was so. I am sure there is a reason. But I don’t like it! Sitting there telling Smokey my life story. “How Funny. Want to check your E-Mail?” Great! Of course I did. Lots of junk mail and what is that? A letter from ILYES.

Dear Lilian.

I am on my way to England to research the Crop Circles at Stonehedge.

There are MANY in Madison County ILL.

4 large ones, 1800 feet long, 100 feet wide. Highway 157 Collinsville, 15 miles west of St. Louis.

So go back and take a look. Hug, ILYes

“Oh NO!” “What is it?” Tigggy inquired. Told her that I had just left there and had jokingly told people to be, nice in case UNIVERSE was going to put Crop Circles there to prove me right. “Oh, how funny,” Tigggy said. Turned

out they had shown up right about that time. They had not been found immediately, since it takes an aerial view to locate them. A pilot had found them. They must have appeared between the 16th & 20th of the month. Two days before I started out for Nashville. "What are you going to do?" "I am going back, as soon as I can get out of that fix I am in. Farmers find them very irritating and try to cut them down and that ruins the research," I explained. Some people feel that several energy balls, at very high speed roll over the fields, microwaving the notes in two places. At the same time, sound comes from the opposite direction, laying the stock into designs and at the same time weaving the stock into basket like swirls. I told her that a Video of the process had been taken in 1996 but like everything else, for every one opinion, 15 other opinions surface and it takes a long time to prove who is right, if at all. "Check internet, Try <http://www.marque.demon.co.uk/connector/stone97.html> subject-National coordinator for cropcircle studies."

Look at this, Honey come here and look at this! Wow, look at that one! So we spent hours surfing the Net and had fun. Never thought I would miss my computer. Had just recently learned how to do a few things. E-mailed all the friends, some of them thought I had been beamed up by a spaceship they said, however they were sure, someone would bring me back, either way. I did have a wonderful time at Tigggy's. Spent the night and did not feel like a "REJECT." Crop Circles in Madison County, HMMMMM. Wondered what the THERESA'S of Greenville thought about that. Sleeping in a bed just wasn't for me anymore, maybe it was excitement, or maybe I missed the CROPPER, I was unable to sleep. Tigggy offered to keep track of my E-mail, was to call her ever so often, so I would not miss important messages. I thanked her husband for his hospitality and we drove back to Berry Hill Drive.

Oliver was there. "Hello, are you leaving today?" "Don't know" I said "You are a bit in my VIEW can't see the gate, in case someone comes looking for me," he said. "Well, you turn me around and I'll see what I can do for you in that area." All too happy Oliver jumped in the CROPPER and tried every which way. He moved me several feet. Still facing the wrong way. Don't understand that, he kept mumbling and got real agitated. "Might as well hook me up, I blew a fuse and sat in the dark, guess it's not time to move on." "You know Lilian, like I told you, my LORD don't want you here and you best be on your way." "You know, Oliver, you keep wanting to make this a religious issue. However this is a business issue. You and your partner brought me here, so you can pay me now, or later. You reimburse me for my time and travel and I will call a tow truck to get me out of here."

“Well, I am not prepared to do that.” “So read my Lips.....  
I had assumed your Lord and mine to be the same. My Lord does not like ugly behavior, so, you better double check on your details”....  
He hooked me up. Slammed the door and locked it, AGAIN.

Smokey was glad to see me and he sat next to me, as I fixed lunch.  
”So why do you think I am still stuck here,” I asked. You know I have to leave soon and get back to Madison County to enter the Crop Circles. Imagine that, 8 miles from where I was parked. Universe is a strange and wonderful place and it does have a sense of humor. That’s in part why I am stuck here with you, I suppose. I know a beagle named Miles Davis, named after the famous trumpet player, he has a half moon on his back and his momie, Debbie said he is a starchild. We are all Gods creations and don’t necessarily have to be human, to be someone. Maybe you aren’t a dog either. Doesn’t matter, I am glad you are here and keeping me company, or the other way around. Wish I could take you with me, you would make a good travel companion. Hope you eat potatoes because that is what we have. Potatoes, spinach and spam. Good huh? Don’t drink anymore or I would offer you a beer to go with that. MEME drank all of her’s, so we are just out of luck.” Our conversation got interrupted.

A gentleman I had met at the party, came. “Came for a reading and to bring you some travel money. Why is the gate closed? Had to jump the fence.” “Everybody is jumping the fence, don’t know why the Gate is closed, being that I am here.” Liked the gentleman real well and before it was said and done I confronted him about being a starperson. “Define, STARPERSON.” “A Beeing that is born into human form to help with the earthchanges. Their ancestry originated on a different star system. Such as Pleiadies, Sirius, Orion and so on.” “You are so right, he said, we are just everywhere.” Reason you are still here, because the starchildren will find you, regardless of whether you are stuck here or not. We have others here and they need to see you and then you can go. I am definitely glad you are stuck here.” We talked about the affairs of the earth. He was a big record producer and we compared notes on an earthly level.

Oliver had come back somewhere in that time frame, we had not noticed. Each time a new person arrived, he would come to the window, now that he had his view back, only to see the people he knew so well pass by his office and enter the CROPPER. Wanted to shout: “What’s the matter Oliver, feel like you’re swimming upstream?” but I did not. Almost felt sorry for him, feeling so left out. But that was his choice.

A woman named Fran Powell came and brought me some tapes. She was a famous songwriter and yes, even I had heard some of her songs, over the years. Dalton came too and said we were all Clairvoyants and how about we have a >>>> COME OUT OF THE CLOSET CLAIRVOYANT PARTY<<<<< At that point I thought Oliver was really going to lose it, but he closed the office door and pretended to be talking on the phone. We formed a circle, they wanted to pray for me and that is how the prayer went.

Dear Lord, Universe.

We humbly ask, you keep Lilian safe on her journeys.

Provide her with food and gas and maybe, a new CROPPER by next year, this one is a little old. AMEN.

That did it. Oliver left. Without locking the gate this time. Someone else came and put gas and oil treatment in the CROPPER to, "Improve the gas mileage," they said. We hooked up the monitor I had brought along for the lectures and watched Crop Circle videos. And accounts of abductions and everyone of us had seen the aliens in David Chace's book. The sun had long went down and the mosquitoes were getting really bold. After I told my "Lightening-bug-story" we said our good nights and decided it had been a wonderful day. Smokey and I walked around the front yard for a change and finished the Pizza that someone had bought earlier. Left the door open and just closed the screen door. It was still 80 plus. Heard Oliver come back and for a minute I thought he had a change of heart and wanted to talk. By the door being open he had plenty of chance. Don't know if he could hear Smokey's bed time story, I was about to start. Smokey did not go and see his girlfriend just sat there, as to say: "I am ready." "All right then."

One morning, in 1974, I was getting out of bed, except I couldn't quite make it, I fell over. The kids helped me on my feet, only that did not quite work either. I was unable to stand up. Someone took me to the hospital and they said I was paralyzed. I needed to have back surgery in order to be able to walk. I called my ex-mother in law to see if I could send the kids to Indianapolis for a couple of weeks, but that was out of the question, everybody there was real busy right about then. Like I told you I had gotten kicked out of church, so the friends from those days were out of the question also. I called my sister and she said: "OK." Made all the arrangements but at the last minute she changed her mind saying she was going to ITALY on vacation. Was just as well, the plane that the kids were booked on crashed and there was a terrible earthquake in Italy. I had gotten so mad that I decided to fix my problem NOW. Being the Scorpio.

I found a Naturepath, she said she could help me. I had an acute "Rediculyties". Wow, I thought, a ridiculous decease and they even call it that. She took x-rays and showed me a footprint on my spine. Did I know how I had gotten that? I thought it must have been KARL, but instead I said, "no." She showed me, how as a result of that, my spine was not in it's socket and a little too short. She said I had a pinched nerve because of that and the nerve had swollen and gotten infected and that is why I was unable to walk.

\$2,000.00 and 6 month later I was walking again. Had taken a while and remember going dancing with a cane. Was so hard to pay bills in that predicament and soon all the savings were gone. During that time many strange things happened in our house. Posters would cry real tears. Michelle and her girlfriend refuse to sleep in her room, because eyes in pictures would follow them. One day I saw it myself, the face of a Lady cried, what looked like Coffee. I took down the poster, rolled it up and put it behind the dresser. That night the poster was hanging back on the wall. I took it down and burned it in the fireplace. It let out a horrible scream. Good, that was done. A few month later I found the poster, it was back behind the dresser. Knocks on the door and no one there and it was always something. Must be demons again. Things got back to normal in the money arena, was gone again all the time. Never occurred to me that the kids might be scared, they too thought those were demons, again because of their strict Christian up bringing. I was a terrible mother, if I was abusive I don't remember. My children won't tell me, they are too polite. Must have done something terrible, especially to my David. Just don't remember what. Michelle was staying with her DAD and her stepmother most of the time. I missed her a lot, but I had been told she was very ill and would not live to be 18 and I wanted her to see the world and live a little. I was working all the time, her stepmother and her did fun things together. So I thought I was doing the right thing, by letting her go all the time.

Had a pretty Torino, COBRA. What a car! Candy-apple-red and black. Dual exhaust. Thanks giveing night, 1976, I was waiting for a traffic light to change and got hit from behind. Killed my car and broke 2 vertebrae in my neck. The kids were great, took month for that to heal and again they put up with a lot. Still thought those demons were responsible for that and everything was my fault, because I now had a curse on me. Things continued to fly around the house and often there were bright lights, for no reason.

Was never able to help with their schoolwork, only time you saw me in school was, if I thought someone was doing something to the kids and I make a scene. Like the time Michelle was sick and laid her head on the desk and the

teacher slapped her. The time I had refused to sign a paper for a shot they wanted to give David and I told them they were both under the doctors care for rheumatic fever and he was allergic to that shot. They gave it to him anyway and he was so sick. When they came home with lice I thought it was the end of the world, because I had really thought lice had died with WW II. I must have been an embarrassment to the kids, but they never complained. I worked all night and would send them to VIP's for breakfast, because I didn't want to get up. Remember hearing David say: "Michelle, if you wake up my MOM. Come on, I'll get you ready for school." They did tip the waitress, they always told me how well behaved they were. Always made sure they had money and could call a cab if they got stuck somewhere. We had no pagers then, they were called BELL BOYS and beeped. People use to think I was a under cover agent because I beeped all the time. Thought I was doing a good job, making all that money. Look at my children now and know that UNIVERSE helped them to be upstanding citizens. I did not teach them a lot in those days. I was lost to them and myself. Was so mad at God for abandoning me again. My Guides were still demons. "How can any one group of people do that to a person, how Smokey?" Maybe poor Oliver is heading that way and I should talk to him about that. I did learn a lot though. I learned how to be a speaker, did so much research I could pass a collage test and was so judgmental. "You see Smokey, it is because of some of those terrible days, I appreciate my Creator and all those lessons I needed, so I can help people now. Because I was such a terrible mother, my children, even though I hurt them a lot, turned out to be the people they are. They did not become drug addicts, thieves and murderers, they had such deep rooted decency they grew up to be wonderful, caring people. Michelle is the best mother I know, because she did not want to be like me. We are expecting another child in September. A little boy. Number 7. How I admire her, having all these wonderful, gifted children. They will be who they are as a result of their mother and will be able to help change the world in their own way.

After I had recovered from the accident, it was time to finally visit my Mother. Remember getting off the train. Jeanette and her daughter picked me up. Jeanette said Mother had not come, it was too emotional and she wanted to hold me in private. We got to the house. Walked up one flight of stairs. I stopped. Walked up another flight of stairs. I stopped. As I looked up the third flight of stairs, there was my Mother standing on the top. I did OK, till the last 2 steps. I could not make it. She stepped down and helped me and kept me from collapsing. The touch of my Mother, I felt like a helpless baby.

My God, all those years without her loving touch was almost too much for both of us. Like being reborn. I was a whole person. We kissed and we cried and repeated that cycle for hours. I knew then, she had told the truth about not having had a part in my disappearance. What she must have went thru, all those years, must have been equally or close to as painful, as my years of abuse. We wore the same clothes right down to the slippers and laughed about it. She had David's smile, blood is thicker than water. She was beautiful even at her age.

Jeanette left and we spent the next 3 days talking about lost time.

“Smokey, I am glad you are a dog, because what I am about to tell you is a little hard to understand for two legged beings, we call people. And I have to keep jumping back and forward in time. So if you are up to it, I'll tell it, if you are not up to it this would be a good time for you to leave and see your girlfriend. You are just sitting there, wagging your tail, so I take it to be a yes and here is the story.”

Of course Mother did not start out like that right away, mind you. We did talk for 3 whole days, slept very little and drank a lot of espressos. She said in our culture when a child reaches the age of 16, we are adult and call our parents by their first name. This is to respect one as a person and only, when asked to speak to a parent as such, will advice be given. What a nice way to know when to butt in and when to butt out. “You call me Josef, my Cheri,” that's French and means something like Darling. Sometimes she calls me HABIBI, that is Arabic meaning, my dear one. She had several boxes of papers, mostly documents in reference to the lawsuit she had filed against the German Government. They showed how she had been given the run-a-round, kind of like in the US and the disclosure laws. Nobody is in charge of anything, no one has the answer to give, so they send you to the next agency. The key people that were responsible for the dilemma were either dead, or had conveniently lost their memory.

All she knew was that my grandmother and the accountant had went to Germany and sold me on the black-market because she knew I was different and my eyes had scared her. Some slick lawyer had forged my papers and showed I was an orphan. They had dropped me at an orphanage just long enough for pickup, so it all looked legitimit. Then the Fraunds had legally adopted me believing I was white. And you do know the rest of that story already.

Josef went as far as to tell me that grandmother was scared of me prior to my birth and had beat my mother and kicked her, in an attempted to cause a

miscarriage. So in essence, the footprint I have on my spine got there at that time. It is my grandmother's foot print she put there while I was still in the womb. After I had disappeared, my grandfather divorced her and she went back to EGYPT. She left in disgrace and no one knew where she was, till after 10 years or so she surfaced again, demanding money to move to Europe.

Josef told me how the family had suffered before I was born.

Grandfather had a store in Prague, Poland. Mother and him had went there to close it down because of the Nazis, they were heading into Poland.

As they were leaving, low flying planes were shooting at them and the Jews that were fleeing the regime. Josef said they had a Swedish flag in the car and draped it over the roof, they, the Nazi's quit shooting at them and as a result of that, they saved their lives and a lot of their belongings. I did not understand that till one day, much later, I watched a mini series on TV that told the story of a Swedish gentleman that saved a lot of the Jews from the concentration camps by giving them Swedish citizenship papers. Sweden was a neutral country and he saved 1000's of lives like that. I cannot recall this great mans name. Anyway, the Nazis stopped shooting at the car thinking they were Swedish Jews. It saved their lives and Josef told me to always hang my flag the way the wind blows. That was her way of saying: "GO WITH THE FLOW."

Guess they did give grandmother money and jewels and she bought the summer villa in Wiesbaden, the place I had went to, to find my mother.

Josef told me that she went to see her right before she died. Grandmother requested a piece of pie from a certain bakery. Turned out the bakery was closed for the day, so Josef bought pie somewhere else. Grandmother threw it in Josef's face, said she knew something Josef did not and it concerned me. She was not going to tell, Josef reported that grandmother died laughing. We determined that she was referring to the time I had came to see her. Josef confirmed that I had been at the right place so many years ago. "Why did she hate me so," I asked. "Well, Josef said, it is a long story. I can only tell you as far back as the 1300's. We are related to the people that came from the star system SIRIUS and the Neanderthal Woman, who became ISIS of Egypt. The DNA has been passed down to the women in the family. Most of that was passed on my word of mouth, but I will show you documents of the gifted people in our family line. She did and down the list she went.

Not once did it skip a generation where not someone was gifted.

She told me about the PORTOS ( portals) of the earth where the Sirians had entered and how it related to the family tree. How my guide, the one that always followed so close behind me certain people could see him, had came



from the Ethiopian part of the family that eventually mixed with the Egyptians. He has always been with you from time of your birth. "What is his name?" "Oh well, I am not sure," she said. "I think it is Stefan." So he is not a DEMON?" "OH NO, she said, he is part of you and your Guardian Angel. Your inter-dimensional companion. He was there at the beginning of your soul and will remain with you thru time and space," "So who was my Father?" "I am getting to that," she said. "I was walking at the edge of the dessert one day. And out of nowhere appeared a man, so handsome I had never seen anyone else like that. In his hands he had CARE PACKAGES, oranges and sweet smelling perfume.

How odd, the American's dropped Care packages in the wrong country she remembered thinking. That tall man with the long black hair, looking like a bronze god from a far away place, eyes that could look into my soul, like they had rays that originated from the stars. HE became your father that day. As he called me to come to him, I dropped a cigarette etuie (case) my father had given me. As suddenly as he appeared, he and the cigarette etuie disappeared. The care package remained, so I know it really happened. I was 34 when you were born. Your Father was a TIMETRAVELER. Your grandmother knew that, because she was a powerful clairvoyant and that is why she did not want you to be born. She knew you had been born with a mission and she was so scared of you. She said I had laid with a JINN.

Your father came back to the edge of the desert, when you was two years old. I ask him his name, he said it was FIRMIN. He sat with you on his lap for better that two hours and just talked to you and stroked you hair. He handed me back the cigarette etuie that had disappeared with him that first time and he said to make sure I give it to you, when you are grown up. And with that, Josef gave it to me. It had scratched on the inside, To I-N-G-E love Firmin. Still don't know what I-N-G-E means, but I still have the case." "To heavy for you SMOKEY? Still time to check on your girlfriend. Alright than."

Now I have to jump ahead a lot of years, to 1995. I thought I had heard something at my door one morning. Went to see who was there. A Afro-American Lady was standing in the door crying. "What's the matter?" I asked her. "Come in." She said she felt like a beggar. Said she had came here for a garage sale earlier in the year and bought a doll. Did I remember her? I did not. Said her name was Roxy and she had woke up that morning and thought she had something, she compared to a silver umbilical cord, coming out of her stomach. She said she followed it, to see where it was going to lead her and ended up at my house. Said she had been sitting in the car for 20 minutes. She had nothing to give me and did not want

to disturb me, that's where the beggar feeling came in, I suppose. I was not quite awake yet, was too early in the day for me. So instead of asking if she wanted a reading, I made a pot of coffee and we just talked. Five hours we talked. Turned out she was a nurse and unable to work, because she was sick all the time and no one knew what was wrong with her. They had even put her thru a test where they sat her on some revolving chair and spun her around, at high speed for a long time. Forget what she said the purpose for that was. Anyway, we went right thru the list I had for the Frequency problems I talk about and she had every one of them. She was so relieved that something sounded like an explanation. She had seen my son from a distance being he lives straight across from me and said, "He looks a lot like my son." On her way out she went to the restroom. I heard her give out what sounded like a little cry. You know some people are just nosy, so I guess her being that, she had stepped into my bedroom and stood in front of a picture of my Father, Firmin. I had had a Psychic paint it for me the year before. She had held that cigarette etuie and just painted away. The Man or Beeing in the picture looked a lot like how my Mother had described him and after making a copy and sending it to my Mother, she confirmed. Yes this was FIRMIN and was amazed how close the Psychic had come with that.

"What is the matter?" I asked Roxy. "Well, she said, this is MR.EFRIM, my husband's Father." "Really... I said. That is a picture of my Father." What was that all about I thought. Roxy left without explaining a thing.

A few weeks later she called saying she felt better and had went back to work. Had learned how to work around her frequency problem, thank you very much, but the reason she was calling was, to see if I would be nice enough to meet her husband John. He was having terrible headaches and he wanted to talk to me about something. And by the way, would I be nice enough to bring my father's picture. John was a nice looking 6,3" Afro American. Ex soldier. He was very nice and fixed me a Coke and told me about his headache.

Thought it was related to his third eye, I explained to him that we are all born with that and modern man just ignores that fact. That sometimes it is trying to get our attention about something, it gives us a headache right above the eye and we often mistake it for a migraine. Explained that some chemical odors irritate it also and a good Chiropractor could adjust that. "I'll try that," he said. We talked about the fact how amazing it was that Roxy had been able to go back to work and how improved her attitude and overall well being was. "My wife tells me you have a painting of my father, or your father," he said. Nodded yes and showed him the picture. "Would definitely say you are my sister MS.LILIAN." I must have had a question mark on my face and as if he

had read my mind he said: "I use to look like you. Turned colors one day, actually some parts of me changed colors one day." He lifted his shirt and rolled up his pantlegs and I'll be.... The only dark parts were his arms and face. His wife assured me, those were the only dark parts anywhere and they showed me a picture when he had first joined the Army. He was all light skinned than. "Where does your father live now," I asked? "In Louisiana, New Orleans," he said. Thought about Rose Graham for a minute and that is what she had said the day she had so carefully examined me. I might have agreed with John, had it not been for the fact that my Mother told me my father was a timetraveler. Before I could catch it, it came out of my mouth. "My Father is a timetraveler." "OK than, John said, That makes you a Efrinite. My father has many children and that is what we call them. You are my sister."

I use to go to the psychic showcase in Seattle and one of the things I had noticed was, that everyone there was under the impression they had been related in a different lifetime. I use to jokingly tell them: "I disqualify myself from that conversation, because I am not related to any of you." For that same reason quit going there, it really irritated me. Than I decided that was judgmental on my part and maybe that is what they needed, as a group, in order to get along and love each other. If it worked for them, that was OK, I kept telling myself. I invited Roxy and John to accompany me to visit a group of people of like mind. I had a plan. "Sure, they said." So the next Wednesday we went to the showcase. As always, the conversation got to the past life relations again and as soon as they were trying to pull John into that conversation, about how he was someone's father, he stood up and said, "Sorry to disagree with you. I am only related to one person here. Lilian" That blew my theory. He was definitely not one of those, that thought he was related to everyone. He said he did not want to go back, he was on a different frequency than the people present. He stole my line! I had food for thought. A few weeks passed and Roxy appeared again. "I have to show you something," she said. In her hand she held a paper with what appeared to be a drawing. I looked at it and heard myself say: "That is my starmap. The one that shows where I am from." John all of a sudden had these markings on his body and somehow, Roxy had known to paint them and bring the paper to me. Soon after it had came into my possession the marks disappeared. Again, after a few weeks, Roxy came by and showed me a new map, only this time the marks had rotated about every 2 hours and she had mapped it out by the time, so it showed the changes. "What was it???" We decided to talk to an astrologer. He did not know what it was. Another person, a planetary scientist,

was in town to give a lecture, did not know what it was. I knew it was the map to the place I was from and that was it!

14 months later, one afternoon, all of a sudden, I had the urge to go to a used bookstore. By then I had learned to listen and do as the voice told me.

As soon as I entered ORCA BOOKS the clerk said, "I have some new books that just came in, in fact some of them I have 2 of." He handed me a book. Intelligent Life in the Universe, by I.S.Shklovskii and Carl Sagan. I opened it and looked. It was page 112. There was a group of galaxies known as the STEFANS. I rushed home and my starmap DID match. My GUIDE Stefan.... The marks on Johns body... The Stefans.... It even matched with the earth rotations. The stars that were formed later outlined the early shape of the Milkyway and highly concentrated toward the disk. Just like the stories my Mother had told me about the early beliefs of the Dogon and the Egyptians. ISIS and Akhunaten. I showed my discovery to Roxy and John. "Now are you going to see your father?" John asked? I said: "I 'llthink about it." John has not awakened to the extent that I have and can not handle his timetravels well. I feel no blood connection to him, but we do have a bond on a different level. Roxy has realized she was a tool to bring this about and we do not get along well. She lives in an Earthly reality and has trouble comprehending what it really is, she played a part in. On an Earthly note, it turned out later Roxy was a first cousin to my children's Grandmother on their father's side, that is why my son looked familiar to her. COINCIDENCE?

I timetravel often. Not at will, it just happens. Roxy claims to see me often, in places or time frames that I am at home or on one occasion, in the hospital having surgery. I am not always by myself when that happens. In October 1995 my grand daughters Tamara and Destiny were visiting. It was a Saturday. Destiny wanted to be dropped off at a birthday party on the other end of town and there was a two hour time stretch before my next appointment. We dropped Destiny off and Tamara and I stopped at Ernst Hardware. It was the 14th of October, cold and rainy. I checked my watch as I often do, being an abductee, it was 2:10pm. Tamara and I entered the store and everything looked different than I had seen it a few days previous. Intended to buy 4 things. Trash bags, a birthday card, Drano, a green light bulb. Since the store was laid out different, we were unable to locate those items and asked for assistance. I got very irritated somewhere about that time and told the salesclerk I really did not know why I bother to shop there. I had been there 50 minutes and still, I did not accomplish the task of getting 4 items. We left. As we stepped out, it was very hot. 90 plus. People in the

parking lot were wearing shorts. I looked at my watch, it was 2:15pm. Asked a lady what time it really was. She said: "2:15pm" Tamara looked at me and said, "OMI, we are out of time. Where are we?"

"Don't know," I told her. I lit a cigarette and told her: "It takes me 7 minutes to smoke this cigarette." It also takes 7 minutes to drive to Sears.

"Do not take your eyes off this cigarette, I told Tamara, that is how we tell time." We had to turn on the air conditioner, it was so hot. We made it to Sears, me still smoking the same cigarette. I got out and approached a man and his small son. I said to him: "I don't care what you think of me, but I have to ask you this, WHAT YEAR IS IT?" He said: "1995."

BOOM!!! It was cold and it rained. Tamara was yelling out of the window. "Did you ask what month it is?" I had not. She made a note on the calendar. She was 10 years old.

Ebony, at the age of 8 and I went to the store. We had intended to record a program on TV. I had forgotten about it and when she reminded me it was 6:57pm. The show started at 7:00PM. The store clock and my watch matched. It would take us 8 minutes to drive home, providing all the lights were green. Ebony clinched her little hands, closed her eyes and said: "UNIVERSE, UNIVERSE, my Omi needs more time." We passed the clock on the neon sign outside my house, it said 7:10. Turned on the TV thinking we had missed several minutes of the show. It was 6:45 and we had time to spare.

Once I was driving south on I-5 and saw a big mountain sitting right on the freeway in a distance. MT. HOOD is to the left, MT. ST. HELENS to the left and Mount Rainier northeast and not visible from that direction. How odd I thought. Several weeks later, my friend JOAN and I were driving the same stretch of highway. She looked at me and I looked at her. I was not going to say anything. "Do you see a mountain sitting on the freeway?" she ask? "Yes," I said. Told her I had seen it there before. We concluded we had entered a different dimension. There is no mountain there, in this time period.

Once I did get shook up. Had been to Ernst earlier in the day and forgot to buy something. Called the store to see at what time they closed. 9:00pm. It was 8:55pm. There are 7 traffic lights between here and Ernst. I decided to try and get there in time. The store was closed, but a man came out of a door pushing a gurney, so I slipped by him and bought my item. Paid for it and drove back home, 7 traffic lights.

As I turned the corner to park in my driveway, I saw myself leaving. "Where the .....am I going?" I yelled. I was going to follow ME. But that voice in my head said: "You can only exist, in Matter, in one space at the

time.” I unloaded the Van. Put 2 bags in the Van, for the next day and called my son. We talked for 4 minutes. I later repeated the conversation in the same manner it had taken place. I hung up the phone and it dawned on me, I had just seem myself coming and going. I called a friend. It was 9:20pm. I told him the incredible story. He said: “No way my friend, look at your cash register receipt and tell me what it says.”

“9:17pm” No way! We knew then, I had stepped out of time again.

Thought of Preston Nickols, a gentlemen that was associated with the MONTAUK PROJECT. He had once told me if he had known how to call himself during his time episodes, he would have. And would have collected two paychecks, instead of one.

“Go to sleep SMOKEY, feel like I am on overtime myself. Should I wake up during the night, I will whistle.” Oliver is still roaming, maybe he was upset and the wife put him out. Oh well. He had his chance to talk, I am going to bed.

A nice quick thunder storm had given Mother Earth a little nourishment during the night and it had reminded me that at least someone was still present. Chango. Felt so alone without my guides, but was going to make it on my own. There must be lessons here that I have to learn. Could not really claim to feel abandoned, even though the emotions I felt was pretty close to that. Next time I agree to send my guides to assist some one else I am going to think before I speak. That’s the thing, we sometimes think we understand something and then it turns out we really did not. That’s a lesson in itself I guess. As long as I can manage to stay grounded, so hard to be in two places at the same time. Have days, especially around eclipses when I have to hold up the wall. Like I am half here and half there. Where ever there is. Driving is out of the question too, feels like the car it driving sideways like I am sliding on black Ice and the wheels are two feet off the ground. I handle things better than I use to, just treat it as a disability. Use to call the Crisis clinic and they told me for sure I was crazy. Would you like for us to send someone to assist you??? Heck no.... Just needed to talk to a sane person. So what is sane?????

Jan 23, 1997 really changed things. The alignment of Pluto, Uranus, Mars, Jupiter and Aquarius forming the five pointed star that had appeared in form of a Crop Circle in 1992, started the Earthchanges.

That night I got on the Internet and E-mailed all the friends, telling them the AURA of the earth had changed, the North Pole cracked and we were

well on our way with the Changes. Don't know what made me do that. One friend's return message was an orange with a note that said: "Here for you." Another said: "Brilliant, but please do something about your spelling." My misspelling everything has become something of a trademark. I spell things the way I hear them. Once I was excused from having to notarize a document, they thought that only I could spell like that and that was enough to authenticate I was the original writer.

Had explained the importance of Jan.23, to Dr.Ott and told him not to take personal the fact that so many people are unable to deal with the new frequency and just leave this planet. Suicide not being acceptable in our society, they just choose an illness and die. Check the paper and see how true that is. People of all ages. See them one day and they are gone the next. "I am so glad you told me that, he said, you are right. We are losing so many patients it could depress a person. Thanks!" Same with the animals. There are days, it seems they are just traveling to the interstates, to get themselves killed. Often in groups and species that normally do not travel together. Like a slaughter house. I also noticed that on those same days cars a parked on the side of the road, that just broke down. New cars, that one would assume would run another 10 years before becoming ROADKILL. Batteries stop and alternators, the brains in the older cars. Just can't seem to adjust to the frequency changes. CROPPER is doing great... Makes those jumps right along with me. But than that is the CROPPER. Universe put us together like two peas in a pot.

Pot... I am burning the soup! My mind just takes off like that. At least the fire alarm works, that is good to know. Even though I smoke, MEME was a chain smoker, often wondered if the alarm worked, should have went off as soon as she sat down to put on her makeup, puffing like a chimney the rest of the day.

Dalton's mother called me from Michigan and we talked for 2 hours about the things I had told him and she agreed with everything I had said. Talked about the Greek-Orthodox faith and the dreams we have sometimes aren't dreams at all. Visions, or abductions. Told her about a beautiful Russian-Orthodox-Church I used to go to and just sit. Had a gold Roof-top and you could see it for miles and from the airplane, as you taxied to land. The peaceful atmosphere and the trees that looked like they had been there for 100's of years. The Cript of ST. Nikolaus and how people celebrated his holiday on Dec, 6th. She told the story about one of the other saints that use to walk the earth in spirit and every year they would have to replace his shoes because the were so worn out. She said she would really love to go and see

the Crop Circles. Told her if she just asked Universe real nice, they would send her some to Michigan, unless she wanted to come and drive to Madison County with me. She'd love to, but this time let me try to get them to see me in Michigan.

Carol came and we talked for a while and I gave her a copy of Marlo Morgan's book. Mutant Message. Thought there were lots of lessons in the book for Carol. The only thing I had bought in Grand Junction was 12 copies of Marlo's book and I found I needed each one of them. Being in the BIBLE-BELT people had never heard of Marlo. What a loss for them, actually.

A young couple came by and asked me to loan them some journey tapes, they wanted to copy them and write some songs about the strange going on's. Promised to bring them back before days end and they did.

Another young man came, in his reading it advised him to change his name and his wardrobe and get a gimmick. Told him how my girlfriend IRIS had dated George Michaels when he was in the band WHAM... Came home one day and she had him sitting in the living room, dying his hair and pierced his ear and had him made over. "Careless Whispers," he wrote right after that and became a solo star. Don't know if the guy will follow the advise, but he was impressed with the story. Really, from a WHAM, to George Michaels.

Several other people came that day, just to stop by, look at the CROPPER and wish me well.

Well, MOTHER, when are you going to leave, Michelle wanted to know. "I am waiting for something, I said, besides I am still stuck." "4th of JULY traffic, you better leave soon or you are going to be right in it. And you know how you drive!" She must have had a flashback of the Colorado trip.

Monica called from some where in Texas and said she had send me another \$100.00 so I would not be stuck. Stuck... Now that was an understatement and I caught her up on my "STUCKGOSSIP."

Had not seen Oliver all day, kind of missed him. He is an OK guy, in his own way. Must be a NORMAL person. This day has went by fast. Tomorrow I will try one more time to turn the COPPER. Almost time to leave and get to the Crop Circles in Madison County. Wonder what the friends in Greenville are thinking about the way that came about. Think in my next life I am going to be a man. I have enjoyed being female. Have a problem with being liberated. Independent is fine, but I sure enjoyed the days when men helped women to do things. Like trying to turn this CROPPER around for me.....

Time for Smokey's Story. As soon as he gets back. He has a routine



with his girlfriend. Stops by for a quick hello or something and comes right back home. I used to have dogs that would stay gone for days when nature demanded it. Smokey is a great dog, so sorry to have to leave him behind. That thought is really nagging me and I keep coming back to it. Two more postcards and I am caught up on the mail. I am going to miss the phone, was nice to have one sitting on the table, in case I needed to use it. HEH, SMOKEY! He lays in the place that has become his and knowing he will get a treat, his world is good.

We were talking about Josef. Went to visit her often for several years in the row in the 70's & 80's.

Aunt Lisa avoided me like the plague, sometimes she would call while I was visiting. She had moved to SWEDEN and married a very wealthy man. He died shortly thereafter and she had inherited a castle in the true sense of the word. She was acting president of what was equal to the Humane Society and found that animals were more to her liking than people. Ever so often she would surface to remind everyone she still was the EVIL TWIN and we had learned not to pay her too much attention, that is just how she was. Her only son had left at an early age and moved to Denmark, never did meet him. He is a UFO Researcher by profession.

Jeanette it seemed, was trying to out- do Grandmother and Lisa in their behavior. Guess Josef had focused all her attention on Jeanette and smothered her with emotions, scared someone was going to take her also.

Must have been the reason Jeanette turned out the way she did. Ruthless, non caring, a USER and rude. She has 4 children. Claudia, Rolando, Francesca and Jennifer. Gifts skipped Jeanette, so Claudia had inherited a double dose and we could read each others mind. Very gifted Lady, my niece. She became a Psychotherapist and moved to Tunisia. Remember an instance when she was about 15. She and I had gone shopping and we stopped at a sidewalk Cafe to have an Ice-cream. Lots of people on the streets that day, almost looked like we had landed in an anthill. She and I concentrated on a couple walking away from us. We wanted to see if we could mentally turn them around and have them come back. For a minute we thought we had failed, but they did turn around and walked back. They looked a little lost, not knowing why they had done that. They stood for a minute shaking their head and then walked away.

First we had a good laugh, but then decided never to do that again, that was unethical, to intrude on people's will like that. But we did do it...Claudia concluded.

Claudia has 3 children, of which her son Patrick is gifted. Francesca

and Michelle looked like twins when they were small. Could not tell Francesca's Father was caucasian, our genes were stronger than his. He was real upset about that, left my sister and moved to France. Eventually Francesca, also being gifted, moved to Mali and is also a practicing SHAMAN. Glad to see the young ones went back to the Motherland.

Rolando became a truck driver and travels Europe, don't know which country he calls home.

Jennifer married a professor from Ghana, I don't know her whereabouts.

New Years Eve 1995 a few friends had came by to visit me and we chatted about the affairs of the world. One of the men kept squinted his eyes and it looked like he was looking at something. After about the third time, I asked him what he saw. He said a beautiful dark skinned woman kept walking thru the house. He described LISA. I called Josef that night and she told me LISA had died about that time. How odd we thought, that her Etheric would come to my house. They said she had a stroke and then something speeded up her heart, that was the cause of her death. Thought she had tried to make peace with me at the last minute and that had caused her excitement. I forgave her, made her an Altar and she still roams the house. It is not unusual for Ghosts to use the phone to communicate. One night I called Josef to talk for a bit. After about 2 minutes I realized that it was Lisa that answered the phone. She kept calling me "YOU PEOPLE" and demanded to know what had happened to the carpets in her house.

Told her I was not YOU PEOPLE, did not know where the carpet was. In the physical world we have what is called a phone company that charged money for calls. Told her about the Altar and reminded her that she was dead and I was paying for the call and hung up. She never bothered me after that.

Had talked to ghosts before on the phone. Had a very good friend Larry. We were so telepathically in tune that if I called and his phone was busy, I would mentally page him. Few minutes later he'd come by asking: "What do you want?" Larry had moved to California and I had missed his last visit, had been somewhere I don't recall. A couple of years later I visited Omar in Lompoc and ran into a person that just so happen to know Larry and he gave me his phone number. After I got home I called Larry and he was so glad to hear from me. Said he thought about me often and he felt bad he did not say Good-Bye. Told him no problem, I would stop by to visit next time I visit California.

"I am getting a new number, he said, it is unlisted so let me give it to you in case you should need me." We talked about how fast the kids grow up and the

Music he loved so. He always wanted to drum for Jimmy Smith. “You know LIL, I am going to get to do that yet,” he said. He even gave me the number to the recording studio, he was going to hang out there. A few weeks later David came over and had a strange look on his Face. “Sit down MOM, he said, I have some bad news. Larry got killed in a car accident, fell asleep on his way home and hit a tree, died instantly.” That hit me hard, I so loved Larry, he was such a good friend and same age I was. Got out the phone number he had given me and called. His daughter answered, she was glad to hear from me. “Do you want me to come and help with the funeral,” I asked. “What do you mean?” she said. “My DAD died 4 month ago.” “No, I argued with her, I just talked to him on the phone.” I had really upset the girl so I told her I was sorry and I would call her right back. I located the phone bill, it had came that same day. Here it was...Larry’s phone number. I had been billed for a 17 minute call. I called the girl back and asked her if her number was listed. “No, she said, I moved, I got this number after my Dad died and it is not listed.” And how did I get it? I told her from her father and offered to fax her the number I had called him on. She started to cry when she finally realized what had happened. She acknowledged the strange connection her DAD and I had and reminded me of the time when I.. Paged ..him. My car had broken down and it was dark. He had shown up with a tool box and a light on his head, the kind coal miners wear on the job. She said, “I am glad to hear from you and I am glad my DAD did tell you good-bye. We never had that chance. If you talk to him again, tell him we miss him.”

Josef pages me telepathically when she wants me to call. And I do and she’ll say, “ Here you are.. What took you so long, been paging you for 5 minutes already.” “Was in the Bathroom.. EXCUSE ME....” And then we talk about things and affairs of the Universe. How she thinks MY granddaughter’s name is VANYA because of the PORTO in Vanya on the outskirts of Sofia in Bulgaria and I tell her no, that is not why, her name is Vanya after her father, Vann.. “Well, whatever” she said. And we laugh about the strange sayings she taught me. Forbid, should I use the word IF... IF, the dog had not stopped in the cornfield to take care of his business, he would have could that rabbit, so don’t use that word ..IF She will switch languages in the middle of the sentence and I have a hard time catching up and we start with one and continue with another. “I have been here for IONS,” she said, I’ll be glad when you take your rightful place in the order of things. Have a moral obligation to stay on this earth till you do that. I am 81 now.”

“No, Josef, you are 87.”

“Well I guess you had best get going on it,” she said.

You know SMOKEY, I think after I get home I will write that book I’ve been asked to write. Guess I did not have all the pieces. Don’t proclaim to have them all now but have a lot more than I use to. Thought about it once before. What should I write about: My life with Turkeys, GOBBLE! GOBBLE! All the rotten relationships I kept getting myself into. Always had that need to be loved. Finally realized LOVE is an Energy, not an Emotion. Had I known that before, I might not have tried to energize so many. And what would I list the book under? Fiction? Fairy tales? Masochism in 1000 words or less? I know so much about everything and so much about nothing.

In 74, when I first started to talk to Josef I complained about everything. The rain, the heat, just everything. She said: “You are exactly where you are supposed to be. The Face on Mars, MT.TAHOMA (Mt.Rainier) and the Pyramids are in a straight directional line, don’t you see? Washington State is where you need to be at this time.” I did not see.

You know SMOKEY, it was in 1990 I first heard about the Face on Mars from John Hogland. No one talked about the face on mars, not even sure what year that was when John started his research, or what year it was when he accidentally came across that picture, but I do know it was after she said that to me. So how did she know about the face on mars?

Guess I am where I am suppose to be now. Stuck between these buildings with you. “Are you ready for me to go, or would you like the rest of the story, well a little more of it. Will only give you the highlights, if I go into details I will be here till X-mas.” Just blew a fuse again so let me get out the candle. Red or green you decide. Why not...We light them both.

You see, after my kids graduated from school, Jeanette had been suicidal again and I had to go and take care of her kids for a few weeks until Claudia became of age, at 18. Tamara was just a few month old and I had only intended to be gone a few weeks. David had been baptized as a Jehovah’s Witness and I was real happy about that, at least he would be able to enjoy ever-lasting life. Michelle had a Baby and I thought I was no longer needed. Really don’t know what made me think that, I was so confused in those days.

After I came back from Europe, David had moved out of the Apartment. I ran into him at the store and according to the rules, he was not speaking to me. I did understand that. I did not want him to lose God like I had, when I overstepped the rules. Like my son was unavailable, like dead to me and every time I came to terms with my grieving, he popped back up.

How cruel, the God of the Christians was, just could not understand that. But I was so happy David was saved. Don't know what got into me. I wanted to take a sledge-hammer and just destroy his car. I wanted to kill his car and that scared me. Don't think he ever knew how hurt I was and what I was feeling that day. I was so happy for him on one hand, that is what I had wanted for him more than anything. On the other hand, I knew I had lost him. Never occurred to me I might have hurt him too, all those years with my actions. Had to blame someone. My little boy that I had promised never to leave was grown and gone, and I was mad that it had happened so quick and I had missed so much. I had missed mostly the point, mostly the point! I wanted to hold him and tell him I loved him and how sorry I was that I had let life just pass by, but it was too late. Things were never the same after that. Universe was kind. Made him my neighbor. Just looking out of the window some nights seeing his car in the Garage, knowing he is tucked away safely in his bed makes up for all the nights I was gone when he was a boy. He loves me very much, I know. "From a distance," he said. People sometimes tell me how he talks about me with pride in his eyes, even though I had failed him so often. That is Love. A lot of Love.

Thought Michelle had her own family now and I did not want to butt in, forgetting how young she was in years. How I had no one when I first became a mother and had suffered because of it and I did the same thing. I left her to fetch for herself. I failed her too, by letting her go all the time when she was small, but I thought it was the thing to do. We don't always get along now and alot of things are still unsaid..... but we love each other and she did learn from me and never made the same mistakes I did. She forgave me and we are friends.

I left again, almost as soon as I had gotten home, turned around and went back, took a job in Germany, the place that I despised more than anything else. Self punishment maybe. Still don't know why I did that. Stayed for almost 14 months. I was someone else than, only did not know it at the time. Like the place had switched me again to be someone I wasn't.

My friend GYPSY took my place as a mother and a friend. For Michelle mostly, don't know how David got thru his trials, don't think he was ready for adulthood either, but he had his congregation at least. He never tells me about those days and I am only assuming.

It was Gypsy that taught Tamara... Dance with me Henry ....and became Michelle's best friend.

I was grateful. When I did come home Gypsy helped me get on my feet and it was because she was always there for me too, I became LILIAN

again.

I was deadly ill almost as soon as I got home and without medical Insurance I almost died. A nice Vietnamese Lady at Social and Health Services saved my life when she arranged to have my gallbladder taken out. Was so use to being sick, after breaking my neck in 1976, I had one constant disaster in the Health department of my life.

In 1980 I got rear ended again at a stop sign. The guy hit me doing 84 miles per an hour. That sent me in a depression for a whole year. They gave me every painkiller available to man.

1982 brought me early Thyroid cancer. Thanks to my Mother's doctor in Germany, where I was visiting for 3 weeks. She had spotted my swollen neck and made me go home, they found it early enough.

1983 brought me a damaged heart valve, brought on by a virus the Doctor overlooked. First he said I had the flu and as my heart started skipping on a regular basis, he said "I was stressed, to change my lifestyle." Again I happened to be visiting Josef when I collapsed, crossing the street and her doctor found the problem.

1984 brought me a stroke. Was driving in the middle lane on the freeway. God, I am sick I thought and some how got the car on the shoulder. Wore black fingernail polish and at the hospital they treated me for a drug overdose because I slurred my words. Released me and I had the second one on the way home. That had me down for a while, was real determined to get better and in 3 weeks time was able to do almost everything myself except comb my hair and polish my nails. And I stuttered. Reversed all the phone numbers and got accused of cheating playing DOMINOES, because I see it backwards. To this day I see Dominoes backwards.

1985 brought me Radiation sickness, again being in Europe when Chernobyl had the Accident and there was the fallout. 11 days I stayed in the hospital. Had people laying on cots in the hallway and they told us to turn over and performed Liver biopsies on everyone right there in the hallway.....

In 1986 that Vietnamese Lady saved my life by making the Gallbladder surgery possible. Doctor said I was a dead duck. Sept.13th, an ok day to die, I thought.

Than the hepatitis and finally in 1996 someone found the problem that had kept me sick from 1986 to 1996. They had accidentally, during the gallbladder surgery stapled my bile duct shut. They made me a new one and came so close to a lawsuit it could have been mistaken for a head-on-collision. I am all thru dying, Smokey. Have places to go, people to meet, and a book to write..

So glad I have you to talk to, already owe the phone company my life. So hard to take care of things by long distance. One day we will be able to telepathically communicate with each other. Right now that is not possible because people lie all the time. Until we all get to be honest and on the same level that will be hard. Suppose a bill collector was to hear you telepathically. Could not tell him the check is in the mail, he would know you are lying. The IRS would know about everyone's secrets. Like Tesla was prevented from creating free energy, we are prevented from free communication, so we just have to stick with Telecommunication in the fashion we know. Everyone wants to make that almighty dollar.

Gypsy and I could just think something and we act on it. We pick up the phone at the same time to "TELECOMMUNICATE" with each other.

Those were thought times for me, because of my illnesses and the pain all the time I could not work. Had filed for disability and got denied. We appealed and they send me to every doctor you can think of. Was beyond me how the government could allow them to spend all that money on tests I didn't need. I knew my body and knew that I was sick and unable to work. They sent me to the psychiatrist and before long I did remember that Lina had told me I was a Muchhausen, a perpetual liar. Maybe she was right and all the pain was in my head.

I had to go to court and the judge asked me how long I had been an OPIUM user. "Don't rightfully know, I said, several years I suppose."

"Isn't that expensive" he asked.

"Well Yes, I answered, \$40 an ounce."

"Where do you get it?"

"At the Bon Marche and Finer Stores."

He looked real puzzled for a minute and then realized I was talking about Perfume. Somewhere some doctor must have asked me what do I smell like and I must have said OPIUM. In my records it said I was an OPIUM USER. The judge denied me the disability, said I was too young and too educated.

So I met a man on a Sunday. He came for Coffee on Tuesday and we were married on Friday. He had an income and medical insurance. Called him Lurch because he was 6'7." A disabled Airline Pilot. Was disabled from the Army. Agent Orange, he had lymphoma.

In reality it turned out he was crazy, as in mentally ill and within 3 weeks tried to kill Michelle and me. He was a stalker and the Greenriver taskforce came to question me about him. The Green river murderer has never been caught, killed 20 some women in the Seattle area.

Filed for a divorce and the judge made me and the children move out of our house for 30 days because he was a sick man he said. We explained that it was our house and he had only been there for a few weeks. Made no difference. The kids and I had to leave and stay with friends, we were homeless.

I was so angry at the whole situation. Not so much that I had been so stupid as to marry this maniac. Was angry for having been put into that situation, where I thought that was the only way out. I had made a lot of money working as a booking agent. Worked with stars like the Delfonics, Johnny Taylor, Wilson Pickett, Lou Rawls, Third World and the Whispers, I had paid lots of Taxes. Did not want charity, only a helping hand. Was neither an Alcoholic, even if I did drink, nor a Drug addict, never smoked a joint in my life. Had I been, I would have gotten a check from the government the next day. I was sick and took a pharmacy of prescription drugs they prescribed and I could not afford them. Became a jack of all trades, sold cars, interchangeable logic boards for video games, Legalplans, you name it. Recovered my bankroll and some times invested in Multilevels that fell on their face as soon as I had paid into them. Like they knew I was coming and it was a cue to go broke now. Was so stressed, busy and unhappy about my life, we did not notice there was another problem.

Gypsy started to notice that I was contradicting things that I said. We talk about one thing and if she repeated the question the next day, I would tell her something all together different. If she said something about it, I'd swear I had not said that. I would go to bed some nights only to find myself at the graveyard digging in the dirt, not knowing how I got there.

Have many food allergies and some days I would have to go to the emergency room because I was so sick and it would turn out that somehow I had eaten things that I know, would only make me sick, only I could not remember eating at all. I wake up in the morning and have a stack of plates lined up next to my bed, not knowing if, or when I had cooked and eaten. Woke up one morning to a terrible smell. As I try to determine what that smell was I saw I had sardines all over my body, all in my hair, all over the bed. I'd call Gypsy and be so upset. "Don't know what to tell you Darlin she'd say, "I don't know what your problem is."

Would dream about People floating right thru my walls and the bright lights would hurt my eyes. Wake up all scratched up and with nose bleeds. Some days it looked like I had ripped my nails off individually and my fingers would hurt and bleed. Felt like I had try to bite my fingers off.

The kids were all upset with me about things I'd say to them.



Told Michelle I was not her mother I had no children. Come home some days and had shopping bags all over, with cloth that I neither buy nor wear. Where did they come from? Who was in my house? I ask the neighbors and they say, "we didn't see anyone, only you when you left a few hours ago."

I did not leave a few hours ago, I had just stepped out, just now.

Had a Poodle named PUMA. Gypsy always wanted that dog.

One day I came home and PUMA was gone.

Called Gypsy all crying and told her PUMA must have ran away.

"Well LILYAN, she said, You and Tamara just left here. Puma had a bow in his hair and you said Happy Birthday GYPSY." "No, I did not." "Yes you did. I am looking at him as we speak." Was scared to lay down to go to sleep, only end up in the graveyard again. Had blackouts only I wasn't drinking alcohol, had not drank anything for years. What was wrong with me? Bright lights almost every night. "Lilyan, you are loosing it, Gypsy said, go see a shrink." Took her advise, because I was scared. Had to fill out forms that appeared to have hundreds of questions. I got really irritated with that. So the Doctor ask me had I ever thought about killing my Father. "Now there is a thought." I said. Thinking about Karl. Got to go to therapy on a sliding scale because I had no insurance. Years later I requested a report from that initial visit. Remember it word for word, so I will quote it in it's intirety, just as it is written.

Mental status:

Patient is a 38 year old female appearing older than her age. She doesn't appear to look well. With sallow complecti. Very dark circles under her eyes. Her clothing is a bit dissheveled and there is a slight odor present.

Affect:

Affect: depressed. Mood depressed.

Thinking/Perceptual Distortions:

I know things before they happen. Indicates that she hears a high-pitched frequency that other people do not hear which is the result of volcano activity or earthquakes. Indicates she has been ...told.. in the past that if she can ..tell it apart ...it's ok. Denied any clearly defined Authority.

Orientation/Memory/Intellectual Functioning:

Memory intact at times for recent things, vague regarding remote memories.

Intellectual functioning: satisfactory.

Judgment/Insight:

Judgment Fair. Insight poor.

Clients expectations regarding Treatment:

At first client indicated she had no idea what she wanted from treatment. We

than discussed the possibility of talking to someone ...Someone to talk to without fears....

She was in agreement that this would be beneficial.

Living circumstance and current Functioning:

AWFUL.

Current social supports:

None

Narrative Assessment/Impression/other assessment needed:

It is not clear to this writer whether this patient would have sought out assistance. It has been part of an agreement she made with a friend.

She has great difficulty identifying problems, but as reported before,

Physically appears to be in ill health and distressed from pain.

Impression:

Patient is not functioning at the level when employed full-time and able to care for herself. Indicates that she would continue with treatment if she has finances to do so.

Diagnosis:

Depression, Major Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

AXIS I ;

alcohol abuse, episodic. OPIOID Abuse, episodic

AXIS II;

Schizotypal personality disorder, borderline personality disorder

AXIS III:

Cardiac disorder, chronic back pain.

AXIS IV :

Moderate. Serious illness, major financial situation.

AXIS V:

Fair.

“You see Smokey, we got all of that from the question, have you ever thought about killing your father and a few questions I truthfully answered.

I now had a name for what seemed to be wrong with me.

MPD. Multiple personality disorder.”

At my next disability hearing it was said I was 8 different people living in different times and spaces. Remember the Shrink that testified for the state. He was their witness and there to keep me from getting help.

Got right in my face and pointed his finger asking if I drank Coffee. “Yes,” I answered. “How much, One cup? 5 cups, 10 cups?” “Wait, I said I remember you. I was in your office one day and you asked me the same questions in the same rude manner. And you insisted I needed Valiums I

refused and you got mad.” “Oh no, he said, I have never laid eyes on you before young woman.” “Just wait a minute, the Judge said, she is right, says so right on your report.” His beeper went off and he was excused.

Remembered he was the one that made me an Alcoholic and a OPIUM USER.

I did get the disability, not because I was sick, remember Smokey I told you I did not have a bile duct for 10 years and was all poisoned as it later turned out. I got the disability because it was all in my head. I had a problem. But I was not a Munchhausen, a perpetual liar and I was NOT full of DEMONS. Gypsy was grateful I had gotten some help, finally. Now you can take care of yourself and get better without having to worry about rent and you can eat. “Tell Universe: Thank you,” she said. And I did. We often talked about the few episodes I had in the beginning.

Had been on the freeway and had to cross the Nisqually bridge. Had looked up for some reason and saw the Bridge had red paint on it. I freaked..... Don't know how I got the car off the road while I was trying to get off what I thought was paint all over me, including my eyes and my face. What had happened I had remembered something that Karl had done to me back in those days. Had put red fingernail polish on my fingers in school right along with the rest of the girls. When I got home he started yelling and called me a whore. He went somewhere and had a can of rust solvent and sprayed me with that all over. Was painted all red. Was in my hair, my eyes, all over my body because he had ordered me to take all my clothes off. It burned, and it smelled. Took my breath away. Coughing and the pain sent me to my knees. Have no recollection how we got it off, eventually. Painted me another time, but that was in silver, don't know what I had done that time. The Paint on the bridge was a trigger. I remembered and was down for the count. Took days to recover after that episode.

Another time I had taken Tamara skating. Because of my back I was worried I was going to fall not having skated for more than 30 years. I Remember holding a Skate key in my hand, when I used to practice. The skates in those days had to be fastened to the shoes with a key. Thought If I could go back in time in my mind pretending I was holding that key I would not fall.

So I kept on saying in my mind. “I am 8 years old. I am 8 years old. I am 8 years old. It worked!

Tamara was in awe about my skills and said, “Omi, I did not know you could skate like that”...We had fun for hours. Her and me being 8 at the same time. It was time to go home and I was stuck. Stayed 8 years old and could not get back. Asked Tamara to call her mother. “You call her,” she said. I could not,

I did not know the number. I was 8 years old. Eventually she did call and Michelle to come to get us. Michelle was so upset when she found out what I had done. Soon I came out of it and remembered I was an adult, had a car and was able to drive it. She was right that was irresponsible and she never allowed me to take the kids skating again. At the time I thought that had happened because of my ...ILLNESS...

Now I know I had stepped out of time at will, but got myself stuck.

Another time Michelle and I went dancing and I had a terrible migraine but since the Baby-sitter had been arranged and everything I did not want to spoil it. So we went. On the way home Michelle asked where I had went. Said I had a far away look on my face after the first cognac. She said, MOTHER? I did not respond and she realized that someone else was there having a good time, said she enjoyed it even though I had left. Said she really liked the person in my body, they had a nice time. How was my headache? It was gone. I know now that I stepped out of time so not to spoil her fun and to get away from my headache.

Had been to Dr.Gould, my chiropractor. Earlier that day I had been to the woman's clinic not realizing it was the day on which they performed abortions. Had gotten really upset about the fact that my Grandmother had tried to kill me before birth. Had went to Dr.Gould anyway. When I got there something short circuited me and I made a terrible scene. He adjusted me anyway and somehow touched my ears and in my mind my head swoll up like the time Karl had hit me there and I had thought I had grown another head. I sat in the car for hours not remembering where I lived and how to drive. Someone found me just sitting there and I came back into the present. We decided then for him to always ask how old I am before I leave the office and that worked. Sometimes I would be a year or so off but always old enough to be able to get home. Except for the bright lights I encountered sometimes and I get home hours later, but that happened coming home from other places too. Today I know those were abductions.

Once David took me for Dinner. Everything was just fine. He asked what I wanted for dessert. I saw something standing behind him and got real scared and almost cried. Don't remember how we got home but I was in his house and he was just talking. Told him I had a disorder. He said it was all in my mind. Think he had problems excepting that his Perfect mother was flawed. Don't remember what all was said but he said at one point if you are not my mother than just leave. And I did. Maybe he thought I was a DEMON having the same upbringing in the church. I was sick for a week, that had upset me so. I now know that I again had stepped out of time because of the

being I had seen behind him.

I know of two cases where that happened to someone I know. In one instance a friend, an abductee also, had went to Safeway with his wife and 3 children. He opened the trunk to put in the groceries. The wife and one son saw him disappear and reappear. He just kept putting the groceries in the trunk. Had it not been for the fact that they had seen him disappear for a split second, he would have never known he had been gone. That made us think he was picked up one time, our time and returned how ever much later, their time. Returned at the same time, our time.

Another Friend was traveling on I-5. Her and her 4 sons. They were stuck in a traffic jam. No way to exit. Two cars ahead was a red Corvette. They just sat there, nothing moving. One of the boys noticed that the red corvette was gone. They tried to figure out where it could have disappeared to and saw that it was now 4 cars behind them. We thought that they had been abducted, car and all and had been put back in the wrong order. Either that or everyone on the freeway had been gone.

Back to my last dilemma, I am going to tell you about this. I was at my boyfriends house. Had just found out he was a drug addict. How stupid, not to have known this. I was so upset. Remember I was sitting at the kitchen counter. Michelle and the kids had stopped by there for something. Anyway, I asked her who all these people were, did not know anyone living at the house. She must have known I was in one of those episodes so she made a joke out of it and introduced me. I am your Daughter, these are you grandchildren, this is your boyfriend's brother, this is your Boyfriend. I am in a hurry so lets go. With that she rushed me out of the door. Again I had stepped out of time, only backwards this time that's why I did not know anyone at that time.

Gypsy was there for me, not only that, she used to tell me that her and I had both come to earth with a mission. She from Mu to teach mankind patience and Love, to nurture abused and rejected children and bring the world Angels because that is what they relate to at this time. I being from somewhere else, at that time I did not know about the Stefans, that had come later. We shared visions of earth changes. She knew what it was but at that time I still had no recollection of what I knew. She talked about past lives. I tell her I never had any, this was my first time here. Could be LILYAN she'd say that's why you have to live 8 lifetimes simultaneously so you can catch up and cramp them all into this lifetime.

She would taste Sulfur and I dream about a volcano and sure enough, something would go off somewhere in the world. After going to a

Chiropractor for many years, never getting any better, she took me to Dr. Gould. He did help me. So much sometimes, thought he must be the closest thing to GOD with his healing hands. People would come way from San Francisco to get better. He became a friend over the years and bless his heart he loved Gypsy, at least as much as we did. He took care of us two strange Beeings with all our Off-PLANET- AILMENTS. What are we going to do if he ever retires? Now that is a scary thought. Dr.Jim, the Bear, Gypsy used to call him.

Gypsy was the best friend I ever had. In the years she worked for Manya, she had to stay on premise and we would just go spend time with her there. Always cooked Spaghetti sauce or green beans with sugar. Always sent us home with something. We did not like the beans, but ate them anyway because we knew they had been prepared with love.

Her Employer, an architect and her husband would spend long periods of time in India and from what we heard were friends of the DALI LAMA. One year they brought back, on Gypsy's request, Gemstones. Hand cut, polished by the monks and blessed by the DALI LAMA himself. We all had one. Including our friend Edna. We were always in awe how the stones would disappear and then show up somewhere else. I had ...Lost... mine at Woolworth one year and was heartbroken, had just found it from the previous time it was gone. Had went to a nightclub 35 miles away and saw something sparkle on the dancefloor. Being nosy I went to see what it was that got my attention. It was my stone. Had never been there before. Was pretty happy about that. Gypsy would say, "Don't worry Lilyan, it will show up one day. Stones are living beeings and leave us some times." That's what I thought when it left again, at Woolworth. It will show up again.

Shortly thereafter Edna had an aneurysm and was in a COMA.

We prayed so hard for her life to be spared. Edna's husband had Alzheimer and she had taken care of him for so many years. He had died and Edna wanted to live and do all the things she came here to do and could not. Those were her words. So when she fell into the Coma, that is all we could think about. Edna doing what she had come here to do. We were unable to locate her stone, like she knew Coma and all it was not in her hand.

One night I got a call from Edna's granddaughter telling me that she had driven a County road and saw something shiny. She got out of the car and found this stone. She knew mine had left, so she was exited that she had found it in such an unlikely place. She came right over and returned it to me. "This is not mine, it belongs to your grandmother," I said, recognizing Edna's

stone. "Can't be, the girl said, I just left the hospital, Grandma has hers, it came back, she had it in her hand." Thanked her for returning somebody's stone, was a little confused by then. The way she found it on the road so far away from home, as I had found mine in the bar 35 miles from home, must be a reason.... There was. Somehow the stones must have gotten mixed up when Gypsy gave them to us. Said each one of them had been blessed in our name. The stone I lost at Woolworth and ended up in Edna's hand, was hers. The one the girl had found thinking it was Edna's, was mine. They now had their intended owners. Edna came out of the Coma the next day. Only to enter a nursing home and we cried, haven't prayed for Edna's Life to be spared. For that..... For years we felt responsible for having been so selfish, we should have prayed for what was best for Edna. That was a hard lesson for us, Gypsy and myself. We use to go and visit her, but she would always get us mixed up and it was so painful looking at our handiwork. So eventually we just stopped going. But we talked about Edna almost daily. TEN Years later a Lady came to visit me, she had brought along a friend. As the conversation went on, the friend told me about this angelic being she had met at the nursinghome her husband was now living in, him having Alzheimer. Said FOXY just kept everyone's spirits really high, telling wonderful stories and was a blessing. Won the Patient of the year award 5 years in the row. Foxy turned out to be EDNA. She did fulfill her life's purpose after all. Still has her stone.

Right after Halloween something would get into GYPSY. Every day she'd have me and Michelle running errands, buying things and delivering gifts she made for half of the town and on Thursdays we would meet at Woolworth to have lunch. Woolworth was one of the only places we could smoke in the restaurant and they gave her a senior discount. Not that she needed it, but she said old age brought prestige and since I was never going to find her a boyfriend, that's what she'd be. A senior citizen. She invited me to a Show. It consisted of a cast of female impersonators. It was a wonderful Show. One of the gentleman was Barbara Streisand. I was so impressed with that. He had on this beautiful dress and I wanted it. "OK, Gypsy said, meet me tomorrow and we'll see what we can do about it." We went to the fabric store and she finally did find the pattern. "I'll make it and you can wear it when you appear on the Arsenio Hall show when you release your Record." Before she could finish the what seemed miles of materials she sewed for that purpose, the Arsenio Hall show got canceled and she said: "DARN, will finish it another time." So it lay dormant. Know she had really struggled with the project and I was glad she took a break from it.

Manya died at the age of 103. She had been a personal friend of Albert

Einstein and I often regretted not having asked her more about that time of her life.

Gypsy worked even more after that, at a place we did not think she was appreciated. Finally bought a brand new NEW YORKER and wanted to pay off her place ...SERENDIPITY... 17 acres with a big old house on the property. Wanted to make sure her 4 kids had everything they needed.

Sent her granddaughter to collage and supported her family of abused children she had taken in over the years. Most all of them had children of their own and she would get X-Mas presents for all of them, including their children.

“Read me the cards Lilyan,” she would say and I would. Each time it would tell her to live a little. Each time she would laugh with her ANGEL-BELL laugh and say: “But I am. I am doing what I came here to do. I know you don’t believe me, but I came from MU, but you will understand one day Darling.”

She got invited by her cousin to go to Germany on vacation the following year. In June of 1995, yeah, right about then. I knew she was not going to make that trip. Could never lie to her and she noticed the look on my face. “LILYAN, you don’t think I am going, why is that?”

Told her because I would talk her out of going to that ugly place long before that. Reminded her of some of my memories. However, I did tell her the countryside was so pretty. She was nice and no longer pressed me for an answer, but somehow she knew I had just made that story up.

Told her to live a little and find that boyfriend I had failed to introduce her to. “I will, she said, as soon as I pay off my place, so the kids don’t have any worries. She did go to Charleston when her mother died and Michelle and I took turns covering for her at work. After she came home, she made beautiful Halloween dresses for the girls, we had 3 girls, Tamara, Destiny and Ebony and one boy, finally, Malcolm. The dresses turned out to be evening gowns, silk and satin and the girls looked like they were ready for a formal ball. Took picture and send them to Josef, she wrote back and said: “How beautiful, reminds me of my travels to Monte Carlo.” She, actually we all thought the girls were so lovely. Sisters, yet each one of them so very different in appearance, yet so much alike in their ways. Malcolm got to be a Ninja Turtle and he felt like the king of the castle.

I was losing a lot of time and Gypsy checked with me often, to make sure I was OK. One of my Ex husbands, remember Smokey, I told you I was in the running with Elisabeth Taylor in the husband department, had a son out of wedlock after we divorced. He had brought the Baby to live with me just a



few month old. Somehow he thought they would be a package deal, as long as I raised the Baby, he would get to stay. That was around the time I had my thyroid problem and I was very stressed out. Henry "Scoop" Jackson the senator, was a good friend and he had passed away. Had just got out of the hospital, so I was unable to go to the funeral. It was being broadcast live on TV and I wanted to pay my respects that way. My EX kept changing the channel, he wanted to watch BIG BIRD. I packed up everything and made them leave. Was hard to let that Baby go, but I was no longer to deal with the problem. Six years later, my Ex surfaced again and on Halloween the little boy came back. Don't remember all the details and don't want to tell you the wrong thing. I was unable to take care of the child so Michelle chose to raise him along with her Children. I so admired her, being so young. There were many abuse issues with the child and times were very stressful. Gypsy was always there for Michelle and had good advise, being she had raised so many abused children herself.. I guess in a way Michelle struck gold, she ended up with 3 moms. Gypsy, her stepmother and me. That made up for some of my errors.

Had went to see Omar and while watching TV at the Hotel had seen that Nicole Simpson had gotten murdered. A beautiful young woman and the man so young too. How fast lives can change I was thinking. How sad that the world is such a corrupted place. As always as soon as I got home I called Gypsy to tell her I had made it home safe. We talked about MS.SIMPSON. "Mark should have never been allowed to be a police officer," she said. A few days later we talked about it again and she again made reference to Mark. "Mark who?" I asked. "Mark Fuhrman," she said. He was one of my forster children in Eatonville, Washington. She told me how he, at an early age had pulled a gun on her son, something about the fight because his sister dated a black man and how he had threatened an old man after that. About him having joined the military and after that wanted to be a Washington State Highway Patrolman, but he did not get the job because of something in his records. I did not know who Mark was in reference to MS.Simpson. Did not follow the news. Went right over my head. She said she had prayed on it vigorously and had to tell someone. We needed to help OJ Simpson. "Why," I asked and she repeated the story and it was at that time I understood what she was talking about. I agreed and after thinking about it for a few days she asked me to make some phone calls or write some letters on the matter. Don't know, but I think we had felt so bad about what had happened to Omar and how he had been railroaded by the system. We were not going to let that happen again. This time to OJ. We live in a great country and myself, I would

not live anywhere else, but we do have racial problems to this day, no denying that. OJ seemed to be heading that way, in our opinion. We wrote a letter to MR. Shapiro along with everything Gypsy had said and names of witnesses to what she said. I registered and mailed it myself. Few days after that they talked to the people we had told him about. Most of them had unlisted phone numbers. Right after that Marsha Clark's office called those same people and was given the identical stories. Odd, we thought how did she know about that so quickly, unlisted phone numbers and all. We wrote another letter, this time to Johnny Cockran and told him we thought there had been a discrepancy at somebody's office, for that to have happened.

I sent a third letter to a man I had met many years prior thru Bill Russell, the basketball coach. He was very involved with abused children in the State of Washington. Wrote a letter to Rosy Grier. Just in case.....

When Mark's records were requested by Mr.Cockran and something had taking place with Mr.Grier and O.J we assumed something was being done. Looked like things were moving right along. I am only assuming and don't know the details, we only knew what we saw on TV. We had stated we would not go public and Gypsy nor I never did. Her son talked to A Current Affair, guess that money had got the best of him. So did a lot of people in Eatonville, Washington. To be truthful about the whole thing, thought Universe had made an opening for a good lawyer to help Omar eventually by allow me to pay \$100.00 a month. "Never know, Gypsy said. I believe in Karmic Law. Why else would this situation fall in your lap. What goes around comes around." We followed the trail real close.

I was losing time again, she tasted Sulfur and had visions and dreams about the earthchanges. Every time she tasted sulfur, an underwater volcano went off within a few days time. "Something terrible is going to happen. Something terrible is going to happen. Get your cards Lilyan and see what it is." Told her to build up her immune system because she was so stressed and it did show she was not going to make the trip. Did not mention that part. She wanted to turn parts of her property into a Medicine Lodge with teepees and sweat lodges and that became very impotant, out of the blue. That is all she talked about for a few weeks, hurry up and pay off her place. Her kids were no help and she had gotten behind with the taxes, her kids living there free. And she just kept on working like a Madwoman. Sometimes she'd go see Dr.GOULD, don't want him to think I am neglecting him, but you go enough for both of us. And I did. Had a terrible time with my back. First thing he'd ask is: "How is Gypsy," like we were one and the same. So in a way she did show up at the office. She did catch up her taxes

and was breathing a little easier. Took every penny she made.

The employer Gypsy now had, had gotten real sick with Pneumonia.

“So glad when my place is paid off and I get to go to Europe. I am real tired Lilyan,” she said.

Two days later Gypsy was in the Hospital herself. Viral Pneumonia. Michelle spent most of her days at the hospital with her and I slept there at night. “Guess you were right, I am not going to Europe.” “Are you going to leave me,” I asked her. She shook her head no. “Not yet Darling.” Dr. Jim came to the hospital every day and a Lady, a healer named Kathy Pheils. We looked at each other and knew Gypsy was in trouble. Had booked a booth at Ocean Shores at the Harmonic Conversions. Every Memorial Day weekend thousands of people get together for a spiritual festival. Had three weeks to go. “Don’t miss that on my account, Gypsy said, how is Omar? Are you on top of the OJ thing?” I said yes to all three.

Took a tape recorder and a tape, “The Three Tenors,” she loved classical music and in our early days we had enjoyed the opera together. It did relax her. Had once told her the story about the great ORISHA, OYA, how she was in charge of the graveyard and if a person wore her colors, red, green, yellow and black, she would make sure Death would not be allowed to take one before it was time. “Make me a bracelet with Oya’s colors, she said. I have to finish your dress.” “The one for Arseneo?” “Yes, that one.” Reminded her that was no longer needed for that purpose, “Oh yeah, I forgot,” she answered. I did make the bracelet and put it on her over the objection of the nurse. We taped her stone to her hand so it would not fall, her grip was weak. They thought we were crazy for sure. She insisted one day that one of the employees ate her dinner, she knew him and knew he had a large family and ate seldom himself. He said that was against the rules, but she would not rest until he did. Her heart had stopped at one point and they revived her. Gypsy got better and went home with her daughter.

She was on a machine that helped her breath and we decided to ask Spirit Wolf’s sister Barbara to come from Arizona to live with Gypsy and take care of her. That was just fine, it was time for Barbara to leave Arizona and give us a hand, being a very gifted Clairvoyant, Hypnotherapist, Caregiver and Healer. We send her a ticket. I spend many hours with who appeared to be Gypsy. Helped her with phone calls.

She told her brother to see a doctor because he had cancer, which turned out to be true.

She told me about another grandson I was to have, said she knew him. Which turned out to be true, Maeson.

Told me it was time to take my place in the Universe, it was time.  
Turned out to be true.

She talked about Lamuria and the Easter Island how people were looking for Lamuria in the wrong place and Lamuria and MU were not the same thing. To pay close attention to the new grandson in reference to that. She instructed me to paint four pictures to her specification and colors. Make sure the Butterfly-Person is blue. Worked like a Madwoman that night to paint as she had commanded.

She drew a picture of the lobby of the lodge she wanted to build. Told me it was time to get a Van, "NOW !" she said, I needed it. "Don't worry it will fall out of the sky. You will meet two men Lilyan she said, don't be scared they are from a different place, like us. Not all from the same place, but pay attention to what I am saying. Take care of my starchild referring to her oldest Daughter, Cassandra." I said I would.

"Don't ever leave Omar, he needs you and make sure OJ Simpson goes free, it is time for Mark Fuhrman to retire. Make sure you help OJ."

She said so many things I do not recall, on a conscious level, was so much and I did not understand what she meant. She had attempted to have her hair dyed burgundy, somehow it turned out purple. She liked it. "What happened to your hair," I asked... "Everything is like it suppose to be," she said.

Had never asked about her religious beliefs, she did believe in Jesus I knew that. "Think we are going to heaven?" I asked. "We are not, she said, I have been here many lifetimes and I get to go home to MU.

I don't want to be remembered in a church, I want to have a POW WOW and honor the Great Creator and Mother Earth and then I want to be buried at the entrance of the Lodge you will build at Serendipity," and again, she handed me the papers, as to refresh my memory. What could we be talking about for days, her mother being so sick her younger daughter inquired. "Just things," Gypsy said. "Do you know what a WALK IN is Gypsy?" I inquired. "Well yes," she answered. A Beeing from another world that makes an agreement with a human soul. In exchange for something of equal or greater value the human soul allows the Beeing to use the body in place of the previous occupant." "Is that what you are my friend, A WALK IN ?" She did not answer but looked pleased. "Where is Spirit Wolf, she needs to be here for Ocean Shores and the POW WOW." I had no Idea of her whereabouts but was going to call her as soon as I went home. "Your David loves you more than life itself. Just give him time. He is your son and he will be awaking. You kiss David for me. How is Omar?" she asked again. "He is fine, he finally got the transfer to Oregon we had been requesting so I would not have to drive

so far.” “You just follow that man and always stick by him. Make sure to check on OJ. Did you finish the pictures?” Again I said that I had. “I will always be with you. You will know who you are, always follow your heart and Lilyan, you do have to write that book. Just do it!” she said. She gave me another list of sayings and instructions for later. The nurse came and ushered me out of the house and I said I’d be back in the morning. Gypsy held up her arm, as to show me she still had on OYA’S Bracelet.

When I got home I had a message from my friend that owned the car lot. I returned the call. She wanted to know if I was still planning to take the kids to the East Coast knowing what had happened to our plans before, when the police took Omar’s Van. “I have the perfect Van here with your name on it. I’ll take the Camero for trade in and your payments will stay the same.” The Van Gypsy had spoke of had fell out of the sky.

Something went wrong and Gypsy got worse and her heart stopped on the way to the ER. They managed to revive her again. Almost immediately Michelle was by her side and another friend named Stephanie. Stephanie is of Lakota descent. Gypsy instructed them to go to the house and get all of the angels that she had made and distribute them. Wanted one on every floor of the hospital. They sat with her the rest of the day. She told them things too. About 5 o’clock Michelle called me, it was time for me to come now. As I was leaving, Spirit Wolf drove up. “I am going with you, we are to be her DEATH-WALKERS and Snow Eagle will be there in Spirit. Snow Eagle summoned me and told me to come.” When we got there she had been moved from the 3rd floor to the 9th floor. Casandra was there. We could not find Gypsy’s stone, someone must have removed the tape from her hand so I gave her mine.

“Are you leaving us alone now?” I asked. She said: “I will always be with you Darling.” At 8:00pm she gestured me to sit on the side of the bed. “Lilyan, she said with all the strength she had left, take care of OJ. I am going home, can help you more from there than I can from here. I love you. The POW WOW, don’t forget.” She said things to her Daughter, Michelle and Stephanie. She then turned to Spirit Wolf and said: “Sing to me Spirit.” And we did. We became her Death-Walkers, Spirit Wolf and I.

A Death-Walker is someone that takes a dying person to the light. When that is accomplished, the Walker comes back to this world.

We were almost there when the rest of the family arrived. Her son, drunk as a skunk, complaining his mother had interrupted his plans for the evening. Come to think of it, his exact word were: “I don’t see what the ..... problem is, as far as I am concerned she is already dead, I buried her when this

sh.. started.” Her other daughter with a preacher. He kept laying his hand on her forehead and she tried to brush him away. Called us a bunch of heathens and palmreaders and witches.

We asked if he wanted to read a verse out of the bible, he had no bible with him. We started to sing again. Thought we saw something by the window. We took her all the way. Her body relaxed, it was just a shell and we saw her Spirit lifting right out of her body. She had put the stone in Casandra’s hand and squeezed Michelle’s hand, after she had left. Our Friend had went home, the Angellady with the purple hair. I stayed in a strange space for a minute and when I came out of it, I went to kick her drunk sons royal behind but he was gone already, so was the preacher.

Two years later a hospital administrator came to see me. She told me a strange story about the night the lady with the purple hair died. Said she had been on the 3rd floor and an old Indian had sat in the room the Lady had been in prior. He kept talking to the eagles that were fast approaching the window. She ask who he was, no answer and he just kept calling more eagles. And then just disappeared. On the 9th floor some nurses had seen eagles, all by the window, 9 of them total. Some one had called the paper and they had came to do a story. I did go to the paper to verify that, they knew the story well. They had not printed it however, because the eagles were so blurry and it was dark. Explained to the reporter that they had been spirits. He said that had happened once before when the spirit had come for a woman from the Nisqually tribe and they had printed that story for X-mas.

To this day angels and a piece of Gypsy are still at that hospital. And they remember her well. Told the administrator the story and how Gypsy was my friend. That is the end of this part of the story. I am tired Smokey. I am waiting for one more person and then I am going to Madison County Illinois. I will tell you the rest tomorrow night. Here is a treat, wish I could take you with me Smokey, you are such a wonderful companion.

It rained and it felt good, not like Washington rain, Tennessee rain. Like buckets. The air was so fresh and the plants were grateful. As soon as it stopped one could see the heat rising off the ground again. Dalton came by to say “heeloo,” actually he worked for a while. Oliver stuck his head thru the door too and I told him his dilemma was almost over, I planned on leaving as soon as the person I was expecting had came. Who is it he wanted to know. Told him I had no Idea but I know I had one more person looking for me. He was very nice, fixed me a sandwich for lunch, maybe he was excited I had finally said something about leaving.

“Can I take Smokey with me?”

“Why?”

“I like him and he is always by himself.”

“Well he is a dog, Lilian. No.”

I had tried. Maybe Smokey would be able to sense my plans and hide in the bathtub, this way I could truthfully state I was not a Dognapper. Told Oliver good-bye and promised to be gone by the next business day. “If you come creeping around in the middle of the night that does not count,” I said. Oliver smiled. Saying good-bye to Dalton was hard, had so bonded with this young man, but we promised to stay in touch.

Oh shoot..... I am still stuck here backwards, had forgot to ask for help. Maybe the guys could have turned me this time. Carol came a little later and we decided to back the CROPPER out of the gate. “If I hit it, just tell them to sue me,” I said. Backed right out of that yard, one foot to spare on the right side and I missed the ditch entirely. As I had Carol guide me to back into the driveway, I saw something funny. A store right up the street, could have walked there. Had been by a store all these days. We both laughed, had slipped her mind to mention it and I had not seen it when Tigggy picked me up. We compared notes about what we thought about men and how we were proud of our womanhood having gotten me out of this Jam. ...FINALLY... After talking for a while we hugged and she left. She thought Smokey would be happy with me also.

Got all situated and was facing the street. Very close to a tree that had leaves that matched the curtains. Made the CROPPER look different somehow, like taking a new breath. Made phone calls and told the family and friends I was getting ready to finally leave Nashville. You will be in 4th of July traffic they said. So true.

Here came a van with a man and a woman in it. They were getting out. Instantly I knew this was who I had been waiting for. Said his name was Joshua Hoffman. Forgot his companions name, just that quick. Joshua writes beautiful poetry for greeting cards. He brought a couple he had written with me in mind, only he had not met me yet. He also had a Radio show that featured storytellers to pass on stories about wisdom to the young ones. Jakob’s Armchair, that’s it, that was the name of the show. Handed me a piece of paper, “For later,” he said. “When I am done I will look at it.” We talked for a while and had coffee and was almost sad to see this beautiful Being leaving. I liked this man, made a real connection.

Secured everything in the CROPPER and roll up the phone cord, then changed my mind and hooked it back up. The Love of my life always talked

about Nashville. Got up my nerve to call him after all those years. Got really nervous and clumsy in thought. No answer. Just as well.... Did put the phone away this time. Picked up the paper Joshua gave me. It was an outline to a book. My book. It's sign...It's time... Love Joshua Hoffman. Was all done in Nashville. Would leave in the morning, after I told the rest of the story to Smokey, could not let him hang there not knowing the outcome and desert him on the same day. Cooked us a nice go away dinner. Couscous, lentels, corned beef, garbanzo beans with coconut and butterscotch pudding for dessert. Smokey was not crazy about the dessert, but than maybe he had just ate to much of everything else. We played music as I washed the dishes and Smokey skipped out for a minute for his almost daily visit with his girlfriend. Was still daylight when I picked up on the story, this was it and it would take a while. Smokey was OK with that.

Had planned to go to Charleston to visit Gypsy's grave and explain to her how things had got taken out of our hands, but my Guide had told me not to go any further east because of the upcoming weather conditions, to go back to Greenville.

The day after Gypsy left us we put a beautiful announcement in the paper with a picture of her, she had given it to me when we had first met. The same one I am going to put in my book with the dedication.

Had to leave for Ocean Shores. That had been so important to her. Almost like she timed it like that. Felt bad about leaving Michelle, she took Gypsy's death hard, but she knew I was to go for the weekend. Barbara had arrived a day too late to meet Gypsy, but decided if Universe had brought her this far, than there must have been a reason and she moved in with me for a while.

We were somewhat preoccupied but talked to a lot of people that first day at the Conversions. Early evening we noticed a Lady that was sitting in the cafeteria area painting Angels for people. She was not a vender and had somehow wandered in there. I went over to her and asked her how she did that, paint I mean. She said she could see Guardian Angels behind people and just paint. She'd take a paper and oilchalk, go in a trance, rub her hands over the chalk and these wonderful pictures would just appear. She only outlined them as they appeared, more like pop up actually.

Said her name was Charlotte, the Beeing that painted was CHAR.

Strange thing happened when she painted mine, started just like she had the others, only mine was not an angel, it was a woman, an E.T. "How strange," she said. I knew that woman in the picture was me, in another time. It was getting late, so I asked if she could paint a picture of Gypsy the next day. She said she had planned on leaving. Offered to pay her Hotel if



she'd stay. She did not accept that offer, but stayed. "First thing in the morning," she said.

On my way out I saw a man. He looked like MUWALI and I wanted to hug him. He was gone just that quick. All that night at the hotel I talked about that man and we thought it was a disgrace, my best friend just having died and all I could think about that man. Told Omar about it in my letter that night. Was like I was going to die if I did not see that man again. Omar is very secure and I can tell him my secrets, he knows I respect him and I am free to speak my mind.

Gypsy was very active that night, we all woke up at the same time and we found out later that applied to EVERYBODY. Michelle, Stephanie, Casandra and of course us. Spirit Wolf, Barbara and myself. We had all had the same dream in a way and kept waking up every hour. At the same time, mind you.

First thing in the morning that man was back in my head. As soon as we got to the Conversions I saw him. A Nubian. 6,2" slim, he was dressed like a Sudanese and looked it. Just like Muwali. He got busy right away, so did I.

We gave Gypsy's picture to Charlotte. She touched it and put Purple Chalk on the paper. The most beautiful Bbeing appeared and it resembled another picture we had of Gypsy at the house. Char started talking about how this was the form she now had. Her name was Chelizar. Showed waterfalls and what appeared to be objects a person would find at a Medicine Lodge. Did not look like an Angel, nor like an E.T. A different Bbeing altogether. Celestial of nature. Char said we should hang it in the lodge and to meditate more. The picture rendered one breathless. Being the skeptic, I handed her a picture of Omar. When she was finish it looked like the same species she had painted me. It was then, that I realized him and I were soulmates, we were the same. She painted Spirit Wolf and it turned out a Pleiadian Bbeing and the next one also. This woman was gifted, someone was guiding her. How else would she have known to paint GYPSY PURPLE. She had painted her like she was now. A Heavenly Bbeing. The Lady from MU. She painted all day and each one looked different, after all of ours were done she again painted angels. We made arrangements for her to come to my house on Mondays and paint. She did and each one of them were so correct. Painted Michelle in the form of a Native American from a different life time and her guide KAR. My son as a Native that favored Michelle's. A week later she came she had made another of him, said she was guided to do so, it was a Sirian coming out of the water, just like they had told the stories I remember, Siriens being fish and

man. Painted my Father with Stefan right next to him, Akhunaton, the ancestors and a meteorite all in the background. My NKONDE in his original form, a wonderful extraterrestrial. My children's Grandmother an Elf and Tamara with an angel behind her. Stephanie as a Native American, someone else as an ET and Omar's Mother as Oshun the Orisha. Casandra an Assyrian from 1000 years ago. Someone was guiding Charlotte, we never told her the stories about any of that. Before we could get paintings of everyone she stopped coming. Said she did not want to paint E.T.'s anymore, she was now making masks. Wow, I got sidetracked on that, but it was just so incredible Smokey. So perfect, we knew we had a real picture of Gypsy.

Back to that man.... Went to look for him, but he was always busy it seemed. All of a sudden he saw me and interrupted his conversation. Came over to me and hugged me and said: "En La Kech. So good to see you again." Wanted to stay in his arms but that was not the real reason I was so obsessed with him. Said his name was AKHUNATON, a Rebirther and a S.H.E. Minister. How about I call him in a few days. Wanted to know what En La Kech meant and the woman with him said: "It is a Mayan greeting meaning: I am another You." The two days had passed quickly and we had accomplished much. Time to get home and arrange for Gypsy's POW WOW.

Was glad that I did have a van instead of the car, we had so much to transport.

The first thing that happened when I got home, I had a message on the recorder from Omar saying he was in Florence. Could tell by his voice he was terribly upset. Florence was only 30 miles from Mc Minville, Oregon, what is all that about. Anything in Oregon was OK with me now that I would not have to go to California anymore. Considered that an improvement. The second message was that a Churchservice had been scheduled for Gypsy the next day at the Baptist Church and then her Ashes was to be taken to Charleston. I was one angry person and made no bones about it. Between Michelle and I, had anyone been able to hear our thoughts they would have heard us thinking clear across town.. "What does that mean?" I demanded to know from Casandra. Your Mother wanted a POW WOW. Spirit Wolf is a minister and she did not want to be buried. "I know, Casandra cried, I got out voted." Dr.Gould will do the eulogy and you have 15 minutes to address the congregation. I was spitting fire, well, we all were. Got scared of myself for a minute. I thought I had turned into my own Grandmother. There was nothing we could do. Or was there?????

Keith Benjamin, the Inmate from Lompoc had written a poem when his grandmother passed and Gypsy had liked it so well. I'll read it at the service, actually I resite it, it went like this:

## KINGS and QUEENS

Our original Kings and Queens

Are our elderly.

Watch them looking so beautifully.

Sitting so gracefully

With pride and dignity

The smile so positively

Charm of the family

Without the elderly

Youth will forget their history

And lose their destiny

Let's forever love our elderly

Wholeheartedly.

Gypsy knew Keith was innocent. She'd like that, she really did like that poem she had said so. "Doesn't sound like a murderer to me," she said. That is what I'll do, resite it I decided. Would be on my best behavior.

We all sat together, all of us knowing how wrong it was not to honor her wishes. Even Casandra with us, not the family. The preacher that had kept rubbing her head at the hospital did not have the courtesy to show up. Hardly anyone at the church. Someone came over and told me I had 5 Minutes instead of 15. Dr.Gould was wonderful in the things he said, how she had spent her whole life helping people and how God was smiling having his angel home. Her granddaughter said she would miss her and named everything Gypsy had bought for her and now it was my turn.

Somehow I got up on the podium and heard myself say.

"What can I say about my friend Gypsy in 5 minutes. For many years I talk to her at 11:30 each night and I still do.

"The reason no one has come is because this church is not going to hold all the people I've lived for, so we think this is a mistake." That is what Gypsy would say. Remember some in the audience knew what I meant and nodded in agreement. My 5 minutes were up. We gave everyone a copy of the paper with her picture on it. Front Page and it was so nicely written.

We put another add in the paper. Front Page. Said we were having a POW WOW for Gypsy the next weekend to celebrate her life. We painted signs and painted drums, baked cookies and borrowed big speakers for Michelle's yard. All the people she had lived and died for. The Eagles, every charity one could imagine. All the lives the Angel-Lady had touched and they had not come to the church. We were having a Pow Wow just like she wanted.

I finally had a chance to talk to Omar on the phone and tell him about Gypsy's passing, having been unable to contact him by mail in route to Florence. "Aren't you glad you made up," he asked? He was right. Had forgotten that after all those years her and I had a terrible fight, the reason totally escaping my memory now, however I, the hot headed Scorpio had refused to talk to her for a couple of weeks at least. I had so grieved though, having been without my friend. Had pasted a note to the refrigerator, DO NOT call Gypsy. Had been a routine for so many years, wanted to make sure I did not forget. Looking back on it now, it was like a rehearsal of not having her with us any more. I inquired why he was so upset about the transfer to Oregon. "You don't understand, he said in his thick accent, all my belongings went to Oregon. They put me on a plane and took me to Colorado!" "Colorado? WHY?" "I don't know," he said. It did however turn out that he was transferred in the same time frame as Gypsy's passing.

"Not a Problem, I said, I'll just drive to Colorado. Me and Spirit Wolf.

The day of the POW WOW arrived and it rained. Washington rain. On my way out of the door that voice in my head said, "You have to plant a tree." I called Casandra, Gypsy's oldest Daughter, the one I had promised to look after and shared my sentiment on Gypsy's wishes.

"Lilian, I have the tree, it is sitting by my car. Bought it two month ago but never got around to giving it to MOM, it is a Rosebush, size of a tree, that being MOM'S favorite. I planned on bringing it, had the need to plant it today."

Michelle had fixed up the porch and we played The Three Tenors. The rain stopped and a rainbow appeared and we commented on it. Like at the church, so few people came, how odd. We were all of metaphysical nature. As I was video taping some of the conversation, this being part of what we had planned to do, Michelle had a strange look on her face. I could see it thru the lens of the camcorder. "What are all those triangles in and over your head," she asked? No one else saw anything. "Don't know"..... We planted the rose tree in Gypsy's honor in Michelle's front yard and planned on transplanting it at the time the Medicine Lodge was in place. We drummed and recited stories. I realized just how much David loved her, because he was drumming in what I am sure to him was a strange way of remembering a person. Was so proud of him! We recorded the whole ceremony and later the children got a Karaoke and sang and danced and even though hardly anyone attended, we felt we had done Gypsy justice and honored her wish. We did have a major problem however. She did not want to be buried, her

instructions had been for her ashes to become part of the Lodge. In a joking way we thought of ways how to accomplish that, but we did decide in the end Casandra was to ask the Family, being that she was to accompany the urn to Charleston. We should have stuck with our crazy plans, because as it turned out, Casandra was not able to accomplish that task, the family had no understanding and did bury her in Charleston.

We viewed the video, including the strange look Michelle had on her face. We were amazed at what we saw and the UUUH's and AAAH's were many. Out of the sky came many triangular shaped small, what appeared to be spaceships. Pyramid shaped objects were just dancing all around us, too many to count due to their incredible speed and acrobatics.

At one time a hand holding a crystalball became visible and remained for several seconds. Gypsy having owned one like that. Had thought she had gotten cheated in the enormous price she had been charged for it, but that is the one she wanted. Looked like her hand was showing it to us again. Almost like she did that to tell she wanted that on the altar I made for her. Actually it was already there. The ship's incredible movement, what almost appeared like a dance stayed present. As we put the last dirt around the tree another rainbow appeared, without aid of rain this time and what seem to be an orb of some sort, PURPLE in color changed into a comet tail like streak and... zap ... entered the tree. Slowly the visitors danced once more and as quickly as they had came from the sky, they faded in unity and were gone..... The show these visitors had displayed was so incredible, we were thinking about submitting the tape to a paranormal show, but decided it had been our gift from Gypsy and we did not. However we still watch it occasionally and are still in awe every time we see it.

We had been sad at the small turn out, but in reality I believe it happened on purpose and only this small group had been allowed to witness this. Most of them have changed their lives tremendously and are now REIKI MASTERS or Ministers, Counselors and Therapists. Like we all had an Epiphany. Everyone lived in different parts of town, some not even in town and so Dreamtime began.

4:20am. Everyone wakes up. Stephanie, Barbara, Michelle, Spirit Wolf, a girl at the doctor's office that had been there and myself. We remembered a waterfall, did not look like anything we are aware of existing on the planet earth. Crystal clear water that flowed into a cave. It smelled so fresh, if we had been able to bottle that smell we would have made a fortune. We all described the same and unless one has smelled it, it is not possible to put into words.

Casandra works Graveyard at the hospital and only dreamed on her days off. Instead some nights she would walk down the hallway by the ER and a man would just appear and say to Casandra, "How are you, you are one of us." And disappear into thin air. Her and the people with her would run down the halls looking for that person that had just vanished never to find anyone that looked like that. It was a common occurrence and coworkers wanted to accompany her, just to see if all the others had lied. Once it was a woman the appeared. Eventually the time lapses of the occurrence got larger and people lost interest in the Phenomenon, but Casandra sees them right to this day.

5:20 am. Everyone wakes up. Some dream about giant trees in a beautiful rainforest. Michelle dreams about what appears to be EMUS.

6:20 am. Everyone is up. This time they heard what they thought was helicopters. Were they there? We thought so. Stephanie dreams about me being missing. They find my Van around that wooded area everyone dreams of. Somehow she sees me and I let her know I have only left for a short while and will reappear and I do.

We see one of the friends in the back of an official car, all of us at the same time. Each one of us where ever we happen to be at. Including a Lady in NEW YORK. Our friend was at home at the time, as far as he knows. Michelle sees Stephanie's daughter on a bus wearing strange clothes. It was in her head she thought. In reality, the girl was at home on the other end of town but wearing the very same thing. This went on for weeks and weeks and we were tired, waking up like this, hourly every night. If David dreamed we did not know, he never said anything, but he is of a different persuasion.

We made plans to put the Lodge in place as soon as I and Spirit Wolf returned from Colorado. It was on that trip that we accidentally ran into the haunted Hotel and did the story, it was on that trip that when getting Ceremonial Water for the Lodge the water quit running at the UTE Indian statue in Manitou Springs, it was on that trip it took us to Mindworks a Clinic like Center. It was there I met Tim, a very important piece to my life to this day. Tim being one of the men Gypsy had told me about when she told me I would meet two men, not to be scared. He offered his place to us to do readings, Spirit Wolf and myself. He had a computer that measures Brain Frequencies. Reminded me of an EKG, had wires all over my head and was so nervous. 16 seconds that's all it took. And there was my brain waves and I am looking right at them.

He explained about ALPHA, being meditative Waves.  
BETA, Hypnotic state, like half sleep and half awake the highest state of

attention and anxiety facing your focus outwards.

DELTA, being the Sleep state.

Normal frequency being 10, some people, such as Psychics and Gurus can go up to 90. Mine was high, not going to tell, it will only confuse you.

Tim said he was glad I was nervous and that it appeared I had been in a meditative state for 20 years. Well, I guess that is why meditation does not work for me, will go in a Coma or leave to some other plane. I'm glad because I feel like I am in touch with ...Things... all the time and that voice and the insight is there for me at random. He helped me remember things from before I was born. Was a real skeptic so when I got home I packed up Michelle and the kids and drove right back to Colorado. 4 days later. Was a little underhanded about it and did not state the real reason I wanted to go.

So we went to visit Omar and to Topeka, Kansas to visit Family. All the time I was anxious to get back to Mindworks. Had suspected my new Granddaughter, now barely a year, to have been born very advanced, almost like her memory was intact upon her arrival. Tim verified that and did a brain scan on my Ex husband's child, the one Michelle was now raising. Showed his brain to be a different size in left-brain and right-brain. I know that to be the truth because when we had suspected the child to have Fetal Alcohol Syndrome, I had taking him to the University of Washington myself and those were the findings. "This story was to keep unfolding over the years, since this is your last story Smokey, I'll summarize it for you, don't have time to tell it in the order it happened or I will be in Nashville for another 8 days. I do like you Smokey, but you are a dog my friend and I need to get to the Crop Circles in Madison County."

We made arrangements for the boy to get treatment with color and sound treatment, much like the Monroe Institute does. It helped for the most part.

Vanya started to talk in full sentences around the age of two and at three she seemed to have the capacity of a young adult.

I started to see things, actually participated in things, after an experience I had at the Ocean. Had went to give thanks to Mother Earth and Jemajah the Orisha of the Oceans of the world. My neighbor had come along for some reason. We had went Whale watching earlier in the day, that's why, I do recall now. Had taken an offering of honey, pennies and a melon. I laid the pennies, the honey and the car keys about 100 feet from the shoreline. Walked to the water and threw in the melon, all 7 pounds.

Had not thrown it very far and remember thinking that it was going to come right back with the waves. The Water was calm, it was a beautiful day. Had

gotten some honey on my face and planned on washing it off when I got to a suitable place, did not like that sticky feeling. I saw the water come at me like a funnel, aiming right at me. When it got to me, at incredible speed, it was no wider than myself. It picked me up and flipped me, felt like a giant tongue had liked my face. It was ice-cold. Threw me way up in the air. Before I could get really scared, my feet were back on the sand, had so caught me by surprise. I started running being embarrassed and yelled at my neighbor, "I told you to stay in the car," thinking he might have interfered with the flow of things. Poor guy, looked like: What did I do this time and I I knew it was nothing he did, was just embarrassed to have gotten flipped. The honey and the pennies from 100 feet behind me were gone, Jemejah had picked them up but left the car-key. Was grateful being 65 miles away from home. All wet. Apologized to the neighbor and he was in shock a bit too I guess, he did not know what happened at all. Just saw the water come for me and so far back, it was unlikely. I snapped a picture of the place where that had happened. We were quiet for the long ride home.

That night I saw alligators by my feet. They had diamond collars around their neck. Stayed right around my feet like a watchdog would for protection. Their long tail waving, wrapping around my ankles as to brush them to let me know they were taking care of me.

I was then in a long vehicle, thought it might be a bus. Was sitting on the right side, window seat. As it slowed down, looked like flying fish going right by the window, they were dressed in tuxedos. The vehicle stopped. The sand looked so warm, remember thinking that is why I only walk bare footed in sand. Can't stand to be without shoes, not even on carpet.

I waved at the flying fish that I could see now were in reality, Whales.

I had not been asleep. It was so real and I know I had experienced it. A few days later the pictures I had taken came in.

The picture showed large pieces of driftwood perfectly positioned on the beach, in the shape of alligators. Had not noticed them when I had been there in person. Felt like I had gotten another affirmation on what I had seen in my experience with the Alligator Guardians and now I was sure that had been connected to what happened to me at the beach.

4 years prior Gypsy had brought over a young man that was a friend of her daughters. Had only seen him a minute but I remembered his name.

Philip. Felt such a loss when he left and the same insane drive I had felt when I meet AKHUNATON at the Conversions had grabbed me. I needed to see Philip again. No one knew his whereabouts. Took me two weeks and with Scorpio precision and my psychic ability I found him. In the Navy, floating on



the ship NIMETZ in the Persian Gulf. Called him and told him I needed to stay in touch and he agreed. Eventually he came to see me. Felt kind of awkward. Turned out it was not in a romantic way. How odd we both thought, having assumed that on both our parts. He went to Chicago and I asked could he find the Love of my life for me. He tried but was unable to find him. Eventually Philip came back. Turned out he was to the birthing coach for a young lady in the neighborhood. I suggested he could stay at my house in case she went into labor, he lived about an hour away and Babies sometimes don't care about time frame and distance. He did stay. Did not see him for 2 years after that. He called and asked would it be OK to come over with his cousin Debby. "Sure," I said. They did come, Debby said she was a Starchild and we talked for a while. Philip left. Days later he called and apologized for having left so abruptly. Said he had gotten scared. Asked him why and he told me the night he had stayed in my house, he had had a dream. Him and I were walking by a beach and we heard a woman cry for help. We ran to the water and there she was in the water surrounded by alligators or crocodiles he wasn't sure which. Said he stood there helpless and before he could decide on a plan of action, I walked into the water. The alligators just parted my way and swam around my feet, I petted them and escorted the woman to shore. Said when he woke up he knew who I was and it had overpowered him. Then when he brought DEBBY he saw my alligator heads I have on display on the TV and thought I had brought them back from HIS dream. Maybe he was not dreaming at all having just witnessed the whole thing. Again he got scared. I told him how I had had this experience and that made me realize Alligators were part of my totem and they were my Guardians and refereed him To Animal Speaks, the book by TED ANDREWS.

In order to Honor my totem I had at a later time bought them while traveling with Spirit Wolf. Had been looking for something and jokingly said: "All I need now is an alligator," and some how that voice told me to make a left turn and it took me to a store that had shells, rocks and yes Alligator heads. How they had showed us the registration number and explained never to buy things without that number. No number would indicate the animal was obtained illegally. Had learned something. Fact that we ended up there "coincidentally" wasn't surprising to us at all. Philip said he was glad he shared that story with me and he felt better and wasn't scared any longer. That is only part of the story.

Shortly after that Debby called and asked if I had time to visit with her cousin from Chicago. "Sure," I said. Thought they would never arrive and got a little worried. After driving 4 hours, that should have been 2, they finally got

here. Either they lost time or were abducted. Never stopped just drove straight here, oh well such is life..... Stacey, the girl, said she lived in Chicago, said she was a police officer and a Starchild and those things happen to her all the time. At least that was settled. Said Philip had told her to be sure and come see me and: "Here I am." Kept looking at something by the window. Asked what she saw, said it was her grandmother. "I like Spirits, I said, come right on in." Maybe she did, don't rightfully know. Talked about how we just knew we were Starpeople and how we're all awaking almost the same time. How sad it was for me only to know about my side of the family and not about the Children's father's side, never having asked because it just did not feel like the thing to do. "Debby, I said all of a sudden, how come you look like my granddaughter Destiny?" Stacey said, "Yeah and why do they all look so familiar?" We went thru their family tree. Philip, Debby and Stacey were second cousins to my children. I HAD MY ANSWER. And I told them about Roxy, their relative on the other side of their family and how I had found the STEFANS. Have not seen any of them since, but Stacey promised to drive down to Greenville and go into the Crop Circles at Madison County with me, providing she won't be on duty. That means the Bulls would win the game. Well, we'll see. Be nice to see her again.

Had another experience with that BUS-LIKE-VEHICLE. Again, I was awake. Only this time I was sitting on the right side, closer to the front. Was unable to see if there was anyone else present or who was the driver. This time the window was open and as it approached land, I again saw the whales and came close enough to the ground so I was able to scoop up sand with my hand. It felt so wonderful. Then I was back at my house and cried because I was unable to keep the sand, wanted so to keep the sand..... Such sadness had come over me and I felt so abandoned. A year or so ago a friend sent me what looked like a homemade booklet with different topics by a man named LOBSANG RAMPA. It was entitled DEDICATED to ALL HUMANITY. It had pictures from his book Visit to VENUS and I could not believe it. What had been in my vision was there in front of me on paper. Just skimmed over the content afraid it would add to my own knowing. One day I will read his works, to see why he knows mine.... someone I do not know, or DO I?

"I had told you I would summarize for you SMOKEY, really kind of hard to do, because as I am summarizing for you, I realize everything is connected and equally important. Can't tell one thing without mentioning the other. So let me tell you about MY AKHUNATON. Want some Water? Or are

you eyeballing the milk. Some one said milk is not good for dogs. But this is our last night together so here you go my friend, one bowl of milk coming up. Look what I found, thanks to Maxine we also have smoked wieners, yuk, guess she knew I was going to run into you. I do not want Smoked Wienies. To refresh your memory.”

Akhunaton was the NUBIAN man I had met at the CONVERSIONS. A Nubian is a mixture of Egyptian and Ethiopian. OK..... I eventually did call him, actually a little earlier then eventually, because I felt that same obsession for him as I had for Philip. Just like the case was with Philip, what I thought was a sexual attraction turned out to be something different all together. Universe has a way of getting our attention in ways we understand, so because at one time I thought sex was love, affection and attention, it was only natural for Universe to send this sensation because it knew I would follow up on that. And DID. I also had a need to serve my Universal CREATOR, that chance having been snatched from me when I got kicked out of church. Always thought that Almighty Creator was able to look into my heart and that he/she knew that I was a spiritual being. So I got blessed with AKHUNATEN. It was he that made it possible for me to become a Ordained Minister thru S>H>E>.

That stands for INTERNATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF SPIRITUAL HEALERS and EARTH STUARDS. The Creator did hear my prayers by allowing me to represent Universe after all.

The Spirit is an important part of our Earthly existence, as a being. And sometimes it gets a little touch of illness and I sometimes can help with healing that. I am just the tool. Universe does the rest.

I am a Earth Stuard because I do Honor GEIA, Mother Earth, along with the Orishas, the keepers of Mother Earth and the elements connected with Earth.

AKHUNATEN was the FIRST man Gypsy had been talking about. He reminded me that the Creator’s Love was still available to me, regardless of my short comings, because it is what is in ones heart that counts. TIM, the SECOND man Gypsy had told me about, reminded me who I am and I finally acted on it. With his help and guidance I did get a Degree in Metaphysics.

Universe has blessed me. Not with the money I used to make, but with insight and wisdom that is needed for me to do my work.

Universe blessed me with a mate, who’s soul chose to except this terrible predicament he is in, so I could be in an emotional and spiritual space to feel safe on a earthly plaine so I could do my work.

Universe blessed me with experiencing emotions that I did not know I had. When KARL died I was upset that he was dead and his misery was over, his death was not good enough for me. As it turned out he had been buried in the wrong grave and had to be dug up and buried again. It had taken that for me to get thru my emotional turmoil about all the pain he had caused me.

Lina is still living at 90 something, having acquired a terrible skin decease, raptoid something, her skin looks like scales. I call her twice a week and keep her spirits up. She needed my forgiveness and I repaid her with kindness. As a result she did have a few happy years and she finally found GOD, goes to that same church I told you about, the one in which I thought I had seen God dead on the cross.

Josef left too. She was buried on my Birthday 1997. It showed me that when your Mother passes it is a different grief all together. Almost like all of a sudden the cord is really cut and there is no one other than yourself. The chain of command has been broken, like it or not you are Top Dog. "Sorry about that term SMOKEY".... When someone loses their Mother we have to handle helping them with their loss in a more compassionate way, because it is different and a lot more traumatic than losing anyone else.

I know where Josef went. HOME. I will see her there when I go, I have a great loss now, but I needed to experience that. And for her to have timed it like that. MY BIRTHDAY. Seems like a landmark in my earthly life somehow. I do not understand the importance of it at this time, but I am sure I will one day.

The ill feelings I had about Jeanette and thought maybe were excessive because she got to stay with Josef and not I, turned out to be justified. She refused to come to the funeral. That took away my guilt of having thought that.

It showed me that when I was sad that OJ SIMPSON or any of his constituents never as much as said THANK YOU for getting the information that was needed at the time, and Marsha Clark's SURPRISE about something she did know about all along, was not the reason that had happened like that at all. In my Opinion it made my job easier. Thanks to the trial everyone knows what DNA is and keeps me from having to explain a very complicated subject to the people I am trying to help. It retired Mark Fuhrman.

Odetta, the Folksinger I was so fond of when I was 13 or 14, moved to where I lived now, she taught classes in Music and I was able to have lunch with her a few years ago. Made her day that some one enjoyed her Music for that many years.

Had Universe asked me to go to Colorado, I would have came up with

some kind of an excuse, like.... my back hurts or I can't afford it.

So when Gypsy said: "follow that Man (OMAR)" she had in my opinion something to do with that mysterious plane ride that took him to Colorado instead of Oregon, he was just a tool. By the time I was asked to go on this trip I had matured a bit and learned from the previous lessons and I went, even though again, I followed Omar and it took me to all the places I needed to be.

Don't look like my hostess will get back from her trip before I leave and I am leaving in the morning... She was the means of getting me here to meet all the wonderful people I needed to meet and to keep you company, for me to tell you my life story and by doing that, to come to terms with a lot of things that I now know, but not before talking to you. So I thank you my friend, you are a beautiful creation and I feel so bad to have to leave you behind. Take care of Oliver, he really needs a friend, he is a nice person. Been a pleasure being stuck here with you Smokey.....

Even though the traffic was still light when I left Nashville at 4:00am, I soon remembered it was the 4th of July weekend and the traffic was just horrendous. It rained occasionally and the glare was awful but I was driving right along. Still 50....

Made it back to Marion, Illinois and parked at the same truck stop I had on the way to Nashville for the night. Felt good to be around people for a little while, having been so isolated and lonely for 8 days. Strange how that had come about and yes, I had seen everyone I needed to. Sat in the CROPPER that night, reflecting on Nashville and I did miss Smokey. Should have told him about the time right before the doctor made me a new bile duct. I was in so much pain I had called the man with the Digeridu to see if he could help me combat that pain. He did come. As he started to play I started to smell the earth and had a councious vision. I became Earthworms and Termites, to help Mother Earth breath. I then changed to an Anteater, a one of a kind creature . I changed into a Mountain-goat and leaped from one mountain top to the next. Again I smelled Mother Earth in her natural beauty. My pain eased a little and was bearable for that night.

Next day a Ladyfriend came and she did a healing, she put her hands on my stomach and it felt like she pulled the heat right out of it, almost like I had seen on a documentary about Psychic Surgery. Shortly after, I literally passed something that looked like a rubber type Halloween bat. Tried to catch it but was too late. She took me to the doctor. He ran some tests and we waited for the results. Had forgotten to tell him about the incident that promoted me to drop in at his office without an appointment, before I could

explain what had happened he asked me a very strange question. "Had I been molested and were animals involved." Kind of shook me up a little and I said: "If you tell me where you are going with that, maybe I will try to remember." Said the reason for the question was, they had found NON-HUMAN bacteria in my body. He is a very respectable Doctor, so I know he would never had said something like that in a irresponsible way. And I had a witness. My friend had had been there. Doctor scheduled a Colonoscopy for the next day. NON-HUMAN to him meant Animal, to me it meant Alien or Non-Earthly. Took a nurse with me to the colonoscopy to have a witness. Being allergic to anesthetics I knew the examination would be painful. Told Doctor I was going to leave and travel the plaine. After a while he touched my arm and said I could come back it was over. My acquaintance the nurse ask what I had meant by the term PLAINE and I explained the plaine is the space between Heaven and Earth. The Causal Plaine. One can go there consciously and visit places and leave messages for people and they in turn will pick it up in their thoughts.

Was at a FAIR one day and a Lady said: "There you are, I saw you on the plaine, did not know where you was. Today I got in my car and just drove. Here you are, 62 miles from where I started my drive, in this remote place. I do recognize you." "Glad you came, I said, and jokingly added, I had left my phone number, did you misplace it?"

That doctor never told me how the test came out, or what he found. Almost like he had talked to someone about it and had been sworn to secrecy. Ticked me off actually, but I do understand, his reputation was on the line, besides I don't think he was aware of all the things I know and it would have been OK to tell me. I am an abductee after all and what people consider to be strange, happens all of the time. How did he, the doctor, know what I meant by the fact I was leaving. Just like the time I actually did have my surgery. Had taken another friend, a REIKI MASTER, with me. Was scared because I had woke up during surgery the time before. Felt them cutting me into pieces and tried the tell the doctor I had woke up but they could not hear me and I was unable to move. They dropped the X-ray unit on me, that was to much and I left and went to the plaine. I later told them, had heard everything they were talking about and told them about the x-ray unit dropping like that. Doctor's eyes got real big because she knew I was telling the truth. So forgive me for being nervous..... My friend came along to help me with a little selfhypnosis, if needed. Went home the same night and I went straight to work, what I mean by that, someone came for a reading and I was just fine and forgot I had just had surgery.

A few weeks later one morning I found myself in the kitchen literally going in circles. I heard something and I did know it was a phone. Finally I located it and said, "Hello." "If it is a bad time, that same friend said, I will call you back." "Don't hang up, I said, I am going in circles, don't know where I am." She laughed and said: "You been doing this a lot lately." "What do you mean," I asked. She told me that the day at the hospital they were unable to wake me after surgery, so they called her into the recovery room to see if she could wake me. Several hours later I did come out of it and told her I had been traveling and the nurse had bumped into the bed and interrupted me and I had crash-landed. "Did it ever occur to you going home and working right after surgery is not normal," she asked. It was then that I knew, either myself or the doctor had help, either way I was fine.

Another time my legs had been hurting. I laid down and I felt what I thought was a brush, but softer, roto-roter type, going up and down in my legs. I said, "Wait, I am not asleep." It stopped. My legs did not hurt after that and not since in the same fashion.

I have no memories of most of my abductions, especially the ones of medical type. But these things did happen. I use to dream about the weatherman Steve Pool from channel 4, we use to laugh about it because he was such an unlikely choice to have been in my dreams. For years I'd dream about him ever so often. One night I had that same dream only STEVE POOL was now COLIN POWELL. The identical dream. I stand in the kitchen. What appears to be a very long car, longer than a limo, pulls up. A lot of people get out and float right thru the wall in the kitchen. I say: "How are you doing?" They say: "Carry on with what you are doing," and they walk down the hallway, make a right and go into my glass room. It gets noisy, like there is a party. This time I woke myself up and said to myself or anyone that wanted to listen, earthly or not: "WAIT a minute... This is NOT a dream. Had you not switched Steve Pool for Colin Powell I would not have noticed..... You've been doing this for years... Only problem is, I just now build that glass room!" And I had.

One day out of the blue I needed a glass room. I asked the landlord for permission, I live in a Mobilehome Park. "A porch would be better," he said. "A porch with Glass?" "Be just fine," he said. I called a contractor and asked him to trade the labor for readings. Borrowed the money to buy the material and him and some friends start building. Had to be 5,5" wide and 15" long. Felt like NOAH, just knew the exact measurements. They were almost done with the frame and the roof and the guys asked when was I going to get the glass blocks. \$3.97 a piece, needed

180. "As soon as they fall out of the sky," I said. They looked at me in disbelief. That voice told me to go to HOME DEPOT. I did. As soon as I got there I ran into some one I knew a long time ago. We talked for a while and he asked what I had came for. Told him and what had happened with the builders when I told them it had to fall out of the sky...."Go get the glass blocks."... Had to make 2 trips with the van to haul them home. The blocks and all the trimmings. Again, in disbelief the guys kept right on working. "Would be nice if I had silk plants to hang when we are done," I said. The guys looked at me not saying a word. They broke for lunch and was getting in their car and around the corner came a Toyota truck. The lady driver slowed down and said to me, "I am moving, would you know anyone that need some plants?" Problem solved. Month later one of the same guys was at the house and I told him some one needed to check for a leak on the roof of my Glass Porch. He said: "I am not touching that porch after everything I have seen." I walked him to his car and happend to look up. I took the man by the arm, pointed to the roof of the MOBILE next to mine and said, "Watch this," The man on the roof stood up looking down to where I was and said: "Ms.Lilian, your house is next. Just happen to be in the area and decided to drop in." He was the man that had fixed my roof 4 years prior and lived 85 miles away. "That's IT! my former friend said. Just too many things falling out of the sky."..... The Porch is officially just that. A porch. It is however a room attached to the Mobile. Landlord got his wish and I got mine and we are both happy with that. A special room that is, do my readings in it. The energy in it is so high that some nights I can sit there for only a minute and have to come back out, in fear that I would just float to the ceiling and leave to heavens know where. And that is where all those years those Beeings had came to, that room that had not existed then. It was not a dream, it was an abduction.

I knew that because some of us had made so much noise about not being asked for permission to intrude in our space that the Alienbeeings were now SHAPESHIFTERS and instead of Grays, Reptilians, etc. they now appeared as people we knew and felt at ease with. Sometimes in form of a departed loved one or a living friend or relative. When I explained that to the friends, in form of my opinion, they agreed, remembering how all of a sudden they >>>DREAMED<<< of old boy-friends and girl-friends, often mistaken it for a sexual encounter in their DREAM.

We compared notes and ... why would it surprise me... several had seen me too. I explained that I was not stepping out of time to enter their dreams or a DOPPELGANGER. Those were pleasant abductions that no longer felt like they use to. I fixed another cup of coffee and got ready for bed. I am



tired....No floating thru the walls tonight... PLEASE.

END 14-8

Was almost eleven when I finally woke up. Surrounded by trucks just humming away, imagine having slept like that, guess the noise had been soothing. Had an elaborate breakfast at the truck stop, had a hard time deciding what to order so I got the... All You Can Eat... and eat I did...A little of everything, including the chocolate pudding. That was rare, don't really like that too much, prefer Vanilla. The station being a CONOCO, I filled up and got back on the freeway. What traffic! Actually what a dumb decision to have put myself in that mess. A silver-gray Porsche had passed me yesterday. Flew like a bat in hell. He didn't fly far before he flipped that Porsche and never went any further.

Stopped at the rest area where Margot and Ralph had fed me and smiled about the incident again. Sat by the water for a minute and fed the ducks and thought how much I missed the kids. Going west instead of east, somehow seemed to have made a difference. Vanya, the 3 year old kept asking, "Are you coming home?" and now I could tell her I was going in that direction and would be home by her birthday. In September.

Stopped at EXIT 83 to say hello to Maxine at the warehouse, but due to the holiday she was not there, so I left her a note, to make sure she knew I had kept my promise and returned like she'd asked me.

Kept looking for the CONOCO station that had appeared out of nowhere when all I had was 4 gallons of gas on the way to Nashville. Was right about here. Remember because as soon as I got on the freeway that message to go to Exit 83 had came, was right about here somewhere. Stopped and called their 800 number to get an address, CONOCO said there was no Conoco in that area. Could not find my receipt so WAS it there or NOT? Maybe it will be there in the future, good location, so in between the highways like that.

Stopped at Glady's restaurant by the lake and yes, they had caught the thief and she fed me again.

Was almost nightfall when I drove into Greenville. People just waving and honking their horn. They greeted the CROPPER like an old lost friend that had returned home from a long journey. The man at the drugstore, ready to close shop, stopped me and said I could park in front of the oldest historical house, the Lady that owned it had said I was most welcome. I parked there and it being Sunday, ran to the alley to see if the BBQ was there. It was in full force. Got hugs and kisses on the cheeks, they were glad to see I had made it back safely. "How come you so early, we wasn't looking for you till next

month.” “I know, I said, but you won’t believe what happened. The Crop Circles I told you would appear,” ... “yes”... they interrupted, “Well they got here, from what I heard all 110 of them! Can’t swear by the number but I will tell you after I leave Madison County in two days, I am going there tomorrow.” Could see they were thinking and got real quiet for a moment and TOM said, “Where is the potato salad, did you make any???” The weeks prior, besides couscous I had made german potato salad, 10 pounds. Sat in the parking lot surrounded by the young people peeling potatoes in 95 plus. The guys at the Jiffy Lube had looked as to say...”What is she doing this time,” knowing I could not eat that many potatoes. No potato salad today. “Next week....How about Couscous”.....

They told me about the big UFO sighting they had the previous night, was seen from ST. LOUIS to Greenville and Maybury.

We thought ... ”OH-OH here comes Lilian “ ... they laughed and here I was... We had a good time. “What a difference, huh Lilian, Tom said. You do have friends here and we missed you.”

This time I had made it and was parked in the GOOD PART of town. Was the same street actually, but the same street was the line between Good and Bad, imagine that. A few feet and life can change, but that is how people view things I reckon. Had all the windows open that night, was safe and I heard the Turtle-Doves. Late joggers and people strolling in the cool of the night and they waved and some of them stopped telling me welcome. Before drifting off to sleep remember thinking about OMAR, still being stuck in his hellhole, predicament... excuse me. He did not even know I was back in town. Hope his tooth is better. Thought about SMOKEY and how he had allowed me, by telling my stories, to bring back all the memories. The picture of the NKONDE in his E.T. form and the one of my Father, the one Charlotte had painted, were right there in the window. Knew somehow they wanted to go with me on that trip. So I had brought them along and they got to see everything I did.

Reminded me of my friend Nancy Williams again, the very same that had performed, what I thought had been psychic surgery. How I had met her. She called me one day responding to an ad in the paper. Was right after Gypsy left. Liked Nancy. She had facial expressions that changed right along with her stories. Whatever she talked about, one could see it on her face, like back in them days of silent movies. Told me how she had camped out one summer and all the fun she had, living so simple. At the time I had no idea I was ever going to get an RV or make a trip like this, for that matter. I could not relate. In my Father’s picture was a silhouette of AKHUNATEN the E.T. King. One

day Nancy came and said she had been in possession of a certain stone for a long time and now it was mine and with that she handed me, what I first thought was a Sanddollar, having such bad vision. It was a stone and as we looked at it I noticed the stone had the same face on it, Akhunaten's, identical to the one in my father's picture. We were amazed at the coincidence..... We had an archeologist look at it and he concluded it was prehistoric, so I put it in the medicinebag I wear around my neck that contains all my personal treasures. Eventually I had a separate pouch made for it and I wear it around my neck all the time. And then how she was able to help me... Wonder who she is... Asked her once, she laughed and told me she was scared of the LIZZIES, the reptilians that Barbara Marciniak talks about in a book I loaned her BRINGERS of the DAWN. We laugh and we would make faces, actually Nancy did and she went to acting classes. Would not surprise me to see her in Commercials one day... Wonder if she'd turn a job down if she was required to be a LIZZY for Star Trek...hahahahahaah... She later raised African Hedgehogs and gave Tamara one a couple of weeks ago matter of fact.

7:00am. Better hurry, if I want to make my meeting in Edwardsville. That is where I am going to meet up with Steven Pukaple and his Lady Elena. Get ready for the day and I am exited about entering the Crop Circles. Make sure I remember everything I had learned from ILYES'S tapes and before I knew it, I felt like a great researcher myself.....

Stopped at the Shop to see TOM and ask him if he wanted to come along. "When are you coming back?" "Your guess is as good as mine," I said. "Well, I had better pass, know how you travel, may not get back till next week." "How do I get there?" "I-70 will take you right to Edwardsville and Collinsville."... "All those VILLES, don't want to go on the freeway, might miss a VILLE." "OK, take 127 than and that will run you into route 66."

Stopped in a place called HAMIL. As I pulled into the parking lot of the road side Cafe, an elderly gentleman turned his car engine off and met me by the side door as I was getting out of the CROPPER. He wanted to talk about the 4th of July sighting. Said I had heard about it and some of the friends had reported it to the Hotline. "How about the one on the 6th," he asked. "Well, that was yesterday don't know anything about that one." "Another one same size, he said, everybody in town had seen it." Advised him to report it. Told him about the one that had followed me to the airport a year earlier and we talked for a good while.

END 14-9

The people in the restaurant had now noticed the CROPPER thru the

window and as soon as I entered the dining room several people came, all different ages, all eager to tell what they had seen on the 4th and 6th of July right here at the beginning of Route 66. They explained HAMIL was the beginning of highway 66, the very same that eventually became the famous Route 66.

Attempted to call Michelle, there was no answer. Also called JUDY, the woman I had met in the prison on my prior visit, this being a local call. Told her of my plans on entering the Crop Circles later on in the day and requested that, if her husband Michael happened to call to please ask him to let Omar know that I had made it back to Illinois safely and see him in a couple of days. Calling the penitentiary with a message for an Inmate it impossible, so handling things this way would work. She asked me to call her back in an hour, this being almost the time her husband called on a daily basis.

As soon as I sat at the table to eat, the waitress said I had a phone call. A young Lady that asked for an ...elderly...Lady, wearing an African dress, driving a Cropcircle RV. It was Michelle, she had gotten the number of her caller ID and had found me.

The UFO's the locals described, were circular, bright lights attached to what they said appeared to be the bottom. Blue and greenish in color. Crafts traveled at tremendous speed, hovered and dematerialized twice, returned to original form and sped off at high speed, on July 4th, 9:00pm The one on the 6th seemed to have been a smaller ORB-TYPE-CRAFT, hovering for almost a minute, that dematerializing. The locals were genuinely exited. And now here I was in the CROPPER, having UFO HOTLINE written all over it. They thought I had came because of the UFO activity, so I told them, that in reality, I was here for the Crop Circles. Only one farmer knew about it, seemed he was very angry, said it had destroyed his crop. Explained to him that from what I understood, the seeds coming from that field would now grow 70% faster. Said he would see if that was true and call me about it. Did I know how he could get ALIEN INSURANCE in case he would encounter the same problem with his next crop. Advised him to surf the Net, someone would know something about that. Had really made that up, but after thinking about it, a bit in my Forrest Gump way I might have told him something that was true. Also told him about a computer engine called PARASCOPE that is very valuable and from what I thought, very responsible and correct in their reports. Left him with websites.

Called Judy back, she told me her husband had suggested I come by their house to borrow a device, similar to a metal detector, to take into the circles with me. "Don't need that, I said, we have dowsing rods."

“No,” she said, “Michael told me that there sometimes is gold in the circles, he found some in Ramstein, Germany while he was in the Army.” All the things Michael had talked about prior went right out of the window for me, maybe he had made that up too. Told Judy thank you and declined. Actually, I told her I was running late, I was a little, so it was not a total lie.  
Gold in the Crop Circles.....

I said my good-byes and drove to Edwardsville. Had misjudged my distance, so I was 3 hours early, don't know why I thought I was so far away from Edwardsville, when I knew Madison County line was 8 miles from Greenville, ST. LOUIS only 40 miles west. There was a store and a laundynette. Should stop and wash my clothes. So leery about Loundrynettes after what had happened in Greenville. This one had an attendant on premise, that might be OK.

The GOLD thing was really bugging me, actually it was more the nature of the story I think. Decided to call Brenda Roberts. Told her the story, not the location and she agreed, yes, she had heard that, only that had only happened one time, in Ramstein, Germany and the military had gotten that gold..... He had told me the truth..... Imagine that having talked to one of only a few people that knew that, he had been one of the soldiers who's task it was to accomplish that.

Was in deep thought when a young man knocked on my door. Said he wanted to talk to me. He did. Turned out he was an abductee, 18 years old and just needed to talk about it. He had full recollection of his experiences. He helped me tackle the laundry, the basket was heavy. Came back a little while later with his friend. He showed me pictures he had drawn, thinking he could be a cartoonist, only a cartoonist does not draw alien beeings. They were almost identical to David Chase's composites of the ET's people had seen. His friend was an abductee too and we compared notes. Set them up with a support system, over the years friends have made themselves available for conversation, regardless of the hour, in case of emergency.

The Lady attendant at the laundrynette asked me lots of questions and when I told her I would be in town till the next day, she suggested I park next to the laundrynette. She even called the police department to tell them I had permission, I was very hesitant at first, because of the Greenville incident. Asked if I could talk to a couple of people she knew of, that wanted to see me. I told her: “Sure”.

I did find Elena's house just fine and as soon as Steve came home from work, we drove to Granit City to enter the Crop Circles. On the way there they told me that the Circles had arrived when I was still parked in

Greenville the first time. Since I did not know about them I had left. They had mapped everything out and estimated the Circles to be about 110, counting the little ones. The farmers had tried to cut most of them down, that presenting a problem because of the nature in which they are formed. Lots of places they appear to be woven, like baskets and the machines drag right over those spots and soon they are free standing again.

Thunder and lightening had came up, how appropriate of Chango to appear, I thought. Steve did not think so, said it was dangerous in a field of barley at a time like that. He had gathered enough stocks, perfectly bent blown notes, to get 7000 seeds in order to monitor growth the next year. I was also able to gather a lot of stocks. As I was turning to leave, I noticed a spot that was burned. Took a picture and soil samples and realized what I had stumbled across here was a ...SKIP... From what I understand, balls of energy, 3 or 4, come from above. With microwave energy the nodes in the stock are blown. From the ground it looks like a big wind came... In reality it is SOUND.... and lays them according to the specification of the Makers and at the same time ties them in knots, or what I perceive to look like woven baskets. Looked like the energy balls, all 4 of them had skipped, either coming in or as they were leaving. The soil was burned in a very strange way and it felt different to touch. In my mind that proved what I had learned from ILYES. Was so excited to have made that discovery. DOUG and DAVE did not make this one.... To be sure I could prove it, I took pictures and video taped the whole process. Steve wanted to leave now, because of the weather and we drove to Collinsville, on the outskirts of ST. LOUIS.

This one was farther than the eyes could see, was said it was almost a mile long. Looked like one big mess from the ground. Right next to the highway. Like one gigantic wind had just laid it all flat, well, all except the batches of ...BASKETS... all tied in a knot. Looked like swirls of Dairy Queen Ice Cream. Everywhere. Tried to pull them apart, no way, would have taken a long time and Steve insisted we leave. Chango was everywhere and I thanked him for having accompanied us and providing the lightshow. The thing about Crop Circles is that they consist of a totally different ENERGY than we are use to. What feels like 5 minutes, is actually 20. Time is different, one can not measure time while in a Circle. COMPASSES are not able to give you direction, just start spinning around and around and dowsing rods turn at high speed also. Like anything earthly does not exist. Like to see Doug and Dave explain that.... I agree there might be some HOAXES like Doug and Dave had claimed, to get famous and maybe they did make some. But not these..... THESE WERE CROP CIRCLES. A gift, a

miracle if you will..... Who or what put them there? Nothing from this world I can think of. Not people nor weather. I think it is a gift from another place to get our attention and make us think about how GREAT the Universe really is. Some of them have told us things, like the 6-pointed star that foretold the Constellations on Jan.23, 1997.

The Hurricanes that covered the whole East Coast. The fact that the actual planet Earth will be somewhere totally different in the year 2000, like it is getting out of the way of something.

The DNA Strand it showed us right about the time that was the topic of discussion.

The MEKABA and the Star of David. Something for everyone actually. I had my treasures, my gifts and I was grateful. Every living person should be able to experience that feeling, that energy so hard to describe. Thought of Dalton's Mom, she had so wanted to enter a formation. We went and ate at a great Mexican Restaurant and reflected on our blessings.

Sitting in Elena's living room looking at the three-dimensional models of Crop Circles Steve makes, I felt a little faint. Had forgotten to take off my Jewelry, metals are just not advisable in Formations. Had known that, but in the excitement of the moment forgotten. Like a horse kicked me ... WHAM ... my body felt like lead.... I was on a different frequency all of a sudden. Elena asked me to come back the next week to do readings. I'd like that. She gave me the biggest CRYSTAL I ever saw. She had harvested it herself in a mine in Arkansas. Said people go there and pay \$20.00 for the day and get to take all the leftover crystal they want. Next trip I am going to stop there. Arkansas is not on my route this time. Thanked my hosts and turned to go and Elena said, "Wait a minute." She went into a room and handed me an original TALKING DRUM from Kenya. Said: "Don't forget your companion, she belongs to you".... I was moved, always thought I needed a talking drum. I did and now she had found me. Now I could drum and talk to Muwali and my Nanny. The phone brought me out of my thought, Elena gestured me to wait. New sighting of Crop Circles the caller informed her. Columbia City, Indiana. Somewhere in Oregon. At the tip where Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania meet. Now that would make Dalton's MOM happy, she could go there.

It was late night when I parked at the Laundry, what an exiting day, what gifts I had been blessed with. I had been allowed to enter the Crop Circles. This had not been a ...sampler, a tease... Universe had taken me to bigger things. Maybe a once in a lifetime. And a Talking Drum thrown in as a bonus. Thought about the time I was in Anchorage with Monica, and had ran into SPEAR. When Monica had visited me in February to be ordained as a

minister thru S.H.E., we had went to a friend's 5 star restaurant, Parmas, in Aberdeen, Washington and because we were early ended up at a antique store. Something called me and it was SHADAR, the mahagony Elephant, now Monica's constant companion. Somehow the statue had found her way into the shop, just waiting for the rightful owner, Monica.

Had seen a mask at an import shop. I recognized her, it was MASELA. A mask I had seen somewhere before, only I was unable to remember. Knew I was not allowed to buy her, she had to come on her own. So strange to have artifacts just appear like that. A few month later a friend brought me a birthday present... There is that word again, Birthday... opened the box and it was Masela.

I called home and Monica and told them about my afternoon in the Crop Circles. One strong cup of Cuban coffee and I went out like a light.

The next morning a couple ladies came and we talked for a long time. Said there was one more lady I needed to speak to, please wait for her she was going to come within the hour. So hard to talk freely in this bible-belt-community. Told them, that to my surprise abductions were very common and I had ran into several people within just a few miles. They too talked about the high cancer rate in the Area. Told them that I had too, felt like something of a nuclear nature maybe even chemical was going on in the vicinity. Being the radiation gage for the last 2 month, I assumed I knew what I was talking about. Thought about the strange deformed bugs I had found in the area, they were in a jar in the kitchen, but I chose not to mention that. Elena caught up with me again and we went for a quick lunch. She handed me an envelope, "For the cause," she said. Again we said our good byes and I told her I'd be back the following Tuesday.

The Lady did come, lets call her Linda. We talked about small stuff for a while. Thought she was struggling with herself, or feeling me out. Finally.... "Do you believe in VIRGIN BIRTH?" she asked. Guess I do, I thought. At this time, needed to hear the story before I committed myself about that. "Not that I am a virgin, than or now. I am almost 50 but I have to tell this to someone, she started out. When I was young I had an abortion. I was OK with that, but decided not to be with a man after that because that abortion was so traumatic. One night, I thought I was dreaming and a man came to me and said: "You are one of US and you will give birth to a son." I woke up. I did have a son same time as I had originally conceived. He had been aborted and he was born anyway." Said when he was born strange people were in the room and it seemed like the baby was saying something to her, she cannot remember. Her son is almost thirty now and always talks



about spaceships and beings from other planets. Came here to do something, he told her. She answered, "Quit being crazy," and he said, "You ought to know, you brought me into the world. You know who I am." Then she has that dream again telling her she is one of them.... She said after the child was born it was 15 years before she became intimate with a man, that had shook her up to that extent. Told her about Casandra and the repeating incidents at the hospital and how she has witnesses when she is told about being one of Them. Told her that sometimes certain DNA is needed to be who we are suppose to be.

Told her about a case I know of first hand from a very reliable source, how a woman had a baby in 3 months time and the child does not live on earth. However she is allowed to visit him in his world. This ladies husband was very upset having had a vasectomy, she being pregnant and 3 months later she was not. Almost destroyed their marriage.

Told her about the Elisabeth Klara case in South Afrika, about a woman that had given birth to a Son at the age of 50 on board of a spaceship and that HAD been documented.

Told her about another case from a reliable source. The woman had one child with a man prior to her marriage. She then had another child, with her husband. Years later it turned out her husband was not the father, because of a blood disorder and not humanly possible. The woman had allowed herself to be put under Hypnosis and did not recall even then, how that might have happened. Turned out her children had the same Father except the man was NOT physically present for that conception to occur in a normal fashion. That caused an uproar in her family also. Reminded her what we are able to do with Science, test tube babies, frozen eggs and sperm even have the ability to clone sheep and monkeys. So what seems to be the problem? Virgin Birth??? I do not have a problem with that.... She jumped up and kissed me all over my face. Like I had giving her her life back. Had found someone she could talk to and understood.

Linda helped me realize I was not to address the masses. I was to talk to people, one person at a time. Everyone with such personal, individual needs. Was grateful for Universe helping me with that one and gave me the right words to say. We talked to almost night fall. Had to leave and get back to Greenville, so I could see Omar tomorrow. How I missed him and had so much to tell him. Opened the envelope Elena had given me. \$100.00.

Really like the view at the place I am going to call home for a few days. A beautiful home, in fact I had seen it on postcards. So WHAT, if I am

only parked there..... Trying to absorb the Crop Circle experience and an experience it was. Having my feet in water helps a lot, it is so hot. I hear DOVES, or do I? They don't live here. Think of the time when I was a very small child and that sound gave me comfort. Those are doves! Two of them. I can see them now. Hope they hang around for a while to keep me company.

Thought about SPEAR, that was such an odd story and for me to remember SPEAR now, maybe it has something to do with my reminiscing. It is a LIONSPEAR after all. Had been in Anchorage with Monica on that second trip. Almost felt like I had thought about that part before, on this trip. Oh well, if I have, it is a nice memory and I will just live it again. Monica and I had been to a bead shop after going to the FUR EXCHANGE. I like fur and am grateful for the animals that provide warmth for me. I talk to my coat so the animal knows it is OK to live on a little longer and I do appreciate it being part of me. Even though, once I had been on the elevator at the hospital while visiting a sick friend. The elevator door had opened and WHOOP, there was a slap in my face. Had happened so quickly and I only caught a glimpse of the woman. Then the elevator door closed and I was on my way up to the 11th floor. Took a couple of floors for me to figure out why she had slapped me. I was wearing my fur coat. Needless to say, I now wear fake fur when going to the hospital. Anyway, Monica and I had went to bless the animals at the Fur Exchange, the skins actually, in case the hunters had forgot to say thank you. After that we went to this bead shop. My third eye went into high gear. Something is here for me I told the clerk. Regardless of what she showed me, that was not it. Eventually I said: "Whatever it is, it is from Zaire." "I do know what that is," she said and came back with the lion spear, the one I had been looking for, actually I did not know what kind of spear it was, just knew I needed a spear from Zaire. There it was! On consignment in Alaska, just shows when something is meant for you, it will either find you or lead you to it, just give it some time. That is another word I can no longer comprehend. TIME. What does time mean? Use to know what it means, but now I am no longer sure, being I keep stepping in and out of it like that. Guess I am trying to get some sleep, looking forward to seeing Omar, bringing a little sunshine into his life.

"Go now"..... I hear the voice. Ghee, I just went to sleep! I'm going... Jump in the drivers seat and start the CROPPER. This light on top of me, what is it??? Do I really have to ask? It follows me down the street, almost feels like it is riding on the roof. Here, I can see it, it is in front of me... 25 feet wide maybe, or is it round? Ghee, I am not good with feet and yards, measurements period. It flies ahead of me, where are we going? It hovers, I

slow down, it just sits there. Starts moving again and tsssssseeeeee, it gains elevation, speeds off and is GONE! Several kids are still hanging out at the town's square.

"Did you see it?"

"See what?"

"The UFO!"

"Never look up, sorry."

I saw it and go to a phone and report it to Peter Davenport at the Hotline. My watch stopped, again. Already have several that stopped in that fashion, guess I put this one with the others. ...Fly-Over-Souvenirs... I go back and park, make a cup of coffee and stretch, pull back my hair.... Ghee, not again... My hair is falling out, again. Already did that last year. I stroke my hair again and another hand full comes out, my hair feels dead. I sit for a good while, elbows on table with my head in my hands. WHERE IS MY IMPLANT???? My implant has disappeared. Wait till Dr. Ott finds out about that!!! Just gone..... Was the Crop Circles or the Flyover responsible for that and what was wrong with my face???? Look in the mirror and I look very windburned. That's IT! I am going to sleep!

What a crazy night I had lived thru, 7:00am and I am up already.

That burn is still on my face and neck and my hair is still coming out. Lilian, LIVE WITH IT. Got to call my friends Joan and John and tell them about this. Had not thought about them in detail on the trip, just thought about them on a regular basis, but not in reference to anything. About two years ago I met them at the Cooney Mansion, a 5 star Bed and Breakfast in COSMOPOLIS, Washington. An old mansion that had been built by a Lumber Baron. A haunted hotel with a big golf course. The whole state was under water, or so it seemed. I-5 was closed and ten feet under water, people had to fly to Portland, that was the only way to get south. Grays Harbor, Mason, Thurston and Lewis Countys were all under water. Came right up to the edges of HWY 101. So if anyone went anywhere that day, it had to be to the Mansion, that was the only place one ended up at, at as long as one drove straight.

Joan and John had 2 boys... Started to spend time with them on a regular basis, have a nice place, 60 acres by the river at the edge of the Olympic Mountain range. Could sit on their porch on any given night and see things. Like UFO's. I was use to seeing them on a regular basis and it was so exciting for them to find out what it really was, that they had thought them to be stars. Our friendship blossomed and I did enjoy spending whole weekends with them, sometimes with the grandkids, sometimes alone. On August 20th, 1996, again, we sat on the porch after having went for a walk.

Joan, Debbie a friend that had accompanied me and myself... Were just sitting there smoking a cigarette. "What is that," I asked? Joan said: "WHAT-WHAT-WHAT?" By that time the craft had compleated what looked like Lights On, Lift off and Gone. Debbie saw it from the side, described it: "Like an alligator parting the water." So that ORB was parting the air. Joan ran thru the house and just saw it leave, like gone.... She was used to seeing things too, but that one was somewhat different. Debbie had quite a reaction. She is a Mormon and somehow that was not included in her beliefs. Well, we thanked Universe for the treat and went to bed.

Next morning one could tell that something had been parked in that field. My hair was falling out, not like all of it, but enough in your hand every time you ran your hand over it. Debbie's hair looked dead, like fried by a bad permanent, except she had no permanent. Strange day, feel like another de ja vu, seems I have told that story before too. Maybe I did, but I'll still tell it again, it was just awesome. We reported it. A week later one pond of fish, KOI, were swimming on the top. All dead. The friends raised KOI for their livelyhood. KOI is a very large type of Carp and a valuable fish. They came from Japan, they are considered very spiritual and live an average of 75-85 years. The oldest on record was 200something and some of them sell anywhere from \$500.00 to \$5,000.00. So to lose a whole pond full of fish was just terrible. What was so odd about that is the fact, there are 60 ponds all interconnected by the same artesian well. So why was only one of them affected? John had known the difference in the color of the water the morning after the sighting, but never connected the two. Jim Clarkson from MUFON came and samples of the water were being examined by the University of Washington. Report said the fish had been killed by sudden heat and the allergy bloom that followed as a result of the heat. The fish looked like they had been mircowaved, we threw them on the bank of the pond just to see what would happen. Nothing touched those fish, not one animal, most of them predators. NOTHING. The fish still lay there the same way when I took another picture of them on 22 December. On the report Jim had listed me as a RESIDENT ALIEN. We laughed about that for a long time. At that time I thought that they, whomever they are, might have been trying to make a Crop Circle in that field and did not know there was a pond. Sure they did not kill those fish on purpose.... Ilyes said that was not possible. I do however still wonder about that. Had all the elements for a Crop Circle, especially the microwave part. Later I heard they had found Circles in water, but I cannot speak on that, all I know is that personally, I think it was suppose to have been a Circle. The next week there was an article in the Seattle Paper, WHO IS

OUT THERE....

My friends within a two years time put together a Retreat, turned their whole life in another direction. Became REIKI MASTERS. The KOI are still there for peoples enjoyment. Feel kind of real good about that because the Lodge Gypsy had so wanted never materialized. Her kids, I am not speaking of Casandra, had lost all that woman ever worked for, Serendipity and the New Yorker in 9 months time, never paid a cent on anything and lost it ALL. So maybe sometime in the future I can indirectly honor her dream in some other way.... Heh, never know... If I do write that book like I am suppose to... Maybe I can buy a lodge, get one donated or something and invite all my readers for a book signing and feed them Couscous..

Hope what ever that was that effected me so last night did not make me lose my mind, to speak of such foolishness..... Debbie has never been the same after that incident either, she became a Reiki Master also and her husband CARL bless his heart, is a Shaman, a very gifted Healer. He had been in Arkansas at the time looking for his Power Animals, him being part Native American. A friend had told him about finding an arrow head the third time he went to this hill. He knew what the friend was describing and went there. First time he went, the place had been closed. Second time, he was unable to go the the area he needed to be because of something, I don't recall. Third time he got in, bent down and there was the arrow head. Told us as soon as he bent down to pick it up, the hair on his body just stood straight up. He heard and felt a WOLF. Just knew, he was going to jump him from behind. Said he took his knife that he had in his hip pocket and turned to defend himself, saw the wolf and it disappeared. It had been his power animal. Wolves do not normally live in Arkansas he told me. What transitions I have seen people make first hand, is almost miraculous.

Omar's face is still swollen. Did not take long to complete the sign up and transfer today. The guards had been friendly, maybe they got use to seeing certain people. Omar and I sat for a long while just thinking, no words were able to describe what we felt. It is not a good Idea for families to make noise as to what should happen inside of the walls of the prison, it only has precautions. Really wanted to scream my head off. What is so F...complicated about pulling a tooth? We as taxpayers think our tax dollars are responsible for room, board and medical. Had heard something about UNICOR, have to refresh my memory and sort it out in my head. "What about UNICOR," I asked Omar. "I won't be able to explain that so good and have ideas of my own on that, he said. But I do have a article on it, maybe you can understand

it,” he said. I will mail it to general delivery.” Talked about my adventures in Nashville, how I had gotten stuck and was talking to a dog for 8 days. “That was good company for you,” he answered. It really was. Wonder how Smokey is.... About the Crop Circles and all the people I had encountered. Did not stay long, his tooth hurt too much, we smoked our Cigar and said our good-byes. Was really visibly shaken by Omar’s health and appearance.

Went to the local supermarket to pick up a little something for my supper, did not feel like cooking today. The Pay-phone in front of the store rings back, this being rare so the only way to call is by credit card or collect, no call-backs. I made phone calls and sat at the table to write some postcards. Was hot so I left the door open. Saw a pair of ESKIMO BOOTS, thought I had stepped out of time. Followed the boots upwards and saw a woman wearing a DOWN VEST. I must be in Alaska. As I looked closer, it was Teresa. Anger overcame me immediately how dare she, she had bad mouthed me to AGNES the abductee with all the children. Was going to lay into her and tell her what was on my mind, haven had a rotten day myself, vending was just what I needed. Opened the door and instantly recognized the fact that this woman needed my pity, not my anger. She sat on the bench next to me and started to cry. Just started to talk about how she had been molested by her father on a regular basis. He had called her earlier in the day, demanding she come to Oregon to meet him, so he could catch up on where he had left off when she was 10. Should she report him? Told her that that would only make her a victim all over, Molesters get a slap on the hand, if that much. I use to advise people to report it and let the Authorities take care of that, they are there to protect you. What a joke... Would never advise anyone else like that. Told her to take it to her Creator and he would take care of it, in time. No reason to become a victim for the system. Know of a case where, because of a high price Lawyer a child was given back to the abuser over long periods of time and it was ordered by the court to stop ALL Therapy for the little boy. The child had no rights and felt betrayed, not only by the molester, but also by the same people that advised the child to come forward and tell the truth. Seemed like the molester was able to keep the whole family hostage, figuratively speaking. She agreed and as mad as I had been at her, all I felt now was compassion. Looked like Teresa had really lost it for a minute, all dressed up like that. Like she was hiding her body and became someone else.

After she left I bought a watch and the Lady at the drug store gave me a pretty pyramid shaped clock so I could be on Washington and Illinois time she said.

Midnight.... Was awakened by what sounded like scratching on the

hood of the CROPPER. Saw a figure moving, thought it was a person but it was NOT.

Alarms did not go off.

A strange wind came up....

Thought about the reports from people being restless all day and how mothers complained about their babies crying all day.

The dry wind increased and it was rather cool all of a sudden.

The noise returns....

THUMP..

OJ SIMPSON? hahahahahahah

I feel very eerie. Have everything in view.....

NOTHING....

No wind now, but the RV is rocking.

Spooky.

The noise is back, nothing visible.

Airplane sound?????

Candle flickers, except there is no draft.

Too quiet.

Then things get back to normal, don't know what to make of that.

On the way home the Lady that I had seen on the way out of town, in route to Nashville had stopped me. Actually I had seen some one run after me. I recognized her. She was out of breath and wanted to tell me that thanks to what I had told her, she was prepared about an up coming fight because of that her and the children had made other arrangements prior, just in case, prevented them from being homeless.

My hostess can't sleep either she is sitting on the porch. I stepped out and she said, "I am so glad you are here. I lost my husband Sunday night, died after a long illness. I feel so alone." Said she is confused, because usually when one family member dies, a new one arrives and no one is pregnant, that's why the death had caught her of guard. "Did you see the DOVES," I ask her. "Yes, I am the one that wished them here, one day they just showed up." Explained to her that they represent DAWN and DUSK.

This Totem tells you to mourn what has passed, but awaken to the promise of the future. It is the bird of prophesy and can help you see what you can give birth to in your life. These are times BETWEEN-TIMES, a time in which there is a thinning of the veils between the physical and the spiritual, the past and the future. The Dove can help you to use these times to see the creation process active within your own life. She wiped away her tears and thanked me again for being there.

The Article Omar told me about was at the post office. Was in sad shape almost like every person in the prison had read it. I will do the best I can to read it, too beat up to copy it. It is an article from the ST. LOUIS WHIRL-EXAMINER Tuesday, Sept.15,1992.

The new generation SLAVERY IN AMERICA "ROOTS"

From what I can make out in 1934 president Roosevelt signed into law legislation creating the FEDERAL PRISON INDUSTRIES. It is now renamed, UNICOR. Since 1980 it has become a sprawling industrial empire manufacturing over 300 different products. UNICOR occupies about 50 factories, all provided by the Federal Bureau of Prisons. Their sales top 400 million Dollars a year. While Unicor's private competitors must pay their employees at least minimum wage, some local, state and federal can underbid them slightly. Over the past 12 years hundreds of once thriving private sector businesses have been driven into bankruptcy.

9 out of every 10 federal prisoners are classified as non-violent. With so many mandatory sentences, a heavy work force will be always in place.

Stock is available to Law Enforcement and the Legal Profession. Exclusively. From the money the prisoners make they have to meet their "CIVIL OBLIGATIONS," I would ASSUME that to consist of child support, fines, rent and food deducted, so after deductions they earn as low as 23 cents an hour. \$ 0.23. I guess what I want to clarify in my mind is how come the taxpayer is charged for that again. Granted, liver transplants should not be paid for by taxpayers, but getting a tooth pulled so it won't kill you and they have one less slave laborer,... forgot,... there is always a replacement....

Omar's eye is totally shut today and we only visit 45 minutes. Asked him to clarify what I had related about UNICOR, he was unable because of his limited english and his face made it almost impossible.

Later that afternoon Jenny came by to arrange a meeting with me and the friends for the weekend, I thought this would be a good time to take a Valium and sleep. This day had made me physically ill. First time on this trip.

Next morning I made phone calls and checked my messages. Monica had made it back from vacation, was glad that she was available to me again, even though I felt like I had a purpose I did get very lonely and felt isolated often, isolated from my spiritual contacts. She said she had been ... told ... to join me and be my helper. To pick her up in Albuquerque and she would accompany me to the Navaho and Hopi. Now that was great.....



She gave me the date and the flight number and said she would wait for me in a nearby hotel.

Sedra had called and left her phone number. Since I now had to change routes to get to NEW MEXICO, I was going thru Oklahoma City and would be able to spend a day or two with Sedra.

Stopped at my ..OFFICE.. and did several readings and then went back to visit with Omar. Things had only worsened there, he was unrecognizable and I offered to talk to the Warden. "That's OK, Omar said, Would not make a difference anyway." We talked about the time he had been in lock-down and only got sandwiches for 19 days. Because he is diabetic and needed food other than that, I had made a lot of noise and sent 43 pages of court rulings in reference to that per fax, three times in a row. I had made things worse, they put him in the "HOLE." A place they stay 23 hours out of the day, sometimes without blankets and no air at all and that had really made things worse. Have known of people staying in the hole for month and years at the time. We were lucky, they did transfer him after two weeks. To Greenville. That is how I had ended up there the year before. Like Gypsy had said, for me to follow him. Again it had taken me to where I needed to be. Looking back on it, it all had a logical explanation, however while it was happening it sure did create a lot of stress.

We talked about how he had been transferred to Florence instead of Oregon and as a result of that, I had met TIM. That was the beginning and it got a little weird after that. Omar had a friend in NEW YORK. Had never met her, but had done readings per phone for her for years. After I got back from Florence she called and inquired about my trip. Had mentioned meeting a man named Tim. Her daughter, she said, was corresponding per Internet with a man from somewhere around there. She said, "Maybe it is the same man." C'm on, what would the odds be of that. Her daughter did call me and believe it or not, it was so. She had lost his phone number and I gave it to her. She also told me of a friend she had in Florida of like mind named DAVE. She was unable to locate him also. Within minutes she called back and said: "You won't believe this!" She called TIM in Colorado. DAVE from Florida was visiting there and answered the phone. Three weeks later 3 planes landed in Seattle. One from New York, one from Florida and one from Colorado. Picked all three of them up and we spent a week together. In Olympia, Washington. They stayed at a hotel overlooking the gazebo that had shown up in everyone's reading, we thought it to be odd, but did not know what it meant at the time of the readings. We went to the movie to see POWDER on my birthday.... My Birthday, again...Another connection. Tim and Dave had both

picked up the name KIMBERELY remotely not knowing what that meant either. Turned out that was a girl Dave met while visiting here.

The Lady from NEW YORK, lets call her Carmen, had a writing tablet with several drawings and names and places. They were the same names and places in some of the revelations I had been given, either in dream, abduction or outright memory. My ancestors were from a different star system. My father in order to avoid destruction of the planet made a treaty with the Nephilim to take 9 members of his immediate Family as a ransom, trade, if you will. The time period agreed on was 8000 years. I saw myself arriving on earth. A ship with see thru floor, standing on the floor I could see the rain forest under my feet..... The vision then jumped ... To me walking out of what I perceived to be maybe a doorway or a crack. I found myself in a mountain or building that was the color of sand or limestone, same color as the pyramids in modern day pictures. In front of me was a grotto-type-water with a waterfall behind me. Remember being in the water. That is where Carmen picked it up... She had a drawing of the very same waterfall and the background sandstone structure. She had pulled something out of the water. A female. She she had laid her by a very old large tree. The kind only found in the Kalahari of Afrika... Know another man, lets call him BOB that at the time did not know my friends, but he had told the story of how he had been one of the people that came to see about the Female that had been pulled out of the water. Said it was me. A guide named MASELA had appeared. Ebony black. We gathered around a group of people and started to chant and exorcised "evil spirits" he called it out of several individuals. They (the evil spirits) were coming so fast that all I had time for, was to hand them to Masela and she had thrown them into what appeared a solid container to be sealed at a later time... Bob met Carmen on her visit here and they were amazed about the way the story had started in one persons mind and continued in the others. Bob too, had a connection to a gazebo, the same one actually. He had been attacked in reality by a flock of large birds on his way to work one morning passing by that very same gazebo. The container in the vision had never been disposed of, due to the fact that the treaty was broken and I needed members of the Pleiadian race to re-negotiate. Then I could eventually, along with 9 other members return to my place of origin. Having been gone longer than agreed, the people would not recognize me and it would take a long time before they remember that it really was me, my fathers Daughter.

Everybody that had dreams after Gypsy's death also saw waterfalls and gathering places. Not identical, but similar. It is not so much the story itself. It is the fact that so many people that never met are now surrounded by very

strange circumstances finally did. All had the same visions or memories. That is what is so awesome.

Carmen, being a wealthy woman now lives in seclusion and only calls occasionally.

Dave, a wonderful Remote Sensor went to Spain to finish his studies of this Phenomenal, still has Kimberly.

Bob experienced a very long troubled time with conscious abductions that got even stranger when his brother showed up one day. This is what the brother related. Let's call him Frank. He lived in Oklahoma. One day he felt the need to go to the beach. Cannot recall the location. When he arrived, a very old Ford was parked. It had old yellow looking news papers in the back seat. The woman that seemed to be driving this car handed him a business card, telling him to have a safe journey and she would be there till he reached his destination. As people passed by she would speak to them and as in a greeting say, "How are you doing?" He asked where was he going, not having planned on leaving Oklahoma at all. She answered, "You will know." .... DISAPPEARED.... Car and all. A few weeks later him and a cousin got on the highway with an old Oldsmobile and \$40.00. They had driven as far as New Mexico when Frank decided to take a nap. He told his cousin to wake him up in two hours, right after he passed a white sign. The big white sign he emphasized. He did wake up and was in California. They filled up the tank, all \$40.00 and next thing they knew, they were in Seattle. They both related the same story, separately and repeatedly. Somehow Frank had found his way to my house. He wanted to show me the business card the woman had given him, it was gone. Bob and Frank were very instrumental in finding some missing persons I was looking for. They were both remote sensors. Actually they had not realized that until their association with me.

BOB got somewhat psychotic and succumbed to alcohol, he was unable to deal with his gifts.

FRANK is still in touch, but has mega problems with awake abductions and is unable to work any longer because his ESP has increased so much he can hear people's thoughts as they pass by him. He took his revelations very seriously and will come to terms with his knowledge, I am sure.

Omar said, "I love your stories," having just sat there trying to smoke our Cigar. Someone walked over asking for a light. Turning to me he asked, "Heard you were a psychic." I nodded Yes. "When did you start?" I answered that I had always been able to tell things and the fact that I had only went public with that 6 years ago. "Why then and not sooner?"

I needed a lot of medication the insurance did not pay, was all medicine of life saving nature. Thought about my choices of what I could do under the circumstances, being so ill and got out my deck of cards, that being the second of the oldest professions. Was actually worried that would be the wrong thing to do, but my guides would have corrected me right away.

That next month the insurance had a change of policy and again paid for the medicine. Once more that was a way to get me to do what I needed to be doing. Especially in my case, being so ...hardheaded... I need something drastic to get me going on anything.

“COOL, he said, ought to write a book.” “I will one day,” I answered.

Mike and Judy came and sat with us. Told them about my experience in the Crop Circles. “You should have gotten my detector,” he said. I agreed, I should have. Judy suggested I should come and stay in ST. Louis with her a couple of days. Told her I’d try, but some how I knew I was not suppose to go to ST. Louis. “How do you know?” “I am not sure.” “Which way are you going?” I am not sure, just not ST. Louis. Omar needed to lay down, so we cut this visit short too.

Next day I went back to Edwardsville. Had made a wrong turn and got lost. Decided to stop where I was and ask for directions. Went inside a Radio shop. Looked up and there was ELENA. “Looking for me?” she chuckled.. I am. She got me back on course and said she’d see me at the house.

I came to a railroad crossing and was required to stop. Saw a heavysset Lady running. Wonder where she was off to in such a hurry. She stopped next to me and called out to me, “I came to give you something.” She handed me a ring. I said, “What is that for?” She said, “I have no money, this is payment, you helped my boy.” “Who’s is your boy?” “The cartoonist.” I handed the ring back and told her no payment necessary. She insisted. Put the ring in my hand, “You take it, it’s a gift.” She stepped back as the traffic started moving. I was in it. When I was finally able to turn onto a street and go back to look for her, she was gone. Thought about the scripture in the bible: “And they will throw their Gold and Silver into the street.” I parked and looked at the ring. 11 sapphires and 4 diamonds, maybe the only good piece of jewelry she ever owned. She threw it in the street, not for food, but for knowledge. That was a real revelation to me.

Did readings at Elena’s all afternoon and ordained three S.H.E. ministers that night. Had a wonderful time. Parked at the end of their driveway for the night, was too tired to drive back to Greenville. Heard a knock on the door. Here were 3 little children. A girl about 6, a boy about 5 and a girl about 4. “Can we come in,” they wanted to know. Asked if their

dad had ever told them it was not safe to talk to strangers. “Oh yeah, the 6 year old said. You are not a stranger, my dad said you were an Alien from out of space”..... What else could I say.....COME IN. They looked at everything in the CROPPER, the pictures, the Alien-wall-paper, the books. We played music, ate cookies and had a great time. They were so content, like being alien was normal. When they left I called after them: “No talking to Aliens either. I MEAN IT!” I did miss the grandkids. Soon we would have another little boy. Already know him, a starchild. He will be different.

Got back to Greenville the next day in time to visit Omar. The swelling was a little better and this time we did eat some pudding for lunch. Just like the year before, a praying mantis appeared and sat with us for almost an hour. Our own little private sign. We always had at least one unusual occurrence. We so enjoyed him as we had the year before. If anyone else saw him, we were unable to tell. He was there just for us.

Once in Florence, we were sitting in the little outside smoking area that was provided for the inmates and the visitors. Sun was shining, just a beautiful day. All at once a hardly visible cloud came and positioned itself over him and I and it rained on us. No one else, just us standing there holding each other. Chango came and one streak of lightening came right behind us, it seemed. The guards looked on in disbelief and made us go inside in a hurry. Our encounter was finished, just that quick. Not sure if they believed what they had seen. It did happen, Omar and I was soaking wet. Everybody gave us a strange look and said nothing else about it.

Told him about my meeting with the people from ST. Louis I had scheduled later on in the day and that I had now information to go to ST. JAMES, not St. Louis. “What is in St. James?” Omar asked. “Peter’s friend, the one I missed on my way here.” “Oh yeah, he said, I remember. The Winery.”

We talked about how I had become a LOCAL, making potato salad every Sunday and everywhere I went someone would stop and speak. Told him about the incident with Teresa. “Did you see her friend with all the kids again,” he inquired. No, I had not. She was too scared, thanks to Teresa. I was sitting on the bench by the phone at the store, I told him and this old lady came out of the store. She was eating sardines with her fingers. Came right up to me and stuck her finger in my face, sardine smell and all and asked me if I believed in GOD. Of course I said. In that case I do like your jewelry. And she walked off, still eating the sardines. We laughed. Good to have a laugh, especially now that we know our time together had almost come to an end and it was time for me to finish my journey. Awesome

how two people can reflect so much love for each other without saying a word. Suppose that is how it was meant to be, that feeling between man and woman, wish everyone could experience that at least once in a lifetime.

A Lady stopped me on the way out wanted to know if I'd like to go for dinner with her. "Sure," I said. We met at the Loubob's. She said she was from Lithuania and would have really preferred a NICE restaurant. Told her that this is the best cooking in town and where all the locals eat.

She said she was a Christian Minister.

I am a minister also.

What kind she inquired. A nondenominational.

"Do you believe you was born again thru Jesus Christ," she asked? "No, I said, but I do believe".... She interrupted. "I can't eat with your kind," and she stormed out of the restaurant. In Jesus .... I finished my answer to myself. I paid for her coffee.

Stacey was unable to come from Chicago to see me, the Bulls won and she had to work.

Parked the Cropper and had a few minutes before meeting with the ST. Louis group. Karen, another neighbor stopped in, she had made me some turkey soup for a go away present. She had been very much discriminated against because her husband was in prison also. Had tried to explain that sometimes it takes a while for people to warm up to you. "You don't know how it is, she said, you are somebody with a fancy degree that is different." So the next hour I spend telling her that it makes no difference, we are all people and equally important, never put yourself down like that. Reminded her how they had treated me when I first came to town, in part because people do fear what is new and different. Not sure, but I think she did feel a little better.

Six young men and one woman had came. It was 7:00pm.

Asked them to lead the conversation, since I had no idea what they wanted to talk about.

We started out with Crop Circles.

Then The Sightings from the 4th of July.

Government conspiracy such as Area 51, Rosswell, Philadelphia experiment. Tesla, free energy.

Anti gravity devices that Mr.Hutchinson is duplicating.

The senate hearings and MR.Adair the Rocket Scientist.

Richard Hogland and the Face on Mars.

Alien abductions.

I told them that I had come from a different country and I think we live in the best place on earth. I agreed that it was wrong for the government to keep all

their secrets, but by the same token how they had inherited most of that mess and just did not know how to come clean with it. That this is the only country one can speak ones mind and say how corrupted we think everything is. We can VOTE and how important that is and only when we participate, can we change things. On how when you have one million people or more marching united in One Cause and One Purpose how orderly they can be, because they have the same end result in mind. Even though BIG BROTHER is well on the way, as a people we are still able to gather in peace if given a chance and how the corruption and behavior of the people is just a tool in the big picture of the UNIVERSAL ORDER. How the earthchanges were well on the way and all that just part of it. How so many people would make a conscious decision to leave, or die if you will, because they were unable to deal with things at the present level.

“What about AIDS?”

Well, that is a perfect example. It is wrong to discriminate against people with AIDS because it is a man made disease. Told them how, when I had been in Germany during the time when HALEY’S COMET appeared by COINCIDENCE, all the researchers had set up shop in the same town I was in. One night in this bar I had been invited to join their table and AIDS came up. I had just listened because I had ideas of my own. After 3 cognacs I gave them my opinion. All that talk about a man having sex with a monkey... That did it.... Baboon has no natural enemies, just like a crocodile. So who mated with the monkey? Any one of you the people that have some of the most brilliant minds on earth, at this time. Sitting here waiting for the comet ...just knowing... when it arrives right down to the minute so you can start filming. Give me a break. How can you be so intelligent and stupid at the same time? Aids came about in a Fort Derick, Maryland laboratory. They used smallpox vaccine for their vehicle and the geographical sites chosen in 1972 were Uganda, other African states, Brazil and Haiti. AIDS did not exist prior to 1970. How could one monkey infect practically, simultaneously, everybody in Africa, Haiti, Brazil and the US. Not even if he had been a flight attendant. By that I mean his way of travel, not his sexlife. Aids had been distributed by WHO the WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION. Sure enough the LONDON TIMES May 11, 1987 reported that WHO had triggered the Aids epidemic thru distribution of smallpox vaccines. To understand the seeding of Aids among homosexuals, one must know about a man named Dr. Wolf Szmunn, a polish doctor, that claimed to have been in SIBERIA and later defected to the US. Turned out he had been sent. He was a communist agent, planted after years of preparation to instigate biological warfare against the AMERICAN

people. Szmunn, with the full cooperation and financial support of the US Center for Disease Control and National Institute of Health, master minded the hepatitis B vaccine experimental program used on homosexuals. The experiment was started in New York at a blood bank in 1978. The study was completed in October 1979. In the fall of 1980 the first Aids cases were reported in San Francisco.

Cantwell, AIDS and the doctors of Death, Aries Rising Press, Los Angeles, pp76. Was asked if I knew any other references I did.

Aids Mystery and Solutions by Allen Cantwell.

Aids from US WARFARE by Jack Felder

Aids: End of a civilization by William C. Douglas.

I think we should have the utmost compassion for people with this terrible killer disease. Could happen to anybody. That comes with the times in which we live. Your grandmother could come down with AIDS, would you accuse her of a loose lifestyle????? These problems exist sadly enough, but we in turn can change our relationship to it and work around these terrible evils that have entered our Society. Non-lethal weapons... As Americans we can VOTE and elect people that can make a difference, instead of passing the buck, so to speak. The Government is not solely responsible for our misfortune, a much higher force is at play and a lot of us know that. Sounded like we were all in agreement with that. A nice group of young educated People, that were truly interested in facts, not government bashing, like so many private groups one hears about. We were actually impressed with each others knowledge. It was 4:00 am when we finally said our good-nights.

Only slept a couple of hours and got ready for my long trip to Oklahoma City. Got gas, said good- bye to my friends thru out town, promised to stay in touch.

Spent 3 hours with Omar. We talked about small stuff, the kids, about his case and hopefully soon something would change for us in that direction. How crazy the last few years had been and even though things were separate, they still were all part of the same.

'I love you, he said. You are so crazy.'" "Same to you. Will try and see you before X-MAS." "Don't worry about me mami, just do your work. I'll be right here." That was a joke but some how it did not sound funny.

One last hug and again I had to leave him at .... THAT PLACE .... as I call it. Never looked back as I turned onto I-70.

Had seen on the map that there was a little place called CUBA on I-55. Guess I spend the night there and send out some postcards.



Prior to getting on to I-55 a pretty big size storm came up and I waited it out at a truck stop. The lightening was just fantastic and again I felt safe knowing CHANGO was accompanying me. Did think about the friends I had made in Greenville and what Tom had said about Terry smiling most all of the time, a trait that was not present before I had started to spend time with him. He also reminded me that I had made many new friends and accomplished a lot in Greenville. I would always be welcome.

Wondered if I was ever to come back to Greenville or Universe was to take Omar to the next place, in the order of things. I did spend the night in CUBA, only the place was so small there were no postcards available. Drove to the post office, so at least the postmark would say so, but was told it was going to Springfield. "Lots of little places in OZARK COUNTRY," they said.

Had ordered a big catfish for dinner regretting that almost immediately, because I was so short on cash. As I was waiting for the food, a man came into the restaurant. Guess he must have known almost everyone there because he headed straight for my table.

"That your RV," he asked? "Yes," I answered. "Well, little Lady you are in Missouri, the Show Me State. Show me some Crop Circles. Have seen them on TV, but never met anyone that knows anything about them first hand. Told him everything I knew and showed him the pictures I had taken, bragging about my ...SKIP... He was impressed. After 2 hours or so, he said he had to go. Gave me his address to add to my guest book and... paid for my dinner.

The instructions I had been given to get to the winery were easy and I had no trouble finding the place, in ST. JAMES, MISSOURI. HEINRICHSHAUS the sign said. The owner Heinrich was a very nice man, instantly liked him. He came to greet me along with a great specimen of a German shepherd. Had a good handshake. I was leery of the Shepherd remembering Michelle having been attacked by one of them a few years back. He had jumped her and she had 111 stitches in her face. She was so swollen, a syringe was to big to give her water, so we had to slide the needle itself into her mouth and shoot the water and medicine in her mouth. Several surgeries later you can still see the scar it left. The dog was friendly and I finally got over that feeling as he followed me around. Heinrich showed me his place, a huge Winery and explained to me how the wine was made, bottled and shipped all over the world and we sat under the tree in the frontyard. He talked about the bible and we compared how close in a way our beliefs were. Delivered that tape I had promised about the UFO HOTLINE and talked about life in general. Had I had more time I would have stayed longer and maybe I will take him up on his offer, to stop in again. Gave me a homemade bread

and an envelope. I was on my way again, thinking about the peaceful wonderful place he calls home in the Ozarks and I did like this GERMAN.

Pretty soon I noticed signs notifying me I was about to travel on a toll highway. Hope it is not more than \$4.00, that is what I had by then. Wonder what they do to you if you can't pay. Maybe confiscate your car, or take away your Birthday..hahaha Here is the answer. \$90.00 fine for nonpayment of toll. Remembered the envelope Heinrich had given me. Opened it and it contained \$100.00 THANKS..... The toll came to \$23.00

Finally made it to the Oklahoma border. Stopped to call SEDRA for instructions, sounded like she was just down the highway. As I walked back to the CROPPER a young Afro American MUSLEEM stopped and talk to me, he was a highway worker on his lunch break. We talked about the difference in the ISLAM of my homeland and the ISLAM in America. His name was Lacey and he said he was also a starchild. His break was over, I gave him a crystal and we said sahalmaleikum.

CHICKASHA, OKLAHOMA was a long ways from Oklahoma City and I got right in the middle of rush hour in Oklahoma City. Nowhere to pull over so they pushed me right along. Stayed true to myself. 50mph. Let me see you run over me.....

It was nightfall when I arrived at the edge of Chickasha and called SEDRA like she had requested. Told her where I was parked. I waited and waited. 2 police cars arrived with 4 officers and shortly after that, 2 more cars with 2 officers. De Ja Vu. Not quite. They asked where I was going and I told them I was waiting for my friend Sedra. "Sedra who?" Total blank. Could not remember her last name. Gave them the phone number, they punched it into a little box and said alright. We'll wait for her. Showed them the Crop Circle Stocks, the dirt, all the pictures and passed out websites. No Sedra. "What are you going to do," they said? "I'll drive into town and call her again later." "OK, they said, have a nice visit." As I was driving down Mainstreet a little truck made a U-turn, it was Sedra. She apologized saying she had no Idea why she had driven in the totally opposite direction knowing exactly where I was. Guess that gave me time for the welcome wagon. Told her about all the police officers that had shown up. "Well, my friend," she said, "I did not really expect you to get here the normal way. I missed you, my weird friend, she gave me a long hug.

We hooked up the Cropper right in her front yard. She showed me her nice little house and introduced me to the 3 cats. "So, Sedra, why are you stuck?" "Well, not in a physical way, she said. You need to be grateful not having bought Agbar's Motorhome. I bought it and it literally fell apart on the

way to Oklahoma. Steering wheel, engine, things just started to fall off. I junked it in UTAH and had my cousin get me and came here because that was the closest place I had family.” I had tried to buy that Motorhome at one time in the beginning, but he did not want to accept payments, right out cash. \$8500.00. I am grateful for the CROPPER.

“I am stuck spiritually, she continued, This is the BIBLE-BELT and no one wants to talk to me about metaphysics. I started to go to AA meetings, even though I don’t drink. Remember how you had said lots of times people that see things drink, because they think they cannot deal with life. I told them you were coming so if they want to see you they will. I do feel stuck because I have no one to talk to and I am so glad you heard my call for help.” We got caught up on all the gossip and told her about the police in Greenville and she laughed, now understanding why I was a little freaked out when I saw all the police cars meeting me in Chickasha.

Called my friend in TEXAS, she said she would meet me in Armarillo in 3 days. She was going to drive 200 miles north to meet me there with her daughter.

Also the detectives from the OHIO CASE were able to call me there and they asked additional questions, because they had by now found the gun I had made reference to and questioned some people for a second time and the things I had told them had checked out. They did not give me too many details, but looked like I had done a really good job.

People did come to see me from Sedra’s group and others that had seen the commotion with the police officers. 95% of the people that had come to see me were abductees. They also knew now that Sedra would be right there for them if needed and that established her in that little town with the strange name. Got to form them a little support line and between the two of us accomplished a lot. We compared notes of our knowledge about the earthchanges and agreed it was time for Sedra to get back to her Calling. She said she was un-stuck and it was time for me to leave my friend. Not before I planted some cigarette butts in her planter. She is a non smoker and I thought about the look on her face when she finds them, long after I have gone. She is so particular. She will know it was I that did that, and say...”OH THAT LILIAN.” We unhooked the CROPPER, she escorted me to the freeway and I was on my way to ARMARILLO.

My legs were still cramping from that long drive from Heinrichs to Sedra’s... Guess I will just have long stretches a little longer, got to make sure I get to Monica in Albuquerque on time. Lots of roadwork, got nervous and some how pulled out of that mess. Got off on an exit without a sign.

I am at the Cherokee nation. That was not in my plans, but here I am. Had something to eat, a buffalo steak.... Was real expensive but, I had a couple of dollars. It was so good. Reminded me of the horse meat steaks I use to make when we were still able to buy horse meat. Everyone here reminded me of Spirit Wolf, never realized just how Cherokee she looked. After Gypsy's kids had lost Serendipity, she had moved away. Had missed her for a long time, just up and left one day. Maybe that was why I had ended up on the reservation, to remember my friend. Stopped at the trading post and bought some incense, at least I had something to show for, being that I had ate the whole steak and it was now only a memory.

Did make it to the FLYING J in Armarillo in time, what a long drive that was.. I am tired. Here comes my friend, lets call her Anette and her daughter. The young lady, lets call her Peggy is 15 years old and in a wheelchair. Her spine is deformed, for Human perception. Had an instant Love for this child. She is a STARCHILD, had dealings with her before, this was my first meeting in person. I LOVED her! Like I had known her forever. She had been born to keep her mother grounded, being from a different place herself, she could not have done her work without her child and would have left a long time ago. She was ready to go home but Peggy needed her, so she stayed. Told Peggy about a young boy I had met in Edwardsville, Illinois that had cerebral palsy, he was 15 also. He was a computer wizard and making the most outlandish Websites for people. He too was a starchild, he himself had told me and he said he was glad to be confined in his body. If he were not, he would be out chasing girls, those were his words. He had chosen to be in that body, so he could do the work he had come here to do. Also told her about the 4 year old girl, ASHLEY. Her mother had brought her to me. We played for a while and we had sat her in the driver seat in the CROPPER, her having cerebral palsy also. 4 years old and she started to talk about molecules and how to make repairs on the spaceship that had gotten a crack in the door from the red sun. She preferred purple skies and aqua men. Her Mother had interrupted that line of conversation commenting how at the time of her birth, three angels had stood by the foot of the bed. Ashley said: "They were not angels, those were my friends delivering me to earth. She said, You know about them Lilian" and I agreed. She told of the small creatures that had no mouth, but speak with their thoughts and the spaceship that had been flying over the rain forest with the checkers on the floor. Just like the one in my vision, except my bus had Whales, her's had Dalmatians. "You know, she said, it is not so much the animals that count, it is the fact that they are both black and white." Said she knew the purple Lady...GYPSY and picked out her

photo instantly. All at 4 years old. She was unable to use her legs, only in movement that reminded me of the tail of a mermaid. Said she needed it like that to compete with the agua man. The Sirians of old I would assume, during the times they lived on both land and in water. Felt real awkward to explain my theory to her mother, but she already knew. Talked about some children with A.D.D. How they said the reason they don't pay attention is because they are way ahead of normal conversation, already knowing the outcome so they get bored with normal people. So what is HANDICAPPED and by who's definition???? They are so totally gifted and serve their Creator in their own capacity. Peggy just kept smiling. Showed her pictures and gave her stocks from the Crop Circles. She said there was a difference in the energy, one was hot and the other just warm. When I checked, she was right, they had come from different fields. I gave her that big crystal, the one that Elena had given me as a gift, the one I had so admired. In my mind I said, what the.... am I giving my crystal away for ...but I knew that it really belonged to her. She held on to that crystal like her life depended on it and she had searched the world over for it. It was a memorable visit. Spent the night at Flying J's.

Had a dream that night about Beeings in a bus, soft skin, like piglets. Someone was a real comedian, thought it was the trucker I had met by the freeway back in Idaho, the same one that had escorted me thru Kansas City. Wanted to call him JAKE and everyone was really happy, those Beeings and myself. Woke up gently. STORM TIME.

The next morning I sat at my table relaxing before I undertook that long drive to NEW MEXICO. Had a vision. Like I was looking down on the earth. It started to turn so fast, it reminded me of a spinntop. Could see a volcano right on the middle, was so big, almost covered the entire globe. It spun faster and faster and just ..zapp.. disappeared. Like some of them Orb like ships I had encountered. Had felt so real and powerful. I lit a cigarette to ground myself. The lighter did not work. Looked to see if I could determine what was the matter with the lighter and I noticed that where the fluid usually is, it was filled with sand or ash of some kind. Turned the lighter over and shook it. The sand fell out, a little pile of it, but far too much to have been able to fit into the lighter. The fluid was still in it and as soon as I had poured out the sand, it did light my cigarette. Almost like I had brought back evidence from my vision. Saved it, but somehow misplaced it, almost like I was not to share it or have it analyzed like I had planned.

Thought about a friend in Olympia all of a sudden. Called her to see how she was. Told me her daughter had given birth to a little girl. Same day I had entered the Crop Circles in Collinsville.

“What did you name her,” I asked.” “MADISON.”

Got on my way and after a couple of hours had a need to clean. Stopped at a rest area. Was almost finished and thought how this would be my last SOLO day. Looked up and there were Grasshoppers everywhere. Grasshopper represents uncanny leaps forward. When grasshopper shows up, there is about to be a new leap forward... One that will probably carry you past others around you in your life. Trust your inner voice and remember a grasshopper always leaps up or forward. It doesn't leap backward.

VEGA, Texas. Had intended to get gas, except the CONOCO I saw from the highway was closed, like no one had been there for years. As I drove around the building to get back on the street I saw there was a sign. MUSEUM ROUTE 66. I stopped in and the man told me he had everything ever found on Route 66. “Everything?” I asked? “EVERYTHING.” “I bet you a sandwich you don't have Crop Circles.” “Sure don't,” he said. I gave him a picture of the Crop Circle on the outskirts of HAMIL. The sign on the picture, little but visible, said HAMIL ROUTE 66. “Well. I'll be,” he said. And fixed me a sandwich.

Wasn't long I felt tired and I was looking for somewhere to park. Took an exit and ran into some people that were selling ponchos. We talked for a bit and I managed to trade 2 readings for 9 ponchos. 7 for the grandkids and 2 to spare.

Could tell a storm was coming in, so I decided to stay there and wait it out. Two trucks came and parked there also. The storm passed, the trucks pulled out and I was all by myself in the middle of nowhere somewhere in Texas. Spotted a restaurant a little in the distance. It was closed already but had a phone. I parked to wait for 1:00am that being the time to call Germany, because of the time difference. Next thing I knew it was 10:00am. Never made my call. Went inside the restaurant and went to the bathroom. What are these funny bowls on the wall??? Oh no! I had went into the men's room. Came out, got coffee and put sugar in it... I don't drink sugar. Felt really strange and when I got to the CROPPER I saw I was parked in the middle of the street, had been parked there all night. Cars just kept driving right around the CROPPER. Not one person said, “Hehe Lady, how about moving your piece of CROPPER.” So what was this all about? Did have to laugh about that strange experience later. Had I been there or not?

New Mexico. Watch for snakes the sign at the rest stop said. Don't worry, I will. Right at the outskirts of Albuquerque another storm came up. Thought I wanted to wait it out, being in plenty of time for Monica's arrival. Stopped at a service station. Several Highway patrol officers came admiring

the CROPPER. "Coming from Roswell?" they asked.

"No, I said, thought there were enough visitors and had mapped out my own adventures." "Nice, they said, You don't look like a CONEHEAD."

We talked and I handed them Websites and showed them the Crop Circle pictures. Said if they could manage, they would come to the hotel and say hi. My relationship with officers is definitely improving.

Worry about having to change interstate in the middle of town, but again there was no other way. Found the hotel just fine. Monica had arrived an hour before me. So glad to see my friend. We were in room 241. TWO for ONE.  
-- 2-4-1--

Monica looked well and we were so excited to be the Bobsy twin again. Well, almost. Me all worn out from a 340 mile nonstop drive in the heat and Monica in her robe all cleaned up already, from what she said was a pleasant flight. Her husband is a wonderful Beeing for having allowed her to make this trip. Actually not only for that reason, Rusty is a beautiful Beeing period. She came down to the parking lot to look at the CROPPER, not having seen it before and thought the energy was marvelous and yes, she could live with that till catching her plane home from San JOSE, California, in 20 days. And no, she would not be a passenger from Hades and we laughed at that.

This was the first time I had slept anywhere other than the CROPPER and that did not seem to work out so good for me, but toughed it out knowing that sooner or later I would have to sleep somewhere else, like in my house.

She had arranged for us to stay for 2 days so I would be able to rest a little. Made phone calls and we watched the video footage I had taking up to then so she could see what the first part of the trip had consisted of and get familiar with the people I would no doubt be talking about, especially since she had missed 3 weeks of conversation because of her and Rustie's vacation. The audio tape that Fran Powell had made for me back in Nashville moved her to tears and SHADAR, the elephant, liked traveling just fine. MY HELPER.....Wonder what that meant. I am just terrified to ride with people. MEME had been out of the question for that, a plain NO was OK, but what if my best friend asked me to let her drive...

Called Frank at the NAVAHO RESERVATION for directions, that being our next stop. We talked for the what seemed to be the tenth time about how we had met Frank, it being one of our favorite stories. I start off by: "I was working on a very complicated case and you were visiting. My client had a terrible headache and you offered him some BITTERS, a medicine you

got from your herbalist and he started to speak in a very different language, like that took him back to a different time.” “And yes, she would continue, we wanted to find out what he said and talked him into writing sentences and an alphabet and we still did not know what it was.” And very casual the message came to ask the NAVAHO what the language was. I wondered where the .... am I going to get a Navaho and she said, “He will be here in 2 days.” We both break out in laughter because on the second day he did come. Straight from the reservation.

He said, “Sorry it took me so long.” I said, “We have been expecting you.” We showed him the writings and he said it was an old language derived from Athabaskan or Pueblo. He was able to identify it and said the Navahos and the Hopis would both be able to decipher it. Frank had invited us both to visit. Monica left for Anchorage that night and I had stayed in touch with Frank.

We struggled to have a nice rest for 2 days because we were going to do everything according to plan. I got the first migraine on this trip and that helped me to stay rested the second day.

Steve Purkapple had giving me a crash course in etiquette on visiting the reservations, him and Elena both haven visited the HOPI themselves. Take rice, pinto beans and lots of fresh fruit as gifts. Do not knock on the door when you arrive. Stay in your car. They know that you are there and will ask you to come in, at their convenience. Your wait will be anywhere from 15 min. to 2 hours. No pictures allowed in the villages, sometimes in tourist areas, but we were not going there, we were invited into the villages.

We found room for all of Monica’s belongings. She was visiting, not moving and CROPPER looked as it did before we added all the new things. SHADAR wanted to be on top by the window, so we made her a coral (space to stand) and bungycorded her right into the window. The Porcelain doll I had acquired in Nashville in trade for a reading was also situated on top by the opposite window and bungycorded. Had affectionately named her MISS NKONDE. Her essence reminded me of my NKONDE that had to stay behind because of his size. Up to now she had been seated in the passengers seat, a place that would now be occupied my Monica.

We got a City map and discovered there was a COSTCO in Albuquerque. That was our first stop, in order to pick up the gifts for our friends at the reservation and while we were at it, got a few treats for us, I was still living on MAXINE’S gifts. Standing in the long checkout line I wondered if the Highway Patrol Officers was going to come later since they had not knocked at our door while at the hotel. I had given them the last website copies I had. “Well, Monica said, how about we make 50 additional



copies and just hand them out to anyone that needs them.” Wonderful IDEA. Monica did make the copies and we were on our way. Thru town on back roads, this way we could say we had seen Albuquerque and I did not have to drive the freeway.

We stopped at several little service stations and noticed cigarettes were very cheap. I bought a carton and insisted Monica also pick up cigarettes. Explained to her that this was the cheapest I had seen them anywhere. “I’ll do it later,” she said. A horrible noise.....The refrigerator door fell off..... When driving an RV it is best to wait till it is safe to stop and not to jump up fixing things while in route. How odd, I thought. Why would the door just fall off like that..... We found a rest area, repaired the refrigerator and had fresh sandwiches for lunch. Wonderful, not have to open a can and cook.

A BIG motorhome pulled next to us and a man by the name of ZANE came and talked to us about his travels and the unusual as he called it. Gave him a crystal and he was real happy about that. Said if he was to drive thru Washington, myself only living 3 blocks from I-5, he would stop by to talk more. As we were talking about the signs ... Watch Out For Snakes... another man and his dog came. “I need to ask you for something more valuable than gold,” he said. Remembering the revelation I had had when the Lady in Edwardsville gave me the ring...I said: “KNOWLEDGE?” He gave me a very strange look and said, “NO. WATER.” He was camping and had no drinking water, the water at the rest stop was unsafe for drinking water. We gave him one gallon, that was all we had bottled.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE!!! I am suppose to spend the night at Continental Divide. Since I had been unable to do so in Colorado, this must be it. We had driven less than 100 miles. We pulled off at the up coming exit and drove into a Chevron service station. I was no longer confined to CONOCO, Monica was in possession of a Chevron credit card... OR WAS SHE????? The gas was to be prepaid, so that was the plan. Monica had lost her wallet..... She handled it like a champ and I felt really bad knowing that creepy feeling a loss of that nature can create in a person. From the bottom of your feet all the way to the top of your head. No license, no driving... Universe you didn’t!!!!!!! Asked if we could use the phone and park, the innkeeper said no he was locking the gate at 6:00pm, this being 6:10pm. We had to drive an additional 3 miles and found a “GIANT” truck stop. Close enough to Continental Divide. We parked, it was Monica’s first experience at truck stops, was glad it was absolutely the nicest one I had stopped on the trip and it was a CONOCO. We sat at the restaurant and made

calls. Monica canceled all her credit cards and indicated where she wanted the replacements to be sent to. The Navaho reservation. People stopped and talked to us and Monica told a Lady her calling in life was to build a RANCH for rejected Children. Where? Somewhere in Texas. A man had overheard and came over to the table. Asked to use our phone and handed Monica the phone. "That is my wife on the phone, he said, tell her the story." Monica did and the Lady gave her the number to a friend of hers that would be very happy to finance the whole project when the time comes.

As we reflected on the day, we decided that we should really pay more attention. My insisting for her to buy cigarettes would have made it possible to notice the loss of the wallet earlier. Then the door fell off, a visible sign that we really needed to pay attention, instead of chatting away like there was no tomorrow. But it had brought us to Continental Divide, a nice place to park and possible financing for the ranch.

That night I slept on the top bunk. Dreamed about a gecko, David and some other things. Gecko being able to teach us how we bridge the subconscious with the conscious-dreaming with awakening. They can stimulate lucid dreams. It can help us to break from the past and might even indicate a need to explore new realms, to follow our own impulses so we won't get swallowed up in what is not beneficial. What was really significant about that night was that Monica had also been dreaming. She had been required to take an exam in order to get her promotion. She had awakened and said I was still asleep acting out her dream and given the exam. All I knew was I was tired, like I had been working all night.

Costco had found the wallet. Before we were able to conclude the conversation the phones went down, people had to evacuate in Albuquerque, the city was flooded. Again, I had been ahead of a natural disaster. Offered to wait and drive back to collect it, the wallet. That was however not possible because the flood was to last several days. Bought a T-shirt for my friend Jim Clarkson. I knew it would be way too small being a XLG, but I had to have that one, it being the only one. This one was his and he needed it. A blue star scene, landscape-type with a spaceship in the background, an ET in the forefront.

Called Santa Cruz to confirm my lectures and appointments, that being the place where I would recover most of my travel expenses and to adjust time frames so Monica could catch her plane in San Jose. The plans had been changed, the Lady that had set up all the arrangements was trying to find 4 million Dollars for a project she was working on and all activities I was to participate in had been canceled. This was not really MY trip...I was the

driver...Oh well! Grand Junction it is...Back to Colorado. Looks like you will be flying out of Seattle my friend. "OK," not why. "OK." That's just what she said.

We were in Gallup and it was time to enter the reservation. The instructions given were easy and simple. It had rained so everything had transformed into green and beautiful country. Often we saw people walking, not knowing if it was polite to ask if they needed a ride in this great open space, so we decided not to do that. We stopped at the store in Window Rock the Capitol of NAVAHO NATION. Everyone was very friendly. As we found our way to House # 000 we both followed our own line of thought. Could not speak for Monica, but I was thinking how for so many years I had wondered that no one seemed to have been able to tell me much about Native Americans and I thought that was sad. I did not buy into the Pilgrim Sweetpotato story at Thanksgiving. So here I was, after all these years. Driving in Indian country on personal invitation. What a great time to live in for that to be possible. I knew I had something to offer, I had brought something here and it was not just rice and pinto beans.

Well, we were here and so welcomed it was a little moving. Like old friends having run into each other after a long time. We exchanged gifts, it was only much later I would comprehend the value and importance of the gift I received. A bracelet. Monica got a necklace. We entered the cozy home and Fry Bread was waiting for us, a new treat for us. Felt like we had finely got home. We hooked up the CROPPER in the front yard, the kids came and beat the drums they had spotted. A Chow Chow, this one brown, also came to see who we were. Monica made phone calls so her wallet could be sent per Express mail. We talked for a long time.

At 11:30pm an officer from the Navaho Nation came to say hello and it was at that time we spotted our visitors. What appeared to be two big spaceships. Blue and green and red, in perfect alignment. Young FRANKO being a firefighter knew those were not stars, he knew every star in the sky. We hooked up the telescope I just happen to have in the CROPPER and we watched for a couple of hours. They responded to hand movement, I tried to get pictures, but thought I was unable to. Video taping did not work out either, because they would dematerialize as soon as I had them in focus. So what we did do, was have everyone verbalize what we were seeing and the Officer stayed for a long time. They were still there when we decided to go to bed, so all 6 of us said Good-night to our Heavenly Friends and thanked them for having dropped in.

The next day we went to Window Rock to visit Ruth's, the Lady of the

house, family and met the Tribe Silversmith. We had a wonderful time in town and were treated like old friends.

Later in the evening a lady named Lora picked us up so she could take us to her home in the Canyon and to get water out of her well. My secret water that had been denied me years earlier in Manitou Springs at the UTES Indian statue. I felt such excitement, I knew that is what I had come for.... or so I thought. She told us stories about her childhood and the mountain with the black snake. We stopped and took a tour of FORT DEFIANCE and watched young ones jump off cliffs into the wash. Wondered how modern the hospital was and if the only one, but did not want to sound nosy and ask. Cooked 2 pots of couscous and our host loved it. We did readings and spiritual healings. Monica did that, I did the readings. At 11:30pm the visitors from space were back and again we stayed out in the yard communicating, or as close to it as we could get. We could hear the drums and Peyote all that night.

We went to Gallop to the swapmeet on Saturday and mingled, the women dressed in their jewelry. Had wanted to stop at the ZUNI, but had nothing to offer I felt. Have a friend. He has cancer and I heard that the ZUNI had medicine for that. Eventually we did find a ZUNI medicine woman and she sold us a little bit. Had a translator to explain how to prepare it. Walking by a booth I heard someone speak to me in ARABIC. The man had seen my necklace and thought I was kin. He was an Arab from Jerusalem and we talked and I bought a pretty HOPI Katchina doll from him. Proudly he posed for a picture with some of his price possessions. We said shalamaleikum. On the way to the food booth where we had planned to eat mutton stew and fry bread, I stumbled into a white man, the only one there I believe. He was selling his goods and had a MASAI >EBONY WOOD< from Africa for sale. He wanted to explain to me what it was, but all I saw was EBONY, the black gold. The price was \$10.00. Borrowed the money from Monica, paid him and left, in case he had a revelation that this piece was actually worth \$ 400 plus. Showed it to the Arab, "What a steal my Sister, he said, let me wrap it for you." We ate and Chango made his presence known, the rain felt good, had been so hot and dusty. We made so many new friends. They knew who we were and some promised to come and see us at our temporary home.

Franko was nice enough to drive us to Window Rock. The mountain that looks like a window and responsible for the name of the Capitol. Allowed me to film it. Oh my, something was there, what was it? Could feel the spirits something was there, had picked it up with the camera. I commented

on it and asked what took place there... No answer. We viewed the tape as soon as we got back to the CROPPER. Everyone looked at it and more than once. Huge faces of warriors and spirits just moving all on the side of the rock. We saw them, every one of us. "What is this place, what happens at Window Rock," I asked.... Again, no answer.

UPS went on strike and the wallet was not to arrive. Federal Express would only come twice a week and Airborne Express only if several pieces arrived for that day, if not, they would wait till enough had accumulated for delivery. We stayed for a few weeks and really liked our home. The Starship were there nightly. Like 11:30pm was show time and they became a normal part of our existence. Almost all the family members were Starpeople and we felt so connected, like we were one and the same. Cooked different dishes each day and they liked them all, but couscous was to be the favorite. Did not look like UPS would come with anybody's package so we decided to move on, we still had to go to HOPI land. Leaving was hard. As we said our good-byes, Ruth handed me another necklace, all coral, priceless. Her daughter gave me earrings that she had made. A Cradleboard for the new Baby that was to be born soon. The cradleboard had held 12 children and 6 grandchildren, or was it the other way around. I was so moved to have gotten that gift. As it turned out the bracelet I had received on the first day had belonged to Frank's Grandmother. Was I deserving of such precious gifts? They must have thought so. We lingered, not really wanting to leave so we stayed just a little longer. Told Ruth she should really get off the reservation a few days, take a trip, come see me.

They told us how FT. Defiance had become a symbol of Navaho struggles to maintain their homeland and freedom. The time in 1851 when it was the center of the Navaho wars and 1968 when the Fort became the center of the war on poverty. One can still see the HOGANS, the six or eight sided log dwellings covered with earth. For males and some strictly for females. Should anyone die in a house or hogan chances are no one else will live there after that. The Navaho believe that the Universe consists of evil and friendly forces. If Universal harmony is disturbed, illness, disaster and death will follow. Illness, physical or mental has supernatural causes which can be ascertained by rites of divination. The families consist of an older woman and her husband, unmarried children, her married daughter, husband and their children. Their beliefs are so very similar to the MAORI of New Zealand and my own. Recognizing ancestry in the stars and healing by chants and herbs. When natural gas, uranium and other minerals were discovered on the reservation that helped provide additional sources of tribal income. I

wondered if the storm, or winds I had seen in my vision did mean that because of these new found riches the borders of the reservation would be changed and by that cheat the poorest of poor again and claiming the land, at least some of it again. URANIUM would promote a line of thinking like that.

They told us about the long walk they had been forced to undertake, escorted by the military in 1864, 300 miles. The NAVAHO TIMES, a tribal weekly, published at Window Rock, contains in it's files articles on many phases of Navaho life, past and present. Since we really had no knowledge of the actual history, one of the women we met suggested we read Fort Defiance and the Navahos, by Maurice Frink. To find that book would be a hard task.

Then Frank told me what I had captured on film that day in Window Rock. It was the sight where the medicine men separates good and evil in ceremony. We thanked them, kissed the kids, all 12 of them and were on our way. Somewhat overwhelmed by what we had just learned. It was hard leaving, almost like we were part of what had become our galactic family.

On the way from FT.Defiance to Window Rock I finally decided that my brakes did not feel right, had noticed it before but thought I was just experiencing one of my QUAKEY feelings. We did at this point dicide to have the brakes checked. They needed to be bled. While waiting for the repair we set out to locate the book Fort Defiance and the Navahos. Logical place to buy it would be here in Window Rock. It was not available and no one knew where to find one. Try The HUBBLE TRADEING POST it was suggested. That is the place Monica had talked about going, she really wanted to go there, so we thought that might be the place for the book as suggested.

By two o'clock we were on our way. Heading in the direction of GANADO. Saw a CONOCO and filled up, that had brought us within several thousand feet of the Hubble Trading Post. A Fort type Building that reminded me of some of the old farm houses I had seen in Germany as a child, for a minute I could smell the farm animals and the hay. Not a space I wanted to be in right then. We entered the store, looked like it had been there for a long time, exactly like that. Ask if I could video tape. Only the front of the store I was told. Walked back to the CROPPER and got the camcorder. Did not feel good in this space, must be because of my thoughts of Germany I thought. SNAP OUT OF IT LILIAN!!!! The minute I turned on the recorder, I could feel activity like I usually do when I pick up entities or spirits. Something behind a picture caught my attention and I focus in on that for some time, documenting what I was experiencing. "This is a VERDI situation," I said. Taking me back over a hundred years that is why I assumed to be a VERDI

situation. That having been the time that this great composer resided on earth. Had ran into his Etheric once before when I did the story on the restaurant, Parma, in Aberdeen, Washington. Just as I was trying to determine what it really was I was seeing, I heard a woman's voice behind me. "I am going to the main house, come on lets go"..... Shut off the recorder and followed the voice. It belonged to a Lady Ranger. She was giving a tour of the main house. No flash, no pictures she said to the group of tourists to whom she was about to show the place, but yet, gestured to me to keep filming. She told how MR. HUBBLE was the first white man establishing a trading post for all tribes in the area. Remember asking if he was any relation to the Hubble, as in Space probe. She did not know.

Then her voice moved totally into the background. Heard her say one had to be totally honest, or the natives would kill you, a little. I was busy with what I saw or thought I saw thru the lense finder. The baskets on the ceiling were hanging up side down, that is not acceptable I thought. The paintings on the walls and right about then she did say they were all originals, were of a multitude of Chiefs. Joseph, Geranimo and her voice faded again. What was wrong with me? I was in such physical distress. The men in the pictures started to move as if having come to life, like they were telling me something. I was sick, but kept right on filming. Every time I lingered at a particular painting, I would feel like all the life was being drained out of me. Felt Monica touch my shoulder and heard her ask if I was OK. Got to keep going.... Under my breath I tried documenting what I saw. Had trouble breathing. Eventually we ended up in a courtyard and some of that heavy feeling lifted for a second. We entered another part of the house. Heard the ranger talk about the table MR. HUBBLE had bought for his wife for \$10,000.00 and something about a scratch on it. What was wrong with me, I am going to pass out.....

In the kitchen now.

A breadmaker.

What is it, my god they are walking out of the wall.....

Can not breath, I am struggling.

No pictures here, but something is coming at me, I can see it....

There is an oven....

I am thinking about ROOTS.

The slave was killed by boiling, no, it is MANDINGO, why do I think about that story. What is it???

I am sick.

Another oven is outside.

I turn to the ranger saying: "I take it, this is not COMPOST," pointing to a hill. Did I say that?????

This is the Hubble Hill I hear her say. The Hubble family is buried here. Mr. Hubble was so fond of one of his native friends, when he died he had him chained to a cement block and at Mr. Hubble's death excavated his body and buried him right along with the Hubble Family, right here on this hill. "I got to go, Monica, I GOT TO GO!"..... I was deadly ill it felt like. Stopped at a bathroom in a different building and got sick. Monica went to the adjoining store to look for the book. I got to go..... Almost ran to the CROPPER and drove away from this horrible place. Was really in distress and pulled over a short way down the road. Was ill. "What happened to you back there," Monica asked. "I don't know," I said close to tears. I was shaking and sick. After about an hour I started to feel better and we continued with our journey. It was getting dark and wind, what wind..... Wanted to get out of Navaho territory, why was I still feeling so bad?

KEAMS CANYON, HOPI LAND. Somehow I ended up at a hospital. "Wonder what it looks like inside," Monica said. Was wondering about the same thing in FT. DEFIANCE I commented. We drove down a hill and came to a store. Next to it was a small hotel, a laundry with a pay phone. Many dogs. Looked like all the dogs within 200miles were related. CHOW, SHEPHERD and CHOW-SHEPHERD, all brown.

"Want to go to SEDONA?"

"NO."

The store had a restaurant attached, so we went inside. One could tell something had changed, HOPI are different in appearance and the color combination of rugs, clothes and wall hangings were now red, gold, orange and brown. At the Navaho they had been brown, blue and tan. This was a happy place. We ordered Frybread hamburgers and asked for permission to park for the night. A HOPI ambulance came and parked, reminding me of my son for a moment. E.T.M. HOPI it said .

Germans were everywhere and I thought how odd. They did not know I could understand them, so they spoke freely. Some of them were what I thought members of VISTA and some were tourists. We sat and talked for a long while. Either because of partial change in diet, or because of our age, about 11:00pm we always ended up talking about body functions, like clockwork. So we did tonight. We liked the energy here. We talked about the people important in our lives, including the friends we had just left behind. We got very tired all of a sudden and laid down.

Almost immediately I woke back up and there were 30 plus dogs



sitting in a circle howling at the moon. In Unity, like one sees in pictures. Were they dogs I wondered. The sounds that came out of their throats, maybe they were coyotes or wolves, but that was not possible, because they really were dogs. I woke up Monica and she got to witness the tail end of the concert. We did not know what they were doing or what made them behave in that manner, but yes, they were the dogs we had seen.

“Want to go to SEDONA?”

“NO.”

Next morning I asked if I might be allowed to charge the camcorder battery. You may, the Lady said, won't do you any good though, no pictures allowed on HOPI land and they will take your camera away from you.

“Where are you going?” “KYKOTSMOVI.”

What beautiful country, even though I am unable to comprehend how any food will grow and what the winter will bring so far up at what seems to be the plateau of the earth. Miles of absolutely no living soul.

We have a letter of introduction for MR.Thomas Banyacya. Had heard so many people mention this wonderful human being. Erich Von Daniken the Author that wrote Chariots of the gods, Richard Hogland from The Face on Mars. What a blessing to be able to tell this man how much some of us truly do appreciate him. All these years of total dedication to the education of mankind. Him being the only living member of 4 messengers for mankind. So up in years, but still doing the work Universe commissioned him to do. We were so in thought about that, we missed Kykotsmovi all together. We did turn around and saw the village at the bottom of the MESA. Like stepping back in time. Even though a store and a gas station were present, the houses were made of stone, same way they must have been hundreds of years ago. A step back in time and we felt like we had entered a temple of long ago, almost apologetic about our intrusion. We found the Post Office and asked for the address. When we arrived we just sat in the CROPPER. Eventually a lady came out, we introduced ourself and stated the reason for our visit. We delivered the gifts we had brought for the host and his family.

“Thomas is not here, he went away for a few days.” We were invited for lunch and sat there in what was the most wonderful energy. We compared names of people we all had in common. I wrote a letter and left an envelope containing the Crop Circle pictures I had wanted to share and some tapes.

Monica bought a beautiful bracelet, featuring the Train of Life Hieroglyphic. Heavy silver, something about it had brought tears to her eyes.

We were told that over the years people had painted over most of the hieroglyphic and added things to it. Nothing seems holy to the human specie.

We could park and wait. No telling when Thomas would come back, so with a sad heart we left, leaving our best wishes. We had been told the location where the stone with the train of life was located and wanted to see it, but I missed the dirt road and was not able to turn around to go back for many miles.

“Want to go to Sedona?”

“NO.”

We arrived at TUBA CITY and decided to spoil ourselves and spend the night at the RV Park. Kind of wanted to see what was on the HUBBLE TAPE. We mapped out a route how to drive to Colorado the next day, sitting in the restaurant with two timezones. Hopi land is located in the middle of the Navaho reservation and from what we understood, that to this day it is a real issue. Tuba City is again Navaho reservation and both Hopi and Navaho work in Tuba City. Had overheard a clerk at the desk at the hotel we were staying, the RV park was part of the hotel. To the left of the restaurant one is on Pacific Time, to the right on Mountain Time. Right down my alley, in case I step out of time for a minute, can go to the other side of the room and re-enter. Hahahahaha

We washed clothes and took a shower and planned on just enjoying the treat of having everything civilized available to us. As in Microwave and TV. To get so excited about something we take for granted. After some phone calls we were walking back to the CROPPER. Monica slipped and fell in a hole. Because of some heavy rain days prior, the earth was damp and a hole was right there. Because there were no lights we had no way of seeing it. Had tried to catch her, but too late.

Got her on her feet and back to the CROPPER. Called an ambulance.

She was hurting, so was I, from trying to catch her.

She handed me her \$4,000.00 wedding band for safekeeping. The ambulance took us to the hospital. I think we both regretted having been nosy and wanting to know what the Native hospitals looked like and the equipment. We got to see it now..... All of it ...ER, Ex-ray and Lab. And we had gotten to ride in the ambulance. Monica was hurt, her neck, her arm in a cast, neck brace, her ankle bandaged. She looked so miserable, I did not mention I had hurt myself. Mainly in part because I was in a panic. I was unable to find her ring. I know I had it. I emptied my purse. AGAIN. It was gone. What was I going to tell her... “Oh, by the way, you know how you been losing things? Well, same thing happened to me... I lost your ring ....Better yet, some Martians came while you was in ER and guess what, they took your ring, said they needed it to fix their rig, very important for mankind. Or, remember

when you told me you had a connection with crows? Well you were right, flew right thru X-Ray and picked up your ring”..... Maybe I will just be quiet about it a little longer. And yes, my back hurts, my whole head hurts. Maybe she hit me in advance, right on the left side of my head, somehow my right foot and my lower back, when she slipped and went down. That’s it, I had gotten my punishment in advance. Two of the hotel managers came and took us back to the hotel. We drove up and as we were approaching the CROPPER I saw something shiny laying on the picnic table next to the CROPPER. Monica’s \$4,000.00 ring! Thank you Universe! It had been in plain side for hours.

2-4-1. Had missed KYKOTSMOVI, had to turn around. Two now cripples, no disrespect intended, but that is what we felt like. Two nights instead of one. We were doing 2-4-1.

We did move the CROPPER to a different space, next to the light since we did not intend to repeat that episode. Was a clear hot night and we sat outside at the table next to the CROPPER, every space having one of them. We talked to many people, mostly Germans and than we saw them. Our Friends from the reservation, high in the sky. Our Space visitors had followed us. Wondered if Frank and the family was looking at them too and again we felt connected to the friends. Whow, what is that??? 3 cigar shaped crafts, at tremendous speed, leaving a vapor trail. Almost instantly they were gone, tail and all. Here is another!!!! Show is over, we went to bed.

While waiting for the Hotel manager, the insurance, the hotel detective, anybody coming to take a report, we had been nice enough to take a video and pictures of that treacherous hole for their viewing, we remembered the Hubble tape. It was unbelievable, when I filmed the pictures of the paintings of the Natives, one could see how they transfigured and interacted. I had seen them come at me, at the time it was happening it was not visible or if it was, not at this viewing. I am not an expert. However on tape it looked like they had moved out of the pictures, lifted off the paper.

What was it doing at the time...Something was definitely going on. Felt sick as I was watching it, like a tissue memory. Mainly because we were both in pain, her all bandaged up and me with a swollen face, maybe she hit me with her elbow because it covered the whole side of my face and I am limping, we just did not pay all that much attention to the tape. “Why did you not tell the doctor you was hurt too,” she inquired. “I forgot, I was too busy looking for your ring.” I did tell her I had lost it. “OH MY” she said, having stolen my line. No one came, except the manager from the night before on her own time, to see how we were. She brought us some BLUE CORN HOPI

BREAD, she explained to us how the flour is grinded, a paste made and pored unto hot stone. As the heat from the stone bubbles up the paste is rolled up, right as it bubbles. We were in awe of how that could be done and were honored to have received such a special gift. We decided no one was coming and got ready to leave to continue our trip to Colorado.

“Call Thomas,” the voice said. I did. Contrary to what a friend had told me, Hopi not having phones or lights because they represent the Spiderweb that would indicate the end of times, there were phones. I can’t swear to it, but I think he had gotten that story confused. From what I had overheard in Gallup at the swapmeet, it was the ZUNI that did not have phones, so I was not sure if the story was true at all. But I did like the story all the same. Someone was on their way to WINSLOW to pick up Thomas, it is OK to come back. We are going back to KYKOTSMOVI.

“Park facing the EAST and feel welcome. Spend the night this time.”

We visited and they told us that the door should always face to the east.

Like our Sudanese, they had always prayed facing EAST.

WHITE Corn represents EAST-DAWN.

YELLOW Corn represents WEST

BLUE Corn represents SOUTH.

BLACK corn represents NORTH.

Stones:

EAST----White

SOUTH----Turquoise

WEST----Shell that crabs use

NORTH----black ebony stone

They told us how the HOPI are runners, often they would run 60 miles to Winslow to have a soda and watch the trains go by and run home again.

How they had enrolled in the Olympics one year and were given the wrong dates in order to disqualify them in fear they would win a medal.

How on their way, they would stop and hoe some ones garden, excepting the cup of water that was left for them and refill the water and run to the next place and repeat the process. We really felt welcome. Cooked that night, sore back and all and we shared food. Was requested to get on MY Internet and tell everyone that at one of the last places Thomas gave a lecture, had paid him with a NSF check and never corrected the problem. Him being of age and having accomplished that task regardless of the hardship of undertaking the trip in order to do so. Tell them they did not pay Thomas Banyacya. Think I put it in my book if I ever write one. Whom ever the guilty party will know I am referring to them. I will remind them that we live under Karmic Law.

That's what I'll do. We talked about a lot of things and I was in AWE how the spiritual stories matched my knowledge and remembrance. Hopis were truly aboriginal people, Starpeople.

After we watched the most brilliant starry sky I have ever seen in my life, anywhere on earth... Like I was part of the brilliance of the Universe, we decided to close the door, in case a bear would come. Our Starships appeared right on time. 11:30 like clockwork. At Midnight at hard knock at the door. "OH NO a BEAR"... Knocking at that. I opened the door. The man said, "Do you know you are living in my space?" "Does that bother you?" I bellowed, still a little shook up from the hard knock. "Why no," he said. "Do you have a string?" "Yes."

"A real string?" "Yes."

I gave him the string and he made me a talisman for the CROPPER. Always keep it there for safe journey. He also gave me Hopi tea and sacred cornmeal for protection. I loved this man, an instant connection, like I had known him forever. We talked for hours, he asked for a reading. Ever so often he'd say, "You got me there"... Said he was to put the HOPI language on CD, so people could learn it. What an important job. I also told him that he was to take his fathers place on a spiritual quest. "40 years people been coming, day in and day out," he said. "Everyone has questions, everyone wanting information. Don't know If I can carry on with that." I told him he could and would, that being Universe's divine purpose for him. No need to fight good and bad within the same line of thought. He told me my new grandson was to be of the bear clan and gave me a necklace for the mother and a disk with fossilized snails for the baby. Never had said anything about the unborn child.

We talked about the Hubble Post and I told him the story, that what had been told to the tourists and what I knew was not the same. Told him about the baskets being up-side-down and what I had seen in the Video. He said that when you take a picture of an Indian, whether by photo or painting, you capture his soul. That is the reason no photographs allowed even now, some of the young have gotten caught up in the times. "However, he said, the pictures at the Hubble place are of all the great chiefs. The people have known for a long time some one would come and act as a VESSEL and release their souls. Why do you think she allowed you to do that, she knew who you are and what you had came for. He added, no wonder you got sick." Had Universe requested I go and do that, I might not have. After the fact, I felt HUMBLED. So I did see what I thought I saw. They

were coming out of the pictures and left thru me. I am not EVER going back to the Hubble Post.

We played finger games with a string, the same games I remembered from my early childhood back in Afrika. I Thought I had come here for one man, when in fact it turned out to be another. I knew him and I had missed him.

The next morning we were asked to come in the house and got to visit with Thomas. What a wonderful Beeing. We told some funny stories and he was surprised we had not come for information, but to check on him and bring him gifts. After a short Audience he gave us an, oh so warm hug, so did his wife, and blessed us on our journey. I was sad, having to leave, felt there was more, but was unable to identify that emotion or knowing if you will, at that time.

This time we did stop at the rock with the train of life, even took a picture. We overlooked the land again and I was sad that I had to leave the people in the old stone houses and THAT MAN.

We did not go back to Tuba City, our Guides had told us to change direction, towards GANADO. I had very terrible feelings the closer we got to the Hubble Post, that being the place where we meet the Highway we were to travel on. So often on this trip I had said I would NEVER do something and it turned out I did. Universe heard my cry and allowed me to pass the Hubble Post, without having to stop there. I was grateful. We drove all day thru CHINLE, Many Farms and finally Mexican Waters. There was such urgency to get off the reservation, it was maddening. Thought it was because of the Hubble Post. Not so. That was the day the flash floods killed the hikers. The canyons had flooded as soon as we exited them. Again we stayed ahead of the weather and encountering not even one raindrop. We stopped in BLUFF for the night.

Monica had lost her American Express again. She took it like a champ. We were in pain and overwhelmed about the things we had learned, some we did not even repeat to each other. We were so moved about Universe having allowed us the knowledge and to associate with the most spiritual people the Universe had to offer, in the new world. We were truly physically miserable. We cooked and right about than the cigar shaped crafts with the tails flew over the CROPPER. This time I got them on Video.

Michelle was almost ready for labor, a little out of time, never the less. Time to head home, Baby was waiting for his grandmother before entering this life.

2-4-1..... Again I was in Grand Junction. Monica's first visit. All

crippled up but with a happy heart, so different than the time with MEME. TIM just so happen to be there, what a great reunion. Marian looked wonderful and there was a happy atmosphere. We went to see a great Chiropractor. Louis DePalma. Fixed us right up, thought he had been put there just for us. We were in sad shape.

“Lilian, why is your foot wrapped?” “Because it hurts.” “That’s not what I mean, what happened?” “Monica stepped on it when she fell in the hole. It is still swollen and it is getting worse when I drive long stretches.” “Keep forgetting how casual you handle pain.” Everyone is hurting today, guess between the 4 of us, Tim, Marian, Monica and I, we would not have made one full person. “Never told us how you met Stephanie.”

Well, lets see. Stephanie was a friends of Michelle’s and one day her and her daughter came to visit. We talked about a lot of things and I gave her daughter a reading. A little later that day her daughter came back with a friend and she too, wanted a reading. I had ran into something I needed to clarify, so I asked the girl if she had anything that belonged to her boyfriend. “His Jacket,” she said and handed it to me. I asked if her boyfriend was Asian. “No.” I was very disturbed, because I saw the owner of this jacket killed, laying by the water, yet not in the water, by gravel or stones under a bridge or an arch of some kind. In fact we went to a park that had all of the above, to see if I could pinpoint that area, that girl frequenting that park.

Could be it, but was not sure about it. A few weeks later a young Amerasian got killed. They found him by the Puget Sound, by the water, the tide was out. He was laying under a bridge that had arches. We all thought that was odd, because that is what I had seen when I handled the jacket. It later turned out the young Amerasian that was killed, murdered, a racially motivated crime actually, was the original owner of the Jacket. It had gotten stolen from him, at a basketball game at the Highschool and the girl’s boyfriend had bought it from the thief. Point being that we sometimes get things wrong, because the information we are seeking is given to us wrong. Stephanie stayed in touch with me and eventually became a friend of GYPSY’S too.

Are we still dreaming? Sometimes they are, I hardly ever dream. Monica commented on how she always dreams and recently sees things without dreaming. Like when we were driving to the canyon with Lora to get the water from the well, Monica saw the big rock formations and told us they had been GIANTS at one time.

“I will wait 2 more days for the wallet,” she said, “and then I am ready to go.” I wanted to get home too, in time for the birth of the child and thought

my journey was over. Besides I was so worried about the bills, having been unable to make any money like I had planned, in fact it would take months before I recover from this trip, because the bills was going to keep coming. Had tried to find the charges of the Conoco Station in Illinois that had been there and than disappeared. It was not on the bill. Guess Universe had just given me a tank of gas when I needed it most. I was right, when I saw it and got the gas. Conoco was right, when they said it wasn't there, kind of made their point when they did not charge me for it.

Guess we'll go to PROVO. Salt Lake. How I dreaded Salt Lake, just the thought of it.... Monica was feeling so bad, did not know what to do to help my friend. Dr. DePalma had helped both of us tremendously, guess being 50ish is too old to be falling in holes and beating up your friend on the way down. My face, on one side, my foot on another and my back, gosh, Monica you must have been a pretzel.... She did not think that was funny.

We all watched POWDER, again. 20 people can watch Powder and each person sees a different story. Think it is one of the best films ever made. So we passed the next couple of days relaxing as well as we could under the circumstances and talked about stories we had all heard before, but were worth telling again. What a nice visit it had turned out to be.

We were on our way again. Monica did not want to go to Provo.

“Where to???”

“I-70 west.”

OK, I am turning...

Oh no, that is not the freeway! That was close, almost drove up a street the wrong way! Maybe we should go to Provo I thought, after I calmed down a bit, that was close....Remembered the refrigerator door.

“I-70 west,” Monica repeated.

“OK, I am going:.....

“How about a shortcut?”

“No, I-70 west. I-15 north,” Monica said.

“Said WHO?”

“My Guide said there is something for us to see.”

Who am I to argue with that. So we drove I-70 till late afternoon. “Lets get an Oilchange,” Monica said. I was all for that, because again I had driven a couple hundred miles more than the 3000 I was suppose to.

“Better replace that inside tire,” the mechanic said. Look at it, another 5 miles and it would have blown, it looked like shredded wheat. Monica had him replace it with a new one. We had a burger while we waited and commented how rotten we felt. Monica commented again, how well I handle pain. She



didn't and took another one of those pain pills they had given her back at the Navaho Hospital. She was dozing for many miles.

19 miles of construction...GREAT. All Gravel. Had just gotten out of it when we heard a terrible noise under the hood, pretty scary actually. Pulled over as soon as I was able to. The noise was still present. Shut the CROPPER off and opened the hood. "Looks OK to me." Our Guide said. "Go on nothing is wrong with the CROPPER." We just got back in it and talked about how much faith it takes sometimes to follow what you hear. Monica got a very sad look on her face and said, "All of those beautiful mountains will crumble, including the one with the houses, that were built in them." What was that all about we wondered.

We both smelled Roast-Beef-Eggs-Coffee. Both of us. Except there was nothing there that could have generated that smell. We did not know what that meant either. We were so far out of the way and would not make Salt Lake, so we decided to stop for the night.

Trying to take a bath in a Motorhome all bandaged up was a real hassle and I think that was the first time we really got ticked off about the whole, lets throw Monica in a hole, episode, it had really taken away from the trip and the fact that no one had come to see about us at the hotel, was enough reason to tick anyone off. All the bills that had been incurred already, because of that.

We were unable to sleep so what was there to do. We saw the Cigar shaped Crafts again and got back to reality, that we were where we were suppose to be and who knows, maybe there was a reason for all of this. We bought a paper. Saw that CARL MARXY had died. Told Monica how I had come to know that great man. He had been the Civilrights lawyer for more than one president. He lived in Spokane and had white hair for as long as I could remember.

In 1977 I had one of the oddest experiences in my life. Don't remember all the detail, by choice I believe. To make it short. I had met a man. Even now after all these years, knowing what I do now, I was never exactly sure what I had encountered. Things started to go really crazy. I was very established in my job and in my home. After I met that man I would get on the freeway and find myself in places I was not familiar with. Just end up in places. His face would look at times like it was changing, like he'd turn into something else. I was frightened. To get ahead of the story a little, I now know what shapeshifters are like. Sometimes people can shapeshift and sometimes E.T's shapeshift, like in my abductions. However, this was different. This was evil.

I had a neighbor with a two dogs. I did not like those dogs, actually

one of them. Always gave me a creepy feeling. Told him once I thought the dog was a DEMON. Was surprised he did not get angry, that is not a nice thing to tell a person.

Later in the summer on one of those weekends that I had spent with the friends Joan and John, I found 3 brothers ranging from 38-45 years of sitting on my front porch when I arrived home. They were very disturbed about something that had happened. As they were sitting there some THING very large and dark, came around the corner and startled them. They all looked in that direction and as they did so, saw this large THING shrink and turn into the neighbors little dog. This was pretty upsetting to them, so they thought maybe they had shared the same nightmare, only they were fully awake. A few minutes later the neighbor lady that lived on the other side of me started screaming, her and her sister in law. The guys jumped up to see what had happened to the women and they related having seen something very large and dark coming at them and then turned into that same little dog. We assumed the dog to be a shapeshifter and left it at that. Did not trouble the ladies by speaking to them about it. Several month later, the owner of the dog came home heartbroken. His little dog was gone. He related that he had went for a walk with the dog and all of a sudden, the dog turned into a coyote. It stopped and looked at him and disappeared. As he was frantically looking for his dog, now realizing the dog was really missing, not having believed his eyes and what he had seen the Coyote came a second time, stood there and looked at him and disappeared again. It was at that time I told him what the people had seen earlier in the year. He thought I should have told him earlier, but tell him what???? Your dog is either a demon or a shapeshifter, that is a little too much to comprehend. To this day every one sticks with their stories. Independently and repeatedly. What does that have to do with the man I met? I am not sure, all I know looking back on it he was something. A shapeshifter, I believe.

He would always appear, where ever I go. Told me I was to become his wife. I went to seek help from the police and people that were familiar with VOODOO, had heard that people could do things like that.

No one wanted to listen thinking I was making it up. I had a little shepherd puppy. That day he had told me it was time for me to become his wife and time to move on to LOUISIANA. I refused.

That night the dog started bleeding. He ran around in circles, got blood all over the house, the furniture, the sliding door. We were unable to catch him, just kept bleeding. I called 911 and they came, wanting to know who got stabbed. No one I said and tried to explain the problem. The Phone rang. It

was the man, calling from a local bar on the other end of town, telling me what was happening at the house and that it was he, that had made the dog bleed. This is what will happen to your children if you refuse me any longer. The Officers got on the phone but he had hung up and the dog was still bleeding. No way one little dog could have that much blood I heard someone say. They caught him eventually and took him to the Vet. The dog had NOT ONE puncture mark, nothing. He did stop bleeding and was fine. The Veterinarian said he had never seen anything like it and could not explain it. It took us days to clean up the blood. I was scared so I ended up marrying the man, I figured I could get out of it some how later. He was changing all the time now. He packed me up 4 days before X-mas. I was scared for my children so I left them with a friend. Got away once and wanted him arrested for kidnap, but because he had married me they said that law did not apply. No one believed me.

After we got to Louisiana, me at gunpoint most of the way, his father reminded him he was already married to a woman in Michigan. My Mother being telepathic knew I was calling her in distress. After I did not answer the phone, she had someone trying to locate me. Now I do not really know when or how, but somehow she had called Immigration telling them I had been kidnapped or maybe joined a cult. She told me later, but I do not remember what she said. What I do remember was, that while I was there at that man's house some detectives did come and asked for me by name. I wanted to yell, but when I looked at the fireplace he, the man, was in it just floating it seemed like.

Years earlier I had met a woman from Memphis, she had been visiting a friend. Had taken her sight seeing. She told me than if I was ever to come to Memphis, no need to call, I could just drop in, she was in the phone book. Why would I go to Memphis, I thought at the time.

16 days after the men from immigration came, I never saw them, so I can only relate what my Mother said and am assuming they were from immigration, the man's Father snuck me a note. It said to get in his car and drive like hell. He would catch up with me. When I saw my chance I did that. His father got in my car and all I remember is several shots. Guess the man saw it was his father, not I he was shooting at. Eventually the father did catch up with me and exchanged cars with me and gave me \$100.00 for gas. Said for me to let him know where I was when I was safe. I started driving and ended up in Memphis and stayed with that Lady for 3 weeks. I did let his father know where I was and he sent me annulment papers. I left my car in Memphis and caught a bus to get my children. "This is the first EVIL story

you have ever told me,” Monica said.

“I know, I don’t like thinking about it, besides it was easier for me to think that it happened, because I thought I was crazy.”

“Were you drugged when you was with that man?”

“I don’t think so, because I am so sensitive to any kind of medicine, I would have known that. I do not know who that man was, or what for that matter.”

“OK, sorry I interrupted, just wanted to ask that,” she said.

I went back to Memphis and we lived there for a few month. The man’s Father came to visit us, he was actually very nice and after getting to know him a little better and several stories later we realized it had been his other son, that was the driver of the car that had caused the accident in 1976 that had broke my neck. His son was gone and we thought it would be OK to drive to Louisiana. The kids liked it real well, so I bought a house there. I went to a real estate agent and told him I wanted to live in the country, because my daughter wanted a horse.

“Is you married,” he asked?

I said “no.”

“Single womens don’t buy houses in Louisiana,” he said.

I reached in my pocket and laid \$10,000.00 on the table and said: “Is that so?”

“When would you like to move ma’am?”

“How about tomorrow,” I said.

So we moved in the country 20 miles from town. What the real estate agent forgot to mentioned was that the house had belonged to a KKK member. He had not seen the kids or he just wasn’t thinking. Had lots of problems in reference to that, too many to mention and see no purpose in that anyway.

One night I thought I had seen that terrible man and I panicked. Went to see a Woman to see what I could do, not being familiar with what I thought to be VODOO. Asked me if I had anything that belonged to him preferably hair. Looked all over the car, in all of the corners and did find hair all rolled up in a ball. She had told me to throw it in a stream, hair by hair. I did. The hair hit the water, turned into snakes and swam away.

I fell in love and married a local. We did OK for a while and than things became very abusive. The house in Washington State was rented, but the people had hardly ever paid rent so I went to Washington and shipped all my belongings including my antiques and Priceless paintings I had collected over the years, Paintings alone in excess of \$100,000.00 and put up the house for sale. Most all of my belongings got lost in shipment and we had to go to Little Rock Arkansas to finally pick them all up.

It was a very hash winter and I kept putting off going to town to insure

everything. Michelle had went to visit her father in Colorado. We were breeding dogs, Pitbulls and Dobermans. Some of them turned out to be BULLDOBERS. Had sent David to town to get a haircut. He had not gotten to it, so I told him to stay at my mother in laws till the next day.

When I came home from work that night, in snow and sleet, I saw the red sky over the hill, thought the oil wells are burning again. It was my house, by the time we had gotten help and some one called the fire department, it was too late. Even the trees had burned. So had the six puppies that were in the house at the time. My children were safe and I was numb.

Some one had thrown what they called ... a explosive device ... in the house. No insurance, only on the house itself. Everything was gone.

“So did you move back to Washington,” Monica asked.

“Eventually, but I tried to stick it out for a long time.”

Month later I was down town and heard a fire truck. Next thing I know I was sitting at a table in a restaurant with a strange Lady.

She said she had found me, just wandering in the middle of the street. Was I OK? I guess so, the fire truck must have triggered memories of that night and it must have caught up with me.

My husband behaved worse than he had before, lots of violence. I called the Insurance to see if I was allowed to leave they said yes. So I went back to Washington. The house had been sold and most of the money had went into back payments, we had nothing. Almost two years later we still had not gotten paid by the insurance company. I met Carl Marx at the function from the NAACP. He offered to help me and did and never charged me a dime. I am so sorry that he died the way he did, he was a wonderful person.

I did get a divorce and it was after that my Ex husband fathered the child that Michelle eventually raised. “Oh MY, Oh MY,” Monica said.

“Ready to go to sleep?”

“Are you kidding, what happened then?”

I was so heartbroken about all the paintings that had burned I set out to buy new ones. Except I was not able to afford them. So I thought what the HECK and started painting. Abstracts. Looked like Van Gough and Picasso all mixed together. My paintings by CANYA are all over the world. Canada, Saudi Arabia, Germany and the US. Painted things ahead of time, as in the eruption of MT ST. HELENS, boat disasters, you name it.

The color combination changed prior to earthquakes. Then I started to paint CAVES. After I had the stroke and was unable to paint, because I could no longer do anything so detailed, created terrible pains in my right arm.

In 1992 all of a sudden I had that urge to paint again. My arm no longer hurt

and I painted an ET. I would play chants and just paint like I had never painted before. What use to take 7 hours, now took 2. Don't know what I painted, all ...patchwork... I called it. All African motif. Some one said it looked like CUBISM, like Picasso and Mateese had painted. Went to the library and checked out books on both artists. Some of their paintings looked like mine, all right. Read how they had adopted that style after getting interested in masks. About the ones entitled WOMEN of ALGIERS. How odd I thought. Such similarities, like mine were channeled. I was OK with that, having accepted my gift from Universe and promised to do my work. The last painting I did was JUNE 1st 1996. Had gotten too busy to paint, never felt the urge to paint anymore.

"So when are you going to start up again," Monica asked.

"I am not, no need for it."

In January 1997 I met a young Lady named Theresa Thomas. She came for a reading. She admired my paintings and commented how familiar they looked. "I have to show you mine some day," she said. She is a Hairdresser. Prior to me starting out on this trip she came over one night, said: "I am going to do your hair." She had brought pictures of her paintings. WOW, same subjects, same style, same colors. Told me how one day she had broken her foot and was unable to work. Said while recuperating she just started to paint, even though she never thought she knew how. Said she played this music and started painting. I put on a tape of the music I use to play when I painted. "That's it, the painting music," she said. "When did you start painting," I inquired. "Lets see, June 15th 1996," she said. We knew than that she had picked up where I had left off. I am doing other things now, so Theresa is painting in my place.

And I would not be surprised that one day, when her mission changes, some one else will take her place.

"OH MY," Monica said. I love Theresa, she is a good friend.

If I ever write a book and go on a book signing tour, she will have to be my personal hairdresser, she is an artist in that field as well.

"What a story," Monica said. Oh well, time to talk about body functions.

That was another night in which we did a lot of work, either that or we had gotten beaten up again, or at least it felt like it. We were not letting our injuries get the best of us. Time to move on.....

The brakes again seem to have become an issue, either something was not quite right or it was in my head. We had gotten them fixed when leaving the Navaho Reservation. The hills seemed to be getting bigger, almost in Salt

Lake. There was the road from PROVO re-entering I-15 , the one I wanted to be on. Had went out of my way a whole day, PLUS. Wonder why. Lots of traffic now for many miles. SALT LAKE.

“Pull off here,” Monica said. Factory Outlet. Hope that does not take me in main traffic I am thinking, almost reliving the nightmare of the last time I was here in the middle of the SONIC Game. Monica went shopping for 2 hours. I took the time to vacuum and relax and get mentally ready for the drive. She stayed gone two hours and when she approached the CROPPER, I noticed she had not one bag, she had not bought anything. Maybe the space did us good, being separated for a little while.

In her GENIUS she talked me thru Salt Lake on backroads and I could not tell if there was traffic on the freeway or not. Sure there was though, because it was rush-hour. When we did re-enter the interstate it was very smooth. Those mountain roads had been so tiresome, now it was a little flatter.

We stopped in Brigham City to contact a man named Richard. He had spotted Crop Circles in Logan, Utah and Brigham City . From what we heard he had planned on renting a plane and taking aerial shots. I only had ground shots of the ones in Madison County, so that would have been great. We were unable to reach him and after waiting several hours we decided to keep driving. Really wanted to get out of UTAH having by now driven thru that state every which way a person possibly could. Was sad that Monica did not get to see a single Crop Circle, that would have been the icing on the cake for her.

BOISE, Idaho. It is so windy can barely keep the CROPPER on the road. The sun has added a glare. I cannot see anything. There are too many lanes and I cannot get over. If that is not enough, a little rain added to the blinding sunshine and I am very upset, I cannot see anything. “You are doing just fine,” Monica said. I disagreed, I was blind, could not see anything, but kept right on driving. There was a problem with the brakes, the light now came on. We pulled off at a little town and was told there was no 24 hour service available. So we stayed the night in some very windy place. A service station, not even a restaurant. A couple of trucks were parked, cattle trucks and they stank.

Saw a man sitting on the side of the road. How sad I thought to be homeless in the middle of nowhere. Made me think about the man I had seen at the beginning of the trip about 150 miles west of here. The man that had been talking to the angels. I looked again. It was him, the same man.

We reflected on life in general. How we come here to do something

and sometimes it takes so long to realize that. How sometimes we have to take a lesson more than once or even twice. How we are a little speck of the Universe and how everything we do affects someone or something else in the big picture. How the Universe is connected. How we were all equally important and only if we dismiss ego, can we take our rightful place in the manner in which it was intended. How we need good and evil both to draw a balance. How we live in a very exciting time, being able to witness what we pray for. "Let your will be done in heaven as it is on earth." Granted, many don't understand what that means, and with so much negativity in the world, the things we are being fed by some Supermarket papers. The end of the world... DOOMSDAY... It is surprising that anyone tries to do anything good and decent. Why pay bills, why get a job why anything..... These are just signs of the times.

Being told something is one thing.

Comprehending it is another.

Acting on it is a third.

So it does take some of us longer to understand. The ways in which the government handles things, that too is a reflection on the times and necessary for everything else to fall into place. How exciting to get up each morning wondering what the day will bring. The physical blessings, the spiritual blessings and our visitors from other worlds. Nowhere in history is there written, people got to see all of those things at the same time. Mother EARTH is letting out a sigh.... A rest before the final turmoil and the new beginnings. How exciting to live at this time and be a part of this. We were in agreement on that, Monica said: "But why do people fall in holes".... We both took a pain pill and slept the whole night.

Next morning we drove across the freeway bridge and there was a LES SCHWAB. The master cylinder in the brakes had finally gave out and it had not been my imagination. Would I have made the shortcut to PROVO? "I don't think so Lady, the mechanic said, a little hard to come across there with brakes like that." Monica was a helper. Without her I would not have been able to make these repairs. Universe had been kind and made sure we had the means to do that. After all, like David had said, it is a 20 year old RV that I knew nothing about.

On our way again. Like the last time, the energy in IDAHO got the best of me and it was bothering Monica too.

I-84, mile marker 218.

Minikoda County, Exit 216.

Look at that!!! Crop Circles.....



RUPERT, Idaho. I was back at the same place Meme and I had waited 20 hours for her phone call. In the same field that I had photographed out of boredom were now CROP CIRCLES. So I photographed the field again. Before and after. Monica did get to see them. We were unable to enter the formation because they were surrounded by an electric fence, that was just fine, we enjoyed them from a distance.

“Nice to see you again,” the restaurant staff said. Asked about a CONOCO, they said there was one at the CO-OP. We did not like that little town, but did find the CO-OP. Monica was excited about the feed store, said it reminded her of her childhood. We really wanted to leave, but she got so engrossed in all the things there. When we came out of the store, which was not a Conoco at all, a man was waiting by the CROPPER. Told us about a 76 year old abductee that had, with the help of ET’s, translated some writings, under a certain tree for the Mormon church. He tried to get ahold of him so we could talk to him, but that was not to be. Said we could spend the night and wait, but we declined, time to get out of Idaho. The man was the only reason that we ended up at the CO-OP, we did not buy a thing. Just needed to be there at that time so he could find us.

Monica dozed for hours, all the way thru the mountains and did not get better until Pendleton, Oregon. Like she had been filled with lead she said. It was a long hard drive, so much wind. Wanted to take her to Starvation Creek, only it was impossible to park there going west. We settled on Hoods River, 10 miles east of Starvation Creek. Stopped at a phone, she called Rusty telling him we were almost home and his hamburger eating days were almost over. I called home too. Vanya said: “Is it almost my birthday, Omi?” “Almost,” I said. “Is Baby going to wait for me?” Michelle said: “looks like it.”

We parked at the Welcome Center for the night. A reggae band, how appropriate... Like this was the welcome wagon and they had been waiting for us. Forgot the name of the festival, but that was OK. Felt like the celebration was in our honor. Was a beautiful night and the moon was so big and full. Had we been everywhere, had we talked to everybody, was there more? “Time for your book,” Monica said. “What would I file it under, Novel, Fact, Drama, Science fiction, Fairytales?” “File it under.... My Universe”.... she said. “I don’t know how to spell that,” I said. “Now with that I agree,” she said. We laughed and cooked a big dinner, our last on the road. We slept good next to the Columbia River.

Next morning we woke up to an unfamiliar sound. We looked out of the window and there was QUEEN MARY, the riverboat trying to dock. People just waving, almost as to welcome us or bid us farewell or even both.

We decided to cross a little toll bridge and drive on the Washington side. Got us around all the traffic in Portland. It was a beautiful drive. The tunnels in the mountains got shorter and shorter in height. Got in the middle of the road and held my breath when we drove thru the one that said Maximum Height 12.9. Made it.

I-5 was very scary, Washingtonians have their own way of driving. Had been so considerate for 8000 miles. That's it. I drove the last 100 miles neither looking left or right, just straight. Stopped in Chehalis at a bookstore owned by friends to tell them we had made it home safe.

Next stop, Michelle's house. Kissed all the babies in order of their birth. Tamara, Destiny, Ebony, Malcolm, Vanya, and Maeson. "Had a dream, Michelle said. The Babies name is Sirius, with an S." S-i-r-i-u-s. David came to greet us as we drove up, was good to see my son.

We slept in the CROPPER, feeling awkward in the house. "I am going home tomorrow," Monica said. We remembered when the HOPI had asked out of the blue: "What have you learned?" What an odd question. Can't recall what Monica had answered. I had learned Patience, Faith, Trust, Understanding, the importance of the Love I received from my Family, from Mankind, my CREATOR and Surrender.

Monica reminded me how I had told Thomas how I was doing everything backwards. How he had shown me the Indian Symbols used by the Navaho and the Apache, showing me how they all went clockwise. He then showed me a second, Hopi Symbols pointing out to me how they were going counter clockwise. "You are not going backwards," he said. "You are going HOPI."

You did everything one person at a time...Now go and address the masses.

"Like how?" I asked. She answered Like this:

"Looking back at the summer of 1997...CHOICES

Like Ripley's Believe it or not or Lily Tomlin's and that's the truuuuuuth.

Which both apply."

Love and light.....

## Epilogue

Sirius was born and yes, he is of the Bear Clan and has green eyes.

It was necessary for me to re-string the Cradleboard the Navahos had given him. Found out later that it is the grandmothers job to do so.

I was not able to function in my home for days, so I remained in the Cropper at night. I cleaned my house inch by inch almost like I needed to start all over and learn where everything was. I was still unable to ground myself.

I had the urge to drive to Chehalis. While at the bookstore I met a writer, Charles Wright. I opened his book to page 88 and it talked about the HOPI. How odd I thought, we started to talk. What I said to him and what he heard were two totally different things. That however resulted in his publisher calling me. "I am not an Author" I responded.

I spent the weekend with my friends at the retreat. That night I was sitting in the Cropper and the HOPI came to me. "How are you PINI, he said. How about you putting a sunflower on your table."

"I don't have a sunflower," I answered. "Put a sunflower on the table," he repeated. He was gone..... Had he come to me or had I been there...

I remembered a tablecloth that my mother had given me years ago, it came from the villa I had been born in. It was sunflowers. As I put the tablecloth on the table I looked at the map on the table, the map being the tabletop. It was a map from 1977. The highways I was unable to travel on were not shown, they had not been built at that time. Tuba City was the end of the line. And so it continued. I had made that whole trip according to a 20 year old map without knowing it.

My friends Joan and John had in my absence committed me to go to MT. VERNON Washington to give a lecture at the Alternative Arts Building at the Fairgrounds. I wanted to spend time with the friends having been gone for 4 months. I prepared my speech. However, when I saw all the people that had come to listen to me I put away my notes and started off: "I am currently writing a book. "The MORAL OF THE STORY IS: one person at the time." I just started talking and was well received.

I met two people there, independently. As I was ready to pack up to leave these very same two people came to see me, together. It turned out they were a couple. "We have something that belongs to you" they said. They handed me a very large piece of meteorite. "Thank you" I said, later adding that even though I had been so casual about my thanks I was deeply grateful. I explained that all the things that was either connected to me or rightfully mine would always come to me in the oddest places.

They told the story how they had come about it and that one of the other pieces had been donated to the Smithsonian. How they had met the man that had found it over 50 years ago and at the time of his death knew they needed to purchase it. How a friend had loaned them \$1000.00. When they got to the auction a very wealthy man outbid them for a while. He stopped bidding at \$800.00. They had bought the meteorite for \$900.00. Later they ask the man why he had stopped bidding even though he had much more money than they did. He said he had heard a voice telling him to stop.

I spent 2 days with these wonderful people and again discovered a connection. I had been looking for a missing bird last year. I thought it was one place, but because of the energy frequency I had been confused and placed the bird at the wrong location. It was them that had found the bird and we had many mutual acquaintances.

I met a man named Gentle Thunder there. I told him I had a gift for him. He was the same man Meme had told me about. He liked his gift.

I put the meteorite in my bed and slept with my feet on it and was finally able to ground myself and live in my house. I rested my feet on it as I was writing.

Each person I wrote about got in touch with me within a few days even though some of them I had no contact with for years.

Jim Clarkson got his T-SHIRT, it did fit. Turned out he had seen that picture somewhere before and liked it so well he had downloaded it on his computer for future references. "Remember I got it for you first," I jokingly said to him.

Some things I had chosen not to mention but had to because of Circumstances surrounding the time frame. I got a postcard from Germany, not postmarked, with some places I had chosen not to discuss.

I got two paintings as a gift that describe the visions I did not want to share. The way in which these things arrived showed me that I did have to share those experiences, so I did.

I had taken a picture of TUPAC SHAKUR with me, remembering what his father said about him: "His Humor and Love was infetiously unique, as well as the force of his rebellion. We will truly miss him." Thought I would honor this spiritual BEEING that served his appointed purpose right along with the times we live in.

Got E-mail from people in Greenville telling me they saw me, if I was not too far away, please come back and visit since they had missed me. I was not in Greenville, but writing about it at the time.

I found someone that was willing to publish my book exactly as I had

written and intended it.

The man that created the bookcover has never met me nor spoken to me. The year prior he had made my logo. Had requested PIPE DREAMS in a spiritual way. He did a wonderful job. When I asked Mr.GALIVAN to do the bookcover he asked what would I like it be showing. Told him to go to his Guides they would show him. The picture is a 99.9% likening of me. We were speechless when we first saw it. It was almost unreal.

The friends supported me financially and otherwise.

If ever there was a doubt in my mind as to, was I doing the right thing, was this the right time... The signs were too overwhelming and numerous to miss. I have truly been blessed to be able to pass on a little of the knowledge my GREAT CREATOR has given me and I hope that thru that someone's heart will be touched.

I have been allowed to humbly pass on to you a little LOVE and LIGHT.

Lilian

UPDATE - March 6 2004.

From out of nowhere the sun appeared and shined down on us weary Washingtonians. A whopping 70°. A good day to see what winter left behind in the cracks of the weather beaten portable house. NAZONI that is. The RV that has replaced CROPPER.

A quick check of e-mail and I will get right to it!

PRG notifies me that the PARADIGM CLOCK has been reset to 11:58:45 pm (1 minute and 15 seconds from midnight). I wonder what that means. I will look at it later. Right now all I want to do is clean the RV.

Everything held up pretty good at first glimpse. Cat food from MS ET the cat is still in the dish and the Starbucks Coffee Bottle is still in tact! Even an old pack of American Spirits cigarettes are still lying on the table.

To bad the generator failed and is too old for spare parts, that is what happens when time gets away and one wonders what happened to it.

Even the dust is old, maybe I should spare it a little longer and just have this Starbucks and smoke the American Spirit. PARADIGM CLOCK. What is time in general? If I was in a movie this would be the scene when things pop up in my head, sort of blend it all together and get a great picture of the inside of my head. A few clouds, a meadow and all my friends and loved ones in a distance in bright colored spring clothes. It reminds me of Easter, well, it is almost Easter... Oh MY, they are coming this way!

At least today there is something or someone in my head, unlike a few days ago when I had ran a muck. Nothing in my head even though I was on a dead line. I took my Navaho flute and drove to the MIMA Mounds. It occurred to me only recently why I was so drawn to the MIMA Mounds. The area is a natural phenomenon that you cannot find anywhere else on the planet. A one of a kind mounded prairie that reaches for miles. Some say it was put there by Paul Bunyan, others say they were created by giant gophers. Either way the verdict is out as to what they are. Time stops when you go there and inter-dimensional creatures have appeared on film at least on one occasion.

Gypsy spent the last two years of her life residing on MIMA MOUNDS, how well I remember dancing on them to get a feeling of freedom I was never able to achieve anywhere else. Then in 2001 I ended up living in the mounds area myself. No matter how I tried to live somewhere else, Universe put me there to hold the energy.

The actual mounds are only about 13 miles from the house and when the thought hits me I can only follow that call and go there. I located a place for me to stand and I can feel the earth plates move and tremble under my feet,

like there is a direct vein from the Pacific Ocean to the MT. Rainer. The Ranger told me that was factual just recently. I need to mention that like clockwork, two days after I stand on that spot an earthquake will happen somewhere on the planet. Needless to say the friends would rather I don't go there at all.

So now I am sitting on my favorite mount playing my flute. Why am I not able to think? I think of the time Kanashibushan went with me and sat on the very same mound. She said time stood still. I try to get her attention to show her the three hawks in flight over her head, except she doesn't see them. It is only after I climb up the mound and stand behind her I realize we are in a different time and space. I cannot see them either.

A model airplane is soaring in the distance, funny, every time I come it is here. Almost like it is frozen in time, making all this Racket!

The trail is still moist from the winter showers. Well maintained even though each one of the mounds displays different vegetation. I think that is one of the outstanding features.

It has been a long year. An eventful year. No wonder I am running on empty. What am I talking about, one year, it has been a mad house since my book came out.

Not every generation experiences the transition from one millennium to the next. We did. Despite the predictions in the tabloids and the hype about Y2K, it was a smooth one. Of course everyone had almost instantaneous amnesia when all was well, or so it seemed.

The elections of 2000 shook the very core of the country, at least for people that were aware of our potential future.

The book 1984 seemed to have been a metaphor rather than the actual time. It would be interesting to know if the Author was aware of it or it just happened that way. In my mind I thought 2000 was the beginning of 1984. I know from experience that often times I believe something to be one way, for some time I might add, only to find that it was something totally different. I am always in awe or excitement if you will upon realization, to the point that it gives me the lift or "high" I need sometimes.

The year 2002 was one of the years that turned out to be rather hectic, if you will.

I remember watching a program on TV one night in which the reporter interviewed Police Chief Charles Moose and asked him who he was and how he arrived at the path that he had. The answer the Chief gave is what I remember. He said that his legacy should not be the fact that circumstances



had thrown him into the spotlight, rather it should be the fact that he was still an ongoing living being that was part of the universe and still trying to find his place in the larger picture of things.

Somehow that answer did not please the reporter and so he went on to talk about something else.

On the other hand I was pleased with that response and thought Chief Moose should be included in this part of the story, even though I did not quote him directly and only gave you the jist of things.

To give a little background: 2 men, Mohammad and his young friend Malvo, had become the infinite SNIPER Pair of the East Coast, killing 10 people. Oddly enough, they both originated in the Tacoma/Olympia area. An investigative web was spun and they were finally arrested. Chief Moose use to give daily reports to the media and with that became a household name. Malvo got life and Mohammad was given the death penalty.

I, in turn was fascinated, that might not even be the word I am looking for, that Moose had such an impact on me with his answer to the reporter. Also I wondered how he fitted into MY bigger picture.

Another experience that will stay with me is meeting the Byrd family. James Byrd was the friend that was killed in a lynching. His body ripped to pieces by being drug behind a pickup truck by three men. To talk to his mother and sister was a hard thing for me. Many details of the hate crime were downplayed by the media and hard to imagine. We talked about what must have gone thru his mind, his very soul, as every limb was torn from his body. It was said that he was conscious till almost the end. Did he know what a difference his death and the way it came about made? Such a large impact on the bigger picture? Some of us thanked his spirit for being so courageous and seeing this assignment thru.

Dennis Rodman showed us what a compassionate person he really is regardless how controversial some people would like to portray him. Dennis stepped up to the plate and picked up the tab for all the bills. An interview was scheduled for my show, except Dennis got side tracked and drove right by my house on his way to LA to sign with the Lakers. I know nothing about Basketball, but always watched Dennis with his free spirit. Always thinking about the Sunday my crew took off work to film the story and Dennis was a NO-SHOW.

Laws were changed because of that terrible day in Jasper, TX. And again in Casper, Wyoming when the young gay boy was killed in a hate crime.

Oh my.... The mounds close at dusk; I had better get going before they

close the gate.

Major time warp here Lilian! I have only recently come to terms with the fact that I have been a "Time-Jumper" all of my life. Don't know why that would surprise me at all considering WHO my father was. In my mind I really was at the MIMA MOUNDS when in reality I am still sipping on my Starbucks. I may not get too much done in terms of cleaning. That is ok, guess I just sit here for a bit. There is always something going on inside of the house. No time to think. All work and the phone rings constantly. Hiding is good, hiding is good.

So much for hiding..... Here come the kids!

"Hi Omi, what are you doing?"

"Just thinking."

"Can I have a juice? Guava? Can we all have a juice?"

All that in one sentence without taking a breath. I nod yes, what else can I do? Baby Sirius is 7 years old now and already has a lot of insight. He is a sensitive child and very smart. I actually think he knows who he is on some level.

Meason is almost 9. He can run like the wind, especially if he is trying to get away. He is actually a deep child if you can only keep him in place long enough to see that part of him.

Vanya is 11. She still looks like a porcelain doll and has the longest legs I have ever seen in a girl. She must have had a past life in Jamaica, if given a choice she would wear her hair in dreads at all times. She sees auras and tells everyone I am an ALIEN. When she was very young she asked me about that. I told her I was and proved it by showing her my alien registration card from INS, fingerprints and all.

I guess the 3 little ones can squeeze onto the bench that is surrounding the table that also turns into a bed when I am on the road.

"Get over Vanya".

Malcolm sits on the swivel chair by the door. He is 13 already and has been working with me since he was 8. Quiet a filmmaker and always full of brilliant ideas for new shows. He plays sports and is always willing to help me with something.

Ebony climbs on to the bunk that serves as a bed. It has sheets with stars that glow in the dark. She is 15. She has helped me in the studio for 5 years. She loves to cook and plans on creating a cooking show for herself. Especially now that Martha Steward has been convicted on federal charges and her Show has been taken off the air. In an interview I had put Ebony in

charge of the world for 1 minute and asked what she was going to do. She was going to put chocolate factories in every state in the Union.

Destiny remains in the van. She is sipping something in a cup and gives me that famous smile of hers. The multi purpose smile, she can sidetrack my thought with it every time. She is 17 and striking in her unique beauty. Don't know her all that well. She use to help me also and had this canny talent to capture the most unusual shots with any camera she was handed. She still talks like a New Yorker and is very swift in her thinking.

Tamara is cleaning the front seat of her car, gesturing Destiny to move. Good luck! Tamara is almost 20. She has worked a few years already. I guess that is why they are all riding in her car.

Along with the most beautiful Egyptian eyes she has a great voice and is on her way to be a famous recording artist. TAMARA WELLS in lights!.....

Guess she is a chip of the old block and knows what she wants! I knew that way back when we sat in the concert in Seattle with Hugh Masakela and Miriam Makeba. Still see Tamara swerving with the music in a trance.

"Come on, let's go!!!! I have to go to work! Come on Vanya! See you on Sunday Omi!"

That was a short visit..... Good! Time for an American Spirit. Guess I will try hiding again, for all the good it does.

My friend Anne from Texas gave me a silk pineapple last year. She said it represented "Welcome to my Home" in Hawaii, there it is sitting on the microwave. English is still confusing for me. On the one hand I want to hide from everyone and on the other hand I am displaying a big pineapple to welcome the world into my hideaway.....

They make Jell-O with oranges, strawberries and papaya that need no refrigeration. I find that amazing. Let me get a spoon and treat myself with one of those delicious treats. Might as well eat while I think about what else I should be doing. I am in the studio tomorrow and will need my wits about me. Hope they fixed the equipment, last week the heads of the old recorder were dragging and it looked like it was eating up the footage of my Croma Key. How did I even get this far?

I had opened my wicker trunk. The one that use to sit by the kitchen window in my old house. We had rescued it after the Nisqually Quake in 2001. It was now sitting next to the wood stove. For better than two years I never even gave it as much as a thought. In it I found a flyer from a talk I had given at the A.T.O.M. Center in Anchorage long before I ever wrote the book. "How to be Human in a world that is shifting" Just as I wondered what I could

have been talking about I saw the notes from it. They were written on IBM cards with a rubber band around it. Next to it was the flyer from Sacred Path Medicine Lodge, the Lodge that Gypsy had envisioned. At least that is how it started. The Lodge that is. In any event I will get back to that later (maybe). Barbara McGuire was my fellow council member and also the same friend that had attempted to come and take care of Gypsy. I was in amazement to have found those old memories in that trunk.

It had been a long time since I heard from Barb. She was a regular guest on my show, mainly because she was so knowledgeable. With an hours notice she could appear on my stage and we could have great discussions about whatever subject we had pulled out of our hat just a few minutes earlier.

After putting everything back into the trunk I checked my e-mail. I had been getting a lot of Spam and porno right along with the rest of the world. So like the rest of the world I delete it. I was about to delete something.....girly..... and that voice in my head said: "don't do that!" I opened the letter and it was from Barb. I was excited to say the least. The letter stated she was feeling better and had her phone number. I could tell she no longer lived in Olympia. I was s so glad to hear from my friend so I called right away.

I heard the excitement in her voice when she heard me on the other end of the line. We chatted about small stuff momentarily and then got right into the present. I mentioned that I had been invited to come to the TRI-LAKES UFO CONFERENCE in Kimberling City, MO. in just a few days. Barb asked what I was doing there so I related to her how I had gotten involved in all of that.

In 2003 I attended the UFO Congress in Laughlin, Nev. For 8 great days I conducted interviews with some of the best known leaders in the field. Wendelle Stevens the UFO researcher and keeper of 4500 actual UFO photos. Dr. Nick Begich from the HAARP project. Valery Uverov, head of the Russian NSA Ufo Research Dept. Akthan Hakegan, director of the UFO Museum in Turkey. James Gilliland, the friend with the orbs and retreat at the foot of Mt.Adams. Jim Marrs, one of the greatest conspiracy writer of our times. Dr. Stephen Grier and Steven Bassett from the Disclosure Project. Susan Bernard, a psychic that had accurately predicted several major earthquakes in her time. Loren Coleman, a cryptozoologist, Dr. Robert Mack the best known UFO/Abduction psychiatrist, Bud Hopkins, the "sensationalist." John Anthony West from the Pyramid Project. Mark Hazelwood from the planet X team, Dr. James McCanney the planetary scientist, Michael Heseman from Germany and Jamie Masou the investigator from Mexico, just to name a few.

It was around that time I had dyed my hair blue and was known as the Lady with the blue hair from that time on. Kind of made it impossible to become my old self, namely black haired. So BLUE it is.

Right in the midst of this a man named Bob White came to see me. He was at a separate event at Harrah's Hotel. Turned out he is in possession of an unidentified object that he had obtained during a UFO encounter in the mid 80's. He asked me to come to their function and meet Dr. Robert Gibbons and Dr. Gilbert Jordan. Dr. Gibbons had made the spook light of Joplin, Mo famous and Dr. Jordan was a Nobel Prize Nominee in Physics. Dr. Jordan was there to verify to the press that Bob's object was very similar to the one he had handled during his time working on various secret projects, including the "non-existing" Area 51.

I spend some time with them. When I arrived home it became apparent that my film of the interview was totally blank. That had happened once before with another person, Tom Stahl, which later turned out to be one of the most important pieces in my puzzle. It was for that reason that I called the Museum of the Unexplained in Reed Springs MO to see if I would be able to re-film the interview with Bob White. It is there where the object is kept.

A few days after that I got a call from Dr. Jordan asking me about some things I had written about in my book. It appeared that he had recognized many facts and true stories that I in turn had mentioned about things I remembered and thought they were either visions or thoughts. He also told me that his son had been missing for 21 years and asked for my assistance as a profiler in the case. I agreed to drive to Missouri to retake the interview and help with what I knew to be a murder case. With that began a wonderful friendship.

Barb is chuckling.

"What's the matter Barb?"

"I forgot how you tell stories, I am sure you will get to TRI-LAKES any time now!"

"You know Dr. Jordan does the same thing. Like myself he will loop it back together. Patience my friend."

"I got all day."

Anyway..... There is a conference I want to go to. The speakers are: Dr. Golka, he duplicated a ball of lightening from Tesler energy. Ted Phillips and his retrieval cases. Peter Davenport from the UFO Reporting Center is Seattle. Derrill Sims the Alien Hunter and his tray of implants. John Greenwald the young man that has the BLACK VAULT and keeps over 110000 government documents and lists them at [www.blackvault.com](http://www.blackvault.com). He is

getting old, 22 already. He is a veteran since he started his work at 15. Bob White and his object. Dr. Gibbons and MY first time ever footage from the Spook Lights (7 instead of 1. We had filmed that earlier in the year) Stanton Freedman, the Researcher/Investigator, that by now is a household name.

Dr. Jordan and a great lecture about all of his projects.

"What a selection of speakers, lots of Astro Physics and scientists. When are you going?"

Before I could answer we were disconnected. Lots of phone trouble due to solar flares, planetary alignments and an upcoming eclipse. Oh well.....

Monica called to tell me that all arrangements had been made for her, ElectraAhn, a fellow Lightworker, Mickey our friend from POKI. Kanashibushan was going to fly to Little Rock ARK. As soon as I had all my details for me to call her and she would pick me up at the airport in Springfield, MO. I am excited; that will be the first time all of us close friends will go to the same place at the same time!

The moon is high in the sky, looks like I have been in the RV a long time. Considering it is my home away from home it is easy to loose track of time. Even though I am parked in the driveway, all hooked up resting for the winter.

The phone rings again. It is Barb. She tells me she is going to TRI-LAKES with me. Not only that, she got on the same plane! Now I am really excited, Barb never gets to go anywhere, she always takes care of someone in some capacity.

"I was trying to figure out how to get the Spook Light tapes there. Postage has gone thru the roof. Now we can hand carry them."

"Sure, I'll come and get them tomorrow. How many are there?"

"About 50."

"OK, I will come see you tomorrow."

Spook Lights of Joplin, MO is the show that would later be nominated at the International Film festival. Loosing to Brian Gumble the famous sportscaster was not painful at all. He had lots of \$ to work with, my budget was so meager I won't bother mentioning it.

Time for real food, had better go to the house, besides I have not fed Ms. ET the cat, if in fact it is a cat? Michelle had given her to me for a travel companion the year I went on book tour. She, ET, is an exotic tabby and my constant companion ever since.

Nighttime is only the flipside of the day, according to my friend Zoli. In fact that was the title cut on her CD: Never too old to heal. Tamara is in the process to re-release that song. I guess that flipside is really true in my case. As soon as it gets dark I come to life. One year I decided to conduct an "unofficial" survey and found that a lot of your night and day depends on what time you are born. As soon as you pop out of your mother's womb, that is when day starts for you. Needless to say, I was born 9 hours ahead of US time and that puts me right about darkness.

Had just rolled out of bed when Barb came, it was great to see my friend.

"Ghee Lilian, maybe you would like to tell a person when you move! I went to your house, a new trailer and the woman there said you don't live there. Luckily David was home and told me how to find you. He said tell you hi and he is fine."

" I thought you knew I had moved after my house fell in the hole."

"No, I don't know anything. I am sure you will tell me about it though."

I offer her coffee and we hide her little dog. ET is loving and sweet with two-leggers, little dogs are four-leggers and that is the end of that!

Barb takes a tour of my dwelling and recognizes the few things we did manage to save. She hands me a gift, my, it is heavy! Mahogany busts of Massai warrior. They are beautiful. ET has positioned herself on Barbs lap.

I tell her I had just been notified that I was a speaker at the conference. They assign me 2 hours enough time for Barb to assist me.

It occurs to us that many people don't know how the TV Show came about so it, funny, never thought of that. People have a general Idea who I am, I have been on the lecture Circuit for several years.

After the book was published I went on several book tours. Basically the same stops I had made over the years, only now I had a book and I was very sought after. Someone had mentioned it on the Art Bell Show and the truckers would pull me over to buy it. Pretty much anyone on any highway in the country around that time knew the CROPPER. I was asked to do Talk Shows and I did. What bothered me was that after asking me something, the host would cut in, change the content of what I said or it was time for a commercial. I know the world was not quiet ready for a person of high strangeness. Oprah had a copy of the book and was just about to change her format. The movie BELOVED had just been relize and somehow the time was just not right for the metaphysical on the large scale, it was still a person at a time. I thought it was great that I had been considered for Oprah.

A talk show host from Olympia by the name of Elaina Smitha had requested

a copy of the book before it came out. We ran into each other at a talk Randolph Winters gave. Eventually I did send her a copy. She e-mailed a long letter telling me that she was a teacher, she was a responsible person and therefore saw absolutely nothing in the book that would be of any value to anyone. Later when she realized in what circles I traveled and I offered to share my interviews with her she declined. To this day it would appear that we are competitors, even though all my shows are labeled "Right to Copy."

Another woman, Nancy Seals had a show on the local station. I think she is an astrologer/psychic format. I had pretty much decided not to appear there. However, one Saturday morning a woman came to my house. It was Nancy. She told how she had been on the road and her car caught on fire. Someone had loaned her my book and besides the book and her purse she did not save too much else. She said while waiting for a replacement car she read the book and asked me to be a guest on her program.

"What a way to get on a shoe." Barb utters one of her famous chuckles

"That is what I thought too. If Universe went thru all of that to get me on the show, who am I to argue?"

I thought it did not turn out well, I had some major ethical issues with the show. It was a live show, nothing one can change after the fact. On my way out I said.....under my breath.....I am never.....going to do that again! A staff member heard and asked me to repeat what I had just said. I did.

"If you don't like it, why not do it yourself?"

I looked at him and decided he was right. I was on the air 3 weeks later. With that begun my journey as an independent producer at TCTV. A Visit with a person of HIGH STRANGENESS was born. I wanted to prove that a host can respectfully, non-judgmental and courteous accommodate a guest. Unscripted and unedited. Needless to say after 464 episodes I am still accommodating guests. Some nicknamed me the Barbara Walters of the paranormal.

" Let them know that you cover all subjects, not only paranormal. AND..... How we think everyone is equal regardless of title and status. That is why you don't give titles. After that we can give them some hints what it means to be psychic and what our function is in general."

"Great! Thanks Barb. We can make up the rest as we go along. Now lets have some fun and fix something to eat!"

One of the neighbors knocks on the door. We invite him in and join us for dinner.

I am cooking away and Barb wants to hear what happened during the earthquake. OH NOT AGAIN! So often have I told that story. Had I not



been famous already, that would have been the thing to put me in that category.

"There is a printed copy of the articles that appeared in the Star Beacon. Take it home and enjoy the story."

The neighbor wonders why she would enjoy the story. Turns out he has not heard it either.

" Take a copy home with you too, I have plenty."

" I have cataracts and unable to read it."

" How long is it? I will read it to you while Lilian cooks."

How long is it? About the time of the Sauerkraut and Pork chops I am about to prepare. Coffee anyone? This will take a while and with that Barb gets her glasses out of her purse and reads the whole earth -quake -story to us. The Pork chops are starting to smell good. Canary, 6.8  
(Canaries are birds that in the olden days were use to monitor the toxins in the mines and warn the miners of approaching dangers.)

We have all been talking about the earth changes, about how we are right in the middle of them and what a welcomed chain of events that will be. Well.....

When the earth shook for 45 seconds on Feb. 28 2001 and measured 6.8 on the scale, I remember thinking: WHAT IN THE \*\*\*\* IS That!!!!!! It never answered me. So lets go backwards and see what took place here and how it affected ONE Lightworker, me.

All the signs had been there, but even I did not make the connection all together. Being very affected by frequency changes and the information that NASA e-mails every day it was right in front of my face.

The sun magnetic reversed only a week prior and when my granddaughter Destiny noticed how strange the incoming tide was, as it came in it formed a channel and went backwards, we talked about it and wondered why that was.

The water levels in the reservoirs dropped, the news said it was because of the drought we are experiencing, but we had discussed that in our Sunday D.U.M.P. session. Like there was a hole in the earth some of us thought.

Four days before the quake the calls were starting to come in and we were monitoring the symptoms that the friends were complaining about.

ITCHING, especially in the breast area. In my case ALL OVER.

Loss of balance, in my case total vertigo.

Inability to sleep.

Craving of "Comfort Food," in my case Ice Cream. I do not eat ice cream. Nuts, M&M, s specifically.

Joint pain, lots of hip problems even in friends that had NO back

problems.

Heart palpitations, 30% increase in ER visits.

Irritability

Difficulty while driving, felt like driving on black ice at all time.

Flu like symptoms.

Bronchial like symptoms.

A friend that monitors frequency activities and planetary movement in space by sound had an actual heart attack. I am NOT sure if that was related or a coincidence.

On Feb. 27th at 11:21 PM I thought I felt the earth moving. I am sure of the time because my daughter came by and was off work early, I looked at the clock at her arrival. About midnight I felt it again, called her and she thought I had imagined it.

At 4AM on Feb. 28th I HEARD the terrible noise, it sounded like grinding metal. It lasted 4-5 seconds. I know then the quake was coming and packed a bag with all needed documents, medications, glasses and personal needs items, laid the coat over the purse, placed it by the door and put my shoes on. I waited till 5AM and fell asleep with my shoes on.

What later turned out to be about 9:30 AM I woke out of a very deep sleep because an old leg injury was hurting me very badly and limped to the restroom, wondering what that pain was.

I had dozed off when the actual quake hit at 10:55AM. I awakened and try to reach the door but was thrown about 15 feet all the way across the trailer back on to the couch. I landed on my alien doll and covered my head with a blanket. That is when I had the thought mentioned in the beginning of this story.

45 seconds is a long time when you have no sense of what is going on. After the noise and whatever sensation I felt was over I jumped up and inspected my physical body. I was fine. One is always fine running on adrenaline!

The phone rang and my daughter called to check on me and to tell me she was picking up the children from school. I had electricity so the news reported the "Seattle Earthquake" that later turned out to be the Nisqually Quake and I was located 3.5 miles from the epic center.

The cell phones were dead and I set up a phone center to call some key people that were in place to check on people and get messages to others. Most of the regular routes were cut off and friends called to have me guide them thru town because the freeways were either down or grid locked. It took almost 3 hours for my daughter to collect 6 children in 4 different schools and she managed to

get thru and call in the streets that were travel worthy.

I called the hospital to check on my son, they said everyone was fine. I later found out that the hospital was not fine. It had been built to swerve in a quake and after an addition was added that was a solid structure the main building slammed into the solid structure and did a lot of damage, that was not reported for obvious reasons. My son was OK but I can only imagine the 45 seconds with a building slamming into you! The street collapsed close to the hospital, bridges were down and the Capitol hit.

[www.news.theolympian.com](http://www.news.theolympian.com) earthquake archives tells the full story with pictures.

All the food in plastic containers had popped from the pressure, the house was a mess. By evening I had picked up most of it and thought that was the end of it and counted my blessings.

After a quake it is advisable to take a brisk walk because of the cellular memories in your bones and also to eat a meal to ground yourself. I did that, except I was not walking straight, felt like I was on a train having to shift my weight from side to side. I slept through the 2 aftershocks.

The next morning I heard a weird noise and came outside. There was an old Mexican man cutting my grass with a lawnmower from the 70`s. I ask him what he was doing and he just smiled and said: "Have a nice day." Looking back on it I don`t think he was a man at all but that same Aztec that had guided and protected me once before. I thought I had imagined it, nevertheless, the grass was cut. Like he put boundary stakes just on my property, no one else's.

The second night I woke up out of a deep sleep and was "told" to go up town and heard the song: In the heat of the night. I followed that voice and did not stop to use the restroom. Since I did not know what the reason was for the urgency, having to do so, I did not want to alarm the local friends and got my friend Monica in Texas out of bed to talk to. After 2 hours I returned home and thought that to be odd. I later realized that it was at that time the trailer made that initial drop.

Some of the friends donated some money and I replaced the food. My son seemed fine and my daughter found out her two-story house had moved to the right 1.5 inches and the shingles on her new roof were now turned upward. (Not sure if moved or sank is the right term) She had damage inside and the 3-year-old told his story and showed off the scrapes and bruises " My MOM drug me by my foot across the room and went under a table, it said dodododo. I said Mummy don, t leave me, the houses said DROP, he is pointing to the left. Mummy don, t leave me, the house said DROP, he is

pointing to the right.

Things got back to normal except that I was still doing my "train walk." It did not feel right. My grandson and I heard a terrible noise leaving one day. It was then I decided to call someone to check the foundation. Andy went to look under the trailer and found a 20-foot long crack in the ground. It was 15 feet wide and we did not know how deep. I spend the night at my daughters and when the City came the next morning my life changed forever.

There is ground that is sitting almost on air a senior building code specialist with the City said. The soil has some organic material under it. A geo-technical soil specialist used a 3-foot probe and it went into the ground like butter.

I grabbed MS E. T. the cat and her litter box and had to leave my home of 15 years, now red tagged. And so the madness began.....

FEMA came the next morning and so did the paperwork. I guess when a person is in shock they sign a lot of papers. Even after all is explained you become this mechanical something and just .....do.

The RED CROSS actively came looking for me and I thought that was great. They put me in a Motel and paid for my food for one week. They also gave me a clothes voucher for Mervyns. The nice sales person there even let me keep the hangers. That was the easy part. My daughter became my Mom, that was the great part. I had no watch so she gifted me a beautiful silver necklace watch with rubies. She was in need herself but that was her "Comfort Food" to take care of her Mother. I spend parts of the days at the Motel and slept on her couch, I think she needed to have me in sight. It is very important to allow people to do what they have to, to deal with a crisis. We cleared out the CROPPER, the RV only to find our food supply had been invaded by other species and had to throw all of that away. It kept us busy for 3 days.

My life changed every 2 hours after the Insurance came into the picture. Yes, I do have Insurance. I discovered a deposit into my account had been made and thinking a friend had donated it called to find out who did. It was FEMA. \$573. I bought things that I needed right away. Nail clippers, a suitcase, undies, cat food and gas for the 278 miles in-town driving I would do in the next few days to fill out papers and keep my almost hourly appointments to answer questions.

I was notified by FEMA I had to return the money because I had insurance after I spend \$277 of the money.

We had more than 900 misplaced people in Olympia, which in essence dropped 3 inches, so finding a place to live was pretty slim. With my budget I

cried to see some of the places I would be able to afford and thought that Ms. E.T deserved better than that and I am a HUMAN BEEING so I would rather live in the Cropper than rent one of those places. My neck that reacts to toxins was no longer swollen and I was grateful for not living in my place any more, was sick for years. A Canary if you will, only I did not realize that at that time.

I was still laughing most of the time, hysteria I think and I am sure the person experiencing all of this was NOT me, but my Higher Self. Imagine the ONLY house that was lost.

The Red Cross had me stay in the Motel a second week.

The friends asked what I needed.....Everything..... except you have nowhere to put anything. Again some of the friends send money and a Stranger bought 2 VCR's so I could continue to copy the shows for the stations. She had read in the paper that all the equipment was in the house. In fact I was unable to cover my own story, I had no cameras. The most valuable help anyone can give at a time like this is CASH and Phone Cards. You need a lot of them. I had my documents and was able to prove who I was, some people were not that lucky.

Oh Yeah, the insurance you ask. They were great, they had a lot of answers that did not work because of the special circumstances. I love my adjuster, his lesson was and still is to go with the flow. But we will get to that a little later.

The City allowed me to enter the home for a very short time and again my daughter volunteered to take a chance and retrieve some of the things I needed. We threw my T.L.Rampa books, all the research books and most of the African artifices out of the doors and windows, it was just to unstable. The computer and the fax machine were hoisted out and some of my hats with the help of a broom-handle thrown out of the window. It was just to dangerous and we abandoned ship and with that decision left all my belongings, all irreplaceable things like family pictures and clothes collected from across the world, in the house. My friend Edie said we had a choice between dropping everything to the "Center of the Earth" or to fling it into "Outer Space." The printer did not survive, neither did the VCR monitor and I am not so sure about the FAX, but we gave it our best shot.

Up till this time I was still in a daze. While there the mailman came and brought me a package. I opened it and it was from Monica. It was a gift set of my trademark perfume...Paloma Picasso. I sprayed it all over myself and when I smelled the familiar scent that was ME, I grounded, knowing I was HERE and my Higher Self left and returned control back to me. In her wisdom Monica knew I would never spend that amount of money for perfume at a

time like this. It was soooo important to have happened like that we realized later.

After two weeks the insurance put me into an apartment for emergency housing. They were great and rented everything. Furniture, household items, TV and bedding. It was great, only I thought it had all cost too much, I am a simple person. So for a little while I am able to relax ....Or am I....

I have to get an address for all the papers to get mailed to me, so I can sign them. A PO BOX.....more \$\$\$\$\$... Drivers license has to be changed.....more \$\$\$\$\$. Checks have to be replaced....more \$\$\$\$\$. Final electric bill has to be paid.....more \$\$\$\$\$. Phone has to be transferred to the cell phone.....more \$\$\$\$\$. All this of course has to be done a second time, should I ever get out of the "HOLE"

The ground in Olympia is still moving, more damage is being discovered every day, five weeks after the quake.

I am still in the sinkhole and sinking more every day.

Many lives are still disrupted and not everyone is dealing with everything as well as I am.

So let me tell you about my blessings.

My neck is no longer toxic and swollen.

The TV Show is still going and has a lot more viewers.

After the dust settled I remembered that for some "STRANGE" reason I send my Show Archives to Steam Boat Island for safety 3 weeks before the quake.

After a talk for the children in Middle school the week after the quake I forgot all the things I had displayed so they were returned to me.

A new friend "ROSE" gifted me 2 VCR's and I can continue delivery of the shows.

Some of the friend came forward to help me.

My Family was great.

Martha became by backbone and was willing to go down with the ship.

Sue and Lisa were my helpers.

My Insurance adjuster is a wonderful person and will be able to find a solution to his dilemma as soon as my guides find a suitable place for me to be able to follow my path. I am Psychic you know.... But I Am Not Telling....

My hope is that some scientist will see the wisdom of having Canaries for the next time, Should it be me, SO BE IT!!! Now that I know how it works.

Your continuous support is so appreciated, I have a long ways to go.

In Love and Light Lilian

## Aftershocks

Those of you that know me have never known me to tell a story from beginning to end and in that order. I will not disappoint you, I assure you.

If ever there was a time for me to be grateful not to be "NORMAL" this is the time. You see a normal person would not be able to find a way thru this madness of having become an "Insurance-Baby", only a crazy person or in my case a person of high strangeness.

Surviving the 6,8 earthquake on Feb. 28 2001 was the easy part. Walking away from my house in the sinkhole was also easy compared to what was to follow.

The nice Insurance Adjuster that had told me I was about to travel thru a dark tunnel and he was there to guide me to the other end was transferred and the fallout from the other end of the tunnel was about to choke the crap out of me. It had taken 6 weeks for the Insurance to realize there was no easy way to resolve my problems, so within 2 days the new person in charge dumped everything in my lap, with the smile I might add. I think he thought I was a normal person. He handed me a check to move my house and wished me well. Before departing he entered the house and took pictures of all my possessions, which were sitting right there, where they had been for 16 years. All nice and orderly covered with the strangest looking brown dust that must have come from the center of the earth. I asked him who would repair or replace my belongings including the trailer after we pulled it out of the hole. He gave me a blank look and when I asked would he do that he said, no, it all looks ok there was nothing else to do for him.

Do I look like I am normal?

It is said that when we come to this life we have agreed to do certain things. I do not remember having agreed to all of this, but in case I did PLEASE TAKE HEED. I would not like having done this for nothing. There will be other earthquakes. Olympia is still sinking. You see what happened is that we all were affected by this. In the beginning we were all glad to have survived this. We then went into denial and pretended all was well. FEMA extended the deadline for filing claims that should have been a clue. After 3 days of my dilemma I became a regular homeless person and all concern faded. I think when people ask if you have insurance and you answer yes, in their mind all is well and you are ok. In essence what really happens is that because of the insurance you are totally at their mercy and so become an "Insurance-Baby". Only my name remained Lilian and was not changed to \*\*\*\*\*.

After the Agent handed me a check for \$14458 to have my trailer moved

my life changed on a daily basis.

I set out to fix what they had not been able to do for 6 weeks. I called every trailer park to see if they would rent me a space. That was impossible because it has a metal roof and according to new regulations parks are not able to accept these trailers.

The City said I could try to go in and get some of my things and we attempted that. It was a very dangerous undertaking because when you sit on a sinkhole and the weight shifts it is dangerous, so I only got a few things and abandoned that plan. Everything was contaminated from the brown sod and I coughed for a week.

I got 3 small storage rooms from U-Haul for a while and thought I could wait things out. After 30 days the price almost doubled and because I have no money presented another problem.

I was evicted from Emergency Housing because the insurance did not pay the bills, so I had to find a home for the few things I had managed to collect since I lived there.

At the last minute the rent was paid and I remained there for 2 more weeks. Having to sleep on the floor upset my back condition and I was unable to walk for a week.

When I thought things could not get any worse I felt like I did when I was stuck between the buildings in Nashville. I was driving down the road when my trunk popped open. I secured it and 2 blocks later it popped again. I said to Universe that I needed some Fire-Fly -People. I found myself on a little country road, not really knowing what I was going to do there. I called my brother, a Realtor just to chat and he notified me there was a Mobile for sale right up the street from there. He arranged for me to look at it. When I arrived a few minutes later, we knocked on the door. A Native American Lady answered the door and I told her I was looking for the Fire-Fly-People. She smiled and asked if I would settle for a dragonfly. I loved the place and made a deal with her to buy the place. We also thought it would be great to tape a couple of TV Shows, which we did. Sacred Lands, Sacred People. It was during that interview it turned out her husband was actually Standing Elk's nephew. A Fire-Fly-Person from the Lakota Nation.

Some people think the Psychics are wealthy people, some of us are. However most of us are struggling in the three dimensional world and have very little. Some of us have very little attachment to material things and there are others, like myself, that are disabled in one form or another. Some disabled persons qualify to get a housing subsidy and get help with their rent and medicine. I was one of those people and grand fathered in in a Mobile Home



Program. Because I was unable to move my home itself those guidelines no longer applied.

The place I thought would become my new home was located in a park that took Government Vouchers. Life looked pretty good. I made new friends and looked forward to living in the wonderful energy that place projected. However at the last minute the Landowner changed his mind and after a lot of emotional struggle that move was not possible.

We had prayed so hard and did ceremony, because the new friends needed the money to go to Big Mountain and work with the grandmothers and the people, but for some reason Universe had other plans for all of us at this time. The reason is still not known to us. I am sure we will in time.

I knew there was no way to move my home and got such mixed messages as to what I should do. I looked at every Mobile for sale in the county. Nothing felt right.

Back at the APT. my days were counting down.

The manager brings me an eviction notice because the insurance did not pay their part of the rent.

I CALL A FRIEND TO GET SOME OF THE THINGS I have accumulated since I moved there. The manager ask why am I moving? I am glad I am not NORMAL! Just as I am almost all moved the check arrives and I have a place to stay for 15 more days.

To get my mind off things my friend Martha and I go for a drive. We spot a Mobil that looked like it was unoccupied. There is a for sale sign in the window and it is located in a park ran by a friend.

The next morning, a Sunday, we called the U-SAVE Agent and she tells me she has found the perfect place. To my surprise she takes us, my daughter and some of her children to the place we had found the night before.

IT NEVER HAD A FOR SALE SIGN. Of course we thought it was a gift from heaven. It was so much bigger than the one I had before and I would not even miss the Glass Room, a room for reading was right there. The yard is big and perfect for the grandkids and it takes away some of the sadness I felt when I was unable to move into the Indian Place. I sign the papers and was told I could move in on the 25th of May. I can do this! I can do this!

The landlord agrees to take a government voucher, a section 8 and all the lease papers are filled out.

My mind is at peace, my back said: GOOD...MY TURN!

And with that I am laid up for 4 days. Like a big toothache in my back and I am not able to move. I cannot, so I leave on the tight jeans that I have on for

what ever reason, first time I wore jeans in 3 years!

The Lady from Housing calls and ask me to come to the office. With my walker, my Higher Self and I went to town. It took an hour for me to drive 8 miles, so much pain!

She tells me I am no longer eligible for housing, I am only allowed to spend 30% of my income for rent and I am a few dollars over, just a few.... With that things look real hopeless. It is hard for the average person to understand how the Government guidelines are arrived at. I can be poor, only if I am poorer than that I can no longer qualify for help. I am glad I am not NORMAL. It took me a very long time to get back to the Apt. because I inched my way back, unable to move very much. All the friends were at work and there was no one to come and drive my car home for me. Give me some codeine, NOW!

I knew the Lady felt really bad, so I wrote her a thank you card for having tried so hard to help me. They had tears in their eyes when they hugged me.

I have since learned that because of what happened to me and they did not want to give up, this is being looked at again and a survey was ordered by HUD to see why the rents are so high in the parks, I am very happy about that.

I am dealing with the reality I cannot afford to live anywhere without the help of my CREATOR and take that plunge without a parachute and TRUST.

The only thing that is organized in my life is the shows and I tape a two part series on the Oklahoma Cover Up a News Expose.

At least twice a week the APT. Manager sends a note to request a pre-move-out inspection. A pre-move-out interview. So many pre-move-out things I feel like I do not have a home at all. I am glad I am not NORMAL! I CAN DO THIS!!!!

By the 23rd I realize that closing will not take place on the 25th. I am Psychic you know. I cancel the moving truck and try to get this burning pain out of the head, we, my Therapist and I nicknamed it my ``HOT-HEAD-SYNDROME``

I pulled a card last night and it informed me that everything happens to me serves as a lesson for someone else. It gives me comfort and knowing that Universe is again using me as a tool for others. PAY HEED, there will be other quakes and more challenges for all of us.

I have no animosity about being a casualty.

I have no attachment to my loss. Universe provided me with everything I need to do my work.

I resent being an 'Insurance-Baby'

It saddens me to see how people behave.

I miss the friend I lost along the way.

I am glad some people benefit from this.

I am HEALTHY, not living in that place any longer.

I am grateful for the financial help the friends gave me.

I am grateful not to be NORMAL.

I am learning that Universe and I am not on the same time -line, that is what I get for loosing my dual face watch!

It is way passed the 25th, all my things are packed and I am ready for the next part of my journey. I am now homeless.

Till next time Love and Light

Lilian

Often times Scouts return with arrows in their back

A few days of being homeless, not a problem, I can do this standing on my head! Surviving the 6.8 Earthquake on Feb. 28 2001 and surviving being an Insurance Baby has taught me to make do and expect the unexpected. In just a few days I will be in my new home, well, new to me.

I pull the Cropper into my daughter's driveway and in a way it is nice, I will be able to spend time with the Grandkids. I have lights and a little cubbyhole to sit and drink Coffee and a little place to lay and sleep.. Could even stretch my legs at night if I am really careful, besides that, I traveled clear across country with MEME and her didgeridoos in the tub in 97. Just like then, I can't get to the stove, the sink or anything else for that matter and MS. ET the cat loves the Cropper anyway. She is so happy to be out of the Apartment and a happy cat counts for a lot right now. Can't have an unhappy cat!

We fall asleep about 3AM and by 7:30AM the kids think it is time for me to get up AND I DO. Like every morning I call to check on my move- in date and like every morning no one knows. Have only been here 3 weeks and I know the routine. Just be patient I am told, it will happen soon.

Taping shows has become an almost impossible undertaking, I am totally out of money, nowhere to hook up the computer and it is hard to get phone calls. The phone bill is "only" \$529.54, low for a cell-phone the Phone Company tells me. I need to have my phone number sent to a different phone to avoid that. Impossible, because of the prefix. The friends have a hard enough time to keep up with my dilemma and should not be expected to remember a new phone number. Lady, I don't care if you send it into Outer Space I told the phone person." I'll call you back " she said and she did, late that night. "We sent the number to a satellite and are beaming it back to your cell-phone, it will arrive there tomorrow. All for only \$31 installation and \$16 per month."

Ever so often the kids would knock on the Cropper telling me I had a call. It took a while to figure out that the satellite beamed it to the wrong cell phone. We fix it by the 3<sup>rd</sup> business day, no problem. For the next 2 weeks no calls, no one loves me! Truth of the matter is we don't know who is getting the calls, no one seems to know! Least of all the phone company!

If you are following me along and have noticed that I am now in my 5th week of homelessness, YOU ARE RIGHT! I am still patient.

As I was doing things in town each day just to keep from losing my mind, I was talking to myself in a shop and a man named Dough answered me. Turned out he was a homeless person and so he offered to help in the studio and we hang out at Jack in the Box for a burger.

I experienced what it feels like to be homeless, without money and how people looked at you as soon as they see you coming. I still mentioned that I was the EARTH QUAKE HOMELESS PERSON FROM THEIR TV SET on Wednesday and Friday. BIG DEAL! It s so expensive to live in the street, even with a Cropper for safety at night.

By now I have driven 1320 miles since the earthquake to take care of things. In town, the car does not make the freeway, it is too sick.

I finally get the papers for the Non Profit I had applied for: TEMPLE OF HIGH STRANGENESS. I thank Universe, now that I am a "TEMPLE" the friends can help more freely and deduct any donations from their taxes. Will be good to get back to work. I go from shock to hysteria to depression to just being in awe of the whole thing.

IN ONE OF MY BETTER MOMENTS I thought I should consult the cards to see what is holding up my move- in- date. It told me that the problem was not with the bank back East as I was told, but rather local. I related that in my morning phone call and I am sure they were as tired of me calling as I was having to call there. It is now July 1, 2001.

The landlord, at the park I had signed the lease with, was wonderful and did not make me pay space rent on a place that I was not able to move into. Instead of help I got advice and more advice to the point where I quoted my friend EDIE that says that when one gives unsolicited advice they disrespect your own judgment.

No Calls, no Readings, just the wait and I am not a nice person.

I consult the cards again and again it tells me the problem is local not with the bank.

Up to this time I have not cried or even grieved for what had happened. I am now getting whiny and that makes me angry. My nerves are very stretched and I want to jump out of my skin. I know there is a divine force at work here

but I wish I could understand what is going on here!

One evening, right about July 5 or so a Lady called and she sounded like she had the voice of an angel.

She said she had heard about my troubles and she had a Mobile for sale. She said she knew about my financial situation and she would settle for half the selling price and would move it to anywhere I choose in just a few days.

I was so moved and shed a tear about how there are people that Do care. I called the landlord at the park where I was supposed to move to and asked if there was an empty lot. There was and it was possible to shift the lease to the new lot, 300 feet from the place I had bought and couldn't move into. Oh sure they said. So I looked at the lot and it was the biggest one there, checked everything there was about it. Even poked in the dirt to see if the ground was stable. Trees everywhere except on the lot, no power lines or transformers, only thing I could get hit by would be the planes that land at the near by airport if they ever miss a runway.

I checked with the 2 Psychics I trust and my Higher UP and it was a GO. A safe place and 300 feet from where I thought I was going. I was still disappointed about not being able to live in the Indian Place and I so liked the Repo.

The money for the Repo was refunded and I felt panic for a bit because I had went thru all this trouble all these weeks of patience to give up now. The Human Thing you know....

I agreed to buy the place the Lady had offered so graciously and I hated it! I hated everything about it! Especially the kitchen.

We agreed on the price and I made her aware that is ALL the money I had. She assured me nothing else was needed and I would be up and running in no more that 5 days. The 4th time I went to the lot a Grass Circle had appeared right in the front. The Circle I had always hoped for at the old place just to prove to the neighbors they did exist. I had only ever seen 2 of them, this one being the second. I thanked Universe for the affirmation and promised to change my attitude about the place.

The Lady allowed me to take most of my belongings out of storage and lay it flat on the floor inside the place till it was where it needed to go. That saved me \$100 and I was grateful.

I no longer felt homeless.....for a day or so.

The 5 days came and went and there was no movement at all. She, lets call her LADY said it was taking longer because it cost more than she thought and her kindness was a little in haste, be patient.

10 days came and went, PATIENCE.

15 days came and went PATIENCE.

Finally, a call. A cement slab has to be removed, it is the only thing holding up the move. I call the friends and they come right out with sledgehammers and picks and we, including my 10-year-old grandson are taking MY frustration out on the cement. Problem solved, slab gone, all 4 inches thick and 5 feet in diameter.

As soon as it was known that the Mobile was leaving the neighbors in the very ritzy neighborhood came with wheelbarrows and stole all of the flowers and bushes. By the end of that week, on Saturday I went there to see how the work was going and the place was finally on the road some where. I said to the neighbors: "First you steal the plants and now the whole house". Felt so mean but the look on their faces was worth it!!!!

When I got to the park with my lot, here was the Place all on blocks already! It was an awesome sight. It looked huge! All my crates were still flat on the floor and I had a home!

NOT SO FAST!

The nice mover said it would take several days like 3-4 before inspection. That involved hooking up plumbing and electric, skirting and a porch with realigns and legally I was not to live there till then. A pink tag kept me out.

The Landlord agreed that I could stay in the Cropper for 3 days so I could start my move in.

I thanked the kids for having been my neighbor for such a long time and got ready to leave. The Cropper did not start. Someone had messed with the switch box the day Kanashibushan had stayed with me after a viewer send for her so we could tape an update on our predictions because 27 of them had happened already and it was only JULY. We had went to the MIMA MOUNDS a very special place and recharged our own batteries, if you will.

The Cropper battery was dead so I bought a new one. I was not able to install it so Bernie my director just happened to come by with a mechanic that informed me that I had fried the alternator and the voltage regulator and NO WAY was I going to be able to drive 10 miles with even the new battery. I called AAA and they towed me. The little guy came with an even littler truck. I tried telling him it was not going to work. After much debate and struggle he agreed and left Cropper in the middle of the street for almost two hours and then finally delivered it at my new home. On THURSDAY. He forgot to connect

the driveline and when I was ready to duke it out with the tow truck lady, it was Monday. She informed me that "GOD" was always testing people with hardships. I told her that Universe had thrown every Anal Person on the planet

my way in the past 5 month, to please leave God out of this. If she was unable to move her boss I would do it for her. I did. On TUESDAY.

12 days have gone by. I have a place in a sink hole with a red tag. I have a place on blocks 5 feet in the air with a pink tag and I am not allowed to live in either one.

No activity, no sign of workers.

Lady calls me and tells me that I did not give her enough money and in order for me to finish for inspection I would have to pay more Electric, Plummer, Skirting, Porch. I reminded her that I had purchase the Place on the new premise, not the old. Her rules had changed. She reminded me that by her doing me this favor and discounting everything I was taken money from her family. I wanted to ask if she was short on the BMW payment, but I did not get to it. I started to cry. She said: " Don't cry" in that sweet voice I had heard when she made me the offer. I said " You don't understand". I was so angry had she been here I would have decked her. It is sad when a light worker is put in a position for that to occur.

After 3 days I was unable to sleep in the Cropper because I am unable to drive it to the store parking lot in the present condition. I am unpacking, befriending my home and have Lady hold me hostage by not sending the workers. I spend some nights at friends houses but because I have to be here so early decide to hide out at night and just sleep in the Place.

The electrician comes and after 14 days I have lights.

A plumber comes and tells me he will be back after sundown. Friday 3 weeks ago. Never came back.

In tears I give my report to a friend and within a day her husband and nephew came and connected the plumbing.

They hook up the antenna so I can watch the news.

All the appliance are broken, the water tank is rusted out. I struggle for every nail and screw I have to produce for more repairs.

We forgot to ground the antenna, there it was, 8 feet in the air on the roof. The neighbors noticed it but thought there was no danger of lightning this time of the year. Little do they know that CHANGO visits me quit often and lightening appears over my house when there is not a cloud in the sky. I bought a grounding rod and as I pulled in noticed a man in a truck with a ladder.

I stopped him and asked what would he charge to ground the antenna. He looked at it and after he was done said I was welcome. He started talking about the Wing Makers and how some of the neighbors have watched my evolution of moving in. How they knew I was coming and needed to move

300 feet from where I thought I was going, in order to be the point of the triangle where the other light workers live.

I go to the Post Office 11 miles away to check the mail.

A Star Beacon Reader from SC sends me a wonderful letter and \$5, more than he can spare, being sick himself.

I bought lunch, a hot meal I so needed after many days of snacks. My soul thanked him so much and I will forever remember lunch because of the loving way it came about.

Two days later I have a card from a Star Beacon Reader, a Lady that called me a "KINDRED SPIRIT".

A \$100 bill of which I took \$98.14 to the Hardware Store to buy piping for the plumbing that had just given out.

My soul thanked her and I realized that the Temple of High Strangeness is not for people of like mind but rather for "KINDRED SPIRITS". What a revelation!!!!

I hooked up the computer and prepared for the shows on the Antiterrorism Bill that followed the shows on the Oklahoma Cover Up News Expose Show. From throwing the printer out of the window and moving so much, it is broken.

The artifacts I managed to save have been glued together and found their proper place in the Place.

The \$5 bed from the garage sale sleeps great!

Everything is unpacked and nailed and glued in place for the next shaker.

47days after the call from Lady to come to my rescue I have passed the first inspection with the help of some of the friends that hammered and sawed and nailed and listen to my stories.

After 21 days of no water and electric I have cooked my first meal.

The neighbors have shown me more kindness than the old ones in 16 years.

The Repo got a new tenant the same day I was "legal" in the Place. Her and I moved in on the same day.

The mover worked out a deal with me for the skirting that will be installed in 2 weeks after he returns from vacation.

The friends from up North will build me a permanent porch in a week.

Treated wood for it will have to fall out of the sky and WILL.

The Temple got it's first donations. A green 74 Fury a friend donated and had her son bring from east of the mountains, almost 250 miles away. Does IT ever do freeway!!!!

A green lawn-set to sit on under a tree and meditate with the friends arrived early on, GREAT!



I have given the anger I felt for Lady for having tried to cheat an Earthquake victim/survivor to Universe.

I understand homelessness and connect with the wonderful spirits of the people I meet during that time.

I have made friend with my new home, even the kitchen.

I appreciate the friend that helped me along this far.

I ask for help to carry me to the completing of this task. I was your scout, I did come home wounded, I am healing and reporting to you so you can be safe.

Time for the Lawyers, they have started to call. I guess it will be a while before this story comes to a close, so stay "tuned" in "every" respect.

I HAVE LANDED!!!!

In Love and Light

Lilian

Why me?

Here it is two years later and I have finally recovered.

Someone asked why I had such bad luck. I looked at that objectively, since I do not believe in luck, good, bad or indifferent.

I feel I saved the life of the Mobile I bought from the Lady. It would have surely died without the repairs I made.

The insurance never paid anything other than the \$ 1400 to move my old house.

Since I used that money to buy the present dwelling I was still liable for removing the one that fell in the hole. I had a HEART to HEART talk with the landlord and we settled. He took responsibility for the removal and promised to turn the park into a model neighborhood for the tenants that were left. That task is now complete and the people like it real well.

HUD did a survey in order to re-evaluate the outrages rents being charged at parks. As a result of that 131 seniors are now getting housing assistance.

The friends rebuild my glass room.....Porch..... It is twice the size of the first one. I am able to use it for filming some of the Shows, a reading room and a gathering place.

I have a huge yard for the grandkids to play in and neighbors that care about one another.

I have fresh air, trees at a safe distance. Rabbits, frogs and owls are frequent visitors.

I met many new friends because of the earthquake that I would have missed otherwise.

On a trip in May and June of 2003 I ended up in tornado stricken areas such

as Pierce City, Mo and was able to tell some of the survivors my story. I think it gave them hope for the future.

IT WAS A POSITIVE EXPERIENCE, in hind side. I don't care to repeat it. However, Universe was wise to pick me instead of the 82-year-old Lady next door. The lessons learned would have been untold because she would not have had the massive exposure I do thru the TV Show.

BAD LUCK? You decide.

Love and Light

Lillian

Several months had passed, finally recovered from the four-month headache, or rather the "electronic radioactive headache" as I had named it.

Barb said my head started swelling on the way home from the conference. The flight attendant had tried her best to make me comfortable with icepacks and heat. I had NO recollection of even getting home. I must have gotten home I guess, I am sitting here under the tree in the front yard.

I was so sure that I had an electronic headache that I called the police to see if they were running devices of some sort. I was told the only device even close to what I was referring to was a riot control gadget that was only in use during gatherings of large crowds. Olympia had rejected to enforce the Patriot Act and therefore it was hardly ever used.

When I mentioned the headache to Al Bielek one of the survivors of the Philadelphia Experiment he knew what I was talking about. He himself had just gotten off a plane from Amsterdam and experienced the same headache. He explained that any time we fly above 37000 feet the plane gets hit by solar radiation. That of course would bother people like Al and myself since we are both time jumpers.

On March 12, 2004 an article appeared in the Associated Press stating that on November 7th 2003 a ballistic missile with a nuclear warhead was damaged while it was being offloaded from a submarine at Bangor Submarine Base. That is very close to here and would explain why my head started hurting Nov. 8th.

I should feel good when I identify something correctly, only I always feel sad when these outrageous things pan out. I take article like those to my Dr. and Therapist; it's good you give them something tangible, especially since they put up with my wild notions most of the time.

It is hard for me to relate to anyone what I experience, even though I try to be descriptive.

My Son David still works at the hospital. I broke my leg falling off stage at the studio. The topic was out of body experience, OBE. I guess I had forgot to ground myself after the show. The pain did not set in for 4 hours. David ended up taking me to the ER. The Dr. verified that my injury was consistent with the fact that I was not in my body since it was impossible to fold bones in such a fashion. The look on David's face matched that of the Doctors.

Michelle also works at the Hospital; still, she goes to collage at night to get a degree in forensics. Add 7 children, 2 cats and Wingster the dog, that does not leave too much time for stories.

The Husband that brought me to the US is now my neighbor. We are actually friends in the autumn of our lives. I am convinced he thought I was crazy for a minute. I think he remembered I had always been a little strange. He is now helping in the production of my show.

It infuriates me to see him struggle coming down the stairs barley trying to make it. The vibrant man I knew, now 60 and showing the fallout from the Vietnam War. I went to the VA Hospital with him one day. These poor VETS reminded me of the living dead.

Some mornings I awake with tears streaming down my face. That is the times I went to the Matrix and saw or heard what is ahead for us. On those days I sit and cry for the world and my adopted home. We have not learned from the past; 40 years have so changed the face of my reality.

I have been blessed to spend time with people that have been part of shaping our future and heard first hand accounts of some of the logistics that now shapes my reality. Many of them have died or even gotten killed.

OMAR is still in prison. He calls every Sunday and we talk for 15 minutes. Usually about the weeks events. He is back in Florence, Co. Florence is as bad as Greenville. His health is giving him trouble. One year he almost died from Gall Stones because they refused to send him to the hospital. Another time he had laser surgery on his kidney and they locked him back in the cell 45 minutes after surgery. It will be good to sit with him and get me a hug. I really need a hug.

We have added new members to the family by marriage and have new nieces and nephews. I am truly the matriarch of this clan. Most times I think Michelle is better qualified except it is not her time yet. Gosh, I am getting weepy in my old age.

Gypsy is proud of me I am sure of that. I can feel her smile when I have reached a new level or solved another mystery.

A woman came to my door one morning. She said her name was Martha Barnhill. She saw me on TV and assumed I spoke French. She was a retired

diplomat, a friend of President Carter and had worked with Colin Powell. We often laugh that one of my only "Aliens" in my visions was now Secretary of State and Steve Pool still the weatherman on channel 4.

Martha was a good friend, one of the best a girl could have.

She passed in 2003.

Keith Eubanks in 2002.

Tomas Banyacya in 2002, can still see him sitting on his porch in Kykotsmovi combing that beautiful hair.

Lina died in 2003.

Never did shake the attachment I had to her until the day I got the news of her death. Only than was it done. To the point I felt guilty that I felt NOTHING. Phillip, my therapist and I talked about that. He thought I had done more for her than any natural daughter would have and reminded me of the circumstances of our acquaintance.

She had offered to write me a letter to explain some things to me, only the letter never came. As I was searching for my past and recover my memories she did manage to verify some things and remained silent about others. Eventually I ran into that scientist that had some answers for me. He too read my book and recognized some interesting facts. He requested I draw maps and detail some of my dreams. He knew that my map was of an underground installation on the outskirts of Wiesbaden. The place Karl use to take me to. The Stazis used it up to 1945 to reverse engineer FUFIGHTERS or UFO`s that they had recovered in Slovakia and Prague. The place my grandfather had his Filiale. It turned out that my grandfather did NOT make fibers for rugs. He was a biochemist for I.G.Faben. That is how my grandmother knew who to sell me to. Karl was a Stasis and most likely connected to that Gaylord and Horton Bunch.

Between that and what Lina verified we established that I was one of the little psychic girls that had been taken to Helgoland in 1953 and 1954 to take part in some experiments, including CRV. That was a hard one to recall, I asked several of the original government Remote Viewers.....by this time I had met them all in some capacity.... to help me with my dilemma of remembering. They of course were not able to do that because of the nature of my request and most of that might not have been for public knowledge.

Helgoland is an island in the Nordsee. It belonged to many Nations over the times. Eventually it was claimed by the Germans in the late 50`s. It was home to many terrible experiments in weaponry and other gruesome things, including the mind control devices that were used for creating alternate personalities. It must have been so contaminated that I find it surprising that it

is now a bird sanctuary and refuge.

When I had been taken there it resembled Montauk, I guess that is why I was so familiar with the blue print of Montauk when I saw it on video. I always asked if there had been girls, since everyone always talks about the Montauk boys. Now I know!

I read a book by Preston Nichols: The Music of Time. I realized that Preston and I traveled in the same circles at the same time without knowing it. His association with Chubby Checker was one of those, while mine was of a different nature. In fact it was the Chubby Checker concert that cause me to run into President Kennedy at Wiesbaden at the General von Steuven Hotel.

A viewer pointed out to me that she thought I had ended up in Peter Moon and Preston's book: The black Sun. She could be right, I cannot say for sure. I did talk to Peter Moon on occasion, so it is possible.

In any event I did remember all of it. The crystal boxes, the wormholes, the sugar beets and all the torture devices used on occasions. No wonder I felt such compassion for the Montauk boys.

My friend thought that Karl and Lina finding out I was not Caucasian and disowning me at the age of 12 might have saved my life.

Many years later I talked to a woman that said I had gone to school with her. She remembered me having a private tutor in Political Science by a teacher from Yugoslavia. She remembered his name and said he disappeared. What could I have learned in political science at the age of 10 I wonder?

I asked her what they were told when I disappeared. She remembered it was said I had run away. Years later she brought this up at a class reunion. The teacher, MS SCARTON said not ever to mention my name again. The time I went to see her she refused to talk to me. I wonder if someone had scared her. I had always been her pet in school. To be scared 35 years later makes one wonder what she knew.

It also explained why I have such a connection with Canyon DeCelle and the Yeti of Westport, WA. The Canyon looks like the Island Helgoland and the Yeti is the place on the island I use to escape to.

The other thing the girl from school remembered was that I use to "escape" Lina's iron fist and spend time with the old man that rang the bells at the local church. That caught my attention because I have taught many people the meaning of the language of the bells. Always stop in my tracks when I hear bells. In my days in Germany they would tell the news. Birth, death, wedding, storms and a multitude of other events. Only I had no recollection of how I came by that knowledge.

Time to get into a good space, time for a strong JAVA. Look at the storm

coming in, we are in for a rough night

An obsession had emerged after the conference. Nine days straight Bob White's object floated around in my head. I ran across a book called the OAHSPÉ. The book had been in my library for years and survived the earthquake. It was printed in 1882. They called it the new bible. A friend had asked me about it earlier, except it did not register or as we say, it went right over my head. I think that happens when the timing is not right.

In any event..... It was during a stormy night like this one that my mind got back to that book. I opened it to page 563. I looked at what I thought was Bob's object. It was called the TOW-SANG. I looked closer and below it I noticed the planetary alignment of Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Earth and Sun. The exact alignment of November 2003. The exact time of the conference!

A big concern had been voiced from many sources that the super volcano in Yellowstone could erupt and have catastrophic consequences to the whole country and beyond.

When Barb and I ended up on that same plane to Springfield, MO we were flying to Memphis, Tenn. to change planes. We tried our best to sit together, no one was willing to change seats. I was in isle 6 and Barb in isle 21. At one point the pilot directed our attention to the left. Jackson Hole Wyo. was visible and shortly after we flew over Yellowstone. We looked at the flight route on the map that was in the seat pocket in front of us. The plane should not have been there. When we got ready to land in Memphis the pilot, he sounded Native American, announced that he had bad news and good news. The good news was that he had fuel for two hours, the bad news was that we were unable to land due to heavy winds. So there we sat in a holding pattern over Memphis. I was the last one off the plane because I was loaded down with camera equipment and passed the Captain on the way out. I stopped to thank him for a safe flight and asked him what we were doing at Yellowstone. He replied he had NO IDEA. A wind of 170 miles an hour had appeared out of nowhere and we had drifted. I smiled, gave him my card and said: "I will be home in 10 days, give me a call." I might be able to shed a little light on that for you. Barb and I thought that we held up the plane and sent energy to the mountain. Maybe we were instruments in changing something, especially since it all happened during that alignment.

I was 99,9% sure that this TOW-SANG, which was shaped like Bob's object, was a time line.

I searched the Internet for a phone number for anyone that could assist me

with this, there was none. The next day I talked to my friend Bill and he reminded me that I had met the Keeper of the OAHSP in 1994 in Colorado. I called and my time line theory was verified.

It is said that the Bob White Object is a piece of a UFO. It is. However to me it is much more. When I held it the first time I knew it was also a transmitter of some kind. When we held the object all three of us perceived the same thing in one way or another. I consider Barb and Kanashibushan to be as reliable as myself in a clairvoyant capacity. We discussed it in detail and marveled at the possibility that the object had come from so far away and the possibility that it could transmit what ever it needed from us to it's place of origin.

We also marveled at the fact that in this circle of people that we had assembled EVERYONE was connected to frequency or sound in some way. Bob was a member of the James Brothers a very well known band. We think that the reason Bob found the piece was because he is so totally honest and who ever gifted him with that object knew that. They also knew he would do the right thing and share it with the world when the time was right.

Everyone in the same place along with the scientists and enabling us to bring science and spirituality into the same space was no coincidence.

The question became how did it fit into my big picture.

I researched all the planets and galaxies that entered into my picture throughout the years. Had I traveled in a spaceship I would never had to make a turn. It is a straight shot to Canis Minor, Orion, Sirius, Pegasus. They were a spit away from the STEFANS and fit the star map that my brother had on his body in 1995. In fact it all fit on to one page in the Skywatching book by David H. Levy the kids had given me one X-Mas. The stars and planets connected to the HOPI, Dogon and Egyptians.

Bob's object was a catalyst in my evolution regardless of what the future holds in reference to the ongoing saga of the Bob White story. I am certainly going to follow along at [www.hardevidence.com](http://www.hardevidence.com).

Mystery solved, at least my part of it! Hope the wind dies down so I can get some sleep!

Hello! Come in everybody! Introduce yourselves, you know how bad I am with names. This is my niece Claudia, she brought her international footage from a story she filmed for me in Germany.

Barb----- K----- Dens----- Ms. E.T.-----Lynn----- Lori

Been a while since we had a D.U.M.P, everyone been all over these past few weeks. Barb is recovering from our wild trip to Kimberling City, Mo.

Kanashibushan is on her usual visit in the Capitol, that includes my house.

Dens came by to monitor the political situation in his homeland Haiti. E.T. lives here and Lynn came from a snow-covered Minnesota to share her article she wrote for the paper.

Lori just returned from a trip, actually her winter vacation.

Everyone is settled with snacks and coffee and glad to have gotten here, now that I live so far out.

We love Dens with his accent, we love how he says Hello..... ALLO....

We pride ourselves in having non-judgmental visits and we always look forward to the Talk Sticks we pass around. While in possession of the sticks one can not be interrupted.

Time for small talk, someone open a window, better open the door. Watch E.T. she is looking for an escape route!

So Lori, your turn.

We had a great time! Thanks to my new found awareness I went on a journey instead of a trip. It was so cool. We were coming from Flagstaff heading to the Grand Canyon on HYW 180 when we saw a sign Spirit Mountain. We went there. It turned out to be the home of the White Buffalo, the same one I had read about in Sun Bear's book! It was so cool, I took lots of pictures. Check this out! Just pass it the around. After that we ran into a strange thing, well, actually two strange things. Right outside of Phoenix between HYW 95 and HYW 8..... no wait..... it was around Dome.... we saw an unmarked container driving down the highway with a police escort. It was so big, it took up two lanes. We saw another one outside of Scottsdale, just like the first time, police escort and all! I got pictures for your show, Lilian, I am so excited! And wait, wait! We also saw a UFO! I finally saw one while I was in Yuma!

We always get excited for the friends when they learn something new. Lori passes the Talk Sticks to Barb. One can still the excitement on Lori's face. She even got permission to show the pictures from the White Buffalo. Guess we will get right to preparing that for TV next week.

Barb pulls her glasses out of her purse, get ready, that is always the clue she has a good story.

Well, Lilian, when you went on your book tour and came to Spirit Wolf's place..... Oh, I am supposed to talk to everybody..... Lilian picked up a Cherokee, David; they traveled the same road she told about in the book. They even found out where MEME bought the Schnapps that made her so drunk.

The Pilot in Florence was sober; all he needed was validation like the man Donald from Snowflake, AZ. He too, had been in the military and seen a



UFO, in fact he was guarding the hanger with the nuclear weapons ready to be fired at Cuba during the Cuban Missile Crisis. They were unable to do so, because 2 big UFO`s were sitting midair over the hanger.

We had such a marvelous time in Iowa. We erected a Tipi, everyone sign it. Lilian walked by and heard chanting. She looked, there was no-one there. The chants started again and that continued. Nancy said it was the winter camp of the natives long ago. So we think that is what Lilian heard. It was a different time zone or dimension she had entered. A wind came up and blew the Tipi away.

I think it is great that she takes the same route every year and revisits the people.

One year a Telemarketer called. Instead of hanging up she talked to her. Turned out the Telemarketer was from Marion, Iowa. One town over from Lebanon where Spirit Wolf had relocated the Sacred Path Medicine Lodge to. The woman bought Lilian`s book in the bookstore in Marion and decided she needed to live a little. She went to a bar in Cedar Rapids and sat on the only chair available. She started to talk to the woman next to her and recognized her from the book. It was Spirit Wolf. They both wanted to get away to a place they were unknown and able to hide. That shows you there is no "wrong" number.

David told me that they had stopped at Little Bighorn and did ceremony. Sweet MS E.T. attacked Lilian thinking she was a shape shifter.

David came from Mt.Vernon, WA to Mt.Vernon Iowa and that is where he stayed. It was that year that Lilian met Miracle the white buffalo calf. The first one that was born and was later brutally murdered by some sicko that did not know the importance of the calf and what it meant in reference to Indian prophecy.

After she dropped David in Mt.Vernon she picked up a girl in Greenville. Her mother had to give her custody papers so she could transport her across the state line. In Colorado they got caught in a tornado. Jennifer and Lilian were sitting at a table at the Truck Stop looking for an escape route when three truckers came in. One headed straight for Lilian and asked why she had beams coming out of her eyes. That was followed by: "I was moving and someone stole all of my T.Lobsang Rampa books."

It just so happened Lilian had finally read all 19 Rampa books, they were in the CROPPER. Not remembering that they were out of print, her and the Trucker from Cedar Rapids ran thru the storm and she gave him her Rampa Books. The next day when she arrived at the White Phoenix in Florence Martin handed her a paper-sack with ALL the Rampa books she had given to

the Trucker along with a prayer wheel. Years later we got permission from the Rampa Family to do a tribute show for Lobsang Rampa, since the press always treated him so bad while he was on this earth plain, we did him proud!

There was another tornado incident, let Lilian tell it!

I got the Sticks now..... Tornado incident, you mean 15 more.

Panic on everyone's face. Not to worry I will cut it down to a few.

On that same trip with David we stopped in Sturgis, SD. I called home to check in. We left the next morning and ran into a young couple on their way to Salt Lake. She was very pregnant. They were very upset, almost in shock. They said they had outrun a tornado. Because I had been a birthing coach many times I was able to check the lady, she appeared to be in early labor. She was Ok and we chatted for a bit. About 5 miles down the highway CROPPER started to act up, so I stopped at the next exit. We found ourselves at a Texaco. A man was parked in a very large RV and handing out cell phones. It was a gorges day. When I went inside there were many people present. They were young and moved in an odd fashion. They reminded me of the Stanford Wives, the movie about the cloned woman. David thought it was creepy also and we left in a hurry. Because we were both distraught we stopped at the next truck stop. It was then we noticed a lot of people watching the news. Ms.Dole, the senator's wife was talking about the terrible Tornado that had destroyed Spencer, SD. I called Michelle and she was so upset. She said she thought I was dead. Why I wondered. She said I had called from Spencer the night before and next thing she knew Spencer was gone. All the old people killed.

I have the sticks so I ignore the reaction of everyone, I can see what they are thinking.

The best I can figure I think we time jumped. I called from Sturgis. Eight hours later we saw the young people come out of the Tornato. We got to Spencer after the Tornado and the young people at the Texaco were all the old people from Spencer after they got killed, now young again.

We were in Spencer somewhere in-between times, that is why we were there, after..... before.....the Tornado hit. When we left there we never saw as much as a fire truck on the highway, it had not happened even though it had. Michelle was so happy, till this day she insists I called from Spencer, not Sturgis. On the way home several bikers recognized the Cropper from Sturgis, I know I got that story right.

In 2003 I returned to Sturgis to reconstruct that event. The Truck Stop was gone. A soldier told me that part of the Military Base had taken up the property and they were in the progress to enlarge the runway since all the

planes that returned from Iraq was now going to be stationed in Slovakia.

I was able to find Spencer, it was gone, not even a plaque and very few remembered it had even been there. HOW SAD!

Sean Younker, yes, another Younker, was with me and we filmed the eclipse of 2003. Shortly after Wagoner, SD got hit by a Tornado, still don't know how we got out of that one. In 2003 we were either ahead, after or next to a total of 14 Tornados, including the one in Pierce City MO. That one was as bad as the one in Spencer and it is doubtful if the town will ever recover.

Sean Younker was the young man that came to me via a Temp Service and helped to build the new glass room after the earthquake. He later became my camera-person and we went on the road the summer of 2003.

He accidentally made a name for himself when we were at Ft. Defiance. Him and one of the Navaho boys went for a walk. A dog followed them. They went to the mountain. Somewhere along the line the dog fell back and refused to follow them. A boy stopped also, so Sean entered a cave. He said he ran into a dinosaur. Said it had a VERY big head and teeth and scared him. He ran all the way back to the house. No one had told him about the legend of the black snake.

The Ranger at Chinley did laugh when we told him. He had heard about me and my "Incident" at the Hubble Trading Post. Said they still talk about it amongst themselves.

When we got to my favorite rest area in Colorado, the one Michelle and the kids had stopped at years earlier, we noticed the Navaho were there selling their goods like always. One of the tribal council members from Shiprock stopped on her way to Utah. She recognized Sean and told him that he was the talk of the whole Navaho Nation. In fact the snake was thought to be a legend...think again!

One more thing about the Navaho Nation. When Dennis Kucinich ran for President they along with almost all the Tribes endorsed him. I was so glad. For the first time in my life I met a man that was qualified.....qualified to be the leader of this Nation and the free world.

If it was not his time he sure made a difference in many lives, he gave us hope! The small-framed man will forever be in my mind and my heart as a fellow BEEING I recognized on some level. He will have his time!

Take a breather woman!

Lynn tries to play the talking sticks, how funny! Talk Lynn, talk!

She has no story but wants to read her latest article for the paper and get or approval or not. Sometimes we co-author stories about our adventures. Not this time, it is her baby.

LET'S MAKE SOME COFFEE.

Cream anyone? Where are the cookies, breadsticks, pretzel, anything!

"Everyone is staring at us!" Martin whispers, shoulders hunched forward to shield against Their glares. Staring at us? Of course they should be staring at us-three generations, and multiple dimensions, of Light Workers gathered at one table in a truck stop in the middle of Nowhere, America!

We sat equally, on the four sides of the Formica-topped table. Our personalities beamed like candles at each side, our differences waved in amber light that was so perceptible to the routine, the tradition anchored in Greenville. At one side of the table sat Lilian. I think Lilian is beautiful, and for those who don't understand she is compelling - a puzzle to be pieced together. Lilian has traveled all over the country, from the dusty back roads of the Navajo reservation to the tornado alleys of the Midwest, and currently resides in Washington. Lilian's spirit, a dazzling spark in her eye, has traveled into the vastness of the unknown and back again. Lilian is a psychic but also one of the most down-to-earth people I know. --- She has a straightforward, no-nonsense honesty mixed with survival sense. At times Lilian's honesty is humorous, full of vivacious wit. One time Lilian was talking with a woman who claimed that she is an extraterrestrial living inside a human body. The woman told Lilian that she doesn't have emotions, and doesn't understand human feelings. Lilian was quick to respond, "But I bet you feel pain, don't you?" Do you feel pain? Of course, all living creatures feel pain - that is what makes us alive, makes us real.

Back to Lilian. Right now her hair is blue at other times her hair has been black, purple, braided, and wrapped in colorful scarves. Lilian sets her own style - her closet is an inspiration for the anorexic models of Paris to dare to be different. Most importantly, Lilian is a true humanitarian. Lilian is truly unselfish and will do what it takes to help others, even if it means she has to eat a can of spinach for a week because she has given away so much. The calling of Spirit guides Lilian through life. -Lilian is not taken advantage of by giving so much but, really, takes advantage of the love and abundance that is available to all of us through the gifts of the Universe. Regret is shrugged off the shoulders of her silky gown of African print, onto the next adventure!

Next, there is Monica from Texas. Her name is pronounced like the passionate moan in a Harlequin novel, it's almost obscene, moan-ih-ca. Monica is a short woman with a crop of curls springing from the top of her head. She drives like a cowgirl who has roped Haley's comet, her foot always deep into the spur of the gas pedal. The car bucks on the road, topping speeds

of 70 mph in city or on highway. Petrified squirrels race to the safety of trees when they hear the squeal of Monica's tires on the steaming pavement. Look out life, here I come!

Then there is me. I muse on how our table represents so much, that our table must be like the first spark of fire given to ancient man. At first so impossible, so different until a new perspective takes hold, until a new idea manifests into form. The best way to describe myself is as being the Donna Reed of an alternate universe, a dark Donna Reed who contrasts to the blonde beauty with a porcelain complexion. A Donna Reed with wild waves of hair that ripple down my back, not a careful coiffure hardened into perfection with a blitzkrieg of hair spray. A Donna Reed that is meticulous about casting Rune stones and delving into life's mysteries as the "other" Donna Reed is meticulous about molding the perfect meatloaf (not too many crackers) and cleaning the upturned noses of china figurines with the gentle dash of a feather duster.

The youngest generation of our group is no longer sitting at the table, but wildly dancing on a chair. He leaps off the chair, bounding into a booth to shake the sparkly salt crystals inside a glass shaker. This is my son, Davin, a spirited child who is so active that he could start a new fitness craze based on the exercise of chasing him around: leaping over furniture, rolling on the floor, diving into a puddle. Davin does sit when the food is brought to the table. He licks the ketchup off the plate then eats the fries. Davin can get a whole room laughing with his antics. Lilian said she could feel Davin's presence before we arrived, his energy is like that, boundless. There hasn't been a moment since Davin's birth, save sleep, when he hasn't stopped moving, talking, leaping.

Poor Martin - my "normal" half - who went on this journey for the ride, couldn't imagine, not in his wildest dreams, what he was getting into! Martin wears a black cap, faded blue jeans, and a leather jacket. He lunges into a bite of a cheeseburger, pooled in grease. No one has stared at Martin before, except for the time he walked into a bathroom and came out with a trail of toilet paper dangling from his boot. Martin is up for adventure; he takes any challenge with a generous laugh. The exotic smell of our perfume lightens the heavy aroma of grilled onions and gritty diesel. Paloma Picasso from Lilian, Sex on the Beach (I like controversy!) from me, and tangy essential oils from Monica (who does reflexology). Davin's smell is earthy, caught with the 50 mph winds that blows the ruddy dust off Cahokia Mounds and onto the top of Davin's fawn-colored hair. Martin leans back, yearning for a good cup of coffee. The coffee served here tastes like the stagnant water collected in the tires of an eighteen-wheeler. Martin is dehydrated for a good cup of coffee; he

will have to drive to St. Louis for that.

Our mission has been successful so far. We explored Cahokia Mounds, visited Omar, and dined with disembodied friends at a haunted restaurant. The fourth generation of our group is ElektraAhn, she works with stones and the energy grids of the Earth (ley lines). Elektra energetically (no pun intended!) hiked Cahokia, leaving Lilian and Monica panting in her wake. - A "senior discount" for Elektra is shaving off the wear and tear of life by inspiring others with her exuberant insight. She has dashed off to another adventure; the remaining work is for us to finish. Elektra passed from the Earth plane in 2003, she did not fear death but looked forward to "another assignment". I imagine that Elektra is exploring the ley lines in a way she never did in life, wearing a safari hat as she rides a Harley on pulsating currents of energy. In the secret places of Earth, Elektra will be greeted in the stone kingdom as an old friend, with flowers thrown at her feet. There is so much to talk about, I don't notice being stared at. I toss my hair over one shoulder and sit up straighter. Let them stare! After all, One Person at a Time.

And the Moral of the Story is...One Person at a Time is an invitation to drop the humdrum of everyday life. Drop pretensions, fears, limitations and join us at the table. Sit down, have a cup of eighteen wheeler coffee and kick your feet up. Might as well put your feet on the table, the way we are being stared at, it doesn't matter. If you are just joining us, I will catch you up on what has happened since the first publishing.

When the trailer was rockin', the Universe came knockin'. Being psychic, the Universe has Lilian "on-call" 24/7, her third-eye beeper can go off at any time. On February 28, 2001 Lilian was awoken around 4 am by an ear-jarring noise whose force was comparable to the heavy guitar and off-key shriek of a Rolling Stones song. Following this sound was an ominous sense of dread; something was going to happen. Lilian stumbled from bed; hair in tangles and one eye squinted like a pirate. She packed a bag with items she would immediately need if an emergency were to occur and waited... Lilian dozed off to sleep again only to be shaken by a thunder that engulfed the trailer. In what was later to be called the Nisqually Quake, Lilian was thrown fifteen feet across the trailer and avoided serious injury by fate, which directed her fall onto a plush ET doll.

Lilian's trailer was three miles from the epicenter of the earthquake, whose force peaked at 6.8 on the Richter scale and after forty-five terrifying seconds, displaced more than 900 people in the wake of the damage it caused. Lilian noticed unusual cracking in her trailer and called the city inspector, who promptly red-flagged the property. - A red flag means the property must be

condemned because it is too dangerous to be occupied. The ground underneath the trailer was unstable, composed of decaying organic material, and was rapidly sinking. Lilian's trailer was the only property in Lacey to be red-flagged. In moments, she was homeless. In a spiritual sense, the quake would shed what was familiar and move Lilian into a new life. The city allowed Lilian to enter the trailer for a short time but because any shift of weight could cause the trailer to slide into the earth, what was retrieved had to be thrown out the window, including a computer. Eventually Lilian was forced to abandon the effort, and relied on the Red Cross, insurance, and the kindness of others for help. During this time Lilian lived in the Cropper and published articles about her ordeal. Meeting new friends was a blessing that resulted from the quake. After reading Lilian's article, printed in a newsletter, I felt an instant connection to her. Our friendship developed after an exchange of correspondence, and eventually we went on an adventure together in Illinois. Lilian met another friend when the Universe beeped her at midnight, with a cryptic message to get "bug spray". Namaste, have a cigarette and Lilian ventured uptown where she met a man named Sage. Sage who is a poet and musician who left his life, choosing to be homeless, so he could freely explore spirituality.

Lilian interviewed Sage for "A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness" where he revealed insights that connected to her own transition. Another blessing that occurred after the earthquake was relocating to a new trailer that has a glass room for doing readings, a big yard for the grandkids to play in and neighbors that truly care about each other. Lilian found a new home!

Another event that impacted Lilian's life, since the first publishing of this book, was having a heart attack. The heart is a sanctuary where the closeness between friends is felt most keenly, where inspiration blossoms, where grief loosens petals of tears falling over the cheeks. When I first became a mother, I often closed my eyes, wondering about the child splitting the seams of my far-stretched jeans. My silent pleading was answered by the steady thump-bump heard over the fetal monitor. How ironic that Lilian's heart would tremor - shaking her body with the intensity of the Nisqually that devoured her trailer, cracking the seams and spitting out the rivets like the harvest of an aluminum pea pod.

Lilian's heart had endured so much, and at times was her soul companion. How thin and sharp are the tendons of life - with one jolt the color of flesh fades to cold white. After two years of recovering from the earthquake and rebuilding her life, Lilian experienced a terrifying jolt. When pain shot through Lilian's chest, she knew something was horribly wrong and dialed 9-

1-1. An ambulance careened through winding roads, flashing a red and blue light that whistled an opera as the ambulance raced through the profound silence of ancient hills. The steady thump-bump of Lilian's heart gave way to an erratic beating. Undeterred, Lilian remained Lilian - honest and self-assured, leaving ruin to chase at her heels. Thump-bump, the ambulance arrives and the medics administer Nitro and aspirin. Lilian trusted Spirit, the force that has never steered her wrong. She was not afraid to die.

Lilian did not die; life asked more of her. After being released from the hospital, Lilian had to wait three weeks to be seen by a cardiologist for further testing. To prepare for the appointment, Lilian had to fast, avoid stress, and could not consume any caffeine or nicotine. After recovering from a heart attack, stress is difficult to avoid considering that Lilian was exhausted and not able to do her everyday tasks such as cleaning, cooking, and preparing shows. Lilian's daughter agreed to drive Lilian to the cardiologist and offered support. Lessons would emerge, like the sun breaking free from a stormy sky, after Lilian encountered rude staff at the clinic. Despite the enormous amount of stress created by the rough hands scrubbing her chest for the heart monitor, the sharp words of a nurse who prattled instructions at Lilian with mind-numbing speed, and the negativity of the clinic staff, Lilian is declared to be perfectly healthy. After three weeks of waiting, days of fasting and no smoking, Lilian felt angry to be treated with little consideration.

Lilian was healthy but her body felt as battered as the trailer that she was forced to evacuate. Then came the realization: Lilian's heart still was beating. Just as Spirit offers lessons and insights to learn from, the heart - as a physical form of Spirit experiencing human life - also has a lot to say! Lilian sat down to write about her heart attack, and what she had learned. Through e-mail, she passed her story on to a friend; that one e-mail soon was sent from person-to-person all over the country. The story continued in a way that Lilian never expected. The beating of the heart, a steady thump-bump, is a universal lullaby - a rhythm that dictates the dance of nature and an assuring reminder of life.

And the Moral of the Story... is an ongoing journey, a macrocosm of the adventures, relationships, and lessons that life has to offer. After the coffee has cooled, after creases line the forehead, after the moon ascends into the sky, there will come a time of silence, a time of contemplation. In the silence, if you pause to feel the thudding of the heart in the chest, the warmth of energy settling in the body, the senses will naturally attune to a voice that speaks only in silence, when all distractions are stilled. This is the voice of Spirit. One person at a time, Spirit works in each of us, forming connections from one life to another, turning strife into triumph, and challenging each of us to take the



journey to self-empowerment. This is the continuing journey of the universal, beginning with one person and connecting to a greater whole.

In Joy and Peace~ Lynn Mari

For more information about Lilian, including photos of her exciting adventures and updates on the latest happenings, log onto:

[www.Psygeria.com](http://www.Psygeria.com)

[www.ModernMysteries.tv](http://www.ModernMysteries.tv)

[www.TempleofHighStrangeness.org](http://www.TempleofHighStrangeness.org)

Pretty good Ms Lynn that covers things pretty good.

I forgot to tell how I wrote you a letter, not how, just what happened when you got it. Lilian thought I was MEME and threw the letter in the trash. Her Guides made her dig it out, the envelope was full of coffee grounds. Glad she listened, we would have missed a great friendship otherwise. Gosh, there were so many Lilian's in there, glad it is the same one! Can you imagine if there were more than one? The chorus of laughter answered that one. She handed the talking sticks to Dens.

So nice to be ere, always. I am still omsless. I go to all dem churches on Sunday. De day everyone as to be nice to me. When I leave der, I cum ere, everyone is always friendly. I am always welcum ere. A strange place dis country. De land of de free. What appened to it my sisters?

All me broter are in jail or worse. America in trouble. No freedom, remind me of somting I already know. Hope we gat finish wit dad foolishness before we all die. 911 one big mess. Make me art acke. Read books wit different idear, could be dey right you know.

Dey say Oliver North tink about someting like dad way back in 84. Strange, so long ago, same story. Airplanes I tell you. Very convient for the government, clean everyting same time. All riffraff at de same time in the name of terrorism. Mighty strange you know.

Immigration detainees from the 80's can finally go ome, no job, no family, no ome. Got to make room for the domesticated terrorism. Might be you scared of the neighbors. Might be they want it dad way. Like in Europe in the 40's. I tink so.

I am old man, ow can I get up an open de door in 30 seconds, me bones are stiff and troublesome. Not right to make law so you break in a mans ous in 30 seconds you know. Too many people living, dads what it be. Pray we get change for 2004. Too old and I is tired you know. Cry for the children, life not good. Ow it get so I tink, tings are good and bam where is Gore? Long ago it seems, trouble evrywheres. People do need to go to church

on Sunday and stop dad ugliness on Monday. Tuesday too, you know.

I have food, me Sunday cloth, but I need me freedom. I so sad about de killing all de time. In Amerika, Iraq, Haiti. My people tell me Maxine Waters go to Sout Afrika and Amy Fisher. Tink it is tru, kidnap people, even if Amerika put JEAN Berand Aristide der.

Sad for Amerika, no respect. I like cuming ere, appreciate it.

Sadly enough I think we all feel the sadness. Especially when we read between the lines or reason what some of the award winning journalists have written. Not the MEDIA as we call it, that is another story. We agree on that.

I take the Talking Sticks for Ms. E.T. Have something to add to that.

I attended a conference, Jim Marrs was the sponser. I was searched at the Laughlin/Bullhead Airport. I sat in my seat. I was unable to turn my head to see whom I was sitting next to. In front was a Lady and we talked back and forward. The man 2 seats over asked if we knew each other. We did not. He was amazed at the familiarity with which we spoke. We mentioned there are no coincidences. He agreed. Somehow we talked about how 75% of the country was all on the same page, except someone had forgot to mention it in high places. I told how I had traveled all over and took picture of many things that were meaningless the year before and now important. As example I used the sign I photographed in Idaho. It marked the Internment Camp the Japanese Americans were kept and according to the sign used for labor to the farmers. I heard someone cry and when I finally looked at my neighbor two seats over, it was him crying. He was a survivor from that Camp. He said he did not know that sign was there.

William Cooper, Author of Behold a pale horse, had been killed. By Native American police out of all things..... I often worry about Jim Marrs. He is an honest man and researches his subjects well. He has his own book on 911.

I was on the first plane that landed in Texarkana, TX, after 911. I was interviewed by NBC. I told them that the baggage handlers in Dallas told me they "QUOTE" did not give a shit what was in my bag, they were about to loose their job. It never got aired. Weeks later others came forward.

Monica and I drove 4200 miles that month. We talked to the people. We got lost on the way to Greenville. I recognized the freeway and showed her the Conoco Station I had gotten the gas, the station that turned out it wasn't there. It was there that day five years later. We stopped and told them the story. They had grand opening two weeks earlier. They were not gullible to believe us. We showed them the story in my book. It looked just like I

remembered it when it wasn't there.

I ran into UNICORE Headquarters accidentally when I was in Big Spring TX. It felt so strange knowing what I did and looking at it.

A man had stopped me in Montesano Washington in the CROPPER. He told me about the people he worked for. How they wanted him to use a green Vouager credit card type thing for all his activity. He told them since he installed windshields that was not possible. They threatened to fire him. He said he was glad. He had read my book and did not want to work with UNICORE any more. He was worried how he could get out of the contract.

We noticed the Chemtrails have changed. A lot of people were all up in arms in arms and build devices to block the effects of the chemicals. Now the shapes have changed. Instead of stripes and lines they look like angles and ferries. Much better than the devil cloud the kids and I saw on our way back from Topeka so long ago. People stop their cars to get a better look. All the chemicals drop on them, especially from the ones that are shaped like spines. Rage invades your body. Some people cannot deal at all.

I had an unofficial report that HAARP was damaged in an earthquake in 2003, somehow it is up and running. At a frequency no one knows. It creates allot of problems for us frequency people. They gave it a word...fibramialga or something that sounds like that.

A communications satellite disappeared into a wormhole, no need to tell you that with increasing sunspots and the entire world getting new cell phones we are in trouble.

In 1999 a man came to see me. He brought me a picture of a UFO. It was taken in Ventura the same day Anna Rodriguez and I drove into the two moons in Slovang. I used it for an opening shot.

I was preparing for a show about didgeridoos. A man named Martinez came by my house and asked if I wanted to trade Didgeridoos. Mine was 5 feet and shiny. Had just acquired it a couple days earlier for a ridicules price. He handed me his. It was hand made by an aboriginal man from Australia. I looked and it had all the things on it that was in my vision during my healing. I was blown away! When I tried to find the man Martinez to switch back he had disappeared, people said I had imagined him. Only I still have the Didge.

OK Ms.ET I will give the stick to Barb. Time for a smoke anyway. I have to get grounded, I am about to float away.

Actually, it is Claudia's turn. UH WHEE, she got those sticks now.

I have been coming here many years now. I found my aunt's address in my

grandmother's postal box and have been here every 6-month. I wanted to immigrate, but they only wanted nurses to come. I bagged my parapsychology and became a geriatric nurse. Maybe one day when we have peace again I can come and stay.

When I come we take NAZHONI the RV and we go to many places. We spend time at the Whispering Knowledge on the Winochee River. I love the rain forest. My last assignment as Lilian's international reporter was castles. Funny, how life changes. I come here to recharge my batteries. We do not have the metaphysical community in the Fränkischen Schweiz like you have here. I think we all have a path. No matter what it is we want to do, if we listen to our Angles we end up doing the right thing and follow what is destined for us. Lilian said I was an asset to her and she is so happy I am here. It is good to spend time with family. One year I was lucky and we were all together. Sometimes I help with a case, we had one the other day and I found the files that were lost. What a family we have, we are all strange.....

We visited with James Clarkson in Aberdeen. They finally found the re-enactment of the June Kaba Story. Stanton Freedman had it. It gave the woman a different name. June Kaba lived in Ocean Shores, WA. In the 50's she worked at Wright Patterson Air force Base. She handled a piece of a spaceship and took dictation for Werner von Braun. It was that proposal that started the space program with a budget of \$ 600000. Imagine that! We are now on Mars and everything we thought is true. I watched one of Lilian's shows where they talk about the moon and all the things on it. I am still young enough to see the outcome of that. How exciting! People are getting really smart about things and they won't be able to pull the wool over our eyes too much longer. Pretty soon we look up and there are our space brothers landing on the yard.

I see Tigggy is still on aol, she talks to me sometimes, said she gets a lot of IM because of the book. She is very nice.

I am glad Lilian is learning Quantum Touch, healing herself is better for her now that she is not seeing Dr. Gould anymore. Think she outgrew him, ja? Dr. Ott is still there when she needs him and Phillip of cause, he keeps track of who she is..... someone has to you know. That's all I have to say for now.

It is getting late we all want to stay just a little longer. One more story Barb. Like that is really going to happen, what a joke. This is a never-ending saga. Gypsy's Uncle Strom Thurman retired and died at the age of 100. He was the oldest man in Congress, no argument here. We all wondered how long before someone mentioned what we knew for years. His relatives of color. Most of them live here and we laughed about it for years. We use to take the young

ones for ice cream. Poor man was so in denial, but still made laws. Kind of funny and sad at the same time!

The CROPPER is still "TOHS" Headquarters, even though it is parked in the back yard. Just did not have the heart to sell him, did Temple of High Strangeness proud. People still look for it. One year we collected 32000 cans of food for the Food Banks between Olympia and Hotchkiss, Co.

The whole town chipped in for repairs after Lilian burned up the brakes coming down White Mountain in Colorado. A wonder she made it at all. Imagine coming down the mountain 7% drop from 10000 feet. To pull over in a place where it just so happens 3 hikers were emerging from the cliff jelling: "Heh, your rig is on fire." We'll keep CROPPER just to sit in and reminisce.

NAZHONI came along in 2003. The Navaho named her. It means Beauty-way. A journey or a quest. NAZHONI is female, definitely female. A mind of her own, can't fool her about anything. She knows the difference between Conoco, Texaco and BP. BY-PASS, she won't run on BP.

"One more story you said?" Here is a good a strange one. Well, maybe it sounds better coming from Lilian.

Those Sticks are staring to look used. OK. Greenville it is.

When I broke my leg I went to Greenville to see Omar and show him my cast that was signed by many famous people. I stayed with a couple. The man was a saint, just sweet. We made a wonderful connection.

Over the years I had several more run ins with that Gypsy law in Greenville. Eventually I had to go to the Chief of Police and show him that the 8th circuit had declared it unconstitutional and tell him that if anyone said anything else to me ever again. I offered to send for Lynn Vaughn from CNN and the Rev. Jessie Jackson to make the town even more famous.

A few weeks after I got home I woke up one morning screaming with pain. It felt like the front of my body was on fire. Including my testicles. Michelle came right away and took me to four places to find a doctor. We were unable to find one and I was screaming all that time. From 7:30AM till noon. About that time it dawned on us that I had no testicles. That meant that was not my pain. I went home. It took 3 weeks for me to recover after the pain finally subsided.

A week later I got a call telling me that nice man I had stayed with had badly burned in what appeared to be a spontaneous combustion. His clothes were 80% cotton and 20% acrylic. The keys had melted in his pocket. It was deterrent that he was burned at 1700° in all the places where my pain was. He must have cried out in his agony for help, I heard him in my

sleep and took some of his pain. That might have saved his life.

Since I was the only celebrity they knew I was asked to come and do a fundraiser for him, since they had very little insurance.

I got on a night flight to Houston and on to St. Louis. When I got close to Houston the Captain came and asked if I had a headache and I had the option to go back. Either way I had to land. He was going to put down the plane easy; I should help.

When I got to St. Louis the Captain asked how the landing was and I thought we did well.

The friends that picked me up took me straight to the burn unit at the hospital to see my friend. Considering I thought he looked good.

Something as different about his eyes and he seemed hesitant to accept the healing stone I brought for him.

At one time he asked his wife to come closer. He became very territorial and explicit with her, looking at me at the same time. It was at that time I realized he was no longer a man, I saw him as what he really was. A Reptile balancing a tail. I suggested to his wife we leave and made her aware of what I saw, she said she knew. It was the same night that famous UFO Sighting was reported by the police officer over Bonds County. The place where I had seen so many every time I got to Greenville.

The house was over run by mice, I offered to stay and let in the exterminator the next day. Within an hour a fight broke out. The sisters got in a fight. The Cops came again, by then they knew whenever I came to town something happened. They took one sister to the Mental Ward. Within a short time I was put into a hotel and was stuck there for two weeks. I did manage to see Omar and the friends from Oklahoma, Texas and Washington paid my bill. I had no money.

I watched TV and followed a City Council meeting in which \$267000 was granted for the expansion of the road in front of the Post Office. That did happen one year later. The channel I was watching was under repairs at that time and not on the air.

It was pointed out to me that the captain on the plane could not have been the Captain. How did he know I had been unconscious one year earlier flying over the 4corners on my way to Phoenix. It must have been a guide giving me a choice in this assignment I ended up with.

It was pointed out to me that my friend could not have risen out of the wheelchair, he had no feet.

I realized that Greenville was not for me anymore and never set foot in the place again.

Omar was transferred to Colorado, finally.

A friend, Mickey, from Lansing MI met up with Monica, Lynn, ElectrAhn and myself when we went to the Cahokia Mounds. We mentioned that we felt like a light in the middle of the country. The hotel at Pocahontas was for sale and Mickey bought it. It is now the Lighthouse Lodge on I-70.

The Crop Circles of 1997 were 3 miles from the Cahokia Mounds and Wood Hedge unknown to me. I came full circle.

Tom is the chief of police in POKI.

Everyone that was in any way enlightened moved away from Greenville.

Tom and Mickey are holding the energy; I no longer have to go there. After 6 years my job is done in Greenville. I can go to POKI IF I want to.

Let's play that pretty song that Randy Shaw wrote for you: Lilian, Ms Lilian we like to thank you for all the fun. So glad that he is writing for the show. So many friends, so many treasures.

Kanashibushan has to have the sticks, we have not heard from you. So deep in thought today.

I have been listening to everything and it made me think about some things. I am 70 now; all of a sudden this New World has opened up for me. I enjoy doing the predictions for the country on the shows. I am so amazed that everything happens so fast, considering we tape 6 month in advance. Time is so hard to predict, is like hitting the moon with a paperclip. Yet, it is so interesting how it all unfolds. We are 94% accurate. We try so hard to change things, yet it seems to be at a stand still. Like your book, so many thoughts became reality in a hurry and it is like watching a re-run of the news.

It is sad when so many of the once gifted people sell out, just the other day a plane was canceled. A psychic said a bomb was on board. It is good to see that they are paying attention, on the other hand it makes it hard for some of us when things don't pan out. I hope people will not let that get in the way. We know the difference we can make to the world. We need to send Love and Light and positive vibes regardless. We need to bless the young ones that are taking our place, we are getting old.

I HAVE BEEN HELPING PEOPLE FOR SO MANY YEARS. Every time I think I have time for myself, here comes another assignment.

I think when my nephew Tom Graven died in the 30 mile fire,.....that was a hard one. Not that he died.....It was the way he died and so unnecessary. Or so it seemed. I am glad they changed things so this will never happen again. Every time I think I have the answer it turns out there is that one more thing to learn. Life is great, hardship and all. I would not change any of my life. It is

so wonderful to sit here with everyone and just....BE...

We are in for hard times, but change takes time and does not come easy. Like Lilian's book, she did not write that, she experienced it, true, like 2003 it was all laid out and guided and she followed that voice and brought it home to share. 5824 miles. Add up the miles it took these stories. Universe always provides, I marvel at that all the time. We have to stay strong and bless everyone and their opinions. One cannot teach college courses in kindergarten. We will reach the promise land. It might take some lifetimes. As we all go to different places we take the energy with us like bees take pollen from one plant to another. This is how we cultivate. Life is good, regardless. There is always hope. The war will end and some day we will be the people of the planet Earth and get along. I am with Dens, I am too old to change with the craziness. What is that smell?

Roses! It is spring and new life has emerged. We lost an hour last night, PST. Better run and find it..... Find Yourself while You Are Searching!

Everyone has left. It was a good meeting. Good to stay on top of things and updated.

The next day we went to BIG LOTS. For the first time since I saw the lawyer that cheated me out of the money. I did not mention the money; I asked him how he was. Not good he said. He showed me the inside of his hands, they were full of inverted warts. I wanted to say: "What do you expect, you are a thief." I did not, I only marveled at how Universe has a way of taking care of things.

----- 2 Lynn Maries----- 2 McCarceys-----2 Younkers. I am in amazement.

We live in times that are so, so busy. Just getting to the next day takes a real effort. Most everyone is so stretched with making a living we don't always take the time to think, everything just comes automatically.

I thought about quitting cigarettes. In order for me to do that I have to work out a workable reason why in my own mind. Things have to make sense to me before I can justify something to the point I can act on it.

Lets look at the last 2 weeks.

Things are almost on schedule, I am supposed to leave on my yearly cross-country trip. This year Barb is going with me. First time we will travel together. In my mind I am already on my way to the canyons of Arizona. The generator breaks down. Not good since I need power going into the heat of a southwest summer. Universe knows I trust my destiny and follow universal flow without question. If this sounds like a contradiction, it is not. My



personal life is one story, my spiritual life another.

In my personal life things have to make sense, in my spiritual life I am on automatic pilot.

The friends have offered to help with the generator. Lots of great Ideas, except at this time none of the ideas are workable solutions.

My thought is interrupted because I hear on the news that a Portland Lawyer was arrested because he was involved in the bombing of the train in Spain. The ...9.11... of Europe. What a terrible thing! So many people died! How can anyone do something like that? He lives with his 3 children and his wife Mona.... Wait a minute! I look up and see Mona and pictures of her children blasted all over the TV. And there is a picture of Brandon Mayfield. The wonderful, soft spoken Human Rights Lawyer from Topeka. They now live in Portland. My heart skips a couple of beats and the phone starts ringing.

Some of the friends are trying to tell me what they think about the reports on television.

It reminds me of the night Omar called and said he had been arrested. At first we thought it was a joke and later we thought it was a mistake. We thought it would all be cleared up in a day or so and go away. In a way that was easy because I knew Omar well and knew that was a set up. That set up cost him 27 years of his life and my faith in justice is somewhat tainted.

Here it is again, Brandon arrested. A joke because he has never been to Spain. He is one of the most compassionate people I know, they treat him like a killer.

We live in a society where rules change ever so often. Usually every 50 years or so there is a war or genocide, the winner is right and everything gets changed according to that. I am 58, in which time there was Vietnam, Golf War, Panama, Haiti, Afghanistan and now Iraq, not counting all the little wars in-between since I am only counting the ones that affected me or someone I know. There is a lot wrong with that picture.

Because the rules change with every administration it is confusing how to feel. How does one know what the rules are for that timeframe?

I still have my relationship with Omar and have never regretted that part of my life. I know that is the right thing to do.

What does society dictate today? How do I feel about Brandon, Mona and the kids? How am I supposed to conduct myself?

Brandon answered that for me after he was released two weeks later.

I had heard Jim Marrs use that quote. When one scarifies freedom for security one deserves neither. A president said that, can't remember which one, it could have been Roosevelt.

Brandon is free and even got an apology from the government.

He is still a lawyer.

He is still a Moslem.

He is still a loyal American.

He is still a husband.

He is still a father.

He is still a son.

He is still my friend.

He does not appear to be the same person and I don't think some of us are the same either because we allowed our-selves to be in doubt. We resented that Mona and the kids were on TV every day and it troubled us to see her cry publicly out of frustration. We wondered what she went thru seeing the shameful behavior towards the prisoners in Iraq that was on TV daily at the height of the scandal.

For 2 weeks we did not know what to think. Some of us psychics looked at that and though we perceived Brandon being a great man, a man that will make a difference in a world in the future. Maybe that is why someone tried to make him out a terrorist and discredit him. The psychics knew him to be innocent. Some of a rest of the world was in doubt about everything and for that we need to apologies.

I hope we can get past these terrible times and get some kind of sane back into our life.

It is not too often that one takes time to analyze ones self, wonder what triggered me to do such a thing tonight. Sleep just won't come, even though it is already in the wee wee hours of the morning.

I am so use to being one way that I do not question too much on a spiritual level. The title PSYCHIC was given to me because there was not another to describe it and that is what modern man in the Western Hemisphere is use to calling Intuitives. I have never considered myself a Medium; no one from the other side ever talks to me. It is therefore not surprising that my association with ghosts is somewhat different than the average persons.

My first experience with someone in the in-between time and spirit form was when Tom Graven just appeared in my house the night he died in the 30-mile fire. I had NEVER seen or heard of Tom before, it took only a minute to figure out who he was. The next encounter with him was when he stood next to me by the kitchen sink and gave me a message for his family. Before I was able to ask him anything he disappeared. That experience stayed with me for a long time.

Another case and point in time is the Russell Jordan case. Now Russell's story is a little different. I had been asked by his parents to help solve his murder. Was it a coincidence that I was recommended as a profiler by the authorities? Was it a coincidence that I already knew his Father? Was it a coincidence that I was already practically in route to Missouri to visit his parents in reference to something totally unrelated? Not the murder, rather the ongoing investigation of a piece of a spaceship. The Bob White object to be exact.

I entered the story double blind, that means I knew NOTHING. Within an hour we had established many details not only of Russell's short life, but also of a lot of the events leading up to his murder and the people that were responsible for his murder.

My findings were that Russell had been killed because of a dispute about a girl and a lot of Marijuana. I am able to describe the crime scene and the people responsible for that act. RUSSELL's parents were satisfied with the findings of the reading.

What was so unusual about the case was that he disappeared in 1982. His bones were found in 1995 and put on a shelf. Not until 2003 was anyone able to identify him because his hands and most of the skull were never recovered.

The TV NEWS PROGRAM Date Line filmed a story about the mysterious case from Silicon Valley. The week the show was to air it was put on hold and from what I heard had a gag order put in place.

Sean Vieweg was arrested under questionable circumstances and within a few months sentenced to 6 years. Six years because he bargained with the courts claiming he acted in self defense.

It was during the time this bargaining process was active in the courts that I interviewed Dr. Jordan and his wife and produced the show: Russell Jordan. I allowed the Jordan family to tell the whole story the way they remembered it. We did not have a gag order.

It was complicated to put the show together because I seemed obsessed with a merry go round. I finally located one to film and put the image of the merry go round into a picture of Russell. His head actually. I realized that Russell was working with me and wanted this done a certain way.

One night I was obsessed with something that spelled :liebe lungen sage. We ran that thru the computer and found it to be a fairytale from Europe. When I told it to Dr. Jordan he knew what it meant.

The show was good and we were pleased. It aired.

Dr. and Mrs. Jordan went to the sentencing hearing in California and they decided to come to my house on their way to Hanford Nuclear Plant. Dr.

Jordan is one of the scientists that proposed cleanup of the radioactive mess we are confronted with. (At Hanford)

The night Sean Vieweg was sentenced an extremely heavy bookcase was moved into the middle of my glass-room. The only person at my house was myself and Ms.E.T the cat of course. Needless to say we did not put the bookcase there. On it were numerous heavy books, a case of audiotapes and a bowl filled with rocks, in short, my neighbor and I were not able to pick up the bookcase to move it back.

I asked Russell to put it back where it was and to stop his adolescent misbehavior. The next morning it was almost back to the original place, far enough from the wall for his Father to see when they arrived the next day.

Even though we, Dr.and Christy Jordan and myself, were not happy with the sentence and all the circus and incomplete story of events connected with the strange case, we thought Russell could finally find peace and get laid to rest.

Weeks went by. My second show: What's NEW aired, in which the Jordans reported about the trial. By now many people were familiar with the plight of the Jordan Family to get their son buried.

AGAIN the bones are lost; they disappeared at the coroner's office. With that Russell is still roaming the ether stopping for a rest at my house or in my presents.

Date Line finally aired and it was eerie. It appeared they had taken the story from my psychic tape and turned it into a story line.

Russell had a story run thru his head, much like it had been the merry-go-round in my show.

They had located the girl in my story and I saw the people that I perceived psychically that first day. The Jordan's wore the same clothes as in my show and it appeared that both Date Line and myself shot the story on the same day. My viewers noticed and called. With that they brought Russell Jordan back into the forefront.

I know why the bones are missing, they are evidence against the real culprit that was responsible for Russell's murder that day.

What IF the real story was to suddenly surface, Drugs, Sex, Pornography and industrial espionage in Silicon Valley so long ago?

It has been a long time since I had TEENS in my house. I am negotiating with Russell to behave and that I am aware of his presence.

I will take him with me in NAZHONI to the canyons of Utah and attempt to symbolically leave him there so he can rest in peace.

Time to watch Ripley's Believe it or not. Believe it.... it is still running after all those years.

PS.

The PARADIGM CLOCK was last reset on November 13, 2002 and resides at the PRG website: [www.paradigmclock.com](http://www.paradigmclock.com) It is a metaphor representing the proximity to formal acknowledgment by the U.S. government of an extraterrestrial presence engaging the planet. It is modeled after the "Doomsday Clock" first published in 1947 by the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists. Midnight on the Doomsday Clock meant nuclear war had begun. Midnight on the Paradigm Clock will mean formal disclosure of the extraterrestrial presence has taken place.

## **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 relieced 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 as strongly suggested for some time I do this but it only became obsessive during the time of the adjustment of the Paradime Clock, I prefere this discription 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 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 prefere the last leg discription.

As I am writing this I realize we really live in a vonerable time period, true, we have repeats of some things, but seldom were in a possition 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 consiter myself rather intelegent and streetsmart... at the same time I can NOT keep up with the new reality. Termenology, so much is abriviated into computer terms, the way we pay bills, the way we have to solve simple problems which use 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 acoount 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 compataple ith that of TCMedia,so it forced me to re-air old shows from 1998-2019. What was so bizzare as that what ever aired on Tuesday was related to a current issue or what ever was important for that week. It was like "Remembering Your Future" came to be for us to experience, just as it was portraid 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 brillant 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 devine 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 equipt to fight. Remember I have MPD (Multiple Personality Disorder) and I am not mentally equipt to deal with such stressful things, I am busy keeping myself organized in my chester-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 cigarets, 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 stayed 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 hook 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 as 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 Beeing 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 what ever 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 over night when I was 50, I became a different person. Until then I never gave anything a second thought. When Gypsey 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 as 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. 37years !

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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