

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 OAH SPE. 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 OAHSPE 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 Tornado. 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 goverment, 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 a lot 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 ridiculous 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 Wyochee 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. Stantan 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.