

Remembering Your future



Fatima 'Lilian' Mustelier

Thank you

It is custom to acknowledge people that have been supportive during the crazy times of giving birth to a book. So I shall get on with it.....

My family: David, Michelle, J and Lori. Tamara, Destiny, Ebony, Malcolm, Vanya, Meason, Sirius and Chianti. Claudia, Dieter, Jeanette, and my soul mate Omar. Once again they put up with my obsessive behavior in order to finish this project.

Mr. Bradberry for keeping me grounded, Kathryn Grandfield, Anne, my greatest critic and Lisa Bielski. Connie and Mike Johns, Laurie and Richard Johnson. Zenna and Frank Dartt.

Dr. Ott, Phillip Williams, Katherine Peil, Vivienne and Bernie Salazar. Tim and Slavka, Tom Stahl and Patricia Michl, not necessarily in that order.

Dr. Gilbert Jordan and Dennis Kucinich for restoring my faith in truth and courage, to inspire me and cheer me on in my ethics.

The Navajo Nation for allowing me to find peace of mind at Canyon DeChelly.

Zenna Dartt and Kathryn Grandfield for saving you, the reader, from terrible spelling. Edie Cole for double-checking.

Tim for again believing in me. Bill Ramsay for keeping me sane.

Ami for pretending to suffer from insomnia so I don't feel bad about calling her in the middle of the night.

All Woman Lynn Marie.

Laura Mutter for helping me keep the carpet clear of crumbs when I am busy doing "Universal Things."

Mario Gallivan for creating the book cover.

My fans for cheering me on.

AUTHORS NOTES

After completing my first book: And the moral of the story is..... one person at a time, I was sure there was nothing else for me to tell. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Not only was the “Moral” updated, it opened the door to many more stories.

Out of all of this the TV Show: A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness was born and with that like a ball of tight woven yarn an even greater story unraveled. The hundreds of people that appeared on my stage. They came from all walks of life. From troubled souls and mental patients to spies and Nobel Prize Nominees, filmmakers and people off the street, they are all equally important and their stories have to be heard.

I will attempt to do so with gratitude in my heart. No names have been changed, everyone freely and openly shared their life’s lessons with me and became heroes in my reality for having the courage and in some cases the patience to set in motion what will become our future.



© Copyright 2005

I go down a hallway; it is painted in the most brilliant colors I have ever seen, colors, because there is more than one. A mixture of maroon, violet and teal constantly changing. Now it appears to change into an indigo and some kind of orange. Reminds me of the M&M commercials I like so much. I can see the kitchen and a little gift shop off to the right. I hear a woman upstairs along with many children's voices. It looks like the tunnel one has to go thru at Stonehenge. The picture at the end of the hall even looks like the picture in the tunnel except it is not a picture, it is a picture book. A picture book made out of tapestry in harvest colors. As I approach it opens itself! I am so small in comparison to it, even so, I am able to step into the first page.

In front of me sits a woman, old, she wears a scarf in tri-colors. I feel certain recognition, only I cannot place her. The desk in front of her is a very dark brown, it appears black. She places an old deck of cards, old and faded in front of her. The desk looks gray or elephant maybe. I am unable to see the face of the cards. She gives me a long stare. Before I can ask her anything the big desk with the woman sitting at it swings to the side. Another door opens and I am now on a balcony. There is a table and a man standing by the banister. He asks me to dance. We dance into the second page of the tapestry book. A large screen appears and as we are dancing I catch bits and pieces of the picture show playing on the big-screen. I realize I am watching myself that is I in the documentary that is being shown.

He takes his hands and puts my face into them and guides my head toward the screen and in a sultry voice whispers to me: Remember your future."

I come to my senses, I have been traveling again!

During the many sleepless nights I ran into an Infomercial. It was about this wonderful sleeping system, Tempura TM. They said one has never slept till one spends a night on one of their mattresses. I actually send away for a sample and did the small piece ever feel heavenly to touch! The prize was out of my reach but I daydreamed about being able to spend a night in such a luxury. Eventually they became available in some finer stores. I went to "test drive" one on several occasions even though a purchase was impossible. My daughter Michelle had seen something similar at COSTCO. It was not the same but affordable so I settled for the lesser quality. Even at that I felt it was the greatest thing ever invented, with NASA help of course, had I known something like that could feel so good I would have scrapped the waterbed a long time ago! It caresses every part of the body and surrounds one with comfort and often times I don't get up right away because I like the safe feeling to linger just a bit longer. It is at times like that I come about some of my greatest thoughts and revelations.

There is the phone ringing off its hook, time to get up and get ready for the drive from Olympia to Seattle. At one time I would have considered that a hop and a skip, 67 miles is nothing. When I drive cross-country 67 miles means I am at my destination. But we are not talking hop and skip here, we are talking major battle mastering I-5. Everyone is trying to live outside of the city, with that creating a necklace of houses, estates and apartments all along the I-5 corridor. Don't know why they call them apartments, to me they look like they are all stuck together and the same can be said of the new houses that are springing up everywhere, clear up to Mt. Rainier. Much sense that makes to keep building next to and below an active volcano. No problem they say, we have an escape route. If you say so! Normally I drive the back road since I can actually get from my

house to Everett a little north of Seattle, not so today I am being driven to the clinic at the University of Washington by my friend Laurie.

It is amazing just how long it takes for a pot of coffee to percolate when you are waiting for it! I am almost dressed and still waiting for the bright red pot to quit puffing as if it was trying to tell me to hold my horses for another minute or so. Black coffee is all I am allowed to drink in case I have to have a test. Coffee without creamer, well, better than nothing at all.

At least I was not officially asked not to smoke, that will help put a little normalcy into my morning. I know Laurie is a non-smoker and it will be a long drive. Guess I forgot to mention that the only phobia I have is getting into someone's car and arriving at my destination emotionally and mentally intact. It would be fair to say that applies to the driver also. Somehow the issue of my paranoia changes from my problem and transfers itself to the need of the driver to tell me about driving and safety records, almost like an attack on their capability of getting me from point A to point B when in fact it has nothing to do with that at all. Phobias are just that, in the mind of the person experiencing what it is they are experiencing and not an attack on the wonderful person that is trying to help. Most of the time I'd rather stay home since the whole fiasco unnerves me days in advance. Sometimes the motion of the car and with that of my body plus what I see does not coincide, my brain cannot coordinate the two and here comes the panic attack. Best thing to do is allow me to use my energy to overcome it rather than trying to talk to me and get nervous yourself. Only other solution is to let me OUT NOW.

Guess in society we have been taught to take on everyone else's problem and make it our own, it is the polite thing to do. Polite my derrière, I like to keep my own problems if you don't mind. Wish I were 5 hours older and this fiasco of my Dr. visit was behind me.

Laurie is here, a last puff on the cigarette; I grab my purse and get into her car. As always she is cheerful even though she also knows we have a wild ride ahead of us.

"Now don't get nervous, I am a good driver. I know you are scared of the left lane; I will get you there safely. I know you have told me before why we are going to the Doctor. Somehow I cannot understand how it got to this point. Make sure you start at the beginning, that will keep you busy."

Gladly, wow, we are already driving in the left lane!

In 1981 I was told I had Graves disease. Thinking it was the most effective and quickest treatment they took out part of my thyroid. My favorite doctor preformed the surgery. It was about the time when someone discovered that staples work just as good or even better than catgut. My doctor must have been delighted with that idea and gave it a whirl. He randomly stapled my neck back together. He must have really got the hang of it by the time he reached number 23, or it was a good number in numerology, who knows. In any event in the mid 1980's when the nuclear accident occurred at Chernobyl, Russia I was in Europe at a location that had micro fallout. Within 4 days I came down with radiation sickness and spent 11 days at a German hospital. While there the right side of my neck was very painful and swollen and they drained a cyst that had appeared maybe because of the fallout.

My neck bothered me off and on for a long time and we nurtured the pain with Tylenol, Chiropractic, Reiki and what ever else we could think of. Many days I was unable to eat solid food and I sort of got used to it.

The problem escalated again in the late 90`s when it was discovered I now had also developed a goiter on the left side. Surgery was deemed to be dangerous because of the staples and we took a wait and see attitude. It continuously progressed to the point that I lived on Gatorade and baby food for month at a time. I managed to keep living if you will and only a few people were aware to some extent of my daily struggle. Sometimes my backache would take my mind of my neck and I managed for a long time.

I had developed a bothersome cough, we determine that by coughing I would relax the muscles in my neck and therefore I was able to get a little extra air sometimes. It was irritating to say the least especially when I was taping a show and we were unable to edit that part. The viewers got used to my coughing away and I was grateful that they stuck with me. I would give them an update occasionally.

The Nisqually earthquake opened the ground and my house fell into a crack or hole. We also realized that there had been a problem with the septic for a long time and the poison gases from that could have aggravated my neck. After a row of lawyers approached me to sue the City for what they thought was easy money, someone had the great idea to sue my favorite surgeon. Of course that was out of the question, I like him and he was only going with the times when he got carried away with his new toy stapler.

“Wasn’t the money important? Would it have helped you now to get better care?”

“ Maybe so, I don’t think everyone ever expected me to live that long, I don’t think anyone realized I was on a mission! Oh Gosh, let me breath, here comes another left off ramp! The reason I am going to the University today is to see if we can find some relief for me and improve my quality of life. In the mean time I have developed some sort of gagging reflex that won’t allow me to wear my dentures. In the 1990’s we discovered that all the calcium in my body was penetrating in my beautiful teeth instead of the bones and other appropriate places. We thought, in theory, if we removed my teeth that would solve the problem. I sacrifice my teeth on a theory and it worked. My back got better and I have no complaints about that. Of course now it is a problem, but I am getting to far away from the story.”

“Do you know this doctor?”

“Actually I do. He is not my favorite, he does not listen and told me it was all in my head.”

Seattle traffic is really picking up, so many lanes, drivers cutting us off racing across lanes to get to exits just to criss cross into another impossible situation. I am a nervous wreck, Laurie is holding up good actually. Her having me talk to her worked. I prefer Los Angeles traffic any day. People know when you turn on the blinker, they follow directions and allow you to change lanes. Not so Washingtonian drivers. They make a game out of trying to keep you from getting where you want to go. They speed up and ride you shotgun, talk on the cell phone and flip you off all at the same time. I guess that is why we have a road rage law and need it I might add.

Here is the clinic, we made it! Now to park an SUV in this tiny parking space is another story.

Doctor looks happy, I ask to have Laurie in the office so I have a witness to help me sort out my illness in the head. He agrees. He asks if I am better, I tell him no since I

have too much “stuff” in my neck and he agrees that that is a problem. I am glad to hear that since that does not sound like it is in my head this time.

He pulls out a mile long tube and assumes I know where it goes, I do. I remind him that I am allergic to Novocain and ask him to give me a minute to prepare to leave my body. He must have thought this to be a normal request, he agrees and gestures Laurie to come and have a look.

A mile was right; as I am out of my body I am now the observer. He has inserted a tube with either a camera or a light inside my throat and explains to Laurie where everything is, where it should be and seems to forget he is poking around in my body. Laurie is fascinated of course, seems like an eternity but he finally pulls the tube out and lets me know it is ok to come back to the real world. He insists his prior conclusion was right, it is in my head. He feels it boils down to a matter of me learning how to maneuver my brain to master no more than 3 things at the same time and that would solve my reflex problem, at least for the moment. Needless to say my looks let him know in no uncertain terms that I was just about to lose it. Before I could do that he advises me not to worry about passing out, in case I cease to breathe the body would realize the error after 59 seconds and compensate by starting to breathe again..... on its own..... Never forget that breathing is one of the functions, not to forget. Add the other two at my discretion like drinking, eating, smoking, talking and anything else I would like to add just as long as it does not exceed three. I reach in my purse and look for my emergency kit. There it is: a bottle of old Valiums.

I don't remember the traffic home; I guess I got here ok. Just another day at the Doctors. Laurie must have thought I was fine, see the remnants of an American Spirit. I am sure she helped me smoke. Must remember to thank her again. I am getting back in my heavenly bed.

I find some truth in the old saying: “The older you get the faster time passes.” I have to admit that I agreed with that only recently. My daughter gave me a book for my birthday, it is entitled: When I Get Old I Shall Wear Purple. I am in my “purple” period. Having said all that one wonders why one's quality of life becomes so important. A great Healer, John of God, said that we can heal with faith but only if it is meant to be part of our journey because some of us serve as teachers for others. We set an example and hopefully muster up the strength to live up to our destiny. That is not to say that we are meant to suffer like some religions would have you believe, but it stands to reason to have some truth to it for those of us that don't seem to mind. Since I have begun my spiritual journey I have served Universe in several capacities. I have been a Gopher, a Troublemaker, a Scout, an Emissary and most recently a Town Crier.

I can picture it in my mind! A bar much like the one we see on the TV Show Deep Space Nine. Everything and everybody in the Universe stops by when on R&R, a drink, conversation, a battery change or just a refill for something. Here I am all dressed in my Caftan rolling out my parchment scroll trying to get someone's attention. It is a noisy place and most interesting. I don't seem to quite fit, but I am used to that. All my life I danced to the beat of a different drum. Why not here? In a way that is an obsolete statement since everyone here is from somewhere else. They have their own customs, ways of doing things and some may be a lot more advanced or intelligent than I am. I will give my best shot, raise my voice so I can override the noise that comes from all

corners of the room. No one said this would be an easy task either especially if one keeps losing one's voice!

This is only 2005 and I am getting a little ahead of the times. At this time we are still somewhat naïve and many Earthlings still refuse to acknowledge the fact that we are not the only species in the Universe. In a hundred years or so we will be laughed at much like we do now at people that thought the Earth was flat.

Sitting here in my Beasley armchair enjoying the triple-decker mother of pearl lamp with green, red and blue light bulbs I feel there are still moments in my life when I feel rested and enjoy the quiet of the night.

When people ask what we are thinking about and we answer nothing, I do not think that is a true statement. How can we think of nothing? Even in my quiet time my mind wanders just like it is now. Drifting to nothing except for my private thoughts about how we formulate something in our mind, reason it out and put it into action. The good, the bad and the ugly.

So many people have come on my stage since the first Show: A visit with a person of High Strangeness came into existence. It is amazing it came about at all. I thought my job as Town Crier was a done..... Or was I still the Universal Troublemaker then? Hard to say, all I know I was tired from traveling and writing the book: And the moral of the story is... One person at a time. Somehow I was able to tell my life's story and the way it applied to me. In a way I think I wrote it for my children because it occurred to me that they might get to know their mother better in written form than by asking questions that I was not able to answer throughout their early life since I literally did not know who I was most of the time.

After the book was on the market I was rather sought after, as they do with most authors; to appear on the Talk Show circuit. It was disastrous because many questions were out of line, when trying to answer or explain something there was not enough time before the next commercial or the interviewer injected their own answers. I vowed not to accept another offer. My mind was quickly changed for me when a local Host came about my story in a rather unconventional way. In essence what happened was that one of her viewers had given her my book to read. She was on her way to Yakima, Washington when her car caught on fire. Before exiting the car and getting to safety the only thing she was able to salvage was her purse and my book. It kept her company while she was waiting at a nearby Hotel until her car was replaced. She came to my house and asked me to do her show. After looking at the circumstances at which she arrived at this request I thought I should accept. Fortunately my ethics were compromised and I was mumbling very unkind things under my breath on the way out of the studio. A staff member heard me and thought if I was that unhappy I should do my own show. I followed his suggestion and was on the air three weeks later. I intended to prove a point and become a facilitator rather than a talk show host that disrespected the guests. Unfortunately instead of exchanging footage and out of town guests one of the other producers became a competitor, or so it seemed. I say that because Universe has a way to put things in an order that always serves a purpose. We cover subjects from different angles so there is no need to compete on a Universal scheme and I believe the viewers benefit greatly. With that the show was born and has been on the air bi-weekly for 11 seasons without re-runs. It put in place many stepping-stones for what is yet to come. Somehow Universe keeps me a couple weeks ahead of the current news and often

the viewers are excited to have seen it on The Visit first. Some of them are not surprised since Psychics should know things ahead of time anyway. I guess that could have something to do with that I have been this way all of my life and sometimes I forget that I do hold the title Psychic.

It has been a long day, time for a pain pill to take the edge off. I am not sure if I even stop thinking about nothing while I am sleeping in my heavenly bed.

Stretch, stretch, that does feel good! I can almost see ElekraAhn's face, like she is watching over me at times, which I am sure she is. I asked her once how she stayed so fit and she said: "Stretch, stretch, stretch! That is how. Who needs all this elaborate exercising when you can pretend your body is elastic like a rubber band." She was 83 then, I think. Somehow she lived on energy rather than food. To have a junior plate of food in front of her at a restaurant overwhelmed her. Said she could not understand why people needed food in such massive portions.

Originally ElekraAhn came into my life via Monica Ryan Smith, the friend that traveled with me long before my book writing days started. ElekraAhn was her aunt by marriage. I used to talk to her on the phone when she lived in South Carolina. At that time she became famous for making her AHN WANDS. They were healing wands made out of shells. Within them she put crystals and precious stones, each one of them designed for the person they were intended for. She sent me a few that I used for props on the show. Bernie Salazar my director worked miracles with them for special effects. Somehow he had managed to make them appear as caves even.

ElekraAhn was never on the show directly, but the clips that I took of her put many stories in a wonderful perspective. Remember the first time we mentioned her, Barbara McGuire another good friend, it was in reference to her recorder crystals and the Ahn Wands. We told the story of how we had talked to her per telephone, she was unable to be with us in person because of her being so up there in age. I felt like a fool when a few days later I got a postcard from her. She was hiking Central Australia.

She was very attractive for her age and I think even at that late in the purple period she appreciated a smile from a young gentleman. In Mini Pearl fashion she would roll her voice to a high pitch and shout: "LOURDY." After that little excitement she'd smile, and revert back to her soft-spoken angelical demeanor.

One year a woman by the name of Tammie Bauer and I went to a conference in Hotchkiss, Colorado. We decided to drive across Monarch Mountain to stop in to see some friends in Florence and Canyon City for a day or so. Word got around we were there and I was asked to give a lecture at the UFO Institute of Colorado in Pueblo. While waiting for everyone to arrive I was sitting on a stone fence. I felt this presence approach and that turned out to be ElekraAhn. What a beautiful essence she had. We did an interview that I shared later. One of the first things she made reference to was that she was old but got over it, said she was a people person and on a mission. She so inspired so many of the viewers and me, of course.

She went on a trip to England and Scotland with Monica and another friend Mickey. I was able to arrange for them to have lunch in London with one of my friends Elena, a Cooperate Attorney that I befriended per Internet on the T.L. Rampa site we use to have some years ago. Mickey belonged to the same list and we thought it was great to

get them all together on my birthday. I made out like a bandit even though I had not been there, they brought back a beautiful silver bracelet and Truffles from the Queens favorite Confitüre.

While on this trip they deposited, if you will, magnetic load stones that ElekraAhn harvested in Magnet Grove, Arkansas. I was told it is the only place on Earth that they grow, if that is the right word. She made sure we all had plenty of them and she instructed us to leave them in places they, the stones, wanted to be. It was amazing, I go somewhere and I get the thought to just drop one on the ground or hand one to a person. It was a very distinct command and we all did as she asked. It was right after 9.11.... so it was hard to take them on trips with you because of the magnetic components in the stone they would beep at the airport. I dropped some one time and often thought about how they had flown all over the world, maybe.... Even if they were vacuumed up they went to some landfill in a totally different place as they had originated and with that their journey began. Never did know why but it pleased ElekraAhn and it was part of what it was she needed to do on this planet.

We met up in Austin, Texas while I was attending the Remote Viewing Conference. We, ElekraAhn, Monica, myself and two Ladies I did not know, participated in a ceremony to balance the ley-lines during an interplanetary alignment. ElekraAhn toned in that voice I mentioned, don't know where it came from.

The next time I saw her we visited Mickey in Pocahontas, Ill. Again we had many stones, magnet stones, with us and we left them by the Mississippi and the Missouri River.

We went to Woodhenge, an old sacred site of the Mississippian Indians and did ceremony. They celebrated solstice and equinox there for thousands of years, I think since 1100 AD the sign said. We captured Orbs and pinging sounds on Video. There are many poles in a circle of 410 feet. One day before her 86th birthday ElekraAhn walked them like a new bride and left Monica and I in her wake.

Across from Woodhenge are the Cahokia Mounds and we spent some time there. It was a wonderful visit. The viewers so enjoyed our adventure and we were happy to share it.

The next time I was supposed to have seen ElekraAhn she canceled at the last minute. We were at Kimberling City, Mo. I was a speaker at the conference and she really wanted to hear my talk: How to be human in a world that is shifting. She told us she could not come, she had been given a new assignment. Our friend left us a couple of days later. 87years young, on a mission and it was time for her to return to what she referred to as the Creator Source.

I miss her, she taught me to enjoy the purple times. We are still distributing her magnet stones. Maybe you will find one in your travels.

Enough stretching for now, time to get up and meet the sunshine!

A couple of rough days had passed, I just could not concentrate on anything, nothing went my way, or so it seemed.

I was supposed to attend a conference at the local college, I finally got the go ahead to obtain a press pass. My main object of interest, a woman by the name of Ami Goodman, had a personal manager. Ami is the host of a show "Democracy Now." She is one of the few brave souls left and bold enough to keep us informed daily as to what is

really happening in the country. Truthfully inform us. Most everyone else has thrown in the towel by now, out of fear or who knows what, it is 2005 after all and being outspoken is not the smartest thing to do. In any event, I was never able to secure an interview with Ami, I regretted having missed the chance in the 90`s even though at that time we had no idea of what was ahead of us in the new millennium and it was therefore of no consequence at that time.

I changed my mind about the conference figuring it would be so monitored and under surveillance, I was not in the mood to be discreet as to my own thoughts in case anyone asked. After the infamous 9.11 Evergreen College was one of the first places that was monitored since many of the great young activists attended there at one time or another. Michael Moore was a regular and the Governor refused to give the graduation speech because a video message from Mumia Abu-Jamal author of: Live from Death Row was on the program. The students did what everyone thought they would do, they kept Mumia and sacrificed the Governor`s blessings.

Surprisingly I find a parking space at the Senior Center. I spotted a Wellness Conference. That should be mellow. I actually know many of the people in attendance and feel less guilty because I opted out at the college. Someone gave me a bottle of bubbles, another person an energy bar and many fliers and announcements. That will keep me busy for a bit.

If I thought I would have a quiet evening I must have been dreaming, that did not happen. My daughter said there was a great band at the Casino, I would really enjoy them. I told her I felt worn out and she said:” If you would please get there early and save a seat for me and my friends. You will have a great time, I`ll make sure you`ll stay 3-dimensional.”

My neighbor volunteered to go with me. The drive on the back roads was relaxing. We got a table right away; we were even able to pull a second table next to us for the friends that we were waiting for.

It became apparent that the wrong band was in the house and I mentioned it to the soundman. Stay for a bit anyway he suggested, it had been a long time since I went anywhere socially. I called my daughter to tell her we were all set up when she pointed out to me I was at the wrong Casino. I was only off by 80 miles roundtrip! We decided we should stay and compare notes later as to who had more fun. My Daughter and friends or Laura and I.

Within a few minutes a Lady and her husband came, gave me a hug and thanked me for having saved a table. Glad to see me again. I remembered her husband had danced with me on a prior occasion, I remembered thanking her for sharing him with me in this fashion. But WHO was she?

The name of the band was The Boomer Band, they played music from the 50`s. Not my favorite! I noted almost immediately that as soon as the music started the place came to life! Woman in their 40`s and older started to dance and behave like they were at a High School Prom. I realized that I was there to realize just how important that music was to so many of them. The Twist and Boogaloo were history makers, it would not surprise me if the memories they brought back for so many were also a glimpse into the future when many generations from now some of those classics find swerving of the hips and finger snapping hundreds of years from now.

The husband goes to the restroom and Lady says to me:” You don't remember me..... I know you from the early 70`s. 35 years later our paths had crossed again. We were Human Rights Activists together then and here we are again in need of the same conversations we had then. We had gained two feet over the years and lost them AND some in the blink of an eye because our ethics do not exceed our technology.

Almost midnight, I had a long day. I am sure I overdid everything and I will pay the price tomorrow. My neck is reminding me that I am not acting wisely, who wants to act wisely when creating the future! I drop off the neighbor, unlock my door and am greeted by my constant companion.

Ms. ET came into my life at the most inopportune time. I was leaving on my yearly trip in the CROPPER, the 23 foot RV with Crop Circles painted all over it. It was Mothers Day and the kids came to see me off and give me my present. The cage was enormous, I was afraid to ask what was occupying it. Opened the door and there was a beautiful flat-nosed cat. No-nosed cat might be a better term. Ms.E.T. Convenient or not how can I turn down a present like that? They said she was an Exotic Tabby. E.T and I went off to see the world.

E.T. gained fame much faster than I did, she was the star no matter where we went, to the point that even if I was to travel by plane she was always invited to come along and visit with whomever invited me to come. She became the star of several shows and was greatly loved by all. Including the crew. She would sit in a bowl serving as the centerpiece for the table for as many hours as it took to tape the show. She stretches and blinks her eyes at anything that moves. If any of us prompted her to say something she would honor us with a great “MEOW.” Eventually I left her home when taping at the studio because everyone was so engrossed with the Diva Cat that we had many problems and that ran us overtime occasionally and that was a problem.

We had also noticed that occasionally she would sit on people, just lie there. When she got up she would pass gas, it was awful and yet we realized that she sensed when people were not well. She served in a healing capacity, it was so amazing. She has a new habit now. She makes sure no one leaves anything in a place where it does not belong. If one lays a paper on the coffee table she knows that does not belong there. She has on occasions thrown coats and jackets off the couch while people were visiting. We think that is cute, I think it has a deeper meaning. She knows I am not well and sees to it the house does not get cluttered and away from me to the point where it would be hard for me to clean.

She is a VEGAN and gives me dirty looks when I eat something she does not approve of, which is almost all of the time. She senses things way in advance, telephone, knocks on doors and has a way of letting me know that 8 hours of driving is absolutely long enough. We have survived earthquakes, tornados, floods, snowstorms and heat waves together. When she gets real hot she sits on an ice-block to get cool while I don't have that much sense and suffer till the day cools off.

Sitting in the library is nice. Don't do that enough. One of the reasons is that after the Nisqually earthquake we moved into a very old Mobile Home. I got very inventive with the furnishings. To house the books we saved from the old place that had fallen in a hole we put concrete blocks and boards around the walls in one of the bedrooms and turned it into a beautiful library. I think it is the most complete metaphysical/UFO library in the county. The earth has been very restless in 2004-2005

and I am a little concerned that one good shaker and we are history in as much as the falling concrete bookcases would hurt us. MS.E.T shares that sentiment.

Tonight we don't care. Someone gifted me an old record player. The LP records survived and sometimes I sit and just listen to the music. I am tired from a long day and my neck hurts. Too early to go to bed. I am not able to meditate because I leave my body immediately. What I do instead is look at songs. I follow the lyrics and step into the song. It takes me to rainbows, a loved one or whatever it is the artist wants to portray to me. It is wonderful. I can perceive the emotions of a lover, a woman scorned, a misunderstood Teen, all the human things we sing about.

Ms.E.T always sits on my lap when we take the musical trips; she likes her toes played with and is in cat heaven to be part of what ever it is we are listening to.

It is so hard to relax for people these days, I am glad I am in my purple period, just watching people makes me nervous. Some days I look around at all the things I have hanging from the walls. Didgeridoos, drums from Ghana, Egypt, Sudan, talking drums from Kenya and rain sticks from Guyana. The guitar I ordered from TV and the flutes that Travis Terry made while I was visiting at the Navajo Reservation. Often I forget these things are there but tonight I realize they are there for me to appreciate and play and use for enjoyment and distraction from the ugliness of our daily life.

A strong cup of coffee, a smoke, one last song and maybe a rice pudding. It is 6 AM again, time for me to go to bed. Come on E.T. just don't sneeze in my face.

I can hear the music coming closer, sounds like George Lehew`s: "poetic metaphor." His voice is soft and he sings from the heart. A song about love lost so long ago.

The man stands by the banister, the same one I danced with the last time. He is so tall and limber and holds me in his arms with confidence.

He does not speak this time, he expects me to recognize his essence and I do.

I trust him totally as he sends me spinning into a perfect pirouette and draws me in again with so much passion. I want to stay in his arms and hope the dance will last forever. He now smiles and we dance into another page of the harvest color tapestry book.

The phone brings me out of my slumber; I don't want to come back!

It is Queda, the director of recreation at the local nursing home. She is inquiring if I am feeling better and if I am able to start up my talks at the Friday social hour next week. I agree tentatively since it is hard to plan things for me at this time not knowing what the next day brings.

I want to get back into my wonderful space, as always I am not able to. For 38 years I go to that space only to be interrupted, so I never get to finish my dance. It brings tears to my eyes and such sadness, not knowing where the dance will take me and also how to achieve a total oneness with my dance partner.

My first contact with Queda was pretty much like this one. It started with a phone call in which she identified herself and in the same breath asked me to please come to the nursing home and speak to the residents about alien abduction. I thought that might be a little too intense and suggested to start out easy with Crop Circles maybe. No! Alien Abduction, with that started a long wonderful relationship with some of the friends at the nursing home.

Once a month, on Friday, I would go and tell stories while the residents had popcorn and sipped on their Bloody Marys.

After some time Queda agreed to come to the studio to share who she was and why she had made that initial phone call to me.

We started out by having to explain that unfortunately a new law had went into effect that prevented us from sharing the footage of some interviews and social gatherings.

Queda was a native of Olympia. She had heard about me on the radio when her and my friend Justin B. Wright presented a 20-minute question and answer segment on his show. We answered caller's requests of many subjects including ET phenomenon.

Queda is very open-minded and very compassionate. When she took the job as a social activity director she made many changes. The place became a model in many ways. Volunteers put in walkways and waterfalls for those that could enjoy them. Weekly BBQ's were on the agenda. A home atmosphere was created in which the residents were able to maintain some of the things that they were accustomed to. The included furniture, books, knick-knacks and most importantly their pets. There were cats and dogs, rabbits, Guinea pigs and exotic birds. It was a happy place and did not feel at all like the last stop for them, people as well as their friends from the animal kingdom. A popcorn machine had been donated and those that could took full advantage of that treat. A bar was there for cocktails along with a bartender and some form of entertainment to break up the monotony.

Another thing Queda held dear was the feelings of the residents. She said it became apparent that some of them started to report things they had seen at night. That prompted discussions amongst them. It might have started out with talk of ghosts but soon turned into stories about their early experiences with UFO's and aliens. Some women in their 90's related stories of physical contact from the time they were children. They grew up in different parts of the country and most of them landed in this area because of the military. Queda honored what they said and asked if they would like to have an expert come to visit them, that prospect became a very exciting reality to them when I started to come for my Friday visits.

The stories were similar; the thing everyone agreed on was that the crafts they had seen... "made no noise"... the men agreed with that because some of them had experienced similar things as young men especially during their days as soldiers.

When ghost stories emerged she, Queda, called me and armed with a camera I go and investigate. We actually got some on film that unfortunately were not for public viewing due to the new law. We were however able to share clips of the animals and little things, relate some stories and state how grateful we were for them to share their stories.

I used to conduct D.U.M.P on Sundays. I am not sure how it came about, somehow people would drop in on me and we talk about the happenings of the week. Someone apologized for dumping on a regular bases. In a way it was true, dump sounded a little brutal even if that is what it was. With a little ingenuity I added a few letters and it now stands for:

D. Dedicated
U. Universal
M. Multidimensional
P. People

It was during one of the D.U.M.P. session that one of the friends, Victor a man of 84, told us something very interesting. He explained that when we are very young our minds are open to things around us. Fairies, tree people and those kinds of things. As we get integrated into life we are told that is our imagination. Because we believe the people we trust those normal capabilities get lost. Then when we are older and out of the mainstream of things we again acquire the natural ability to notice things around us. When we visit people of a certain age it is not unusual for them to make reference to other people in the room, someone occupying a favorite chair and so on. Victor is a scientist; a meteorologist and he studied cloud patterns. That was his job in the government for 30 plus years. He is just as alert now in the autumn of his life. By him having been a logical person all of his life and holding a reputation as he has we took a closer look at that and decided that he might be right.

Queta added such a wonderful flavor to the final chapters of ones life and became a favorite with some of the senior viewers. In fact because of the show other towns looked at her concepts and adopted some of her philosophies and therefore changed many lives.

Lunchtime already, for me that is 5 PM, asparagus are soft maybe I can swallow a little better today. Frankly I am tired of baby cereal. Ms. E.T. let's watch the news.....

America is struggling. We are a Nation of blue's and red's. More red than blue. No one refers to democrats or republican any more, just blue and red.

It wasn't too long ago when that would have been the sign of the two major street-gangs. The Crips and the Bloods..... Somehow they don't appear that dangerous any more..... A color-coded terror alert is in place. What is portrayed on the news is not perceived as the truth by many.

Medical coverage for the mentally disabled has been cut way down and in some cases eliminated. Families are struggling to house and feed their children. A large number of the unemployed is no longer counted since they have been disqualified for benefits. People are so bulked down with every day struggles, almost like they are on automatic pilot. They are sleep deprived from trying to fit everything into their daily schedule. Baby Boomers have turned into a double-decker sandwich in as much as they have to look after the parents, help the children to maintain and now also have to take responsibility for their grandchildren. Two wars, or rather conflicts, are in full bloom and another brewing. Many of one generation are fighting in the wars; many of that same generation are in prison, men and woman alike.

Power bills have tripled, people are freezing to death. The food is contaminated and many are hungry. People are lacking medical insurance, many are homeless. People's rights have been so restricted that many are fearful to utter their opinion. Many are "suicided" or have mysterious accidents.

Many Immigrants have seen all of this before. They came to this great land to avoid the past and have a new beginning. They were used to following orders no matter how unreasonable because they are aware of the consequences. American born citizens are confronted with a totally different scenario. From birth they have been taught that they are free and have the right to speak their mind. It must be utterly confusing for them

to have to learn a new set of rules, and difficult, since they cannot comprehend the consequences.

Some of us are trying to be helpful and teach people to cut down on stress, meditate and find a good space within themselves, when time allows it.

Surprisingly the Pope feels more of the priests should have the skills of exorcism for those of the people that are a little out of step with the teachings. Surprisingly that amounts to 31% of all inhabitants of the planet, people that follow the teachings that is..... That reminds me of the statistics that were released a while back, it said 49% of all drug users lived in the inner cities. How can the minority become the majority I wonder?

Wow, did I get away from the subject! What was the subject? Oh yeah, the news!

A wild turkey has been interfering with one police officers work, when ever he tried getting out of the squad car a wild turkey prevented him from doing so and attempted to chase him, so he could only do the one safe thing there was. To protect his life he stayed in the car and with that let the poor sinner drive away, since he, the sinner, was not about to get out of the car either.

Taxes on cigarettes will be raised to \$2.50 per pack that will raise the price to \$5.79 per pack. Glad to report we still have enough smokers that the government can still pay it's bills.

Gasoline will only go up by \$0.05 this week.

It has been determined that chocolate is good for you after all; it will now serve as a base for some cosmetics. They did not say if it was heat sensitive, I suppose it would be, otherwise we would have to walk around like giant fudgesicle.

Minimum wage has been raised by \$ 0.25 that should help with the 12% cost of living increase. We only have to work 2 hours to make enough money to pay for lunch.

A 96-year-old skydiver set a new world record as the oldest skydiver in the world. He only hit the ground a little bit, was taken to the hospital and is said to be making a full recovery. A lot of good news today! Turned out he was from Olympia and he did make it on to the Tonight Show with Jay Leno!

I met Jeff Jarrod at the National Libertarian Party Convention in 2000. I liked him right away, I sensed a free spirit, I think it was that that set him apart from some of the other people present. It turned out that he was a lawyer, a very honest deep thinker with a sparkle in his eyes.

By the time he finally accepted my invitation to do a show with me he had been elected to a political office, State Representative of a rather large district in Washington State.

We rekindled our meeting and talked about unreasonable sentencing guidelines for crimes committed. He reminded me of what we had heard Washington State Supreme Court Justice Sanders tell us at the Convention.

In the Musical Les Miserables, in 1500 something, the man stole 2 loaves of bread. He reasoned that his sister and her children were hungry. As he was exiting the bakery with the bread a bystander tried to stop him. He was able to break free and got away. He was convicted and sentenced to 19 years in prison. How AWFUL! Had he committed the same crime in 2000 in the exact same manner he would have been charged with theft-assault-fleeing the scene of a crime. Upon conviction that would have netted him 36

years under present guidelines. Judge Sanders pointed out to us that “THEY” were soft on crime. We were glad to have Judges that realized how unjust some of the sentences really are and how often they do not fit the crime since Juries are not allowed to look at the big picture.

The reason it had taken so long to get a hold of Jeff was because he was traveling the world. He went to Thailand, India and Siberia. We were surprised to see that Siberia looked more like Washington State than anything. Lakes, mountains, fir trees, we even recognized some of the wild flowers. I use to think Siberia was buried in ice year around.

When I asked him if he was a vacational traveler he responded that his travels served a purpose rather than a vacation. He thought that if we visited different places around the globe, took time to talk to the people and learn who they are and observe some of their customs, he could serve his countryman in a much better capacity as a politician. He'd marvel at the similarities of so many people on the planet and honor their differences.

The pictures of the Taj Mahal were breathtaking. We so appreciated Jeff coming for a visit. In his young days he had written and published an essay entitled the Urban Anarchist. I read it. When one sees how nothing ever changes one can only shake one's head in bewilderment.

Jeff is a wonderful conversationalist and I so enjoy running into him at places. I am sure he will rise in the ranks and I am sure that he is one of several honest politicians we have left.

Time for a smoke or two, I have to make sure the government will be able to pay the bills!

It has been a rough night, I was unable to sleep. The pain pill had taken the edge off but it was not quite enough. I wanted to get up and just sit and see what was on TV except I thought if I moved and did anything other than breath I could not bear it.

Oddly enough, military planes were flying over the house all night, that IS highly unusual. Tumwater is not in the flight patterns for aircraft that big. For military planes to fly over they have to be heading south, Honduras or somewhere in that direction. Sounded like they stop in a holding pattern and start up again as they continue on their way. Was able to hear grinding old medal when they do that. I know planes well, as a child I lived under occupation. We had to be able to distinguished between US, Russian; British and French planes. Each one represented a different problem; we had to know when to run and when to get into the basement. Till this day I can tell if a plane is trouble or not. Tonight I hear transport planes and one sounds skinnier, much faster, not a jet, maybe it is a fighter of some kind.

I wish I could do something about my neck; only I don't know what. Feels like I have a toothache, an earache, sinus headache and a migraine all at the same time on the left side of the head. If I could get up I would ram my head against the wall, break a toe or something to get my mind off this pain. Maybe I can remember what I learned in Lamaze class, pant, pant, pant..... Gee, I am not having labor pains in my jaw there goes that thought. There has to be a light at the end of this tunnel, except I saw a bumper sticker a few days ago that read: Due to an electricity shortage the light at the end of the tunnel has been turned off. I need this night to end.

The first time I went to the University of Washington to see my least favorite doctor I was so hopeful for a cure, a fix, anything. Had I known what was ahead I would have saved myself the trouble of going that far in the first place. I can't say it was a total waste because Universe had plans for me that day.

As my friend waited and finally got to see her Health Care Provider I got bored or nervous, don't know which. In any event I started pacing and picking up flyers and papers. One was about pet food and how they put meat-by products in that in fact are euphemized animals, so in essence the pets are cannibalizing their own kind. I looked at that right away and put the rest into my purse to read on the way home, therefore avoiding getting nervous.

That was the day Doctor told me my neck problems were in my head. When I asked if the staples could irritate the condition he said there was no such thing as staples in a neck..... He had not looked at the X-rays..... at which time I got a little hot under the "neck" collar. I was so embarrassed my friend having witnessed this fiasco that I had her accompany me to one of my doctor's that had a set of the X-rays. We showed her the 23 staples and she later admitted she thought I had made the whole staple thing up.

Eventually I finished reading the treasures I had obtained at her doctors office. In the stack was a yellow leaflet that made reference to FIJA, the Fully Informed Jury Association. Now that was something I was highly interested in being that I have a family member in Federal Prison.

I called the number in Montana and was referred to a Tom Stahl in Eastern Washington. Tom agreed to come and do a show; he wanted to know if I minded if he brought his friend with him. Of course I was delighted to have two guests instead of one.

We had virtually no dialog prior to taping the show; here were these two beautiful people. Tom Stahl and Patricia Michl. It soon became apparent that they are a team and I dare anyone to try and separate them!

Pat is a prosecutor and Tom a lawyer/wheat farmer/citation checker for legal publications. That was good for me because we were tackling several legal issues and I was impressed with their knowledge and the way they were able to present it in laymen's terms so everyone was able to understand what we were trying to get across.

We talked about the sentencing guidelines and how bad that was, OJ Simpson and how his Jury had voted. The Branch Davidians in Waco, Tex. And how the Jury found them guilty of a lesser charge in order to throw the government a bone not realizing that their sentences would be 40 years for having been brainwashed and seeing their children burn to death. The case against the angel of death Dr. Kivorchian was dismissed twice and only at a third trial, after the Jury had been instructed a different way, were they able to get a conviction. It was a great show. They left and made that long drive home while I discovered the tape was totally empty and we had no back-up tape. I called and apologized all over myself, they were great about the whole thing and suggested they would come back another day and did, Tom drove several hundred miles across the mountains.

It became apparent that was no accident and with that started a great longstanding friendship. Feel like the Three Musketeers some times. I was very knowledgeable in Federal Law; they sent me to a crash course of the Freedom School of Law so I would become better acquainted with State and Constitutional Law. As a result of that I can

hold my own pretty good when we tackle a topic. Add a little psychic ability and we can burn the midnight oil for a long time.

Like I indicated Tom is also a wheat farmer, he got interested in crop circles because of some of the things I am doing. Throughout the winters he and some of his neighbors are diligently working on solving the crop circle mysteries. Unfortunately none have appeared in their fields, I am sure they would make them available to all.

They were steady as a rock for me after the earthquake. When the insurance refused to pay the repair bills for my old Cadillac, the Pimp Mobile, Tom's Mom had him drive her Green Beast, an old Fury across the mountains and donated it to T.O.H.S. so I would have a way to drive up and down the freeways in order for me to continue to conduct my interviews.

T.O.H.S. came about right about that time, in May of 2001, I think. Somehow I thought it would be easier for me if I went Nonprofit. Producing the shows cut a bit into what already was a struggle. I had secured several sponsors early on, "good guys" stores of Olympia, Office Depot in Lacey and several restaurants to help with the food that was "payment" for my all-volunteer crew. By contract with TCTV I was not allowed to accept cash from any of the sponsors so they were happy to help out with S-VHS tapes and printed material, like blow ups of pictures etc for the opening shots and backdrop I needed. Ever so often I get clothes from a vender. Mostly I wore clothes from Traditions, an Import shop in Olympia that were on loan for me about 4 hours per shoot.

I won an award that month for "BEST SERIES ON PUBLIC ACCESS TELEVISION." It was awarded to me by the International Gnostic Christian Church. After that the show was always referred to as a series, rightfully so because all subjects were related even though the shows stood on their own.

I applied for Nonprofit for what I called TEMPLE OF HIGH STRANGENESS. It was a real hassle right away because the woman that was taking my application thought in order for it to be listed as a church it had to come in the category of one of the major religions. I explained to her that I was an Emissary and totally nondenominational. I had to define Emissary and had challenges with that. Eventually I stated I was a person on a nondenominational mission. I showed her my ministerial license from S.E.H.S. (International Assembly Of Spiritual Healers and Earth Stuarts) But are you Christian remained the question for some time. I continued to state that I was nondenominational and honored all beliefs, the woman was really hung up on the word Christian. The man behind me finally came to my aid and said "I think Jesus fits in that category, Lady I am on my lunch hour; stamp the woman's paper so I can get back to work!" Under his breath he mumbled: "Buddha, Mohammed, Jesus or Moses. What's the difference? She just works here it is not up to her anyway. All she needs is your documents and your money. Good luck."

Years later a Lady named Zoli had written and allowed for me to use a song by that title. Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha and Moses.... Sitting by the riverbed looking what the children of Terra had done to their beautiful planet, just how quick mankind had managed to screw it up. I used the song in a memorial show for Dr. John Mack after he got killed.

If I thought the nonprofit statue would change anything as far as people helping out with donations I was mistaken. It is always the friends that come thru when I need to do something and I wonder if they realize just how grateful really I am? I still do

readings to raise money for stamps, films and the multitude of things necessary to produce a show. Gas money for the crew if we go on location, we even spend the night away from home some times in order to cover an event.

It was that year that we, the crew and I, decided to give an award ourselves. We called it the HUMAN OF THE YEAR AWARD. With the help of the viewers we pick one person at the end of the year that had been very human and unselfishly made a difference to everyone in some capacity.

Steven Maddox won the first year. He is a local lawyer that fights for the disabled, sometimes without pay, and makes a difference with the people that have the least. His had a mountain on it because he is a mountain climber in his spare time. The man making the awards is very skillful and they look great.

Jim McDermott, a Washington State Congressman, was awarded the third year. He had gone to Iraq and determined that there were no weapons of mass destruction and pleaded with the administration not to go to war. It put him in a terrible position to speak out against the administration; the president almost took it personal. There was even talk of charging him with treason. The voters felt different and re-elected him twice after that. My viewers thought he should receive the HOTYA for his bravery and attempt to save lives. His had a peace dove engraved on it.

Tom and Pat did come to the studio for a second time, a third and it just went from there. We re-taped the first show; at least we attempted to duplicate it. That is a hard undertaking because I love the emotion of the moment, therefore never scripting anything. We explained that the Jury has the right to not only judge the person and the crime they committed but also the law to see if the law is just and reasonable. Very few people are still aware of that basic right since some of that results in Jury Nullification. The judges like that so little that it is not unusual for them to try and prosecute a juror for exercising his or her constitutional obligation. They have managed to make a mockery out of the legal system and have learned very skillfully to instruct the Jury as to what they feel the outcome should be.

I was elevated to Ambassador for FIGA and to this day when I am at a conference or anywhere I can I teach a free FIGA workshop. I was so honored to have been given the opportunity to make that my 3-D cause.

Next we talked slave labor in America by way of incarcerations of the masses, which in some way explains the long sentences. This way there is always a workforce without having to train too many too often. Pat is from Missouri, the "show me" state, so she brought to our attention that since everyone's life has been so complicated economically at least we do not have to compete with "THOSE" people for a job or a crumb, so therefore the attitude just lets lock them up from now on. What few people realize is that prison industries have very little or even nothing to do with rehabilitation and it does add another facet to the problem, local jobs and fairness to compete in an already stretched job market. UNICOR was a program set in motion for rehabilitation by an earlier president only to be misrepresented and turned into a private money machine for law enforcement. We are not advocates for criminals, only I find it hard to sit and watch all the great injustice facing some of our citizens. Since those shows were aired things have went from bad to worse. They can still be accessed in audio form at www.highstrangeness.tv.

I was given permission from Jerry Longspoud, a producer that made Oklahoma City, a news expose, to air his documentary. It was controversial to say the least. It was news clips and interviews with survivors and families of victims that were there in 1995 when the Mura Building exploded. Based on that information Tom and I decided to have a look at that from a legal angle. What we came up with and informed the viewers of was almost identical to what shortly after became the Patriot Act. We joked and said that under current law the ladies that baked cookies for the men before they attended the Boston Tea Party were now guilty of aiding and abetting and are now enemy combatants. Many cities refused to abide by the law mostly because it was so unreasonable.

Several months later September 11 took place and we thought about how prophetic that show was. Here came the Homeland Security Bill, all 486 pages of it and we took a legal look at that also. We were amazed as were many how anyone could have signed that piece of work without reading it! After that the show Powerhour Presents. Again I had the good fortune to work with someone else's work, David von Knapp. Michael Moore had by then turned many people on their head, with that a most interesting time period started. The HOPI send a message to look into the river and see who is beside you, forget the rescue, the 7th fire had started.

The year I had my "heart attack" I was asked to travel to San Francisco to attend another Libertarian Conference. I was unable to do so, I was still recovering. That was the time they met David Icke. I hope I relate this right. I think what happened was that because of a car problem Tom and Pat were able to take a ride on the Freedom Train to Washington D.C.

Would I have liked to participate in that.

Tom has a very bad back injury that stems from a snow mobile accident. Did I mention they both live for winter and I sometimes wonder if they are related to polar bears? They had run into information about a psychic healer in Brazil. John of God. If it appears I rubbed off on them just a little bit, you might be right. They have broadened their awareness and I was thrilled to be invited to come along on the journey to Brazil. Again I was grateful but unable to accept. After returning from a visit with John of God they returned and shared their stories about this incredible healer that is said not since Jesus has there been such a man. He channels many spirits of Doctors long gone, performs surgeries without anesthetic and heals many.

Since I was unable to go Tom and Pat took a picture of me with them. I was already on the road so the only picture of me they had was me holding Bob White's UFO object. John of God touched it and sent with them medicine for me that worked for me for some time. Two years later the phone rang off the hook when ABC aired their special on John of God. My viewers, rather than watching it, because they saw it on my show first.

Tom's Father died while we were in the studio, that was hard. His Mother Barbara died in early 2005. Because Tom is who he is he decided he would run for public office and try to make a difference that way. He ran on free energy, by that time he was very familiar with the great Tom Bearden and the Jury issue of course.

He brought with him Cindy Demache. She was running for sheriff of the biggest county in the state. She explained that she had lived off the grid for many years so free energy was on her agenda also. The other thing she wanted to change is how law enforcement was handled. The locals had to patrol federal lands and she felt that was a

waste of money for the local taxpayers. We made a couple of trailers that the distributed to the local TV stations and both she and Tom made it to the primaries. It was because of his motive to run for office Tom Stahl was one of three recipients of HOTYA in 2003. It was a fun show about the strangeness and humanness about people in politics.

He came another time. The director of the station was always complaining that we had so few politicians come to the studio. That day Tom had brought along a congressman. The studio was locked up stating they were out to lunch. They stayed out for lunch. We recorded the show at my house that had by now the capability to do so since I have an old fashion studio in my house. It launched a complaint, needless to say..... I was told the director owes me a favor.....Not to worry; I will cash it in before my studio days come to and end.

I saw Tom and Patricia a short while back, they were attempting to keep the three party system intact, it is in danger of disappearing since we are so accustomed to red and blue. I hope they can succeed, and 3rd party members will agree long enough to accomplish that. Strange animals we are, we homo sapiens.

That's it; I will run my head thru the wall if it does not quit hurting!

Presidents Day. I figured there would be less traffic than on a regular weekday and decided to finally go to Lacey, 14 miles away, in order to collect the mail from the PO Box. It had been weeks since I had checked so I was sure it was filled to the brim and unable to accommodate one more piece of anything.

Somehow I had challenges with wanting to leave the house. Don't know why exactly, seemed like the car was parked on the moon and I lived 1000 light years away. Once I made the 17 steps from the front door to the car I was fine. Somehow I dreaded just opening the front door. First I thought it was because I so dislike winter and despise the cold but that argument was invalid since we had the nicest winter in many, many years.

Then I thought it might be that I did not want to be around anyone and with that avoiding getting caught up in their drama. I arrived at the conclusion that menopause was over and unless I got over this bizarre behavior I must be loosing my mind and I was plain nuts. I gave it my best shot and started my little outing to Lacey, right after I won the battle with myself.

It was a beautiful day! I was able to smell the flowers that were blooming already, it was only February. Someone had put flags all along the highway because of the holiday. The cherry trees were trying to gift us with their gorgeous pink display of blooms. I decided it was the only winter I had EVER enjoyed in my life. Unfortunately our winter weather had slipped into California, Los Angeles was under water, mud slides everywhere and many people lost their lives. The ground was not able to absorb the tremendous amount of water that we Washingtonians experience yearly. Whatever the reason I was soaking it up and it put me in a very good mood.

As I was driving I marveled at the construction that had changed so many streets after the Nisqually Quake. If one is not native to the town one can surely get confused trying to get somewhere on the now almost all one-way streets and traffic circles some "intelligent brain" had put in place.

I remember one winter it snowed for a bit, not like a blizzard, it was more like a gentle caressing of the town, it put us in a slumber if you will. Occasionally we would meet at some of the friends houses for DUMP rather than at my place all of the time. It was on one of those rare days that we had taken pictures of the snow blanketing the bay from a backyard. That was before everyone had digital cameras. When the pictures came back from the Photoshop there were orbs all over the pictures. They were so beautiful, we were excited and enlarged some of them and gave them away for presents. We truly thought we had discovered a new phenomenon.

Later that year I attended a conference at the Flamingo in Laughlin, NV and had the good fortune to run into Hope and Randy Mead. They had submitted a movie, ORBS, to the international film festival. They were accompanied by James Gilliland. He has a Retreat at the foot of MT.ADAMS. They were delightful people; besides great interviews they gave me permission to air the Movie on my show. It was at that time I remembered the orbs that we had captured, we turned them into a great show.

James told of how he had a Near Death Experience that changed his life. Soon he found himself in the middle of great things, which included many UFO sightings on his property, that he was willing to share with all. So soft-spoken and gentle of a man, he won my admiration instantly.

Randy had written all the music for the movie, he is a wonderful New-Age/Contemporary musician. Hope gave a very interesting presentation on her thoughts on orbs, not surprisingly they took home an award. I am always in awe of the vast variety of people Universe presents to me to be able to share these wonderful stories that would otherwise be lost to many.

We had long discussions with the attendees from all around the world about the current affairs of the planet. It was before the war in Iraq started, we talked to Universe about that and asked for answers as to how to divert what was to become the eventuality. Universe said: "OOPS! TO LATE! HAVE SOME ORBS!"

Several years after that Orbs found it's way into the heart of a friend in a very little town in Missouri, she reports watching it is one of the best stress reliever she has known for a long time.

I talked to a friend in Germany last night. She said a presidential visit was on the agenda the next day. All freeways were closed; the towns of Mainz, parts of Wiesbaden and Frankfurt were shut down for security reasons. Everyone was angry to have his or her lives interrupted like that. What could I say? I told her that the year I was at a Chubby Checker concert in Wiesbaden, the exact same place she was talking about, President Kennedy had strolled down the Kurallee. People had lined the streets trying to get a glimpse of the great president. A woman had baked him a cake, she handed it to him. He thanked her and looked at our First Lady in dismay because he did not know what to do about the huge cake he was now holding. She took it from him, she handed it to a secret service person I assume and they kept smiling and waving. People were so energized. BUT That was then, this is now. Maybe Universe can send them some orbs.

Speaking of presidents Martha Barnhill lived right around the corner here. She came to my house one morning and asked if I spoke French. I nodded my head no, she came in and we talked for hours that started a long friendship. Martha was an Honorary Marine, one could tell. She was a retired diplomat and a friend of President

Carters. She let me share her pictures of her with President Carter and Mrs. Carter on the show once. She worked with Colin Powell for a while; he was still a military man. She had been taken hostage in Vietnam and spent the remainder of her time mostly in Yemen, Syria, Haiti and Tunisia.

After she retired she sold her house in Savannah, GA and came to Olympia to be close to some of her family. She lost almost all her money in the stock market decline, we were unable to call it a crash since most of the companies were “.com’s “and they only exist in cyberspace. She had enough left to occasionally treat me for dinner at the Sizzler and we talk and solve the problems with all the sloppy politics as she called it. It was during one of those dinners at the Sizzler we had an incident. A couple of tables down someone was celebrating a birthday. Somewhere someone popped a balloon and poor Martha hit the deck She flew under the table; I had never seen anyone move so fast, young or old Martha thought she was back in Vietnam. It was so sad for everyone to have been present and we were all a little traumatized, especially the children. I don't think she ever fully recovered from that.

Martha was incredible, came and all she'd bring lunch in a picnic basket to the studio. In true Marine fashion she would threaten us with low-crawls if we did not SIT and eat the casseroles she prepared. We explain there was not enough time. She shake her head, start mumbling, take her by now empty basket back and storm out of the door only to do it again the next week.

Martha stuck with me after the earthquake, like the trooper she was she helped me thru a lot and I love her. After I got settled she went to her storage bin and removed some of her original paintings from Egypt, clothes from Somalia and treasures from Haiti and insisted they needed to go home with me, that is where they belonged.

She had a heart attack a few days later. She recovered and ordered us around, so we felt great. Her daughter died of a very aggressive cancer within two month; we did what we could for Martha; if she let us. She insisted to have my car repaired; I tried telling her the insurance would be liable. She was so angry because I refused her money, said I had attacked her kindness. She was never the same after that. She had a stroke a short time later and died. A Colonel came to take her back to Georgia; I heard a lot of dignitaries came to her funeral. She told me once had she known about the secret Psychic programs in the government she would have insisted they give me a job and we'd laugh like that was suppose to have been funny!

We miss our Honorable Marine. In a way we are glad she left us, she would have had a fit to see the country in this state of affairs, especially since she use to boss around some of the policymakers.

I stopped to take advantage of the President Day sales, got \$86 worth of clothes for \$ 8.71, repeat, \$8.71. Hurrah for all of the Presidents!

What a beautiful winter day! The sun is setting, what rosy colors, the moon is coming up over the mountains. What a glorious site! I am so glad I came out of my house. My heart rejoiced, maybe I had been accompanied by orbs and just did not know it!

On my last visit in Florence, CO, in July of 2004 I had a rather fascinating encounter. I usually do not call earthly occurrences encounters, only this one was so bizarre one could not miss it.

My travel companion Barbara McGuire decided to stop at a friend's shop while I was waiting for a local to come to the hotel for a visit. Just as she was on her way out of the door the phone rang and the person canceled her visit. I told Barb to hold up I was going with her.

As I got out of the car at the shop I saw a man get out of his truck. I had such a reaction to this man that I felt like a stalker for all of 3 seconds. I wanted to know who he was and most importantly where was he going? Within a few minutes it became apparent that he was also going to the shop, only he entered from a different door. I was able to have a conversation with him and it felt like I had known him forever. He later told me that he had a similar reaction, especially the knowing me forever part.

I wanted to stay an extra day just to get to the bottom of this "mysterious" encounter. I don't think Barb realized the importance of this meeting, she was ready to go, it was her car we were in and so we left.

Brad stayed on my mind for days, this went on for weeks till finally he called, I think I had left hints with my friend at the shop several times that I really wanted to get to know this man in what ever capacity Universe saw fit.

It was amazing! We had been to the same places around the country, we had the same friends in some parts of the country and it just went from there. Brad became a very important part of my life. After midnight we spend hours on the phone. He grounds me in the 3-D and reminds me that I had a life before I went on my path. He keeps me laughing when we talk about things that happened in our younger days, the bad relationships we endured and we remember the good ones too, at times. We like the same music and exchange "memory lanes." We remember the civil rights struggles, Vietnam, he as a soldier, I, as a wife of a soldier. We compare notes between then and now and how things have changed and mostly not.

We talk about grandkids and what we would change with our own children given a chance to raise them all over. He shares his adventures and I share mine.

Since we were talking Presidents I want to add a couple of things. On February 4th 2004 I woke up with a 102 fever. That did not stop me to see a presidential candidate. Dennis Kucinich. He came to Lacey to campaign. A friend and fellow filmmaker came from Canada and we were the press assigned to the presentation. I had scheduled a private interview with Dennis but forfeited it when the local newspaper came; I figured their coverage would be more helpful to him than mine because it was instant.

We taped everything including interviews with some of the attendees that came out so early on this ungodly cold morning to hear what we hoped would be our next president.

They had displayed a gigantic, rotating world on the podium, Dennis looked so small. The petite man that came from City Councilman to the youngest Mayor of Cleveland, OH to Congressman and now to presidential candidate. By the time he got thru with his powerful presentation we all thought he was a giant and the only person qualified to be the leader of the free world. Compassionate, honest and peace loving. In 2000 I had spent time with Harry Brown the Libertarian presidential candidate. He had similar views but I did not feel the connection to Harry as I did to Dennis. Harry was open minded and had read my book prior to running for president and had a general idea as to what I was going to ask him, Dennis did not. I manage to put the question to Dennis

as to how would he handle the UFO question that never seems to want to go away. Harry Brown said flat out: "I would tell it!" Dennis Kucinich turned to the young spectators and told them NEVER to let people convince them what they see and what they don't see. To always follow their dreams, their Path and stay true to what they believe in, regardless what that might entail.

We took the footage from Dennis and turned it into a wonderful show. I think people considered him a threat and blocked most of his news coverage. My viewers wanted to honor him and selected him to receive the HOTYA in 2004. It had a giant earth on the plaque and we called him the Ambassador Of Peace. We were unable to give him the White House THIS TIME.

I met up with Dennis again in 2005. The title Ambassador of Peace stuck, people are still referring to him as such and a campaign of creating a Department of Peace is in the works. The voters re-elected him to congress. Again he was the most honest, informed, powerful politician I have ever heard as a speaker. I can truly say I have known one man qualified to be the President in my lifetime!

Brad is a great listener. I interrupt him on a regular basis, he is wonderful when I am on a roll, he just waits till I come up for air. I ask: "are you still there?" He answers: "yes" and then we have a good laugh. There is another thing Brad made me realize in some of our conversations. In my younger days I had no use for females, their issues, insecurities, gossip and rivalries. I preferred men as friends. As I got older I had the opportunity to bond with great woman, strong woman, they enriched my life greatly. Brad pointed out how fulfilling it must feel to have been able to find that balance. We are good for each other; learn from each other, Universe was wise to have blessed me with an encounter so I appreciate a friend like Brad.

Telephone That's him now!

Lisa and I rotate stopping in at the Rib Eye occasionally with our other late-night hangout Catlins in Tumwater. They make the best Banana Splits and don't mind us hanging out talking about the good old days.

Lisa Bielski and I met in the early 90's. She owned a bookstore in Olympia. Originally I asked if I could display my paintings at her place during Art Walk, a yearly event, when the local Artist show off their work all over town. People walk from one store to the next, have cookies and coffee and get to know the people. It is a great way to socialize and good advertising for the shop owners. We got along real well, brought in out of town speakers and offered free Biofeedback treatments for the weary state workers on their lunch hour. We remained friends even after our universal job descriptions changed. Now that we are older we have a great time going places on weekends, lectures, movies and other events that we consider fun places as the opportunity arises.

Again we had stopped, after one of my crazy late night Hospital visits, at the Rib Eye. Again we were invited to the "Smokers Table." Lisa is a non-smoker but a great sport when I am fumbling for a smoke or a lighter.

It did not take long before the conversation turned to UFO's. A Lady and two other people present started to talk about what they had seen in 1979. It was so fresh on their mind even in 2003, they sounded like it had just happened. They lived in Elma, Washington. One evening they were in the yard and saw this glowing object

approaching. At first they thought it was streaking across the sky but realized momentarily that it was something coming straight down towards Aberdeen, Washington. It needs to be said that Elma and the whole Satsop Valley has been a hot bed for UFO sightings and animal mutilations. It was even said that people rumored satanic activity since the early 60's and ongoing. Not even did it let up when the infamous nuclear power plant was built and mothballed all in the same breath. The people sitting on the smoker's table did not know who I was. I decided to identify myself, asked if it had been reported and standard questions one would ask in the line of a conversation of that nature. They had and now it was their turn in inquire what Lisa and I knew about the whole thing, if anything at all.

That brings me to Jim Clarkson. Jim is the section manager for MUFON of Grays Harbor County; at least he was at that time. I think that was before some of us questioned the ethics of MUFON, things were actually investigated and reported instead of ending up in a book.

Jim came to me via Peter Davenport the director of the UFO Reporting Center in Seattle, Washington. Some of us had reported to the Center a CE-2. A UFO sighting with physical evidence. We witnessed an orb like object to rapidly take off out of a field lights on, lift off, over and gone..... It affected our hair, it was fried like a bad perm and a pond was affected and a great loss of fish took place, they had been microwaved. We are talking 8-9 pound fish. Jim was the investigator assign to the case, which by the way was later found to have been creatable and entered into the permanent database. The University of Washington listed cause of death in the fish as an unexplained sudden algae bloom caused by sudden extreme heat.

Jim and his wife Joanne stayed in close touch over many years and we exchanged many strange stories and have many mutual friends.

My very first guest on my show was Jim Clarkson. We gave a crash course in Ufology. The viewers loved it. Soon another followed. We alluded to an EXCLUSIVE story. It was a show called Finally.... June Kaba. This is where the plot thickens and it could become confusing, bear with me for a minute I will sort it out for you. The shows are not scripted. We ended up talking about the UFO crash in Aberdeen, Washington first. Jim had run into some articles about the story in an old paper. Like the people said sitting at the smoker's table, it had crashed into the bay in 1979. It was found by several teenagers that were hanging out where they were not suppose to. It shut down the main bridge and military personnel came. Workers from Weyerhaeuser were unable to go to work and turned around in order to keep the area sealed off.

Unknown to Jim I had ran into that story a little different. I used to give psychic readings at a ceramic shop in Aberdeen. It was during one of those that I stumbled into the story psychically when I did a reading for a police officer. He was one of the teenagers that found the wreckage. I don't think too much fuss was made over the whole incident; people were leery after all of the ridicule from the Roswell incident. Which brings us to Stanton Freedman lets put him on ice for a moment

After we also discussed an investigation of a mutilated horse in the area we had ran out of time to tell our Exclusive story about June Kaba. We made up for that on location at the Cooney Mansion in Cosmopolis a little township between Aberdeen and Ocean Shores. Cooney mansion is a haunted hotel; that might have been the reason we taped the story there.

June Kaba lived in Ocean Shores. She was in part responsible for them to have a brand new library. She had befriended Jim at one of his lectures he presented at the library. That day she was very upset because she had heard that there was a final explanation as to the “weather balloon incident” at Roswell. They were not aliens, they were dummies dropped from a helicopter. She decided to give Jim legal ownership of what she was about to reveal.

June worked at Wright Patterson Air Force Base. She was the office manager. After the crash of the craft at Roswell a lot of information came across her desk including memos and she was SHOWN a piece of the “Spaceship.” She did dictation for Werner von Braun and with that became part of history when based on the brief from Brown the space program was born with \$600000. She shared many stories and documented facts with Jim. After she died he allowed me to do this Exclusive with him in order for us to honor June’s wish and tell the story to the people.

Fast forward to Stanton Freedman. A young Dot Com millionaire by the name of Joe Firmage had some kind of encounter or notion; I am not sure which, about the UFO phenomenon. He folded up his .com and devoted time and much money to the investigations of UFO sightings etc.

Robert Wood was already involved along with Linda Moulton-Howe, author of Alien Harvest and Jim Marrs, author of Rule of Secrecy, Alien Agenda, JFK Chronicles that were the basis for Oliver Stones Movie JFK.

Stanton Freedman was the first civilian investigator that re-opened the Roswell case again in 1996 or 1997 somewhere around that. He told me in detail when I finally interviewed him for the show in Kimberling City, MO,

Between all of them they decided to invite Jim and his wife Joanne to Roswell to film a re-enactment of the June Kaba Story. What excitement that was for Jim. They filmed as planned and we did not hear anything about that documentary for a very long time. Some documents in reference to that had been posted on the Majestic 12 website by Jim, I think. Ever so often I would run into an ad for it in one of the foreign magazines.

I asked Jim Marrs about it every time I see him, he did not know where it was. Eventually I asked Stanton Freedman, when I finally met up with him in Kimberling City, MO where we were both speakers at the Tri-Lake UFO Conference. He did not know where it was. Surprisingly it showed up the next day via Stanton at a film festival in Nevada and then again on a Canadian TV channel! We were happy to finally have it surface even though they had changed June Kaba’s name to something else, can’t remember what and don’t want to remember because I am still peeved about that! Jim is fine with it; he is better equipped to handle his emotions, being that he is a detective. Maybe I don’t know the whole story what I DO know is her name was JUNE KABA.....

Jim Clarkson came to the show on several more occasions. Him and Joanne went back to Roswell on a personal trip. They came back with pictures and we shared them. We talked about the 15 year old, John Greenwald, a young man that managed to obtain, from the government by ways of the Freedom of Information Act, 130,000 pages of declassified documents in reference to UFO’s and other projects conducted by the government. At that time we thought the more people knew his name the safer he would be since he was considered a nuisance at first but eventually, actually by the time he was

22, was a force to reckon with. That is when I interviewed him. It had an elaborate website www.blackvault.org by then and made available to us what would have taken some researcher month to obtain, if at all. He had established a clearinghouse for us. If it was not on John site it was not in existents. He named it the Black Vault because so much of the document was blackened out that some pages were limited to a few words amidst all the marker lines.

John and I, along with Jim Marrs, were speakers at many of the conferences we attended. Jim Marrs became a friend and we cheered him up when he was having a lot of challenges publishing his book on 911. Jim is an honest, responsible journalist, I think a lot of pressure had been applied to him, but he pulled it off. My viewers loved the show we did answering questions about the times we live in, state of affairs, conspiracy theories, if in fact they were theories.

Jim Clarkson and I talked about my interview with Stanton Freedman and how gracious it was of him, Stanton, to share some personal stories about himself instead of the run of the mill this is this and this is that He talked about his passion of antiques, his son's affliction with hemophilia and how desperate he was to find a cure for that. He lives in Canada but travels all over for talks. Not his actual work for the governments but rather the UFO Information/Disinformation put him in the limelight.

It was Jim and Joanne's pictures that prompted me to drive to Roswell myself and film the town so I could share the place by video rather than pictures.

While there I met a man by the name Guy Malone. He had the Alien Abduction Resistance Center across from the UFO Museum. He had written a book: Come sail with me. I dealt with the biblical applications of alien abduction. He mentioned he was not welcome at the churches nor with the UFO community. I almost did not air my interview since I did not want to confuse my viewers but decided it was not up to me to maneuver someone's opinion. If I feel I do not want to present a person or story because of controversy or untruth I just refrain from interviewing a person regardless how famous and have on many occasions. Guy Malone was a hit and some of the viewers found it necessary to look into the real alien scenario after seeing that show. Somehow Guy managed to incorporate some things and from what I understand is a great promoter for some of the people that did not give him the time of day prior to the airing of the show. Go figure

Roswell was great; in fact I filmed 3 shows there and made all acquainted with the little shops, hotels and hangouts of the town.

Took them to the UFO Museum and introduced them to Walter Haut, one of the original players in the Roswell Incident. We compared aches and pains and shared some senior moments till his Daughter Julie interrupted. I guess her question was why we talked about personal things rather than what everyone else talked about. UFO, how, when and where.

It was a story everyone told and I wanted to put a personal touch to the people that had been scrutinized for so many years. Walters name is liable to pop up again, he seems to be woven into the story permanently.

Jim and Joanne moved from Aberdeen, WA to Olympia, WA; I am looking forward to exploring other adventures with them.

Lisa is very knowledgeable in herbs, healing and things of that nature, I think I get a kick out of trying to make her head spin with all the names that are thrown at her when we talk. She is so good-natured that I am not too worried about her throwing in the towel on our friendship. That is not to say that has not happened on other occasions with other friends. It is a lonely place for us that are involved in some of the subjects we are. Paranoia is not unheard of and some of the friends have actually been killed because they overstepped their boundaries according to someone. The definition of boundaries seem to change with every administration and it is hard for us to keep up with it. If one thinks men in black are a myth or a movie, not so!

Somehow I have a conflict at times, we have to be skilled in understanding when to speak up and when to let them sleep A friend told me the story that in the 80's as she was living in Nevada with her children one night she thought there had been a nuclear incident. As she was trying to make a decision as to what to do next to get her and the children to safety, she realized how ridiculous it all was, she had no power over any of it and she therefore decided to let the children sleep.

I have a hard time remembering people's name which is a blessing since as a Psychic I am bound to confidentiality laws, by me forgetting names I am unable to gossip. I do however remember many people's names that are calques, or people in history that are important to my evolution. I might not be able to pronounce the names and have a terrible time; it is almost like a trademark to fumble a name. So Lisa gets on the name roller coaster with me and lets me believe she memorizes them all!

We learned Quantum Touch healing methods together and I would have you know that if you are dying from the "lack of money syndrome" as I am it is wonderful to have someone that can help you ease some of the pain.

Doctor Ott has been trying to find a neck surgeon for me all over the state. The doctors that are not afraid to fix the problem do not take patients with my kind of insurance or the lack thereof. The ones that would help me for a price are worried about liabilities in case I die while in surgery. So I joined the list of lack of money people that are left to fend for themselves.

Applying Quantum Touch Energy allows ones body to heal oneself. It works for the most part, friends have been able to straighten bones while one is standing, I have done it myself, except in my case Universe has again presented me with a challenge that I am not even sure if I can endure this time.

This day has come to an end, Lisa is going home and I am getting into my heavenly bed so I can rest my mind. Who knows just by chance I might be able to see my dance partner at the entrance of the tapestry storybook.

I look so hard for my dance partner, he is not there. I long for him, where can he be? I can see the door to the next page. Harvest color, it is woven so delicately. I see pinks and lavenders in the outline of a table and writing in the distance. I think I will wait for a bit. Hard to say how long it has been past the 40 years that I have been meeting him like this, sometimes at random and other times I can transport myself right into the setting. Could be I created him during my early years when the horror of my childhood began?

There were so many years that my memories were either scrambled or non-existing. When I started my journey on this fascinating, even though some times

confusing, search for who I am I had no idea that Universe was about to use me as a conduit. It became apparent that my experiences served a purpose after all. They enabled me to understand the logistics and mechanics, if you will, of some of the horrific things done to men, even at this late time in our humanly evolution as civilized men, things we rather not acknowledge because they are uncomfortable to deal with. What we fail to realize is that history only repeats and we as people seem to get sucked up in some sort of vacuum.

The TV show NOVA aired a very interesting documentary about unmanned spy drones. It was fascinating to see what technology was employed to save the lives of some to destroy many. They showed planes as small as flies and bumblebees. They showed how they had studied wing movement of insects to duplicate flight movement and sounds so these robotic devices were unable to be detected. I sat in wonderment and marvel at the brilliance of the human mind. It is sad that we use these talents for war instead of the betterment of mankind. The toys get more sophisticated but the principle of harboring the need to dominate, seek and destroy seems to linger in the most primitive way.

In the course of the time my show aired I had the good fortune to run into several people that were willing to share what they knew. I was also fortunate that they were willing to share their stories in a way that we were able to understand. I thought shows like that would awaken the masses. We had made headways and many viewers called in, at the same time it was sad to see just how few of the population was even interested in anything like that. I think it had less to do with the fact that was not something they learned in school nor had an interest in or a passion for. I think it had a lot to do with that most people were unable to comprehend the concept or the thought of the unimaginable cruelty that still lurks within us, even though we suppose are to be so civilized.

An acquaintance introduced David Montgomery to me. David is the author of the book: The New World Government Exposed! It was our intention to talk about the birth of that book and why David picked the Clinton Era for what could be considered a masterpiece in some circles. Our conversation took us to subjects of, at the time, current issues. The training of the Striker Brigade the soldiers from Ft. Lewis that were trained in urban warfare and had tremendous losses in the Iraq war. The contradiction we thought about the fact that Boeing held the contract for cruise missiles for the military and at the same time acted as an adviser to the Russians for an anti-cruise missile defense contract. The very same missiles that was according to Boeings own newsletter.....

We were able to show many pictures of tactics to subdue the enemy or domestic civilian arrests in time of martial law, should the need ever arise for that. At the time of taping we were unaware that I had moved my chair at some point and as a result of that it looked like I had a gun pointed at my head every time the camera swerved that way, to state that this gave the show a very realistic flavor is an understatement!

About a year later the whole East Coast lost power. One would think if there had ever been the need to declare martial law that would have been the time. The citizens in all the states effected acted like the wonderful people we can be, they were not only civilized, they were caring and self maintaining. In New York only 9 arrests were recorded for the whole time the power was out, a record for that City. I was so proud of the American people especially since I was aware of the potential of chain of events that could have happened.

David Montgomery had one of those funny heart attacks that several of us experienced over a period of time. He recovered and is continuing his work.

It was the same acquaintance that was responsible for Peter Moon to call me one day in 2002. Peter was researching an ancient race of women from the Sahara Desert Region that reportedly had blue blood, literally. Since I was native to that region and came from a long line of psychic woman it was assumed that I either fit that bill myself or at least had knowledge of the culture he was seeking information about. I was aware of people with purple blood, not blue. As the conversation unfolded he was surprised to hear that not only did I know who he was, namely the author of the Montauk book series, but that I was also acquainted with the people he wrote about, Al Bielek, Duncan Alexander Cameron and Preston Nichols.

In 1943 the US military attempted to make a ship invisible from Radar. It is my understanding that Albert Einstein and Nicola Tesla were both part of the experiment in the early stages. It later became known as the Philadelphia Experiment. The ship the USS Eldridge was put into suspension, it not only disappeared from radar it became completely invisible to the naked eye. It had left the physical universe without any point of reference known to men. As it was removed from the normal space-time continuum and reappeared it had catastrophically consequences in as much that several crewmembers had been planted into the bulkhead of the ship. There were many casualties. Two of the sailors, Al Bielek and his half-brother Duncan Cameron jumped overboard as they realize there was a major problem. They found themselves in a time warp of sorts and landed in Montauk Air Force Base in the year 1983.

Even though Montauk was a physical place the term Montauk became a word that many of us associate with time warps, mind control Extraterrestrials, torture and other unpleasant things.

There came a time as I was viewing a video tape of the actual facility of Montauk that I realized that I had been there as a small child. This was not possible since I was NOT in the US as a child. I had however claimed over the years that I had spent a long time at a place in Helgoland, an Island in the Nordsee. When I was in my 50's it was verified that a place for psychic children did not only exist, mostly girls unlike the subjects used in the Montauk project, which were boys, it had the same blue print as Montauk and another underground facility in Hessen, a province in Germany. It also coincided with a claim that a girl named Jenny B made when she stated she and her grandmother had seen me at Montauk. Her father worked for the Pentagon and it appeared he was fully aware of the going on's at Montauk in the same way the people who raised me were willing participants in the horror of Helgoland.

Two shows: China's Super Psychics and My Alien Relatives were created that touched on some of that. My guest Oliver and his wife discussed how China cherishes their psychic children as a very valuable commodity; they come in the category of athletes. They are nurtured and revered as they are being educated in the martial arts of the mind rather than experimented on, tortured and send thru wormholes. Their objectivity is to blend and connect the mind in perfect harmony rather that creating fractures and separation of the brain to create Multiple Personality Disorder in order to turn them into some sort of a sleeper. Their children practice Qigong and become masters and spiritual guides for the people. Even though both cultures are aware of the sometimes-genetic extraterrestrial connections to some of these children, China openly

discusses such matters whether in the US we are considered nuts for even suggesting such a thing.

It was said that thru project Paperclip all desired German scientists were brought to the US even though it appears that some stayed behind and under the supervision of the new world power continued their draconian experiments.

Russia experimented with PK, psychokinesis and psychotronic weapons. It has come to light that activists and undesirables in the US and around the world are still being targeted with some of these microwave radiation weapons in 2005. By the Elite few that have the capability do so, it is not limited to one country. It is not known to this writer if that extends to the general public.

Lt. Col. Thomas Bearden helped found a group called United States Psychotronics Association. In his later years Tom became rather ill from Agent Orange and some other chemicals he had been exposed to. He finished most of his work, I find him a delightful human being. Tom Bearden of course cross-bleed into my life and that of Tom Stahl's as he was running for politics. We can add one more name to that, Bill Ramsay, remember that name if you would, it will appear again later in at least one page of tapestry storybook.

I don't know where my dance-partner is on this day. I feel confident enough to twirl myself into the next page dancing a solo/freestyle.

Ingo Swann is America's most researched super-psychic. He calls himself a psychonaut. I believe that he has a better grasp on the workings of the world than anyone else in our lifetime. The government recognized that and Ingo found himself, according to TIME Magazine, in a bizarre cloak-and-dagger research for no less a client than the United States government. His job was to teach a selected group of military personnel to psychically "remote view" secret military bases around the world and alert the military to potential threats of targets by other psychic warriors, target enemy psychics, in short, train a group of psychic spies. He did. Under careful eyes of a number of alphabet soup agencies the project remained a secret till the late 1990's. That is when I met Ingo.

The governmental remote viewing should not be confused with claims of some psychics or layman alike that they have the skills to perform this task. The protocol used by people at IRVA, International Remote Viewing Association, is a way of life. Very structured and takes many years of training. I was fortunate to have been able to meet and interview most of the original remote viewers. Gabrielle Pettengale had been killed but I was able to secure an earlier interview. John Kovacs, Lynn Buchanan, Targ Russell that worked with Uri Geller and Toney Robins along with Ingo. Dale Graff from the Stargate Project, Angela Thompson-Smith, Sky Turell and Ferenc Zana a detective now working at the homicide division of King County in the Seattle area that uses viewers on a regular basis to solve crimes.

The infamous Col. John Alexander or Dr. Death as he was nicknamed by then. John has a degree in thanatology, the study of death, and sits on every board imaginable to man so we are sure to stick with the stories we suppose to tell rather than the ones we know.

The eight days were so very intense, I was able to mingle with people from all around the world and most importantly got to spend a little time with Ingo Swann on a more personal basis, we were sharing moments about our "fat period" as he called it and

were busy selling books now out of print. His ---Penetration--- mine --- And the Moral of the Story is.... One Person at a Time--- There have only been 4 people that have affected me that greatly in my life. Ingo Swann, Dennis Kucinich, Miriam Makeba and Valery Uverov. Their energy is very compatible to mine; I almost feel a kinship for lack of a better word.

When the shows were finally finished we looked back on all the lectures, the beautiful atmosphere at the Double Tree Inn in Austin, Tex. We compared notes and discovered that some of us had been under psychotronic attack, we were burned around the eyes, we looked like a raccoon and it took some time till we caught our footing in order to think straight, like someone had scrambled our brain. Lynn Buchanan was a friend by then and I saw him often after that in one capacity or another. We showed the viewers how to apply PK, psychokinesis and bend spoons, they were 3 of the most popular shows that were aired and requested for re-run we did And explained that PK meant that we were able to change the molecular structure of metal, make it soft and by doing that were able to bend it with our mind.

That technique is easy to teach and I have been able to show some troubled youth how to do it. I show them by employing their mind and having confidence in themselves joining gangs and using drugs is irrelevant and a cop out. It seems to work in some cases and I am glad that we at least gave it a try. We talk about how we are an extension of our ancestors and how there is a need to move forward instead of backward in our evolution. Just as one thinks we make headway, here comes a war and more brainwashing from the top down. It must be totally confusing for the young in these trying times.

Peter Moon had agreed to come to Olympia for the 50-year anniversary of the Philadelphia Experiment on August 12th 2003. Everything was set up and seemed to be going smooth. Michael Moore, filmmaker and great human being came to town just a few days earlier to talk about his documentary Fahrenheit 911. People came by the thousands to listen to him seeking an answer. Somehow Peter Moon did not appeal to the masses, all he talked about was mind control, rifts in time and space, the capability of human cloning already in progress, so we thought that people were not ready and Peter was guided to cancel.

Doesn't look like I will get my dance, it is all the same, I am exhausted so I'll sleep and hope to make it another day.

I am neither a day person nor a winter person. The friends make fun of me because normal people head for Arizona in fall and return to Washington State in the spring.

I on the other hand spend part of the summer in Arizona and suffer thru winter at home base, Tumwater, WA. I start complaining about the rain and the dreary cold in October and not till May do I come to terms with the fact that life is good! I open the front door after chasing MS. E.T. away and talk to the sunshine.

The winter of 2005 was great for me, warm and full of sunny days. I loved every moment; the world must be coming to an end for me to be able to say that. There were over 3,000 micro earthquakes in the ocean per day, so scientists from all over the world came with their fancy instruments to find out what is going on with Mother Earth. No snow in the mountains and the water is being rationed in February, conserved is a better word.

It was on one of those warm winter days that I decided to pay my respects to the ocean and give thanks for her not haven shaken us up.

As I made my way towards the west to the open ocean my mind was full of thoughts. Some might have been memories, others just thoughts and reflections. By now so many things are illegal when one is operating an automobile, lucky me thinking while driving is not on the list, I do want to be a law-abiding citizen

Some of the e-mails I have received in the past few days are very disturbing in as much as people are really frustrated with life, or should I say the way their life is playing out. Many groups have sprung up that accommodate people of similar interest. When the superhighway we call the Internet took on shape people were excited. Old Ladies and man in the autumn of their life rushed back to school just to learn how to master that new discovery. Kids learned it from the time they went to kindergarten and we, in our purple period, were not about to get left behind. A whole new world opened up, the knowledge that was excisable all of a sudden was overwhelming. The click of a mouse and we are there! If people did not talk to one another before, they did now! New words were invented and the word “talk” had a double meaning. Did you talk with your mouth or with your fingertips on the keyboard? Either way, people were communicating.

Originally it seemed like there was absolutely nothing we were not able to find on the Net. It did not take long, like anything else, as soon as it became apparent that this was a great tool for naïve, vulnerable people to be misled; many untruth were posted, eventually some of the Internet was the used to manipulate some of the groups and only a small percentage that was posted turned out to be factual. It also became a tool for the government to add the missing 3 cents and there you have it!

I found it necessary to present a show we called NET-PICS. One of my camerapersons, Edie Cole volunteered for the challenge. Some of the viewers asked to get acquainted with the staff so here was a perfect opportunity to meet Edie. When, at times, I refer to the show as we it should be said that I have discussions with the crew about what I want to present, especially when it deals with controversy. I want to make sure that my ideas do not reflect their name or integrity in any sort of negative way.

Edie had collected several websites and we demonstrated how wonderful the Net could be but pointed out it can also have its pitfalls. Just because we read it on the Internet does not always make it so. But then that can be said of all Media at this time, including myself. It is very easy to perceive a story from the wrong angle.

Last night Peter Jennings on the nightly news covered a story that frankly I was surprised to see on mainstream news, much less on the nightly news everyone tunes into. The story was about how somehow we, Americans, have managed to bypass Human Rights Laws and those of the Geneva Convention by flying prisoners into countries that do not honor those laws. If it appears that we start wars over issues like Human Rights violations, it does not hold true at this time. It was explained that these countries had tactics of interrogation for intelligence purposes that we were not familiar with since we do not understand customs of “those” people. He then proceeded to show a photograph of a prisoner that had been boiled to death

When I delivered a birthday present to my 14 year old grandson he asked me if I had seen the news about the man that got attacked by his pet chimpanzee. They were having a birthday party for the chimp, someone gave him a cupcake and the chimp went

wild and attacked his owner. By the time it was all over the chimp had bitten all of the man's fingers off, gouged out one eye and ripped off the nose and almost permanently injured the man's testicles. The man is expected to make a full recovery.

Back to my e-mail Some people are desensitized, other are furious and it is very hard to find balance. Men want to be patriotic, woman do not want their children killed, regardless of age. These are confusing times

I am driving thru Cosmopolis. It is sad to think that my friend Judy Lohr is no longer the innkeeper at the mansion. Judy and her husband bought the place some years back and restored it's former glory, minus the balls that used to take place there. Judy did some brave things while at the mansion one of which was to host Psychic Fairs. Because of one of those fairs I was asked to investigate the mansion for etheric activity, better known as ghosts, the report was to be included with the history of the place itself.

Mr. Cooney was a self-made man; he was a shipbuilder in the harbor and eventually owned the lumber company and with that was known as the Lumber Baron of the West. He supplied wood for most of the world fairs. Hoquiam is an Indian word and means big tree. One of the neighboring communities was later a town by that name. Schooners glided up the river till it got to the bay and Ladies Of the Evening roamed the ballrooms in their breathtaking gowns, according to the woman of the town, far be it to admit that some of the towns ladies came from that time period when woman were brought in for the loggers.

The Harbor was home to the ship the Lady Washington and is again in present time.

We did our ghost investigation, actually we got lucky and some of it showed up on videotape. We included our findings in the records; of course we did not reveal some of the darker secrets publicly. Eventually it came to light that 86% of our findings were actually proven to be correct.

We sit under the gazebo in the front yard that overlooks the golf course, rhododendron blooming all over, the smells of the flowers are heavenly. Ever so often a small lizard runs by our feet and we reminisce about the bands Judy use to bring in, the famous teas she hosted with local actors as Queen Victoria, lets not forget Mark Twain. We laugh about the fact that the warden of the western peninsular; as Mr. Cooney had been nicknamed, paid his workers with coins.

Judy was on the City Council and whenever there was a "ghostly" problem as far away as Aberdeen I would be called to see what the story was. Marge's Ceramic Shop and Las Palmas, an Italian restaurant were amongst many. I located a ghost that sets fires, till 2005 many of the places on Main Street seem to have problems with a firebug. The suicide and cancer rate in Aberdeen are amongst the highest in the country. Many ugly things happened there with the labor unions in the early days.

Judy eventually sold the mansion, I think of her often. She was certainly one of the most down to earth friends I had in many a days.

The sound of the ocean is wonderful, the sand under my feet full of memories from a time when I lived near the dessert of North Afrika. People on horseback and the seagulls are chasing the little birds away from the treasured places where people left food. The waves are crashing, can't tell where the water ends and the clouds begin. I let my mind expand like an ocean and allow it to seek depth in the cradle of Neptune, Jemaja

or any other gods that have ruled the sea. I connect with the whales and the dolphins and grieve with them over the murder and extinction of their species. I apologies to them for being human; how do I explain my kind to them?

Just as Mr. Cooney, the owner of the region and everything along with it, paid his workers in coins in order to display his power, so we are only the workers for the powers that be. We are embarrassed, ashamed and angry. One day we too will get a cupcake and turn on our keepers. Till then, any of us just have to ride that wave and blend with the flow we call civilized life.

We complain about the untruth of the government when it comes to UFO phenomenon, just imagine for a moment we would be advised that we have been lied to for almost 60 years, we are not crazy after all and so sorry it took so long to disclose the little detail of haveing extraterrestrials amongst us..... now there is the possibility of panic, the cupcake and someone will tear off faces and testicles...

I had a wonderful day; I must take time for thought more often. No ticket, I still have gasoline left in the tank. It has been a great day!

Ocean air might have been good for me but it was not good for my neck. Maybe just the thought of iodine must have set it off. The last time I was in trouble like this I had eaten some Alaskan Cod. It was so good and I had several pieces ignoring my alarm that went off in my head about not eating anything connected with the sea.

Laurie Johnson offered to take me to the doctor. I agreed that I had better head that way, no time for major pain; I was in the middle of a project.

On the way to the doctor we caught up on her husband's Richard condition, he had just had surgery and pretty much like myself he was struggling with the fact that he never had any illnesses like regular people, like we were always experiments to some doctor. Laurie might not always agree with us talking like that, once we got going on how bizarre some of our afflictions were and the frustration that comes with that. Laurie has problems herself, like some of my other friends she suffers from Crohn's disease. Eventually I thought that Cohn's has a lot to do with the contaminated food we eat on a regular basis, I am getting a little ahead of myself. She is always willing to be helpful even though she feels bad herself some days.

In September 2001 I thought I should mingle with the crowds a bit and rented a small booth at the Farmer's Market in Lacey. On about the third day a Lady approached me about a Mini Reading. Mini because it lasted only about 15 minutes compare to a regular reading that could last about an hour or so. A few months later she called me and reminded me of who she was and to tell me that everything I told her had come to pass. With that started a friendship.

In the mean time Richard and Laurie, Dr. Dirty and Nurse Grime, the name of their business, environmental friendly cleaner, became one of my sponsors for the show. They took on the task on transporting my guest from and to the airport.

A Lady by the name of Donna Harris, an animal psychic came to town. While at my disposal Donna came to the studio to tape a show and demonstrated what it is an animal psychic can do for a client and his/her master. Laurie volunteered to come with Wyatt, her dog.

Donna gave some history how she decided to follow that calling and what is entailed to not only communicate with an animal but moreover deal with the people that care for their four, two and multi-leg friends.

Wyatt whistled through most of the show, he was either excited or extremely nervous to be the star of the show. Donna explained why Wyatt had a whistle and suggested he visit a veterinarian and also talked about Laurie's cat Buford. Again Laurie hit the jackpot and all information given to her proved to be true and helped her in making some decisions.

I understand that many viewers called Donna for her services, I did not see her after that and don't know her whereabouts, all I know is that she put some sunshine in many of the friend's life.

Laurie and Richard went on a winter trip to Arizona. They brought back beautiful pictures, so it was decided to turn their journey into a show called: A trip can be a journey. By that I had rubbed off on Laurie, she had read most of the Lobsang Rampa books, embraced Reiki treatments to help her with some of her challenges with her health, a journey was just fine with her.

Next stop for the journeying couple was Mt. Rainier for an anniversary picnic. I had footage from a friend that had visited Mt. ST.Helens on the 20-year anniversary of the eruption on May 18,1980. The film from that visit was a little rough but usable. In 2003 my son, my niece Claudia along with her mate Dieter and the children, Alex and Katharina, paid a visit to the volcano in the middle of the winter when Claudia and her family came for a visit from Franconia for Christmas. They took along a video recorder, so now I had footage from the mountain in two seasons and three years apart. We blended them together; there was a scene where Fox, the visitor in 2000 looked downward toward the valley and my son in 2003 looked upwards towards the mountain. Two timelines, a magnificent shot. Laurie secured permission to use music from a local artist; Gary Jess, we played his CD Northwest Trilogy.

The show resembled a mini movie; oddly enough Gary Jess had recorded a CD entitled Mt. St. Helens. His description on the inside of the CD is quote: Take a journey with your imagination as you immerse yourself in the beauty of one of the mightiest mountains. Quiet reflection swells to awe as the volcano erupts, letting forth one of Mother Natures most destructive forces. Afterwards, seeming to rest, the mountain is quiet. Still dangerous. Still majestic. Still dangerous. Time passes and Mt. St Helen begins to regenerate, bringing new life to a barren landscape.

Laurie reminded me that we always have a nitch to air the show a couple of months before things actually happen. This held true in this case, the mountain erupted within a couple of month of airing the show entitled: Napping Giants.

The doctor's visit was like the others, a waste of time. Somehow the diagnosis of Graves disease still sits not right with me, I guess time will tell. My lab work was inconclusive, I am advised to take the wait and see attitude and take more pain pills as needed.

We laugh remembering when Laurie came to the studio and told Bernie, my director how funny she thought I acted that day home from the University of Washington after taken a Valium. She told him how I insisted on stopping at Costco on the way home to buy some unbelievable wonderful mattress. How we dragged it into the house

here is the funny part, I had no recollection of any of it, all I remember my EX cutting it to fit the bed and the fact that it was and remains HEAVENLY

We laughed about the time we were driving around in her white utility van with a ladder on the top when the whole country was on a lookout for a van fitting that description in reference to the infamous Sniper case in Washington, D.C. And then..... as it turned out there was a connection to sniper pair to Tacoma Washington!

Laurie and I had a nice drive on the back roads. Buford has left her and Wyatt no longer sounds like a windshield wiper as he breathes, Donna saw to that. Along the Boulevard the cherry trees are in full bloom, they escaped the ash fall from the most recent eruption just a couple of days ago. Pink lining the streets, new hope, new beginnings, it is springtime!

Not feeling well is an everyday thing, still I am able to get almost everything done that I have set out to do. It takes a little longer and in a strange way I am grateful to live alone. I am never lonely and the word bored is nonexistent for me. Little by little my life's work it reaching its finale, or at least it appears that way at the moment

I like living alone, this way I can do things at my own pace and can use all of my energy to direct it not only at myself but also on the projects I am involved in. It could appear that this is a selfish way to look at things; a lot can be said about that. The only symptom of Grave's disease that is present is the goiter, of course having the tumor located within the goiter seems to complicate that a lot. Some days I get very little air and a cough serves as an automatic response to relax the muscles in the neck itself and allows for a little more air to flow. The voice box is affected, after two hours of uninterrupted speech I get hoarse and lose the ability to raise my voice. Some days I eat baby food only and have trouble swallowing my pills because there is swelling in the neck present.

Just imagine for a moment how that could play out having to abide by someone else's schedule, not only that, I would have to spend a lot of energy to sooth another persons concern about my well-being while undergoing a coughing attack or worse choke while trying to ensure someone I was fine.

Bernie, my director has the right idea. If I have trouble while filming the show, he silences my microphone, moves the camera, focuses on something else and the show goes on. Except for the time I turned blue, he did come to my aid that day, another time he kept filming and we actually caught my dilemma on camera and turned it into a teaching tool later in the program.

My neighbor Laura helps me with vacuuming, Lisa assists me with cooking when I am dizzy, my grandkids Ebony and Malcolm come and spend weekends occasionally, a neighbor cuts the grass and puts the porch swing and the picnic table in the designated area for summer. When my niece Claudia comes from Europe every six months she looks after the Butterfly bush. It needs TLC and has grown from a little scrub into a six-foot tree. One year when I was on the road the neighbors told me they sat on their veranda and watched it grow from one day to another.

My friend Brad is on the same sleeping schedule as I so many a nights we are on the phone just chatting away and the relatives in Europe are just getting up when everyone here is in dreamland.

I have another friend, Kathryn Grandfield. I don't think she ever sleeps and between her and Brad they know who to call in an emergency if I am on the phone with them. The medics know where I live, the trailer with the Native American paintings all over; my children live just a few miles away so I would say that I am covered for emergencies.

I have on occasions talked to people in my travels that felt they could never be alone, some said they need someone in their life to make them complete. I remind them that we do not all have the same path and some of us have to be the way we are, alone and driven, the mad professor syndrome I call it. In my younger days everything had to be perfect, the kids, the house, everything. Now I am doing universal things and as soon as I realize there are no little green men to help with the dishes I will wash them. I thought about paper plates, which is not in my budget, I would have to go thru the hassle to dispose of them, naaaa, I keep it the way it is!

One of the greatest, liberating experiences I ever had is when I started to visit with some of the Native Tribes. They taught me to do things when I feel like it and explained how everything has perfect timing in the Universe. I can just show up and sit in the car and wait, when it is convenient for them they will come to greet me. I have waited from 15 minutes up to two days for them to come and see about me. First thing they want to know if I brought "Lili-Rice." The first time I went to the Navajo Reservation I took couscous, a native dish from my homeland. It was known as Lili-Rice from then on. When they want to talk to me it is not unusual for them to drive from FT Defiance, AZ to Olympia, WA and wait for me for a couple of days if I am not home. Stay a few hours and drive home again. Life should be like that! It so helps the stress level not to be in a hurry all of the time.

We have covered that subject on my show, usually with someone that understands this, it is hard to make the transition and in all fairness not everyone can live by a schedule. I think that is why we go thru different stages in our life. The wife and mother period when we have to do things in the 3-D and only if we can step back from trying to run everyone else's life we can take time to find ourselves.

Starting Over is a daily TV program. It takes place at a Villa in the California Mountains overlooking Los Angeles. It houses 6 women at a time that have come there to find themselves. Two Life Coaches and a Clinical Psychologist assist the woman in regaining control of their lives. The women state what it is they hope to achieve and, only when they have, they graduate. It is amazing to see their progress. I don't think there is a woman on the planet that cannot identify with at least one thing. What is most interesting is the fact to learn how to love oneself seems to be the hardest, even though it is the simplest task of all. I learn from it and the wonderful tools they make available to me.

My friend Kathryn fell out of the sky for me at a time when I needed a friend. We talk about so many things. Not a day goes by when we do not have an AHA MOMENT. I think staying in contact with friends is important and so valuable. I have been blessed with many friends over the years, they appear as needed and sometimes move on, each one of them leaves me with another treasure and adds to the fullness and riches of my life. I would not trade my life for anything, I wish I were more focused that is hard to do when the creative juices flow on universal time rather than when someone is in need of a minute of my time in 3-D time. In my early learning days I actually thought time was

linear, what a surprise I had in store to find out I was naïve and mistaken. I once saw myself coming and going, a very discerning experience; I won't bother to burden you with that at this time.

Finally, in about 2004, someone realized that many people talk on the phone. The chat on the internet and phone calls from a computer were common, so like many things the little people bore the brunt of enormous phone bills and were seeking other alternative, mostly cell phones, to relieve the misery of having to see ones phone bill. They found wisdom in creating a flat monthly fee for all long distance and we were back in business and talking to one another. It was also easier and cost-efficient to bug some of the landlines, even though they denied it. Most of us knew and talked freely anyway; we were not about to change our old habits that late in life. Calling overseas was not a problem some of the phone card companies were eager to accommodate a charge smaller than what we use to pay to call the next town over. Gasoline and heating bills were still scary, but all in all getting mail by "snail-mail" was exciting. Like in the old days to wait for the mailman he was on our time and start the day from there forward. The neighbors all stand around the mail truck eagerly awaiting anything, even the junk mail and on Wednesday was coupon day from the local merchants. We talk neighborhood politics, I prefer that to gossip, the affairs of the country, TV shows and money or the lack there of.

I get packages from my viewers, in form of aliens, icebergs, props for the show, oils from far away places and sometimes a Thank You Card.

Ever so often I get input in reference to one of the shows or someone saw one of some of my famous guests come to the house and stay for a while. Many were fans of the famous Art Bell Show, a nightly talk show that talked about anything that was not discussed in the regular news. Ever so often they mentioned they had heard one of my friends on Art Bell, I confirm, time at the mailbox is over, I am JUST Lilian till we repeated the same ritual the next day. On the days I am unable to walk the landlady sends someone to bring my mail and for that I am grateful.

I have a friend in Texas, she sends wonderful surprises, she puts stickers on my envelope so I recognize her mail. The grandkids send cards just to say I love you. I get letters from Federal Penitentiaries, from inmates and detainees alike. I am a clearinghouse of information. Ask me anything except about the stock market and maybe I know something about it or can at least steer you in the right direction to someone who does know something about what it is you are inquiring about!

I got a beautiful letter from Kathryn, per snail mail, so rest for a bit and let me read it to you.

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

I remember being obsessed with a plant for about 4 years. The plant is the Calla Lily. I have tried to grow many of them. Each one would bloom once or twice and then begin to fade. And I would diligently buy another one. When I moved down here I thought I had finally succeeded with one of them and moved it very carefully. It faded in the new house. Once a friend who knew of my obsession with these beautiful flowers felt sorry for me and had a florists shop deliver a very large healthy Calla Lily for my

birthday. She had been guaranteed that this lily would survive if I just watered it. But it too faded. I was so sad. I remember thinking one day “I guess this just isn’t the time for me and Lily’s.”

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

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

So I phoned you and you did the reading. I remember trying to take notes during the conversation. You kept telling me that you would send the tape but that wasn’t good enough for me, I wanted notes so I could remember as soon as the conversation ended. But my notes were garbled and unintelligible when the phone was back on the hook. I couldn’t believe you hit as many things about me as you did. And I was so HAPPY to be hearing your voice.

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

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

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

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

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

I also learned I could share things about myself with you without fear of being ridiculed or thought to be nuts. This was absolutely wonderful. It is always good to know someone else understands what you previously thought no one else could ever understand. Not only did you understand, you helped me to learn to begin to sort these occurrences out.

Then came THE night. Do you remember? I saw my first UFO. It was about 2:45 AM. I had just finished meditating for a few minutes and was getting under the covers when I began to notice something odd in the back yard. I saw three green globes of light. They were the color of green traffic lights. When I saw the first one it was about 20 feet from the bedroom window. I remember shutting my eyes several times thinking that something was messed up in my vision. Then I saw the second one right away and it was just in front of the garage door. At this time I began to pay closer attention and then saw the third one up in the sky about a block away. I shook my head. I thought I must be seeing things. I lay down and mentioned to the cat that there were such bright stars in the sky. I forgot for a moment that it was a very cloudy night. I was looking at what seemed to be three bright stars up in the sky. Then I noticed one of them was pulsating. At this point I got up to get my glasses. I thought I was not seeing something clearly. As I lay down I noticed the brightest of the stars seemed to be pulsating. And, in addition to pulsating, I saw that it was composed of several lights of

different colors. There were green, blue and white lights. I thought it must be an airplane. But it didn't move. I thought it must be a satellite, but again there was no movement. These lights stayed in the exact same positions in the sky. Then I began to get excited. Could this be something other than stars and satellites and airplanes? I watched it for about 20 minutes and then I couldn't stand it any longer. I phoned you and woke you up. You asked me several questions and I answered them. And then you asked me to wave to it. Just to pass my hand in front of my eyes back and forth. I thought you wanted me to do this to interrupt my field of vision so I could see more clearly or something. But then I noticed the pulsating lights began to pulsate at the same time, which they had not done before. You then informed me this was a response and that somehow they could see us wave at them if they knew we were watching. I was on fire! I couldn't believe it. I felt like a child at Christmas! Then you suggested tactfully that I might want to go outside and look at this thing there. I grabbed some shoes, kept the phone in my hand and ran outside in the cold January air in my pajamas. I found a viewing place that gave me the best view of the lights and then we watched them for another 10 minutes or so until I was so cold that I was getting numb and then I had to go back inside. By the time I got back into bed, the lights had left. I will probably never know if these lights were from a US aircraft of some new variety, from another country on earth, or from someplace else in the Universe. It doesn't matter at all to me. I saw an unidentified flying object...three of them to be exact. I know they exist. I KNOW this of a certainty. They are part of my reality now. And I shared it with you. And during this sharing you helped me to be unafraid, to investigate as much as I could, and to have some level of understanding about the event. I can't think of anyone else in the world more appropriate to share this experience with than you. Alone I would have been frightened, intimidated and wouldn't have enjoyed it nearly as much as I did with Lilian on the other end of the phone quietly telling me what I needed to know and understand. I can never thank you enough for that experience.

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

I think you are like the town criers of olden times. These were people who walked through the streets, sometimes ringing a bell, and shouting messages the people needed to hear. We live in strange times. No one knows what is going on most of the time. Sometimes people are scared. And always it is difficult to understand and make sense out of the chaos that characterizes our world. I believe you bring the message of

understanding and hope to the people. You are there to help them make sense out of things they believed could make no sense. And you bring the things of high strangeness to a place where we all can begin to comprehend them. I have always wanted to paint but don't seem to have the ability. If I could, I would paint a picture of a beautiful Calla Lily with a firefly on it and name the painting Lilian.

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

Thank you, Lilian. I am so honored and appreciative to know you. And I feel so blessed to call you friend.

Love, Kathy

Now that you know Kathy I won't have to tell you about her. What I like to add though goes back to the mail. E-mail is great. I know it takes as long to write as a letter send by the post office. When I receive a letter or a card, hand delivered by the postman, I experience the emotions of the person sending it to me. The thought, the actual writing, picking the appropriate stamp, taking it to the post office wondering how long it will take to get to me. The stickers on my envelopes from Texas, the envelope with the picture on it that I have chosen for this book. I saved that envelope in 1996. Mario Galivan was an immigration detainee than. He painted the cover for my first book and I lost track of him. I remembered the envelope and what an appropriating setting it is for this book. The neighbors noticed it was the State of Texas.

Shortly after my decision to honor my work with that display Mario Galivan's gifted to me, he was released after 20 years of illegal detention, he was a passenger from the Mariel Boatlift, the shipment of prisoners send by Fidel Castro on request of the United States in the early 1980's.

When I send boxes containing my shows I use food boxes. Couscous, Macaroni and Cheese, Oatmeal, Waffles or anything I can find or eatLOL, that means laughing out loud on the computer, LOL..... It became a trademark of sorts; I was unable to use those boxes after 911 because they looked "suspicious." Things have settled down and the food-TV-show-boxes are roaming the world once again!

Winter had finally come to an end; I would not have minded it lingering just a little longer imagine that, I said that, the winter hater..

It finally rained a few drops and the mountains experienced a dusting of snow, Death Valley was in full bloom. They said that seeds from hundreds of years ago came to life and people flocked there by the thousands.

I appreciated the fact that the seeds had been there so undisturbed since I had learned so much about seeds and genetically engineered seeds from the documentary "Bad Seed, the truth about our food" that was finally finished, released and educated the masses as to how our food was poisoned. I wonder how they missed the herbs and wildflowers, I am sure they will confiscate and patent them as soon as they loose their blooms. The Government even took thousand year old heirloom seed from the farmers in Iraq and ordered them to now buy their supplies from the American companies.

The documentary took a whole year to produce, several of us went into different directions, when it was all said and done over 100 hours of interviews with leaders and experts in the field had stated what they knew and Dennis Kucinich introduced a bill in the house to label our food so we could choose if we wanted genetically engineered food in our diet or not. The European Countries and parts of Asia had demanded the poison to be removed and enforced that. Tom Stahl was able to give a presentation to our new found knowledge to the farmers of Eastern Washington to educate them and show them how misinformed they were. I am not sure if they rejected a resolution to plant GE crop. It might not have fixed the problem but it was a start.

Adam Curry was a whole 19 years old when he drove cross country to film for the Bad Seed documentary. He was much luckier with the project than myself; he looked so debonair, young, sweet and naïve. Few people knew that he was actually pretty famous by then, an asteroid had already been named after him and he had his own laboratory at College in Colorado. He had already helped launch an international .com company. He marched right into the lion's den and interviewed many people in San Francisco attending a demonstration and people all around the country. It was my job to film landscapes, cows and cornfields. Almost got to talk to someone BUT, the seed company was actually a pesticide company, interviews were refused. Imagine that!..... I was in the lion's den also except I did not have enough sense to realize that till I saw the finished product.

Adam stopped at my house to rest and I wanted to keep him forever, what a great Being! We did a show and spoke about him, his willingness to endure hardships. He slept in his car for almost two weeks before arriving at my house In order to reach his full potential. He is one of the most sought after young Scientists/Socialite. I am sure that in the future many new works and discoveries will come from Adam Curry, that is a name to remember!

Again I was fortunate to have so many friends around the country. By now I had three reporters in place.

Claudia Kramer, C.K. covered Europe.

Lynn Mari went to Indian Mounds and kept track of Crohn's Disease and Indigo children issues.

Mike Johns covers what ever strikes his fancy. Lucky me, he and his wife Connie, were on the road when the desert performed its miracle. They brought back wonderful footage that I was able to share with the viewers.

Lisa Bielski captured great footage at Stonehenge, Amsterdam, Rome and the Ukraine while on a trip to that part of the world.

Laurie Johnson was busy filming back-grounds; lakes, ducks, eagles and anything she thought might look good behind me.

I met Lynn Mari under strange circumstances. After the 6.8 Nisqually Quake a paper "The Star Beacon" in Colorado agreed to publish a series of articles I wrote in reference to the aftermath of a natural disaster and how it affects the everyday lives of people affected.

One day I received a letter in the mail from a woman named Lynn Mari. I immediately throw it in the trash since I assumed it to be from another person by that name that I had NO intention to keep in touch with. After a bit that voice in my head

instructed me to dig the letter out of the garbage, by now it was covered with coffee grounds and heavens knows what else. I did. The letter came from a wonderful young woman from Minnesota, she became my friend, I refer to her as “ALL WOMAN” since she represents every race on the planet.

We met up in person in Pocahtontas, Ill, she surprised me in Laughlin, Nevada and we have since then co-authored several articles. She also honored me with a chapter of our adventures in the revised edition of my book: And the moral of the story is....

Lynn was a guest on several shows by insert; she talked about her Indian heritage and took us on tours of the Indian Mounds from Missouri to Alabama. Her oldest child, Davon, is an Indigo and he taught us a lot. Her children presented plenty of topics for Mothers and GRANDMOTHERS; Lynn is truly one of the favorites of my viewers. She is currently writing a book about the exploitation of people by MUFON and some of the other organizations that rather than try to help people in distress capitalize on the circumstances surrounding their dilemma.

Mike and Connie Johns are friends from up north, as in north of Seattle. Several years ago their daughter was missing. They asked me for help and with their cooperation we found the daughter in an amazingly short period of time. We became friends. Twice a year on their way to and from Arizona they park their 5th wheel in the yard and visit for a spell. Even though we talk nightly when they are not in my yard, we have a great visit. Connie cooks the greatest dishes and makes me eat three meals a day. I get busy and food is not on my priority list. Her Father made history by being the first recipient of a heart transplant ever. He lived a long time and only recently left us in 2005.

Mike is disabled, spends much time reading and sometimes helps me put together some of the shows when he is in the area. Because of that I equipped him with a camera and Mike and Connie are reporters when on the road. They took us to Yuma Prison; Pow Wow’s on the Apache reservation and took us along to Mexico on a shopping trip for cheaper medicines.

When they found out that I was unable to film Earthship Houses in my travels they improvised and featured a great Earth Ship belonging to a friend located in Washington State. They took us thru the building phases and it was more detailed and informative than I could have ever presented it.

Claudia Kramer, or C.K. as we call her, is my sister’s daughter. She and I bonded in her early years when I used to travel to Europe on a regular basis. Like myself, C.K. is very psychic and studied parapsychology and clinical hypnosis. After my Mother died Claudia came to visit me a couple of times with her three children. We were very close, she loved the US and attempted to immigrate to be able to be closer to me and help in my work in shaping the future. She was told the only way she could immigrate was to become an RN since that is the only occupation in demand and eligible for immigration. She returned to Frankonia and obtained her nursing degree.

In the mean time 911 took place and all rules changed again. She continued to come to the US every six months to visit and help me with the shows. Like I mentioned before it became rather ridiculous at the airports at times, eye scans, papers to fill out as to why she came so often, how does she earn her living and who takes care of her children while she is here for 21 days at a time. Why the empty suitcase, why shop in the

US, we got used to it. When here she films things for me and displayed an uncanny talent for getting shots that no one else was able to obtain. I sent her home with an American camera thanks to the “good guys” stores that sponsored me and CK went all over to report.

Just to give you an example: She went to the Zugspitze, the tallest mountain in Europe. It was there she was able to capture a shot of a melting glacier. It gave us a visual of how much in trouble the earth really is.

Spessart is a region of Germany that is still home to some of the most elaborate churches and houses that survived the 30-year war.

Dachau, the concentration camp. Bodensee, Schloss Schwanstein, Garmisch Patenkirchen, Bamberg and many places some of the American soldiers were stationed during the last 30 years and also tourist spots that became popular over the years. She has taken us to museums with million year old fossils and Egyptian mummies. Fairytale parks and back roads that are famous for their scenic curves that are loved by motorcycle riders from all over the world. C.K. has a large following and is recognized almost everywhere we go. We produced a documentary: “Bang bang you’re dead” about the dwindling rainforest in the Northwest. If all goes well I hope I will be able to take her to the Navajo Nation this year and show her Canyon DeChelly. Her plan is to drive a motorbike from Germany to Copenhagen, fly to Seattle from there and we set out to go to Arizona trying to make her deadline of 21 visiting days according to her visa so she can return home to Frankonia, Switzerland, without upsetting the American Authorities about the frequency of her visits.

She travels to Poland and surrounding border towns now part of the west of Europe to share restaurants, sacred places and castles with drawbridges that are located near the rivers. She took us to a site of old Druid Ruins that somehow had crossed over from England.

Her English is excellent; remember having a translator early on.

Universe is really a wondrous place, just think, so many people from all around the globe just dropping into my lap and help with the work that needs to be done and share the greatness of the planet and the people living upon it. I can only feel humbled and honored to be part of the big picture along with the other players on the stage of life.

Occasionally we all feel a little disenfranchised, I suppose. Things become a little unraveled and it can be hard to find the right person to share thoughts with.

Myself, I’ll try to get to that in-between space, find my dance partner and go to the next chapter in our tapestry storybook.

There was a time in history where everything could be explained in parables and everyday stories that applied to the activities of the time. Teachers, philosophers, storytellers and religious teachers were sought after, respected and their advice followed, regardless how bizarre it might sound to us at this time. There was structure of sorts.

I am also sure that somewhere there were always attempts made to change the course of history for whatever reason was prevalent at that time. The 1960’s is the closest in my lifetime I am able to relate to that because I was an adult and conscious of some of the issues at hand. The civil rights movement along with all of the people that sacrificed much to force changes became heroes to many, including myself. In fact in my

later years I had the privilege to meet some of the greats from that time period. Rev. Jessie Jackson, Maxine Waters, Relatives of Rosa Parks, Carl Marxy along with many friends who were able to change the structure of Apartheid in South Afrika. Denny Glover, Paul Simon, Miriam Makeba, Hugh Masakela, Black Ladysmith Mombassa, Johnny Clegg and numerous others.

The Hippies of the sixties were by many categorist as an irresponsible, drug using, non caring group of individuals, promoted by musicians that were out of their mind, when in fact in the opinion of this writer, they were searching not for new ways to do things, but rather revert back to the natural order of things like time and space.

Aboriginal people have always been secure in their identities, it was the rest of the world that had gotten so far away from "TRIBE" that they were trying to come to terms with what it meant to be human, live and let live. The time was right for some primal tendencies to re-emerge. Given the fact that they were in a modern society with modern thinking I would assume it to have been a trying task to get a point across.

People of that time were enlightened in a way that in hind-sight was phenomenal. Star Trek was born and again, in hind-sight, what an enlightened revolution of thinking that was. People were awakening, some were seeking the comfort of the past, others the possibility of a better future.

There was another group of people that went about change in a different way. They were dissatisfied with the teachings of the religions, they wanted to remodel and start from basics, if you will, and out of that came what we later called New Age.

By the time "A Visit" got on the air in 1998 the public was ready to hear from all of those time periods. Amazingly some of the old time activist, the hippies, the Trexies and people in the New Age movement were known to each other in some capacity. Each one group had maintained their need for change, somehow managed to incorporate some of it into new knowledge and learned how to make it work for them in their own way of life.

The politicians that were newly elected during the 60's and 70's had tried very hard to adjust policy to their understanding; we had come a long way. America as a nation did a flip and became the most self-righteous country in the world, at least that is the impression one wanted to portray. I am not sure what one thing or series of events promoted that. People in power by the year 2000 went backward in their line of thinking. They had become so desensitized to compassion and decency and created the days of terrorism. The word was misrepresented, misinterpreted, misused, misunderstood; in short it misfired to the point that the same politicians that had made the changes fell victim to their own brilliance of self-expression.

Olympia is home to the Evergreen State College. It soon became apparent that many of my guests had at one time or another attended that collage. Many deep rooted ideas started there, many activists came from there, it appealed to students from around the world that refused to be drawn into the rut of education that was to confining to them. Politics, environmental issues, human rights, arts, cultural studies, just about anything one can associate with controversy came from the Greeners, as we called them.

Many remember the Sitcom "The Simpsons." Well, the creator of the series started at Evergreen and actually his TV career started at TCTV.

Kramer from the Sitcom "Seinfeld" came from Evergreen.

Harry Levine a great activist for the Dine people in the Big Mountain relocation struggle came from there. He did a wonderful show in which we explained why the Dine needed outside help to be able to stay on their homeland. I asked him why he got involved in this particular cause, he responded that he was a Russian Jew and thought relocation was unacceptable for any people and how he was able to connect with the principle distress of the people.

In 2001 I had the privilege to present the Red Bear Family. Lesana, Cleofus and their son Nache. Their issues were similar; they were dedicated to the people at the Four Corners and shared a taped message for us from the late Roberta Blackgoat, a Hopi grandmother in both Navajo and English. That message was repeated at a later time in a show we called "World out of balance". By the time it aired the second time the people from Big Mountain had been scattered all over the reservation with broken promises and lies. On the same show the great filmmaker George Amiotte told the story of creation according to the Ogallala Lakota Sioux. Even though everyone came to me independently it turned out they were related and had known each other and their causes all of their lives. Leonard Peltier was a relative and they shared how criminal the behavior of the Authorities were when they set up the fiasco of the infamous Pine Ridge incident. We all thought that President Clinton should have pardoned Leonard and corrected the wrong done to a great people by some of his predecessors and their representatives.

We realized how the circle of people fit together and it was far from a coincidence that we all ended up on my stage with just a few month in-between. Another sore spot and embarrassment was WTO. The now famous gone wrong demonstration in Seattle, Washington. I refused to cover the story because every reporter in the state did. In order to avoid the hoopla I went to Illinois.

On my way to the airport I was told by a reporter from Florence, Italy, how disrespectful people were, he had gotten maced and was refused entry to his hotel in Seattle, that is how he ended up in Olympia. His report to the people of Italy was not WTO but his personal experience instead.

An Afro American friend of mine, she is one of the Attorneys for the State of Washington, was on her way home and also attacked by police. She had a very hard time absorbing the trauma of the experience.

The Red Bears had brought along a woman by the name of Swan Eagle. She was a Human Rights Observer that got caught in the cross fire of the demonstrations. She was injured, arrested and crippled. Eventually an attempt was made to settle with her, I am unaware of the outcome of that. What I do know, again, Universe steered my show the way it needed so my refusal to cover WTO and to run off to Illinois was rather funny in retrospect.

When I had finally relocated after the Earthquake a young man, Jackson, offered to build a garden for me, especially since I met the qualifications financially and otherwise. The Garden Project was designed for low income and the disabled to enable them to grow some of their food. This program also originated at Evergreen with some of the students that studied urban agriculture. Besides building gardens at private residences they also utilized strips of property within the town and encouraged neighborhood gardens. They secured the necessary sponsors and build around 120 gardens per season in two counties.

We filmed the process and the viewers enjoyed watching the plants come to life. Along with that a neighbor had an Iguana, Nevada, that we used as a backdrop for the show. It was interesting since many had never made friends with a reptoid 6 feet long. He had been trained to ride a bike and when one stops and thinks about how a creature that has been on the planet for millions of years was able to enjoy a bike ride it again proves how marvelous Universe really is!

The show was a hit and a Lady from Austin Texas offered to share her dessert garden with me if I am ever in the area. By coincidence I was in Austin at a conference within a week and Janine gave us a great tour of her garden. Not only that, she explained why and how she planted to achieve a perfect ecosystem in her own backyard.

We blended in some footage from a visit a few years prior with my friend Marian Dorm, president of the Vegetarian Society of Colorado, in which we talked about the benefits of the Vegan diet along with some hints as to get the most out of our medicinal plants that we can grow ourselves legally.

Zechariah McDermott is a young man from Vermont. He attended Evergreen to study architecture. He always carries a didgeridoo and plays for anyone that asks. We went to Tolmi Park one early winter morning and taped a wonderful segment for a show. It was incredible. Zechariah had painted his face, took off his shoes as he walked thru the dew of the new day. He started to play and at one point appeared to be invisible. He was in a trance; we were able to see the trees and the water of the Puget Sound. He was no longer visible. My granddaughter Destiny operated the cameras and by the look on her face, as she zoomed in on the space the beautiful music came from, I could see the bewilderment and the fact that she was unable to see him. On film it only showed details of the trees. Destiny was a very logical child at the time, she would not have asked what happened but mentioned it to be after she got much older. It had stayed in her memory for several years.

In a sequence of two shows he educated us about didgeridoos and taught us how to make and play the instrument. We explored the possibility of him haven been aboriginal in a former life. My grandchildren Malcolm, age 8, Ebony, age 10 and Destiny, age 12 were solely responsible for producing those shows along with Bernie and myself. That project remains a wonderful memory of their childhood.

Tolmi Park was destroyed in the Earthquake and we cherish the sacred footage we obtained that early winter morning since the earthquake happened on February 28, 2001.

An amazing thing happened around that time. It was often thought that talk shows were boring, for housewives and retirees. Something to do in the middle of the day while going about ones activities.

The Visit aired at prime time, 9 PM at first. After a while some of the viewers went into retirement homes and nursing homes and were unable to watch at that late hour. We made arrangements to have the same segment re-air on Friday morning at 11AM for those that preferred daytime viewing.

Because of Zechariah and my crew that was so young it was unheard of for children that age, not only to be so responsible but also to have been certified after graduating from all of the required classes, in order to operate the equipment, young

people and students came forward to share Ideas and topics with me. Some of them were great and we used them to change attitudes, narrowed the generation gap a time or two I am happy to report.

One of the students doubled as a DJ on KAOS radio. The Evergreen radio station that aired 24 hours a day. He played REDRO from 2 AM till 4 AM. I was not familiar with computerized music but when approached made an effort to meet with Lucius Richards. It turned out he wrote a turn paper entitled ET's and the media. He had managed to post it on a website and had accumulated quiet a group of participants to discuss things of the future. From Trexies to science fiction buffs, it was amazing how much interest he generated.

We agreed to a debate on the alien agenda. The conversation ranged from projected and transposing to deformational image of metaphysical application. From exploration of negative impact and application IF disclosure was to be made. We discussed Tesla and the book "The gods of eden" in reference to application in present times. It was amazing to realize that Lucius was seeking and discussing the same issues his forefathers had in the hippie era. He was surprised that rather than a debate the show turned into an exciting comparison of time spreading three, well almost four decades.

Along with our own search and awareness we kept bumping into the same questions, possibilities and solutions now presented by yet another generation.

Ms. Miriam Makeba had an old friend, Odetta. Odetta is a folksinger. In circles she was about as much admired, as is Maya Angelou. I had been a fan of Odetta since I was eleven and I was sad that people I asked about her were unfamiliar with her when I arrived in the United States. That changed when I found out that besides being an internationally known recording star she was also a music professor at Evergreen. I was blessed to share many lunches with her, I was sad so few knew who this great Lady was that was teaching their class. We often reminisced of times when Angela Davis gave lectures at the college; especially since our mutual friend Miriam started the Afro Craze by refusing to change her natural hairstyle to suit the American culture. We laugh because her, Ms Makeba's rebellion started a whole new awareness in America that stayed for a very long time.

In later years the great prophet Dennis Brown came from Jamaica and blessed us with his music, he actually diverted a riot in Olympia the night of the Los Angeles Riots after the Rodney King incident.

Michael Moore became a regular and packed the house so to speak, it really was not surprising that security was tight after 911. It appeared that thinking for ones self was a matter of national security.

Glen Anderson is a man of great dedication. For 25 years every Wednesday he sponsors a vigil at the park. It started with demonstration during the Vietnam War, according to him there was always a new cause to stand up for so stopping the Wednesday ritual was out of the question.

Over objections and under threats some of the people rescued refugees from San Salvador, drove trucks of aid to the people of Cuba, stood up against the barbaric death penalty laws, come rain or shine, more rain actually. Glen is at the park on Wednesday along with anyone that wants to join him. He has a program on TCTV weekly and never tires of standing up for justice. When he appeared on the Visit we discussed 1984 as a metaphor, he read letters from Nazi Germany and the similarities it represented to

modern times. He talked about marching with Martin Luther King as one of the few Caucasians. We gave suggestions as to how to stay out of fear and of course WTO.

Olympia is at the edge of Puget Sound. Downtown is divided by a bridge, one side is the Sound, the other side is Capitol Lake, a man made body of water. At the pier is a statue; the place is called Percival Landing. Every Tuesday and Friday is the meeting place for the WOMEN IN BLACK. They are woman dressed in black; never saying anything, just their presence makes a powerful statement. Their vigils were started in Israel in 1988. Rather than an organization they were a means of mobilization and a form of action to unite in solidarity courses that effect women in any capacity, period. They are someone's mother, sister, wife or daughter. Anyone can join them in their silent statement of just being there. When I pass by I can only imagine their thoughts. As a Psychic I do perceive one thing..... If women would refuse to sacrifice their fathers, husbands, sons and brothers the wars would be a thing of the past. As life givers we have the right to feel that way, if only it was an enforceable dream.....

Jerome Johnson is the son of an activist from the early days. He is a staff writer for WIP. Works in Progress, a paper that was born out of the Rainbow Coalition that was put in place back in the SEEK AND AWAKE period. He is one of the young ones who are doing their part of reshaping the world. His articles deal with safe guarding against bigotry, voting discrepancies and welfare reform. He is part of the people that put in place "Books for prisoners" and a number of other social issues confronting us more than ever. We are extremely proud of the young ones that continue the fight for justice.

When he, Jerome, came to tape the show he brought with him two young women. Jennifer Bowman and Jennica Boan. Students at Evergreen.

Their cause was women in prison. They started programs for them and volunteered a lot of their time. They gave the viewer a real life look as to how to help mothers to function in prison. UNICOR, the prison industry and the criminal element in place to imprison mothers and orphan children over sometimes minute discrepancies. Not that anyone glorifies crime; we only took a look at the circumstances of the times and the unreasonable consequences.

In 1997 I was scheduled to present a lecture in Mt. Vernon, Washington at the fairgrounds. It was an incredible site. A medieval festival was in full force when I got there. Knights on horses, children dressed in festive attire at play and Moors in their splendor. It felt like stepping back in time. I remember thinking how it came about that modern man wanted to re-enact a time period in history that appeared dark and savage. As I was waiting for 2 PM to arrive, sitting in the "Cropper" the RV I traveled in at that time, I began to notice the dedication the people portrayed as they were acting out life, as they perceived it at that time. I was impressed as I witnessed the courtesy the men displayed towards their ladies and the loving way they communicated with the children. The Moors were breath-taking, I thought I might have been judgmental and a little hasty in my assumption that I had all the answers, as some of us often do, I would have loved to take home a Moor with me, providing he stayed breathtaking and did not revert back to the 20th century. I then remembered that my name was Moor when I first arrived in the United States, it was spelled a little different of course and I quickly recalled that was not a courteous period in my life. I came out of that line of thinking real quick and proceeded to take my place at the lecture hall.

The speaker after me was a woman by the name of Gail Flannigan. We casually exchanged pleasantries, she asked about my subject, which was High Strangeness defined and she was an astrologer giving a talk on how to interpret heavenly bodies.

The next time I saw Gail her name was Mahala, in my opinion the most accurate Astrologer I had ever read about. There were many, Alice Lane, Yanah G and others, but it was Mahala that had an undisputed record of predicting things. By interpreting the alignments of the stars she knew about a terrible event to occur in the east of the United States. She was off by two days with the events of 911. I had predicted that myself except had no idea what it was that I was looking at, how it applied and what time period it was to take place.

We did two shows. The first one in educating the viewers in the art of astrology and in laymen's terms, the second was named after her publication Planet Alert in which she made predictions and we told how odd it was that we had met again after all that time. It produced a lot of fan-fair for Mahala, I was happy; she was a person to be noticed.

A couple of weeks later a man by the name of Carl Zambuto came to one of our D.U.M.P's He is an Astronomer and makes mirrors for telescopes that the friends use for sidewalk astronomy.

He said he was from Sicily and one day got the calling to change his trade from plumber to optometric for magnifying mirrors for instruments to measure space. He shared footage and a 16-inch telescope with us.

I asked him if he believed in past lives, I don't remember his response to that question. What I do remember is how he answered the next one. What came first. Astronomy or Astrology. He said Astrology was first, that out of understanding the heavenly going ons by the ancients the need arose to be able to map the sky.

Cynthia Morgan, a young woman from Portland, Oregon, came to the Visit in 2001. I had met her at a convention. She was one of several vendors that took Aura Photos. I had seen the devices some time before, except no one ever explained them to me in detail. Thru my acquaintance with the teachings of T. Lobsang Rampa I knew that a device of that nature could be used for diagnosing medical problems. I was also vaguely acquainted with Kirilian photography. Cindy along with her friend came to the studio and with the help of a friend demonstrated how everything worked, how she was able to interpret the photos. We were amazed about the accuracy in which she handled the two-part show. She also shared about her dreams at an early age. She explained automatic writing during times of her sometimes-unusual sleep patterns. It was easy to make the connection between modern application and that of the classical music masters, Edgar Casey, Einstein and some of the other greats that had help from another realm to invent, create and educate a many. We were much smarter because of it.

By that time I was writing an advice column for an entertainment paper "The Buzz." It was a great tool for me to address some of the locals with thoughts, ideas and sometimes explanations as to definition of words.

The word occult had been greatly misrepresented. It means according to Funk and Wagnalls "something that is unknown, it is neither good nor bad"

Armed with that knowledge many of the viewers came to the realization that Astrology, Astronomy and Study of Auras were an art with a practical application rather than part of a basket of hodgepodge that were led to believe was part of God forbid,

occult. They also realized that that in itself was not even remotely related to what we refer to as New Age.

A parade of Healers also appeared for me. It would be untrue to state they arrived in alphabetical order, they showed up at different times. In our story in our Tapestry Storybook they will join us together, especially since there is no sign of my dance partner. I wonder what is keeping him from joining me in my in-between time. I miss him. I have no recollection of having offended him. I am an excellent dancer and would surely remember having stepped on his feet.

In fact One day I got a call from the parents of the International Junior Champion of Latin Dance, Ricco Bravo. They were in Olympia for a competition and conducting some classes in Salza. Was I ever interested in having them drop in for a VISIT. We arranged for a special time to use Studio A at TCTV since it was not my regular scheduled time and day.

I called Bernie and my grandchildren came to the rescue, I searched and finally found my dancing shoes and luckily I was still able to fit into what I called my "SALZA DRESS."

The parents were proud to introduce us to their handsome son Ricco. He was 18 years young. Mother was from San Salvador, Father from Columbia. He worked as an engineer at Boeing and in his spare time trained and coached Ricco. As a North Afrikan I am always ready for a dance so between Ricco, his parents and myself we gave background history on some of the dances themselves, taught steps and here we went dancing the time away. I felt like a young girl dancing with a champion never missing a step! My golden shoes had magic, so did the handsome young Ricco!

My granddaughter Tamara was impressed, she was enrolled in Hip Hop dance lessons to further her career as an entertainer. After that she and I traded a few secrets about dancing and the tricks of the trade.

I would not have missed it for the world; just thinking about it brings a smile to my face. I know I did not step on the feet of my private dancer, the man in my dreams.....

Aleia Leiland and I go way back to the early 1990's. Aleia is a healer/psychic. She works with stones. When employing Aleia for help she has you pick a series of gemstones from trays that are displayed on her table. Based on that she is able to tell you what is wrong with you, what brought on that ailment, your past lives whether on planet earth or somewhere else, remedies and meditations for you and to top it all off while she is telling you all of this she will have turned your selection of stones into a beautiful piece of jewelry custom made for you!

Aleia lives and travels in a motor home between Arizona and Alaska.

It was her that gave me the idea to follow the yellow brick road in a motor home. I, in turn, gave her the idea to produce a TV Show, Star Journey, which she does in Tucson, AZ. When she is in the area we take what she filmed and put it together for her either at my house or in part at TCTV for her to send to her station so her viewers won't miss an episode while she is traveling making her round between towns she has a large following.

I appeared on her show as a guest, we talked shop and the viewers got to know me a little as a person.

When in Arizona she is also very active in the organization Border Solutions, which concentrates on rendering aid to Mexican Nationals that crossed the border illegally and are sometimes murdered, arrested or exploited by the vigilante farmers.

Aleia wrote several self-help books about gemstone, shamanism and last I heard a book about her travels. She is my good friend, I was blessed when Universe steered her my way, or was it the other way around?

Kiddy Mady was a woman 4 feet 9. We met at the Cooney Mansion. I heard someone call out to me: "Jo JA Landsman!" When she came to the Visit she told that story. She told how as a Russian Jew in 1950's even in the US it was necessary to talk in code if one was Jewish. JA Landsman she said was used when meeting another you, a countryman or someone you recognized from somewhere. She said she recognized me by essence as a Lightworker, so she honored me with that greeting.

She was an Herbalist in Montesano, WA. Late in life she got her calling to get a degree in Herbalism and grow her herbs. She turned them into teas, salves, lotions and spices.

She traded her goods when she could. One of the local artists designed for her pictures of the early ships that docked in Aberdeen, including the Lady Washington which later became the setting for the movie Pirates with Johnny Depp. She honored the locals by turning those pictures into labels for her wonderful spices. I am very familiar with world class Curry and Allspice. Kitty's Curry ranks with the best. Eventually she sold the spice company with the stipulation the labels would never be changed.

My friend Pete from Illinois always asked me to do an herb show and give him some solutions for basic ailments.

Kitty was happy to comply and we gave information as how to take care of hemorrhoids and diarrhea. Needless to say Pete was not as grateful as we thought he might be, because we dedicated that show to him. Eventually he got over it!

Kathy Miller and her 14-year-old daughter Karissa Gusman delighted the viewers with building a medicine wheel in the studio and taught Reiki. Karissa painted a beautiful portrait of me while her mother explained things. The picture had a spaceship coming out of my head and a big butterfly. She had never met me before and for her to perceive extraterrestrials and a butterfly, which is a symbol, my mother use to send me, was pretty in creatable we thought. She was so talented, focused and a joy not only for her mother but an example for some of the young viewers as to what one can do with god given talent, a calling and a supportive mother.

Instead of browsing like a teenager Karissa traveled with her mother on weekends to teach Reiki classes, learn from us and at the same time gave back in devotion to us older folks that we appreciated to no end.

Were they part of the New Age? Only in part.

New Age was defined so many different ways. If anyone followed a different line of thinking they were categorized as Pagan, New Age or Occult, sometimes even all of them together. People of many places follow their spirituality. In my opinion spirituality

is a line of thinking not dictated or directed by Dogma. Buddhism is a way of life regardless whether we want to cramp it into the religion setting.

Some people followed Guides, Angels, the Masters and in some cases Extraterrestrial teachings. Others were of the opinion we are all Gods. New Age has an almost incomprehensible range. It attempts to proclaim and promote Love of Creator/Creators, love of self, love of others, respect of the planet and the opinion of others. Some involves ceremony like some of the ancients. Some times it works, other times it fails like many other ways of thinking because of judgments. Many of my guests came from that background, I never asked about their beliefs and am only trying to converse for the benefit of the reader/viewer how all of this might have fit together.

Donna Seebo is a lovely woman known the world over. She is an author of children's books, Psychic, TV/Radio Host and a counselor. We use to travel in the same circles early on. We were both well known in Anchorage, Alaska, and crossed paths often. Turned out she had even produced a live call-in psychic program on TCTV at one time.

Donna came for a Visit and told us about the evolution as a person. God's Kiss had been on the best sellers list for a very long time and her new book: 8 pennies was about to reach the same level. She read for us in different voices, she explained all about storytelling and the excitement of the listener when one reads in the voice of the character described. She called herself an "OLD CROW" and was she ever! What talent and we were grateful for having followed her calling.

While in Anchorage at the A.T.O.M. Center I appeared on the DAZE show, a local talk show that followed: THE MIND HOUR with Dr. Roger Duncan, based on the teachings of Paramahansa Yogananda.

Roger honored us by insert with some of his philosophies. He also transferred my show onto the necessary equipment needed to broadcast in Anchorage. By doing that he was able to air the Visit on Channel 44 for 5 years.

Daze in turn came to the studio and shared her story with us. Her early days as one of the widows of the Barnes and Noble Empire. Her friendship with Shirley McLaine. Her passion to teach hypnotism and self-help bled thru, especially when she played her famous Hypno-WheelTM.

Her husband, Vladimir Liesenkoff, was a sheer delight. They married while Daze worked in Russia. A retired surgeon and a gentle soul. After arriving in the US he obtained a license for acupuncture but found he was so sought after as a Medical Intuitive. He demonstrated that on the Visit. He accredited that talent to his grandmother, a healer/psychic. Bet he would know what to do about the tumor in my neck His energy was magnificent, unfortunately I lost track of them shortly after.

J.Z Knight's compound, the School of Enlightenment, is located about 11 miles from where I live. In Yelm, Washington.

Occasionally I have a guest that originated there and also part of my crew at one time or another has been a student there. The School brought many Europeans and lots of Australians to the little town that used to consist of mostly Native Americans.

Lucia Herger was one of the students of the school. Her specialty was what she called rebounding. An art practiced in her homeland of Switzerland. It entailed

something similar to a trampoline. She demonstrated on the Visit how she, with movement of her weight and feet, eased pain and taught her clients relaxation.

She told how she was employed by Swiss Airline and one day decided to travel the world. She hiked Asia by herself. Worked with psychic surgeons and had a vast knowledge of her reality. She explained how she had a knowing that as a woman her career was to experience life to the fullest.

With her was an Afro American man, Barbaruse, he was a healer. He offered to help me and I agreed. He put his hands on me and gave me a hug. I will never know what happened except that I found myself without pain for weeks. Not having any expectations it took me a little while to realize what happened, of course the show was over and Barbaruse long gone. I never saw him again.

Peter Moon, author of the Montauk books series introduced me to a Lady, Tantra Bensko. She is a very famous artist, displaying her works on the Internet at: tandrasgarden. It is unusual and breathtaking. Tandra was active with THE BUZZ so in a way we became colleagues for a minute. Her family was entwined in some chemical companies, which afforded her the financial freedom to travel and share her creations in art galleries all over the world. We discussed Masks as a metaphor, vampirism, astral plane The in-between place we have access to..... and other related subjects. I was very taken with her work and her as a person actually. I offered to allow me to use some of her work for the cover for this book. I was very grateful. By the time I actually got around to writing the times had changed and the one that was used described the times we live in a more appropriate fashion. I was honored and flattered by the offer from the great Tantra Bensko to display her work in conjunction with mine.

I went on the road, when I returned there was a new staff member at TCTV. Lynn Hammon. We made an instant connection as we were sitting at the bench and table outside of the main door of the facilities. She was working; I was in-between shoots so the time we were able to talk was limited. Our meeting like that almost turned into a ritual every two weeks, as time went on I mentioned that I would be delighted to feature Lynn on the show. She seemed surprised and agreed. After many challenges with the time frame we finally pulled it off. What a delight and surprise unfolded when it turned out that this somewhat strange friendship we developed had a deeper meaning. Lynn had written a superb book. "The back side of the moon." During our visit a story unraveled about the book, it had a historical backdrop, a reincarnation setting in which it followed two lovers thru several lifetimes.

It turned out to be one of my favorite shows of all times. It is not known to me if she ever published the book, it would be sad not to have this work made public, a magnificent piece of work.

As the economy dwindled more each year it became necessary to advertise holidays earlier and earlier each year. In September of 2004 Santas were displayed at the shopping centers, only to make way for Halloween, long enough to make a few dollars for the stores, mothers to explain to the kids what Halloween used to feel like, a quick trip to a pumpkin patch and a walk thru the corn mazes that had sprung up all over the country.

I decided not to participate in the madness, so instead we filmed a Kwanzaa Show. A holiday that was put in place to honor family life, it is celebrated by a large number of the Afro American population. The gifts shared for that occasion are handmade and affordable since there is no expectation, nor wish list.

Beverly was a friend from the olden days when I was still active in Blacks In Government. She agreed to do the show and suggested bringing along a friend, an expert on the traditions and customs of the festival.

We looked beautiful, Bev, Matisse and myself, we were all wearing our African attire. The percussion band invited decided to opt out, too late for a replacement, so we did a fine job on explaining and celebrating the holidays without the band.

Matisse looked somewhat familiar, I could not quite place her though. We had an hour left and time to do another show so I asked Matisse if she wanted to continue with another subject, being she came from Whidbey Island, a very long way from Olympia. She agreed and it was decided the second taping was entitled: Spiritual Vessels.

It soon became apparent that I knew Matisse on some other level. I was excited when we were surprised with the revelation she had traveled with the great Barbara Marciniak, the author of Bringers of the Dawn and Earth, bestsellers in some circles in the 1990's.

At one point I came to realize that Matisse operated inter-dimensional and on different levels, as she answered the many questions I had. Because I am also capable of performing tasks on different levels, I followed her right along as I tried to keep her in the body long enough to finish the show.

We discussed Out of Body Experiences, dreams and a variety of very deep subjects related to the spirit world.

We finished; as I got up I fell and broke my leg in three places. I had neglected to ground myself, which resulted in myself injuring my leg since I was not at all in my body. It of course stired up a ruckus at the local hospital, especially when the X-rays confirmed the chain of events we described.

Beverly still works for the State and Matisse is a massage therapist/intuitive loved by many of us. Her gentle demeanor is outstanding, even though I would not like to bump heads with Matisse. Somehow people think that because Lightworkers are spiritual, loving, understanding and a number of other labels they hang on us, we are still HUMAN with many of the same emotions as the rest of the world. We are required to love everyone, not to like everyone. Armed with that knowledge we sometimes revert back to our original emotions which in my case includes telling you what is on my mind in the terms set forward by you

I suppose the old saying the more things change the more they stay the same can and does apply on all levels. It is part of our humanness, whether good, bad or indifferent. Always striving to learn something, to fix something, create turmoil when all is peaceful and quiet just to quench our thirst for believing we are saviors. Religious, spiritual, instinctive In the final analyses it is all the same. A million books of self-help don't seem to make a difference. Another saying: "Have you lost your mind?" holds true in so many cases. If asked why we do the things we do, if we truthfully answer that one, we are apt to realize that in truth we really don't know. We cannot even agree where to meet for a relaxing dinner, much less on politics and religion/spirituality. Love for self,

respect of others and tolerance seem too primitive for modern man to comprehend. You be the judge

Had been a while since I talked with Brad. He liked the mountain winters. It is nice to know a person that is at peace with himself. He and his friend, Thunder, the horse, enjoyed the transition from crisp snow covered meadows to the trickling sound of melting snow. Brad left the safety of the mountain a bit more often and we had more to chat about than everyday minute things that people talk about when waiting for Mother Nature to remind us who is really in charge.

The hardships were extreme for people in all this Land. Vets had been cut off from many benefits promised to them, a large percentage of the population came into the working poor category and oh so many were so impoverished that it was surprising that they had survived another winter at all!

A mutual friend Denise owns the White Phoenix in Florence, Co. Her day job consists of a management position in Social and Health of Colorado. Turns out Brad and I had traveled in the same circles for many years, every time we talk another friend would emerge in our memory banks.

Denise very openly and freely shared with the viewers the takes on upcoming plans, practical application and results of the changes in the social structure of her State. There were so many similarities if one did not know the topic of the conversation one could think her and I were next door neighbors.

It was a fact that since the turn of the century millions of jobs had been lost, which meant fewer taxes. After the benefits for the people ran out they were no longer counted by the system. 2 Million adults were in prison, their children in care of the state, Vets from as far back as WWII needed taken care of and there were the many disabled by injury, chemicals or birth defects that were caused by negligence by industry, non-lethal weapons and a hodgepodge of outright deliberate acts of the powers to be.

It was go and beg day. For many years low income people got a yearly subsidy from the federal government to help with the heating costs to keep people from freezing to death. I don't know at what time that was started and who put it in place, all I know that just the thought of help eases a lot of people's mind. We are talking bare necessities here!

Late in 2004 the rules on that program were changed, which disqualified working mothers that received "BONUS DOLLARS" from their employers. A bonus dollar is the part of medical insurance the employer pays. The employee is taxed on the money and in 2005 the government counted them as actual income, even though the money never exchanged hands between employer and employee. The rules on cars also changed. The monetary allowance for a car were changed so if one had a road safe reliable car or bought a newer vehicle under contract it disqualified one from receiving help. The fact that 60% of people live outside the cities and have no access to public transportation is not taken in consideration. To make a long story longer the choices as to how and what to prioritize is an impossible situation.

Thru-out the year local power customers are asked to donate a few extra dollars on their power bills to help the needy. Many people are open to the idea of a dollar here

and a dollar there for that reason. At the end of the year the money is put in trust with a local agency to divide that money.

I meet the guidelines and went to Lacey for a power appointment. My old car, that does meet the original requirements, broke down and the landlord was nice enough to take me, since I live in the middle of nowhere and there are no buses.

People were very friendly and did not make you feel like a beggar. However, the federal rules were applied and it was heart breaking. Woman that lost a day's wages got a few dollars and were in despair. We talked about the programs being slashed and I told them what I knew through experience and from guests on my show. I don't think it helped, one can see the desperation in people's eyes. I was in shock myself to say the least. I can walk on water and have, so I am confident Universe is going to do something to meet my needs. Some people do not have that intimate relationship with faith, if you want to call it that. It is a sad site when people are afraid for their every day existence.

There are many people who are willing to help with open hearts, except we are reaching a point in time where they also have to prioritize and select the charities they want to support. Not ever in my lifetime have poor people been so victimized and exploited as in the past couple of years. Some work three and four jobs and yet they are unable to properly support themselves. If there was a time when someone could trade goods or a service or rotated something that was needed by someone else, that time was gone. Fishing and hunting was out of the question, in short, a sad time in our space age society!

Frank and I talked about small stuff on the way home, stopped at the post office and I showed him how to get home on the back roads. We drove by places and houses that brought back memories about shows we filmed early on, at a time Frank helped me with camera I never got tired of him assuring me I looked marvelous In fact had it not been for Frank and his wife Zenna I would have been unable to find a place to live after the earthquake. It is great to be surrounded by friends!

We drove by the house that use to be occupied by Paula Bonine, her husband Ray and their 2 children, Ashley and Billy. Frank remembered Paula well; she came to the studio on two occasions.

Paula dropped into my life several years ago. I was at the little store in Lakewood, Washington. We chatted and I told her I was a psychic. A few weeks later her and a friend were in the neighborhood in Olympia, stopped by for a visit and a reading. A couple of years later, while I was on the road, my Daughter Michelle found a note on my door to call Paula right away she needed to see me. It was weeks before I finally got home and called her. She had bought a house in Olympia; she wanted to tell me the news. I had predicted she was going to have a child. At the time it appeared to be a joke because after seven miscarriages and giving birth to Ashley that was born with Cerebral Palsy, according to Paula, the baby factory was closed. Not so fast! There was Billy, just had to come into the world, we laughed about it on the show we did finally because Billy we thought was from outer space or somewhere in that neighborhood, spoke a very unusual language that only a mother understands and was, well, Billy.

Paula loved rocks and carried baskets full of them where ever she went. She was lucky to get away one weekend, I took her to my friends Place on the Wynochee River, Whispering Knowledge, a retreat and I swear Paula collected a van full of rocks out of the river and somehow drove them the 61 miles weighing a ton! I thought she had

overdone it a little, it became apparent that she needed them she had a lot of stress in her life, the rocks gave her joy. When young she was a soldier, met Ray and they sang in a band. Then Ashley came along and changed their lives. A brilliant little girl, she had a past life awareness that I never found in anyone else. If I ever doubted even the possibility of the non-existence of such a thing as a past life, Ashley forced me to re-think that!

We interviewed Ashley, actually my 10-year-old granddaughter Ebony interviewed Ashley, what it was like to be in a wheelchair and how she felt about her purpose in life. She explained that she came here to teach people things about being disabled, by whom's definition, she added.

Paula came to the studio. Ashley was the guest by insert and we talked about that subject. Talking about the benefits-challenges for the disabled, the structure of the system in the state of Colorado by comparison to Washington. We were proud of the show and took a copy of it to our Governor Gary Locke so he could see how we used the time at TCTV that was allotted us with taxpayer's money. It started a series of shows that dealt with people on disability in one form or another's Carpet Cleaning Business started to fail, they packed up one day and moved back to a small town in Colorado. Paula lost her life in a car accident within a year.

It was enjoyable to ride in Frank's Cadillac, now that was an automobile that I was not afraid to ride in. It brought back memories of the days when I would not have driven anything but a Caddy, well a sport car, there were a few of those in-between, my heart belonged to Cadillac, pimp-mobiles as we affectionately called them back then. Times were more relaxed and not every word uttered out of your mouth had to be politically correct.

We talked about how hard it had become to produce my weekly shows. Friends that donated food, tapes and other little trinkets also had to downsize and the assistance was more spaced out than it used to be since their circumstances had also changed with the times. Over the years whenever there was a conference or a place I had to be, frequent flyer miles from the airlines were always gifted to me, by viewers and friends so I could bring back the "good stuff" for the shows. After 911 less and less people wanted to get on the planes, price increase and mostly, no-one wanted the hassle that came along with having to be insulted, body searched and questioned at the airports. Frequent Flyer Miles became very scarce and I was not able to go as often as I did. It also came to light that flying above 37,000 feet created great physical problems for me due to the increase of Ultra radiation the planes were experiencing because of the damaged ozone layers.

The Lady at the post office noticed that my weekly postage bill was half of what it used to be, I was happy to report that I was now mostly shipping DVD disks instead of VHS tapes. The difference anywhere from \$3.00 to \$6.00 per package.

We drove by my old place, the hole in the ground, someone had filled it in and put a new mobile on top of it!

When still in Lacey I featured neighbors on my show for a time period. It was amazing how they had such valuable lessons for us.

Gyan lived about 4 houses down from me. She was a mountaineer from Vietnam. Her village got attacked on “Christmas” she said, after they helped the Americans. A few survivors were evacuated after a good dose of Agent Orange was sprayed on the village. At the age of 12 she worked at the American Morguestuffed body bags..... at the military hospital, was married off to the son of a Colonel and came to America.

As time went on the husband abandoned her, as so many did and she fetched for herself till the consequences of the Agent Orange started to show, 30 years later as it did with millions of others, vets and civilians alike. I had personally lost several friends to the imaginary disease.

The purpose for the first show was to find someone to help her. She was working under very trying slave labor wages circumstances and the fall out from the Agent Orange was very disabling. The right side of her face was paralyzed. The once beautiful woman had many challenges on all levels.

People did come forward to help her from as far away as Illinois. Old soldiers that remembered the sacrifices the Mountaineers made for the Americans. It changed a lot of attitudes as to the Vietnam syndrome so many suffered from, never having been educated about the positive side of human behavior. I was told that it was almost impossible for a person to openly talk about that time period of events from that area.

A year later Gyan came a second time to thank the people. She looked great. It was at that time she shared some personal stories with us. Her early childhood in the bush, their understanding and acceptance of people from the other galaxy she called it. Their ability to get way older than 120 years old because of the skill to put themselves into suspension during illnesses.

We thanked her for having shared time and space with us and for changing attitudes for many including criticism from her part of the world.

Had forgotten how many people I knew in Lacey, I lived there for 20 years. I pointed out another house to Frank. It looked un-lived in for whatever reason. The young woman that used to live there came to my house one afternoon and introduced herself. Her name was Ezeekiel. She was in need of someone allowing her to use a word processor to write a presentation for a scholarship she was seeking from St. Martin’s College, which was directly located behind our houses and easy to attend for anyone living in that neighborhood. We arranged a time for her to do just that.

While she was writing her paper I was busy copying the show I had taped the day prior. Ever so often Ezeekiel turned her head to see what she was listening to in the background. It was Wayne Buckner, a man that came for a visit to tell us all about the Greyhounds, the wonderful breed of dogs that give much joy, devotion and unconditional love to their masters. He explained how to go about adopting a dog after they are retired from racing, their care and things of that nature. With him was Jenny a Unisex Dog, he had been neutered only to discover he was a morphedite and also a she and then spayed. Jenny was wonderful as she lay there at my feet; my leg was still in the cast from when I had broken my leg on the Matisse show. Jenny shared the floor with me as we watched a dog show that I had filmed at the campus at St. Martin’s College early in spring. So many activities took place at the 100- year- old monastery, how convenient to live in the backyard; we never had to worry about a parking space when browsing around at some of the going-on’s at the Pavilion. Jenny was adopted within hours of airing the show.

Ezeekiel shared that paper with me, I was moved. When I asked her to do a show she was delighted and surprised that Universe had given her this opportunity to reach so many! Eventually her story ranged over a two-year period, four episodes and yes, she did get the scholarship.

In the first show we read her paper. She told the story of her being one of the many homeless children in Seattle. The abuse, drugs, prostitution as a child and the Agencies and grown ups that failed to change things and help. I so identified with Ezeekiel because of my own childhood; I know what it is like to be responsible for yourself at the age of 12.

She shared the speech she gave at the fundraiser sponsored by the late John Stanford, superintendent for the Seattle School District. They raised in excess of \$100000 for homeless children in the Seattle/King County area.

She shared her excitement of being in drama classes, acting in plays in town and read excerpts from the Little Prince, the part where it talks about being responsible for what you tame. She showed how that applied to giving a helping hand.

Armed with a camera we went downtown Olympia and talked to the homeless. With Ezeekiel's expertise we got wonderful stories. We discovered that the youngest girl in that group was 10 years old. The rest of them took care of her and raised her. By that time Welfare was "reformed" and young girls rejected by their families, without resources, slept under bridges and gave birth in the streets.

Those clips served a double purpose actually since most of our citizens felt "afraid" of the homeless, rarely ever shopped in downtown because of "fear of bumping into the homeless." That in turn hurt the downtown business owners, it was a vicious circle. We used that clip again in our Shopping Show. The earthquake affected a lot of the places that helped out with accommodating the people in need, which was convenient since no one really wanted to be responsible and now they could blame the great Nisqually Quake! Needless to say a copy of those shows were also sent to the Governor's mansion.

In 2000, one year after we started to follow Ezeekiel on her journey of self-discovery we taped the second set of shows.

Bernie produced the most irritating show I have ever watched in my life and I was very upset. In part what he did he would have me disappear and Ezeekiel talking to an empty chair. As she poured out her heart to explain the desperate attempts to have someone listen, talking to empty chairs throughout the interview. It was only in hind side that we understood the brilliance of Bernie's skills, we were suppose to get upset and irritated, it portrayed her hopeless plight to talk to deaf ears!

The final show was about the legal applications. In order to receive Therapy for her PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder) she had to sue her parents. We talked about the idiocies of the whole process. She had a wonderful husband by then, actually she was married ever since I had known her, she said her life was good and she enjoyed being on the planet at this time raising the awareness of some social disasters rather than what we used to refer to as problems. I in turn openly, for the first time, talked about my bout with MPD (Multiple Personality Disorder) brought on by extreme trauma in childhood.

After I moved I lost track of her, what a great human being, maybe I will run into her again one day. She certainly made a difference in my and the viewers perception of things!

Mona was another one of the neighbors. She rang my bell late one night asking if I could spare a cigarette. We talked for a while and smoked more than one cigarette, I sent her home with several for reserve and we thought we should stay in touch. She shared that she had just recently received disability settlement and bought the place a few doors down. She also shared that the reason for the disability was that she was a clinical schizophrenic.

When I saw my therapist, Phillip Williams, a man who helped me get from one day to the next, a man who attempted to help me unravel some of my own traumas and demons of my life and lack of mental wellness, according to the big red book the psychiatrist used, I told him I would love to do a show with Mona or someone like her. He thought that would be difficult, if not impossible to keep her focused over a period of an hour considering the subject covered. He thought that not everyone had my capabilities of turning my, according to the “big red book”, shortcomings into a teaching tool and discover a whole new layer of reality, High Strangeness, and make it work for me and so many others.

I guess you can imagine my excitement when Mona did come to the show. She was wonderful in explaining what it felt like to her, what she needed people to understand and what it was she needed from the people around her to be a functional self maintaining productive citizen.

I was so proud and rushed to tell Phillip I had done it! A copy of the show is in the permanent files at the Mental Health Clinic. It was at that time he made me promise to continue with the show for as long as I am physically able, because it helps me focus, forces me to stay in real time on occasions and helps so many others to get a purpose, perspective on their often upside down lives.

A commentary by Katherine Peil ended Mona’s story and became the beginning of my friendship with Katherine.

I can’t recall why and how I first called Katherine, I think it was in reference to something totally unrelated; in any event there was no answer.

A few weeks later she did return the call, she related to me that she had been in Canada for eye surgery, she had been legally blind most of her life. We bonded instantly. She agreed to summarize Mona’s show; it would have been inappropriate for Phillip to help with that since I was his patient/client.

Several weeks later we continued a series of six shows that explained Katherine as a person, her work and ambitions. She had developed what she called Emotional Intelligence System TM.

She talked about her “utopian” childhood, her clairvoyance beginning at an early age, marriage and life in the upper class. End of one time period and starting anew. She loved being a scientist; eventually she worked with the elite of researchers at an institute in Ann Arbor, Michigan. The research involves some things she had discovered as to human behavior, the chaos theory and the human potential in viewing the mind and mental “DISEASE” somewhat different than the big red book. She loved my book: And the moral of the story is. She often laughs at what I call my syndromes and how I apply them and worked around them to make them work for me rather than against me. A

couple of copies are on file in Ann Arbor; eventually she might tell me how that worked into her research.

The viewers loved her!

In 2003 I met another Paula, Paula Boyd. She was a vendor Reiki practitioner at the Tri Lakes UFO conference. She visited per insert, a delightful being. A wonderful smile, soft-spoken, a southern accent, a real hit with the friends. Several months later Paula saw Katherine's shows and we picked up contact. It was a result of that I met my friend Kathryn Grandfield. It never seems to amaze me how Universe connects the dots in

the most unusual ways. If that is a result of madness so be it! It is wonderful to be able to allow myself to be guided, the rewards are tremendous. What treasures in form of people await me each and every day!

Everything is about money, perfect example that quick difficult trip to Lacey today. Normally I try not to dwell on money issues, especially on the show. I don't remember exactly how it came about; in any event I met some of the Australians that now reside in Yelm. Some kind of way because of my acquaintance with them I received a call from Evelyn Cissna. She called to tell me she would like very much to do a show with me, it was an exclusive, she had never discussed any of her stories with anyone from the press. Writing a book about her experience was too time consuming and added that she was a hard-core republican. OK.

A couple of weeks later we were sitting on the set at the studio. The set looked great, the little coffee table we used for props was properly set for a dinner guest. Evelyn Cissna was a strikingly pretty Lady, she said she was 82. I thought her to be the most fantastic 82-year-old I had ever seen.

Everything about her reminded me of a Diva, I recognize that essence from my mother. As she told her story, for the first time in 30 plus years, I could not help but to wonder why and how she came and sat in that chair next to me. Universe in its wisdom had brought her to relate her story without criticism, judgment or opposition, we were so grateful for the opportunity of having her tell the story after so many years.

In the 1970's a big insurance scandal had a grip on the State of Washington. Jack Cissna, Evelyn's husband, represented a woman in a legal case. He discovered that she paid life insurance for her husband even though he had been dead for many years. The woman told Jack that her husband was killed building the Cascade Highway; since his body was never recovered she was not able to collect on the policy. After seven years she filled out the necessary papers and truthfully answered all questions, one which asked if her husband had ever considered leaving the US. She said: "sure, he always talked of wanting to travel South America." That statement prevented her from collecting the insurance. Jack Cissna was very upset and decided to do something about her and other family members that lost loved ones who's bodies were unrecoverable, start payment and then lounge an investigation rather that let the family suffer because of a technicality. Jack founded a life insurance company himself.

The Cissna family was rather wealthy, founded Federal Way, Washington, owned several small islands in the Puget Sound and were friends of Walt Disney. They had great Ideas for the area and certainly the means to make changes for what they thought was the community in general. WRONG! The major insurance companies were hell

bent on stopping something like that from happening, by using their money and political clout with trickery, lies and thievery and managed to turn Jack into a criminal. The tried killing him. Jack ran for Governor to make people aware of the problems we as a people were having with bully politicians, everything failed. Evelyn explained how they the bad guys she called them, in fact she named every one of them, living and dead ran Jack out of business by financially bankrupting him thru the court system and with that succeeded with stopping Jacks attempt to maintain an honest insurance system for at least the people who would have appreciated that.

The dishes on the coffee table were left over from a bakers dozen that were her favorite from old England, someone had managed to destroy most of the set. It was a moving moment when I realized what the meaning of that was. Evelyn said she held no grudges, blessed everyone that hurt her, was still a good Christian and a REPUBLICAN.

She said we don't have to help everyone, God just asks half of the world to help one person. I quote her often because it is really true.

It took two shows for her to weave our way thru the system of corruption, from memory, like she had experienced that every day of her life and to be sure never to forget it until she felt the time was right to tell the story.

We got to meet her as a person, a real gift to mankind. The money quotes of the treachery could make one dizzy, it particularly fit the description money makes the world go around..... the world was spinning and I was dizzy

She owns a Bed and Breakfast in Rainer, Washington and donated rooms for some of my guests over the years.

The car is still down, not that I need to go anywhere, it is just the idea not to be able to in case I did want to leave for a spell. As I sit trying to decide what I am going to do with myself, a rare occurrence since I am always busy, I realized I am in a terrible space/frame of mind. The phone is ringing! Probably another person wanting to pick my brain, it is too late for bill collectors, might as well answer it!

"Hellooo, how ya doen today? Thought I'd talk to ya for a spell, lessn you're busy of couse."

"Not busy at all, Mr. Brad!"

"Oh good, I was reading some things in your book and thought you might be able to enlighten me on some things."

"I will try."

"Tell me about your Gypsy. What do ya mean by she was one of my cornerstones?"

Where to start? Gypsy Lee Hurley was my best friend; actually she was more than that. At first I was unable to comprehend that fact, of course, because of my at that time, inexperience with divine universal destiny.

I met Gypsy at a Multi Level Business presentation.

We became instant friends.

We went to lunch often went to Follies and talked to each other every day.

We pretended we were able to solve all of the world's troubles.

Gypsy was born in Charleston, SC. Her father was in the CIA, her uncle was Strom Thurman, her brother John Bailey, a senator from South Carolina.

We knew all ofthen... Thurman's secrets, it was not till after his death at the age of 100 someone acknowledged that there were multi colored relatives that bothered no-one other than him. In fact some of them belonged in Gypsy's household. Sometimes she would indicate to me if I only knew the truth I would surely pull my hair out.

All the time I knew her she worked for Manya Davidson, the widow of the president of Standard Oil. Manya was 103 when she left us; she had been a personal friend of Albert Einstein. When my oldest granddaughter Tamara was just a baby, she'd sit on Manya's lap for long periods of time.

By the time 2004 arrived some of the things Gypsy knew about had become unraveled. The connection between many of the people Gypsy knew and people in my past, once I remembered the past, were uncanny. They were intertwined all the way into the Bush families and members of other political Elite as far back as a hundred years. I was able to make the connection when I ran into a little blue book, it was a chronology. I could not call it project blue book, that was already taken. I had loaned it to someone a while back because it was so interesting, besides I was so excited about my discovery. When I looked for it so I could accurately relate the connection I was unable to find it. Like so many others, the book had been banned and copies were scares. Many once public documents had been removed from Government websites. If that was not enough, it seemed the title had like by magic been wiped from my memory. Friends with bookstores were able to visualize it and like myself had no recollection of the author or the title. Computers crashed, whole parts of records of inventory were wiped out, it was very bizarre to say the least. Everyone was so intertwined that I finally did understand why she felt the way she did. Always looking out for the underdog. Wonder what she is thinking.....

In the 80's I started to go to Europe for extended periods of time. Gypsy acted as my children's mother since I literally did not know who I was at times. It became apparent there was a problem and it was Gypsy that convinced me to see someone about that. Eventually I was diagnosed with MPD.

She made angels all year around and have us take them to the hospitals along with the Christmas trees and Halloween brooms she made for the homeless. She raised lots of money for F.O.E, the local Eagles, never said no to helping anyone or anything in need.

It was Gypsy that had me get in touch with the O. J. Simpson team to disclose the shaded past of Mark Furman, the police officer that was at the center of the murder case. It was because of those events the existence, purpose and future importance of DNA became a household word, to the point that people actually knew what DNA was.

She became very ill with viral pneumonia. She had to be revived twice. I was blessed to have spent some of her last days with her, along with Michelle and a friend Stephanie, a Lakota, and Spirit Wolf, a Cherokee. We sent for Spirits sister, Barbara McGuire, to care for Gypsy. Gypsy left us before Barb arrived. We took the loss of our Angel Lady hard. She had purple hair at the time of her death and often, till this day, the Lady with the purple hair is seen at the hospital getting some ones attention in an emergency. Several lives have been saved because she watches over the sick. She gave me many instructions during the last few days of her life, which I followed. I dedicated my book: And the moral of the story is to her, Gypsy because of that many came to know about the Purple Angel Lady. Because of her leaving us I took her place in some things to repay her for becoming my children's mother in my absence.

Johnny Cochran, the famous lawyer died in 2005, how she affected his career, don't know if he even thanked her.

She, Gypsy, was one of my cornerstones, before she died she identified the other three. I have come full circle, a strong foundation and I am able to make her proud!

“Let me guess, Omar is another of the cornerstones, am I right?”

“Yep, he is.”

Felix Mustelier is my soulmate. I met him one night at a club in Tacoma, Washington. I called him Omar, so he became my Omar. We were friends for a very long time; he had no family in the US so I shared mine with him. Our protector, our Omar. We got involved in various business adventures, Cat Fish, a vendors booth at the PX in Ft. Lewis and we produced records. We had great artists in our circle including the great Bobbie G. Bobbie wrote and performed many records but I think the one he was most famous for was the eternal Electric Slide. Life was good. Omar was considering buying property next to Gypsy's place, Serendipity. She had plans to turn that into a Native American Lodge with all the trimmings.

One night Omar got arrested. We thought it to be a joke for quite a while but it became apparent that it was no joke at all. He was charged with possession and selling of crack cocaine that was buried in the woods some 9 miles from where he lived.

The FBI explained to me that he was one of the only Cubans walking around free that were brought to the US on the infamous Mariel Boat Lift and he needed to be gone, gone, gone.

“What's a Mariel?”

When in 1980 something, the US and Cuba agreed for Fidel Castro to send his political prisoners to the US, Castro emptied his prisons and filled the boat. It was thought that most Cubans were light skinned Latino type people. On the southern tip of the island is the Santiago Province. Almost anyone from there is of Yoruba descent and therefore dark skinned. Some of the Santiago Cubans were also sent to the US and taken to Internment Camps. Sponsors were able to bail out and adopt, if you will, some of the detainees providing they had no prior records. Omar was lucky, someone posted his fee, others were not that fortunate and are still held in US prisons 20 plus years later under Immigration Law, without relief.

“ But he got charged with a crime, did he not?”

“Yes, he did, nothing we did to show his innocence worked, it was terrible.”

Everyone came to help with the legal aspect of Omar's conviction of 27 years, we did not prevail.

Gypsy on her dying bed was concerned not with herself, but rather with Omar and O.J. Simpson.

Somehow on the day of her transition Omar was mistakenly transferred to Greenville, IL, instead of McMinnville, OR. That in itself became very important in my ability to do my universal work. By me following Omar to the places he was taken to I met the rest of my cornerstones. He realizes that and agrees that everything happened for a reason, that by him being incarcerated he is doing his work and enabling me to follow my path, sometimes for the both of us.

Because of him in prison in Florence, CO, at an early time I met Tim on my way home from visiting Omar.

Spirit Wolf and I stopped in Grand Junction to see her friend Dr. DePalma when Tim offered his clinic to us to use at our convenience for readings or anything else we needed it for. Similar to the Monroe Institute, Mindworks became very important to me at that time. Tim and I are friends and colleagues and have accomplished a great many things. As a result of that friendship I met many people that eventually ended up on the Visit and helped shape our future.

“Alright, that is three cornerstones, who are the others? Are ya at liberty to tell?”

“Of course, I’ll tell you just about anything, Mr. Brad.”

Akhenaten attended the Harmonic Conversions at Ocean Shores in 1995. It took place just a couple of days after Gypsy’s passing. She insisted I go there without letting her passing interfere. My children did not handle that part well, except at the time I was unable to explain something I did not understand myself.

Akhenaten was gorgeous; I was drawn to him and could not stop myself from wanting to talk to him. Eventually we did talk and he turned out to be the man that ordained me in S.H.E.S, International Assembly of Spiritual Healers and Earth Stewards.

He came to the show in 1999 and shared with the viewers who he was. At one time he was a linebacker for the Pittsburgh Steelers.

There came a point in time when he realized there was more to him and his heritage. By birth he is Native American and Nubian Egyptian.

He became a Rebirther and teacher of Mayan Cosmology. He explained the concept of inter-dimensional realities, timelines, angels and dream spell, the Mayan way to calculate time. He shared clips from his trips to the Mayan temples and the eclipse he witnessed there. We pointed out the hovering UFO’s over the Mayan pyramid. He was amazed, in all that time he had shown the slides no one had ever discovered then including himself.

Because of Tim I was honored with a doctorate in Metaphysics, my life in the fast lane had ended and there you have it!

“Well, it’s almost 4 AM, I’m getting a bit sleepy. Don’t suppose you’d be willing to tell me who your nightly, private dance partner is before I say good night?”

“No, that’s a secret.”

It was another one of those long nights, or was it day already, when my life was extremely complicated. I am so hungry; my mind is tired from trying to override to counteract the discomfort, to put it mildly.

People’s emotions and expectations are high; everyone is in their own line of thought. I am caught up in my thoughts also.

There was a time when I wondered if I was imagining things but had drawn the conclusion that not ever at any time in my life had anything happened by accident. “Coincidence,” maybe, that word only applied because there wasn’t another for the chain of events in my life.

The years I have struggled with strange and bizarre illnesses that in some cases turned out to either lead me to a Doctor, a nurse or just a person on the street I met in passing as I was on my way to seek help in some form or another. In hind-sight most all of it was explainable eventually, I guess I just took it for granted that that was part of who I am.

Years ago, when my so-called Graves disease first reared its ugly head I was not as mature as I am now. I followed doctor's orders and in true Scorpio fashion expected the problem, with surgery, to be fixed forever.

Next time I blamed it on what eventually turned out to be septic tank gases. When I was forced to move after the earthquake it seemed to get better almost immediately.

Human error was another of the explanations I thought of because of the staples in my neck.

I searched the Internet, along with some of my Google Search Wizard friends, not at any time did our search turn up anything in reference to Graves disease that even closely resembled what I have.

I did the only thing I could do, asked Universe to make it disappear because it is NOT real! The answer I got was not at all what I expected. Universe almost totally immobilized me!

Several times over a period of years I was unable to swallow. To improvise for that I discovered that a person can survive comfortably on Gatorade, a popular sports drink. If you take pretzels and crumble them up they are very dissolvable, go down easy, digest easy and keep you from being hungry. It also helps with nausea when taking medicine.

Sunny Delight is orange juice without pulp, tasted pleasant, has vitamin C, at least that is what is stated on the label. Add Gerber's Rice Cereal baby food to the juice you have an ok tasting concoction of nourishment.

SUNRIDER is a company located in California and other parts of the world that sells Chinese herbal food supplements that came about by 5,000 year old recipes of the ancient Chinese emperors. It works and almost miraculously nourishes your body, provides energy and gives a feeling of an overall well-being. Gypsy used to buy it for me when she was still with us. Because of the cost it is hard for me to obtain at this time.

Just as I get used to not being able to eat the problem shifts to the inability to speak. Something pushes on the voice box and it sounds like your body has a faulty spell check, it just cuts off the word smack in the middle. It does happen at the most inopportune times and can be rather annoying.

Before it slips my mind, let's not forget the part that cuts off the air, but then my least favorite doctor said not to worry, after 59 seconds the body realizes the error and resumes that function.

It is rare that all of those things happen simultaneously. They did. The odd thing was that it happened around a very peculiar time period. A woman by the name of Terri Schiavo came back into the national limelight. She had been brain-dead for 15 years. She was in a vegetated state after an accident or something. Her husband wanted to honor her wish not to be kept alive by artificial means. Her parents however wanted to keep her alive by artificially feeding her and had been able to achieve that. The battle as to whose rights to abide by reached a point when congress got involved. One of the TV stations showed her brain waves, only once, I saw that. My what I knew from Mindworks by all definition there were NO brainwaves whatsoever. I had to agree she was brain-dead. I found myself occupied with the case right along with the rest of the world. I wanted to find a reason why Terri picked this particular time to force the issue

on the moral, human and political application of that situation. There had to be more to the story than the fact that a feeding tube kept her body alive.

Pope John Paul II was experiencing similar issues in a different capacity. It was necessary to perform a Tracheotomy for his breathing and eventually a feeding tube for nourishment.

Pope John Paul II had entered my reality in a very strange way in 1999 via a friend, Margit Brennan. Margit, a woman from Krakow, Poland, became my friend many years ago after she, a very famous artist, sought me out to paint a mural in her living room. She had seen some of my primitive African art paintings at one of the few showings I had at a local mall. Somehow she wanted to incorporate that style into her brilliant detailed work of a variety of creations she was capable of giving birth to. Her specialty was Icons of the Catholic Church, especially the Black Madonna.

Margit appeared on the Visit a total of six times. She shared her Art, her fascination with Richard Bona, a musician from Afrika, her inventions of portable vendor's booth that were used in Poland, her early years as a model and we compared notes about our acquaintance with some of the most influential people living in Europe in the 1960's.

On her second visit she shared how her family during WWII hid two Jewish families in their attic, how proud she was of her family background, how important it is for us as a human species to show love and compassion in times of controversy and every day life.

She also shared photos of a young man, Karol Yousef Wogtyla. Her eyes lit up when she explained that her father, also an artist, without party affiliation she added, was a friend and one of the early artists to paint Karol Wogtyla who later became Pope John Paul II. One photo showed him as the archbishop visiting his parent's grave. Margit herself painted several pieces for him that to the best of her knowledge are at the Vatican.

When Pope John Paul II entered the final weeks of his life a painting of him was shown over and over on the news. My viewers recognized it as the one they had seen on the Visit. I received numerous phone calls in reference to that show and we re-aired it. Margit had a very hard time of it when her friend and Father finally left this world. She went to the Vatican some month later to pay her respects.

Because of Margit I was somewhat drawn into the last few weeks of the Pope's life. It made me wonder about several things and how they fit into my reality. A light switch had blown in my bathroom. The electrician came on the day of the Pope's funeral. Everyone on the planet talked about that and only that on that day. Jim asked me how I felt about the Tracheotomy, the feeding tube and also about Terri Schiavo. It was at that time I realized that I was able to identify with both of them. What I told Jim was that I understood because that is my eventuality. IF I am able to perform my work and purpose I have no objections to either one. WHEN the day comes that I can no longer serve in that capacity I want to follow the natural order of things and leave this planet. Somehow we as modern men have either forgotten the immortality of our human species, are in total denial of the whole immortality process or so power-crazed, as some are, by thinking dying does not apply to us at all.

As I am in so much pain at the moment I can't help but be grateful for the logistics of the people behind the scenes. Terri's parents, her husband and the spiritual family of Pope John Paul II, to the souls of both, Pope John Paul II and Terri Schiavo to

have picked this particular time in my life to bring the issue to the forefront for many of us that are in the same boat eventually. Their passing has forced us to re-examine death for what it is, the natural order of life on earth.

The other conclusion I arrived at is that some politicians need to take a good look at prioritizing their purpose and position. What goes up must come down, in the final analysis..... well, as they say everyone's poop stinks.....

I do not want to become part of the sandwich effect that is rattling our present lives. Four generations in one block of time, only one to take care of all of it, grandparents, parents, kids and grandkids. The stresses are mind-boggling, burdens are heavy.

My life is getting a little complicated. It gets harder for me to do things each day. I lie down often, expect little green men to wash my dishes, they DO and vacuum while present and I hope to be able to go with the flow. I am not alone in my plight to help myself and others to cope with an illness that is so unpredictable, discouraging, painful and debilitating. I am learning to ask for and except help. I fully expect Universe to keep me from becoming a burden and allowing me to finish my work in a dignified manner. I believe everything happens the way it was designed in the big picture, even if I don't have the answers.

Some would have one believe that all illnesses are brought on by ourselves rather than taking environmental and man made problems into consideration. The natural order of one getting old and frail, enjoying the rewards of our life, the respect and tranquility that suppose to come with the purple period have gotten lost in translation. A TV special wanted us to believe that there is a positive side to suffering since it earns points in the next life.

It is hard to keep our head above water, many remedies have been patented, are not affordable except for the rich, frustration and anger sets in, self pity for some.

Snails have appeared in my life. In dreams, on my front porch and in my freshly washed spinach. Snails represent sensitivity, intuitively in environmental issues. It therefore does not surprise me that I am a part of the birthing process of Mother Earth. As she rebuilds herself by shaking 10-20 times a day now, I consider it an honor to take some of her pain, if it manifests in form of pain for me, so be it!

In the meantime there is Tylenol #3. I never said I was a fool.

Mercury retrograde, the world map on the Geo/Earthquake site looks like it has little crackerjack boxes popping up all over. They come in red, yellow and blue. Red means there has been a quake within the last hour, blue within two days and yellow within the last two weeks. The boxes come in different sizes indicating the magnitude of the quake. Geometric storms with winds up to 800 miles per hour occur almost weekly, we are bouncing off the wall. Some of us actually monitor these events and more importantly we understand that they affect us greatly. The poor sucker that refuses to even consider something like that is really in trouble thinking he is sick most of the time.

In the center of my circle of friends are several people that keep our feet to the ground by enabling us to understand some of those things that with a "normal" education are out of reach for the regular person.

Bill Ramsay is one of those friends. He has been in my life for many years, was the recipient of the HOYA in 2003, yet, he was a phantom to the viewers till 2005 when I was finally able to present Bill by insert in connection with a series of travel shows.

Bill is a brilliant being that prefers to stay in the background. If one does not run into his work it is only that it is mostly in conjunction with other people like Adam Curry, Tom Bearden and others.

I asked Bill Ramsay to explain in layman's terms what it is he does. He answered with the following.....

He studies, electronically, the minute fluctuations of the gravity field around the earth. It takes 8.3 minutes from any activity on the sun in form of light and electromagnetic radiation to travel into optical time range to the earth. Many other kinds of radiation travel simultaneously at different speeds, rendering gravity instantaneous. That can be translated into sound and he is therefore able to measure, record, translate and intergrate the electromagnetic plus gravity sounds into a tangible, in form of sound. Due to human senses most people are able to pay attention to light, however, many people respond to hidden radiation. It influences weather whether it is visible to us or not. Just as it affects the stress on the planet by invoking earthquakes and volcanoes, it causes stress in people as well as in animals. All we have to do is watch our pets, they can act as barometers for stress levels. The other interesting thing we have noticed is as people experience these extreme gravity fluctuation we, as people, by energy will affect the stock market to behave volitable.

In 2002 there was a 15-minute gap, the sun set twice during that time. It later came to light that an asteroid had passed between the sun and earth during that period. We of course did not know it when it happened but found it extremely interesting when we realized the magnitude of that occurrence.

Bill also experiments with the integration of electromagnetic and gravity which renders him invisible for short periods of time. In fact he accidentally demonstrated that, without intent, on the clip. Because it was so outstanding I sent the clip in for analysis to make sure that there wasn't a problem with the film, as I suspected it was not the film.

Bill has been my good friend for many years; he loves cats, shares wonderful vegetarian recipes with me and is a joy in my life. I have an open invitation to stay at his place when I am in town, even though he knows I am not able to stay there because the brilliance of his space music as he calls it, interferes with my ability to function, I am not able to tune into the frequency... I am wired different...

John Hutcheson is another one of the brilliant people that works out of a kitchen sink. He was one of the scientists that worked at Los Alamos experimenting with gravity. Somewhere along the line either the project was canceled or John became too smart for his own good. Either way he continued his work on his own, was greatly persecuted and found it necessary to live in Canada. The Germans offered to finance his research. All of his equipment... in excess of a million dollars... was confiscated and as far as I know never recovered by him. John has demonstrated per clip that came to me by way of the Brenda Roberts Show, Journey, the ability to levitate objects as heavy as a 64-pound bowling ball for minutes at a time.

I get notifications whenagain.... John is arrested because the neighbors launched a complaint about objects in the neighborhood floating and levitating in the near-by houses or apartments.

Even though the kind of research is somewhat different, John's and Bill's apartments look almost identical in the equipment used. Some of the equipment looks like gigantic PA systems and multiple seismology units. Needless to say, I am not able to visit John Hutcheson either.

Dr. Robert Golka is a scientist that was able to duplicate a ball of lightning with Tesla technology. He also had to go to great lengths to conduct his experiments by bargaining with multiple agencies to be allowed space and funds to prove his point. He delighted the viewers by insert on one of the shows filmed at the Tri-Lakes Conference in Kimberling City, MO, in 2003.

Dr. James McCenny in turn approached some of the same things from a different angle, he is a planetary scientist. When I presented him to my viewers we were discussing Planet X that was expected to fly by our planet in 2004. The anticipated consequences were grim; Planet X only appears every 3600 years from behind the sun. Its function was also greatly connected to the gravity field of the planet. It causes some havoc in form of tremendous solar storms. Satellites had to be turned; the consequences were felt in terms of unusual weather patterns. It is an ongoing process in 2005; the full effect of that scenario is not predictable at this time.

Some people expected Planet X to serve as a form of salvation, some people thought it was a mother ship from a distant galaxy, like so many times in history many stories for different events that were thought to be truth at the moment and eventually became part of folklore and legend. It has to be said however, that often-cataclysmic events were preceded by heavenly occurrences.

Mark Hazelwood wrote books on the subject and attempted to cover Planet X from that perspective, he was very forthcoming in explaining the application to Earth and other planets. He also alluded to the spiritual implication to the event of such a magnitude.

He is a handsome man; the lady viewers appreciate him much for that reason, especially since he gave his cell phone number. We noticed a great increase in his web page traffic after the show aired.

Dr. Gilbert Jordan is another friend that belongs right about here in the story, except we have to save him for another time. His versatility is too broad; we would have to circle the planet in a few sentences in order to get the gist, let's put Dr. Jordan on ice for a bit! Wait till he hears about this, some people would love for him to stay on ice; he is way ahead of his time in so many subjects.

Somehow I accumulated family members in different capacities as part of my unusual life that fascinated many that read...And the Moral of the story is.....

Rose White is in that category. She is my brother's wife. After our unusual meeting we discovered that we both suffered from frequency issues. We were affected by HAARP and actually Bill Ramsay's gravity wave sounds along with earthquakes and the usual environmental up's and down's. We presented a show that was very elementary as to how to recognize, acknowledge and shield ourselves within all human capabilities from the effects of our "Frequency Syndrome" which resulted in very helpful solutions for many of the viewers that were "earthquakey" on a regular basis, had been unsuccessfully treated for Fibromyalgia, Chronic Fatigue Syndrome and a number of other by now named ailments.

Support groups sprung up in different areas as well as chat rooms and some of us were on our way to identify and cope with some of these bothersome afflictions. Not that it was the perfect solution; it was the beginning of an awareness we had been lacking up to that point.

One of my favorite humans on the planet, as strange as that might sound, was Dr. Elton Byrd. I have often thought about the fact that we all serve a purpose on this earth. Sometimes we don't exactly know what that entails, sometimes we think we have the answer, throw ourselves into the cause that we believe is the ONLY one to save mankind, only to find out later we were not only mistaken, but in some sick twist of fate an instrument that enabled some people to achieve the exact opposite from what we wanted to accomplish.

Dr. Elton Byrd was a medical electrical Engineer. He often asked for permission from the groups he eventually addressed, to put some information in your brain, since there was so much to absorb, so you could, at a later time, retrieve it and sort out the details.

He worked on Kundalini experiments in an underground facility in Virginia, developed Trident technology and electromagnetic Cryogenics non-lethal weapons project.

He wrote the Navy Human Experiments Protocol. When, at a later time he attempted to revise it, even he, the creator, no longer had access to the documents as they were now classified at a higher clearance level than he himself had. He said that he himself tested some of the technology on himself to make sure it was durable. It was legal to experiment on ones-self, it is however against the law to kill yourself during an ongoing experiment. You will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

In his later years he went on to privities some of his inventions and gave lengthy talks on a variety of subjects, how to recognize and possibly protect yourself from the monsters created in the process of the struggle for world/mind domination.

A person can be rendered blind and or deaf with microwave energy.

A person can develop allergies against electromagnetic fields.

A person can be attacked with infra red and suffer a heart attack.

A person can be attacked, remotely, with Psychotronics.

A person can and will react to HAARP because the same frequency that is beamed at the ionosphere is also the frequency that resonates with the human DNA.

A person can view a news event that has been manipulated in transit for broadcast to create fear and confusion.

A person can be attacked, chipped and manipulated with chips that are so small they can be administered per vaccines or oral medication because the medicine can be programmed.

I often laugh at and tell the story often that when we get cross with a stranger at the store there might be a possibility to encounter one of those brilliant minds. Dr. Byrd looks so pleasant. Harmless and yet..... he has the possibility to cause you pain from a distance, walk by you and with the prick of a needle plant a chip in your buttocks and control your mind. I cannot say how many Dr. Deaths are still in existence.

All of these things occurred in the 1960's-1980's when we were still in engaged in the cold war..... RIGHT.....

Dr. Byrd was a great educator as to what is possible. No wonder the present administration would like to do away with psychics, etc, as some documents under the freedom of information act have found their way to some “overground” places that I am sure the members without clearances have been made aware of by the PRG (Paradigm Research Group) for instance. Dr. Stephen Grier and Steven Bassett have made it their life’s work to force full disclosure and send open letters to Congress every chance they get. No-one can claim not to have heard of some of the madness of the past. They have the chance to acknowledge it, examine it and change it, one would think, however, it appears that is not the case. Instead people that recognize and protect themselves from mind control as well as they can, present a challenge in present day, so it is not surprising that some would rather have us disappear. Great, we can talk to Bill about that!

Dr. John Mack, the famous psychiatrist, was a strong supporter and benefactor of the PRG. In his early career he was viciously attacked for his attitudes and findings towards alien abduction syndrome. He was never proven wrong and at a later time was very much respected in his views. I met him in Las Vegas. He gave a glimpse of his Humanness. I had emptied my pocket by throwing my pennies on the ground at the airport. He bent down and picked them up. I asked if he was superstitious, he smiled and responded that every little bit helps. He recognized me as the woman that wrote the “ghastly” book. He invited me to spend a couple of days at the Luxor Hotel with him and his companion. Unfortunately I was unable to except the invite; my travel companion had wife issues and needed to get home. I so regretted that after Dr. Mack, great Doctor of Psychiatry at Oxford, great human being and founder of the Mack Institute was run down like a dog in London, England after giveing one of his lectures. I should mention that he had just written an article for the Boston Globe on resistance. It must have been the most unpublished, circulated, famous article on the planet after Dr. Mack’s death!

We were able to honor him with a memorial show in which we asked many people what they would do if they were in charge of the world. I am sure Dr. Mack smiled at some of the answers and the song that followed. Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha and Moses, sitting by the riverbank to see what the children of Terra had done to their world. An artist by the name of Zoli permitted the use of the song.

When the news starts talking about reports on re-decorating, how to pick, buy and hang curtains so they achieve full “usability” for your house, something is definitely wrong with the world. Advice for or against teens getting corrective surgery in form of a new nose or for those who want to rush things breast implants and tummy tucks like they were talking about buying a throw away dress or tux, now that also tells me something is afoot.

When I am not in pain and unable to sleep I am up a very long time. I feel like a mental marathon runner since my brain wants to reach the finish line way before the rest of me touches the rope.

Anytime the Media uses pre-recorded material and plays it especially on Primetime someone in high places wants the people distracted about something!

Jim Marrs has a saying, if it is not an act of God, it must be a conspiracy. He is one of the most honest, thorough reporter-speaker-filmmaker of all time. He dropped into my life by way of my friend Tim in Colorado. Jim Marrs lives near Dallas, Tex. Because Texas was not on my travel route that year arrangements were made to present Jim to my viewers by satellite. I always wanted to do a show by satellite and in black and

white. The viewers were used to unusual shots, we would hide things in the set and worked very hard on not being perfect since that puts too much stress on everyone involved and takes the fun out of what we are trying to accomplish. I am sure that in the early stages it was because of the presentation of the Visit some of the viewers either stopped on the channel or stuck with the program to see what was next in our High Strangeness Show.

In order to accomplish my “satellite challenge” I asked Clarence Moore to direct that show. Clarence is a perfectionist, I know, he is the man that brought me to the US and we were married for a number of years.

It was a bold move but Clarence pulled it off. In essence what we wanted to do is share Jim with the viewers and let them share in some of the knowledge Jim had. Not just opinions, they were facts.

Jim Marrs was described by Nexus magazine as follows: A Texas born author. He was a reporter for a Fort Worth newspaper, while in the militaryVietnam.... he was military, aerospace reporter. In 1976 he started to teach a college level conspiracy class about the John F. Kennedy assassination at Texas University. To that he added a course on Ufology.

We asked Jim a lot, actually taking him criss-cross thru subjects from his books: Crossfire, Who killed JFK the book the Oliver Stone movie JFK was based on, Alien Agenda, Psy-Spys and Rule by Secrecy. His knowledge of the alphabet- soup- agencies, the Bilderbergers, Trilateral Commission, Warren Commission and an array of other mind-boggling including 911 and the aftermath were an eye opener for many of the viewers, others admired us for having been so courageous to even talk about these things. It was an awesome show. The main message was to educate yourself! Jim stressed, quote: “Think for yourself. Review ALL the information available and trust your own judgment. Believe that cerebral computer designed by God, which allows each of us to comprehend the truth about us each day.”

He signed my book..... Always question authority. Jim Marrs.

Over the years I had many opportunities to spend time with Jim, always enjoyed that tremendously. By that time we had both produced award winning documentaries, he about UFO crashes and retrievals, I about the Joplin Spooklights.... Not true, Jim won, I lost to Briant Gumble and Sci-Fi Channel. Clarence finally met Jim in Laughlin when Jim sponsored a conference: Earth Mysteries.

In 2002 I was one of two reporters invited to cover the International UFO congress in Laughlin. It presented many challenges for me..... I had blue hair and no teeth..... champ as I am I went anyway. As soon as I got there I immediately got stuck in an elevator with a Russian gentleman.

The man in the elevator was none other than Dr. Valery Uvarov, head of National Security Academy, St. Petersburg, Russia. He agreed to an interview at a later date towards the end of the conference, which lasted eight days. Valery gave a lecture on the second day. I attended; well I stayed for maybe 10 minutes when the voice in my head demanded for me to go downstairs. I complied. I really wanted to listen to the talk, besides I was wearing the most stupid blinking earrings one can imagine, I was almost embarrassed, blinking like that. As soon as I got to the first floor a man approached me commenting how beautiful my blinking earrings were. He inquired where I bought them, I told him on the 3rd floor where I was attending a UFO conference. He commented that

he never thought anyone would remotely be interested in something like that and I mentioned there were more than 1000 in attendance. After a few seconds of silence he said: "I got a UFO story, if you want to hear it. I have not told it in 40 plus years." I took him by the hand, went to the 3rd floor and did a 20 minute interview with him. His name was Donald Woodward. He was on Air Force One guarding President Kennedy. Later he was guarding a hanger that housed nuclear missiles aimed directly at Cuba. When the command came to get them in position, someone noticed that there were 2 UFO's hovering over the hanger and prevented a launch. The alarms never went off. They were instructed to pretend that this never happened. I inquired if he had ever heard of Jim Marrs, Donald shook his head no.

Jim was signing books, I frantically gestured him to stop and come to where I was, Donald in tow. Jim obliged. Donald again stated his name, rank and serial number and gave the highlights of the story. Jim asked him to repeat the story to him on camera for his own Cable Show. Donald shook his head no and notified us that it was time for him to leave. He was on a Greyhound Bus on his way to Snowflake, AZ. Needless to say I LOVE those earrings, what an exclusive!

I had missed Valery's presentation entirely, since I often conduct interviews "double blind" I call it we just started talking. He made reference to the fact that "someone" a very long time ago, maybe 12000 years ago, constructed an ancient high-tech "Installation" in remote Siberia known as "the valley of death" that was responsible for sending guided plasma sphere weapons to destroy a meteorite over Tunguska in 1908. After analyzing the consequences of the explosions that have taken place above the Siberian taiga in the past 100 or so years, we can get a sense of gratitude and awe toward the intellectual powers of those, who thousands of years ago, build a complex to defend our beautiful blue planet and us on it, of course.

He mentioned that there is also evidence that it sometimes affects people's emotional bodies and causes uncontrollable rage. We chuckled at the possibility that since we don't Really know what aliens look like we might have some living next door to us. I asked him to verify another guest, Ivan von Krotowski, alluded to on one of my shows, as we talked about the military profile of Afghanistan as a worthy opponent in wars that had been studied by Russia in detail. I was proud to report that pictures of that show were featured on the front page of the Tacoma News Tribune.

We, Valery and I, actually came to agreement with the fact that there was way too much "circus" in reference to the UFO issue and it might not be such a great idea to furnish full disclosure after all.

I had known Ivan for better than 30 years and was amazed at his knowledge and brilliance as to educating us about wars, history and a number of very valuable tools we could use now that we as Americans had entered the age of "Terrorism", even though I had no idea who Ivan really was and how he eventually fit into my big picture. After my talk with Valery I understood my friend Ivan much better and was grateful to have a friend like him in our midst. My interviews with both Valery Uverov and Ivan ranked amongst my most treasured.

Dr. Nick Begich had a booth right down from where my interview setup was. I was really lucky that day. I had read his book: Angels don't play this HAARP, so I knew what to ask him right away. He is the son of Nick Begich, the Congressman from Alaska who died in a mysterious plane crash. Nick JR went on to research science and politics

and was the first person to publish information about project HAARP. The Government ground based "Star Wars facility, about 200 miles north of Anchorage. It manipulates the environment that can disrupt human mental process. Negatively affect our health, interfere with wildlife migration patterns, change the weather and have an unnatural impact to the earth's upper atmosphere. It also puts out radio magnetic smog and interferes with many of us that are sensitive to sound and anything that is presently done with Tesla technology.

Just as we were in full swing of our discussion about the US Military's zapper we realized that what happened the day before might have been connected. Dr. Nick, Jim Marrs and myself dropped like flies almost simultaneously, we were so ill and incapacitated we had to go to the room and recover. I needed help since I was unable to walk by myself; I am not sure about Nick and Jim. We were 99% sure we had an encounter with Dr. Death who was conveniently zapping up and down the hallways.

Strange world we live in my friend.....

If winter was unbelievable, spring was equally unusual. Washington State recovered 41% of its snow pack after the cherry blossoms had fallen off the trees. The barometer fell and it rained like it would on a winter day. The clocks had been adjusted so there was another hour of daylight, another hour to watch the never-ending rain. No one was complaining, the drought was still on, even though it was a bit better than predicted.

A big storm, the third of a series of what we called pineapple express, since the storm originated in Hawaii, was aiming right at us in the South Sound. Another weather system, this one from Alaska was on direct collision course with the pineapple express. Only thing for a person to do is go to bed and wait it out. Hail, thunder, lightning and anything else there was kept falling from the sky. One moment it sounded comforting, the next pretty scary actually, it shook the house. The computer was shut down because a major solar storm was also in progress, going to bed was good!

Ms E.T. just had to lie next to me, turned on what I refer to as her motor and was just purring in my ear. Suppose it became monotone and I left and went to my in-between time.

The old woman was there, still sitting behind that black desk, still shuffling and laying her cards. Again she would not speak to me. As I tried taking a peep at her cards, she just backhanded me across the face. I wanted to shout: "I read my own cards, you crazy woman," but the look she gave me indicated that I was better off not saying anything. So there she sat like she was the keeper of the gate. My feelings were hurt as I am still rubbing my cheek. I sat on the floor on the plush carpet planning my next move when the desk made way for the heavy wooden doors to open. I scrambled to my feet in excitement forgetting all about my cheek and entered the parlor. Maybe my dance partner awaits me!

I can hear the music; I recognize it as a song dedicated to Chango, one of the seven Afrikan Orishas. A figure steps out of the shadow, it is Omar. He looks so handsome in his silk pants and pale pink shirt. He invites me to dance with him in honor

of Chango. It has been a long time since Omar and I danced in a spiritual ritual. Raw, instinctive, primal. All senses leave as the rhythm of the music takes us to this yet another place. Pulsating, a mix between Salza and the Lambada of the jungles of South America. Talking drums from the Motherland executed so forceful and skillfully carry their sounds of all the continents. It feels like the blending of worlds, times and space. Twin souls intertwined like swans.

The sound of the BATA is drowning everything else, can you hear it?

Finally..... lightening, Chango has acknowledged the offer, again lightening strikes somewhere in the distance.

SA WOO!
Behold!

WURE WERE IROKO, IROKO `LOKEYE A MAĀ LA
Quickly implore the blessings of Iroko. Iroko, the owner of the highest title is always split

ILE KQ MI AKUNYA AKUNYA, LE YEEDE
The is cut and shaken to overflowing overflowing (much more than it can take) it exceeds intelligible language

OLUOSAN MALAMALA DE
The chief of dazzling lightening come

INA BU KAKA
The fire roars violently

MA WOO!
Indeed behold!

Omar holds me closer, we are as one. The drumbeat fades, Omar steps into the shadow. I don't want him to leave..... his touch and scent lingers.....
Chango speaks one last time and I am alone.

I wait by the window to see if my dance partner will make an appearance, I guess not, Omar must have taken his place, I am grateful. I know how to find my way to the next page of my tapestry storybook.

The next time the woman hits me I am going to speak up!

It was because of my in-between time with Omar that I decided to get out of the house for a spell; I had not undertaken anything social in some time.

I had received, a few days prior, a mail--out from the local Casino about a Band that was playing. I recognized some of the musicians and thought that would make up for having missed Bobbie McFerrin and Beth Quist the night before. No one had brought that to by

attention. So I got all prettied up and set out for the Red Wing Casino at the Nisqually Reservation about 20 miles from where I live.

It finally quit raining, I actually enjoyed the drive. Saturday night, hardly any traffic. Mt. Rainier was towering in a distance, the berry fields were ready for plowing, birds were still singing late into the evening, a nice drive, a good time for thinking.

The Northwest Tribes did a smart thing over a several year period. If before they sold fireworks for the 4th of July or filled their Smoke Shops with cigarettes..... they were not allowed to sell fish..... and crafts, things did not go well. The cigarette trucks were confiscated on a regular basis by the Federal Government in order to keep non-Indians from buying their cigarettes. The tribes beat the white man at his own gameno punt intended..... They build Casinos. They build a cigarette factory. The money that they made from the Casino allowed them to become independent. They build roads, hospitals, schools and eventually lots of property including the famous Long Acres Racetrack.

The profits were also divided amongst the Tribal members and allowed them to take care of their own. Everyone was happy, people no longer had to fly or drive to Nevada to gamble, the casinos were many and packed at all times. Add first class entertainment and why would anyone go anywhere other than to the casinos.

The Nisqually's build a jail and rented the cells to Tumwater and some of the other tribes, by doing that they not only, again, raise their revenue, they help with the problem of overpopulation in local jails.

The cigarette factory stopped the losses from the Feds taking the trucks, they were able to supply all the tribes with tobacco goods, the State entered into a compact with the tribes which allowed them to charge their own taxes as a nation, equal to the State tax rate, profits were good, the local smokers were happy, it was a win, win situation for all.

Unfortunately this was not true of the Navajo, they refused such an arrangement, each year when I visit I ask the same question, I am not sure why they don't. Apache, Cheyenne they have all realized the benefits, oh well.... maybe next year.....

As always the casino is filled to the max. I am grateful they have valet parking, there is no room in the 3 level parking garage, nothing I am able to get to, valet is great.

The energy is the first thing that hits me in the face. Unlike the Flamingo and Harrah's in Laughlin Nevada, that were my home for up to 8 days when attending conferences and film festivals, the energy tonight is one of flat, almost desperation type. People glued to the machines trying to increase their cash flow just to make ends met.

Unlike the casinos in Nevada that serve as a social gathering place, the social desire is not present. Men and woman pay no attention toward each other. As I am looking for a piece of paper in my purse, I bump into a bottle of my old Honeysuckle perfume. I read somewhere that the Creole woman, at the turn of the last century, used Honeysuckle to entice their men at the elaborate balls that were fashionable then. The perfume had no more than touched my skin when I notice heads turning, seeking the origin of that scent. I guess it does work. Addressing ones scent is primal; imagine what they could do with "Smellavision and Smellomercials!"

Occasionally people take a time out and stand by the door listening to the band, if only for a moment. The band was not all that good, I was disappointed, I knew some of the band members from a different arrangement. A soundman would have been necessary to work out the kinks and make them sound good. I asked why the bands were

split and was told that since there are so few live bands in rotation, they thought they could double the profit by creating two separate entities. It bothered no-one except me of course, I think that was because I knew many of the original artists that created the songs presented, it made me wince, no soundman on the planet can fix this.....

Looking back on things I thought about how human nature and behavior does not change. Each generation creates those settings in their life thinking it is a new thing only to find in 20 or so years that it is identical. Imagine time as a string strung from one side of the room to the other. String being a time line, with music we can insert people at any point in time on that string. Music-Sound-Frequency serves as a trigger for our subconscious. Before the musicians can start with the lyrics, we have already transported ourselves to the time period created; we know the cords leading up to it! Our demeanor changes, we pretend to be young, at least till we realize we are unable to move like we use to. Since most of us "Dance-Time-Jumpers" are in the same boat we start to have a good time, regardless of what the band sounds like. I expected people to dress into the future by 2000, dressed in silky slick uniform type garments, slinky dresses for the ladies. Wait a minute, I think I landed in the 1970's, back in my designer clothes period, when a line by the name of Funky made this mode of dress available to those of us that were bold enough to wear it!..... Here we are in 2005, everyone looks like they are in 1980's except they are heavier and older.

Over a time many great musicians have written, performed and appeared on the Visit. One day I was looking for a theme for a show and decided to see if I could piece a music show together, using clips from older shows. When it was said and done I ended up with not 1, but 4 great music shows, we called them: MUSIC FROM THE HEART.

Quanary Underground performed at the Performing Arts Center in Olympia. My grandson Malcolm and I spend 18 hours with them and a second band, Moya Soleil. We filmed workshops and performances. Jeffrey Sick is from the Seattle Area and the only person playing two electric violins at the same time. Moya Kashimbe of Moya Soleil later did a full performance in the studio. They used the same musicians, it was mind boggling what they were able to accomplish. The drummer played on a 2-story drum set. Moya explained how hard it was for her to even assemble a band of that caliber. It turned out that the percussionist Mohammad was actually with a band that I had produced about 18 years earlier, here we met again. We also talked about our admiration for the great Miriam Makeba and how she changed the world for the better.

Mohammad from Ghana worked with Afrikan Roots that was featured in 1999 with Lahai, the comedian friend of Mike Wally Walters and mine, from Liberia. Afrikan Roots was a blend of musicians from Liberia, Senegal, Nigeria and Mali. They blended their rhythms, so a combination for a woman like Moya from Zambia was great since she introduced her native songs into the United States. Eventually some of her musicians were replaced and she was privileged to work with people from Japan and Hawaii.

Beth Quist appeared as a bonus at the Performing Arts Center with Jeff and Moya. She had just returned from tour with Bobbie McFarrin. Originally from Boulder Colorado, Beth had resettled in the Seattle area. She honored us with 2 great shows in which she explained why she picked the type of music she performed, Baltic/Middle Eastern/Improv how she

wrote and choose her music and the fact that she sang 4 octaves, making her the 2nd woman to accomplish that in my lifetime, Maria Callas being the first. If there were others, I was not aware of them. The great Opera Divas Maria Callas and Renata Tebaldi had by that time left this earth, which left Beth Quist to become a one of a kind!

My granddaughter, Tamara Wells, was right behind her with 3.5 octaves. At one point in her life Tamara was able to sing in ZULU, a very hard language because of the clicking sound the pronunciation NK or NKS make. The great Miriam Makeba demonstrated that when her Click Song became a number one hit.

Tamara found a great coach, Randy Shaw from the band The Clique. They were famous in the 1970`s and 1980`s. One of their golden hits was the song: Sugar on Sunday.

Tamara preformed for the "Visit" on many occasions, Randy composed and performed music for the show, in fact he wrote Lilian, Ms Lilian especially for the Visit.

At one time an Artist named Zoli dropped into my life. I was very excited because we had much in common, besides she sang the most beautiful ballads and folksongs. She allowed me to use some of them; in return I turned one of them into a video for her. Zoli gave many benefits in the area to help Rape Relief and other organizations that helped woman and children. She never came to the Visit as a guest but we honored her music greatly.

Bernie Salazar worked on my first show in 1998. At the time his job was in the capacity as a sound technician. He never missed a show, ever, he is now my director, he is also busy producing music Shows in Spanish for the Latino community. We were always interchanging guests and their music. One of which is Mario Giovanni Cervantis, a musician from Tijuana, Mex. He wrote and performed on my show. A song about coming to America and only to find bondage and misery, he encouraged his fellow Mexican brothers to stay in their own country, no need to go somewhere else and not do better there, leave your family and friends.

Bernie was born in Mexico; he told how he came to the US as a small child and wanted to repay his new country for his education by joining the military and defending the country. He did, in Vietnam. He raised 6 beautiful daughters, one by the name of Olivia. She is also a great artist and activist in the Hispanic/Latino community. She too wrote songs for the Visit and honored us with her presence. She shared how she came about involving herself in the movement, her shock to discover she was a German national because she was born on German soil. Her struggle to become again, an American, she was unaware of the problem and had voted, which disqualified her to be a citizen of her own country, America.

Manna, a reggae band allowed us interviews and talked about their passion of this art form and their attempt to, by music, follow the example of Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, Dennis Brown and some of the other greats to create world peace.

Jah Messenger from the Reggae Connection came for a Visit. He and I were DJ's at public radio in the 1990's. He played reggae, I followed with world beat. We were friends for many years. I was able to assist him in finding his missing baby daughter in my capacity as a psychic.

Zechariah McDermott followed when he taught us to play the didgeridoo.

Bob White from the famous James Brothers supplied music from the past, so did Bethany Bishop in form of videos she made available singing her famous song: Open your Eyes.

Planet Percussion paid us a Visit; Clarence Moore produced all of their shows and videos. They explained how they came about. Jay came to the US from India as a small boy suffering from polio. Such a powerful personality one hardly ever notices his affliction, he works wonders with people from all over, every age group and persuasion.

On my first visit to Canyon DeChelly I ran into Douglas Blue Feather. He wrote some of the music for the award-winning movie Windtalker, a movie in honor of the Navajo code translators of the wars. He supplied me with 3 hours of his music for me to use as I saw fit. He shared the fact that he had been a police officer at one time, had an altercation and was blinded in one eye. After he recovered he decided to work his real passion, play the flute, was I ever glad he did!

Travis Terry followed the next year, he thought Douglas should not be the only award winner on my show, he was going to follow suit, and he did. Every time I go to the canyon Travis has something else wonderful in store for me. I even have a flute he made for me; we sit and play together some days, Travis, Douglas and myself. It echoes in the canyon, the sounds linger like no other place on earth. I am so blessed. Somehow he, Travis, knows days in advance when I come, even if I don't always know it myself and just "show up!"

A channeler, her name is Canai wrote a book, Star Traveler and also produces CD's of New Age Music. We used some of her work in closings.

When Dennis Kucinich came to Lacey a great band played and performed a song about the environment. It found its way to the Visit with Dennis; unfortunately I cannot remember their name.

That leaves George LeHew. He called one night to remind me that we had been friends for 30 years, that I was his first agent, I gave him confidence throughout his career, so what would it take for him to be a guest. The next Tuesday was good he said and we recorded two wonderful shows. He explained songwriting, his paintings and inspiration with angels. He entertained us for close to 2 hours. One of his songs, "Little Yellow Dandelions" was number 1 on the chart, the viewers loved my Georgey as I affectionately call him.

He returned as Elvis, the King and I had a blast, a fun interview with Elvis Presley via George. George had Elvis do impressions of Johnny Cash and a parade of other entertainers. Later he wrote several songs for Tamara.

The most incredible fact I walked away with is that somehow, somewhere all of my musical guests had traveled the world at the same time, in the same circles and somehow were reunited at my show, unknown to all of us that such a great "coincidence" was even possible.

Universe is the greatest entity I know, I am delighted to be part of the big picture. A spoke in that wheel of life we are blessed with. At times when I have "AHA MOMENTS" everyday problems are irrelevant, I am grateful to be alive at this time so I can witness the greatness we encounter daily, even if it has to be done by electronic means, the sign of the time.

I fought hard against my first microwave; I thought I wouldn't ever be able to cook a meal in "that thing"! All those buttons which were, as I was told later, keypads. Rice, potatoes, beverage, fish, meat and an array of other categories of food. Eventually I befriended the beast and became a gourmet cook, everything from scratch, including Thanksgiving feasts. Unless I told it one would never know it was a "microwave" turkey. I outlasted 3 of my microwaves.

By the time my niece Claudia bought the 4th one it was almost impossible to find one that had multi functional keypads. I was lucky to find one model at Fred Meyers, they all looked so elementary by 2004. The salesperson explained that since all food is so "User friendly" almost no-one remembers how to cook the outlandish meals some of us used to. I was also lucky that the Dollar had taken a beating, the Euro was almost 150% of what it had been just a few days prior, so when Claudia exchanged her Euros, even after the bank charged her a \$ 10.00 fee, the difference in the exchange rate bought me a new microwave. Claudia made sure it had all the buttons I needed, it did not talk and tell me my meat was ready, caution hot or asked me to turn the plate a little like my old one, but it worked! It cooked rice and boiled potatoes. It was the most expensive model on the floor but it was the one she bought for me, because I get dizzy often, I was worried to use a regular stove. We struggled and got the micro in the house.

I spend many hours trying to learn all of the functions of my new micro, can't say I did not get discouraged and called it a few names, in the end I was so grateful having been able to have the experience to yet master another one of my "electronic" tasks. I was able to create from scratch, when finished, it was a beautiful platter for my smorgasbord.

A dash of Justin B.Wright, he was my director for a while. He took time out from his own show, Dance o Dance to help me. Besides that he was a DJ at the Evergreen radio station KAOS. One year with the help of Don- Rite- Auto, they donated a whole brake system for the Cropper that was down, which enabled me to meet the challenge we put to the listeners between Washington and Colorado. I get the rig fixed, get on the road on time and for every mile I drive I challenged them to donate 3 cans of food. Between the radio show and my program we collected 34,000 cans of food to be distributed within the community they were collected.

Justin talked about his heritage, he is part Polynesian, his school years at the Evergreen, he studied Clownery, his bout with addictions, depression and suicide. He explained Butu dances which were later used as a closing on the GE FOOD show, because one has to wonder if the dancers are dead or alive, human or spirits, just what was needed for a subject that tried telling us at the present rate at which the food was being contaminated, we are all part of the living dead.

Justin and I went to the UFO conference in Laughlin, for 8 days were able to mingle with the greatest, were judges on the International Film festival, meet Bud Hopkins, Michael Heselmann and a parade of international speakers that covered subjects from UFO, abduction, medical application to abduction, disclosure, crop circles, conspiracies, astro physics and personal experiences. In fact it was Justin who was with me when we got invited by Dr. John Mack to accompany him to the Luxor Hotel in Los Vegas.

A teaspoon of Laurie Boxer who was also in attendance, a wonderful Lady that wrote: Swamp Gas, an excellent book of poetry in which she honored the talk show host Art Bell. We read that poem on the Visit, which of course was a hit. She has the biggest smile and kept us entertained on the hard days when we had neither a cocktail party, a dance or an award show. Speaking of dance..... Valery Uverov is one snazzy dancer; he wiped the floor with a couple of ladies..... Akthan Hakegon was right behind him, they knew each other well and competed, Akthan runs the UFO Museum in Istanbul, Turkey. He had awesome footage of the meteorite that was accompanied by UFO`s possibly from the installation in Siberia. We asked him how the Turkish people responded to his views, he said he had some threats on his life early on and since the Turkish government became very public with the subjects he is now a celebrity. Same applied to Robert Dean; he helped with the UFO Museum in Japan. He is an old friend, ever since he wrote his book: Now is the time. Robert was not dancing, he had some senior moments, and, he told me, a new nurse!

Add a "Colonel" Wendelle Stevens, his reputation is very long, he has in his possession over 4,500 pictures of crafts that were sighted over a 50-year period. Sometimes someone else's or even a fake will sneak into the collection, overall I think it is mind boggling to have that much evidence. At 86 he is still going strong, Robert Dean and Wendelle were certainly pioneers in the field.

A scoop of Peter Davenport, Director of the UFO Reporting Center in Seattle trying to explain that some times even the best make mistakes and put witnesses in awkward if not life threatening positions when reporting classified information. Peter is the person that answers the phone when we report a sighting. He in turn refers credible information to investigators with MUFON or other agencies, then collects the reports and makes them available to the public. He travels quite often so it is not unusual to get Brenda Roberts on the phone, she is one of the many needed volunteers for the almost impossible task of keeping up with the sometimes 100's of calls in a 24 hour period. Peter does not dance very often, if at all, a serious type of person but my ... can he smile

A shake of Sage, a young man I met in a grocery store the night after the Nisqually quake. He came to the studio..... we never missed a beat..... He recited poetry and sang songs along with explaining that he was homeless by choice. I, on the other hand was homeless because of the quake, my clothes were borrowed and had tags hanging down the back, visible at times I might add. He had a near death experience on a sailboat and rearranged his spiritual priorities. It was a great show, we used footage from the actual quake, Bernie worked magic and it looked like we were shaking all over again. Sage said it was exciting to flow thru the parking lot at Motel 8 in Lacey, like being on a skateboard he said. I never saw Sage again, to the point that we often wondered if he was even a person and not some other Being that came to give me a hand.

A pint called Tim Cole, a snake expert. He flew in from Austin, Tex. We talked about the environmental impact of snakes and he educated us about snakes for pets. It was mid December, he was unable to bring reptiles on the plane because of the cold. I was glad, could not have promised not to get nervous if the slithering friend had come to the studio. Many viewers dislike snakes because of the good and evil syndrome, so showing pictures of the cold-blooded creatures was fine with me!

A pound of Yanah G, a local astrologer and healer came by the Visit when we visited the Aids quilts at the Capitol. It was an awesome experience just to be in the presence of this form of artwork, the quilts told the story of the people who had lost their lives to the terrible disease. I told what I had found in my research, mainly that the Aids virus was created in a laboratory; it was used in experiments on some members of society, an experiment that went terribly wrong. She shared that some of the local healers and Reiki practitioners had wonderful results with healings and were able to make life a little easier for those that were affected; therefore swinging the pendulum of the awful things I just said back the other way and created a balance.

Yana came another time and explained eclipse, how they affect people, world leaders and events on planet earth. We were not using chromo key, the weather map wall in 1999 so we had on beautiful blue dresses. After that we could wear anything but blue, blue rendered us invisible.

A gallon of Fred Markham was hard to absorb, a show full of information that the average person did not really want to know since it dealt with prison. Fred was an ex con, he served 30 years in prison for stupid stuff he called it. Fred talked about rules and what it was like to be a felon inside of those walls. He was fair I believe. He praised some things and condemned others. We saw a softer side of Fred when he read a poem about the building itself, by an anonymous writer, which I know he added. It goes as follows:

I am the prison; my purse is the bottomless mall of men insatiable, storing payments of days totaling the month and the years.

*I am the abode of hope, become hopeless of the routine that becomes so that mere living becomes a weary task,
The pure act of living becomes a task,*

*I hold within me men that cling to life when even hope is futile.
Men that walk along my stonewalls in silent resignation just waiting.
I hold some that just have long been forgotten by a world carelessly indifferent and the face of a future that of a grave in a barren cemetery.
I hold in me the confused, the misguided, the rebel, the lost, the depraved, the unlucky, the liar, the cheat, the murderer, those too are mine.
I hold within my unfeeling walls the flaw, the inoperate, the works of an imperfect civilization.
I hold within me men that not so long ago new peace and freedom, the biting freshness of a winter night, the welcome laugh of a child.
Men that only know the rendering pain now of a hurt desolation.
I engage not only the tired old men, but sadly all the tired young men.
Blindfolded eyes of justice that are truly unseeing.
Come look at the faces of those that I hold and on those that are in reflection of my image!
Engraving final proof of society's inadequacies and see man's inhumanity.
I am the prison; the bitterness of the hearts of men that became mine only because they stood alone and were poor.
I am the contempt of all that they have learned with the disillusion of knowledge that law and justice are not always noble and just; but at times a purchasable commodity.*

I am the eroded cynicism of many that have heard of those presuming of infallibility as they pass judgment on them, the fallible.

I am more formidable even with my stonewalls and steel bars than the lethal gun towers; for not even I, only I, slowly confine I inviolably destroy the souls of those I hold within me.

*I am loneliness and I am heartache and my teeth sink into the souls of men.
I am the bleak emptiness where feeling is a sickness bone deep.
Anxiety swells and thrusts certainty constricts and stifles I am society's collector of debt.*

I am the memory that comes violently in the night like the screaming sound of a trumpet from the grim orchestra of frustration, a melody of despair and crushingly impair the unchangeable indifference.

*I am the depository of human failures, aborted dreams and numbness.
The holder of countless stories never told, never lived.*

*Yes, I am the liberal prison never can my viciousness truly be told;
I know it!
It must be felt and experienced!
I am cold!
I am hard!
I am merciless!
I am the intolerant conscience of the righteous face of society.
I am vibrant, have contempt for the mass, the endless.
When I see one uplifted with a happy face, lifted toward the open space, I exceed and expose the very soul of men; it is then that I should exist!*

*I am the face in the visiting room; eyes that are everywhere in action reflected in carefully watched and brooding faces.
I am the true stench.
The face of that man in prison irons remembering the warmth of love and tenderness.
I am the gut feeling of the man destroying his desperate hopes of letters that never come, with visits that never appear.
I am the deeply etched faces
Of those that wait
And wait
And wait
Their only sentence of heartbreak, disappointment, and vain regret.*

*Repeat, yes, I am the prison with the smothering confines of steel bar cages
here it crushes from the weight of inhuman reality, where in the endless emptiness of long days and
shattered, lonely, eternal nights I
Repeat
Repeat
Repeat
My message.*

We talked about the tremendous hardships prison life afflicted on the families, the racket of the inflated phone bills that no-one has any control over, Prison Industries and the emotional impact one persons action can have on so many. He told many stories that were more than a mouthful, they weighed a gallon. I liked Fred a lot. It later turned out that Fred had been institutionalized for so long, even though he was now editor of a prison newspaper, he was unable to cope. He embezzled a few dollars from the paper, which allowed him to return to the home he had known for the most part of his life. He will die in prison.

A quart of Marie Oberg from Toledo, Washington. She invited us to come along and take a historical journey thru Toledo and the Mt. St Helens area. She allowed us to experience the old Mason Hall, which she now owned the building; showed us pictures of the settlers and showed us pictures and things from the old logging days. Dancehall girls were sitting by the window and Big Foot was mentioned a time or two, since the creature was sighted in that area often.

Lisa Bielski and I shared our Visit with Mary Schuweiler Knopfel with Marie. Mary was a local from Olympia who was a small child in those days, she remembered the Chinese workers living in Shanties and boats on Capitol Lake in Olympia. Her father had bought her mother from a Sears catalog after he finally had enough money and put a dirt floor in the cabin. Her Grandfather was a “Murphy”, she explained that some immigrants without proper papers would tell the officers their name was Murphy and the officer therefore assumed they were Irish and stamped the entry form so they could enter the country. Mary went on to study under Dale Chihuly, the great glass artist, that made his home in the Puget Sound. She was about 70 years old when she received her scholarship from Dale.

Marie on the other hand owned an antique store in Toledo; we have an open invitation to stop in at any time. She also invited us to do a story in Rainer Oregon about the haunted house she lives in.

Eventually the Visit would present an interview with Ms. Price, the founder of the Pioneer Museum in Florence, Colorado, in which Ms. Price also took us back to the turn of the century 1899-1930 and shared many things and wisdoms from that time period. One of her Museum narrators had actually found a piece of the Declaration of Independence in a garbage dump in Canyon City, Colorado. She was so proud of it! They also displayed memorabilia from the KKK meeting from Canyon in the early 1900. By 2000 many found that offensive, I decided to show it anyway since I thought it was a part of history, since I am North Afrikan I was able to get away with it, even if I had not been I would have shown it, I thought it was important and we cannot ignore certain periods in history just because it renders someone uncomfortable, if that were the case I would not have talked about Dachau, the concentration camp and the circumstances surrounding it, Nazis, there I said it; if that was the case the time period from 2000 on would have also been off limits.

A liter of Dr. Lee Lorensen, the genius that figured out how to harvest energetic components from certain places on the planet, like Lourdes for instance, reconstruct it in a laboratory, put the formula in a bottle of steamed distilled water and call it Clustered Water TM. He proved that water can be programmed and demonstrated that over and over by taken fluid samples from cells in the body, after ingesting Clustered WaterTM and taken the most incredible picture of the cells. Some of them resembled snowflakes!

Some of the pictures were later featured in the documentary "What the bl#§p do we know, that was released in 2004.

The shows were done in 3 parts, bilingual, Korean and English. Dr. Jung a Dr. of Pharmaceutical and colleague of Dr. Lorensen came from Korea. A lot of the research was done in Japan. It really helped a lot of people, Dr. Lorensen became one of my sponsors. I was not able to keep that arrangement in place when he sold the company.

Another bilingual show was done in Japanese with a monk that was the 42nd generation of keepers of a temple for the space brothers. He spoke no English, he sat thru the lectures with great interest, ever so often he would lay across three chairs. I asked him why he did that, he said it was not for spiritual purposes; it was because his feet hurt!

A pinch in form of Birdie Rodriguez and Sharon Medle came along with Dr. Lorensen. Sharon was the interpreter and Birdie an educator that was able to discuss ADD children, Indigos and the fact that so many children suffer from Syndromes even though insight, clairvoyance and talent would be a better word. If children were allowed to express themselves they would have a much better chance to fulfill their life's purpose instead of being rendered brain-dead by many drugs on the market to help them cope and feel better..... Clustered Water™ did help to stabilize the emotions in many cases; we proved that over and over, of course it is "illegal" to state that it worked.. I did not see anything!

A splash of Dr. Sue Chi Lee from Beijing followed in a bilingual show, not in Chinese, it was in Spanish. Dr. Lee gave all of his interviews in Spanish even the ones to Time Magazine and the Wall Street Journal. He was in charge of overseeing the UFO investigations in China. He had also investigated a case over a 20-year period of a flying man. A farmer was picked up by something other than wind, was flying thru the air and deposited about a thousand miles from where he lifted off. He had no money and it was very difficult for the relatives to retrieve him. He had no recollection as to what happened to him. The Chinese Government concluded it to come in the paranormal category of events and authenticated the report after 20 plus years. Dr. Lee was delightful and made sure he put himself on my list of people who receive a copy of mine and Kanashibushan's predictions for the following year.

A cup of Larry Dodge, founder of Fully Informed Jury Association, FIJA, recipient of the HOYA. A treasure, he came all the way from Wyoming. He explained how FIJA came about in an attempt to educate people that they have the constitutional right to not only judge a crime but also to judge the law when sitting on a jury. Larry dedicated a large part of his life to this cause. He had been a Sociology Professor at a University in Montana, ran for congress and eventually bagged his degree and followed his passion of photography and became the post card man for Montana and Wyoming. His beautiful pictures can be found in every store in those two states under the trademark Big Sky Mountain Inc.

When in town for the Visit he stayed at 7C's Ranch, Evelyn Cissna's Bed and Breakfast. Remember how she had repeatedly emphasized she was a Republican? After having Larry Dodge in your house for 3 days it would not surprise me if she were now a Libertarian!

What a delicious dessert! Oh no, I should have mentioned that these were not ingredients for a microwave dish; it is the recipe for the icing on my cake, the End of the Year Show!

The weather turned cool, actually cold, for a day or so, the Pacific storms hit Portland, OR hard. Olympia escaped damage and we were grateful that we made it thru the winter relatively easy.

The neighborhood came to life, lawns were being cut and trimmed, my sleeping till 2 PM was greatly interrupted with a variety of noises of machineries used to spit-shine the Mobil Home Park.

Ever so often when at the mailboxes, that seemed to be the major meeting place in the neighborhood, conversations came up in reference to the shows that played over the winter. One day several neighbors were congregated and we must have talked a good hour before we noticed that there was still a chill in the air. The lilacs were in bloom early; the smells of spring could fool us easy, as we were involved in conversation.

Nancy Williams had been a guest on the show in 1999, we talked about what happened to us when we experienced a primal scream, it was a popular show, so I would re-air it about every couple years or so. She had just gone thru a terrible divorce and some small item set her off. She was emotional talking about her experience, as she shared how a howling noise emerged from her throat, and the nothingness that followed. She did not want to return to the present, she liked the nothingness. I am glad she returned because I had experienced a primal scream, I did not go to nothingness. Mine happened the day they convicted Omar of a crime he did not commit. I, too, experienced a primal, million- year- old scream, felt like the memories of my cells released every tear that had been held back from the beginning of time on some level. Nancy eventually recovered and shared the experience with the viewers.

I clarified some of that, that day at the mailbox, because one of the questions that were raised was if it was like a hysterical outburst like we witness on TV on the Jerry Springer Show, which was not the case.

Nancy was a great healer who helped me tremendously a few years earlier when I was more dead than alive.

Another show that was discussed a couple of times was Sphinx Mysteries with John Anthony West, author and Egyptologist when we explored a new and revolutionary view of history and origins of civilization as John examined the mystery of the Sphinx. It was he that changed the time line and age of the monument when he was able to prove that the Sphinx was at least 10,000 years old. Discovery channel had just aired John's documentary on NBC hosted by Charlton Heston.

I had met John Anthony West at the Earth Mystery conference in Laughlin, NV, he granted a lengthy interview, we had a great time sitting at the edge of the dessert smoking and talking about him exploring new theories and discoveries about the most famous monument of all time, the Great Sphinx of Egypt. I think my time with John was one of the most memorable in all of the years I traveled the circuit. I asked him if he knew the importance of Blueberries, he did not, neither did I. I was obsessed with the subject because I had seen blueberries in the predictions. It was declared a super food two years later.

Dennis Baltesar came in that category. He came to visit me one day while I was relaxing at the hotel in Roswell, NM. He also is involved as an UFOlogist/consultant at the GIZA project, which can be found at www.truthseeker.com. Dennis shared with us that he had been involved with the UFO Museum in Roswell for many years. We chitchatted about my visit at the Museum, my amazement as to the height of the

“Dummy” that the government claimed was the “Aliens” found in the desert that day in July 1947. Dennis agreed, he knew how big it was since he was the one that transported it to the Museum after it was donated. 6 feet plus he said.

He shared his Interception experience when he attempted to recover a piece of THE craft that crashed in New Mexico in 1947. Someone on Oklahoma claimed to have it, he went there only to be intercepted by alleged USAF OSI agents, briefed, and debriefed, if you can call it that. Eventually he went public with what had happened; needless to say he did not end up with the evidence he was seeking. Interestingly he mentioned a 72 hour signal that was supposedly sent to somewhere into space by the original occupants of the craft. It took several years for me to realize that while traveling in that vicinity my RV lost ALL power, which made me wonder if in fact I had gotten hung up in that signal on my way to Lynn Buchanan’s house.

Loren Coleman, a crytozoologist, another new friend I met at the Earth Mystery conference shared how he became interested in unexplained creatures, Big Foot, giants and some of the wonderful mystic phenomenon this planet holds for us.

I told the kids at the mailbox that all these wonderful people were very forthcoming in sharing their research and information on the Internet and offered on occasions to help with a term paper or school project per e-mail. I would say that statement was a hit with the young ones and added a few new viewers for me.

Another question was in reference to a show we called “Gossip”, it dealt with my dilemma of having problems with my teeth; guess that was outstanding to the young ones. A giggle accompanied that request, I did not mind, at least I had learned that no matter what, we can fulfill our purpose, in fact I felt good about having been able to drive that impression home.

In that same show we featured Ericca, Jim Marrs publicist, she herself wrote a book about some of our friends the remote viewers and some of the fun memories we had in reference with the “Psychic Spies”, it was that word that fascinated the kids. I tried telling them that we never know whom we run into, even down the street. To illustrate that I mentioned Leah, a woman who was minding the door at an international conference one year. I stopped to talk to her and suggested I could interview her. She responded that she was a normal person with nothing to tell. I in turn explained that everyone has a story, regardless of how we thought about ourselves. At the very last minute she came and gave me an interview. I thought I would fall off my chair when she produced a handwritten letter from one of the original scientists who invented the Atom Bomb. It contained his views of alien life on planet Earth. She never shared it with anyone because no one thought enough of her to even consider that she was important in the big picture.

The kids agreed that we were lucky to have been able to share that story with the viewers, they agreed to look at people with an open mind a little more often, I even got a volunteer for the lawn work I needed done!

Some of the older kids eventually wanted to know if I had ever met Linda Moulten Howe and Jaime Maussan, people they had seen on the Discovery Channel. I was pleased to report I had met Linda on several occasions but never found the need to interview her, everyone was doing Linda stories. Her involvement in Crop Circle studies and about one of her many books: “Alien Harvest” that somehow brought the study of unexplainable animal mutilations to public attention.

Jaime on the other hand had appeared on my show, he was a delightful guest. The story surrounding that interview stuck to my mind more than the actual interview. I was one of only two authorized reporters to cover a conference. Because Jaime is world famous he was a hot commodity. Some of the major networks got wind of him being there so they hooked up their big mikes and stationed their giant cameras at a distance. It was in that fashion they hijacked some of my interview thinking Jaime would possibly divulge something new. Instead I asked him about his personal life, I wanted people to know he also was a real person instead of the well of information everyone wanted to deplete. He actually recognized my intent, gave me a hug and stated that in 15 years as a public figure that had been the first time anyone cared about him as a person. It in turn created a fond memory for me.

Here comes the rain..... time for me to run home, well, walk home. Enjoyed my outing to the mailbox even though all I received was bills.

I follow the sound of the music, I see the old woman sitting in front of the door. She lays a spread of her cards, gestures me to sit. As far as I can tell she is outlining a path of some kind. It is hard for me to determine as I am not familiar with her cards. A woman with a parasol is walking down a dirt road. The next card is a dolphin jumping in midair. A mermaid. A gnome spread eagle over a sack of money. If I were to interpret the cards my way it would be as follows.

Woman with the parasol stands for a woman who prefers solitude. She provides for the future. She has a deep love for life and nature; she sows seeds in order to enjoy the fruits later.

The dolphin symbolizes spirituality. It represents a person that experiences the present. And balances the past and the future without psychic confusion.

The gnome, if female, has a fighting and preserving spirit, self confidence, will not stand for disappointment, deceit or lies and will not be partner to somebody else in it.

Mermaids have many years of experience; inherent certain behavior associated with pain. A doctor, a psychotherapist or a reporter, a movie reviewer and or so on.

The old woman senses that I am looking at the story. She reaches over and strikes me across the face, again. In the by now usual fashion the desk moves to the left allowing the door to swing open.

The music is much more recognizable, it is an old African Ballard: Bush Woman, a song about a healer and medicine woman of Sudanese decent.

My dance partner steps out of a fog, away from the banister. As he guides me across the dance floor the music and his scent become intoxicating. My body is limber as I allow him to guide me with the sound of the drumbeat to reach the point of trance. If the feeling was momentary it felt like an eternity to me, to the point I did not want that feeling to end. And end it did, as always. I find myself being whirled into the next page of the tapestry storybook.

The air felt wonderful, it finally hit 80°. Someone has arranged a picnic of some kind in the open field next to my property line. What a great Idea! A couple of years earlier a friend from the Sheriff's Department had suggested just that, a picnic! We had quite a few young ones in various locations in the park, the children were bored and complained about not being able to do anything ever since the bus service had been canceled because

of budget cuts. The detectives thought that with my connections in the community I would be able to get donations of wood and metal so the fathers could construct a playground for the smaller kids and a picnic area for the older ones along with basketball hoops and tennis nets. I was to be sure to invite the newspaper, the sheriffs department and at least the fire chief upon completion. The fire department already drove thru the neighborhood with Santa in tow at X-Mas time. We obtained permission from the landlord and the insurance, I got several pledges of materials and workers, some way it never got off the ground because I went on the road for the summer, I don't remember the reason, now that I think about it.

Quite a few people sitting in lawn chairs, someone brought a BBQ, kids playing badminton, someone has even put up a tire swing by the fir tree that separates the properties. Kids on skateboards, even an occasional dog trying to catch a stick or spotted a cat down the street.

I grab my smokes and a cup of coffee, might be interesting to mingle with the neighbors. Some nights some of the teens walk around talking and laughing. Sometimes I open the door and stick my head out to check on an owl or one of the many rabbits that are on the prowl at night before I go to bed, the kids always ask if they are disturbing me and I let them know they are not, just to have a good time. Some of them are at the picnic and acknowledge me.

It does not take long before the questions come; one of the Ladies on the next street allowed me to film her dog once for a closing. The dog was chasing bubbles, never tiring and jumping in and around the little wading pool that she had in the front yard. Since her dog became a TV star she watched the show religiously. I soon found myself surrounded by people that asked about my travels, where I disappear to during the summer and how great it is for me to take them many places on the shows.

Tammie Bauer was my travel companion one year. We set out to drive to Hotchkiss, CO. Originally we were going to take the Cropper, that plan changed at the last minute when her husband bought her a brand new truck. I bitched all the way, I was used to traveling in the RV with everything at my fingertips instead of hotel seeking and finding and wow the price! I bitched all the way to Grand Junction where a woman overheard our conversation at Denny's. She, a perfect stranger, offered for us to use hers for the 4 days we needed in Hotchkiss. We took her up on her offer and arrived as planned, in an RV!

I met Tammie in Seattle one night at a Psychic Fair, she lived in Shelton and we stayed in touch. It was Tammie that eventually had the experience with June Kaba at the Cooney Mansion. We had a great trip even though Tammie was disabled from a job related injury. She had just fought a very hard fight with L&I to be able to collect disability, what a web of madness with Labor and Industries. Turned out she had more physical problems than we realized, it was hard for her to even film on occasions. We discussed that dilemma on a show we aired later, it benefited many since the main stream news picked it up, did an undercover investigation as to the unreasonable conditions people had to function under while waiting, or should I say begging for help from something they were entitled to in the first place.

Another time we reviewed some of the people we met on our trip, places we went and things that stood out in our mind.

Fred Pulver, he, his wife and 6 children were camped out at the Fair Grounds in order for him to afford the long trip to Hotchkiss. He gave a talk on microbiology and shared with the viewers his alien encounter at Hopi Land one year.

Honey French was a delightful woman who conducted a workshop: What IF. We had challenges with the interview, it was noisy, grass being cut at the Fairgrounds, about 26 Amish enjoying a meal at some of the numerous tables and BBQ pits and air-conditioning.

Standing Elk was giving a lecture in the next hall. He talked about spiritual things, the significance of the number 11-11 and the plight of the Sioux even now so long after the churches have finally left them to their own beliefs. Eventually Honey and I sat in a broom closet in order for us to talk within reason trying not to have the noise ruin our interview.

At the end of the building people had gathered around Polly Cady and her 12-year-old grandson Nick. Nick was the youngest Graphologist; he complained that he had to wait for his license till he was 12. He gave a handwriting analogy to Randolph Winters the famous author of the Billy Meier books, the UFO contactee from Switzerland who had hundreds of photographs of UFO's. Nick charged \$1. per year, Randy was 53..... you do the math....

His Grandmother Polly was nice and gave us and the viewers a full presentation of how our handwriting affects our every day life and how by simply changing our handwriting we can change the course of our destiny. Nick is also the Indigo we discussed in our show with Birdie Rodriguez. By now he is all grown and famous, as we expected he would be.

Without realizing I must have talked for a long time, and at a Picnic at that, everyone is there for fun! A variety of food is starting to appear on paper plates, someone spilled a big container of lemonade and a couple of kids are trying to outrun the yellow-jackets that have found their way to the area. It is too early for butterflies, they took an environmental beating to the point the scientists were worried about the little flying miracles.

A little girl in a tie-dye dress asks for assistance with the ketchup on her hotdog, she wants to know why it is called a hotdog. Her mother explains that that is a made up name, no one eats dog. After the girl is out of hearing range I tell the mother about the Zang Family. They came to the show in 2005. Keith, at one time, served in the Peace Corps. He was sent to Papua New Guinea. When on R&R in Java he met his wife Enny, they were married in 6 days, they now live in Elma, WA. Before we went on the air we arranged the pictures for the backdrop and Keith asked me to talk about a table of food that was scheduled to show up behind us at one time or another. I obliged. As Enny was explaining what was on the dinner table she stopped briefly at the plate of meat telling us it was dog. We then explained different customs in different parts of the world, I am sure some of the viewers found it repulsive, yet, it was part of someone else's culture. The mother shakes her head and comments that she had actually seen the documentary **Bad Seed, The Truth About Our Food** at the video store and wonders where on the world we got all of this information from. I share with her that in 2004 several of us, Adam Curry and myself included, conducted interviews, 120 hours of interviews exactly, for the documentary. I mentioned that I had told this part of the story and no, I did not mind

repeating it! I excused myself for a moment, went into the house and handed her a paper from the website that describes all of the people in the documentary. She read out loud:

Jeffrey Smith - Author of *Seeds of Deception* and one of the foremost authorities on the GMO issue. He is a member of the Genetic Engineering Committee of the Sierra Club, on the Steering Committee of the Genetic Engineering Action Network, and on the advisory board of the Campaign to Label Genetically Engineered Foods.
www.seedsofdeception.com

Peter Rosset - Former director at Food First and currently visiting Prof. at the Center for the Studies of the Americas & Department of Environmental Science Policy & Management, UC, Berkeley

Doug Mosel - Former family farmer & consultant to the Mendocino County campaign to ban GMOs. As a farmer, Doug has witnessed firsthand the systematic destruction of sustainable agriculture by big biotech.

Dr. Miguel Altieri - Professor of Agro-Ecology, University of California, Berkeley. Miguel is a leading authority on the social, cultural, ecological and economic impact of agriculture on communities

Dr. Ignacio Chapela - Professor of Environmental Policy Management, UC, Berkeley and research scientist for a large biotech company. Ignacio exposed how big biotech had contaminated indigenous corn in Mexico and corrupted Mexican officials. Ignacio's paper on the subject was published by the prestigious *Nature Magazine* in 2001, only to be later retracted under pressure from the biotech industry

Steven Druker - Director of the Alliance for Bio-Integrity. Steven sued the FDA for approving GE foods when it knew that they weren't safe. The suit forced the FDA to release documents proving that it's own scientists believed GMOs to be unsafe. The FDA further admitted that it is simply not regulating the bio-tech industry.
www.biointegrity.org

Dr. Rupert Sheldrake - One of the world's foremost Biologists, pioneer of Morphic Resonance Theory and author of numerous books and scientific papers. His new TV program called "Pet Powers" airs on Animal Planet. His website has ongoing experiments to help study the nature of consciousness. www.sheldrake.org

David Solnit - A carpenter, activist, and puppeteer, has been trying to change the world since high school and has been on the front lines of direct action ever since.
www.artandrevolution.net

Anuradha Mittal - Executive Director of the Oakland Institute and an expert on trade, development and human rights. Anuradha is the author of articles and books including *America Needs Human Rights*, *The Future in the Balance: Essays on Globalization and Resistance*, and *Voices From the South*

Dennis Kucinich made reference to Ms. Anuradha Mittal on occasion; he actually introduced a bill that requires labels that identify the place of origin for our food. It passed, we were grateful, now we can identify where the poison comes from..... I am kidding... It is a good law. I also mentioned a woman, Dayna Tailley, who was very ill as a result of her association with the program. And we went into a moment of silence, the neighbor woman suggested; as she poured another glass of lemonade, following her own thoughts, to continue with the story about the Zahn Family.

Eventually they moved to Elma, he is the Health Director at the Quinault Nation, they are both Reiki Masters and have two little girls, Luna and Mesa.

Keith had secured an interview with JOJO Adams, the granddaughter of Bull Bear, an under-chief of Sitting Bull. She shared early memories of her life in South Dakota, shared a dress that belonged to her grandmother, which is now at the Smithsonian Institute. A beautiful dress, weighing about 100 pounds, made from hide and elk claws. What a treat! We also discovered that we had mutual friends, Terry and Randy Shaw; I got a phone call from someone I had lost track of for about 8 years, who had seen the show and reservist. It only shows that regardless of where we are born, when time is right we are destined to meet.

John Sparrow followed, he brought his music “ In Light OF Darkness” and preformed for us. He came from Eatonville, WA. We talked about Mark Furmin, Gypsy and her relatives that Strom Thurman “forgot” about.

We discovered that he originally lived on Spook Light Road in Joplin, MO and he shared with us some of his early childhood experiences with the phenomenon along with beautiful UFO photos he had captured in Utah.

Betty Johnson came the next week and shared her book: “Secrets of the Magdalena scrolls” in which she shared her interpretation of the relationship between her and Jesua, also known as Jesus. It was interesting to observe how modern man still fought against the possibility of an emerging story line, after all by 2005 we were fairly familiar with cover-ups and how the world turned..... we even discovered a new planet in a galaxy out of our solar system.....

Back to Tammie Bauer..... One morning in Hotchkiss we talked to Arda Golden Eagle Woman, she mentioned that she had re-written her contract with the Universe and she was always happy. We were unable to dispute that every time we saw Arda or shared a clip she appeared just that..... Happy..... Bernie had managed to turn some of the stones into crystal caves, it looked awesome and Arda projected unbelievable positive vibes, we loved her!

Marcelina Beckwith, also known as Sani, traveled from Hotchkiss to Olympia one winter to tape two shows. In the meantime she wrote a book “Stranded on Earth.”

While still in Colorado Tammie and I worked on 2 missing persons cases. Unfortunately they were both bodies we were looking for by that time, one was recovered because of our findings, we don't know about the second one. The drive back was just wonderful; we stopped in LeGrande, OR, by doing so we ended up in an unusual story. As we were driving by an old abandoned building we heard sounds and saw lights that were impossible to have occurred. We were stopping for the only Crop Circle we had located on that whole trip, which is how we ran into the building. The next day we got permission to examine the place for ghosts. It turned out it was a sanitarium and the

Mayo Clinic of the West, located next to Hot Lake, a lake that has water 204°-208° at all times, it was used to pipe hot water to LeGrande in the early days. The place was also an ancient healing/meeting place for Northwest Indian Tribes; no battle had ever been fought there. It was a terrible place; many medical experiments had been conducted there. Our findings were entered into the permanent records because they were very accurate.

Dr. Lorenson had at one time planned on visiting there to investigate why the water was so hot. By 2004 that was no longer the case, algae had covered most of it, there was no steam. What could have “killed” a lake that had been Hot Lake for hundreds of years? I am not sure if anyone even attempted to find out, with all of the budget cuts in place. One would think that to be a valuable resource to investigate in case the tectonic plate shifts have affected the water in such a dramatic fashion.

A man named Chris Fox visited one year. He was from England, living in Slovakia, visiting a friend in Colorado. I was last on his list before he returned to Europe. Tammie helped with entertaining Fox; he is in constant search of UFO's. We taped 2 shows; he had secured an interview with a martial arts master, Mr. WOO who had seen crafts many of days. Fox never did see his UFO, just a helicopter landing at St. Martin's College. Tammie on the other hand gifted us with two 20-plus minute tapes of a large UFO over Shelton within a three-year period. It was determined they were identical to the one that had been filmed over Istanbul, Turkey.

The food was good, it was nice visiting with people who I only saw from a distance on the rare occasions when I come out, people assume me to be a hermit. I am not; I am so busy and time gets away from me. Guess it is time to say: “good bye”..... Not exactly I notice more and more chairs being pulled closer, looks like I am going to relive all of the summer trips, if it stays daylight that long.....

Tammie Bauer had many challenges with her health, she was unable to come to the studio to review the trip at the end of the year; and so a woman named Serena took her place. Serena was a local Reiki Master; we met at Ocean Shores conventions. She helped me recap the visit we had at the UFO Center in Pueblo, CO. Bill Winkler was our host, Tammie and mine, I gave a talk on High Strangeness. While there, a man tried getting my attention and told me he had some pictures for my show, if I wanted them. He had accidentally found a cave with “STUFF” in it he said. He reported the cave to the government, was told never to return there, he did not. After 3 weeks his eye color started to change from brown to eventually green. The case was well documented, medically and by photo evidence. Unfortunately I do not remember the man's name. I returned to Bill Winkler's house in 2004 with Barbara McGuire, Bill did not remember the man's name either. We did however tape a show about his experience with abductees and forensic art in order to put a visual on the aliens that the people in his group were describing. He runs a website UFOCOP, naturally that is what we called his show.

We managed to share Serena with the viewers as a person, her ideas and philosophies. My trip to Greenville, IL, earlier in the year came up, of course. The viewers were by then familiar with my plight and challenges in Greenville the little town with the “Gypsy Law” always wanting to arrest outsiders, even after it was pointed out to them that the 8th circuit court declared such a law illegal. The viewers were so familiar with Greenville from my book “And the moral of the story is..... they would incorporate Greenville in their travels just to try and irritate the natives. A friend eventually bought 2

of, actually the only 2 hotels in Pocahontas, 9 miles from Greenville to force Love and Light and to give us a meeting place in the middle of the country when everyone is on the road going in every direction. My friend was my sponsor from Lansing, MI; she originally imported my show to that area. It was great visiting Lansing, everyone recognized the person of high strangeness.

The sun is climbing the hillside, looks like someone behind the hill is trying to pull her down with a rope that is what I tell the kids who are sitting in a circle. I explain to them that where I come from we always made points in form of a story. I am not able to finish the story, my voice is fading and my neck is beginning to hurt. I promise to finish the travel stories another time. I will invite the grandkids, this picnic was not well advertised, if it was, I was too preoccupied or busy to see it. Maybe even both.

I suppose solar flares and magnetic storms have been in existence since before mankind emerged and dinosaurs roamed the planet. It is only now in the 21st century that the average person has a chance to observe, in fact even understands what that means for us. With the click of the mouse, type in www.highstrangeness.tv and you have all necessary information at your fingertips. Like a weather report, map, index and all, you can see what is going on. Add the site of volcanoes and earthquake reports that are updated hourly and have a pretty accurate idea what your day will be like. Or Not. By 2005 we managed to put a network of people in place that were willing to report changes in their environment, bodies, emotions and mechanical equipment based on the Index report. What we noticed was that some react to geometric storms, others to unsettled conditions and yet some of us had hardly any patterns at all, we react to everything, man made and environmentally. It helped us sort out what could be changes, dealt with, diagnosed and what just is.

In the 1980's a program was in effect for people who were "Sensitives." I was one of many; we were not told how many of us canaries there were. We reported on a daily basis and were used for human monitors of earth changes. After President Reagan came into office the program was scrapped. Kind of sad in a way, because we were discovering many things on many levels.

It was at that program that I first met Kanashibushan. She was the consulting Psychic; the others made up the rest of the board, Susan James, a psychiatrist, a seismologist and a couple of others that I am unable to recall.

We lost touch with one another after the program was canceled; in fact it took 16 years before we reconnected at the Parapsychology Department for Boeings. We promised we would always stay in touch and we did!

Even though the show dealt with a variety of subjects the viewers requested a prediction show. It was a new concept to me, after carefully considering it I asked Kanashibushan to assist me in that undertaking. She was the only living Intuitive I felt comfortable with to do this. Ethics, honesty and accuracy were important since the predictions dealt with the United States. That is all we knew at the time; we sat down in the studio and on film unedited filmed our first prediction show. Little did we know what an impact that would eventually have on so many things. They were always filmed about 6 months in advance, aired immediately and again on the first Tuesday in January. It left plenty of lead way for change especially since eventually they ended up on the web page and with people from around the world.

We'd always stress that once you enter the etheric, time is of no essence, it is very hard to pinpoint time AND things were based on circumstance at the moment in which we did the readings, they can be changed. Some things did not transpire as we thought they would, but here are some things we did predict and how they played out. Starting with the year 2001:

People were tired, a fall in the stock market. We were on top of prosperity.
The recession started in September of 1999 and never fully recovered.

Discrepancies in the election, vote-scam.
The election of 2000 that entered the history books.

Contaminated shots.
Flu shots had to be destroyed because of manufacturing problem.

Changes in religious attitudes.
An attempt was made to involve religious organizations in basic charity, even though by law state and church was suppose to be separated.

Loss of freedom, increase of terrorism, push for humane laws.
Instead it became the Patriot Act.

GE food lost.
8 tons of genetically engineered corn were stolen and contaminated the food supply.

Attempt to replace Pope.
After the death of Pope John Paul II it was revealed that he wanted to retire at that time.

People would come together in resistance of laws.
People gathered in many places to protest the Patriot Act. Large protests were held in Florida connected to the election and anti-war demonstrations started to emerge.

Dividing of jobs, loss of jobs.
Many people lost jobs, some were only able to obtain part time employment and many jobs were contracted out to foreign lands.

Forgiving of foreign debt, need for extra money.
When the Euro was put into place the dollar dropped as low as 60 cent per dollar, therefore changing the debt rate.

Beginning of trouble with the medical insurance.
40000 children lost medical coverage in Washington State alone. Doctors left by the hundreds because they were not paid adequately and in a timely fashion.

Earthquakes.
6.8 Nisqually quake in February 2001. Japan, Alaska, Iran followed.

Sour grapes.

Financial losses for farmers, especially since payment of subsidies were delayed in September of 2001.

Disaster, problems with institutions, prison issues.

A prison riot in the Midwest made news for a brief moment.

Changes in Cuba, dictatorship forced to resign.

It turned out to be Afghanistan instead, ousting the Taleban.

Airline situations, small airlines disappear because of financial trouble.

TWA went into bankruptcy. Many small airlines merged and disappeared before and after 911.

Problems at Wall Street, a collapse.

That was the physical building at the Twin Towers.

Nuclear Issues.

The installation in Siberia had a brief episode early in 2001.

Changes in the country, hard to adopt. Reconsidering of draft or military activation.

Things started to happen at an alarming pace, we were unsure why, we determined that in order to identify this we needed to revisit this issue, so we took another look. We reviewed and updated the year 2001. Were we in for a surprise!

Hidden knowledge.

The scandal of the election started to come to light. Timothy McVeigh was executed even after facts came to light that should have called for a new trial.

Depression, sadness, confusion, everything too fast, increase of soldiers, merging of battalions, unrest, erratical behavior, anxiety, SWANS, BIG BIRDS, MASSIVE DESTRUCTION, BUILDING DESTRUCTION; BIOLOGICAL.

That of course was September 11 2001 and the anthrax scares that followed. All the components were in plain site, except we were unable to interpret them at the time.

Foreign policy, leaving of the allies, Canada rejecting request of help.

That was the part that carried over into 2002-2003.

2003 did not look too much different, it made mention of several things.

Like Pearl Harbor, World Court.

Eventually it came to light that 911 was identical with Pearl Harbor in as much that it was not a surprise attack, some people in high places knew exactly what lead up to that disaster. US withdrew from the World Court, which simplifies things at a later time when the horrendous prisoner abuse and other wrong doings came to the attention of the world.

Fear, distrust, short-lived unity, people divided, religions divided.

If everyone was patriotic momentarily, it did not last. Churches were of different opinions as to advise their parishioners and forerunners of demonstrations were in the making.

Sex Scandal in the Church.

Many lawsuits were filed against pedophile priests and the Catholic Church, many were settled almost immediately to avoid further scandal.

Funny Money

The new \$20 and later \$10 bills were put in use, funny; because they are multi colored instead of the “green” we along with the rest of the world were used to.

Country unrecognizable, keep freedom in check. Neo Nazi Energy.

Many right wing people emerged and tried taking control as long as people were in fear. Luckily the blow was buffered some by people who had the wisdom to recognize the signs. Civil Liberty Union did a fine job of keeping laws intact that could have driven the people further apart.

Lots of widows, loss of military life.

Afghanistan was in full force and many more conflicts on the way.

Changes in social issues, money in the negative.

Many programs were cut, private citizens helped ease problems for the survivors of the 911 families, unfortunately not matching that for the Oklahoma City families.

Mention of war as early as 2002 which proved true when some hearings were conducted in 2005 to determine if that was indeed a fact.

Caution to save a new generation.

All the king’s soldiers were in line for the upcoming conflict/invasion of Iraq as early as 2002. Many men and woman would loose their life and disrupt the flow of a generation.

Not to play victim, rather see to affairs of the planet, allies abandoning the US.

No responsibility was taken in reference to mistakes made by all inhabitants of the planet, not just some selected “sinners.”

Fire.

Montana, Washington, Colorado and California suffered terrible losses from fires. Tom Graven, Kanashibushan’s nephew was killed in the 30-mile-fire.

Protests.

Teachers were promised voter approved raises that never appeared. Anti war sentiment was starting to emerge. The Homeland Security Bill was passed upsetting many of our citizens.

2003 came along, many things we would have liked seen changed were, AGAIN, not considered and we, AGAIN, were unfortunately right about many things.

Civil Liberty Union puts on brakes.

Thru skillful legal maneuvering some of the extreme measures taken and laws put in place were put on hold. Especially with unlawful detainment of non-citizens around the world.

Military Might, spy planes not symbol of freedom, hard long fight.

This of course was the war in Iraq, unmanned spy planes were eventually used to assassinate enemy leaders.

No destruction of the planet.

This let us know that the effect of Planet X would be much milder as predicted by some, we were glad that came true.

Again birds, Valley of Death, nuclear ships on the move.

Many attacks were launched on US interests including embassies and installations. Ships headed for the Persian Gulf and the installation in Siberia had one more micro episode shortly after the space shuttle crashed.

Saddam fell, gas prizes went on an all time high. WorldCom collapsed, Amtrak lost ground and the Enron scandal hit the airwaves. Foreign buyouts of Rover, Chrysler and the Olympia Brewery also occurred within a short time; things that fell into line with what we had seen from the previous year and carried over.

Slashing of the Dollar.

The dollar fell 30% against the Euro. Collecting money for financing the war was close to impossible since the US practically fought the war alone; like we said, we stood alone; almost all of the allies had left.

Epidemics.

SAARS, Bird Flu had transferred to pigs in Java and Mad Cow Disease in Washington State.

Space program grounded due to mechanical failure.

No American space shuttle has left the planet since 2003.

A Crop Circle appeared in August 2002 that led us to believe it was the return message of the ARACEBO message. In the 1970's a digital message was beamed into space. It described the location of our planet, plant life, men and some other things. It was estimated it would take 27 years to arrive in a suitable place in space, providing someone would be able to receive, decipher and answer the message. It in turn would take another 27 years for it to return to Earth. In 2002 the Crop Circle had duplicated the message,

changed the location of Earth, the people and some other things. It went further than that and showed an alien face in the field. Little was said about the whole thing, those of us that realized the importance were not listened to as we expected too, the program was shut down. In my opinion I am somewhat sure that Paul Allen is still a supporter of some great works that are presently unfolding at Institutes such as SETI and others. Furthermore, Valery Uverov mentioned that after a UFO crash in the former Soviet Union an old fashion calculator was used to measure something. It was tested before entering the crater, it worked. When entering the crater it “malfunctioned.” After testing for accuracy it was noticed that the program in the calculator had been changed and replaced with what eventually turned out to be a star map giving the location of the originating location of the craft that had crashed in the middle of town.

2004 was as turbulent as we expected. By then we had established a pattern that made us and some people around us shake our heads. It was spooky to say the least.

Flooding.

Much flooding occurred in America, in fact Barbara and I were unable to visit a friend in Texas, the state was practically under water.

Volcanoes, Fires.

Over 3000 under water volcanoes were discovered after the Tsunami of 2004. Fires raged all across the northern states in 2004, again interfering with our trip, we were forced to change course in order to return home.

Loss of masses.

Europe saw the hottest summer ever, people died by the thousands. Tens of thousands of Iraqi and American soldiers died. Hundreds of thousands fell victim to the Tsunami. Millions died in the Sudan and other Afrikan countries.

Many cold cases in the courts, high profile cases in order to distract, scandals used for political gain. Barbarian.

Russell Jordan. Green River Murders. Martha Stewart. Beginning of the Peterson case, Robert Blake Michael Jackson.

Gubernatorial dispute in Washington State. Mudslinging of candidates in the presidential election. Replacement of Governor of California with Arnold Schwarzeneger.

Start of electric and oil crisis.

Heating prices reached highs that some people were unable to pay, especially when some of the heating assistance programs were scrapped by the government.

Repeat ugly decisions, mail out votes. Religious interference in politics.

It created the separation of the States, we were divided into Blue and Red States.

Demonstrations.

Again demonstrations were on the up. Health Care, war, unemployment and genetically engineered food were some of the issues addressed.

Lifting of sanctions.

Libya accepted terms in reference to arms rules.

Medications recalled.

Several major medications were pulled off the market almost over night. It was the tip of the iceberg; we thought that situation would repeat several more times all the way into 2007.

Hatching of Rosemarie's Baby.

This statement cropped up again and again. It became apparent it represented bad choices in appointment of some officials in government.

Prison Scandal.

Not only applied to Abu Ghraib but also to Guantanamo Bay and some facilities that prisoners were flown to in private planes, most of them located in countries that have no specific restrictions as to treatment of human beings.

Riots.

We were asked about that statement by various people including persons working for government agencies. We think the gay movement was very close, in energy, to the civil rights movement and we perceived it as riots because it was so close in energy to the 1960's, since requests were made by the gay community are almost identical..... Human Rights Issues.... As a wave of gay marriages started it was a statement that started a whole new movement in the United States. We believe this to be ongoing for several more years.

Tobacco prices and use.

Tobacco prices were raised AGAIN. Hike in Tobacco tax allegedly paid for many things, including teacher pay raise, parks, health care and a variety of other programs. The rude attitude toward smokers escalated regardless of the fact that their money was needed to balance some budgets. 5-6 year old children would stop you on the street to tell you how Tobacco fries your brain..... that is what they heard at home. According to NEXUS magazine tobacco and nicotine were given to the survivors, including children, of the Tsunami to prevent a cholera outbreak. Someone finally acknowledged to medicinal value of nicotine.

We foresaw accidents in the oceans killing mammals in high numbers. We saw trouble with the earth crust. Water, water everywhere. We saw the budget for natural disasters totally depleted.

2005 was a continuation of the year 2004. At this time I have no answers, please feel free to fill them in, as you need to, as you read this at a future time. I hope we can change things, if not, this is what you tell your children about 2005.

The war will not only continue, it will spread.

Arnold Schwarzeneger will try to change laws and not succeed.

Iraq will not change, the situation, the outlook of the people and the civil war will enter the history books as a travesty brought on by greed.

Social Security will not be changed, if it is, the changes will be buried in other attachments and need an Executive Order to be removed, IF someone is even able to find the error.

Evidence of life off planet will come to the attention of reputable people, soon disclosure will be made.

Sonar accidents, electronic attacks on civilians.

Flooding, yet no relief from the drought.

Washington State will try to separate in some ways.... Hopefully NOT in landmass.... Others will follow, time unknown. It is important that we become Americans instead of the division rather of Blue and Red.

“Terrorism” in various forms will continue to flourish, it is created to keep people in fear and controllable.

People are beginning to think for themselves again, principle of religious ideals cannot be enforced.

Gay Rights and the Draft will be looked again.

Supreme Court will have at least one female appointee.

Winds.

Floods.

Ash.

Fire.

Never seen illnesses will emerge, pharmaceutical companies will be held accountable for many things.

Relocation of many people.

Sudan will not come to rest for some time; outsiders will promote their aggravating circumstances.

Cuba will see changes before Mr. Castro dies.

Kanashibushan lives in Eastern Washington, which means she can only get across the mountain if there isn't any snow. I am usually gone during the summer month and make sure to make her house my first nightly stop if my route takes me north. Roslyn is 9 miles off I-90.

One year we were lucky and traveled together to Kimberling City, MO. Kanashibushan was 70 already. Often we reminisce about our friendship and the work we were allowed to do together. Our path is quite different, sometimes Universe puts us together for a minute.....

One of the first shows we presented was a story about Roslyn, the Miner Town that was founded by her ancestors. A labor dispute had brought the Blacks in to break up the strike. Her grandmother brought 10 children out of slavery and one year while visiting at her, Kanashibushan's house, she let me film a lock that came from slavery time. It must have held together a human chain, it still had cotton in it, we accidentally discovered that. Her Mother's portrait is in the Smithsonian Institute; it was used for Washington States Bicentennial. That show was one of many that were nominated for an award. AND.... Kanashibushan got a front page write up in the Ellensburg paper; we were proud!

Kanashibushan dreamed about going to Egypt for 60 years, in 2002 she finally got to see the great pyramids, the Sphinx, she even went on a boat ride on the Nile River recalling some of her past life. She came to the studio and shared footage; we had a hard time repairing the bad job of filming the travel guide did, as always we pulled it off! She brought me a beautiful dress from Cairo; I was so honored to have received such a precious gift from the Motherland.

We talked about life and it's constant changes, another time about her 35-year journey as a psychic. How hard it was in the early days to find respect and acceptance and how backward we thought. America is about things that are normal everywhere in the world except in our country. Wise woman have always cradled the evolution of those that came after us. There will come a day when we will have to return to the natural order of things and take our rightful place...

We discussed how the world had changed, things ain't what they used to be, even at that we manage to find common ground with the present. Activists in the early days, add teacher to that and, wow, what a combination!

We explain what it feels like to be an Intuitive, how we arrive at things and the fact that we would not trade our life with anyone. That we feel truly blessed to be the mouthpiece of the Universe...sometimes at least... other times we are just "US" and one could never tell the difference in our every day life.

Kanashibushan means "Come Out Teacher," it is Hindi. What a teacher she has been to so many. At 5'7, she appears a giant, what an assuring smile. She has the energy of a medicine woman from Sudan. At 72 she still chops wood. She can be very verbal and if she tells you, "No honey, we are NOT doing this," I like to see you move her! As an activist, I have known her, along with her mother and children, to sit on the freeway to prove a point.

Once we took our viewers on a journey to examine our emotional body in reference to past lives. Past life is not within my field, but Kanashibushan is an expert at the subject. What she demonstrated to us was how many illnesses are possibly connected to past lives, even some behavior in present life bleeds through, for instance, if one never

wants to hear what people have to say, Universe in rare cases grants that wish and in later years a person will lose their hearing. The saying: “you are getting on my nerves” sometimes results in neurological disorders. Of course, we are not able to back that up scientifically, it just seems to follow a pattern that we encountered in dealing with people.

For many years she has attended every funeral there is, I so admire her, being able to comfort the families. One day she called and told me she had sat with yet another person at the hospital. She discovered that helping people live is much harder than to help them die.

We were so excited when she came along to the UFO Conference, we are able to open a new world up to her, how it sometimes happens, a teacher can become a student for a brief moment. It was there she met some of my friends that she would not have met otherwise.

Derrell Sims is one of the friends, we call him the Alien Hunter. He and Dr. Leah remove implants from people’s limbs, much research has resulted because of them. Derrell is always willing to share a tray filled with implants he just happens to have with him. He resides in Texas but lucky me, I see him here and there and always secure an interview for the show.

Kanashibushan had met Monica Ryan Smith before, they were both visiting at my house in Lacey at the same time. Monica was also a main character in “The Moral of the Story Is.” I had met Monica in the early 1990’s when I was in Alaska. We had traveled together many years. The first 2 shows we taped were about our trip to the Navajo and Hopi; we had rare footage of the surrounding areas since filming on the Hopi Reservation is strictly prohibited. We spent several days with Tomas Banyacya, the Hopi Messenger. We also shared footage of the Hubble Trading Post, we had managed to capture my dilemma when the ghosts of the Indian Chiefs decided to use me as a vessel in order to leave, a story that was told many times and entered in the Storytelling of some of the tribes, along with the appearance of 30 Shape Shifters in Kearns Canyon.

No plan had been made for travel in 2001 because I was preoccupied with the aftermath of the earthquake. It was decided for me to make a quick trip to Monica’s, by now she was living in Texarkana, TX.

I was on the first plane to land in Texarkana on September 16, 2001. It was an eerie time period, all planes were flying 4,000 feet lower than usual because fighter jets were flying overhead for escort. I was scheduled for a talk at a Muslim bookstore, House of Knowledge. Ms. Huckleby, Arkansas’ First Lady, read stories to the children right before my talk started. Glenda and Alvester Gibson were delightful, we filmed interviews for the show in which we covered a variety of subjects including The Honorable Louis Farrakhan, he had been able to very skillfully manage to stay in the background with all the hoopla of the attack and the paranoia of even our own, American Muslims. The country was numb, the news was a disgrace in the sense that what was on TV and what Monica and I encountered in our 4,200-mile trip on the back roads was not even close.

We stopped in Cairo, MO, at a place called Fort Defiance and lit candles for the victims of 911 and did the same at Fort Defiance, AZ, on the Navajo Reservation a couple of weeks later. It was a trying adventure and we were able to tell stories that did not make the main news until a couple of months later. My interview in which I was the guest with NBC was never aired, it contained facts that were not in line with what the

people were told about the “safety” of air travel, we had been advised to “GO SHOPPING.”

A couple of years earlier we presented 2 shows. “A Wave Called Chaos,” was the one in which we went on the streets and asked people what their definition of chaos was. They all described stress, mistaking it for chaos. We filmed it on the day that John F. Kennedy, Jr’s plane crashed. We also talked about Brandon Mayfield, a Human rights lawyer who represented the plight of the Bosnian refugees in the Portland, Oregon area. After fleeing their country because of their religious beliefs as Muslims, they ran into the same prejudices in the US. They did not speak English and Brandon asked me to help translate some things into German, the only other language they spoke. It was Brandon Mayfield who was later wrongfully arrested in reference to the terrorist attack on a train in Spain. I believe he was the only person in my lifetime that EVER received an apology from the government. It was terrible especially since I had been a substitute mother to his wife when she was a small child. How do people become enemies in a spilt second because someone demands it? It was the second time I experienced that, the first time was connected to the invasion of Panama. We had family members on opposite sides of the conflict.

Fear was the other one. Fear was always misinterpreted, after 911; most people were able to see the difference and correct it. We did re-air that show several times.

So here we were together, Monica, Kanashibushan, Mickey, the friend from Lansing, Michigan that now owned the Hotels in Pocahontas, IL, and myself. Add one more person to the group that had rented half of the little motel in Red Springs, MO, namely Barbara McGuire.

Barbara and I had much to share with the viewers. From us being roommates after Gypsy died to a tribute to T.L. Rampa. We were excited when permission came from his daughter to honor him that way. He smiled on us that day, I am sure of it. What an accomplishment since we knew this most spiritual man that started a craze of spirituality within this country, outright hated the press!

At one time, we were senior members of the council at the Sacred Path Medicine Lodge, the lodge that had been put in place in Gypsy’s honor, at least in my mind that was the reason. Spirit Wolf eventually moved it to Lebanon, Iowa and continued there, the rest of us split up and did our separate assignments. Eventually, Temple of High Strangeness was founded, even though it is dormant for the moment.

Spirit Wolf, Barbara’s sister, came to us by Insert when we discussed the Native American outlook on Star Seed, ADD children and tried giving solutions to challenges of that nature curtailed to the times we lived in.

Barbara had another sister, Carol Wright. She too made an appearance in reference to an NBC special, Confirmation. It featured Derell Sims, Dr. Leah and some of their work along with the subject of alien abduction. We were excited that they, NBC; even attempted to broadcast something with some old footage I had with various scientists.

David Adair, the rocket scientist that at the age of 17 launched a rocket that he designed from his backyard in Alabama to White Sands, NM to a coordinates given to him by the government. He talked about his later involvement at Area 51, the non-existing installation in Nevada. His upcoming testimony along with 22 other scientists

for congress in reference to the “TOP SECRET” cover-up that we all know about. Not too much was said about it, in fact some of us wondered if it even got off the ground or was entered to the...hush-hush files.....

Preston Nichols followed, he was the man that exposed the Montauk Project. Al Bielek from the Philadelphia Experiment added his voice, all in all I think we did a wonderful job in shedding a little light on a very complicated, confusing subject.

Barbara and I tackled the concept of death, suicide, survivor’s guilt and presented some comforting tools for those left behind. We touched on Reincarnation. The show was nominated for the North West Media Award. When the tape was returned, someone had forgotten to remove the Judges notes. They stated that it was an excellent piece, however the presentation was too happy for a morbid subject such as death. Even though we did not win, we were pleased knowing we did a good job and got across what we intended, mainly that death is a natural occurrence, even celebrated in some cultures. Some of the viewers used copies of the show to assist them with their own grief and pain during mourning periods, including a woman who worked with families of soldiers killed in Iraq.

Marlo Morgan, author of Mutant Message Down Under and Dr. Robert Wolff joined us per insert from the Brenda Roberts show talking about very similar attitudes in the Aboriginal cultures of Australia in which we showed how in some strange way, some of us could simplify life tremendously if only we could get back to basics instead of some of the regimented teachings of modern society.

By then it became apparent that Barbara was more like a Co-host then a guest. We shared so many things such as Barb’s mail, in which she answered all questions put to her by the viewers. A blooper show followed, did we have fun with that one! Pictures of ghosts we had encountered and captured on photo or video over a four-year period, daytime sightings of an authenticated UFO over St. Martin’s College in Lacey, which was my backyard at the time!

The WING MAKERS came to the forefront. Evidently some scientists had defected from a program that studied a cave with time travel equipment from the future. Wonderful pictures were shared on the Internet and the subject of time travel became popular for a moment. We of course were familiar with some of those possibilities due to the Montauk story and of course, T.L. Rampa that had discovered such things in his homeland of Tibet before it was occupied by the Chinese, and before it was necessary for the Dali Lama to flee the country.

Barbara and I educated people how to screen and pick a psychic, explained the do’s and don’ts of asking questions of psychics, how to take charge of your own life and things of that nature.

She played host and asked me as a guest to share my trip to the Crop Circles in Cahokia, IL, and my trips to Greenville, IL, over a 6-year period, as described in the “MORAL.” Of course, we added the expertise of the original Crop Circle researchers, Illys, Colin Andrews and the great “videotographer” of the pilot Busty Tailor and Steve Alexander. In fact, they had permanent credits on the show for the cropcircleconnector.com in return they allowed me to use their pictures for occasional backdrops.

One day, I lost contact with Barb, I missed my friend. Three years later she reappeared and here we are! A powerful meeting of so many friends. We actually

accomplished an amazing thing. We managed for the first time ever, to connect Science and Spirituality in a conference, it was history making!

A trying week had finally passed; it was almost impossible for me to function. The weather changed again and fell below 40°. Mother Nature was either confused or was as affected as I was by some manmade interference. Ft. Lewis, WA, home of the striker brigade was known to use the neighbors for proving grounds, there was a good possibility that something was either set off or accidentally got away from them at the rifle range. Ever so often one can see multicolored ominous clouds that do not participate, they just hang in midair. Nothing we can do living so close to the base. With talk of yet another skirmish, it is never called an invasive war; no telling what new ugly duckling is being hatched in the name of freedom. Mainly people think they have allergies or a touch of the flu. I, on the other hand have many problems with my neck. Luckily Albertson's had a 10 for \$10 sale on Gatorade and pretzels.

I was trying to figure out how to get in touch with some of the Navajo friends and let them know that I was not sure if I was able to make a long trip this year. I sat down to write a letter to them when miraculously, like always I heard a knock on the door. I opened and here they were in person. No need to write! I always marvel at the telepathic connection we have even though I was never able to figure out how that came about in the first place.

They brought me gifts, jewelry and greetings from everyone. Jeanne Roanhorse fixed mutton stew and fry bread. We played catch up on the going on's and reminisced about days gone by.

They named the second RV NIZHONI.... Beautyway..... MS.E.T. the cat was excited they always acknowledge the flat nose cat that comes to visit, all across the country just to see about the friends at the Navajo Nation.

So we started at the beginning of one of the most memorable and strangest years when we visited. 2003 when I brought along a young man named Shawn Younker.

After I got settled following the earthquake we made an attempt to replace my glass room. It is a porch that is encased with glass blocks, it is used for readings and now interviews.

Dennis, the builder, hired a young man from a Temp Service. His name is Shawn Younker. Dennis did not last long but Shawn did! Shawn worked all day, at night he would draw and design mantel brocks for the windows and we talk. I had a heart attack and Shawn decided to stay with me in case I needed something. We had many things in common and talked many nights during the 2 moons he was at the house and finished the glass room. Eventually he and his girlfriend came to visit. The TV Series "Taken" had just aired; we taped it and his girlfriend Katlin wanted to watch it again. Steven Spielberg had done a great job with the 12-week series. Col. Wendelle Stevens told me that they had hired an independent that had no knowledge of the UFO phenomena or the cover-up of the Roswell crash in 1947. The writer then, based on his personal research from information in archives and thru the Black Vault, wrote the story and it was as close, truthful and perfect anyone could have gotten.

It took a couple of days to sit thru the movie and we decided we would film a show about our thoughts on the presentation. It went great. It was during that taping we

decided that they, Shawn and Katlin, would travel with me for the summer. I had my Crew!

We packed up, loaded the cameras and made sure everyone had their favorite foods for a couple of month. Grabbed MS. E.T. and Shawn's guitar and set out on a late April morning to start our journey. Because of sloppy repairs we had mechanical problems right away, overcame that and continued. First stop Roslyn, WA. Before we got to Kanashibushan's house we were stopped by people at a local café, we stayed and listen to their tales. Of course we taped all of it for shows we planned on producing later, along with material for a documentary "Who put the Para in the Normal." The owner Bethany allowed us to film the wonderful things in their display case, told of Alien abductions, shape shifters and Big Foot. We spend the night at Kanashibushan's.

We marveled at the 4,000-ton boulders by the side of the road that according to the sign said were debris that fell there when Mt. Rainer last erupted. We had always thought 60-100 miles away from the mountain was a safe zone, that turned out to be a ridiculous statement. Makes one wonder what will happen to the millions of people who have settled in that area since then and if it had ever, even for a moment, entered the minds of the architects and builders of the condominium communities that are now located in the path of the napping giant!

The wind was our constant companion, seemed we had left to early in the year, on the road in a 23-foot class C RV was pretty insane, but then everything about our NIZHONI was insane!

We talked to the truckers in Crackerville, MT. We all agreed that "4-Wheelers" mainly cars were very dangerous entities on the highway along with the no-caring creatures that drove them; constantly trying to out run and cut off trucks, change lanes at inappropriate times and with that put everyone's lives in danger. We thought it was very important to educate the public and we did!

We stopped at the Crow Reservation. The Trading Post had new owners but the buffalo burgers and the fry bread were just as good as I remembered from a previous trip.

We found ourselves on the Cheyenne Reservation, they had a Casino. One of the young men at the store took us to the cliff where the soldiers had thrown the braves over the edge. I was able to share the Navajo story about Kit Carson committing the same atrocity at Canyon DeChelly. I had some pictures with me from the Carson Monument and gave it to the Cheyenne. We are already off the reservation when one of the Elders, Joe Little Coyote followed us and asked us to stay for a while. We followed him to his house and did just that. It was a wonderful visit. We learned a lot about the plight and the integrity of the Cheyenne people. We were honored to have been asked to have this experience. We exchanged gifts, I left a drum from Peru and I was gifted with earrings the grandmothers made for me. Not sure what Shawn and Katlin took home with them.

At night light spirits were everywhere, in fact that story appeared in a book that was later written about the Spook Lights, written by a man in California. Stories of the Magpie that had followed us for many days and they showed us where they hunted the buffalo in the olden days.

We stopped in Dear Bush for Onion rings; it was Shawn's birthday. He played the guitar that night and it felt wonderful to just be!

The wind picked up and got worse every day, was hard to keep NIZHONI on the road. We made it to Wall Drugs and with permission from the mayor filmed the exciting

shopping stop in the middle of the land; the viewers loved the singing gorilla that eventually closed one of the shows.

The first tornados started to affect our travels, they hit in front, beside or behind us, it was rather frightening, I felt helpless and this dilemma was unfamiliar to me, all I knew of was earthquakes.

We made it thru the Winnebago and Omaha reservations just fine. A few miles on the other side we got stuck in the mud temporarily. I carried that mud all the way back to Washington, did not want to wash it off, like we had brought part of the Dakotas home with us!

Katlin left in Lebanon MO, her parents came from Arkansas to pick her up. Her mind was on school, her friends and things, the gypsy life that Shawn and I cherished was not her cup of tea. We missed her and got busy with the rest of the journey almost right away.

Next stop was Willow Springs, Reed Springs and Joplin, MO, which took us to Pierce City right after the deadly tornado. They saw us driving into town with a sign, PRESS, on the RV. I filmed, never talking to the people; I did not want to disturb them. Occasionally a hug was exchanged and I let them know that I knew what they felt like. Another building on Main Street collapsed.

We managed to film the total eclipse of the moon in Wagner parked in Wal-Mart's parking lot, should have stayed a little longer. After a night of tornado warnings and seeking shelter inside Wal-Mart we left and escaped 2 tornados 15 miles down the road in a little town, Muskegon, not sure if that is the right name, all I know it was somewhere in Oklahoma.

Shawn left for a short while, I drove him to Dayton, TX. I was too far away from Jim Marrs' house so I went to visit my friend in Big Spring, TX. Till his parents brought Shawn back to me after 5 days.

As soon as I dropped him off, I got stuck in Roby, TX. The winds were frightening, I had never been afraid before; I was that night parked under a carwash that serves as a parking garage for the fire truck!

Next stop was Roswell, NM. A visit to the Museum after we stopped on the road to interview a man named Paul. He was delightful, talked about his life in Roswell and some of the stories he had been told since he was a boy. He thought everyone should educate his or her children to the possibility to life on and from other planets. He had seen many things in the desert in his time. We promised to make his office a regular stop-in whenever we were in town, and we did!

On our way to Lynn Buchanan's place in Socorro, NM, the RV just stopped, we could hear White Sands. They found us by PCS; we did not know where we were. After the RV was repaired we set off for Magdalena to visit the Primate Refuge. Shawn was excited, he had a real connection to the animals, even at night in between playing the guitar he would sound like a monkey, and it always cheered me up thinking there was a gorilla on the top bunk, instead a slim young lad named Shawn.

Lynn was still in Seattle to teach CRV classes, we had advertised him so well that he was overrun with students and had to extend his visit by a week, we missed him all together.

We talked about all we had missed after our visit to the Navajo Nation, did we get sidetracked on the way home! We ended up on a road that was not on the map, it took us

to Thiokol where we filmed a fantastic rocket display..... it showed us just what all the weapons looked like that were used in the “conflicts”..... I think at that time our hearts grew heavy when we realized how deadly war really was, different than reading about it in the paper or seeing it on the TV screen. We actually cried for the people that had to endure the savage handy-work of modern men.

Hot Lake was not like I remembered except I was not able to identify what was different till the next year when Barbara and I realized it was no longer hot. The War Memorial, replica of Stonehenge, provided us with more breath taking shots for the show. In Washougal the stripes on the streets were painted red, white and blue, illegally so, but someone must have thought it was patriotic.

I miss Shawn, only heard from him once in the 2 years since we got back, he called to tell me he had joined an international percussion band and is on a world tour. I was glad to hear that he found his calling and acted on it, he learned a lot that year, so did I.

“What was that boy’s name, the one that came with you? The one that went to the Canyon?” My Navajo visitors had so politely listened to the whole NIZHONI trip without interrupting me..... I should take a lesson from that, the not interrupting part.....

“Shawn, the same that was my travel companion throughout this whole trip.”

We called Eleanor and Ronny, the guides, they came with the jeep and took us into Canyon DeChelly, in fact we took Frank Brown with us.

Canyon DeChelly is my favorite place on the planet, it feels like home. I am unable to explain it, I would assume everyone had a place like that. Imagine to have been born in Africa, lived in Europe and find “HOME” in a canyon on Navajo land.

Shawn had a little background knowledge, as we were parked at the camp ground outside of the entrance of the canyon a Ranger, Randy gave a fireside talk. He invited us to film it for the viewers. He was wonderful with his slide show and what patience to answer the sometimes-unintelligent questions of those of us in attendance that were so very naïve as to custom, education and culture of the Native people whose land we were visiting.

“He is the same boy that climbed Black Mountain, isn’t he?”

“Yes, he is.”

One morning while I was sleeping, Shawn, a young man and a dog left Ft. Defiance to climb the rock that is called Black Mountain. After a while the dog fell back and did not want to follow along anymore, the young man did the same, stopped and refused to go any further. Shawn entered a cave. He was terrified when he emerged claiming he had encountered a dinosaur with fiery eyes. The young man knew what Shawn had encountered, so did the dog. Legend has it that there is a very big snake, hundreds of years old; it is said, the snake lives in Black Mountain. Shawn had never heard of the legend before, however it was he that encountered the big black snake thinking it was a dinosaur judging by the size of the head!

By the time we reached Helper, Utah, Navajos from Ship Rock had heard about it and stopped to talk to Shawn about his experience.

“So when are you coming back to the Canyon?”

“As soon as I can, August maybe unless it is monsoon season and I can’t get there that late in the year.”

“ We tell them you’re coming, time to go, it is a long drive to Window Rock, thank you for the Lili Rice.”

Safe journey... here is the phone just ringing off the hook..... I am coming!

Kathryn was on the other end of the line, she inquired if I had a minute. Lucky her, my company just left and I was glad to sit and talk for a bit. The coffee was brewing already and it was high time for a cigarette..... was it ever.....

“ It finally turned nice, my spinach is coming up in the garden, the grass is under control thanks to my new lawnmower so I want to get out a bit. I thought I would visit Dr. Jordan, since I live only 11 miles away. Would you call him and ask if it is ok for me to drop in and PLEASE tell me about him again. I have watched all of his shows, maybe I missed something and you can refresh my memories.”

“Sure, Ms Kathryn, lets see.... where do I start?”

“Well, Ms Lilian, the beginning would be a good place, don’t you think?”

“ OK!”

Lets see, it was on a long winter night, spooky.... No, wrong story!

It was in February 2003 at the International UFO Congress in Laughlin, Nevada. In between interviews a man approached me to ask if I would please come to Harrah’s for a bit, a display of a piece of a UFO was on display in one of the conference rooms, accompanied by a men named Bob White. I had no car so I asked Ericca, Jim Marrs’ publicist to go with me. I always shared information with Jim.... that is a cop out, she had the car.....

Armed with Video camera for me and audio recorder for Jim we went to Harrah’s.

Bob White was a nice man, he said he had a piece of a ship, had passed a lie detector test and was the owner of the Museum of the Unexplained, in Reeds Springs, MO. He had recovered the piece after a UFO encounter 20 plus years ago. After lying dormant in his sister’s garage for many years he decided to share it with the world. Not an easy undertaking. It was the smoking gun everyone was looking for, except, if it was used as such a lot of researchers money would have turned into a trickle. Needless to say, much energy was put into trying to discredit Bob. Tests were done at Los Alamos and many other places, it was never proven it was NOT what he claimed. The government evidentially did not feel threatened by him, they must have thought he would wear out his story and they had a luxury to outwait him. That plan worked for the most part.

While at Harrah’s the object jammed the safe in the room on several occasions, the Press was present, filmed the fiasco of opening the save and Bob got national attention.

“What about Dr. Jordan, Lilian?”

“I am getting there, it all fits in with that.”

With Bob White were 2 scientists. Dr. Robert Gibbons and Dr. Gilbert Jordan. I interviewed Dr. Jordan, a Nobel Prize nominee for physics. He stated that he had, in line of his association with his work with the Government; encountered a similar object that was recovered from a Foo Fighter in Denmark. Drs. Gibbons and Jordan demonstrated the radioactivity of the object and showed many documents in reference to the tests conducted. They can be found at www.hardevidence.com.

Ericca went on her way and I on mine.

After I returned home and tried transferring the taped interview; I discovered the tape was totally blank. This had only happened once before with Tom Stahl and Patricia Michl. They turned out to be very instrumental in my life so I assumed that this was also a life-changing occurrence.

I called Bob requesting a new interview, he agreed. When we set out on our NIZHONI Bob White was our main stop besides Canyon DeChelly.

In the meantime I got a call from Dr. Jordan. He stated that he had been “sort of elected” to debunk my book And the Moral of the story is, but that was not the main reason for him to call me. He had been requested by the US Marshals to contact me in reference to the disappearance of his son 22 years earlier, in 1982. He was told that I was a good profiler and might be the one to shed some light on things for him, according to them I had a good reputation. I agreed to help and told him I was on my way to Bob White’s anyway and would see him then.

“Tell me about Russell.”

“How about I read it to you from what I wrote about it in the Moral?”

“That would be fine, hang on for a minute, I will get myself a cup of coffee.”

I got one too and a new pack of smokes, if you are ready, here it goes, I quote.”

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 en 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. In 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 Jordan's 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 presence.

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 were 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 NIZHONI to the canyons of Utah and attempt to symbolically leave him there so he can rest in peace.

“ So Dr. Jordan and his wife actually came to you eventually? What happened to Dr. Gibbons?”

“Jordans came to Olympia to visit me and record 2 shows.

Dr. Gibbons, a former scientist with NASA, he worked for the atomic Energy commission, Hughes Aircraft Co. Lear Siegler, left after the Museum was dismantled, rearranged and converted to a portable museum in a bus.”

Robert's footage of the original spook lights were shown on the TV show Real People and photos published all around the world. It was Dr. Gibbons and Dr. Jordan along with Shawn that shot my by now famous footage of the 7 spook lights in Joplin, MO.

Dr. Jordan is the scientist and engineer for Edwards AFB, many departments of defense facilities, including Groom Lake, NWC, Dugway and places he is not allowed to talk about due his extremely high clearance.

I called Dr. Jordan to ask if there were new developments in the case and the return of the bones. He was busy and unable to talk. Last I heard Russell's bones still had not been released, in May of 2005. Someone had taken bones from California Native American Tribes along with Russell's bones to a symposium in Australia, much to the dismay of the Jordans, I might add. A website had been established under Russell Jordan that I would assume would give updates as they occur.

Dr. Jordan is now teaching in Springfield, Mo, and has an online class thru the University of Phoenix. In later years his research was focused on earthquakes, time machines and gravity wave activity. I will present some of that in form of a Visit to the viewers at a later time.

"I am excited to talk to Dr. Jordan, does Barbara know him?"

"She and Kanashibushan along with Monica and Mickey met him at the conference in Kimberling City. It was a great time; Dr. Jordan helped me to recover many of my childhood memories at that time. No coincidences here!"

"OK, guess I better get going, it will take me 20 minutes to get to Willow Springs, please call right away. Talk to you later."

The phone rings once more, "Did you forget something?" Why no, Ms Lilian, this is Brad. "I got your tapes with the travel shows, A herd of turtles, I watched all 12 of them. I wish I could have spent more time with you while you were here. The shows were great, almost like I had been there with you and Barbara. I appreciated the two last shows where you recapped your experience, bet that took a while to put together."

"It did! What were your favorite parts of the trip?"

"So many, lets see..... It did not take long to switch from the RV to the car. I am glad Barbara finally got to journey with you. The fact that you had to drive around Mt. St Helens four times, the man in Pendleton, OR, that stopped you to talk about the spooky lights.

That hotel in North Powder that, you called it burned you during an abduction of some kind, that was pretty wild, like to have seen that. I heard about things like that, I remember you still having burns when I saw you in Florence.

The story about getting lost on Hill's AFB after the plane had an emergency landing. Imagine all that fuel dumped on the people in Utah, bet they never knew it even happened. Not being able to find the bridge in Greenriver because of the time warps.

Barbara's excitement about the Navajo, the fact that they are a matriarchal society and treated you ladies so wonderful; she hung in there in that jeep in Canyon DeChelly. I enjoyed that sandstorm at the canyon you shared and explained that happens every night. I would really like to go with you one year if you have me."

"Sure I'll have you, imagine all the things we can discover together; we'll visit Tony Milford and the Hopi Elders, go to the big Swap Meet in Gallup on Saturday

morning to mingle with the tribes and eat fry bread and mutton stew. Buy more cancer tea for me from the Zuni medicine woman. I even have an empty finger left for a new ring and who knows a new ankle bracelet. I am not going to TAOS, NM, I was too sick. I was glad we captured the time changes on film that illustrated what happened to us there. No one would have believed if we had told them that we thought non-locals were singled out for frequency experiments. I have never been so sick in my life!

The poor trees that died in the mountains around that area, like acid rain had paid a visit. We stopped in the mysterious valley and talk to the locals about the animal mutilations that the valley became so famous for. The fact that St. Luis is the oldest town in Colorado has kind of taken a backseat to all the UFO stories. At least Chris O'Brien still lives there and can explain some things, Dranvalo has been reported as living there also."

I had never visited the Pioneer Museum in Florence, but I have met Kit Rogers, your friend that lives in Westcliffe and paints the beautiful murals on the building. Too bad that you were too chicken to take her up on the motorcycle ride she invited you to go on. You say nothing scares you, so what was it that kept from doing that?"

"Ran out of time."

"Right..... It was smart to go around Denver and the bad traffic, by doubling back to Lemon and driving to Cheyenne and Laramie you got around the Rockies all together. Now how you got from Boise, ID, to Olympia, WA, in 9 hours must have been a time warp too, I don't think that is possible in the real world, did you stop at all?"

We did, twice, to eat and gas up of course. Driving thru the Pendleton, OR, pass was easy, we removed all of the trucks psychically because they are so many and I am a little leery since they have to slow down to 18 MPH because of the steep grade."

"If I had not seen it on video I would say you are full of it, Ms Lilian, how can you move trucks out of a pass, there should have been many, I only saw two."

"Easy, just tell Universe you need help, please move the trucks. Not sure how it works, maybe it creates a rift in time, I don't know, all I do know is it works! Like you said, it is right there on Video."

"Where is Barbara now? Do you still see her; I think she is wonderful; you are blessed to have such good friends. Do you still hear from the people from the Zoom Club? I also enjoyed the belly dancers, how graceful and a great ending to a fine trip!"

"Barbara moved to Vancouver, WA, I have not heard from the Zoom Club. I am so glad you enjoyed the shows."

"You sound exhausted, I should let you go since you won't tell me who your private dancer is anyway, get some sleep and stay strong."

"I am exhausted, in fact I have to go to the Hospital in the morning, nite Brad."

Laurie is blowing the horn, it is time to make that long drive to the University of Washington in Seattle. I hope this will be my final visit to my least favorite Doctor. I promised Dr. Ott I would see him one more time.

I promise Laurie I will not get nervous. She looks relieved and suggests I start talking and do not stop until we get to our destination, it is after all Friday. I take a deep breath and think out loud.

Universe is a grand place, if we think anything at all ever happens at random we need to re-examine that quick. People are all connected to the point that it is easier to speak to someone on the streets rather than to wait till we run into them with our car just to start a conversation. If it is meant for us to met a person, we will, regardless!

We need to find it in our heart to co-exist with others rather than trying to be the same that is not an achievable request, in fact that is not even necessary.

We need to accept that we are all on the planet at this time to see Mother Earth thru her changes, the birthing process for new things.

We need to realize that our action now shapes the future of our species.

We need to embrace that no matter how hopeless our political situation is at the moment, it is in the rightful order of things. All throughout history empires have lasted for a while, a while only. They made room for others so we could prove that we have a long way to go in our evolution, we are not at the spiritual level to evolve to a peaceful existence. We need to acknowledge that the decisions that are made for us as a people are rarely without consequence, often wrong and disastrous. As long as we condone a gladiator mentality that is not going to change.

We have to entertain the thought that we can take responsibility as individuals to change ourselves, our perception of things and by example set in motion a better, or should I say different, future for new generations to come. Different because BETTER is only more of the SAME.

We need to document, write, sing and shout from rooftops what it feels like to live at this time. The mistakes we make so the next generation can learn not to repeat what we created. We have witnessed that concept; it did not work for us.

We allowed things to happen because we allowed fear to enter our reality and missed the boat when it was time to speak up!

We allowed our friends to be murdered for speaking the truth; we allowed millions to get murdered in our name in just the years of conflicts in my lifetime.

We allowed our freedom to be restricted for our own safety.

We have allowed our food to be poisoned, our oceans to be contaminated.

We have allowed our own evolution to become stifled and become brainwashed by a few in power.

We have confused our children by not practicing what we preach. We have allowed a few to distort the teachings of Universal Love.

We have allowed them to re-write the rules to promote their own greed.

I am nervous as I sit and wait for the results of my tests. The hospital is enormous. Laurie went to find a cup of coffee for us, too late to step outside for a smoke. I just read that there was a medicinal purpose for nicotine. After the Tsunami of 2004 it was

administered to people, including children to prevent Cholera. It worked! How is that for predicting one more thing that seemed totally odd at the time.

The drive home is subdued, I am in thought. I do share with Laurie that I am grateful for her friendship. I am going to spend some quality time with my children David and Michelle. Maybe we can resolve some issues; I put many burdens on them when they were children at a time when I was not myself. Still time to take responsibility and tell them how much I love them.

I want to get to know my grandchildren better, Tamara, Destiny, Ebony, Malcolm, Vanya, Meason, Sirius and Chianti. It is up to them to help cleanse Mother Earth. If we can give them the tools they will, I am convinced of it!

The hundreds of once strangers that sat on my stage and shared their knowledge were all connected at some level. From many lands, times and persuasions they put together a puzzle that shows what is to be our future.

I had very little or nothing to do with that, Universe arranged that to happen the way it did. I am humbled to think that I was allowed to be an instrument in the gist of it. Even the hard work, the stress, the financial fiasco all seems irrelevant right about now. I will air my last show January of 2006, January because hopefully there will be another prediction show with Kanashibushan and I want to encourage people with illnesses not to forget that they too have a job to do on the planet. We are here for the time allotted to us and it is up to us to live it to the fullest, even if it means Gatorade and Pretzels from now on.

We are back at my house already, now that was a first, not one panic attack, no dodging some imaginary danger. Laurie was grateful, I thanked her and she went home.

I laid in my heavenly bed, collected my thoughts about the news I got at the Doctors, came to terms with it and thanked Universe for a wonderful ride on the Universal Roller Coaster and drifted into my sacred in-between space.

The old woman sits at her desk. Most of her cards lay facedown. Her headscarf is scarlet colored. She notices I am trying to peep at the cards that are visible. She slaps my face. I attempt to react to the slap. She speaks.

“Why do you think I slap you, Cheri? You DON’T know who I am!

I recognized you when you were born! Had I NOT sold you as a child, you would NOT have been able to do your work! You would NOT have experienced the trauma that you needed in order to be who you are, you would NOT have lived where you do, would NOT have given birth to the children you have, your grandchildren would NOT be who they are. There would have been NO Gypsy, NO Omar, NO Tim. No America, no opportunity to meet the people you did, no opportunity to tell the people what awaits them. No Moral, no Visit! No opportunity for Claudia to become who she is! You have always remained true to your roots, the Egyptian, the African, the Mystic, that is why the Old Ones have returned from your genes, they will also be able to do their work. It was I that put the statue of Sirius in the middle of the road for your daughter to find. That is why Sirius is guarding you as he watches over you as you move about in your house. It

is I that guides your hand when you lay your cards. I am not looking for forgiveness; I am looking for gratitude for I am your Grandmother! Let me show you something.”

She and the desk slide to the side, the music starts, my dance partner stands by the banister. The music is a blend between Native American, Aboriginal and Haitian. Chango’s songs, Tande M Tande, Nanm Nan Boutey Nwel Inosanm Mayi A Gaye. My dance partner holds me tight, his scent intoxicating. He runs his fingers thru my hair and holds my head in place so I can see his face.

He is the Love Of My Life!



Fatima "Lilian" Mustelier immigrated into the United States in 1966 and has resided most of that time in Olympia, Washington. At one time she was a CLM, later became a S.H.E.S. minister. She holds HDR and is the founder of T.O.H.S., a UFO and Crop Circle Researcher, Speaker, and Psychic. Author of two books: **And the Moral Of the Story is... One Person at a Time** and **Remembering Your Future**. She is producer/host of a cable TV show: **A visit With a Person of High Strangeness**. She writes a monthly newsletter on her web site www.highstrangeness.tv

For additional copies call 360.923.9594
Or contact the publisher