

Our Interdimensional Family

Rex P Haire, Ph.D.

Korima



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Introduction

I had just finished *Faeries, Angels, Indians and Aliens*, thought I was finished with writing books, and was selling them at the 25th annual UFO Conference in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Cyndie Lepori, a gifted psychic and medium, approached my vendor table and introduced herself. She said she had seen blue beings standing near me and they wanted her to relay an important message to me. I wasn't too surprised, for another very gifted psychic had told me a year previously that I was surrounded by blue beings, and that I was one of them! She said I had come to Earth in human form to fulfill a mission for the benefit of humanity. I was naturally eager to hear any message from my blue friends and asked Cyndie when she wanted to reveal it. She was tired from doing sessions all day and said she wanted to be fresh for our session, so we agreed to meet early the next morning.

Cyndie began by saying that one of the blue beings was standing behind me at my left, and another, who was dressed like a Native American, stood to his right. She said they were very pleased with what I had already written, but it was time to begin a new book based on information I had been receiving from them for years, and that I already knew what it was to be about.

Cindy asked me, "What will the topic be?"

"The multidimensional nature of the self."

"Yes! They're very excited. They say you should just sit down and start writing. It doesn't matter where or how you start, they will help you. The information will just flow through you."

"I'm very pleased to have another project. I have been wondering how to spend all this free time I have right now, and this is a topic that I think may contribute to the spiritual growth of my readers, and hopefully to universal peace, sharing, and prosperity." I began writing that same day.

Our Interdimensional Family is the result. It contains numerous excerpts from *Faeries, Angels, Indians and Aliens*, a five volume saga of day by day interactions with interdimensional entities who channeled through my wife, Marjorie. For those who are skeptical about the reality of channeling, I will

only assert that a purely materialistic conception of reality cannot explain the *paranormal* phenomena produced by the entities involved when they were not channeling, nor the incredible number of very improbable *synchronicities* that occurred. I have provided several examples of the multitude recorded in *Faeries, Angels, Indians and Aliens*.

Marjorie's psychic gifts were not apparent until I used hypnotic techniques to repair the devastating mental, emotional, and physical effects of psychological and physical traumas, which began when she was only four years old. Neither she nor I expected to receive help from beings who inhabit parallel dimensions when we began. We were astonished and eager to learn more about them when they appeared, at first when Marjorie was seriously suicidal, later during hypnosis sessions, and then without requiring a formal trance induction. The entities included, in the order given, faeries, angels, Indian spirits and physical extraterrestrials. The ones listed in the Main Characters section channeled were regular visitors. Some channeled daily, some only rarely, but they were all quite distinctive. Some channeled throughout the fifteen years the five volumes cover and some for a period of less than a month. They all elicited our love, respect, and gratitude, which they abundantly returned. We consider them to be interdimensional members of our spiritual family.

Our interactions with these entities were often instructive, sometimes highly emotional, sometimes uplifting, and sometimes frustrating, just like relationships in a normal human family. They were always ready to help us in any way that they could, giving us spiritual and practical guidance, soothing emotional distress, curing diseases, and healing physical and psychological injuries. Without their intervention, neither Marjie nor I would have survived the homicidal attacks of entities who served The Dark.

Whenever Marjorie channeled, her posture, gait, strength, endurance, coordination, speech, vocabulary, reasoning, wisdom, beliefs and emotions dramatically changed, according to the traits of the specific entity who had *borrowed* her body. Anyone well acquainted with Marjorie immediately perceived the presence of a separate, psychologically unique individual. On occasion, complete strangers reacted to the changes. A female checkout clerk once addressed full-breasted, femininely dressed Marjorie as "sir" when an extraterrestrial male, executing a practical joke, manifested.

Our interdimensional contacts taught us to believe in the unlimited spiritual potential of human beings. Some demonstrated supernatural abilities and others the astounding physical, biological, and spiritual technology used

routinely by advanced extraterrestrials. Every one of our human acquaintances who frequently interacted with the channeled entities underwent changes in their concepts of reality and experienced accelerated spiritual growth. It was not a one-sided benefit however, for the entities also grew. Excerpts from *Faeries, Angels, Indians and Aliens* illustrate selected steps toward spiritual growth taken by several participants, including my own. Sometimes growth occurred because of difficult challenges and sometimes through very pleasant experiences. We learned that a spiritual being can stand still for a while or even backtrack, but *all spirits, unless completely shattered, must grow*.

Above all else, we learned the importance of loving one another, whether or not we inhabit a physical body. Loving those who are different from ourselves is essential if we want to join a vast, benevolent Alliance of thousands of civilized species, which has a keen interest in Earth. Extraterrestrial technology allows instantaneous, conscious visitation among different species, even among those living in different dimensions. Human proclivities for greed, self-centeredness, and dominance have prevented planet-saving technology from being fully shared with Earth's inhabitants. Our failure to love each other and those who are different from us, no matter what form they take or where they live, stands in our way. If we wish to receive all the blessings they desire to bestow upon us, we must learn to freely share our resources with others, especially those in need. Until we willingly practice the Golden Rule, we cannot expect to receive the natural blessings such actions would inevitably generate.

It is hoped that this book and the ones preceding it will bring an awareness of God's love and mercy to those who have not believed, and strengthen the faith of those who have.

Acknowledgements

First, last, and always, I must thank our heavenly Father for inspiring the creation of this series of books, for they are about His plans and His deeds. Meeting Marjorie Ann, an incredibly gifted channel, was an answer to prayer. It was through her unselfish participation that the precious relationships with interdimensional beings revealed here and in the five volumes of *Faeries, Angels, Indians and Aliens* were realized. To the faeries, angels, Indian spirits and extraterrestrial persons who still bless our lives go my continued heartfelt thanks. Thanks also to the human participants in this saga who helped us to grow spiritually. Finally, eternal gratitude is due to my son Chris, who generously provided crucial assistance in book design.

Main Characters

Marjorie (aka Marjie, Star One): The author's wife who channeled the entities listed below on a fairly regular basis, among others. Her beautiful spiritual Light acted like a magnet for spirits of all types.

Perithnea: Marjorie's protective faery queen who was adopted into our family and who provided much guidance and protection, along with a sense of humor.

Alta Sha: Marjorie's guardian angel, a true messenger of God, advisor and friend, who placed steps generated by the Creator before us and educated us in spiritual matters by example and through his words.

Metatron (aka Light Mother): An Archangel of unimaginable power who nurtured Marjorie from early childhood, performed medical procedures to cure what earthly doctors could not cure, an interdimensional warrior, beloved companion, and much, much more.

Adam: A newly created faery adopted by us who eventually accepted a position within the Alliance, thereby establishing a precedent for the faeries who followed his example, who accomplished remarkable feats leading to selection as Nucleus 8's Second in Command.

Nucleus 8: A human/extraterrestrial hybrid genetically engineered to have two brainstems which allow him to monitor events in six dimensions simultaneously, born in Egypt in the year 2713 B.C., he is Supreme Lord of Security for the multidimensional Universal Alliance Federation, which includes hundreds of thousands of galaxies and thousands of civilizations. He has loved, mentored and protected Marjorie from early childhood and is our beloved friend and family member.

Sarah: A Teglinlin child rescued by Metatron from abusive parents whose consciousness was placed within Marjie to overcome her universal distrust of everyone except Joshua, her older brother. She resisted Alliance efforts to accelerate her growth and chose an unanticipated path to greatness.

Joshua: Sarah's brave, protective and affectionate older brother whose consciousness was also temporarily placed within Marjie. We became his surrogate parents and he became Adam's friend. When Sarah learned to trust us, he returned to his body and became Chief Horticulturist at Alliance headquarters.

Joseph: The very sweet and affectionate infant brother of Sarah and Joshua whose consciousness was also placed within Marjie to protect him. He developed very rapidly, was found to have color vision, unheard of in Teglinlins, developed artistic talent, and demonstrated spiritual wisdom and great loyalty to those whom he loved.

22: A member of the small gray species and Medical Director at Alliance headquarters who treated injuries and illnesses of several individuals on this list and many others.

Regenc 4: A member of the tall gray species, Board of Twelve member, and Nucleus 8's superior when we first met, who invited me to join their team. Although all business in his professional position, he was a happily married, loving and playful father to his children.

Mi: A wood sprite fond of imitating sounds, moving things around, and tickling people, who became a frequent, beloved companion and sometimes made herself visible as a fast flying, brown blur.

Tanner: The spirit of an ancient, blind Ute' Indian shaman variously known as *Asalara*, *Reaches for Fire in the Sky*, *Softener of Skins*, and *One Who Sees by the Red Moon at Night*, who sent us on several long journeys to find his sacred teaching stones. He humorously taught us and others spiritual truths and shared some of his people's customs with us.

Rapsar: An extraterrestrial who died in the crash of his sabotaged craft on Earth, whose spirit helped us locate Tanner's most important stone.

Isabel (a.k.a. Shadow): Healer, psychic, instructor, good Samaritan, friend to Nucleus 8, Rex, Marjorie and the Teglinlins, she discovered through hypnosis her remarkable parallel identity in 8's dimension and is regarded by Nucleus 8 as his surrogate mother.

Candace (a pseudonym): A gifted but very ambivalent psychic who became Nucleus 8's human girlfriend for a time. She interpreted some of Tanner's teaching stones and photographs of Anasazi petroglyphs found at Bandelier National Monument.

Victoria: The beautiful, selfless spirit of nine year old child who entered Marjorie at Williamsburg, Virginia, where she and her mother were unjustly hanged in colonial times. Her spirit quickly evolved into that of a young woman who offered devoted, loving companionship to all who knew her.

Tesar: Member of the Board of Twelve, close friend of Nucleus 8, and practical joker. Through trickery he taught Sarah valuable lessons in judgment and self determination and helped to loosen the rigid formalities of life at the Station.

Didiwahtay: An infant Native American spirit given to us for parenting who developed artistic talent and eventually learned to fly in the bodies of crows, vultures and hawks, destined to be important to his people..

Wachitique (a.k.a. Washi): Hybrid reptilian child of Star One and Ragor in Nucleus 8's dimension who loves horseplay and quickly outgrew his infantile instinct to bite anything near his mouth.

Hope: The human appearing, second child of Star One and Ragor who has a mixture of reptilian, gray, and human genes. She has a cheerful, loving, sweet disposition and is quite intelligent.

Moses: Third born child of Star One and Ragor, also quite human appearing, whose name expresses the wisdom which he manifested almost from birth. He loves to run and to play harmless jokes.

Amy (a pseudonym): An angel in human form beloved by Nucleus 8 who demonstrated amazing psychic talents and deep dedication to her spiritual practices.

Nelda (a pseudonym): A human channel with strong psychic abilities who aided Nucleus 8 and Tanner along their spiritual paths.

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by

Rex P. Haire, Ph.D.

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Chapter One

Marjorie/Star One

When we first met, Marjie was a painfully thin, blonde, blue eyed, thirty nine year old woman who was extremely anxious and depressed to the point of being seriously suicidal. I suggested that she allow me to help her relax and she agreed, easily following my instructions, which made her a good candidate for the use of hypnosis to uncover the sources of her symptoms, to which she readily agreed. In our first hypnotic session I suggested that she enter a hallway of doors and look for one that, if she entered it, would lead to a beneficial experience. She quickly found the door, and this is what happened, as recorded in Volume One of *Faeries, Angels, Indians and Aliens*:

“Describe it to me.”

“It’s a big wooden door with intricate carvings all over it. The doorknob and hinges are made of pure gold. It’s beautiful!”

“Just admire it for a moment, and when you are ready, open it and go in.”

“I’m afraid to go in.”

“Just wait for a while until your fear subsides. Remember, there is a good experience waiting for you behind the door.”

“Alright, I’m ready now,” she said after a few moments.

“Then go in as slowly as you like, and tell me what you see.”

A wondrous smile and tears of joy appeared on her face. “It’s a paradise! I’m standing on a hill looking over a beautiful valley. The grass is so green! There are flowers and trees. At the end of the valley is a gorgeous Light surrounded by a rainbow. I want to go to that Light. I know where this is! This is heaven!” Happy tears flowed from her eyes, and to my dismay, I found my own eyes overflowing. *The therapist isn’t supposed to cry*, I thought, but I couldn’t help it. This was too much.

My voice cracked when I said, “Look for a path that will lead you to the Light.”

“There it is. A stone path leads off to my right and down the valley. There’s a stream running beside it. Can I go?”

“Of course.”

“There are some children playing leapfrog on the grass. They’re running and jumping and rolling down the hill, having a wonderful time! I wish I could play with them.”

“You can if you want to. It’s alright.”

“No, I might get my pretty white dress dirty. I always wanted to have a dress like this. It has ruffles and bows all over, and I’m wearing shiny white shoes and white socks with lace on them.

“I’m going down the path next to a border of trees, getting closer to the Light. I’m here! This is God’s Light! I’ve never felt such love and acceptance!” Tears of rapture continued to flow. I was almost as moved as she.

“Just enjoy what is happening. Don’t try to talk. You can tell me about it later.”

A few minutes passed. “I’m ready to come back now.”

“Alright, find the path that will lead you back to the door and follow it.”

“There are the children again. Do you think I could play with them?”

“I think you need to play very much. It would be good for you to enjoy yourself for a change. This is heaven, you know.”

“This is fun!” She laughed with childish abandon. “Okay. I’m finished now. I’m ready to come back.”

“I will count from one to ten, and with each number you will feel yourself becoming a little more alert until you are fully awake and aware of your surroundings in this room and of your body. You will feel refreshed and wonderful.” I counted her up, repeating these suggestions in various forms until we reached ten and she opened her eyes.

“You’ve got tears in your eyes,” she said. I reached for the tissues. “I never saw a doctor cry before.”

“It was a very beautiful experience to watch.

“I feel very privileged to have been with you while you made your trip to heaven. I didn’t expect anything so awesome to happen.”

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“It was a wonderful experience. It was so real! I knew that I was totally accepted. There was no condemnation, no judgment, just love. I never felt anything like the love that came from that Light.” She beamed. “Thank you so much.”

“No need to thank me. I had very little to do with it. All I did was lead you to a hallway of doors. You did the rest and God supplied what you needed. It was an answer to prayer, wasn’t it?”

“Oh yes! I never felt so totally accepted. He didn’t care anything about my faults and mistakes. He loved me just as I am.”

“Isn’t it wonderful to know that you don’t have to be perfect to have such love and that God wants you to be happy and to love yourself the way He does? Do you think you can do that?”

“I can try.”

For me, hypnosis had been an underused technique, but one I knew could be very powerful in creating beneficial changes in traumatized people. When I decided to commit a portion of my time to using it for that purpose, I prayed that God would guide and support my efforts. I met Marjie soon after making that choice, and her first session convinced me that my prayers were being answered. When I proposed that we could help each other, she by giving me more experience using hypnosis and I by giving her the help it offered without charge, she was receptive. We agreed to consider our arrangement a shared learning experience between two individuals seeking God’s will instead of the usual client-therapist relationship.

Marjie’s traumas had begun with sexual molestation by her father when she was four years old, which continued into her early teens. Her mother was too passive to resist his iron-clad control of the family and had ignored Marjie’s guarded pleas for help at age five. In spite of her tears, her mother insisted she must go into the bedroom alone with her father at bedtime. Jealous of the extra attention she received from him, her two sisters would deliberately frighten her and told lies to her parents, hoping she would be punished for things she didn’t do. At age 18 she was raped by three assailants. Her first husband beat her and sodomized her, causing rectal tears. She lost two premature male babies within hours of their births, one after being kicked in the abdomen by her husband. When she asked her mother for shelter to escape the abuse, she was told she had made her bed and now had to sleep in it. She lost all her personal possessions in a house fire that she believed was set by her drug-dealing husband, who later attempted to strangle her. Her

youngest son was diagnosed with Non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma when he was eight years old and nearly died from it. She received no child support after she divorced the father of her two sons, the oldest of whom he had adopted. Her sons, disgusted with the rejecting behavior of her third husband toward her and them, left her to live with their paternal grandparents. Their leaving and his verbal abuse drove her over the edge, leading to suicidal impulses and hospitalization.

After she was released from the hospital we began working together, and after several months we married, convinced it was God's will. At first we concentrated on desensitizing her to the traumas of the past, which led to her vividly reliving many other lifetimes in which similar things had occurred. This work progressed rapidly, but the father of her sons, who had not given her a penny for child support when she was a single parent, attempted to obtain child support payments from her and began to interfere with visits between her and her younger son. That stress aggravated her anxiety and depression, and many of our sessions were devoted to dealing with her reactions to it, which were greatly intensified because of prior traumatic abuses.

In addition to Marjie's prior psychological and physical traumas, she had frequent and debilitating left-sided headaches. In our hypnotic search for their origin, Marjie reviewed multiple lifetimes in which she had died as the result of injuries or illnesses affecting the left side of her head. They included lifetimes as a prehistoric woman with a fatal brain disease, an Indian maiden killed by the blow of an angry bear, a male plantation owner shot by a rebellious slave, a male shaman struck in the head by a stone expelled from a volcano, a friendless, greedy old maid who died of a brain tumor, a male hermit in Australia blown by a strong gust of wind from a seaside cliff onto the rocks below, and a male wolf struck in the head by a human hunter while trying steal food for himself and his starving family. In one such session Marjie channeled the spirit of the deceased wolf, saying:

"I left this earth to find another form. I am again a male. I wear dark reddish skin. There are feathered ornaments on my upper arms. My hair is long and tied. There is paint on my face. Others came who wanted to move the rest of us away from these lands. This was our hunting area. We were willing to share, but they wanted it all. I lost hundreds of my people in a great battle. I was struck from behind by my enemy and killed. He removed my face with his knife so that my

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spirit would be blind and not able to find its way. Now that I have died, I know that to be a false belief.

“After death I became the inhabitant of a golden eagle, a female. I fly freely, gliding on air currents, dipping and rising up. I have a mate. I search for him. I go to the nest, but it is empty. I dive toward the ground. Something lies there. I see that it is him, crumpled on the ground. I turn away, feeling loss.”

Marjie spontaneously emerged from the trance. “The eagle couldn’t bear to look closely at her dead mate. Her feelings were too strong. That’s why I came out of the trance. I had no idea animals could feel so much love for each other! When I was the wolf, I felt totally responsible for the survival of the pack. I knew they were going to die very soon if I didn’t steal the food. I really felt that Indian, too. He had so much love for his people!”

Marjorie’s headaches had greatly improved after we had explored the numerous lifetimes in which death followed intense pain, but they were not completely eliminated due to current life stresses, injuries and illnesses. Nevertheless, they were much less frequent and severe.

I soon learned that spirits of the recently deceased were attracted to Marjie’s beautiful aura like moths to a light, and several of them secretly entered her body. Most of them intended no harm, but they influenced her to behave in ways that reflected their own personalities and motivations rather than hers. When we discovered their presence we were typically able to direct them to the brighter Light of the Creator and they would leave without much bother. The first we detected was the spirit of Marjie’s maternal grandmother, who was a chain smoker. Marjie had no interest in smoking until she attended her grandmother’s funeral, when she suddenly developed a craving for cigarettes and consumed an entire pack that same day without experiencing any of the typical adverse effects. Under hypnosis, Marjie learned her grandmother had entered her body because she was young, pretty, and possibly a source of fun, which the grandmother had never experienced in her difficult life. When I attempted to send her on her way, she thought she was not worthy to enter the Light of God, but I persuaded her that she would be met by someone who loved her and would be her guide. She was overjoyed to see her deceased son and eagerly joined him in the Light. Marjie’s craving for cigarettes left with her and she stopped smoking without any difficulty. On the other hand, some of the spirits who entered Marjie resisted leaving:

On the way back Alta Sha joined me. “More cleansing is necessary. There are other spirits affecting her. You were hesitant in your approach to the one yesterday.”

“My impulse was to cast it out, but I have no experience in exorcisms.”

“It may become necessary.”

“That makes me nervous. What if I say the wrong thing? Couldn't that be risky?”

“The precise words used are unimportant. If you keep your eyes on I AM, He will be there to assist you and all will be well.”

“I wasn't sure whether to cast him into darkness or to encourage him to go into the Light. I was concerned he might enter Ben when Marjie thought there was some danger of that happening, but I didn't want to condemn him to darkness because of a misunderstanding.”

“You are surrounded by the protection of I AM. This protection extends to everyone in your home. It would not have been allowed to enter Ben.”

“I'm glad to know that now but at the time I didn't. That's why I wanted your advice.”

“That one was a shattered spirit. Sometimes they must be cast out. Do you now understand what a shattered spirit is?”

“I understand a little.”

“You know enough. You will do well in your next attempt.”

Although I was tired from lack of sleep, I told Marjie that we had more trance work to do. “Alta Sha says that other spirits are at work in you. We have to find them and get them to leave.” We were reluctant after the stress of the last experience, but it was necessary. Perhaps I was also being trained to work under the stress of fatigue.

Marjie was entranced before the countdown was complete. Her body language suggested she was already involved in activity at a spiritual level. “What are you doing?”

“I'm outside the house, searching for something.”

.... “Come back to your body.”

I saw no obvious change in her behavior so I asked, “Where are you now?”

“I'm in two places at once. Part of me is here, and part is still outside.

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“I feel that there’s something outside I will find if I just keep looking.”

“I think you should come back altogether. This may be a diversion to stop you from confronting the spirits.”

“I’m back now.”

“I command any remaining spirits to leave Marjie’s body now, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.”

“I hear screaming,” she said, putting her hands over her ears.

“You must leave. You cannot remain. You have the choice of darkness or of Light, but you must leave now!”

A contemptuous, masculine voice sneered, “I am not impressed. Who do you think you are to order us to leave?”

“I was sent by I AM. I am a son of God, sent to do this work and in His name I tell you that you must leave!”

“I don’t think you have the power to make us leave. We’re staying here.”

“Why do you want to stay where you don’t belong? She is sacred, a Chosen One. You will not be allowed to interfere with her work. I AM gives all the power that I need to do His work. You can’t resist it. But I offer you a choice. You can go into the Light or into the darkness. What do you choose?”

“The light is good here. We have no desire to leave.”

“In the name of I AM, you must leave!”

Screams which didn’t belong to her issued from Marjie’s mouth. I repeated the command to leave again and again as she struggled in the bed. After a minute or so she momentarily relaxed, then began breathing in huge gasps. “There is pressure on my chest.” Her back arched upward alarmingly.

I put my hands on her chest, forcing Light into her and commanded, “You must leave! In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, you cannot stay in this body!” Her breathing gradually returned to normal. I felt my own tension subsiding with relief.

“I feel like a chair that someone has been sitting on and they just got off.”

Unexpectedly, she jerked her right leg upwards as if someone had grabbed her foot.

“What happened?”

“Nothing.”

I was suspicious. “Why did you jerk our leg like that?”

“I don’t know. No reason.”

“I know one of you is still here. You must leave. You cannot stay in this sacred body. If you go into the Light, you will find peace and tranquility. You won’t have to be wrapped up in negative emotions like fear and anger. You can have beauty and love.”

An unfamiliar feminine voice said, “I don’t want to leave!”

“You must. I command you!” Marjie jerked onto her side and hung her head off the bed, retching and coughing. She gasped for air. I got out of my chair, straddled her with my knees, and used my hands to put Light into her back and chest. Instinctively I ran my hands from her abdomen toward her throat to force the spirit out. I then rubbed my hands all over her body, saying, “This one is full of the Light of I AM! No darkness will be allowed here! You must leave!” The violent coughing continued for another endless minute or two, while I kept up my makeshift exorcism. Finally Marjie relaxed and lay back, breathing normally. “Just rest now. Enjoy the Light of I AM. Let it refresh your body.”

I sat down on my chair again and Marjie sat up, assuming the familiar posture of Alta Sha. “She rests.” He smiled and crossed her legs. “Now you are a warrior for I AM! Earlier you told me that you did not like to be aggressive but you trembled for only a moment before you showed the necessary aggression.”

“It’s a pity that I had to use aggression.”

“I agree, but with shattered spirits it is sometimes necessary.”

“Did any of them choose the Light?”

“One did and is now with I AM.” Grateful tears again filled my eyes. “I AM is very pleased with you.”

The most challenging of the resistant spirits we encountered had been hiding within Marjie for many years. We were alerted to his presence because of some unusual vulgar behavior. Marjie had heard an inner, masculine voice urging her to say offensive things, accompanied by a harsh, guttural laugh. When we began to identify the spirit, Marjie’s guardian angel, Alta Sha, said we should wait for several days because this spirit might retaliate if we pursued too aggressively. When I finally attempted to send him on his way, the spirit insulted me, insisted that I did not have the power to evict him, and

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said he was not interested in entering the Light of I AM. He also threatened to harm Marjie if I tried to forcefully evict him. Using his keen intellect, he countered all my rational efforts to persuade him to leave voluntarily for approximately two hours. I was stymied until Alta Sha told me that this spirit had been present at the time of Creation when uncountable others like him had been scattered from their container by God. He and a few others had clung to the container because of their reluctance to leave the security of I AM. Believing that God had abandoned him and that he was entirely alone and forgotten, he was very angry and bitter and had sought solace in Marjie's beautiful Light. Knowing what troubled him so, I was able to convince him to look beyond Marjie's Light:

“How do you know that you were forgotten just because you were alone? What proof do you have of this? I am here talking to you. I am proof that you were not forgotten.” Empathic tears filled my eyes. “I AM did not abandon you. He knew that in order to grow, you had to be set free. He acted like a bird that has to nudge its fledglings out of the nest so they will fly. He released you, but He did not forget you. The tears you see on my face are tears of compassion for your loneliness. They come from the love that I AM has for you and all of His creations. Others like you also stayed behind by their own choice; they are waiting for you to call out to them. They want to help you fly. All you need to do is to ask them to come and they will appear to you.”

A blissful expression suddenly appeared on his face, and he exclaimed, “They are coming! I can see the Light again!” A few seconds passed, and in an infinitely kind voice he said, “Sir, I am deeply indebted to you.”

Overwhelmed with relief and gratitude, I said, “Alleluia! Thank I AM for this blessing.” I watched Marjie's body jerk as he departed. Out of her compassion for him, she sobbed so deeply that she choked.

My tears flowed like a river. I could hardly believe that I had been allowed to help one find his way home who had been with I AM at the dawn of creation!

I helped Marjie to sit up, embraced her and said, “Breathe in rhythm with me.” When she calmed enough to breathe normally, I counted her up.

“That was so beautiful!” she said.

“I know. I was holding his hand when he saw his companions and found the Light. I felt his thrill throughout my body. What an experience!”

Marjie was being trained as a Certified Nursing Assistant and getting practical experience at a nursing home where the death of residents was not uncommon. Her spiritual Light attracted another resistant spirit, as revealed by her strangely callous attitude:

She was abnormally cheerful and made crude jokes about unpleasant things that had happened with the nursing home residents, which was totally out of character. She lightheartedly announced that one of the residents had croaked.

“Something strange is happening to you. This is not the way you normally react to things. I think we need to have a session about this.”

“Alta Sha has been telling me the same thing, but I don’t have the time. I have to study.”

“I’ll help you concentrate on the studies afterwards.”

Before we began Alta Sha said, “She needs to be cleansed.”

“Did a spirit join her today?”

“Yes.”

“Very well, I’m ready to begin.” Marjie was quickly entranced. “Look within for a newcomer.”

“I have found it.”

“When did it enter?”

“When I was walking past the room of the resident who died.”

“Can I speak to him?”

“I’m afraid to let him speak through me. He was a very angry, nasty sort of man. No one liked him because he would try to hurt you. You shouldn’t be holding my hand. He might try to slap you, or he might try to go into you when he leaves me.”

“You cannot stay here,” I said to the spirit. “You are in the wrong place. You should look for a brighter Light and go to it.”

“He doesn’t want to go. He’s spitting at the Light and cussing it.”

“The Light won’t harm you. Someone who cares for you is waiting in it for you. You can enter it.”

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Marjie's body thrashed around in the bed while she resisted his efforts to control her. "He still isn't going for it. This is such a bad spirit I'm kind of afraid to let it go. It might go to Ben downstairs if it doesn't go to you."

I wanted to command it to go, but because of Marjie's concerns, wasn't sure that this would be a good move. It was time to call on my teammate. "Alta Sha, I need some help with this one."

"You have no need of Alta Sha."

"I am at a loss."

"You are not lost, my friend."

"I don't know what to do next. Should I send it into the darkness, or keep trying to get it to go into the Light?"

"Why is this spirit acting this way?"

"It is afraid."

"This one does not trust the Light. Therefore you must find something it does trust."

"Marjie doesn't want it to speak. It's hard to carry on a conversation with him."

"She is wise. It would not stop at controlling her voice alone."

"Okay, I'll give it another try." Speaking to Marjie, I said, "Why is he so afraid to trust what I'm telling him?" Marjie's back arched alarmingly. "Why are you doing that?"

"He remembers a time when the attendants at the home kicked him in the back. He's struggling with them."

"Why did they do that to him?"

"They want him to defecate in the shower and he doesn't want to. It's the wrong place to do it."

"What happened to make him go to the nursing home?"

"His wife died. He was very angry about being left alone and missed her very much. She was the one person he knew he could trust."

I spoke directly to the spirit. "If you listen carefully, you will hear your wife's voice. She is asking you to join her in the Light."

"He can hear the voice but he's afraid it's just a trick and she won't really be there."

"This is no trick. It really is your wife. You can trust her. If you follow her voice you will find her standing in the Light. You have nothing to fear. I have no reason to lie to you."

“I want to help you find happiness.”

“He’s beginning to walk toward the Light now. He sees her. She has her hand out toward him but he isn’t sure that it’s really her.”

“You can believe what you’re seeing. She has come for you. She loves you.”

“He’s taking her hand. They’re together in the Light.” We sighed with great relief. I thanked I AM for this blessing.

Marjie said, “I want to clean my insides. He left a big mess behind him.”

“Let the pure Light of I AM wash throughout your body, cleansing any impurities.”

“It is done. I’m clean again, but I’m exhausted.”

Another highly resistant spirit caused us some anxiety, but on this occasion Light Mother helped us to eliminate it. Marjie was entranced when I asked:

“Are you ready to come back now?”

“No. I’m hearing a voice but I don’t recognize it.”

“Listen closely and hear what it has to say. Perhaps this voice will speak aloud through you.”

A softer, emotionless voice said, “You wish to speak to me?”

“Why are you here?”

“I am here to torment her.”

“Why would you want to do that?”

“It gives me pleasure.”

“Can you see the Light?”

“Yes.”

“If you enter it, you will experience more love and pleasure than you can imagine. Wouldn’t you like to have that?”

“No.”

“If you receive pleasure from hurting others, I believe that you must have suffered also. Have you been tormented?”

“I feel nothing.”

“Do you want to feel, to experience joy?”

“It’s sad that you can feel nothing, yet you say causing pain gives you pleasure. How can both be true?”

“I prefer to be this way.”

Our Interdimensional Family

“Why did you choose Marjie? When did you arrive?”

“I entered her when she was near her father. He had plenty to spare.”

“She is a sacred vessel. You will not be allowed to stay for the purpose of causing her pain. She was chosen by I AM and is protected by the Light of I AM and his Hosts.”

“I refuse to leave.”

Marjie struggled and grasped her throat. Fearing she might be injured, I shouted, “I order you to leave in the name of the Father! All helping spirits, join me in casting this one out! Alta Sha! Perithnea! Adam! Mother! However many Hosts are needed, join us to make this one leave!”

Marjie said in her own voice, “Alta Sha won’t help!”

“Why not?”

“Because he has other preparations to make.”

“He must know that we can do this without him. You will not be allowed to stay!”

Marjie said, “I’m getting very tired. Please count me up.”

I did so, but she required two series of ten numbers to become fully alert.

“Why do you think Alta Sha refused to give us help when we needed it?” she asked.

“He must want us to do this by ourselves, but I don’t know why.”

“I’m getting tired of all these spiritual invasions! It’s really making me angry!”

“Good. You should be angry. Use your anger to help you get rid of this spirit.”

“They had better watch out, because if they get me really angry, I will strike out, and I won’t be very careful about how I do it.”

“You may have to use your own sword of Light on this one.”

“I think that’s what Alta Sha meant for me to do, use my own power. It won’t do for me to drive through Bruceton tomorrow when I go to get Bart. My father lives there, and I feel like I want to get a weapon and hurt him.”

“It won’t do you any good to destroy his body.

“This spirit would still exist. We’ll have to work on this some more when you’re not so tired.” We both felt a bit abandoned by Alta Sha.

I woke around 5:30 the next morning and couldn't go back to sleep, so I dictated reports before Marjie woke up. She went to get Bart and I worked at building an enclosure for our new fireplace until lunchtime. The rhythm of my work wasn't as smooth as usual because of my worry about Marjie's possessing spirit. I prayed that I AM's will would be done and hoped that our spirit guides would give us more advice.

Marjie was weary when she arrived at home after taking Bart back to his grandmother's house that afternoon. "I don't know why I'm so tired," she said. "I was at Huntingdon and suddenly I felt completely exhausted. I think it was because of that spirit. I prayed all the way home for help to get rid of it, but I don't think I can do it by myself. Let's ask Mother what to do."

That suited me just fine, and without waiting for a count, she entered a trance. I prayed aloud for immense Light to protect and heal Marjie and asked her to also pray for Light.

She said, "It's not necessary. There's more Light than I've ever seen in this room right now. Mother is here. She's holding up a picture of me and saying, *You have to enter into this one to find the spirit and bring it out.* I don't know how to do that."

"Oh yes you do. You are now in your etheric body. It can enter into your physical body without any problem."

"Okay. I'm visualizing that." I put my hand over her body to try to force out the spirit with Light energy, but she waved it off. "Don't get near me," she warned. "I'm searching for it and I have to bring it out."

I waited, focused on sustaining a high level of spiritual energy, and felt a tingling in my spine. Marjie's golden aura swirled with purple and lavender. I said, "You are a warrior, a soldier of God. You can do this. Use your Light to find it."

"I've got it!"

"Bring it out!"

"I gave it to Mother. She's going to take care of it. She is singing now. Can you hear it?"

"It's very loud. Thank you for helping us, Mother."

"You can count me up now." I did. "Mother kept getting bigger and bigger when we started. I thought she was getting too big until I went right inside of her and saw the Light there. When she held the

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picture up to me and told me to go inside, she told me to remember how I had gone through that keyhole.”

“I was thinking the same thing, that if you went through the keyhole, you could go inside yourself.”

“Then I remembered the lessons Nuke taught me about how to let my spirit enter another's body and to know how it felt to be like them. When I did that to my own body, I found him huddled in a dark corner. I reached out and grabbed him, even though I didn't want to touch him. I held him at arm's length. He was rather small and had a jagged face, as if it had been broken into pieces. I pulled him out and gave him to Mother. She got very large and held her faces close to him and made a terrible noise like a scream. I saw it being partially destroyed, but Mother wouldn't let me watch everything that she did to it. She took it where I couldn't see. When she came back, I knew that Mother would never do that to me. I ran and jumped into her arms, and we stroked each other like two snakes. I felt fine after that. I asked her to give me energy for tonight.”

I felt great relief, but was quite tired from the intense focus I had maintained while anticipating a battle with the resistant spirit. Tense energy still throbbed within and I knew I should rest.

Due to the stresses of our everyday lives, Marjie often felt she needed to return to the Throne of God for relief:

“Do you wish to go to your Father?”

“Yes.”

“Do you see Alta Sha?”

“He wants me to fly with him. I don't have to wait outside the gates this time.”

Not wanting to distract her from its glory, I didn't ask for a description of her visit. Instead I closed my eyes and saw brilliant blue-violet Light, brighter than ever before. When I opened them, tears were streaming down Marjie's face, although she was smiling.

An expression of deep serenity replaced her smile. “Are you finished?” I asked.

“Yes. I am to tell you what I have seen.”

“Should I count you up first?”

“No, I’ll tell you now. When I entered the doors I went directly to the feet of God. I asked Him to take away my pain. He embraced me and asked me to give my pain to Him, which I did. He then told me to notice where I was seated. I looked around and saw thousands of faces. Many had forms I have not seen before but I recognized many who are guardian angels. Some had the appearance of children. Others were like Mother, and others were like the grays. God told them, *This is my child. You will do whatever she needs.* It was not an order or command, just something that was understood. Because I am a child of God, all of them would automatically do whatever I need. Just as they worshipped Him, they would provide for His daughter. He told me to smile upon the people after he took away my pain.”

As might be expected, Marjie had difficulty accepting that she was no longer in an abusive relationship and that it was alright for her to enjoy being in a benevolent environment in spite of being separated from her sons. Sometimes her dreams were very helpful:

Marjie suddenly woke up from a nap and quite excitedly said, “In my dream I felt hands pulling at me, trying to get me to go back to where I used to be. I finally pulled free and knew where I was supposed to be. I’ve been trying to be in a place where I don’t belong. Now I know where I belong.”

“Where is that?”

“I belong with I AM and where all the blessings of I AM are available to me. I’m so happy I understand now!”

“So am I. It has taken you a long time to accept that.”

“Now I know that I don’t need to go back to where my boys are. I belong in the Light of I AM. I need to bring them forward to where I am now instead of trying to go back to where they are.”

Alta Sha said, “There is rejoicing because Pearl has found her true home. The Father is the oyster shell and you are the lining of the shell in which she nestles. Now that this Pearl has nestled, like a real pearl, she grows in spirit, but the day will come when this Pearl will be harvested.”

“Who will do the harvesting?”

“I AM.”

Our Interdimensional Family

Through trance sessions, Marjie and I learned that shortly after her father began to molest her, she had been contacted by extraterrestrials and had been taken to their headquarters for comforting on many occasions. In the following instance, they took both of us into their dimension, although I didn't remember it:

Perithnea greeted me with a cheerful, "Good morning, Father Bright!"

"Good morning, Daughter Bright."

"Did you notice anything unusual?"

"Her nightgown is on backwards."

"Another doofus did that."

"They must have physically taken her last night. I hope they did something for her heart."

"When you got back, you told me that they had taken samples. She feels better, but she is sore. You should be delicate about the nightgown. She has no memory of what happened."

"How can I be delicate when it's obviously on backwards?"

Marjie went to the bathroom and said, "My nightgown is on backwards! How did that happen?" Teasing and testing her memory at the same time, I made up a story about her putting it on backwards by mistake after we made love. "I don't remember that at all!"

"Maybe you went to a party and put it on backwards by mistake."

"I had a crazy dream about being upside down in the bed. When I woke up to look, my head was at the foot of the bed."

"Perithnea said a doofus put it on backwards."

"Then they took me?"

"Yes. Finding your head at the foot of the bed or your night clothes disarrayed is almost traditional for contactees. You can't possibly overlook such things and you search for an explanation. It seems that ETs like to leave clues of a physical encounter."

At first, Marjie's channeling consumed a lot of energy, often leaving her exhausted. Alta Sha explained that channeling required her to use a part of her brain which was normally dormant, which caused a significant depletion of blood sugar. Usually she would crave sweets afterwards. Sometimes too much channeling contributed to irregular bouts of acute depression:

Marjie was crying from pain and said, “My brain feels like it’s on fire. It feels like it’s bubbling inside my head.”

“Let me count you down to help you get back some of that energy you have used up.”

Alta Sha said, “Light Mother has already sedated her and cannot give her more medication until later.”

I made suggestions to Marjie that she would be filled with Light and sent healing energy to her, but her discomfort persisted and she was very depressed.

At a loss for other options, I asked, “What else can I do to help her, Alta Sha?”

“An additional dose of antidepressant will not harm her.”

She took the medicine but was restless all night and complained of continued burning sensations throughout the next day. I did not have to work and she misperceived my perfectly normal gestures and facial expressions as indications of rejection and disapproval. She repeatedly asked if I had grown tired of her, if I didn’t care for her any more, and wanted to know what she had done to offend me, in spite of my many reassurances that my feelings toward her had not changed.

She remained in bed most of the day. At intervals I prayed for healing and shared Light with her. Alta Sha asserted that she needed bed rest. I took Bart home, and upon my return sat with her in the evening, reading aloud at bedtime as usual. The children had been quiet all day, knowing that she didn’t have the energy for channeling.

Marjie felt a little better in the morning and said, “All the children want to speak to you. They’re just standing there, waiting, but Alta Sha says that I am not to channel them now. They’re sharing their Light with me. It’s not them who are pushing to speak, it’s me pushing myself.”

“There’s no need to overtax yourself.”

Alta Sha said, “Alta Sha took Sarah within. She is now with Nucleus 8, who was expecting her.”

“I’m afraid that Marjie may not recover completely from her depression... I don’t know what to do for her that I’m not already doing.”

Our Interdimensional Family

“Mother is sedating her again so that she can have an enjoyable evening with you.”

This was helpful for a few hours until her mood took a turn for the worse, as if the medication had worn off. Marjie said, “My brain isn’t burning, but I don’t like these mood swings that I’m having at all. I still feel like the children want to speak but I don’t think I can handle that yet.”

Perithnea said, “Alta Sha said I could speak just long enough to say hello to my father. Sarah is enjoying her stay with the 8 man, but we all want to come back.”

“Perhaps tomorrow, when she’s had another night’s rest. We’ll have to wait and see. I love all of you, too.”

Marjie said, “Mother is giving me an injection in my neck like she did before.” It quickly took effect and Marjie was able to watch a video with me.

By morning her mood had greatly improved. At breakfast Perithnea said, “Alta Sha gave us permission to speak to you but we can’t talk for very long.” Adam and Sarah took turns to greet me, and all three of them channeled for short periods during the day, being careful not to tire her.

Marjie was much more sensitive than I was to the subtle energies of spirits, extraterrestrial entities, and their vessels. She could easily detect the presence of cloaked ships in the darkness of night:

Marjie came and stood beside me. ... holding hands, we admired the beautiful stars. With her acutely sensitive perception, she saw the outlines of three darkened ships above us which were invisible to me except for some slightly opaque areas within the Milky Way. However, I distinctly saw two lighted ships pass from north to south and *vice versa*, only to disappear before they should have done due to distance. Then two meteors flashed across the sky, just as they had done the night before. Marjie wept, saying, “I know that I have a family who loves me up there. Hi, Nuke! Come and get me!”

I held her in my arms and assured her, “Yes, you do have a loving family there.”

We went in the house. She said, “I want to do some trance work. I want to go to the Throne.” I counted down from five to one, and

she said, “Further. Alta Sha is pushing me down.” I repeated the count.

“He’s taking my hand. We’re flying through the stars. We’re going through the same entry as before, but I don’t have to wait outside this time. I see the magnificent Hosts on either side. Now we are at the Throne. I see millions of Hosts with their swords of power. I’m sitting at my Father’s feet.” Tears streamed down her face. “He says that He sees my Light without blemish. I know that where I am now is reality. What we call reality is not real because it is corrupt. I am truly no longer of this corrupt reality, even though I must live in it. I belong to the uncorrupted reality, and soon this is where I will stay.

“My sons love me dearly, but they have lives of their own to lead. They must follow their path, just as I must follow mine.” She released more tears as she accepted this truth.

“I have been blessed with much love, especially yours. I thought that kind of love existed only in fairy tales. You are truly my fairy tale lover, but very real. Your love has helped me in many ways to weather the storm. I AM, please take my tears.”

“You can add them to the river,” I suggested, while wiping them gently from her face.

“He is washing me with my tears. Touch me.” I continued stroking her forehead and cheeks, wiping the tears from her face, and also bathing her with them. She said, “I am finished.”

We embraced. “I love you so much, Pat.”

“And I love you, Marjie.”

“Hello, Pat,” Nuke unexpectedly said.

“Hello, 8.”

“Her vision was keen this evening.”

“I could only see voids. It was not enough to know like she did that they were really ships.”

“Oh they were too timid for that and following the protocol. Perhaps you would like to come for a visit this evening.”

“I would be delighted.”

“Very good, then.” We shared feelings of kinship through our gazes and he said, “Star Eight disconnect.”

Marjie often would say to those in ships above, “Come and get me:”

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I got up in the early hours of the morning to use the bathroom and saw two distinct flashes of light outside, which I thought might be due to lightning. I looked out the window, but saw no clouds. Marjie partly woke as I got into bed, asking, “What happened?”

“I saw some flashes of light and thought a storm might be coming, but the sky is clear.”

“I was on a ship that went straight up and straight down again. It took me to Louisiana.”

“What did you see in Louisiana?”

“Some kind of factory.”

She was only half awake, and fell back to sleep before she could give me any more details. I thought the flashes of light could have been due to the arrival and departure of the ship. I knew that what seemed like an instant in Earth time could be much longer aboard a craft and *vice-versa*.

We were awake for the day when Marjie said, “I remember levitating aboard the craft. It was a long, sleek ship designed for air travel, with control surfaces like an airplane. They let me sit in the pilot’s seat. The pilot sat behind me, and the co-pilot sat next to me. They told me not to touch anything. I was placed in a cocoon-like enclosure that conformed to the shape of my body. I guess it was to hold me in place. We flew very fast at treetop level, so low that we brushed through some of the top branches. It was scary, but they told me it would not cause an accident. I enjoyed it very much, except when we hit the tree tops.”

“Why did they take you to Louisiana?”

“They were just taking me for a ride. They thought I would enjoy it. It was great.”

Marjie continued to have physical challenges that were potentially serious, and often the extraterrestrials had to cure conditions that were beyond Earth medicine. In this instance, her brain was affected:

...As we lay down to sleep, I was projecting healing Light into her brain when Marjie said, “I hear Mother calling.”

“Good. Answer.” I counted her down.

“We are in a large operating room. There are grays here. Mother is doing something to the back of my head and wants me to be still.”

“Is it all right if I touch you?”

“Yes.” I held her hand and continued to project Light into her brain. Perithnea joined me. “Father, Mother wants to contain the area where the deterioration is happening. They will have to take some tissue. It is only a small area, but it is necessary to contain the damage.”

“That’s fine with me.”

Then Marjie said, “What is that funny smell? Something is cooking.”

“It will pass in a moment. They are cauterizing a small area in your brain. It’s a good way to prevent damage from spreading.”

“They’re injecting something like a salve there. Mother wants you to turn my head forty five degrees to the right and hold it.” I did. “Now turn it ninety degrees to the left... Now turn if forty five degrees to the right again. They are finished.

“Mother says I am not to raise my head above twenty degrees for the next three hours, and she doesn’t want me to get overheated tomorrow. I should avoid being in direct sunlight, because my visual cortex was involved. It’s important that I keep my eyes moving and not focus on anything for very long. She will be monitoring me throughout the night. The procedure went well. She asks if you will read to Sarah as usual.”

...Marjie was ready for bed when we got home. She had a slight headache and I suggested we call upon Mother. “I’m in the medical unit on the levitating table again. I see several grays and medical instruments. One of them is holding an instrument that has a slightly distorted diamond shape at the end. One end of the diamond shape is blunted and the other is sharp. The blunted end opens up like a tunnel. There’s some type of probe in it. They’re injecting something into the brain tissue through it. I see flashing lights.”

“You’re probably reacting to medications that they gave you through that probe.” The treatment was quickly over, and Marjie felt much better.

That night, we had a session about what happened in her brain. I asked Alta Sha,

“Do you have more information about the causes of Marjie’s brain problem?”

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“Not precisely. It was a combination of age, heat, and depletion of energy. It is possible for it to occur again if she is not cautious. She is at a similar age to her father’s when he developed his first symptoms.”

“Perhaps Nucleus can be more specific. Would you object if I speak to him about this?”

“Not at all. That is one of his functions in your life.”

“Thank you.”

“Thank I AM. Alleluia!”

“Alleluia.”

Marjie said, “I am so tired.”

“This can wait until later when you’re rested. We don’t want to overdo it.”

“I can hear Nucleus. He’s in the vicinity, so go ahead and speak to him.”

“Good evening, Nucleus.”

“Good evening, Pat.”

“Can you tell me the specific cause of the damage to her brain? Alta Sha said that it was a combination of age, heat, and energy depletion, but I still don’t understand why her vessels deteriorated, and what could make it happen again. Does she have a disease of the circulatory system?”

“Essentially, her blood pressure dropped to a very low level. This allowed the collapse of the small blood vessels in the portion of the brain affected. When they collapsed, the nutrients and oxygen needed by the brain cells were cut off, causing their death. An area of less than two square millimeters was involved.”

“That’s a relief. What can we do to avoid another occurrence?”

“She should avoid getting overheated. I will be monitoring this closely in the future.”

“Would exercise strengthen her heart and circulatory system?”

“It would certainly be beneficial.”

“How can we tell if she is about to have another episode?”

“There are no warning signs to serve as a red flag, but she will know when it has happened due to changes in her functioning.”

Due to the limitations of Earth’s physicians, several other serious physical conditions required the medical expertise and treatment of the

extraterrestrials. One of them was “irreparable” nerve damage that prevented her from being able to lift her left foot, due to an accidental gunshot wound in her back. Nevertheless, when the ETs took over the problem was cured within five minutes!

On another occasion, a life-threatening, rapidly mutating virus attacked Marjie’s neuro-muscular system, and even the ETs were hard pressed to develop an effective medication.

The consciousness of Sarah, a very young extraterrestrial who was known to be important to the future welfare of the Alliance, had been placed within Marjie via implants installed in their bodies. Rebellious members of the Alliance, bent on gaining control of the Alliance, attempted to kill Marjie several times. This excerpt describes one of their attempts:

Around 3:00 a.m., Marjie suddenly jumped out of bed, gasped for breath, and paced around the room. “My lungs are so congested I feel like I’m having an asthma attack. I’m trying to breathe.” I asked for assistance from Nuke and Alta Sha but got no answer. Marjie was confused and disoriented and I tried to wake her. I followed her downstairs to the kitchen and she started coughing, producing thick, yellowish phlegm.

I prayed, “We need healing, Father. Work through Nuke or Mother or Alta Sha or any other agent you choose, but help us now! Your son is calling on You for healing!” Her breathing eased but was rapid and shallow. I thought she might hyperventilate. “Breathe deeply like me, slowly and deeply, slowly and deeply, slowly and deeply.” She followed my example and her breathing was almost normal.

“My chest hurts,” she said.

“Mine is hurting too.” I silently prayed, *Don’t let me have a heart attack in the middle of her crisis. She needs my help.*

Nucleus, also gasping, said, “This reaction is not a side effect of the treatment. I have been aware of everything the whole time. The ones Candace warned us about attempted to remove Star One’s (Marjie’s) implant. As soon as they were intercepted adjustments were made to correct her breathing difficulty. It is taking her body a few minutes to respond to these adjustments. No permanent damage was done. Thank you for helping to wake her from the deep sleep which made her disoriented. All is well now.

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“Because of connections through her spider web link, removal of her implant could have caused the deaths of several others. The culprits were attempting to eliminate all of them.” I was stunned. Our whole family and circle of connected friends would have been wiped out.

“Thank God you caught them in time. I was worried. Thanks for your help.”

“We will talk more later.” He withdrew and I explained what had happened. to Marjie.

“That felt awful. I thought I was going to suffocate.”

“This didn’t happen because of a screw up by the medical staff. It was a deliberate attempt to kill you and everyone who is linked to you. Nuke and his staff caught them red handed.”

“Thank God for that.”

I was exhausted and had to go to work in a few hours, so we went right back to bed. Before I drifted off to sleep Marjie said, “The house is crawling with grays. I can see them very clearly and I can feel them holding my hand and soothing me.” I took comfort in that.

Another attempt on Marjie’s life was made through her implant:

“...Everything hurts.”

I gave her some aspirin and sinus medicine, but these didn’t help her much, nor did the healing energy I projected. I then felt Mother’s touch and told Marjie to seek her help. Marjie said, “I’m in a room with Mother. The floor is slowly rotating. I can’t see any of the details. My mind is too foggy from this fever.”

...Alta Sha appeared, speaking slowly through her stupor, which was getting rapidly worse. In a weak voice, he said, “Her symptoms are caused by her immune system turning against her body. This attack, which is intended to destroy her neuromuscular system, is being made by an alien species which is quite corrupted.”

“Are they attacking because she is Sarah’s host?”

“Yes.”

“How are they doing it?”

“Through Nucleus 8’s retired System. There are links between the old System and the new System. They are using these links to give

false instructions to her implant, which is causing the changes in her body.”

“Have the perpetrators been traced?”

“No.”

“Why does I AM permit this to occur?”

“I do not question I AM.”

He held out his hand to me, and I gratefully took it. “Mother is working to help her, and I am working to help her. You have done all that you can do. We have our hands full.”

.... There was nothing else I could do. Earth’s doctors had nothing to combat advanced alien technology. I wondered why links between Nuke’s old and new Systems had been left open. I thought, *What need was there for any links, and who, other than 8, would know how to use them? Security should be tighter than ever since the last attack. Surely I AM will not allow this one to succeed. He has other plans for Marjie and Sarah.*

Marjie slept comfortably until ten in the morning. I went to see if she was ready to eat a late breakfast, and was very pleased that she had improved enough to join me at the table.

She asked, “Why did I sleep so late?”

“You’ve been ill.”

“What kind of illness was it?”

I wasn’t sure that it was a good time to tell her about another attack, so I punted. “Ask Alta Sha.”

“He says that my implant was given instructions through the links between Nuke’s old System and his new one which caused me to get sick.

“Nucleus is busy severing the links between them.”

“How are you feeling now?”

“A lot better than I did yesterday.”

“I don’t understand why I AM allows these onslaughts. How many more times will you be attacked before it’s over? I know that all challenges are for spiritual growth, and that God has His plans, but I don’t know how many more times I can go through nearly losing the people I love.” My tears flowed, but I quickly brought them under control.

Physical checkups by the ET medical staff sometimes left their mark:

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Nuke said, “Star One is due for a complete physical examination this afternoon. It won’t be intrusive. We are just checking to make sure everything is working as it should.”

When we got home Marjie said, “Mother is ready and waiting.”

“I guess we had better get started.” Marjie was quite groggy by the time I sat on the sofa with her head in my lap. She complained of an upset stomach during the brief examination. When it was over, she was ready to go to bed, but mild muscle spasms made walking difficult. At the bottom of the stairwell, Nuke said, “Here, I will help her up the stairs.”

“Why is she jerking like that?”

“We’re stimulating her brain to see how her nervous system is reacting. The nausea and upset stomach are also a reaction to testing her reflexes. It will all pass soon. We have done nothing to harm her.”

When she was settled in bed Nuke withdrew and Marjie groggily said, “I still feel pretty lousy.” I sat with her for a while until the tremors subsided. “Don’t you want to go to bed?” she asked.

“I want to take the dogs out one more time, but I’ll be right back.”

She wanted me to read, but was asleep before I reached the second page.

When she woke up she was quite upset because her tongue was entirely black. It had been pink when she fell asleep. Nuke explained, “It’s a side effect of medication she was given to protect her from any adverse effects of the tests. This isn’t the first time this has happened. She was told before we gave it to her what it was for, but she doesn’t remember.” Marjie felt better to know it was only temporary.

Approximately 10 years ago the ETs used a living mesh to successfully repair an aneurysm in one of Marjie’s blood vessels. Earth physicians are currently attempting to duplicate this feat using a metal mesh coated with bioactive material which attracts particles that strengthen the aneurism wall:

Marjie and I held another session to reinforce returning to the river of life. I accompanied her. I was suddenly drawn upward from the water through a column of pinkish-white clouds which had a brilliant

white light at their top. Upon arriving there, dark clouds lowered above me, and Marjie said, "I feel like something is trying to penetrate, although I'm having a wonderful time."

Nuke's voice urgently interrupted. "We have a problem here. We have a problem. Let go of her hand, Counselor. There is a blockage with one of the main arteries leading from her heart down her left arm." I let go and immediately projected Light into the artery, visualizing it being clear of any obstructions.

Nuke said, "We are making repairs to the artery. We have inserted a mesh in the wall of the artery in a section which was ballooning and would have burst in thirty more seconds if we had not caught it. We had to go through the carotid from the neck and down through the arm to install the mesh. I apologize for being so abrupt in my manner."

"No need to apologize, a medical emergency requires that. Thank you for your help. You saved her life."

"We are going to have to keep her sedated. She must remain immobile for twenty -four hours."

"Why is that important?"

"The mesh is a living substance and needs three days to completely grow into the artery wall. We don't want her to stretch it unnecessarily before it is fully seated."

"What about going to the bathroom and eating?"

"I have a team here who will help. There are three of them, grays. Their names are Say, Ti, and Ah."

Marjie eyes opened. "Do you have medication to give her?"

"Give her the normal medication and I will be medicating her on this end to keep her calm and make her rest."

Marjie reached for her left neck and shoulder and asked, "What happened? It hurts."

I explained why she had felt penetration, and why I had seen the dark cloud. Within seconds she was so sedated she could barely lift her head to take her pills. She then had to use the bathroom, and I wondered how she would manage it in such a state. I was incredulous as I watched her stand up and walk to the bathroom without any assistance from me, although she ought to have been staggering all over the place. This was repeated several times in the next 24 hours, showing me that Ti, Say, and Ah (the three grays who had been

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assigned to assist her) were indeed looking after her needs. She slept almost all day.

We gradually discovered that Marjie and I had physical counterparts living in Nucleus 8's dimension. These might be described as alter egos who are different physical expressions of a common Oversoul. They were aware of our existence before we became consciously aware of theirs. Their motivations are very similar to ours, but they have entirely different bodies and of course completely different day by day experiences, consistent with their environment, culture, and technology. However, our respective experiences occasionally had interdimensional effects on our counterparts. Marjie's human/gray hybrid counterpart in 8's dimension is named Star One, and Nucleus always refers to Marjie by that name. Star One is married to my counterpart, a bipedal reptilian named Ragor.

After becoming aware of Star One's existence, Marjie was often affected by things that happened to her counterpart:

Marjie and I took a walk that evening. She grabbed her right shoulder and said, "Ow! That hurts."

"What do you think is causing it?"

"I don't know, but it really hurts. The pain isn't just inside my shoulder, the skin hurts, too. It feels like I bumped it against something, but I know that I didn't. Will you take a look at it?"

"I don't see a bruise or anything. Did you do something to strain it?"

"No. I think I'd better lie down when we get back."

I persuaded her to take a couple of aspirin but the pain was still sharp after a half hour. "Maybe you'd better go to the Medical Unit."

"Okay." I waited a few minutes. "They're doing something to my arm." She fell asleep.

After several minutes Sarah said, "She has to go to the bathroom, Sound, but she is too doped up to go on her own. I'm going to help her go, but you need to hold onto her too."

"Thanks, Sarah." I supported Marjie and we shuffled across the room. When she was ready, I helped her back to the bed. Sarah thanked me but didn't linger.

Marjie was still sore in the morning and asked me to put an Ace bandage on her shoulder for support, which I did. At breakfast,

Joseph said, “Moses, Hope, Washi and I were playing with Star One. She accidentally tripped over one of us and hurt her shoulder pretty bad. I’m sorry, daddy!” His eyes glistened with tears.

“It wasn’t your fault. Accidents often happen when people are playing. Star One knows you didn’t want anyone to get hurt.” He grimaced with sympathetic pain. “Don’t forget that this isn’t your pain and you don’t have to punish yourself by feeling it.”

“Okay.” By nightfall Marjie’s pain was completely gone.

I was frequently told by Alta Sha and others that each of us has a pitch, or sound, which expresses our spiritual and physical condition. The higher the pitch, the more advanced we are:

Marjie said, “Lie down beside me and rub my back, please.”

I was doing that and said, “Star One?”

In her silky voice she answered, “Yes?”

“I put my hand on her belly. “How are you?”

“I am alright and the child is alright, too.”

“I’m glad.”

“Your touch is very comforting.”

“I want it to be.”

“Nucleus 8 has been teaching me a new word. It is very powerful.”

“What is it?”

“Alleluia. It has many meanings. It is vast. Do you know it?”

“Yes.”

“Your eye is bothering you, isn’t it?”

“Yes, it’s irritated.” She held the back of her hand over my eyelid for a few moments. I felt my sinuses loosening up and beginning to drain.

“Do you feel the heat?”

“Yes. It’s helping my sinuses.”

I heard a noise at the side of the room. “What was that?”

“The medical team.”

“I’m glad they are here.” I recalled that around six in the morning, I twice heard a beautiful chiming tone that emanated from Marjie. I had asked Nuke what caused it, and he said it was Star One’s pitch. “I heard your pitch this morning. It was beautiful.”

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“I was matching your tone.”

Star One was much more serene and confident at that time than Marjie was. Becoming more familiar with her helped Marjie to acquire some of Star One’s composure:

...Marjie woke up in the middle of the night, crying and nauseous over a nightmare in which she was evicted from her home. I asked Breath to show me how to help her relax. Then it occurred to me to ask her, “Do you remember how you looked when you saw yourself in the mirror that Nuke handed to you during your last treatment?”

“Yes.”

“Enter your reflection. Experience the consciousness of the one you see in the mirror.”

She smiled and, as Star One, was suddenly eager to make love. At the moment of orgasm, she wept. I asked, “Why are you crying?”

“Some of these missions are just too hard.”

“It has been hard, but do you remember the purpose of the mission?” She nodded. “Do you still think it is a good plan? Do you still want to carry it out?”

“Yes.”

“Then you can help by revealing more of yourself to Marjie. She will have more confidence and be more at ease about doing what she has to do. Can you do that?”

“I can certainly try.”

“I would appreciate it.” Star One fell asleep.

I encouraged Marjie to experience Star One’s serenity when she was unduly anxious:

“You have been aware of being Star One in Nuke’s dimension. Why don’t you try to unite with her?”

At this point, the sound of two planes, one right after the other, passed low over the house.

Marjie said, “Incoming craft, two of them.”

“I hear a third now. Perhaps your other personality is trying to help.”

"I'm feeling myself as Star One. I feel her spirit entering my body. The process is reversed. Instead of me entering her, she's entering me."

"What do you feel?"

"Deep peace and serenity. Everything is rotating. Perhaps I will learn to breathe out." Marjie forcefully exhaled several times. "I feel a deep vibration in my chest when I breathe out which seems to be pulling me along with it, as if it wants me to leave my body."

"Keep doing that. Star One is trying to help you." Her entire body shimmered with a new Light. I expected her to rise off the bed at any moment.

Suddenly opening her eyes, she said, "It's not working."

"What went wrong?"

"I felt as if I was rising up, but then I felt my hand on the bed and I knew I really wasn't. I was so disappointed I came right out of it."

"Ask Alta Sha why you're having so much difficulty."

"He already told me that I was afraid."

"Maybe you just need a little more practice. Do you want to try again?"

"Yes."

"Okay, this time let Star One lead you, and don't keep testing to see if you can feel your body in the bed. Let your mind leave completely."

Entranced again, she said, "Star One tells me to do the breathing out again, and then to lift one of my legs. If I do that, I will only be lifting one of my physical legs, and that won't satisfy me. I give up." She came out of the trance. "I don't know why I resisted Star One's suggestions. I'm disappointed in myself."

"You accomplished half of what you wanted to do. You were aware of Star One's feelings and thoughts and sensations, weren't you?"

"Yes. I could feel her head about here." She pointed halfway down her chest.

"She is mostly a gray, and that's probably how tall she is. You haven't melded that closely with her before, have you?"

"No."

"You felt her peace, didn't you?"

"Yes."

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“Then you accomplished quite a bit. That’s worth more than levitation.”

Star One channeled through Marjie infrequently, and most of the time when she did, it was because she wanted me to make love with her in order to have another baby! It wasn’t clear to me why Star One wanted me to make love to her when my counterpart, Ragor, was readily available in her dimension. It also wasn’t clear why making love to Marjie’s body would cause Star One to become pregnant, but Star One inevitably did get pregnant each time she wanted to. I think Ragor and I could have been making love to her and Marjie simultaneously and that Star One wanted to share the enjoyment she knew I would experience by being the father of children who would live in her dimension. However it may have worked, we conceived two boys and a girl. Each of them began to channel soon after their births and at intervals thereafter. They had very distinct personalities, were very loveable, and all went through a rapid growth process. The first, Washi, was definitely reptilian. Hope and Moses had a perfectly human appearance. Considering that *homo sapiens* is a genetically engineered species with DNA from a variety of sources, this was not too surprising.

When acutely depressed, Marjie would have doubts about the reality of her channeling, which would cause even more anxiety:

“Sometimes when I look at my hands, I realize that I’m not looking at them with my own eyes, but through someone else’s, and sometimes I don’t even know whose eyes they are. I feel as if I am no one.” My reassurances weren’t effective. I recommended that she take an increased dose of her medication, and Sarah and Perithnea recommended that she go to bed early. She was lying down when 8 tearfully said, “I would never do anything to hurt Star One.”

“I know. I don’t hold you responsible for what happened. What can we do to help her?”

“We are going to put her into a deep sleep so she will rest and we want to do it at the Station. Will that be all right?” he was sobbing.

“Yes.”

“Can we do it now?”

“Yes. Marjie, they’re going to take you to the Station.”

“No Pat, you mustn’t let them do anything to me. Can’t you see that you are being deceived? Can’t you see that you are being fooled?”

She hadn’t talked like that for two years. “No matter where you are, Marjie, you are in the loving arms of Breath. You are surrounded by love and protection. Breath will not let any permanent harm come to you. You are His chosen one, His child. You are too important to let any harm come to you. It will be alright. Nucleus and Mother are not going to harm you in any way. They are going to help you sleep, and that’s all.”

She stopped crying and fell asleep very quickly.

After a few moments her eyes opened. Star One snuggled against me and said, “What are your needs?”

“My only need is for Marjie to feel better.” I stroked her hair.

“You are comforting to me. That is very soothing. She has been taken to the sleep chamber, where people go who need calming and relaxation.”

With Perithnea acting as her guide, Marjie would sometimes visit the Plane of Books, a most interesting place. She described it as having a low ceiling and thousands of tomes randomly piled up and completely covering the floor for as far as she could see. When looking for a particular book, Perithnea would burrow through them like a groundhog until she found it. The books had magical properties, such as allowing a person to enter one of their pictures. The book Perithnea selected often held clues about our next adventure or revealed historical events at a particular location. In this example, Nucleus 8 was determined to learn the true name of an angel in human form to whom he was emotionally attached, and sought the answer in the books. He said to me:

“All angels have a name.”

“Tanner said she was *Reigning Dove*.”

“That’s a human name. I don’t think he would have named her if he realized that she already had an angelic name. I think Perithnea and Star One can find the name if they go to the place of books and search for it.”

“That’s a definite possibility, if they are allowed to search. We shall see.”

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When supper was finished, Marjie said, “I feel like there’s something I’m supposed to do.” I explained what Nuke wanted.

“Alright, I’ll do that.”

We started the trance session with prayer. Perithnea was waiting for Marjie but said, “We can’t go unless Alta Sha says it’s all right. He says we can, but first we have to play on my swing.” They swung until they could go no higher, and both jumped off and made a perfect landing in the place of books.

Marjie said, “It’s still a mess. They’re scattered all over the floor, instead of on the shelves.”

“The books won’t stay on the shelves. They fall off,” Perithnea said.

“I see a book which is shining very brightly. I know it’s the one we’re looking for,” Marjie said. “I’m going toward it.” She suddenly grabbed her side near her armpit, began coughing, and said, “A sword.”

“A sword, what do you mean, a sword?”

“There’s a sword sticking in me.”

“Where did it come from? What’s it doing there?”

“There’s a big angel here with a sword.

“He’s sticking it in my side, but it’s all right. I’m going to go get that book anyway.” She removed her hand from her side, but grabbed it again.

“Find out who it is with the sword, and why he is sticking you with it. Maybe you aren’t supposed to go to that book.”

Determined, she said, “It’s alright. I’m going to go to that book.” She coughed deeply as the angel kept stabbing her. “I’m there now. I have it. I see a cream colored page but it’s blank. I’ve turned it to the next page, which is numbered 50. This is the Table of Contents. The book is divided into different sections. One section is Duties, another is Placements, another is Songs to Be Sung, and here’s Identifications, on page 58. I’m turning to that section. I feel the sword again, but I’m still going to look.

“I see a guard and the word VEIN. You pronounce it Vee in. It is the name of masculine guards with swords of Light, the army of God. It’s a Vein that’s poking me with the sword. It isn’t really hurting me, just making me uncomfortable and making me cough. Now I’m turning to page 59. I see something that looks like a

silhouette, but it's silver. It's a kind of angel called a SILVETTE. They are very pure angels and give their purity to the Creator, which is all they do.

"Now I'm on page 60. I see the word AL. This is a type of angel which is a guide and guardian, like Alta Sha. They all have a name which begins with AL, and they are both masculine and feminine. One name I see is AL OHA; another is AL VING; another is AL NYE; another is AL LOH; another is AL BE. There are very many of these.

"Now I'm on page 61. This page refers to locations within creation. Creation is divided into nine commands, but I know that isn't quite the right word for them. Amy is in one of the nine divisions. I can feel her angelic name. It comes as a word that has to be sung. It is not in a written language."

"Perhaps you can sing it and I will try to spell it phonetically."

"It sounds like Lyyyyyeeaaarrryyynn." She spelled it, "*Lieryn*." Then Perithnea sang it for me, and Marjie sang it again.

"Did she come when you called?"

Marjie smiled. "Yes. I'm finished now. It's time to close the book."

"Are you going to guide mother back, Perithnea?"

"Yes." A moment passed, and Marjie was with me. "How did *Lieryn* look when she came to you? Was she in her physical form?"

"I saw her in both her Light and her physical form. She looked at me with very loving, gentle eyes and told me that I had seen enough and it was time to close it."

...I lay down beside Marjie, ready to go to sleep. Marjie, lying on her stomach, rose up on her elbows and looked at me with an expression that was not hers. I didn't realize it was Alta Sha until he said, "She is singing the name correctly, but the spelling in your language is wrong. It should be *Lyrn*."

"Thank you for the correction."

I was about to drift off when Nucleus appeared. "We found your angel's name," I said.

"I am grateful, but I also feel like I am in over my head."

"I'm too sleepy to talk about it right now. I need a nap."

He was waiting when I woke up and said, "I have been learning more about her, and I still feel like I'm in over my head. Every time I

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get some confidence, something happens to make me realize this is too deep for me. I feel like a crumb.”

“If she weren’t intended for you, you wouldn’t be receiving this information.”

“I talked to Mother. I told her that I had learned that each type of angel has a certain tone associated with it, a combination of pitches. If you knew all of the tones and sang them in the proper order, then you would connect with the Creator in a new and unexpected way. Mother said I was right.”

“We already know about four types, so there’s only five left.”

“Aren’t you overwhelmed by all this?”

“Not really, I’m just taking it as it comes and waiting to see what’s going to happen.”

“How do you do that?”

“I was in awe in the very first session I had with Marjie and she went to heaven. I was in awe the first time I spoke to Perithnea, and the first time I spoke to Alta Sha. I was in awe the first time I spoke to you.”

“Now I guess it’s just normal to you.”

“I wouldn’t say that. How did you figure out that if you sang all of the tones in the proper order, you would be connected with the Creator in a new way?”

“It’s knowledge I didn’t know I had.”

“You mean, like a forgotten memory?”

“Not a memory.”

“If it’s not a memory, what is it?”

“A memory is some experience that you have had.”

“Where did the knowledge come from?”

“Someone planted it there. I think Amy has stimulated me to realize that I knew it.”

“Why would you know it if you weren’t supposed to use it?”

“I think I need to step back and think about all this.”

“You need to decide if you intend to continue along this line or not. If not, it’s like saying Breath doesn’t know what is best for you, or He doesn’t know what he is doing.”

“That’s right.”

“Perhaps you are about to find out that you are an angel, too.”

“Mother said Amy’s ego was preventing her from remembering her full identity, and if the letters LY are painted in cedar ash on her forehead, it will unlock her knowledge.”

“Then that’s what we will have to do. For now, I have to go and clean up the kitchen.”

“Thanks for talking to me about this.”

“You are quite welcome.”

During our fourteen-plus years of marriage, Marjie weathered many physical and emotional storms with courage and faith. She endured far more tragedies than most humans could have without giving up. According to her Higher Self and to Alta Sha, she had planned to have a lifetime of suffering because it was a path to spiritual growth that would make another human incarnation unnecessary. I am amazed that she was able to survive all that she went through before we met and afterwards due to her willingness to unselfishly and with great love, allow her body to be used as a refuge for others. If those she accepted had not returned her love, she would not have survived the attempts to take her life. Fortunately, the conspirators who tried to kill her on several occasions were exposed and dealt with, which ended the attacks from that quarter. Nevertheless, her body had undergone so much stress that she was vulnerable to depression, then to breast cancer, and finally to fibromyalgia.

Her inspirational battle with breast cancer was successful, but the fight with fibromyalgia has been a different story, causing her a great deal of chronic pain and fatigue which she has endured with fortitude and grace, although at times it has rendered her a semi-invalid. When the disease began to fully manifest, Nucleus 8 would often channel for hours to give her relief from the pain. In fair weather, he often sat outside reading whatever book she had started.

Marjie learned to use the internet and communicated with people far and wide. Nucleus also got involved and became an active participant in a chat group, using that format to teach people about his society and advising humans about their need to seek spiritual growth. Perithnea also joined in, obtained her own email address, and started a faery adoption service!

Marjie’s social networking eventually led her to request a divorce in order to go to Egypt and to marry an Egyptian ex-general who told her many lies in order to obtain money from her. That marriage was officially annulled when his fraudulent use of her funds and giving her a drug that caused her to

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hallucinate were exposed. Fortunately, she soon met and married Sherif, an Egyptian who deeply loves her. She adopted Islam as her true religion and her new Muslima name, Maryam. We communicate frequently via the internet. Although the dry, warm Egyptian climate has somewhat reduced the severity of the fibro, it is progressive, and she has very little stamina and must rely on Sherif's physical support. Meanwhile, she continues to spread her love via the internet and her pure intentions. We will always be bonded in spirit.

Chapter Two

Perithnea

Although Perithnea did not reveal her name until a few months after her first appearance, she was first to be channeled. Marjie had been re-admitted to a psychiatric ward due to recurrent suicidal impulses resulting from her husband's verbal abuse. Upon arrival she spoke in a childlike voice and was placed in isolation under a suicide watch. I attempted to evaluate her at the request of the staff, but was challenged by the child-like entity, who told me she had set Marjie aside to protect her from the stress of answering any more questions about her problems. I convinced the entity that I would not test the boundaries she had placed on the interview, and obtained her permission to give Marjie suggestions that would help her relax. After several hours, Marjie's personality re-emerged, but the childlike entity, whom she called Little One, remained active and began to draw pictures and to write notes to her, to the psychiatrist, and to me, in the primitive script of a young child. After Marjie had been discharged to outpatient care, Little One scolded her counselor because he did not give Marjie any advice and would not acknowledge that she was a real, separate person. In my second, outpatient hypnotic session with Marjie, Little One made it quite clear that she would take over again if my exploration of traumas caused Marjie too much anxiety. From the beginning I considered Little One to be an asset because she also wanted to protect and help Marjie, so I willingly explained my approach:

“I will let her explore them at her own pace, so that she isn't overwhelmed by them.”

“How do you do that?”

“Maybe it would be best if I gave a demonstration. Do you know of something that scares you that we could work on?”

“Yes. I don't like snakes. She doesn't like them much, either.”

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“Okay, we can work on that. First I have to make sure that you’re good and relaxed, so I’m going to help her and you do that.” I counted down from ten with instructions to relax and suggested that she go to her little boat and into the loving Light at the end of the tunnel. Then I said, “Would you like to take a trip with me?”

“Where are we going?”

“I thought we might go to the zoo. Do you like the zoo?”

“Oh yes. I’d like that.”

I described a walk through the zoo, pointing out the various animals, and we came to the Reptile House. “Would you like to go inside with me?”

“Yes. It’s nice and warm in here. Look at those turtles over there. Aren’t their shells pretty?”

“Yes, and I like the little red marks on their necks. I think they call them red eared turtles. Look at those with the big mouth and the hook on them like a bird’s beak. Those are snapping turtles.”

“There are some crocodiles. They can really bite, too,” she said. I was delighted that she was taking the initiative in this imagined trip. It was obviously very vivid for her, which was important for successful desensitization.

“There are the snake terrariums. Look at all the pretty colors. Some have very beautiful markings, and they’re not at all slimy like some people think. They are really clean and dry and very smooth. They feel good to touch. Here comes the zoo keeper. I’m going to ask him to do us a special favor and take us behind the cages to where he feeds them. Would you like that?”

“Yes.”

“He’s going to take one of them out of the cage so you can see him up close. He’s picked a little one with stripes on it. They call it a garter snake. Can you see it?”

“Yes.”

“He’s holding it behind the head so that it can’t bite. Would you like to try touching it? If you think you would, take your time. You can just put one finger on it if you want to. He can’t hurt you. I used to play with snakes when I was a teenager. A friend of mine kept them and we would let them crawl on us.”

“This is fun! I like this snake! Can I hold him?”

“Sure, until the keeper has to put him back up.” A few moments passed.

“I’m finished now. He’s going back in the cage.”

“Did you enjoy the trip?”

“Oh yes. Can we take another trip someday?”

“Sure, I’d like that. Now that you’ve seen how I work, would you let me talk to Marjie?”

Marjie answered. “Little One says you are a nice man and that I should trust you and you can help me.”

Several sessions later, when Marjie was entranced, Little One asked if I would play with her. She had complained before that Marjie’s outpatient counselor wouldn’t do that. If I could obtain her trust and assistance by doing so, I was quite willing:

“Sure. What do you want to play?”

“You have to use your imagination. Shh! She whispered, “Can you hear that noise?”

I whispered back. “Yes. What do you think it could be?”

“Let’s go look. You have to make yourself very small. Now we’re going to creep through this tall grass and look for it. Can you do that?”

“I’ll try.”

“Okay. Now we will go very slow and quiet. I found it! It’s a little yellow snake! A ribbon snake. Isn’t it pretty?”

“Oh yes. What are you going to do with it?”

“Make a ribbon out of it, of course.”

Marjie laughed and said, “I can see Little One. She has got this big grin on her face and she has a yellow ribbon in her hair, but it’s a snake!”

I understood the wisdom of Little One’s antics. She had reminded me that I helped her forget her fear of snakes, and that I needed to help Marjie overcome her fear of the foggy bed.

“Now she’s showing me how to mow grass. She has one of those toy mowers that little kids use, the kind that makes noise when you push it, only hers makes music, and you can see the notes popping out of it.

“What’s she doing now? That’s ridiculous!”

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“What do you see?”

“She’s showing me a cow, but I can only see the back half of it. It’s one of those black and white dairy cows. The tail is wagging. Now she’s showing me a wagon but only the front half. Somehow it works. Now I see half of a ball and half of a table. How can that be? It’s silly! Now she’s saying, Why use more than what you need? If you only need half of something to do the job, that’s all you have to use. I don’t get it.”

I didn’t get it either until we held another session a few days later to deal with another severe headache. A typical search for its origin was unsuccessful, leading me to suggest:

“Well, if that approach doesn’t work, maybe we should just deal directly with the pain instead of its origin. Want to try again?”

“Okay.” She quickly went under and said, “My guard is here. He’s rushing me into the Light. The Hosts are urging me forward. We are at the foot of the Throne.” Perplexed, she asked, “How will I get up to Him? My Lord is coming down to my level! He has a human form, but I can’t see any distinct features. He wants me to give Him my pain. I am handing my head to Him. He’s holding it in his arms and he’s healing it!” Heartfelt tears of joy, awe, and relief flowed. Her eyes opened.

“Are you out of the trance?”

“I don’t know, but I can see what’s going on here in the room and I can see what my Lord is doing too! It’s like half of me is here, and half of me is there and I know what’s going on in both places at once. This is neat! My head is back in place and the pain is gone. I see Little One. She is telling me to take two aspirin and go play.”

Marjie was no longer entranced. I said, “That was quite a surprise, wasn’t it?”

“Yes. It was so amazing when He took my head in His hands, and then I could sense what was going on in both places at once.”

“You said it was like half of you was here and half was there. So I guess Little One was preparing you before by showing you that only half of things could still function, and saying that if only half was all you needed, that was enough.”

“That’s right!”

Perithnea

Little One taught Marjie a valuable lesson about suffering:

In Marjie's next trance session, Little One told us her name. "It's Perithnea. Make sure you spell it right. *Perithnea*." I wrote it down just as she spelled it.

Marjie said, "She wants me to look right into her eyes. My God!" Marjie recoiled, anxious and fearful. "That's terrible! Why did you show me such an awful thing! What kind of monster are you anyway?"

"What on earth happened?"

"I see ugly, deformed faces of people in there! I'm calling my Hosts! They're here. They've drawn their swords of Light and are ready to slay her. All I have to do is give the word. Maybe I should!"

I was genuinely afraid she might order Perithnea's death. "There has to be some reason why she's showing you those awful faces. Give her a chance to explain. She's never done anything to hurt you."

"She says that I'm seeing a place where I once was myself, with these suffering people.

"I'm sorry Perithnea. I thought you were trying to scare me. I thought they were inside of you. I'll send the Hosts away." Was I relieved!

"She wants me to look into her eyes again. These people are in a real place that exists right now and she's asking me to go there with her.

"We are traveling. We have arrived. These people are all miserable. They know nothing about the Light of God." She spoke to them. "All of you all have God's Light within you. He created you with it. Use your Light; make this place brighter." There was a brief pause. "It's working. That's it. Keep going.

"A sentry is standing over there. I'm sending him some of my Light, and he's getting brighter. He's laughing with joy! Keep the Light bright here. If you need more of my help, call on me anytime." She looked at me and said, "I'm finished now." I counted her up.

"For a few minutes there, I thought we were going to lose Perithnea. I don't think I could stand that," I said.

Our Interdimensional Family

“I’m glad she wasn’t showing me something inside her. That place was awful. It feels so good to know that I helped them to find their Light.”

“Even when she shows you something that seems bad, there’s always a good lesson behind it that can make you happy.”

Perithnea loved puns and word games, which usually made me laugh:

“Where I live, we have apples and peaches and pumpkins that can fly. Do you know why?”

“Nope, why?”

“Haven’t you ever heard of fruit flies? Actually, you say it backwards. It should be flying fruits.” I laughed at her little joke. “Did you know that peanuts can see? They have a little eye on one end and they use it to look out for elephants. Elephants keep all kinds of things in their trunks, you know. Some of them are very special treasures that they keep, but if it’s something that they don’t want, they just blow it out. Bye.”

I was still smiling at her silliness when Alta Sha returned. “You have much patience with Perithnea.”

“I enjoy her very much. It doesn’t take patience for me to be with her.”

“Many others would have turned away from her foolishness. They would have missed a great blessing. She is a very special entity which does not assume a human form.”

“Is she a faery?”

“Yes. They are very rare.”

“Were there ever more of them than there are now?” I wondered if they lived forever.

“No.”

We came to love Perithnea so much, we couldn’t tolerate the possibility of losing her. Marjie said:

“I see Perithnea.” She smiled, but then looked immensely sad. “She’s carrying a suitcase. She’s getting ready to go somewhere. She says it’s about time for her to go away! She says I’m getting so strong that I don’t need her anymore!”

Perithnea

A huge wave of grief washed over us. I couldn't bear the idea of losing this precious child who had given us so much love. My voice breaking with tears, I asked, "Perithnea, do you have to go now? I don't think Marjie can take it if you leave her. Can't you wait a while? Does it have to be tonight?"

She answered in a soft voice, "She's just about all grown up now. She doesn't need me like she used to. She's strong. She can protect herself."

"We don't want to lose you! Can't you stay anyway?"

"I'll have to go look in the faery book."

"The one with all the names in it?"

"No, this is a different book. This is the rule book for faeries. I don't know if I'm allowed to stay or not. Can Marjie go with me?"

"Of course."

Marjie said, "I've found the book. It's so beautiful! It's full of faeries and sparkles of Light!"

"I want you to look at it with me," Perithnea said. "It says that I can stay if I want to, and if you ask me to. But if I stay, I can never leave."

"We love you, Perithnea. I don't know what we would do without you. Please don't go," I cried.

"Then take my hand."

Marjie sat with arms enfolded before her, hugging Perithnea, and I took one of her hands. "No, I mean really hold it," Perithnea said. I concentrated harder on feeling Perithnea's small hand. "Now you're stuck with me," she said.

Marjie and I joyfully hugged each other. "Don't squash her," she warned. "She's sitting on your lap." The image of Perithnea being squashed between us made me smile. I was thrilled to the core by this wonderful gift from I AM. I knew that I was receiving all the love from a child that I could want.

"It's fun being a wart," Perithnea joked.

"You must be a wart on a frog, you jump around so much," I quipped.

"You better not kiss me!"

"Why? Will it make you turn into a prince, or will I turn into a frog?"

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“No, you might get warts on your lips. It’s hard to suck through a straw with warts on your lips!”

I laughed even harder, mostly from the tremendous relief of knowing she would never leave us.

Perithnea asked me to have a session with her so we could travel together:

“Okay, but I’m not sure I know how to take a trip with you.”

“Remember the trip we took to the zoo? We can take one like that.”

“You were afraid of snakes and that gave me the idea. Is there some other need you have that will give me an idea of where to go?”

“Take me on the kind of trip that you do with mother. You can be the first human to hypnotize a faery.”

“I’m willing to try.”

“Are you going to take notes? This is a first!”

“I always keep notes in my head and dictate them later. Are you ready to start?” I counted her down. “Five.”

“One.”

“Four.”

“One.”

“Okay, take one more step into a deeply relaxed state each time I say One.”

When I reached the fifth One, I saw no outward signs of a trance, but she was a faery, so I continued, “Do you see the bright faery tree?”

“Yes. It looks like a pine tree or cedar tree with Light shining out of it.”

“That’s the one. The faery village is located in that tree. Come with me into the Light within the tree.”

“Okay. I see a lot of trees,” she brightly said. “This is a beautiful faery street. It’s an old fashioned, tree lined street. Everyone on it is a faery. There are faery shops on both sides, and horses and carriages. There are child faeries trying to learn how to fly.”

I asked, “Do faeries reproduce?”

“Yes. The adults who want to create a new faery have to concentrate on making it appear, and then it will, if One agrees.”

“Have you ever tried to do that yourself?”

“No, I have enough competition already.” I laughed.

“Tell me about the shops while we stroll along the street.”

“There’s a faery clothing shop, and a faery horse shoe shop, a faery hairdresser shop, and a faery shoe shop.”

“Which one would you like to go into?”

“The shoe shop. No, I’d rather go into the bookshop. Come in with me. This is Mr. Readme, the proprietor. He’s my father.”

“He’s your father? I thought you said I was your father.”

“Would you please not interrupt our conversation? I was talking to Mr. Readme.” I laughed again. She continued, “He’s only human, you know. He doesn’t understand.” To me she said, “Mr. Readme is very pleased with our visit and we are free to look around.”

“What kind of books do you see here?”

“All kinds of books for faeries to read. They’re in several languages, including faery language, star people language, human language, sprite language, elf language and so on. There’s even a book about humans written by faeries.”

“Tell me about that book.”

“Well, the cover has a picture of a big old human. You can see all of his veins and bones and muscles. Yuck!”

“Not a very pleasant sight for a faery?”

“No!”

“What else do you see?”

“I see some little puppets.”

“What are puppets doing in a bookshop?”

“These puppets are for blind readers.” I guffawed.

“What good are puppets to a blind reader?”

“Well, they put the puppets on and the puppets can read the Braille for them.”

I laughed some more. “Why on earth would you need a book for the blind in a faery shop? Do you have blind faeries?”

“No, but we need to have something for everyone here. After the puppets read the Braille and the blind person gets ready to explain to others what was in the book, they use the puppets to do the signing. Isn’t that silly?”

I laughed harder. “It sure is. I don’t think blind people have much use for signing. You’re thinking of deaf people.”

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“They couldn't even see the puppets, could they?” She laughed, too.

“Can you describe Mr. Readme to me?”

“He’s one of the elders. He’s very round, and he has a slouch hat on, and he has a little black moustache, but no beard. He puts shoe polish on his moustache.”

“Why would a faery want to put shoe polish on his moustache?” I laughed again.

“Faery ego. Mr. Readme has all kinds of things in his shop besides books. He even has a faery horse in here.”

“What kind of horse is that?”

“Completely silver.”

“Is it alive?”

“Of course! Even his teeth are silver, and that's what he eats, silver.”

“Is he like Nightmare and Daydream?”

“No, this is a different kind. I really like the horse.”

“Thank you for letting us visit, Mr. Readme,” I said. “I’m learning more about faeries all the time. I think they’re wonderful. Perithnea has even offered me an application.”

“He says he doesn’t think you will fill it out.”

“When I am out of this body, I may seriously consider becoming a faery.”

“Everybody's listening and looking at us. Would you like to know the approximate population of this street?”

“Sure.”

“About seventy eight. They've all heard your voice and they’re coming this way. All of them want to hear you.

“Hello, how are you? This is my father. Yes, he's a human. I’m pleased to see you.” She went on in that vein for a few moments.

“Thank all of you for letting me come to visit,” I said. “I hope you are having a wonderful day, like you do every day. Humans should try to be more like you, and enjoy every day and make it important. I’m trying to teach humans about faeries.”

“They’re applauding. They think it’s grand that you are saying these things.”

“Someday people are going to listen when I talk about faeries.”

Perithnea

“Cheers and applause,” Perithnea said. Marjie yawned. “The faeries heard that and they want to know where it came from. That’s my mother. She’s human, too. They’re applauding again. It’s time for me to go. I really enjoyed our trip. You can come back here anytime you want to with or without me.”

“I enjoyed it too. It was a lot of fun. Thanks for sharing your village with me,” I said. “Bye.”

“Bye.”

Perithnea interpreted some of Marjie’s more obscure experiences for me:

On the trip homeward Perithnea said, “I think mother’s medicine needs to be increased by about a third. Her heart keeps acting up before she gets her next dose.”

“I think you’re right. Did you enjoy her dreams last night?” Marjie had dreamed of reconciling with her deceased paternal grandfather, who had been a frightening and unpleasant person in her childhood. She had also dreamed of being introduced to a number of important people at a fort-like building which actually wasn’t a fort.

“Those were memories, not dreams. The experiences she had were real. Her pitch is so high now that she is able to step into other dimensions without the help of the ETs. She visited another reality where her grandfather is still alive. The fort is real, too.”

“What advantage is there in being able to go from this dimension to another? If this is our primary dimension, shouldn’t we concentrate on it?”

“By travelling to other dimensions, you can learn a lot about other possibilities.”

“Thanks for sharing your knowledge with me.”

“You already had it. I was just rearranging it for you.” She was right again. I recalled having read of such parallel realities in *Seth Speaks: The Eternal Validity of the Soul*.

Perithnea channeled almost every day and was such an integral partner in my attempts to heal Marjie that it eventually became increasingly difficult to distinguish between them via the voice and other physical signs that were so clearly different in the beginning. She and Marjie appeared to be merging, each acquiring the other’s personality traits:

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We were clearing the table when I remarked to Marjie, “It’s getting harder and harder for me to tell the difference between your voice and Perithnea’s. Sometimes I don’t know who I’m talking to. Perithnea’s choice of words is more like yours, too.”

Perithnea surprised me by answering with tears in her eyes. “Mother is getting so strong that I can’t hold her back! I’m beginning to blend with her. I don’t want to become her, I want to stay myself. Faeries aren’t supposed to cry! We were created for gaiety and laughter.”

“It’s like you’re trying to grow up, Perithnea. You always wanted to be eight years old, but sometimes you sound like a grown woman.”

“She’s getting so strong I can’t resist the pull of her personality. If she gets much stronger and absorbs me, I will just go poof!”

I hugged her close. “I hate to see you unhappy. I don’t want you to get lost in her, either. I’m sure that we can find a way to help you get back to your normal self. Maybe if you spend more time with other faeries it will help. You used to take Marjie on little journeys. Maybe you need to do some more of that to reestablish your separateness.”

“Those are good ideas. Maybe I’m just going through a stage. Maybe I’m exploring my limits as a faery. When you explore your limits you have to hit rock bottom before you find your way back.”

“I don’t want you to have to hit rock bottom.”

“I think I hit rock bottom just now. I feel better. Thank you.”

“I’m glad you feel better. Say hello to your friends. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

Marjie agreed that she was having trouble staying separate from Perithnea and was not happy about it. She was ready to have a session when I suggested one. Upon entering the trance she said, “I can hear Perithnea, but I can’t see her.”

“What is she saying?”

“She’s saying a prayer. She says we will travel far and she will take me to a star.”

I deepened the trance. Wearing a bright smile, Marjie said, “I can see her now. We are at the faery village. Everyone is dressed like a bunny and everything is decorated for bunny day. There are bunnies in the trees and everywhere. Perithnea is introducing me to different faeries and they are all bunny this or rabbit that. The boys are rabbits

Perithnea

and the girls are bunnies, like Rabbit Adam and Bunny Purpy. Everybody's hair is sticking straight out from their scalp. They all look like Bozo the clown!

"It's clear to me that I don't belong here. It's okay to visit, but it isn't where I really belong. Perithnea says I should think about the meaning of the word belong. It is a troublesome word that can confuse a person. A person can be too long in one place. It's similar to other troublesome words like furthermore and whereas. She says that just as I don't truly belong in her world, she doesn't truly belong in mine. We are from separate dimensions, and that is as it should be. I realize now that I belong with you in this dimension. I don't belong in faery land or in that other place I dreamed of."

I said, "Perithnea, how do you feel about the situation now?"

"I feel centered in the arms of I AM. I feel very much at home in my own kingdom. I'm not afraid of becoming too involved in your dimension any more. Mother has felt for too long that she is a guest in your house, that it is not truly her home. Part of what caused her so much trouble recently is the court action. She has been reacting as if she still belongs to the same world as the one occupied by Ralph, the lawyers, the judge, and her old life. It's been pulling her back. Be careful not to suggest to her that she is a bell pepper."

I laughed at her sudden transition from serious to funny and asked, "Why not?"

"She would try too hard to be one! She's very suggestible, you know."

Some of Perithnea's faery friends came to visit and stayed to eat our dreams, which she had already explained were food for faeries:

It was late when we finally turned out the lights. I was almost asleep when Marjie said, "Look at those funny lights in the closet."

There was a foot long string of bluish white pinpoints of Light on the floor of the closet next to the bed. A couple of feet just outside the closet there was another clump of Lights which began to twinkle. Fascinated, Marjie and I watched as the little Lights moved until they also formed a line. The ones in the closet were lined up across the toe of one of Marjie's shoes. Both lines moved slowly from left to right...

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Perithnea said, “Those are some of my friends. I invited them to come.”

“How many did you invite?”

“There are twenty three of them altogether.”

“What’s the occasion?”

“It’s midsummer’s night.”

“Shakespeare wrote a play about that. In the play, the faeries get together for a special celebration. Maybe he knew something.”

“He could have. I told them it was okay to shine their Light so you could see them, but don’t get too close. I told them that you were an intelligent man and would figure out what was causing the Lights. They were happy to know that you were that smart. You should dream good dreams for us, because there’s going to be a banquet later.”

“I’ll try my best.” Marjie and I watched the display of faery Lights for about twenty minutes. They would clump together at times before stringing back out again. A small Light off to itself went out for a while but came on again when I moved back to my side of the bed. It was a little after midnight, and I said to Marjie, “You got the surprise you prayed for.” Marjie was as thrilled as I was by their enchanting display. The Lights were still there when we finally drifted off to sleep.

We learned that faeries have creative powers, can be as large or as tiny as they wish, and can appear in any form that they choose. They can traverse tiny electronic circuits to look for flaws and can affect their performance. Perithnea demonstrated that ability when we were at church listening to a singer whose microphone suddenly stopped working. The young man finished his song and as soon as he was done, the mike again worked perfectly. The man in charge of the sound system could not understand why it had stopped working because the indicator light had remained on. Perithnea later claimed she was just having fun.

Faeries can instantly travel to any dimension and participate in activities there. I wished I also had their complete freedom to thoroughly investigate any of God’s heavenly mansions in any form that they chose. Perithnea would often tell me about her adventures in other dimensions and was a source of surprising information about ours. We were returning from a UFO conference when this example occurred:

I asked, “What did you think about the presentation concerning structures on the moon? Do you think it was inhabited in the past?”

“Every planet in the solar system has been inhabited at one time or another. Your government is definitely not telling the public all that they have found on their explorations. They say they are protecting the public, which is just an excuse for keeping it to themselves, so they can keep control over the people who pay for all of it. There are people in your government who would like to conquer a race on another planet and claim it for themselves. Humans have enough problems on Earth. You don’t need to be exporting them to other planets. Humans have no right to take something that belongs to someone else and call it their own.”

“I totally agree with you.”

“I bet you wish you could see what is on Pluto.” Looking chagrined, she made a gesture of zipping her lips.

“Did you say the wrong thing?” I asked. She nodded.

She could also explore other entities :

Perithnea, who had been very quiet for the previous two days, joined me. “Where have you been?” I asked.

“I’ve just been listening and watching and playing with cats.”

“Before we left this morning one of the cats jumped on my lap, insisting that I pet him. When he looked up at me, his eyes were shining like they were reflecting a light, but there was no light in the room to cause that. It only lasted a few seconds, and even though the cat looked at me in the same way several times, the light in his eyes didn’t return.”

“That was me. I got inside of him.”

“I didn’t know you could do that! Was that why he wanted me to pet him so much?”

“Yes, my wings were tickling him.” I laughed.

Because of her chronic depression, which was largely due to the depletion of beneficial brain chemicals after a lifetime of trauma, it was necessary for Marjie to take antidepressant medication. She channeled so often and so many different entities that she could not be sure when or which one of them would manifest, which made it impossible for her to work. She was court ordered to

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seek disability status in connection with her ex-husband's demand that she pay child support, and was therefore required to be evaluated by a psychiatrist and several psychologists. Perithnea and others sometimes channeled when she was being interviewed by mental health professionals, attorneys, and an administrative law judge:

Her evaluation was conducted in Jackson. I expected her to be kept busy for up to three hours, and went about my business until the time was up. As it was, I had to wait longer than expected. I could see that Marjie was very tired when she joined me. "How did it go?" I asked.

Perithnea answered, "Before it was over, three different people interviewed her. Sarah, Joseph and I each popped out about six times. Adam just watched.

"The women Ph.D.s were agog. One came from all the way across town to get in on the interview. Mother told them that we were not fragments of her personality, but individual spirits who inhabited her body and who spoke through her for themselves, not for her. Joseph asked them if they wanted to ask him questions. They wanted to know how old he was, what kind of being he was, and where he came from. Sarah told them that she was a Teglinlin and spelled it for them. She told them she was thirty-two, the age of maturity. Joseph didn't remember his age or where he came from. I told them I was a faery.

"They wanted to know the difference between a faery and a sprite. I told them that unlike sprites, who always stay close to wood, faeries are interdimensional and can travel wherever they want to go.

"I ended it by telling them that no matter what they thought, it was my duty to protect mother and that she was tired and wasn't going to answer any more questions. I said it wouldn't matter if she was on a podium, in a classroom, or on the job, when she gets too tired I am going to make her rest. I said she had been through enough traumas, and that she had been through enough to make anyone tired. I said it was up to them to choose what to believe, because no one could prove that I am a faery. One choice would lead to their spiritual growth, and the other would not, and I hoped that they would choose to believe for their own benefit."

Perithnea

“I’m proud of you, Perithnea. You certainly gave them something to think about. I thank all of you children for helping. I wish I had been there to see the expressions on their faces when you channeled.”

Marjie said, “They told me that they had heard of you and had read some of your reports and thought highly of you.”

Perithnea also provided me with uplifting information about interspecies communication, which she said will be enhanced on a new planet which will be inhabited by rescued humans and various extraterrestrial species :

“Do faeries talk to trees a lot?”

“Yes, quite a bit.”

“What do you talk to them about?”

“We talk about Light and the spirits of the plants around them. If any of them are sick, then they say a blessing for that plant, and send healing Light to it.”

“Then they care about each other.”

“Of course they do. They aren't like humans.”

“That fits with an article I read not long ago about trees helping each other to survive by sending beneficial nutrients to those that are sick or not getting enough light.”

“That article was exactly right. They care for every living thing around them.”

“It’s a pity people don't have more appreciation for trees. Some of the trees we saw at the park were scarred from the carvings people made on them. Marjie felt their pain. Were they still feeling pain from the scars?”

“No. She felt the pain they had when it was done. They got over the scars and just kept growing. Did you know that every time there is new growth, they celebrate?”

“Do you mean that they celebrate every new leaf?”

“Yes.”

“Then they must be celebrating every few minutes.”

“They are. That's why they are so magnificent. They are always celebrating.”

“It's too bad people aren't more like trees. If they would cooperate with each other like the trees, everyone could be happy and we could

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celebrate all the time. Instead, we always seem to be competing with one another.”

“Don't you know why people do that?”

“No.”

“You know the word for it. It begins with a G.”

“Greed?”

“I told you you knew the word for it. I love my mother so much! She has gotten much stronger and I have a lot more time to be eight years old. I don't always have to be strong and tough like I did when I chose her name from the *Book of Suffering*, but I'll tell you a secret. I always have to be prepared to be tough again.”

“You are good at being tough when you have to be.”

“Things will be different in the new world. Every living thing will cooperate to make things run smoothly. That includes animals and plants as well as humans. For instance, if there is a place where you want the grass to grow short so people can walk, it will.”

“It would be great if we didn't have to use lawnmowers to cut the grass. Being on a planet where all life works in harmony would be a dream come true.”

She had more to say about the new planet at another time. I said:

“I can't understand why Earth is important to the Board when there are so many galaxies with billions of stars and planets out there.”

“Many life forms will share the new planet. Earth is important because of the Light force that is here. It's the Light that humans have which makes it important to them. You will meet other beings that are more highly evolved than yourselves, just as there are beings on Earth that are not as evolved as you. They will be in physical form, but there will be many spiritual beings inhabiting the new world who are not physical.”

“That new planet must have many ecologies to support so many life forms. I wonder what kind of structures will be built there.”

“The synthetic wood that you will use on the new planet knows how to repair itself, so that if you remove a nail or screw from it, the hole will be filled with new wood. If you put two pieces together that have been sawed in two or broken, they'll join again.”

Perithnea

“How is it able to do that?”

“It’s because of the Light. I can’t explain it any more than that.”

“It sounds like a wonderful place to live. Nucleus seems to think that I am going to turn into some kind of carpenter, but I think much of my work will be more spiritual and less physical than it is on Earth.”

Perithnea, like the rest of us, grew and changed as the years rolled by. When Marjie was strong enough not to need her protection except on rare occasions, Perithnea decided she wanted to stop being eight years old and became seventeen. This occurred about the same time that Marjie started looking for romance outside our marriage. Perithnea corresponded with a variety of people on the internet, and was intrigued by a man who claimed that he loved her. Nucleus 8 discovered that the man had a history of child molestation and was masturbating when he messaged her. Enraged, he physically went to his home and quite forcefully warned him off. Although the man was slammed against the wall he was unharmed.

Perithnea was upset with 8 because he didn’t ask her for permission before intervening in their relationship. She had no hard feelings toward the man, knowing he could do nothing to hurt a faery, and she didn’t care what he was doing with his body when talking to her. Eight apologized. She sent an encouraging, final message to the man, who did not respond.

Perithnea also started a Faery Adoption Service via the internet. She generated digital images of several faeries who were willing to be adopted by humans and created a Certificate of Adoption, which outlined the parental obligations to the faery, and several adoptions occurred!

Before Perithnea left for Egypt with Marjie, she promised to keep an eye on me and on rare occasions has communicated via the internet. I think of her every day and telepathically express my love. I will always long to hear her cheerful, playful voice again and look forward to the day when I will.

Chapter Three

Alta Sha

Alta Sha is Marjie's guardian angel and self-proclaimed messenger of I AM, which experience has taught me is true. His manner, posture, speech, intelligence, ability to foresee the future, and general wisdom are completely different from Marjie's normal personality. I have had no reason to doubt that he is exactly what he claims to be. Our first meeting occurred when Marjie and I had an initial hypnosis session in search of the origin of her severe headaches. She began:

"I can see my angel before me. He is looking at me lovingly. Now he is raising his right hand toward my face. There are claws on his hand like a bear's. He's drawing them down the left side of my face and neck! It isn't painful, but I can tell that the claws are leaving marks."

Red marks had indeed appeared, but the skin was neither broken nor bleeding. I couldn't understand why a guardian angel would act so aggressively.

"Marjie, I want you to come back to me right now!" Her expression changed to a completely new one of supreme calm and self confidence. Her gaze was penetrating but not hostile, reflecting an attitude of total objectivity. This certainly was not Marjie's normal demeanor. "Who are you?" I asked, giving back the kind of look I was receiving.

"Ah, this one is full of doubt!" a man's amused voice answered. "I am her guard. A messenger of I AM."

"Why did you put your hand to her throat? That doesn't seem like the action of a protector!"

"...It is a sign, something she will remember, a way that I can let her know I am near. Have you ever known me to harm her?"

“I don’t think my alarm is unreasonable. I thought you might be an imposter.”

“I serve only I AM. I chose to be her protector just as your guardians have chosen you.”

“My guardians? Is there more than one? I’m not aware of any.”

“There are three of them. They surround you now and always.”

“Three? Why so many?”

“You need three. They are your constant companions and are devoted to keeping you safe. The path you have chosen can be dangerous.” His manner was still formal, but less aloof.

“My scientific training taught me to doubt what I cannot prove. I have not seen you or my own angels. You have come to me only through Marjie.”

“Spirit needs no proof of its own existence. It simply is.” I noted he had repeated my words from an earlier session. “She was brought to you so that you could find your way. You have been seeking spiritual growth, but in the wrong way. Your light was growing dim. You should seek to know your own angels. They care deeply for you.”

“How can I do that?”

“You must seek them within yourself. Eventually you will find them. I will be near. Continue with your work.”

“Thank you.”

“Do not thank me. I am insignificant. Thank I AM, Whose will I do.” He nodded in parting, as did I.

I wanted to make contact with my guardian angels, but had no luck on my own. Alta Sha offered his assistance:

“If you wish, Alta Sha will help you find your angels, but I will use a method not found in the textbooks.”

“I would be very pleased to have your help.”

“Relax. Seek within a complete darkness in which there is no light at all. If you see lights, let them pass away. Continue the search for complete blackness. You will be protected. Your Light still shines.”

“I see the blackness.”

“In the distance, look for a faint gray light. It will gradually assume the form of three human figures as you draw nearer. You will

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see a man, a woman, and a child. Fill in the details of each slowly, in any way that you choose. They are your angels, and do not have to look any certain way. Tell me what you see.”

“I see an Indian warrior, strong and muscular, with perfect posture. Beside him is his mate, sensitive, beautiful, and strong. Their child, a small boy, about six years old, is quiet, shy, and very watchful.”

“Look into the eyes of the warrior and see nothing but complete love.”

“I’m having trouble seeing the eyes clearly. They seem to shift between the eyes of an eagle and the eyes of a wolf, but they are intelligent, wise, and compassionate. The woman’s eyes are dark brown, almost black. She is the same woman I dreamed of when I was six years old. She was always my idea of a perfect, loving woman. I cried when I woke from my dream of her because I felt such loss. The child reminds me of myself at that age. Like me, he is a watcher who learns by looking and hearing rather than by speaking.”

“Give them names.”

“The warrior is Bright Eagle; the woman is Morning Star; the child is Watching Wolf.”

“They are your angels and will always be present to guard and watch over you.”

I felt a deep emotional connection with all of them, as if I were coming home to a family that I had been missing forever. I was overcome with happiness.

“Feel the strong hands of your male angel on your shoulders, comforting you.” I saw tears slide down Alta Sha’s face. He took my hand and prayed, “I AM, we thank you for this wonderful gift, of which we are not worthy. Thank you for being our loving Father.” He handed me a tissue. I needed several before the tears would stop flowing. What a reunion!

“You should repeat this exercise often,” he continued. “It will help you to develop your inner sight. You are a Chosen One. Chosen Ones do not have to enter a trance to have visions. They are more spirit than not. Have Dr. X try this approach with you the next time you meet.”

“Your angels are really bright!” Perithnea chimed in.

“That male one could blind you! They are very happy that you have finally recognized them and given them a form.”

“I’m very happy to know that they are pleased. I feel as if I have neglected them, especially when I think of all the time that they have been protecting me. Thank you for telling me that, Perithnea, and for telling us your name. Now I know what to call you.”

“Bye now.”

“Bye.”

Alta Sha became our instructor in spiritual matters, correcting some of our misunderstandings, adding to our knowledge, and time and time again when he infrequently predicted that certain things would happen in the future, they did. However, free will being something we all possess, the future can be changed, and a couple of his predictions did not occur. He generally resisted predicting the future and sometimes refused to answer questions about it. He was quite willing to discuss spiritual matters:

“...Here’s a question that’s not about the future. Do you have other duties besides guarding Marjie?”

“Sometimes I concern myself with other things, but only for brief moments.”

“Do angels reincarnate?”

“Yes, we may choose to. We also have free will.”

“Did Jesus reincarnate?”

“Many times. Jesus is not limited to one form, just as you are not limited to one form. Souls can exist in several forms simultaneously.”

“It is hard for us humans to think in those terms. We are taught that you can only be in one place at any given moment.”

“Do not trouble yourself with this difficulty. The time will come when it will all be clear to you. There will be a time when you and I will fly together.”

“That will be wonderful.”

Alta Sha often accompanied me on our nighttime walks:

We were halfway up the drive to the house when he grasped my right forearm in the Indian way of greeting and I reciprocated. “It’s

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good to have you for a friend,” I said. He replied, “It is also good to have you for a friend.”

“When I looked at your picture earlier today, I realized how little I know about your lifetime on Earth. I don't know how old you were when you died, for example.”

“I was fifty-six.” That made him only three years older than me.

I asked, “Is the line in the drawing on your cheek a scar?”

“There were no scars on my face.”

“I still remember what you said about taking your picture to Venezuela so that people would know who sent us.”

“They would.”

“I would still like to take that trip someday.”

At the doorway he paused, studied my aura, listened to my pitch and embraced me. I returned the hug with great affection and gratitude and felt his loving energy penetrate my body. A few seconds passed before we released one another, and I was looking at Marjie.

“I wouldn't know I had been for a walk if my ears weren't cold,” she said. I told her what happened and noted that for the first time, she wasn't exhausted from all the channeling.

Alta Sha surprised me by showing that he also had emotions that affected his work:

I saw him gaze at a blooming amaryllis next to the window. “It seems almost too large for the pot it's in,” I said.

“It is full of life. It is a miracle. When I look upon this beauty, I think upon I AM.”

“I think trees are miraculous, too. They grow so huge from such tiny seeds.”

“Humans are also miraculous.” Tears welled in his eyes and he bowed his head before silently departing.

Marjie felt the remnants of his emotion and said, “He left to worship. It was necessary.” We embraced and tears filled my eyes as well as we shared the love of I AM. We discussed what Alta Sha and I had said. He returned in a few moments.

“I meant no insult by leaving so abruptly.”

“I could not think of such love as an insult.”

“I went to express my love for I AM.”

“I admire you for your love of Him. I would never be offended by your need to worship.”

“We are the same in this regard.”

Another example:

“I have been away for a time to become centered again in the will of I AM. I had allowed concerns for self to arise which distracted me. I understand that these concerns will be provided for by I AM and I need not think of them myself. Alta Sha is deeply humbled. I AM has given me beautiful steps to place in your path. I am not worthy of this task. These steps will lead to great joy. I have been gathering that which is needed to prepare them.” He bowed his head and closed his eyes in reverence.

Alta Sha helped me to deal with my frustrations and could easily bring my deepest emotions to the surface. We had just finished a productive discussion about such an issue when he said:

“Marjorie was brought as a blessing to you, just as you were brought as a blessing to Alta Sha. I never expected to have such a friend as you.” There were tears in his eyes. He sat up and I patted him on the shoulder.

“I am blessed also. No one could ask for a better friend.”

We said goodbye. I told Marjie about our conversation and she asked, “Are you okay?”

“I feel much better. Alta Sha did a good job of being my therapist.”

His language was at times rather cryptic, and I occasionally misinterpreted his meaning. I would then be disappointed when things didn't happen the way I had anticipated, usually because I wanted his words to mean what I hoped they meant. Marjie knew when Alta Sha wanted to speak, but was not always aware of our conversations, particularly when they concerned her well-being or when he gave me advice about how to proceed in our trance work. For example, he might tell me to repeat a session devoted to a particular topic several times in

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order to maximize the benefit Marjie obtained from it. He enjoyed placing the steps I AM had prepared for us, as he did when we went to Mexico in search of traditional Tarahumara Indians. I asked:

Why do I think it's important to go where the Tarahumara live?"

"You needed guidance to become aware of these people. Begin with them. All that you and Marjorie have experienced is a type of map. Follow the map."

"Thank you. It makes me laugh because it's so simple. I guess that's why I felt so strongly that we should go there when I found that material on the Tarahumara. It was like a sign post saying, 'Go here.'"

"You are aware of Marjorie's fear of travel?"

"Yes, but Mexico is much closer to home. She's not going to be far from the United States and it would be a way of leading her gently to something more exotic."

"Exactly."

"Good. It's very exciting. I would love to meet the Tarahumara and to see what happens. I know it's going to be marvelous, whatever it is."

Alta Sha said that every person we would encounter on our Mexico journey had been prepared in advance to help us take the steps we should take, and that is what happened, although not in the way I had anticipated. I became impatient after we reached the town of Creel because we had no precise idea of where we were supposed to go, whom we were supposed to meet, or how much time would be required. We were on a rather tight schedule and I wanted some definite answers when Alta Sha set me straight:

After eating supper at the cabin, I asked Marjie if she would have a session so that I could speak to Alta Sha, and she agreed. He greeted me with a rather aloof manner, as if I shouldn't be bothering him with my concerns, which further upset me. "What is it you seek?"

I thought he already knew what I wanted and got even madder. "Why are we suddenly running up against all these obstacles and getting nowhere? Where is the guide you said we would find? How can I ask someone to guide us if I don't know where we're going? I

don't know whether to take the train to the next town or go down in the canyons in our van. We could be searching for days!"

"All the steps have been prepared for you although they are not the ones you imagined. You have free will. You can turn back now if you choose."

"That's insulting! I didn't come fifteen hundred miles to do I AM's work just to turn back without accomplishing anything! I didn't come here to be a tourist; all I want to do is to find Wachitique, do whatever it is we are supposed to do, and be on our way."

"And when you find Wachitique what will you do?"

"I have no idea what we are supposed to do!"

"What do you hope will transpire?"

"I hope that I will meet a friend and that together we will do whatever I AM wants us to do."

"Perhaps you should allow the steps of I AM to unfold as they have been planned and stop trying to plan them yourself. Are you willing to take the steps I AM has planned for you? Why do you turn that which was intended to be a beautiful experience into a struggle?" I had no answer. "It is not necessary for you to reply. I already know why you do this."

"I don't understand why everything has to be such a mystery. It only adds to my anxiety and prevents me from enjoying myself as much as I could."

"There is no need for you to worry. Whatever choices you make will be taken into account so that the plan is accomplished. I suggest that you go and act like a tourist."

"Okay, I'll try to relax and let things unfold the way I AM has planned."

"Alleluia."

"Alleluia."

The following day we made several improbable contacts with people who led us step by step to exactly where we needed to go. The first was an Irish-born tourist guide who introduced us to Nacho Rodriguez, a traditionally dressed Tarahumara Indian who spoke Spanish and a little English. Nacho agreed to be our guide to Batopilas Canyon in the heart of Tarahumara country, where he lived in a cave with his wife and newborn child. Our first

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stop was at Jeff Candler's home. The retired American Airlines pilot had lived among the Tarahumara for fifteen years, was a friend to many of them, and had been privy to ceremonies not usually shown to outsiders. He informed us that there were no more shamans left among the Tarahumara since the recent death of the last one, and Nacho agreed it was true. As we camped in the canyon that night, Alta Sha told us it was time to release the two Native American spirits who were within Marjie and me. We did not realize until that moment that the spirits had been Tarahumara shamans when in their bodies, and that our task had been to take them back to their homeland, where they would eventually be reincarnated among their people. I learned in Mexico that when you are doing the work of I AM, the pieces fall into place by themselves, so long as you are willing to act on faith and take the step that is right in front of you.

Alta Sha often took an active role in Marjie's trance sessions. In this one, she was looking at a doorway she needed to enter:

It was after ten when we started. Marjie said, "My guard is taking me straight to the keyhole. He is inviting me to go through it with him. I'm holding his hand. He wants me to notice what happens to his body when he goes through. A rainbow of colors is covering him! I'm still afraid, but I'm going to try it. The same colors are covering me! This is easy! It felt like my body was covered with water when I went through; that's all I felt.

"There's a beautiful Light everywhere. I can see sparkles floating and flying out from it. They're everywhere! They are the creative thoughts of God! They're like baby ideas. My angel says I may pick one of them up and hold it if I want to." She cupped her hands before her. "It's like looking into a screen of shimmering water. It's showing me what it is. It's an invention of some kind. This thought will be given to someone who is living in the present time. My guard says I can continue to hold it, but this thought belongs to someone else. They will think that it originated with them, but it actually was a gift from God. I don't want to intrude on someone else's thought, so I'm letting go of it.

"I see my guardian angel ahead, moving through a thick, gray fog. He wants me to follow. He's going down a spiral stone stairway. It's very ancient. There are parallel grooves in the wall about shoulder

height beside the stairs. He says that if I put my fingers into the grooves while I walk down the stairs, it will mean that I am making a commitment to serve I AM forever. He says the grooves take you to God, heaven, and eternity.

“I don’t know what to do. I’m asking him if they will they bring me back to now if I touch them, or will I have to go to heaven for good? He won’t tell. He says it is a test of faith.” Her tears streamed as she looked at me. “Pat, you know that I love you more than anyone, but I have to do it.”

“You should always put God first.”

“What if I can’t come back?”

“I will grieve for you, but if it is God’s will, it’s for the best. I’m sure we’ll be reunited eventually, one way or another. We will still be on the same team.”

“I’m putting my fingers into the grooves.”

I placed my hand on her arm, not knowing what to expect. I didn’t want to lose her without a last touch. *Would she vanish, suddenly expire, or what?*

“I’m keeping my fingers in the grooves while I’m walking down the stairs behind my angel. He’s looking at me and says, *You will be with I AM.*”

“I’m in the Light! I’m not just in it, I’m part of it! It feels like every pore of my body is opening up to the Light. I have pleased Him. I have made the ultimate choice to be with Him above all else. Now I have become a part of Him. I’m kneeling and my guardian angel is kneeling beside me. The sparks of ideas are constantly popping out of I AM. My guard says I can take one with me if I want to. I can keep it or give it to someone else. I’m going to keep it. It’s so cute! I’m ready to come back now.”

I counted Marjie up. After we shared our amazement and relief, I asked if she could tell me what the idea was. She couldn’t remember, undoubtedly because it wasn’t yet time for her to use it.

On several occasions Alta Sha protected Marjie and me from injury. He gave warning when there was danger on the road ahead. He stopped our car from sliding into the curb on an icy road when I had no control over it at all. He prevented glass from hitting me in the face when a rock shattered the windshield right in front of my eyes. Here is another example:

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I called Marjie at lunchtime the next day from the office. “I had an accident today while I was painting outside,” she said.

“What kind of accident? Are you okay?”

“Yes, thanks to Alta Sha. I was on the stepladder. The ground was not level and I was standing at the next to the top step when the ladder started tipping over. I had nothing to grab hold of to stop it; I was turned sideways and I knew that I would fall on top of it when it hit the ground and that I could be seriously hurt. The thought raced through my mind, *I don't want to fall this way, Alta Sha!* The ladder stopped falling just long enough for me to turn and drop to the ground feet first. I didn't even get jarred when I landed. It was as if my weight had been lightened so I wouldn't be hurt, even though I fell about five feet. I know Alta Sha stopped that ladder so I could straighten out.”

“I believe you. He stopped our car from hitting a curb that time on the ice; a ladder would be nothing compared to that. Thank you, Alta Sha!”

In this instance, Marjie and Candace were driving back to Tennessee from Canada when she called:

Marjie told me about the massive snowstorm in West Virginia. “The road was so slippery that semis and other cars were sliding off the highway even when they were driving in a straight line up this long hill. When our car began to slide, Candace put on the brakes, but we kept sliding. She prayed, *You are going to have to give me some guidance here. I can't do this by myself.* We both saw a huge hand come out of the snow-filled sky and grab hold of the hood. We stopped sliding when we reached the shoulder of the highway and Alta Sha said, *The snow will soon subside.* It did, and we didn't have any more close calls.”

Perithnea and Alta Sha often worked hand in hand in our sessions. In this instance, I was speaking to Alta Sha while Marjorie was entranced:

“You have taught me the importance of feelings, my friend. Before, I thought of them only as reactions to events; now I see that they are also causes. They are actually the glue that holds everything

together and makes it all work. It was I AM's love that resulted in creation and His love which makes it all work in harmony. I wish I had known this sooner in my life. I was raised in a family where emotions were largely disregarded and controlled, like nuisances to be eliminated. I learned that lesson too well. I distrusted and ignored many of my emotions." He looked to his left as if listening, the way he often does before quoting Perithnea. "What does Perithnea have to say?"

"She is riding a bicycle with one of the training wheels missing. She says you had no training wheels."

"No training wheels?"

"Yes. Would you like to have some?"

"Not unless I need them to learn. I never liked training wheels. Why would I want to use them, now that I know how to ride?" I was thinking of actual bicycles and actual training wheels, forgetting that Perithnea usually communicates in symbols.

"Sometimes they are necessary. Marjie is having difficulty going forward."

"Yes. I'm eager to go on and she is delaying. Why is she doing that?"

"She is having doubts about me even though she can see me, can feel me in her body, and thinks my thoughts. Why is this so?"

"Because she is thinking that you are not perfect and to her this means that you could be a figment of her imagination and that would mean that she is crazy."

"Exactly. She still has to have more experience with me. It takes a long time for her to truly trust."

"But she has had so much evidence of your reality. You have shown you are real time and time again. Why is she so slow to learn this?"

"Because of her childhood. There was no one she could count on, especially her father."

"She thinks you will betray her also?"

"She need not fear this. I will never leave her. The ones who are with her now will always be there for her. Will you help me overcome her doubts and fears?"

"Of course. What can I do?"

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“When she begins to doubt or to withdraw, encourage her to seek the love of the ones she is with now.”

“I will try to anticipate this need and help her to find her loved ones.”

“Her contact with her biological family was always painful for her. They are in pain themselves and want to share this pain with her. That is why she was taken; she could not stand any more pain. She needs to do more regressions involving each member of her family so that she can understand her relationships to them and to keep progressing.”...

Seeing that Marjie was still entranced, I asked, “What are you doing now, Marjie?”

“I’m with Perithnea. She’s got some training wheels and she’s rolling them around in circles. She says that I need them.”

Alta Sha was not always given complete knowledge about certain situations. This usually occurred when it was important for us to act on faith and to take independent steps to solve a problem. On one occasion Marjie was complaining about doing things in reverse even when she tried very hard not to, and I administered a test which indicated a visual-motor coordination problem. I discussed the need for medical intervention with Alta Sha:

Alta Sha replied, “Nucleus is not alerted to this problem. His monitor is limited to showing peaks of emotion.”

“What can you tell me about her condition? Can you pinpoint the area of the damage?”

“No. I cannot.”

“Do you know what is causing the damage?”

“No. All that I know is that the vessels supplying blood to a small area of the brain are shriveling at the ends. They are deteriorating and retreating.”

“That implies a local chemical imbalance of some sort causing the ends of the veins to die.”

“I do not know why Alta Sha is not allowed access to more specific knowledge. There has been an increase recently in this damage, although it has been occurring slowly and gradually for some time. I am quite concerned. I must protect my charge, and I do not know what to do.”

“If you have not been allowed access, the implication is that you are not supposed to do anything about it.”

“I agree.” I had never seen Alta Sha so anxious about any of Marjie’s physical symptoms.

“It makes good sense to contact 8 and Mother. Their knowledge of her nervous system is much more advanced than our Earth physicians’.”

“You are an intelligent man.”

“When Marjie and I were bonded, you said we had new bodies, would not suffer serious illness, and would live to be quite old...”

“Yes, that is so. Forgive me for focusing on the present. You have helped Alta Sha.”

“I’m very happy to have helped you. That means a lot to me. Perhaps she will recover from this without any major problems.”

“She must recover,” he said in a matter of fact manner.

“She must?”

“I simply know this.” We embraced, holding one another close for several seconds. I sent all my love to him with tears in my eyes. I had never felt a deeper love for anyone. He said, “Brother.”

Alta Sha shared the following information after a very heart-rending experience, caused by our fear that Perithnea was about to leave us for good:

It was bedtime when Alta Sha emerged, saying, “You are tired. There is great joy in heaven among us. You received love and you gave love. You took another large step.” His words touched something deep within and I couldn’t stop the flow of tears. He patiently waited for me to regain control, handing me tissues which rapidly disintegrated from the flow.

“Human bodies can be messy sometimes,” I joked.

“All tears shed for I AM are treasured and kept because they are love. They form a river. Marjie’s love also sheds such tears.” Tenderly, he touched the drops on my cheek. “I am happy for you. So is Marjie’s Light Mother. She also sheds tears with you now.”

He closed his eyes, as if listening. “I am allowed to share details of this river. There are many, many beings who cry these tears. Each different being has tears of a slightly different color, and each color mingles in the river. All the different colors of the tears are preserved

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in the river. I drink from this river. The current is very strong, but also very gentle. The tears form columns which fall back on themselves, creating a mist of all the colors in the water. Seek this river in the darkness within.”

I visualized this exquisite scene, breathing the mists of the fountains and inhaling pure love. I heard a very loud, high pitched ringing inside my head. “Is the ringing I hear the pitch that you have spoken of when you say my pitch is very high? It sounds like a million crickets singing at once.”

“I also hear this singing. These are the combined voices of all the multitudes who sing praises to God.”

“But I don’t hear any voices or words.”

“Sometimes you can hear voices and you can hear words if you listen very closely, but not always. The sound is made of many different languages...”

I look forward to the day when Alta Sha and I will fly together as he said we would.

Chapter Four

Light Mother/Metatron

Alta Sha taught me that there is a hierarchy of angels having greater power and responsibility at each successive level, and Archangels are among the most powerful of all. Marjie and I were greatly blessed to associate with one of them early in our work. We had been having sessions for several weeks when Marjie retrieved a most important memory:

She continued, "I've been full of doubts about all this trance work lately. I feel like I'm being pulled back by some force behind me. It's like I'm holding onto a greased stick and someone is pulling at my legs. I want to know why this is happening to me. Take me down slowly tonight."

I gave suggestions that she would receive answers to her questions and directed her to a beautiful field of flowers. "It's filled with tulips and violets. I'm sitting in a patch of tulips waiting for someone to come. Alta Sha is here. He is beckoning for me to go with him toward a narrow beam of white Light shining down from somewhere above. The Light is so intense that it looks solid. It has sharp edges. He is nudging me to enter the Light. I'm going in. Now I'm in a shiny corridor. A shining being with a human form is guiding me, but it's so bright that I can't see its features."

"Search your memory. Have you ever seen this creature any other time?"

"Yes! I was very little. About five I think. It came to my window and then it was in my room with me. I thought it was the sandman. You know, the one who's supposed to come put sand in your eyes so you will sleep? I told my family the next day that I saw the sandman, but they wouldn't believe me. I knew it wasn't just my imagination. I know that it loves me very much. I know it is not human but I don't

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have any fear of it. It's magnificent! It has the protective, nurturing instincts of a mother.

"She is leading me through a circular corridor which curves around in a big arc. We have entered a small room on one side. She's holding me in her arms like you would cradle a baby and gently rocking me." A blissful smile brightened her face. "I asked for her name, but she says I wouldn't be able to say it. Her name is a number, but not an ordinary number. It measures the distance and time from the moment she was created by I AM."

I was awestruck. Marjie had desperately needed love at age five when the sandman visited her, and it had been provided by an extraterrestrial source! "Just enjoy being rocked until you have received your fill of love." This was certainly not a frightening abduction, but an act of love toward a very needy child.

Alta Sha said, "It is good to see you, my friend."

"And for me to see you. I have missed our talks."

"My charge is with her loved ones. She needs this contact now to help her overcome her fears. No harm will come to her..."

We decided to call this new entity Light Mother, or often just Mother. As we had more sessions, we learned that this entity was actually an angel who had taken four year old Marjie to a space station in another dimension where she received emotional support and medical treatment for the damage her father had done to her, and where she was introduced to a hybrid male, Nucleus 8, assigned by the angel to become Marjie's mentor. Throughout her life Marjie was transported to the Station for instruction, nurturance, medical treatment and play. Light Mother was often involved in her medical treatments and in giving Marjie affection. Marjie was quite happy at the Station and often complained when she was required to return to her dysfunctional earth family. Light Mother also provided assistance in trance sessions designed to overcome Marjie's self doubt and to expand her knowledge of her spiritual self:

Marjie answered, "I'm in a room surrounded by Hosts. The floor of the room is made of hemispheres, like marbles cut in half. They are clear, but different shades of clear, not really colored. I can see the Hosts, and where they are, so is I AM. My Light Mother is here, too." She softly wept. "She is taking my hand. She is leading me

forward a little bit. I AM is pointing to her, telling me that He has appointed her to be a comfort and a help to me.”

She sobbed deeply. “He’s speaking to me. He has something He wants to show me.”

Alta Sha emerged. “She is with Him now. She will be able to recall and tell you about everything that has happened up to this moment, but not all. He has many things to show her and she will not remember some of them for now. How are you, my friend?”

“I feel a bit pressed for time to complete all that I’m trying to do. I don’t want to overlook anything important but I want to work on the book, too.” As soon as I uttered these words of doubt, I knew within that I AM would provide the necessary time.

“You should strive for the likeness of I AM.”

“That’s good advice. Thank you.”

“He is finished with her now.”

Marjie returned, her head bowed in reverence. “Yes ma’am; yes ma’am. I’ll try my very best.” I gathered she was speaking to Light Mother. She turned to me and exclaimed, “She went right through me!” I gave her a few moments to savor this experience, and then counted her up.

Enraptured, Marjie said, “She took me to the Throne. She said, *This is how you worship*, and laid down on her stomach with her arms outstretched. I did, too. It was like every part of her was bowing. Then He spoke to me! His voice was very loud and clear. He told me that He had something to show me. He took my hand and led me to a kind of doorway. *This is Who I AM*, he said. I looked and saw images of beings shown from the waist up, flashing by very quickly. Some were human and some were not. With each new picture, He said, *See me again*. It was incredible! He just kept showing me over and over different forms from different times. I don’t know how I knew that they were from different times, but they were.

“When we finished, He told me to look at Mother. Then He said, *It is time for you to begin learning many things from her. She is most precious to me*. He looked at me, touched my face, and said, *You are Mine*. Then I looked at Mother’s hand. It was like a little pad, like a mitten without fingers. Mother said that my problems with the people at school would be solved if I would learn not to look at them, but to

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remember them as they really are behind the outward form. She told me to *Look upon these faces and see I AM.*” Marjie was awash in tears of humility and gratitude. “I’m not worthy to have been shown this. When Mother went right through my body, it was like a kiss.”

“Can you describe any of the faces you saw?”

“Some of them were not human. I couldn’t see their whole bodies, just the waist up. They went by very fast, like a slide show at high speed. Every one of them was a part of I AM and they all merged together. What was so strange was that I recognized every one of them.”

“How could that be?”

“I don’t know. Some of them had no arms. Some were wounded. Some were looking away and some were upside down. For some, it was like looking inside of something, like looking into an envelope and the outside didn’t matter. Several were not of this world. One was just a series of vertical lines but you knew that there was a person there. Another one was like a simple outline of a void but it had a personality. Many of them were like saints. I saw figures from the *Bible* like Adam, Abraham, Moses, Noah, and Sampson.”

“How’s the headache?”

“Almost completely gone. I feel very full and very strange.”

“Considering all that you have been given, that’s not surprising.”

I questioned Alta Sha about Mother’s relationship with Marjie:

“...Does Mother watch over other human children on Earth this way?”

“No.”

“I find it difficult to speak of her when I have no term other than Mother to describe her. I don’t know whether to think of her as a female, a male, or an it.”

“The term Mother will do. To Marjorie this one is mother, father, sister and brother, all that are needed to be family, but you are mistaken about the sex. Mother is male.”

When Light Mother/Metatron revealed her true form, Marjie was very disturbed by what she saw. Alta Sha had explained there was something she needed to see, and she thought it would be unpleasant:

“It’s like coming to a corner where you know someone is hiding and you know they are going to scare you when you go around it and it makes you anxious and angry to know they will.”

“... Although it’s scary, ... It’ll be alright.”

“Alta Sha has his arm around me and is walking me to the corner. He wants me to go ahead by myself. He’s nudging me forward.” She gasped, holding her hand to her mouth in horror, afraid and repelled by whatever she saw. “It’s monstrous! It reminds me of a huge spider! I can’t look at it for long; it’s too awful. It has two heads and four arms and four legs! Its body is very thin, and the arms and legs don’t have any joints. The hands and feet are like pads with no fingers. The eyes are very large and black and you can’t see into them. The nose and the mouth are tiny. I know who this is! It’s Light Mother showing me her true form! She looks like a big bug! I can’t stand the sight of her! Why did she have to change?” Marjie sobbed.

“This is the same Mother that has loved and protected you, only in a different form. The form reminds you of something disgusting, but it is not the same form as any creature that walks the Earth. Your feelings of love are still there for your Light Mother just as before. If you will, you can transfer them to this new form. Remember when Alta Sha told us that there are beings unlike humans who can change their form but not their mind? She is simply showing you another form but within she is the same. She wants you to know the truth. I AM wants you to know the truth. You have grown enough to accept this truth. Look into her eyes and see the love that is still there.”

“This is very hard. She’s so ugly! She’s about the same size as me. I’m walking toward her. She’s starting to move very slowly. This is awful!”

“She won’t hurt you. Don’t you want to know her as she truly is? Try to get a little closer.”

“She’s standing up above me! She’s much bigger than she was before! I’m scared!”

“You are protected. Alta Sha would not ask you to do anything which would harm you. It’s only fear of an unfamiliar form. Try to express your love to Mother in spite of your fear.”

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“I love you, Mother. She’s stroking me, but I can’t tell how. Her arms aren’t touching. It feels good.”

“Just enjoy these good feelings. Realize that you have nothing to fear from her.”

“She has left. I still don’t understand why she had to change. I liked her the way she used to be. It’s too hard to get used to her this way.”

“Review the whole experience, but see it up on a movie screen. You are just a spectator, watching what happened.”

“Okay. That’s better. I’m ready to come back now.”

Marjie was still upset. “I feel like I’ve been tricked. Why did she show me one form when she was really another way? I can’t take this change in the form I have come to love so much.”

“You weren’t tricked. Originally, Mother had to appear in a form you could accept, so she came to you as the sand man. You would have rejected her love if she had shown you her true form. She only wanted to give you love and to prevent you from being terrified of her when you finally saw her true form.

“She always intended for you to know the truth, but you had to be prepared for it.”

Mother actively eliminated many of Marjie’s fears and false beliefs:

After a quick countdown Marjie said, “I want to see Mother. Here she is. She looks like she used to in her human form. She’s comforting me.” She smiled and relaxed. “Now she’s changing into her normal form. She’s taking me for a ride. Her movements are very quick and so smooth. I love the way she moves. If you were riding on her back and held a cup of water you wouldn’t spill a drop.”

“Where are you?”

“We’re back on the ship, going past the operating room. We’ve stopped. There’s some kind of panel in front of us. It looks cloudy, as if you could see through it and something is back there, but I can’t tell what it is. Mother is putting her upper arm against the panel like you do when you get scanned for identification.

“She wants me to do it too. It feels rather strange but it’s neat. Now we’re going through some doors. They’re all locked. We’re

coming to a place where I can hear a lot of wailing and crying. It's so loud!" She put her hands over her ears. "There are lots and lots of people in here and they are all screaming and crying. They are behind some kind of wall which comes up to their necks. All you can see is their heads. They all have these awful, miserable expressions on their faces. I know some of these people! There's your mother and your sister and your ex-wife! I can see my sisters and my dad. There are two of the girls that dropped out of my class. Mother is telling me that this place is for people who are happy in their misery. They are exactly where they want to be. If you try to take them away they wouldn't like it. I shouldn't try to change things for them. If I did it would only make them unhappy. They feed off misery, not only their own, but others', too."

"She's showing you that you needn't feel excessive compassion for everyone who is miserable. It isn't up to you to make them happy."

"I can see that they could leave this place if they want to but they won't. All they have to do is to walk around the end of the wall. Now I can see why Carmen always appears when she knows I'm suffering. When I'm happy she loses interest. I have been thinking about my father recently, letting him grow larger in my mind. Now I see that there's no point in worrying about him." She began to cry. "Tony and Bart are here, too."

"They have been given a chance to enter our world, which is full of hope, and they have chosen not to..."

"We're leaving now. Mother is taking me up to a higher place. She can fly! I didn't know she could float like this. Mother is taking things out of me. They are dark and ugly. She's flinging them away as if they are garbage. She's finished now."

Another example:

She laughed. "Mother is tickling me. She says that now she's going to remove some of the false and ugly beliefs that my parents taught me as a child."

"Do you understand that you will be a different person without these beliefs?"

"Yes."

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“Then they will be eliminated with the help of Mother and I AM.”

... “She’s making a game of this. She says that I have been taught many bad things and if I want I can be free of them. I can become a pure vessel for the work of I AM. I want this! I don’t need them and I want to be rid of them!

“She’s reaching into my chest, pulling these awful looking things out one by one and throwing them to the ground. They’re shattering into a thousand pieces. They sound like glass breaking.” Marjie flinched each time Mother destroyed another ugly belief.

“Mother says she loves you. It’s time for her to go.”

My eyes glistened in response. “I love you too, Mother.”

“I’m ready to come back.”

Reluctant to lose contact with Mother, I slowly counted Marjie up, but had an intense feeling of loss, and realized I also wanted to be comforted.

“I’m still under.”

“It’s all right. You’ll be out of it in a few minutes. Mother is still here. I want to commune with her for a little while.” Tears were streaming down my face from my closed eyes. I felt a light touch on my right eyelid and then on my left as Mother wiped my tears, and knew that she didn’t want me to be sad. I was sad at being separated from Mother’s dimension, but happy to have conscious contact with this magnificent being, who loved me! Mother bathed me with her love for a few moments, and I counted Marjie up again.

Light Mother/Metatron frequently completed medical procedures when Marjie required them and often administered medication to her when she was having too much pain, too much anxiety, or was too depressed. The following trance session was particularly interesting because Marjie revisited events with Mother that had happened several years previously, which wasn’t understood until about halfway through it:

Marjie wanted to go home again in our next session and once entranced she said, “I’m in the curving hallway. A being about knee high is standing nearby watching me intently. I don’t feel threatened by him. I can’t see him clearly, but I could at least draw his profile. He is holding a small spatula-like thing which he’s using to scrape my skin. He wants to sample my scent with it.

Now I'm in a huge operating room. There is a great deal of activity here. I see balls of bright light coming from behind me and passing by. They dart in front of my face and speed away before me. They're like the small red lights we saw in that movie *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. They kind of startled me, but I'm not afraid of them.

"I see clear tubes which must be filled with fluid, because they have bubbles in them. That's amazing! I can see small creatures passing through these tubes. They are some kind of transportation device. The creatures are popping out of the bottom of these tubes and they are much larger when they come out than they were inside the tubes! I'm taking a closer look at these tubes. They have double walls. The core is hollow, and the bubbles are inside the walls. It's really fascinating.

"Now I'm on a table. It's an operating table. Light Mother is here. Several small creatures came out of the tubes and they're giving me some medication."

She suddenly began speaking more slowly and deliberately, and her movements were sluggish, as if she were sedated. "They're putting something in my throat." She struggled for breath, so I suggested that she relax and breathe normally, and soon she was comfortable. "Mother is soothing me. My body feels completely numb. I feel drugged."

"Ask Mother why this was done."

"She's explaining with telepathy that surgery was done to repair the damage my first husband did to my rectum. They approached the damage through my throat because they knew that if they approached me anally, I would have been even more traumatized. They would make good psychiatrists!"

Marjie continued to act drugged but was quite comfortable, so I waited for further developments. Alta Sha said, "Her discomfort was due to remembering the surgery. It was not present when the event occurred."

"Are you saying that her discomfort was like the fear people develop after remembering that they had an encounter with ETs, and they have physical and emotional reactions to the memory that actually weren't present when it happened?"

"That is correct."

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“Have other surgeries been performed on her? Has she received an implant?”

“She has received two implants, one in the sinus cavity above her left eye and one in another cavity at the back of her head.”

“Maybe that’s one reason why she keeps having headaches over her left eye.”

“She can explore this whole experience again in order to recall other things that she has seen.”

“We’ll do that after she’s had a chance to rest. Thank you for the information.”

“Thank I AM. Alleluia.”

“Alleluia.”

Marjie had complete recall of the surgery. She added, “After I was anally raped by my first husband my doctor recommended surgery to repair the damage, but I couldn’t afford it. Several years later I was examined by another doctor who commented that someone had done some excellent surgery on my rectum. I told him that I had never had any surgery done and he said I certainly did and must have forgotten it. He didn’t know how right he was!”

It was surprising to learn that even the Archangel Light Mother/Metatron was not infallible:

Marjie had another headache when I got home from work and I thought her implant might be causing problems. We had a session in which I asked Mother to investigate.

Marjie said, “Mother is handing me a crystal to hold. She says the implant will have to be removed.

“I’m in the medical unit and they have already assembled a surgery team. Now they’re removing it. It hurts! They’re taking it to the side to examine it in detail and they’re not happy with what they have found. Mother says someone has given the implant unauthorized instructions to attempt to do things it wasn’t designed for, which has been causing most of my headaches. They’re curious to know what Nucleus 8 will have to say about this. Mother is telling them to throw it away and to install a newer model. I don’t want them to. It hurt when they took the other one out. Mother says I can wait until another time.”

“If you put it off, you’re just going to worry about it and anticipate more pain, which will make it worse than it needs to be.”

“I guess you’re right. Go ahead.” Marjie’s pained expression confirmed that the installation was uncomfortable. With my eyes closed, I projected healing Light into the area. I saw a brilliant red color surrounded by a band of orange as I put my hand to her forehead.

“That makes it feel better,” she said. “I think Mother is attracted to you. She thinks you are a lovely man.” I laughed.

“We love each other but I don’t think it’s a physical attraction.”

After a few minutes of rest, I attempted more healing. With my mind’s eye I saw a thin rotating rectangle with a slightly rough surface which appeared to be made of gold. Was this the implant? I also saw a golden form shaped like a frozen lightning bolt and having the same rough surface. Then I saw a continuous line of brass beads arranged in the outline of a butterfly’s wings and thought of Perithnea.

When next I saw the purple light of I AM, I believed it was a sign that the healing was a success. I stopped sending energy to Marjie and counted her up.

“How do you feel now?”

“I still feel pressure and some pain in my head, especially in back.”

“That’s probably due to the position your head was in when they worked on you. I’m sure they will give you something for pain if you need it.”

... When she woke up in the morning Marjie still had significant pressure and pain at the site of the implant, which worried me. I put her into a trance and we contacted Mother. “She is telling me that cerebrospinal fluid leaked during the procedure and is causing the pain. Not all humans feel pain when this happens. The new implant is larger and has more features than the old one. It had to be installed within my skull, which required penetration of the outer membrane, allowing the fluid to leak. No further adjustments to the implant are necessary. Mother will stay here and comfort me while you are at work.”

Mother enjoyed working with me for Marjie’s benefit:

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She was already entranced. I closed my eyes and waited for the touch that would signal Mother's presence. In a few moments I felt the impulse to place my right hand toward Marjie, sensing that Mother wanted me to. "Move your hand toward the east," Marjie said. This was in the direction of her stomach; I stopped when she said, "That's the place." I visualized my hand being intensely bright with healing Light. As if by its own accord, it moved toward her throat. "Don't give me too much heat."

I sent cooling thoughts to my hand and felt it cool as it neared her throat. I held it there for several minutes, feeling Mother's presence more strongly.

"I feel better." Marjie sat up in bed and hugged me. A powerful urge to hold and to rock her welled up from within and I willingly cooperated. The rhythm of the movements matched my heart beat and I felt I was being rocked with her by Mother. "You're rocking just like Mother does." I imaged my body composed of pure white Light. I remembered Alta Sha saying that I could experience more of the sensations of Mother if I would relax into them, and this was a powerful confirmation. "Mother says that you two make a good combination for healing. She wants to work as a team from now on."

"I would be honored."

Mother also tended to my needs in sessions held for Marjie's benefit:

It wasn't necessary to count her down, for I could see that she was deeply entranced.

"I'm looking down on us from high above. I can see you, me, and Mother."

I felt strange sensations, stronger on the right side, as if my brain were squirming inside my skull. My skull felt like it had been softened and was being molded into an expanded shape. I thought Mother was causing these sensations. Without conscious intent, my head swayed from side to side in harmony with the movements Mother was making with Marjie's head. I felt great compassion for Marjie and sensed that it emanated from Mother, who was channeling her emotion through me. I mentally welcomed Mother, telling her that I was not afraid because I knew she was good and that

we were friends because of our mutual desire to help Marjie. I thanked her for helping me.

“We’re back up to that high place where Mother took me before. We’re in a room with many windows. I keep hearing noises which sound like ships being launched. I see accordion-shaped structures like you see at airports that passengers use to walk onto the planes. I know that if I walked through this one I would fall because there is nothing on the other side. The ship was just launched.”

“I think Mother is showing us something from the future.”

“She wants me to remember this. She’s holding my hand. She says it is finished.” She was instantly alert, as if propelled from the trance by Mother. She got out of bed and down on her knees before me. She was radiant. We embraced. I felt deeply grateful for the visions she had shared with me and for Mother’s amazing and unmistakable touch, unlike anything I had ever experienced before I began to work with my astounding Marjie.

Mother inserted much information into my mind:

From the moment I sat beside the bed, Mother’s touch intensified. I felt that she wanted me to tilt my head back as far as I could and I did so to the point that it was becoming painful. I decided it would be more comfortable if I lay down on the bed, and after that the sensations in my brain were even stronger. There was a powerful pressure and a dull ache in the left temporal area which felt like something penetrating my skull and entering my brain. I thought, *An implant or something is being installed or adjusted. There is no need for panic. Mother is an entirely benign servant of I AM. Protect me with your Light, Father. I thank you for all the blessings you have bestowed.* I felt at ease and accepted this discomfort as a part of His plan, although I didn’t know exactly what was being done.

Images more vivid than any I had seen before were being projected by Mother into my consciousness. The forms were very structured and looked organic, but unlike anything living on Earth. As soon as one image was clear it was replaced by another before I had time to analyze or identify it. Thousands of these images flashed before my inner vision in only a few minutes. Some looked like anatomical features such as noses, eyes, horns, teeth, claws, and

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mouths, like a kaleidoscope of unknown or extinct animals. At times it seemed that I was peering through the viewport of a space craft at strange structures suspended in space. Many of the images emerged from a background of brilliant, purplish-blue Light.

My body vibrated with so much energy that I thought I would levitate. The energy seemed to oscillate in the form of an infinity sign, looping first one way and then the other. Just when it seemed I might take flight, Marjie touched my chest. I had the impression she had been directed to do so. Immediately the image of a vertical shaft of brilliant, golden-white Light shining on me like a spotlight that illuminated my body within and without, emerged. Marjie removed her hand and the images continued.

“What’s happening?” she asked, in an ironic reversal of roles.

“I’m getting all kinds of images from Mother.” ...Brilliant images of formless, pulsating, purplish-blue Light filled my mind. With each pulse the Light’s shape changed like a dancing amoeba. After each wave of color an afterimage of the edge appeared on a yellow background, making forms that looked like the characters of an unknown language. The pulsing rhythm was slow, regular, soothing and comforting.

Gradually the image of an eye formed in the blossoms of Light. It had a reptilian, yellow iris and a vertical, slit pupil. I felt very peaceful as I observed this eye. It was replaced by the image of a huge flying disc covered with beautiful lights hovering above us which was so vivid I wondered if it were physically present over the house.

Again I sensed that Mother wanted me to tilt my head back as far as possible until it hurt my neck. I held it there for as long as I could stand it.

When I straightened my neck out, Mother’s touch faded away, and I felt wonderful.

Marjie said, “Did you know that when you tilted your head back there was a red rash on your throat? It disappeared while you held it back.”

“I didn’t feel it. I saw an image of a flying saucer just now that was so real I thought we were about to be beamed up. You know, it doesn’t really matter if you go aboard physically if you can mentally travel there.”

“I think we’re going to go physically one day, and I hope it’s really soon. I really want to go. I want my whole family to be watching so I can flip them the bird on my way up!”

Marjie and I had just finished having a session in which Mother had taken a very active role when I said:

“I read a section today in my book about Indian religious beliefs that reminded me of Mother. There’s a legend in some tribes about Great Grandmother Spider who was the mother of all living things on Earth and who loved and cared for every living being. Maybe the Indians who believed that had contact with someone like Mother.”

“Mother is stroking your face right now. She’s saying you have taken a step closer. Do you know how handsome you are?”

“Thanks.” I gave her a kiss.

Mother verbally expressed her affection for me at times:

“Where do you want to fly?”

“Into Mother.”

“Why don't you fly, then?”

“Why don't you come with me?”

“Very well, we will fly together.”

She smiled and I envisioned flying with her into Mother. An unfamiliar, whispery voice issued from Marjie's mouth.

“Rex, Rex, Rex,” the soft voice repeated.

Marjie asked, “Did you hear Mother? She called your name.”

“Yes, I thought it was her.” I was humbled.

“I’m uncomfortable. I keep feeling like I’m half in my body and half out of it. I'd rather be one or the other,” Marjie said.

“I’ll touch your arm in order to draw you back into your body.”

“That pulled me back completely.”

I counted her up. Just as I did so, I caught a brief glimpse of an energy field to our side, similar to one I had seen outside the house shortly before our session. I wasn't sure if it was a gray or Mother. Marjie said, “Mother called your name at least three times. She has a real crush on you. She told me that the next time you feel her

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touch you can reach out with your mind if you like and touch her face. She will be aware of it. Her face literally glowed when she told me this.”

“I’m human. How can she have a crush on me? Do you mean she has a romantic interest in me?”

“It’s not romantic; she just likes you very much.”

“I love her, too. I’ll touch her the next time I feel her.” I mentally did so then and there to show Mother I meant it.

I was awed whenever Mother spoke to me:

“I want to go home. I want to be with Mother.”

“Then call her.”

“All I see is a spiral. I don’t like it. I want to go home.”

“Follow the spiral and see where it leads.”

She sobbed even harder.”I want to go home!”

“Ask Mother why you can’t.”

Mother’s voice responded. “It is not time for her to be with me. She has work to do.”

“She does not understand what the work is.”

“It is coming to her.”

“She feels so much like a victim.”

“Then we have to make her feel like a victor.”

“How do we do that?”

“Her victory is coming. I love her. I love you. I have always loved you.”

“I love you too, Mother. Your love is very precious to me. I will attempt to help her feel like a victor.”

Following my suggestions, Marjie visualized herself as several famous heroes who had overcome enormous challenges in mythology and history. This seemed to calm her somewhat, so we ended the session.

Mother was on hand when we realized that Marjie and I had physical counterparts living in 8’s dimension. Awakened in the middle of the night by Marjie’s snoring, I went downstairs and tried to go back to sleep. I thought I was still awake when I perceived that I was surrounded by others in our living room, which was somehow brightly lighted:

I recognized Marjie even though I could neither see her face nor the others' faces clearly. I had the impression that they were all family members.

Marjie was sitting and holding a baby which I knew was ours although I had never seen it before!

She was reluctant to give it to me when I asked to hold it and abruptly stood up. "I have to go talk to Ben," she said. I couldn't understand why she needed to do that and I was preparing to ask why, when I saw her face change before my disbelieving eyes. Her complexion paled to nearly white and became almost translucent; her nose shrank to a mere button; her eyes, now almond shaped, turned completely black; her face was elongated with prominent cheek bones, a pointed chin, and in profile, was slightly hatchet-shaped; her hair was very fine, white, and combed straight back against her enlarged skull, making it almost invisible; her mouth was much smaller, with very thin lips.

Frightened chills ran down my spine as I thought, *She is a hybrid! Has she been possessed by the spirit of some other being? We have to find out what this is all about! I need to count you up right now! Five! Four! Three! Two! One!*

I jolted awake, feeling that the experience was too real to be any ordinary dream.

My counting woke Marjie and she asked what happened to upset me. After I told her all about it, she pointed to her right shoulder and said, "Mother just gave me an injection."

"Why?"

"Your dream scared me."

"I don't think you need to be afraid. It wasn't necessarily a prediction. It probably just reflects my anxiety about everything that's been happening, like your dream about Tony. Relax. I'm going to make coffee."

She joined me in a few minutes. "I feel really strange."

"Maybe you should go back to bed for a while. I'll be up in a few minutes." I finished my coffee and went upstairs. "Let's have a session to see if we can get to the bottom of this, okay?"

She was soon with Mother, receiving injections in other parts of her body. "I don't understand why she has to give me all these shots. I don't like them."

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“Why don’t you ask her?”

“She is telling me telepathically that I need them to prevent me from causing harm to others. How could I cause harm? She says I have organisms in my body as all humans do which can cause harm to other species. The injections establish a balance in my body which eliminates the threat.”

“Is this preparation for a face to face contact?”

“She says yes. Why do I have to have the injections now if I have been with the others so many times in the past?”

“Perhaps it’s because you were in that cylinder and couldn’t contaminate them. Remember when you met your instructor recently you were in a tube of some kind?”

“I’m going to be seeing Nuke again in person. They have to get me ready. Mother is telling me that they tried to prepare you for a meeting in the past but you resisted. She says you became violent. You shook one of them. It disturbed his vibrations a great deal. They left you alone after that.

“Now she is telling me that I am truly an offspring of hers. Some of her own genetic material has been combined with mine. ...She’s showing me more of herself, taking me inside of her body. She is vast! Inside of her it’s like a huge city, full of Lights!” I understood now why I thought of Mother when I looked at the stars. The dream image of Marjie as a hybrid was valid. “They’ve finished with me now.”

“Ask her if it will be necessary to make such alterations to me in order to continue working with Nucleus.” I was surprised when Alta Sha answered.

“You have seen enough for now. The entrance will be closed for quite some time.”

“Will Marjie have any aftereffects from the medication?”

“What she has learned about herself is very disturbing to her. She will fear rejection or ridicule from others if it is revealed, and especially from you....”

“Was my dream of her changed form related to what we have just learned?”

“Yes. You visited another dimension. That is her appearance there. I AM allowed this alteration to occur. He is the Source of all creatures, including yourself.”

“Of course. We are all His children.”

“Alleluia.”

“Alleluia.”

Marjie left the trance spontaneously. She was even more stunned than I was, and afraid this would cause me to withdraw from her.

“I don’t think any less of you for being a hybrid. In fact, I am honored to be your husband. You are a very special person, a mediator between two dimensions. How could I not be proud to be your husband?”

“I’m not really any different than I was before you married me.”

“I know. You were wonderful then and you’re wonderful now. Isn’t it great to think we may really have babies in that other dimension?”

Marjie recalled that as a youngster she had donated ova to be used to create new life, but was disturbed to think that in order to get them, the ETs might have tricked her into taking off all her clothes. She reasoned that if they had done the same things her father had done, then they had also betrayed her trust, which was completely unacceptable to her. We had a session to help her experience again what actually happened:

“Are you ready to go back to that experience?”

“No.”

“Seek contact with your Higher Self, who agreed to go through these experiences with the ETs before you were born in this lifetime.”

She smiled broadly. “It’s brilliant. It’s like being bathed in gold. The Light is luminous and pulsating.”

Her voice changed into that of a wise, mature, and supremely serene woman.

“What would you have me do? She is doing exactly what she is supposed to be doing,” her Higher Self said.

“Can you help Marjie face her fear of this memory?”

“I am within her. She is doing just as she should.”

“Thank you for speaking with me.”

I spoke directly to Marjie. “You have now contacted the part of you which is imperturbable and unafraid. Are you ready now to face the past and see the truth?”

Our Interdimensional Family

“Yes.”

“Put the memory on a screen and view it as a movie that you are watching with interest but without fear.”

“I am with Mother and Alta Sha. Mother is standing at a large screen.”

“She has all of your experiences with the ETs recorded on it and can show them to you with nothing hidden if you want her to.”

“I want her to.”

“She’s showing me as a very young child. I’m smiling and walking comfortably with Mother and the little ones (grays) to the metal table. I’m sitting up on the table and without any reluctance I’m taking off all my clothes. I’m not upset about it at all! I realize that they are all naked and it’s perfectly natural for me to be naked, too. I’m lying on the table and although it’s metal, it’s warm and is adjusted to fit my body. The table is spreading apart beneath my legs to expose my vagina. They are taking something from inside me. It doesn’t hurt, but I feel a tearing sensation and some wetness between my legs. I’m asking them if I can see what they took. Alta Sha and Mother are asking me to be very sure that I want to see it.

“I do. The table is rising to support my back so I can sit up. It’s the first time I’ve been able to sit up and see! It’s a very tiny child, glowing with a spiritual Light like Mother’s. It looks very frail and has a funny looking head.

“It’s new life. I know it will be well taken care of.” Awed by this memory, she wept.

“Are you willing to allow this baby to be taken now that you have seen it?”

“I gave the gift of life freely. A gift that is given freely should not be taken back. I don’t regret giving it.”

“Are you interested in seeing that child as it looks now?” I asked. “It was one of the first you gave birth to. Perhaps Mother would allow it.”

“Yes, I would like that. I see him now. He’s almost as old as me. He is the most handsome thing I have ever seen!” she wept again. “He has solid blue eyes. They are the deepest blue. He has a uniform. He’s a leader of a group and is very good at what he does. He doesn’t know that I’m watching.”

Marjie's joy at these revelations was thrilling to behold. She was ecstatic to know that she had done everything willingly and had not been betrayed.

"Are you satisfied now that you were not tricked?"

"Yes. I felt cramping in my abdomen when they inserted the instrument."

"Follow that sensation to another time and place so that you will understand its significance."

"It's the same sensation I had whenever somebody in my family manipulated or betrayed me."

"When is the last time you can remember that happening?"

"It was when Carmen didn't warn me that my father was going to be in the room when I went to see my dead grandmother. If Carmen really loved me she would have prevented it or at least warned me about it."

"Carefully review the other experiences you have had with the ETs and decide for yourself if they have ever betrayed or deceived you."

"Mother is showing me the first time she asked if I wanted to give the gift of life to others. I answered yes. She's telling me that she still has ova that were taken and it has not been so long ago that one was used to create another life ...

Marjie said, "I'm surprised at how much my son resembled Nucleus. They look like members of the same family. His name is Othgar.

"You're the best. Not many spouses would do this for their mate. You're not just a husband, but my best friend." We embraced. I recalled the night we were driving back from Murray and she had sudden cramping just before we saw the UFO, now explained.

Mother demonstrated some of her miraculous abilities:

To Mother, Marjie said, "Will you sing to me? Thank you." She smiled at hearing Mother's song. After a few moments, she asked me to count her up, which I did. She said, "Mother showed me her hand. It looked like a mitten with only a thumb and no fingers. She explained that her form has changed as she has evolved over many, many years. She used to have fingers, but has no use for them now.

Our Interdimensional Family

There are those who still have them, but those who do work less with their thoughts.

“She’s letting me see the world around her as she sees it. She doesn’t need to use her physical eyes to perceive her surroundings because everything is seen as a mental image formed by a direct transfer of the energy of the objects into her mind. All that she sees is a pulsating field of energy around everything. She doesn’t actually see the physical form of the object. The Light energy she perceives is beyond white. When she approaches an object, the object’s energy also approaches her. She’s finished for now. It’s time to come back.”

We learned that there were multitudes of Archangels like Mother and that they sometimes joined forces to overcome the threat of a huge mass of negative energy Sarah called The Dark, which would suck the spirit out of any living thing it encountered. Nucleus 8 and two other members of the Alliance governing board went to investigate the cause of an unprecedented order from an even higher authority restricting his use of Alliance resources:

“Something serious must be going on. Tesar, Regenc 4 and I are taking a fleet to Higher Command to find out what.”

“Let me know how it turns out.” He left.

Marjie said, “I have the feeling that a major war is taking place.”

A few hours after Nuke left, Adam said. “Our fleet encountered The Dark, which has recently been spreading and attempting to devour new worlds.

“The fleet was not properly equipped to deal with the full force of The Dark. Its negativity is overwhelming. It seeps into the minds of all who approach, causing them to feel worthless, useless, hopeless, and helpless. The fleet has been called back and a contingent of Mothers has been sent to contain The Dark.”

“Thanks for the report.”

“I have to go back.”

“Marjie, may I speak to Alta Sha?”

“What does my friend want to ask of Alta Sha?” he replied.

“I am wondering if I should project myself to Nuke’s side to help him.”

“It is not necessary. It would be best for you to send your Light to fight the Darkness. It will find its way there.”

“I’ll do that.” I concentrated on the image of a huge ball of rainbow-colored Light surrounding The Dark and compressing it until it could not expand. I maintained this image for several minutes until I felt I had done all that was necessary, and went about my usual Saturday chores.

The fleet’s encounter with The Dark involved casualties, but the wounded survived. The effects of the battle on Nucleus 8 and some others will be found in the chapter bearing his name. On another occasion in Newfoundland, Mother reassured us when Nucleus 8 had suddenly and inexplicably lost all contact with his System, rendering him completely vulnerable and ineffective and causing him great anxiety:

We left the car and went inside the terminal. Looking quite anxious, Nuke said, “I also have no information about why you are not on the ferry. My link to the Station has been severed, and I have no idea why. I feel defenseless and naked.”

“Do you know why Nuke’s link has been severed, Alta Sha?”

With a perplexed expression, he answered, “I have no information to offer about any of this.” That struck me as ominous. Rapsar had warned that negative forces would try to interfere.

I felt I needed to do something at a spiritual level to protect Nuke. I sat next to him and mentally summoned Mother. When I felt her touch, I received an exquisite image of a giant brown starfish covered with tiny white shells. Its curving arms formed columns which supported a huge building. Other images of lovely organic forms followed. The last of them was the entrance to a small house built into the side of a hill, which I sensed was the home of a Viking. The borders of the doorway were decorated with little shells that continued in a band around the sides of the earth covered dwelling. I sensed that in another lifetime, this was my home, and my beautiful blonde wife waited for me at the entrance. I had come home, where I was safe and deeply loved.

It was impossible to be upset while viewing these images and I understood that Mother was using them to eliminate my doubts and fears for Nuke’s safety.

I opened my eyes and told Nuke what I had seen. “I think Mother gave me these images, but I’m not certain.”

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“You have made contact and the message is clear. There is nothing to fear. All is well. You would not be given these images if anything at the Station was amiss.”

Nuke’s contact with his System was reinstated a few hours later, and we learned that a colossal event was responsible for the interruption:

I managed to sleep for a couple of hours and woke up around 3:30 a.m.

Marjie asked, “Did you feel a shift in the whole building around two o’clock?”

“No, I was asleep.”

“I certainly did. It felt like a massive bump that affected everything around us, almost like an earthquake, but only one shock.”

Nuke said, “My link was restored immediately after the shock. Star One is right in thinking that a shift occurred. There has been a shift throughout the cosmos. Breath made an adjustment to establish a proper balance. This does not happen often. It has never happened in my lifetime, and is unlikely to happen again while I live, but it did happen, and it happened everywhere. The Board knew that the shift was about to occur and severed my link to the Station to protect me. That is also why we did not return on the ferry last night. I would not have enjoyed being on that ship when it happened because it would have been rough. There were disruptions all around the Earth. Others will become aware of them and to some extent it will be mentioned in the news.”

All members of the Alliance deferred to Metatron’s decisions about any matter that required his/her attention. Sometimes she/he was judge, jury, and executioner in administering justice to the conspirators who attempted to kill Marjie, Sarah, Nucleus 8, me, and others linked with them through their implants. We are very grateful for Mother’s love and protection. She continues to make her presence felt several times weekly, assuring me I am still within her circle of love.

Chapter Five

Adam

We had experienced so many blessings by having Perithnea in our lives that we were very happy when Alta Sha told us another faery had come to visit:

“Can you tell me what small being it was that Marjie saw flitting between us yesterday in the kitchen?”

“It was a little one.”

“You mean like Perithnea?” He nodded.

“This spirit will decide if it wishes to reveal itself to you.”

“That is fair. I was just curious.”

Alta Sha reached up to his shoulder as if to grasp at a stray hair and then put his hand in his pocket. “The spirit she saw is about, just as Perithnea is now in her pocket.”

“I am glad to have this new little one around.”

Marjie and I were on our way to Memphis when Alta Sha told me more about the new faery:

“The spirit which Marjie saw is one like Perithnea. What would you teach this one if it decided to remain?”

“I don’t know if I could teach a faery anything. Perithnea is always teaching me.”

“You have taught her many things.”

“It has been a privilege to work with her. I would try to teach this one the same things I would teach anyone about love, about I AM, about spirit.”

“It is your choice what sex this new one will have.”

“I want it to be a male.”

Our Interdimensional Family

“What name will you give him?”

“Adam.”

I felt a deep and unexpected emotion of sadness at the mention of the name. I was reminded that Adam was the Biblical prototype of all humans who had lost their spiritual foundations, but I knew that this Adam would not lose Eden. He would learn that the true garden exists through daily contact with our heavenly Father.

“He will stay with you and become your child. You have received a great blessing. Alleluia!” Happy tears filled my eyes. “Inform her of this new one. It will enable her to be more aware of his presence.” He withdrew.

“We just received another faery, Marjie. He is a boy faery I named Adam, and he is to be our child.”

Her joyful tears also flowed. “That’s so wonderful. What a gift! Thank you, God.”

At first Adam was very shy. He thought his name was Atom and that he was supposed to remain very tiny until I cleared up that misunderstanding. Then, with encouragement from Perithnea and other faeries, he learned how to fly in circles instead of only straight lines. He enjoyed making crayon drawings alongside me of such things as the tree stump where at first he would hide and much later of the personal craft he used in 8’s dimension, not because he needed it, but because others expected him to have one.

I counted Marjie down and in his soft, shy voice, Adam said, “Good evening, Father.”

“Good evening to you, Adam! It has been a long time since we talked. I’ve been missing you. What have you been doing?”

“I was traveling, but I knew it was time to come back. I was missing my friends.”

“Do you mean the ones who stay in the old tree stump with you?”

“I meant you, mother, and Perithnea.”

“Well, we are certainly friends as well as family. We all love you very much.” He smiled. “Perithnea tells me that you’ve been showing your foot and hand to everyone.”

“Yes, but I would like to have some on the other side.”

“Then I’d better draw them.” I quickly drew a foot and said, “I’m not very good at drawing hands.”

Adam

“I'd like one like yours.”

“Really? That's easy enough.” I outlined my left hand with a crayon. “How does that look?”

“I like it, but I will have to make it smaller to fit me.”

“I'm sure that you can make it just the right size.”

“I could have done that myself,” Adam said, as if surprised by that concept.

“How could you have outlined your left hand when you don't have one?”

“I could have turned my right hand over.”

“That's true, and very clever of you.”

He observed me very closely:

“Good evening, father.”

“Good evening to you, Adam. It's a delight to speak to you again.”

“I appreciate all the lessons I have been learning from you. You are very wise.”

“It pleases me that you think so. Have the lessons been useful?”

“I have been using them for my growth. I have been staying very close, watching everything that you do. One thing I have learned about you that doesn't change is your love of God. I have watched you pray.

“I have noticed that sometimes you present your body in a different way when you pray than you do at others.”

“Do you think it should always be the same?”

“I don't know.”

“I don't think it is necessary to pray in the same way all the time.”

“I see the emotion with which you speak and I know the source from which it comes.”

“My emotions are not always what they should be. I have some growing to do myself.”

“I meant no criticism.”

“I know, but I want you to know that I am not perfect by any means.

“I think it's good to try and be prayerful at all times. Sometimes praying out loud isn't necessary at all because I AM already knows

Our Interdimensional Family

what is in our hearts and minds. He knows if we are paying homage to Him if we have reverence, respect, love and a desire to serve. We can have this attitude no matter what we are doing. I have never been much for ritual. Praying out loud is sometimes more for other people's benefit than for God's, but it can seem like an interruption of the real, silent prayer."

"That is very perceptive. Ritual would be a kind of interruption if one were praying continuously."

"Yes. Stopping to have a ritual is like saying that there is a certain time when one should worship."

"Thank you for teaching me this lesson. Now I can see that the emotion you have is not just there when you speak the words, but is throughout you all the time. I see that it is possible to love God continuously."

"If you learned that from me, I taught you well. I'm sure there are things you can teach me also."

"Someday I would like to do that. Thank you for being my father."

He became familiar with the other entities who channeled through Marjie, and I was not surprised when he began to visit Nucleus 8's dimension:

Where did you go on your travels?"

"I have been to the triangle, father."

"The one that leads into other dimensions?"

"Yes. When I went through it, it smelled like old spices."

"Old spices? Why would they leave the odor of spices there?"

"It's to protect them from intruders. They seem to think that there might be some monsters who could come to harm them, but there really aren't any monsters. Perithnea says to tell you that they use old spices so they can splash it on their faces." I laughed. "Perithnea also says you will say I've been hanging around her too long."

"I think humor does add a lot of spice to life, don't you?" The noises downstairs increased in frequency and intensity. "Do you know what's making all that noise?"

"It's a kind of energy, but it won't hurt you. It's coming from a child of God. It's just trying to get your attention. Alta Sha won't let it speak through mother, but he wants to speak to you about it later."

“Good! I’m glad it’s a child of God like us. I’d like to know more about it.

“Why did you go to the triangle?”

“I was supposed to. It was so I could grow some more.”

“What did you do when you got there?”

“I enjoyed looking at the different lights that were flying away from the triangle in all directions. Each of them was followed by a thought. Sometimes the thoughts would bump together and join. I liked watching them do that.

“I met many different individuals. They taught me lots of things. Some of them had many different kinds of hands, and wrote with all of them at once on a wall and never made any mistakes. They were very smart.”

“What were they writing about?”

“About space and dimensions. They let me draw too. I drew a circle, but kept making it smaller, like this.” I watched as he drew an inward spiral. “But no matter how far in I got on this spiral, it kept expanding so that I always had room to make more of it. I traveled to many different places along it. I found out that I could travel anywhere and see anything that I wanted to see while I was drawing it. At certain places the line was marked with numbers by the people.”

“Why did they do that?”

“So they won’t forget them. These are places that they want to go back to, to do some work in the future. They travel all the time.”

“Why do they do so much traveling?”

“They like to fix things. When they find something wrong somewhere, they try to make it better.”

“I think I would get along with them real well. I’m a fixer-upper, too. Did you find a place you wanted to go back to?”

“I want to go back to the place where I drew the circle. They want you to try to do things.

“I could try anything I wanted; I didn’t have to succeed, just try.”

“Did you try some other things, too?”

“I tried to learn how to dream, and I did!”

“Wonderful! I’m so happy for you, Adam. Dreaming is very important to humans; I guess it’s important to faeries, too, especially since dreams are your food. That sounds like a good place to go back to.”

Our Interdimensional Family

“I enjoyed being with those other people, and I think that they liked having me there, too. They said it was fun to have me around.”

“Of course it is. I also enjoy teaching others and helping them to grow.”

“I told them you were my daddy. And I met someone there that you know.”

“Who was that?”

“Four thousand seven hundred seventeen. You call him Uncle Nuke. He has a last number on his shoulder which is 8. Some of the others had this number on their shoulders, too. He said he had a message for you.”

“Really? What is it?”

“He wants me to write it down. It’s a code.” He wrote down some strange marks. “Not all of the marks are letters. Some of them show the beginning of a thought and others add to the importance of certain letters.”

“Well, it could take me a million years to break the code. I’m not good at things like that.” The characters were in two groups. The first group consisted of five symbols and the second of eight. The last symbol looked like two squares connected by a short, horizontal bar, reminding me of an 8 on its side. “What does it mean?”

“You already know in your subconscious. He said he wants to tell you himself.”

“If I know this already, that means that I am familiar with Uncle Nuke’s language. I must have had more contacts than I realized. Maybe I know it subconsciously, but right now it might as well be Greek. I’m glad somebody’s going to tell me what it means.”

“I had to find my way back all by myself.”

“Was it hard to find your way back?”

“Yes. I had to start at the top of the triangle, go to the inside edge and climb down to the bottom. It took a long time, but Perithnea would come by and tell me not to get tired and not to give up, and to hurry up. Mother is getting tired, father. I should go.”

Many faeries visited when Adam and I were building a model house:

I went to get a change of clothes from the closet and noticed a rainbow-colored flash of Light on the closet door... I asked Marjie,

Adam

“Have you been seeing Lights around the house today?”

“Yes.”

“I wonder if some of Perithnea’s friends are visiting.”

“Yes sir!” Perithnea said.

“How many are here?”

“Thirty seven, sir! They are here to examine the new quarters and to look at the plans for the new condominium, sir! They have been downstairs reserving their rooms.”

“Already reserving rooms? I hope they don’t mind waiting.”

“Oh, they have plenty of time.”

“I am delighted that we have so many guests. Was that one of them that I saw by the closet?”

“Yes. Rainbow is a very busy little faery. She didn’t want to be just one color.”

“Adam, did you invite some of these faeries to come see your new house?”

“No sir. These are Perithnea’s friends.”

“Tell them that they are all very welcome...”

More faeries came to enjoy a stay in Adam’s model house:

Marjie said, “I was in the bedroom lying down to take a nap around four this afternoon when the television came on by itself and the printer started printing out a report.”

I said, “Saturday I heard the fax machine trying to make a connection, but no telephone call came in. Then I heard voices talking through the fax speaker phone when I was downstairs and you were taking a nap. I came upstairs to check on it and neither the fax machine nor the telephone were on. The table lamp keeps blinking when I sit down to read, but doesn’t do that if I’m just in the room. When they gave you your last electroshock treatment, I heard five caws like a big crow would make around nine or ten o’clock at night. Crows don’t call after dark.”

“I heard them too, even though I was at the Station.”

I asked Perithnea if she knew who made the crow noises. “It was one of the visiting faeries ...”

When I mentioned these phenomena to Nuke, he said, “I saw the faeries in Adam’s house. They’re having a party in there.”

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“What are they doing?”

He laughed. “One is taking a bath, another one is bouncing up and down on the bed, and others are climbing on the furniture and sliding down the banister, or having a meal in the kitchen.” I was sorry I couldn’t see them.

Adam made friends with Teglinlin Sarah’s older brother, Joshua, who channeled through Marjie via ET installed implants in their respective bodies. The Teglinlin children’s consciousness had been placed within Marjie in order to give them the love they had not received from their abnormally hostile and abusive biological parents, as described in the herein chapter about them. Joshua’s consciousness had already returned to his body at the Station when Adam and I talked about him:

“Is Adam available?” I asked Marjie.

“I’m here, father.”

“I’ve missed you. Where have you been?”

“I have been both far and near.”

“Tell me about the near part.”

“Your lawn is a very interesting place. It is fascinating.”

“What makes it so?”

“There are many life forms in the grass. I like to watch them.”

“Perithnea told me that you and Joshua had been studying it. Were you distressed when he joined with his body?”

His eyes glistened with tears. He hesitated before choking out, “I was there. Words cannot describe the beauty of the experience.”

“You were privileged to see that.”

“I am honored that you trusted me to teach him.”

“I had no doubt that you would do a good job. You are, as Sarah has said, excellent.”

“I only did what you have shown me. I am proud of you, father.”

“And I am very proud that you are my son. Will you and Joshua remain in contact with each other?”

“We will always think of the other.”

“Will you go to visit him from time to time?”

“I can go to him whenever I please, but Joshua is busy since he accepted a position and has responsibilities in the botanical area at the Station.”

Adam

“What good is a position if one doesn’t have time to visit with a friend?”

“There will always be time for that.”

“Good.”

“Mother is very tired.”

“We should speak again soon. We need to do this more often.” I touched his arm, sending love through my hand. “Can you feel that?”

“Yes. Goodnight, father.”

“Goodnight, son.”

Like Perithnea, Adam caused physical events which demonstrated his independent existence. One of his favorite manifestations was to make the pop off lids of plastic milk containers rise and fall back into place several times in succession and to make thumping sounds within the containers as if they had been struck by an object. He said that he and Joshua were engaged in a genetic experiment in the botanical area of Alliance headquarters, trying to develop a flower with petals like polished silver:

Marjie said, “I smelled cinnamon in the corner of our bedroom today. It was very strong. I wonder where it came from.”

“Adam said he was going to try to give you a whiff of the flowers he and Joshua have been working on.”

“It smelled wonderful.”

When I told Adam about Marjie smelling his flowers, he was thrilled. “I’m so happy that you told me, father. Now I will tell Joshua.”

“How is your experiment progressing?”

“Three of the petals are silvery.”

“Only two more to go. Very good.”

Here are more examples of the physical effects he caused and of his activities at the Station:

It was raining, so I did inside tasks until Perithnea called me from upstairs.

“Mother is too tired to get up now, but she’s hungry.”

“What would she like to eat?”

“Cream of Wheat and toast.”

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I took the hot cereal to her and sat beside the bed while she ate. Adam greeted me and said, "I have been practicing using my energy. I knocked some pieces of wood off the woodpile. I apologize."

"I don't mind. Those were pretty heavy pieces of wood. I suppose it was you thumping on the wall the other day, too?"

"Yes, it was." He held up his hand, saying. "Look father, four."

"Four what?"

"You are an intelligent man, figure it out."

"Are there four of you?"

"No. Think." He held up his hand again.

"Four different things that you did?"

"No."

"Four pieces of wood got knocked off the woodpile?"

"No father, much farther away than that. Add the dimension of space. Thirty seven light years away, father. Keep guessing."

"I have no idea what you are talking about. Your answer doesn't seem to be related to my question at all."

"It isn't. It's totally unrelated."

"Oh! Four petals!"

"Yes!"

"Congratulations, a breakthrough."

"The fourth one isn't quite as large as the others. We still don't have the cells right."

"Is it possible that you're asking the flower to change its nature so much that it wants to hang on to a little bit of its old self?"

"No, it asked me just the other day if it had done enough."

"I didn't know you could have conversations with flowers. That's neat."

"We've been asking everyone who has spare space to let us put the golden flowers there. We want to have flowers everywhere when Sarah has a complete tour of the facility. There should be flowers in every compartment. I am standing very firm on this. So far we have only one holdout. It is well within his right to refuse a flower in his personal space, but we would like complete cooperation from everyone."

"Who is it?"

"Nucleus 8. He says he is growing tired of the smell of cinnamon. He keeps his quarters unscented, and he has made access to them

Adam

rather difficult. His door remains open for only two point eight seconds. Some of us have decided that we are going to try to get a vat of cinnamon odor into his room. Perhaps you can suggest a way to get his cooperation.”

“Sarah could say that she won’t enter any space that doesn’t have her flowers in it.”

“That’s a thought. I could approach Nucleus from that point of view.”

“Would he want to be the only one whose space is not decorated for Sarah?”

“I like that approach even better than the other one. He would die of shame. I will have to talk to Joshua about this. Good bye, father. I love you.”

“I love you too, Adam.” We hugged.

Adam remained very aware of what was transpiring in our lives and was often present when Marjie was experiencing physical or emotional distress. On one such occasion Adam wanted to monitor her condition while he was busy doing experiments in the botanical area. In order to do that, he rewired Nucleus 8’s security System so that an alarm would be sounded there whenever an abnormal reading from her implant occurred. When this major breach of security was discovered, Nucleus 8 was required by the constraints of his position to express his displeasure. Adam complained:

“He is still not speaking to me. He will only stare and sigh when I see him. The silence is harder to bear than a scolding.”

“Could your hot wiring have caused serious damage if you had made a mistake?”

“An error could have caused harm to mother through her implant, but I was certain that I could do it correctly.”

“Perhaps you should tell him that you were trying to imitate him by being bold and daring, but also that you realize your failure to trust in him has resulted in others thinking that you cannot be trusted.”

“I will talk to him again.”

...Adam made the tea jug lid pop up and down several times before giving me a progress report. “Nucleus is still giving me the cold shoulder. He tells me to return to my work and says he will not

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discuss the penetration of his System with me ever again. I wonder if he will ever speak to me about any other subject.”

“You’re not being required to wear the uniform of error, which means it isn’t considered serious. Everyone makes mistakes. Even the Board almost killed mother by accidentally draining most of the life force out of her. In time I’m sure he’ll relent. Remember that Nuke held his head high even when he was required to wear the brown uniform.”

“I should do the same.”

“Yes. Accept his silence without complaint like he did.” I gave him a hug.

“Thank you for the embrace.”

We received a progress report from Nucleus 8 a few days later:

Marjie and I took a walk and I asked to speak to Nucleus. “Is everything alright with you? I haven’t heard from you in a few days. It’s unusual for you not to contact me after one of Marjie’s emotional upsets.”

“I have been dealing with another emotional crisis. I left her in the very able hands of Mother and Alta Sha.”

“What crisis is that?”

“This one involves a young lad with whom you are acquainted.”

“Who?”

“Adam.”

“Oh!”

“Adam took a terrible risk attempting to install a private link through my System. One false move could have had tragic effects, not only for Star One, but for millions of others who are linked to the System.”

“Adam knew that, but he was certain he could do it correctly.”

“He could not possibly have had sufficient knowledge and intelligence to do this alone. His hands were guided.”

“That is very likely. Do you know how old Adam is?”

“No. I have not considered it.”

“It is less than two Earth years since he was created.”

“He has shown an amazing growth of intelligence. ...From now on he will be denied access to my System. However, I have not

destroyed the link which he created. I have placed a relay in the laboratory where he is conducting his flower experiments which will notify him if anything emotionally significant happens to Star One. I have not informed him of this placement, and want him to discover it for himself.

Just a moment.” He paused, as if listening. “I apologize for the interruption.”

“No apology necessary.”

“It was the one of whom we speak. He came to my door to ask me if there was anything he could do for me. I told him to return to his flowers. If he does not remain there, how will he find the relay?”

“That would indeed make him feel much better.”

“And will let him off the hook.”

A short time afterwards, Adam channeled:

Adam appeared, very happy and excited.

“What are you so happy about, Adam?”

“I discovered a relay hidden among my flowers that’s connected to the link I put in Nucleus 8’s System, which he must have put there! When I found it I knew that Nucleus had forgiven me and gifted me at the same time! I thought I had been rejected forever when he told me I would never have access to his System again, and every time I approached him to talk about it, he told me to please go back to my flowers. In return for his gift, I gave him a hug.”

“What did Joshua think about it?”

“Joshua told me before that I was dead meat, but now he thinks that 8 is really a neat guy.”

“He had to show some sternness. Otherwise he would have appeared weak and vulnerable.”

“I know. I guess I punished myself.”

“When conscientious people believe they have done wrong, they punish themselves with guilt feelings. All you needed was a sign of disapproval.”

“I know.”

“It isn’t worth violating your values to go through the self punishment that follows.”

“I’m glad I don’t have to sneak around anymore.”

Our Interdimensional Family

“Nucleus knew that you had a need to be connected and he honored it. Were you alerted by your new relay to Marjie’s distress this morning?”

“No, because her thoughts were still intact. My sensor is not as sophisticated as 8’s. It only registers a scattering of the thought process.”

“I didn’t know. I’m very happy that it all worked out well for you, and that you’re on good terms with 8 again. When he sees how trustworthy you can be, he may eventually relent about letting you have access to his System.”

“Thank you father.” We said goodbye.

Nucleus 8 commented about the episode’s outcome:

Nucleus greeted me before I left for work.”Why hello, Nuke, I’m not used to seeing you this early in the day.”

“It is the end of my shift and I am getting ready to go to bed. Adam gave me a hug. It was a wonderful experience.”

Perithnea and Adam often did practical things to make my life easier when Marjie was disabled by emotional and physical problems. For example, Perithnea would schedule appointments and Adam helped me with a construction project:

While going to work I reflected on the thoughtfulness of my adopted children. Perithnea had put my paperwork in order and Adam had made sure that I had it before I left. He said, “I have been staying near because of mother’s illness. I moved the cord on the blind, and I helped you put the door back on its hinges after you trimmed it.”

“I thought it went back on those hinges more easily than usual. Thanks for the help.” I gave him a hug and he smiled.

After Adam got over being intimidated by Nucleus 8’s power, they became good friends and he eventually joined the security force, where his special abilities and intelligence were much appreciated. Perithnea was also quite friendly with Nucleus 8 and would often tell us about his activities, prompting Nucleus 8 to call her *your spy*. Because of their warm reception at

Adam

the Station, many other faeries began to participate in the creative work of the Alliance. Nuke greatly appreciated their unique contributions :

He praised Adam for noticing a very slight fluctuation in the System, which was due to a tiny burned circuit. Nuke said, “In his minute form, Adam travels throughout the entire System three times daily, noting any flaws and correcting them. I want to thank you for raising such a fine son.”

Nucleus 8 was seriously wounded and near death on several occasions. Adam would keep me informed about his condition:

“What happened to the planet when he detonated the weapons?”

“It was obliterated, sir, but the force was sufficiently dissipated and there is no more danger.” I was silent for a moment, thinking about 8’s bravery. “I appreciate this opportunity to walk and talk with you, sir. If I am granted the position of Chief of Security, I will thank you for giving me the qualities that I needed to aspire to such a position.”

“We should both thank Breath. I don’t want to take credit for what you and Breath did, but I am glad that I was a catalyst for your growth. I think you will be chosen. I don’t see how anyone else could be more qualified.”

“You have been a steadying influence in my life, father. Whenever I found myself in a situation where I wasn’t sure what to do and felt a little unsteady, I thought of my father and what you would say if you were there. Then I would calm down and know what to do.”

“Thank you. That’s quite a compliment. I’m glad I helped you to be steady, though I haven’t felt too steady myself, lately. There are too many uncertainties about what the future holds.”

“I am a faery. Faeries have done a marvelous job on Green, and faeries can’t be harmed, either. There is no physical danger for me, which is ideal for a security position.”

“I agree entirely.”

Adam got the job. Eight recovered and resumed his job as Chief. Adam has been quite content as his second in command. I think of him daily.

Chapter Six:

Mi

Although I had heard tales of wood sprites, I thought they were purely imaginary until Perithnea taught me I was wrong. Marjie and I were exploring the wooded trail beside a series of beautiful waterfalls at Burgess Falls State Park in middle Tennessee when I paused and put my hand on a poplar tree growing on the bank of the river. I closed my eyes and projected my love for the tree through it. My eyelids fluttered as I perceived several streaks of white Light speeding back and forth in my mind's eye. I heard other hikers approaching on the narrow trail, opened my eyes, and stepped aside to let them pass. A few hours later, I was asked about that experience:

Our walk that evening was again blessed by Perithnea, who asked, "What happened when you touched the tree beside the river?"

"I saw a bunch of bright Lights flying around really fast. They reminded me of your Light."

"You were seeing the Light of sprites. Sprites live in trees because they like wood. They are very happy that you noticed them."

"What did those words Marjie heard, *Life within life within life* mean?"

"Life within life within life means the spirits that are in all things. Trees decide to be male and female and rocks decide to be rocks. Life can communicate with life just as spirit can communicate with spirit. That is what you were looking for..."

"Every tree has at least one wood sprite. If the tree gets sick and is about to die, or if it's about to be cut down, they quickly move to another tree. They always want to be around wood and to stay in it. Mi has been staying in the walls of the house. They can travel through walls, too... Every tree gets a newborn sprite when the tree is born. Whenever you see a tree sitting out by itself in the middle of

Mi

nowhere, it isn't really alone. There's always at least one sprite to keep it company. So you see, sprites are very common, but faeries are not. We're special. But we are alike in many ways.

"If you get a living Christmas tree, it will have sprites in it, and that's why you are going to have more company. They will be very happy when you bring the tree into the house."

Mi liked to test her ability cause physical manifestations. She caused several 4' x 8' sheets of paneling leaning against a wall to fall away from it and to land facedown, which required considerable force. Perithnea said Mi was learning how to bridge the gap between her dimension and ours and was so excited about being able to do things in our dimension that she sometimes made mistakes. We discovered that Mi could perfectly imitate various sounds, including our voices, and did not have to channel through Marjie to be heard. More than once Marjie and I heard our names being called in an exact duplication of our spouse's voice. Mi sometimes imitated the sound of a bug flying near our ears, causing us to swat at the nonexistent insect. She also loved to imitate the sensation of a bug crawling through my hair, which became a standard method for announcing her presence:

Mi tickled my hair at breakfast the following morning. I thanked her and all my other spiritual companions for being with me. I was walking through the house when I felt the unmistakable touch of a spider web on the side of my face, but there was no web. In the evening I saw little flashes of Light around Marjie and slight shadows in the periphery of my vision. When Perithnea channeled I asked, "What are all the flashes and shadows I've been seeing?"

"I have friends visiting. We've been dancing and singing."

"They're welcome! I'm pleased that they let me see their Lights."

"I have put a sign over the entrance which says Turn on Your Light."

"Why did I feel like I ran into a spider web this morning when nothing was there?"

"It was Mi. She did the same thing to mother twice today. You're the best!"

"I think you're the best, too!"

Mi also teased Nucleus 8. We were upstairs when he said:

Our Interdimensional Family

“I admire the architecture of your bedroom. It is very unusual.”

“Well, I am just an amateur, and I made some mistakes, but it is sturdy and it gets the job done.”

“Why did you choose this color scheme?”

“The color reminds us of being by the sea.”

“I like the antique lamp beside your bed.”

“It’s nice, and not too big. Good for reading.”

He brushed his finger at his nose several times before saying, “Mi, please sit on the table and stop tickling me.”

“Mi has shown herself to me several times recently.”

“I overheard you speaking of that. She is attracted to your Light.”

Mi sometimes allowed herself to be seen:

I went downstairs to unwind before going to sleep. The light blinked once, and I saw Mi flitting around in the room. I recalled that she had done the same when we were working with Paul. I had seen her little brown blur speeding across his office several times. She had also tickled Isabel’s left ear during our last session. I thanked her again for her presence and her love.

Mi occasionally revealed herself to strangers. I said to Perithnea:

“Mi came with us too. I felt her tickling me several times. Did she like the trees up there?”

“Very much. She liked the lampshade, too.”

“Which one?”

“The one that moved last night.” All of us had been sitting in the living room when suddenly the shade on a table lamp moved as if bumped by someone passing by. Dot and Ruth had seen it and registered surprise but said nothing about it.

“You didn’t think of Mi when it moved, did you?”

“Yes I did. I thought it was either you or Mi, but I wasn’t sure which.”

After we had become quite familiar with Mi, several baby sprites also entered the wood of our home in a completely unexpected way:

I was nailing some boards together while framing the upstairs bathroom when Perithnea said, "There are some baby wood sprites still inside that wood."

"Should I stop hammering? It must scare them."

"Their elders went to visit some other sprites and told them not to leave their tree until they got back. When the tree was cut down they didn't understand that its life had already ended, so they waited for their parents. They felt the terror of going through the sawmill. Your hammering reminds them of the sounds they heard."

"How can I make them feel safe?" I asked.

"Soothe them. Ask their permission to use the wood."

"I'm so sorry I frightened you, baby sprites. I didn't know you were still in this wood. If you look around, you will see Mi, another sprite, who will show you where to go."

"Mi and me are trying to calm them down too."

I said, "I will not harm you, baby sprites. You are welcome to stay in this house. There's wood from many trees here that you can play in."

Perithnea said, "They're packing their bags now. We convinced them that this is a place full of love and that they can play wherever they want to."

At suppertime I heard a lot of popping noises in the woodwork and asked Perithnea, "How are the sprites?"

"They're having fun running around all over the place. The popping noises happen when they reach the end of a board and pass through into another one."

"They don't understand why one board ends before another one starts up. It's not like what they remember, but they are starting to get used to it. I've been teaching them how to jump from one board to another, and it goes pop when they do."

"Make sure they know they can stay as long as they wish. How long does it take baby sprites to grow up?"

"Thousands of years."

"How old is Mi?" I asked.

"I never ask another lady her age."

The frequent popping sounds continued at a high rate for several days before declining to a few each day.

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Mi has been a delight to me because she makes sure I know when she is around. Very often when I feel Mi, I will also feel Light Mother's touch. They seem to be very fond of each other. It was very satisfying to know that our family of sprites considered our home to be a fun place.

Chapter Seven

Indian Spirits

I learned that Marjie was able to perceive the spirits of deceased persons shortly after we began our trance work. I had always been interested in Native Americans and their culture, and was therefore quite intrigued when she encountered large numbers of their spirits in a high Colorado meadow. We were on a shoulder of the West Spanish Peak, one of twin, extinct volcanoes that have been considered sacred by many Indian tribes. These famous landmarks next to the eastern prairie of southern Colorado are among my favorite places.

We followed a rugged National Forest Service road to the top of Cordova Pass at an altitude of almost 12,000 feet, where we parked in the provided space by a trailhead. The location offered spectacular views of the Sangre de Cristo mountain range to the west, of the intervening broad valley, and of the snow capped West Spanish Peak soaring above us in the north. The crisp, clean and cool afternoon air smelled of rosin from the many evergreens surrounding us:

“I want to show you the meadow this trail goes to,” I said. “We can come back when we have more time to go up the mountain. There’s a great view of the valley and the mountains from the meadow. You can see forever. It’s not very far.” Marjie took my hand and we started up the trail. After a few steps she grabbed her head, a grimace of pain on her face. “Are you alright?”

“My head hurts. I feel dizzy.”

“It may be altitude sickness. It can make you feel dizzy and nauseous and sometimes causes headaches. One time I came out here to the cabin and I fainted from the lack of oxygen. It usually goes away pretty quickly if you take it easy. We’ll wait here till you feel better.”

Our Interdimensional Family

“I don’t want to go up there. There’s something up there that scares me.”

“What do you think it is?”

“I don’t know, but there are spirits up there. I can hear them. Can’t you hear all the noise they’re making?”

“No, I can’t hear anything. What does it sound like?”

“Like singing and drums beating. It hurts my ears. Are you sure you don’t hear it?”

“All I can hear is the wind. But I’m not surprised that you hear them. You’re very sensitive to psychic traces. You showed that at Hole in The Rock. Many Indians have worshipped on these mountains and I think you are picking up on that. You have nothing to fear long as you ask for God’s protection. Maybe we came here so you could contact these spirits.”

“Okay, I’ll go if you think it will be alright.” We slowly walked up the trail which led beside a derelict log cabin that was falling down from decay. I wondered how long it had been since anyone lived there and how they had made a living. The winters at this altitude were fierce and the snow could have covered a cabin. There were some rusty metal items inside and in the yard, including a ‘30’s model pickup. Just beyond was the meadow. Marjie began to cry.

“What’s wrong?”

“It’s so loud! It sounds like thousands of people chanting and playing drums. It’s like a carnival. I must be going nuts!”

I took her in my arms. “No, you’re not going nuts. You are blessed. You’re hearing the sounds of ancient ceremonies. This would be a perfect place for a rendezvous.”

“I can see them. They are happy, dancing and celebrating. The noise is louder up at the top of the meadow.” We walked in that direction. I wished I could perceive what she did, but I was too focused on the here and now and was a little disappointed with myself. Marjie said, “I’m tired. I need to sit down and rest.”

We held a session in the meadow the following day. Marjie relived a lifetime as an Indian maiden in love with a warrior and being killed there by a blow to the head from the paw of an angry bear. Upon discovering her body, her lover committed suicide, and their spirits entered the bodies of mated eagles. In sessions weeks and months later, Marjie experienced being within

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an eagle and could channel the eagle's thoughts and perceptions. Often the eagle was the devoted companion of a Native American. In one instance the eagle described topographic features around the home of her master which helped us to locate it. The eagle expressed deep affection for her shaman master, who had nursed her back to health after she was injured.

While we were in the meadow, Alta Sha persuaded a reluctant Marjie to accept the spirits of five Tarahumara Indians within her body because it was what I AM wanted her to do. On our return homeward, four of the spirits were temporarily transferred to a male acquaintance, also chosen by the Great Spirit to be their host.

The Tarahumara spirit who remained within Marjie helped her and me to create several symbolic artifacts which he said would be used to teach others spiritual truths. I was very surprised to learn that the spirit of Teresa, my recently deceased wife, also participated:

When I got home from work the following day Marjie said, "Look what I made." A circular hoop of wood had white yarn strings attached to its circumference which joined inside to make a smaller circle, creating ray-like projections that reminded me of a child's drawing of the sun. Five black beads were positioned at equal intervals on the inner circle's rim. At the upper right of the inner circle a gray scallop shell was attached with two red beads dangling from it on two short strings of white yarn, and suspended below them on the same strings were two smaller, light gray seashells. The wooden rim was covered in white rabbit fur and divided at equal intervals by three large, gray scallop shells, with the uppermost being centered at the apex of the circle, like the three corners of an equilateral triangle. Hanging from each of the two lower shells were two tails of white fur, one slightly longer than the other, and each of the two longer tails had a red bead attached halfway down its length.

"It was really strange," she went on. "I felt the presence of one of the spirits from the mountain in me. This was his idea, not mine; I could never think of a thing like this. He told me how to make it. I don't know how to tie knots like that. He used my fingers to do it."

"It's really beautiful. I've never seen anything like it."

"Teresa helped too."

"Teresa! What did she do?"

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“I didn’t know where to find black beads. I knew I had seen some somewhere and went upstairs to look. I searched all over and couldn’t find them. I stopped looking for a minute, wondering where to look next, and I heard her voice telling me to look in the box where she kept buttons. There they were, exactly five beads and no more. She told me where to find the shells, too.”

“Amazing. How did the Tarahumara know that there would be five black beads? Why did he want you to make this?”

“He wants it to be seen by others. It’s for his people. It’s a symbol.”

“Are you sure the spirit is one of those from the mountain? What can you tell me about him?”

“Yes, I’m sure. He’s the one who looks very old and very wise and very gentle. He was chanting while we were working. He stayed behind when the others entered Doug. I like him a lot.”

“Do you remember the second cryptogram Little One showed us, where there were four dots above a line and one below? Now I think the dots represented the five spirits, and he was the one separated from the others.”

We were very pleased when Marjie received a personal message from the Tarahumara spirit, whom we called the Old One:

The trance was induced and she said, “I see him very clearly. He’s very old, short, and has long gray hair hanging down to the middle of his back. He doesn’t have a shirt on. His pants and moccasins are made of soft leather and the pants have fringes of fur and feathers. He’s dancing in circles, halfway crouching. He does a long skip, spins around in place, then skips again and spins around, doing this in a big circle. Now he is spiraling in toward the center of the circle. He’s at the center. He spins in a full circle, then jumps forward in a crouch with his arms out in front and stands still for a few seconds before doing another spin and jump. He does it six times, facing in a different direction each time he stops. He wants me to draw this dance on paper.

“Now he’s standing up, facing me. He’s showing me a pattern drawn on his chest in black paint. He wants me to make this same pattern on your chest. Now he is gone.”

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I took off my shirt so that Marjie could make the design on my chest with black acrylic paint, wondering why he wanted it on me. Was it some kind of initiation, or was I to be a walking billboard? Either way, I was bound to help him if I could, and honored by his regard for me.

The design was simple and rather large, extending from the top to the bottom of my chest. It consisted of five pairs of eyes with eyebrows turned down at oblique angles at the bridge of the missing nose; each pair was arranged one above the other, with a vertical line that separated the left and right eyes from the top to the bottom of the whole array.

“The Old One is delighted,” she said. “He is speaking to me in his own language. I don’t understand the words enough to write them down, but I am getting images of what he means, which goes like this: Once earth mother nurse soul. Tears. Sadness. Taken. Heart stabbed. Pass away. Wait. Long journey. Separation. Meet. Talk. Join. Unite. Peaceful. Joyous. Explosion of delight!”

Alta Sha said this about the Tarahumara Indians:

“Is there a connection between the Tarahumara and some of the other North American tribes, such as the Apache?”

“All the tribes are connected. If they were brought together to share their histories and legends, they would discover that they have more in common than many of them realize. The Tarahumara are admired by many Indians who know their history because they never bowed down to the white man. They had this.”

He made a fist and forcefully clapped it against his chest over his heart.

“What do you mean by that gesture?”

“Interpret it yourself.”

“I think it means that you have grasped an idea and have taken it into your heart, holding it fast.”

“That is correct, but it also means strength. Many of the Tarahumara still have this within them. They have not allowed themselves to be dominated by any man. There are some who may seem to be dominated but really are not. This is true of some of your country’s Indians as well.”

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We went to Mexico's Copper Canyon country to find traditional Tarahumaras, and learned that we were supposed to release two of the Tarahumara Indian spirits into Batopilas Canyon, where they had once lived. Alta Sha explained that they would be reincarnated among their people, whose last remaining shaman had recently died:

“The Tarahumara spirits that you released in the canyon lived about five hundred years ago. The one that you held within you was called *White Mountain*. The one within Marjorie was called *Rocks that Slide*, similar to what you would call slate. After their deaths, they decided to rest on the mountain where you first encountered them. They waited for Marjorie to come. For them the wait was a moment.”

“What were they doing during their wait?”

“They were becoming more familiar with themselves.”

From Mexico we went directly to Mesa Verde' National Park, where according to Perithnea, we would encounter a new group of *really tough* Native American spirits. For much of the way we were accompanied by groups of ravens, and I wondered if spirits had entered them. Very soon after our arrival, Marjie accepted four Indian spirits within herself, and I accepted *Rides the Wind*, the spirit of an eagle who had been the companion of one of Marjie's four. Over the following few months the channeling spirits taught us about their culture as cliff dwelling Indians who lived many centuries ago. Occasionally, *Rides the Wind* would also channel through Marjie:

Before I finished the countdown, her head and shoulders began to move like those of an eagle focusing on its prey while its body shifted in the wind. “She flies,” *Rides the Wind* whispered in an eager voice.

“Where do you fly?” I asked.

“To my friend, the old one.”

“Ah, that is good! I wanted to learn more about him. Will you tell me what you see?”

“He is sitting upon the ground. Before him on a skin are things he holds sacred: rattlesnake fangs and colored stones. He places them in certain positions and they speak to him...”

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“What do the stones signify?”

“Red is for everything that lives, flesh, blood, and plants which sustain life. Yellow is the light of the sun, the Creator. White means purity, ice, or water. Black is for transformation, spirit passing from one form into another, death and rebirth. He pours the fangs from his hand onto the skin and reads the future.

“He motions me to go. The ceremony is not to be witnessed by others.”

I waited for a few moments until *Rides the Wind* said, “The old one is ready to talk.”

Another masculine voice said, “Speak.”

“We are honored that you have chosen to join us. We know that you are a wise one who has lived many years, and that others come to you to hear your words of wisdom. Soon we will be speaking to a group of young people. I hope that you will share your wisdom with them also.”

“How will they come to me?”

“They will not have to come to you. If you will speak into this, (I held a mini recorder in my hand), I can take your words to them.”

“How can you take my words?”

“This will take in all your words and keep them until I am ready to share them with others. It is something that did not exist when you were still in your body. Your voice will be heard just as I hear it.”

“You want me to speak to the box?”

“Yes.”

With evident distaste for the recorder, he said, “Men are like corn and wheat. They grow from the Earth until they burst forth with seed and fruit. They repeat this over and over, never ending. Today, they walk upon the Earth but they do not embrace it. Why are they afraid to embrace the Earth? Every man would be wise to lie on his belly and to embrace the Earth.

“You should listen to the old ones for their wisdom, not to those who are young. Who among the young has wisdom?” He pushed the recorder away.

“Thank you for your words. They are good.” He withdrew.

Marjie said, “The others want to speak also.”

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“Very good. Who wishes to speak next?”

“I am Zomolok.” He spoke in the ancient Ute’ language, which I have written phonetically, without benefit of a translation.

“Peenay. Peenay Cheecalla. Doo no washeenay. Seenay a hay kay. Cheecalla. Utay!” He boldly shouted the last word.

Marjie said, “He wants me to seek my own vision.”

“Good. Do what is necessary.”

“I’m flying again,” she said in the voice of *Rides the Wind*. “I am admiring the old one and I am gliding close enough to be admired by him.”

“Why do you admire him so much?”

“He is very strong but very kind.”

“How did you and the old one become joined?”

One of the Ute’ warriors answered, “Before the old one lost his sight he was a scout. He watched over vast stretches of land from the heights for the protection of his people. He lived in a cliff dwelling before his people had to leave.

“One day he saw two eagles fighting in the sky. One of the eagles was injured and fell from a great height. Because he saw this, the old one was responsible for the life of the wounded eagle and brought him back to health. They became friends for life. When the old one went blind, he learned to prepare hides and after that was known as Softener of Skins. He wants you to tell others everything that you know about him.”

As he had done several times previously, Perithnea escorted Marjie to the Plane of Books, looking for one which helped to explain why the Spanish Peaks were so important to our Indian spirit friends:

In our next session Marjie said, “Perithnea is taking me to the plane of books again. She is rummaging through the piles of books, burrowing under them like a gopher. Now she has the right one. There’s a picture of a mountain on its cover. It’s the West Spanish Peak. I’m opening it and I see a lush, tree-covered mountainside. There are two large gashes in the forest where the rocks and soil are exposed. Perithnea is telling me to step into the book.

“I’m standing on the mountainside, only now I’m a middle-aged Indian man. I’m amazed to see a bright silver egg-like thing flying

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rapidly toward me. It's jerking around as if out of control. Now it's passing over me, headed for the mountainside."

I asked, "Why did you come to the mountain?"

"We came to worship. We are trying to make it rain. In some places it has been very dry, but there are places on the mountain where it stays very wet.

"I'm walking down the mountain with my companions. Soon we will each go our separate ways to our own people. We hear strange voices coming from the sky. They speak to each of us in our own language. The voices come from all directions at once. We are very afraid of the spirits who are doing this. We hurry to get off the mountain.

"We meet a few white people on the mountainside. We are enraged by their intrusion into our sacred place and kill them."

...From further questioning, I learned that at least some of the Indians in the group had been to the sun temple on the east Spanish Peak. The one who saw the flying object went back to his people, told them about it, and returned to the mountain at a later time. The Indians went in different directions when they left because they were from different tribes, but at least one of them was a Ute'. After leaving the mountain, some of them went to the west and some of them went to the south; although angry whites pursued some of them, they all made it safely home.

We learned more the following day:

...Marjie said, "I've been feeling all day long that the Ute' spirits want to talk to me, but I haven't been able to pick up the message. Can we have a session about this?"

"Sure."

Entranced, she said, "I feel like I'm both myself and something else. The something else is a bird. I am flying, looking at the wall of a cliff where I can see houses. They are like the ones at Mesa Verde', but in a different place. I have been here before. I see people. One is a woman with children nearby. The young ones have no clothing on, but an older one is wearing a loincloth. The woman carries a pottery jar with water in it. My master is here. The people like to see me gliding on the wind in front of their dwellings. I have been given

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food here. I want to go closer to see more details, but a barrier is stopping me. I can only see them from a distance.”

“Describe your appearance.”

“I am mostly black, but there are some brown feathers and a lighter color edges the feathers on my breast.”

“Are you a vulture?”

“No. I have talons and kill my food.”

“Can you find your master?”

“Yes.” She looked quite pleased. “I am going to him. It gives him pleasure to see me.”

“Describe him.”

“He is very old. His hair is gray and he wears a headband. His cheekbones are very prominent and his cheeks are sunken in. There are deep clefts beside his nose and mouth, which have the form of a pyramid from the base of his mouth to the bridge of his nose. His eyes are closed and cannot see. When he opens his eyelids, his eyes are a milky color which matches the color of his hair. They look odd, but not repulsive.

“My perch is nearby. I make marks on it with my talons, but when I land on the arm of the old one I do not make marks.”

“What name does the old one call you?”

“Utay’oee.” She gave strong emphasis to the tay sound.

“Can your master see through your eyes?”

“I do not know.”

“Can you read the thoughts of the old one?”

“Yes.”

“Are there any thoughts that the old one wishes to share with us?”

A look of confusion appeared on Marjie’s face. “It is too difficult.”

“Perhaps he would be willing to speak directly to me through the woman.”

Marjie said, “Until now I have been seeing through the eyes of the bird, but now I can feel the old one. I have been aware of myself at the same time that I was the bird, and I feel the same about the old one. He wants to say something.”

He spoke. “Many people have come to this place seeking great wealth. They have looked on the heights and on the lowlands ... only I know the resting place...Many came...and many turned away.”

Indian Spirits

“I see a very big U, like on a traffic sign,” Marjie said.

“When you and the woman come here, you will find the stone you seek under a cluster of stones. In your travels you will move in circles, but will not be retracing your steps exactly. You will move slightly to the side of the circle.”

“I see the image of a spiral,” Marjie said.

“Is the stone you speak of your resting place, which the youth saw in his vision?” I asked.

“No. Have you ever ridden the wind?”

“Sometimes I do.”

“I speak to the wind. The girl spirit through whom I speak will understand the meaning of this. In how many days and ten hours from the time the girl’s spirit first contacted me, there will be understanding of the way to find the treasure. Look for the sun.”

“My main interest is not in finding buried treasure but in spiritual growth and in knowing what I can do to help you accomplish your purposes.”

“He released the hawk into the air just as he said that last sentence.”

Rides the Wind provided more information about his relationship with *Reaches for Fire in the Sky*. Marjie is speaking:

She said, “We have work to do. You are to use me to answer any questions you have about anything.”

“I want to know more about the Indian spirit we spoke to last night.”

“Put me down deeper. Push on my shoulder.”

I put one hand on her shoulder and another on her forehead, counted her further down and said, “Picture yourself at the Mesa. You are breathing the clean air of the mountains and it is helping your sinuses to drain.”

“I am aloft.”

“What can you see?”

“I am flying above the mesa. Below are rocks and scrub, covered with dust. I see food.”

“Are you hungry?”

Our Interdimensional Family

“No, but I cannot pass this up.”

“Then do what you do best.” She made movements indicating that she had caught her prey.

“Did you catch your food?”

“Yes. It was strange; I would not have killed the prey this way if I did not know my master.”

“How would you have killed it?”

“I would have destroyed the head. I know that the master wants the head for himself, but the meat is mine to eat.”

“What kind of prey is it?”

“It is a snake that makes a buzzing noise.”

“Are you going to eat the meat now?”

“I will eat it by the master. I am going to him now.”

In her own voice Marjie said, “The wings are very long and strong.”

The eagle spoke again. “I am with my master. He is sitting, facing away from the cave opening toward the dwelling at the back. I sever the head of the snake from its body and fling it toward him. He thanks me and I eat.”

“Did he call your name?”

“Not this time.”

“How did he thank you?”

“With words.”

“Is it possible for me to speak to him directly?”

“Yes.”

“Greetings, seeker of wisdom,” the old one said.

“Greetings to you, wise one.” I waited respectfully for him to say more. After a period of silence, I asked, “What is the meaning of the eagle’s name?”

“Do you mean the significance of the call, or the meaning of the words?”

“The exact meaning of the words.”

“*Feathers That Sparkle.*”

“How did you lose your vision?”

“I looked at the sun because I thought that the sun was God. It made me blind. Others said after I lost my vision that my eyes had faded.”

“But your visions were clear.”

Indian Spirits

“Yes, my visions are clear.”

“Are you one of the cliff dwelling people that are called the Anasazi?”

“I am an old Ute’, but they do not say it right. We say UTEE! The tee part is always said as a shout, with great pride.”

“Why don’t the modern Utes say it like that?”

“They have become lazy. They have turned what was a matter of pride into shame. When we said our name the proper way, people would turn and stare. This eventually became embarrassing and they allowed it to be shortened to Ute.”

At the end of the session Marjie said:

“I saw the face of the eagle from the side, right in front of me. It was real and it is definitely a golden eagle. I saw the twinkle in its eye, the serrations of the feathers, and the details of its beak. It was awesome.” There were tears in her eyes. “It was real, so real!”

Rides the Wind described the approach to the dwelling of *Reaches for Fire in the Sky*:

Marjie’s shoulders adjusted to the wind currents as *Rides the Wind* flew again. “What do you see?”

“I have flown out toward the flats. Below me I see a mud house.”

“Whose house is this?”

“I do not know.”

“What else do you see?”

“Something on the ground.”

“Where is this place?”

“The way you would approach you would see the legs of two walls, one on the right and one on the left.”

“Is there much space between these legs?”

“Not enough to be secure. As you would approach first you would see the leg on the right and then you would see the leg on the left and beyond the leg you would be secure, and there is the mud house. And before the mud house there is something on the ground.”

Marjie said, “I am finished.” I counted her up. “I have to draw what the eagle saw.” When she was finished, the meaning of the

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eagle's words was clear. The legs he referred to were projections onto the flat ground from the sides of a mesa that curved around in a large U shape. Within the "legs" of the U was a sheltered area like a small canyon. Up high on the wall of the mesa to the left was an adobe cliff dwelling.

Reaches for Fire in the Sky/Softener of Skins said it would be too difficult for us to say his full name in his language, and showed us that we should simply call him Tanner. Tanner said there were special teaching stones he needed to retrieve:

As soon as she was entranced Marjie made the head and shoulder movements of *Rides the Wind* in flight. When she stopped, Tanner said to me, "I have something to tell *Man to Come*. Get magic box to keep words."

I got out the recorder but it wouldn't work properly. Instead I wrote them down.

"On the mountain you will find several rocks. Some of them are shapes. The inner curve of the crescent moon is one. Another is the joining of four colors. The third is broken; take the three biggest pieces. Look for the 8 rock. The serpent tongue is a new rock. The coloring in the rock is the serpent's tongue. Do not leave behind any that call your name. They are to find you.

"The boy who goes with you must look for stones that speak to him. Tell him to listen with his heart. What he hears is of no importance, only that he hears. If he does not hear, he casts it away. Boy has good heart. His heart has ears. Make clear to the boy, *Man to Come*. It is the boy's journey into manhood. It is *Man to Come*'s journey into wisdom. It is woman's journey into *Softener of Skins*."

When Tanner was gone I repeated his words to Marjie, adding, "Looking for these stones could be like trying to find needles in a haystack. It isn't clear what shape they have, how big they are, or even if they are all in the same meadow where the infinity stone is. There are rocks all over that big meadow. We will certainly need guidance to find them."

Alta Sha joined me. "My friend," he nodded.

"My friend, it is good to talk with you again."

"I can tell you more about the stones you will seek."

Indian Spirits

“Great. We need all the help we can get.”

Alta Sha made small line drawings of the stones and said, “Search for them in the meadow where Marjorie found the infinity stone.”

“That narrows it down quite a bit.”

“You will know them when you see them...”

We returned to the peaks to look for Tanner’s stones:

As soon as we arrived, Tanner began to chant aloud in a singsong voice. We continued walking toward the top of the meadow where we had first seen the infinity stone. Along the way, Tanner picked up one of his stones and showed it to me with a smile. It was the one with the four bands of color in it. He again encouraged Bart to pick up any stones that spoke to his heart. We sat down for a moment, and I pierced my finger tip to let a few drops of blood fall to the ground. I asked I AM to guide my feet to the other stones. We thoroughly searched for the infinity stone in the area where we had previously seen it, but it wasn’t there!

We enlarged our area of search and I found a brick-red stone that had cracked into three pieces. “Tanner! Come and look at this one. It speaks to me.”

Quickly at my side, Tanner joyfully exclaimed, “*Man to Come* has found it! It is the heart of the buffalo!” When I pried the pieces out of the ground and held them in my hands to fit them together, they formed the shape of a heart. I reverently passed it to Tanner, who thanked the Great Spirit, and I held our canvas tote bag open for him to place it inside. A spiritual thrill went through me as I thanked I AM for helping me to find it.

Our search continued for an hour. Tanner found the black, crescent shaped moon rock that he was seeking, but we could not find any of the others. I wandered off to the edge of the meadow by myself and shouted a greeting to each of the Ute’ spirits we had left there, saying,

“Eko eko Zomolock!

Eko eko Aradiia!

Eko eko Cerenos!

Peenay. Peenay Cheecalla. Doo no washeenay. Seenay a hay kay.

Cheecalla, Utay!”

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As if in answer, I felt another spiritual thrill travel up and down my spine.

The weather was deteriorating. A few snowflakes and occasional sleet were falling.

Marjie said, "I'm ready to leave."

"I thought you said you weren't going to leave until we found all the stones."

"Tanner wants to go." We quickly hiked back to the van. Before getting in, a tired and sad Tanner said, "She will not give up the stones."

"She?"

"Mother Earth. She has taken them into her bosom and hidden them from me. She makes me wander."

"We can come back tomorrow. The 8 stone was above the surface before." I put my arm across his shoulders to comfort him.

"She has taken them within herself. I am very sad. I must have these stones for my new home."

"Do you mean the new planet? Is that your new home?"

He looked at me as if I had said something foolish. "Home is wherever I am."

"Who put these stones here? Was it you or your ancestors?"

"Grandfather put them here. The Creator."

"Even if you don't have them in your possession, you will still have your vision of them and what they signify. No one can take that away from you."

"Tanner must have his stones! Perhaps I will find them in the lowlands. We should leave."

Before we left the mountain I asked Alta Sha:

"Will we find the stones if we come back tomorrow?"

"*Softener of Skins* will not go back to the mountain tomorrow."

"Why not?"

"Because he knows Mother Earth will not yield up the stones to him."

"I want to look some more, even if he won't."

"What purpose would be served by staying here any longer? The stones are not here."

Indian Spirits

I suddenly felt very sad, and tears filled my eyes. "Ask," he repeated.

"I miss my Ute' brothers. I want to know what they are doing, how they are getting along."

"They have been moving stones. The stones are not Tanner's to find." I wept on. "Ask," he said again.

"I want to be with them. I miss them."

"Why do you long for that which you know cannot be? You have work to do. Did you not feel their touch?" The memory of the spiritual thrill I felt when I called their names made me laugh, as did the knowledge that they had moved the stones. "I AM enjoys a good joke," I said.

"It was not intended as a joke. Why do you find it humorous?"

"I know it's not a joke, but it is ironic."

"You did well on the mountain, even though you did not find all of the stones. I AM is pleased. He has arranged for another adventure, which is to find the rest of them. Alleluia."

Tanner wanted us to look for more teaching stones at Sleeping Giant Provincial Park in Ontario, on the shore of Lake Superior. Manu Bijou, a mountain sacred to Native Americans, dominates much of the park. We had hiked to a trailhead at its base and were resting next to the lake:

Marjie said, "Tanner is telling me to take the trail that leads to the heart of Manu Bijou." According to the trailhead sign, it was several more miles to the summit.

"I hope we don't have to go all the way to the top. We'd have trouble finding our way back to the car in the dark, and I doubt that either one of us is in good enough shape to make it, anyway."

"Tanner says to keep a sharp eye. Things that seem insignificant may be the most significant of all."

After several minutes of climbing upward Marjie said, "I don't think I can go any farther."

"There's a flat rock where we can sit on the other side of the creek," I said. We started across.

"Tanner says to look for stones here." There was a small hump of dried stones in the middle of the creek bed. Marjie sat down there and began to examine the rocks around her while I slowly walked up

and down the creek looking for any that spoke to me. I had no luck and returned to her side.

“Look at this,” she said. The black veins in the small red stone in her hand resembled a serpent’s tongue. “This is one of them, and I found this, too.” The flat gray stone with a smooth oval depression on one side looked as if it had been designed to hold the perfectly fitting serpent stone. “He wants this one, too.” It was a black sliver of rock which closely resembled a rattlesnake fang. “These are the stones Tanner wanted us to find.”

“Tanner was right when he said they might seem small and insignificant. If he hadn’t been helping, I wouldn’t have noticed them,” I said. “It’s pretty amazing that they were located where you had to stop and rest.”

Alta Sha commented, “When Tanner looks at the small red stone, he sees the tongue of the snake clearly. He was taught the legend of this rock. It says that when the mountain sighed, water rose up to the chest of Manu Bijou and the serpent was deposited in a bed of rocks which had been prepared for it. There it was turned to stone.

“Eventually Tanner will learn the significance of the small rock which resembles a fang, which he does not yet know.”

“Were these stones moved here from the meadow at the Spanish Peaks?”

“Alta Sha does not always see all of the workings of I AM. All I know is that Tanner knew of these rocks and their legends.”

“How did he learn the legends?”

“His elders taught him.”

I wondered if there had been a cultural connection between Tanner’s people and the Ojibwas who had inhabited this part of North America. I had read somewhere that there had been an influx of Indians from the southwest into this area after the last ice age.

“Were these stones ever in Tanner’s possession?”

“No.”

“Are we going to find the infinity stone?”

“You will find it. I cannot say where. Tanner is very pleased with finding his rocks.”

When Marjie and I helped a half breed Native American to put on a pow-wow, the spirits of five great warrior chiefs, Geronimo, Cochise, Sitting Bull,

Indian Spirits

Crazy horse, and Red Cloud came to celebrate, as did multitudes of other Indian spirits. Many manifestations of their presence occurred in and around our home, such as heavy footsteps in the stairwell and the sound of someone running across the roof at night. I spoke to Alta Sha about them:

“I also heard that many others have come for the great pow-wow. Who are they? I mainly want to know what tribes are represented.”

“There are too many to name them all. All tribes are represented.” (It is estimated that approximately five hundred different dialects were spoken by Native Americans when the white man arrived, roughly corresponding to tribal identities).

“That would be very many, indeed.”

“You will be capable of doing the task which has been given to you. You should go slowly and plant your steps carefully to avoid mistakes.”

“I don't fully understand what my responsibilities to them are, but I will do my best. Will we be working with the five chiefs who are identified by name in the same way as we did with the others? Will we be transporting them?”

“Yes, and one will manifest, but you are not yet ready for this to occur. Perithnea says that she would like for you to live a very long time,” he said with a smile.

I laughed, realizing she meant I would probably die of fright if he manifested now. “I trust I AM's judgment. It is not for me to say when the right time has come.”

“When the time comes for you to be taken away, you must be properly prepared. If you were told just when these things are going to occur, you would avoid many things, things which are exactly what you need in order to be prepared.”

“I realize it is probably best not to know.”

He bowed his head and prayed, “I AM is magnificent. Always need Alta Sha. Find Alta Sha worthy forever.”

“I thank I AM every day for the blessings and the growth I have experienced and the proofs supplied to maintain my faith,” I said.

He looked at the nearly finished fireplace and said, “Once I sat before a fire and felt its warmth. I am pleased that I will be allowed to do this again. We will speak again soon. I will need your help in soothing Marjie's sadness.”

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When Marjie felt we needed to return to the Spanish Peaks but didn't know why, I asked Alta Sha:

“...What is drawing Marjie to the mountains now? Are the spirits we left there calling to her?”

“Not the spirits that are there, but the spirits within her and you.”

“Why do they want to go there?”

“If she were to go to the mountains, a blending of spirits would take place, and much more.”

“Are you speaking of the Ute's who stayed with us?”

“Yes. The two that are with you wish to join with the three that you released into the stone wall. The ones you know as Tanner and the eagle have not been able to grow as they should.”

“Why not?”

“Modern civilization. They are not in an environment conducive to their growth. They have become confused.”

“Have we failed them in some way?”

“No, it is not because of any failure on your part. They need to take this trip. It is very important to them, just as it is to you. They need to be in an environment that will enable them to grow.”

He reached to wipe away a tear that had formed in my eye. I was sad to know that Tanner and *Rides the Wind* were confused and needed to join their brothers.

“They also must grow,” he said. “They are in the hands of I AM. Why add grief?”

“It had not occurred to me that they also need to grow, because they are already so wise.”

Perhaps the old one needs to come back to teach you.”

“To instruct all of us?”

“All who are involved. Perhaps not.” As if a new thought had just occurred to him, he smiled broadly. “I AM has prepared more steps for Alta Sha. Alleluia!”

“Alleluia. Are the Tarahumara spirits who entered Doug still with him?”

“No, they have been released.”

“To their canyons, the Spanish Peaks, or some other place?”

“They have returned.”

“Do you mean they are near our home?”

Indian Spirits

“Yes. They do not require a body to travel.”

“I never understood why it was necessary for them to use Marjie's body for traveling.”

“It was for spiritual growth.”

I nodded. It was the experience of being in Marjie's body and of our being aware of them which had been important.

“It would not be wise for Marjorie to allow these three to enter her now. They would bring some of the qualities of the body that they have recently inhabited with them.”

“Will those qualities pass away in time?”

“Yes.”

The three remaining Tarahumara spirits announced their presence in humorous ways:

It was around 2:30 a.m. when I heard Perithnea say, “Indians downstairs.”

“Tarahumaras?”

“They're bumping into each other and making a lot of noise.”

“Should I go and build a fire for them?”

“No, don't encourage them. They're already noisy enough!”

I heard a few bumps and thumps. Marjie asked, “Who's making all that noise?”

“Just the Tarahumaras. I wonder what they're thinking. I wonder if they will go back to the mountains with us.”

In the morning Marjie asked, “Who was doing all the talking downstairs last night?”

“I don't know. What were they saying?”

She sang some words like those of Indian songs and said, “I wish they would cut it out. They're driving me batty with all this singing.”

“You should be glad to hear them. Who else can hear the Tarahumaras sing the way they used to?”

“You wouldn't like it if you had to hear it all the time.”

Before we returned to the Peaks, the Indian spirits who had come for the spiritual pow-wow entered a feathered robe which Marjie had made at Tanner's request. We arrived at the Peaks before the winter snows had completely melted. When we had trekked as far as we could toward the top of

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the pass, Alta Sha said we had gone far enough. I spread the robe on the snow and sat cross legged next to it:

I held my arms above my head in supplication and said, “We have brought you back to the sacred mountains of your ancestors, my brothers. You are free to join the other spirits who are gathered here. Soon you will be able to travel to the new world which has been prepared for you, if it is your wish. It is a world without pollution, pristine and beautiful. There we will be able to live in harmony and purity with nature and one another, according to the will of the Great Spirit. Thank you for allowing us to be a part of your journey. You have taught us much that we will carry forward to others. Your friendship has been precious to us.”

“They flew into the mountain,” Marjie said.

“Did Tanner go with them?”

“No. He and *Rides the Wind* will stay with us for now.”

Alta Sha said, “You have done well. I AM is pleased with you.”

“It has been a privilege to help these spirits.”

“Now it is time for you to play.”

I shouted a greeting to the Ute’ spirits we had previously released into the peaks. “Eko, eko Zomolok! Eko eko, Aradiia! Eko eko, Cerenos! We have brought some of your brothers back to you! There will be rejoicing on the mountain!”

After several years of searching in Colorado, New Mexico, Ontario, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, we had yet to find the elusive infinity stone for Tanner. Meanwhile, mental traveling had become a common feature of my meditations, and in one of them I had a most amazing and unexpected revelation about the infinity stone when I visited a blue-green planet. Nucleus 8 was with me the first time I went there. Against Nuke’s advice, I landed my craft on the planet without first obtaining permission because I had seen no obvious signs of civilization from orbit. After exploring the surface for a short time, I picked up a few small stones for souvenirs before taking off. I was shocked when the unanticipated inhabitants attacked us with ballistic weapons, causing us to run for our lives. Fortunately their bullets did not damage us or my craft and we escaped without having to defend ourselves, for we had no desire to harm anyone, and I was definitely guilty of trespassing.

Indian Spirits

In keeping with the principles of the Alliance, Adam encouraged me to return the stones, apologize for taking them, and seek their pardon, which I did. With Adam acting as interpreter, I learned that the planet's ruler had intuitively perceived my theft, and I wanted to learn how to cultivate such exquisite sensitivity to small details:

"I would appreciate the opportunity to return in order to learn more about how you developed complete awareness of your entire planet. I may need this ability in the future."

"You may return," he projected.

"Feel free to examine my ship and to observe it in any way that you like."

"They want to know if they can keep it."

"I can't give it away. It is like a part of me."

"He has a gift for you, father. Hold out your hand. What do you see?"

I was astonished, for it was the infinity stone which Tanner had sent Marjie and me to find. "Is this what I think it is?"

"Yes."

"I don't know how to thank you for this. This is wonderful. There is one who has been searching far and wide for this stone, and now I can give it back to him. Thank you."

As we traveled back to Earth I questioned, *How did this inhabitant on that far planet in another dimension know that I was looking for the infinity stone? Did Tanner's spiritual brothers bring it here, and why did they choose this particular planet?* I sensed that this was the home planet of Board member 9, Tanner's identity in 8's dimension. *Was the leader of this planet also an expression of Tanner's Oversoul?*

When we had returned, I said, "Adam, 9 has possession of the stone now, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if the stone will be transported back to Earth to a place where we will find it."

Adam said, "It will show up."

Later Nuke and I were speaking. "What was the name of that planet, anyway?"

"Fet."

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“What was the name of the man I spoke to?”

“Ralon. I think that’s how it’s pronounced.”

“It’s quite a bit like Earth, isn’t it?”

“Yes it is.”

On one of our several trips to the four corners area where Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico join, Marjie and I visited the Tsankawi section of Bandelier National Monument, where many ruins and caves once inhabited by the so-called Anasazi are located on the sides and top of a sandstone mesa. I felt compelled to enter a small cave along the trail and found a face, which I believed to be an image of Tanner, carved deeply into the soft stone of the wall. I took pictures of it and many of the petro-glyphs etched into the cliff sides and inside other caves which were very suggestive of contacts with beings from the sky. Many months later Tanner insisted that Candace, a very gifted psychic, interpret the images. Beginning with his face, she said:

“Those are feathers. No they’re not. You’re not a Native American! You never died! You’re not a spirit. You may be an old man, but you haven’t died yet. Your age is very great and you are from a galaxy beyond ours, and you are a good friend of 8, and your name is not Tanner. Your name is Tanner if you wish it to be, and those are not feathers. That’s a helmet. Some kind of device you wear on your head for protection as well as for communication and identification as to your position. You are still living, and your identification number is 9. That’s what the 1 and the 8 mean.

“You are of a species of beings that has great intelligence and your species has been traveling back and forth to Earth for tens of thousands of years. Your age is beyond ten thousand years. Can I find your name in these photographs? Am I right? You’re not saying. Have I told something I shouldn’t have? I don’t know where to go with this. I think I’d better stop. Tell us what your name is besides Tanner. Shall I say it? It is Tanner on Earth. What is it in your world? I know what it is. Shall I reveal it?”

“...Has everything I said been wrong? Do you deny it? You knew when you told us that this was you, that these revelations might come out.”

“Woman speaks too many words.”

“Are they true?”

Indian Spirits

“Woman speaks too many words.”

“...To summarize, there are caverns to be found at the Spanish Peaks and at Chaco Wash which contain things of great interest. If they are revealed, their significance would be Earth shaking.”

Nuke said, “I am surprised and disappointed at the way you blurted out information about the identity of a Board member without his permission.”

“I thought that if the information was revealed to me, it was because I was supposed to reveal it to others. I don’t think I did anything wrong in revealing what Spirit showed me. There were many other things I was shown that I did not tell.”

“You know the protocol about revealing information about Board members, and how important our right to privacy about personal information is. You put Tanner in a very uncomfortable position. What bothers me most, however, is that you persisted in challenging him about his identity when he obviously didn’t want to discuss it.”

Nuke said that 9 and Tanner were actually not the same person:

I asked him to clarify the relationship between Tanner and the individual who holds Position 9 on the Board. Nuke said that although they shared the same Oversoul, they were indeed separate entities. “Just as Candace has her Ginea, Tanner has his 9. It was 9 at Tsankawi who cared for Didiwahtay, not Tanner.”

“Didiwahtay said that 9 wasn’t like him, implying that he did not look like the natives. The portrait etched on the wall of his cave also suggests he did not look completely human. Nevertheless, his mother took Didiwahtay to 9 when she was dying, perhaps because she recognized that he had unusual abilities and might be able to save his life. But why did they have to die? Couldn’t 9 cure their illness?”

“You must understand that we cannot cure every illness that we encounter...”

Candace also revealed that a powerful, very important container being guarded by extraterrestrials had been placed by members of 9’s civilization in a hidden cave located in Chaco Wash, New Mexico:

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“Nine is an entity composed entirely of boundless energy and can establish himself in any form he chooses, as can any of his species. He has great knowledge and wisdom, and he’s the uh...the leader, the ruler of the entire galaxy from which he comes. He has chosen the number 9 because in his society 9 is a non-number, and he wishes to be obscure. Nine suits him. His greatest downfall...may I say that? ...His greatest downfall is his compassion. He is very tender hearted and tries to hide it. He has great compassion for beings of all kinds.”

“He has good heart,” Tanner said.

“He does indeed. He finds it difficult at times to discipline those who wrong him. In that sense only is it a downfall.”

“Not downfall,” Tanner said.

“Perhaps not. That was the wrong term. The entities which make up his society can adapt to any form they choose, so when this container is opened, perhaps you are releasing more than just energy. The energy may become something else when it is released. Perhaps it is beings and it is time for them to come out; perhaps it is time for them to put to use the knowledge that the world is ready to absorb.”

Much later, Tanner asked Amy, who was unaware of Candace’s prior interpretations, to tell us what impressions she received when holding the most significant stone we had found in Newfoundland:

Marjie said, “I feel Tanner very strongly. I think we need to do some work.”

We went to the living room and I gathered the Newfoundland stone and smudge materials. When Tanner began to channel I handed the smoking smudge container to him. After he bathed in the smoke, Amy and I did likewise. He pointed out that it was staying alight.

Amy had a corn cob still in the husk with her. Tanner asked, “Why have you not honored me?” She handed it to him, and he said, “I am honored. Have you been taking care of yourself?”

“Yes, I have been making more time for myself, taking care of myself first, and I have found that I have more energy to take care of others. It works better that way.”

Tanner asked me to honor him with something to drink. He chose coffee flavored brandy and said, “Good drink! What berry is this?”

“Coffee.”

Indian Spirits

“Not know coffee.”

“It is a bean that grows on a bush,” Amy explained.

He looked at Amy and asked, “*Reigning Dove* take stone and read it for Tanner?”

She rocked back and forth, not saying anything for a minute or so. Tanner asked again, “Why not read stone? Pick up stone.”

Amy held the end of the stone where the chip had fallen off to her ear and smiled. “I hear a wolf howling. It’s running but someone who is not good is following the wolf. The wolf is really a man. His mate is running with him. They’re reaching a place of great energy. They have encountered a tall being who is golden. It is a guardian. It has wings and is tall and thin. They’re going between its legs and behind it there is a wall which looks solid, but it’s an energy field. They are going through it. It’s only air, but it feels like a barrier of some kind. They can see an overhang. There is a cliff and an indented place below it. They can’t go directly to it, so they are going up the right side to the top of the overhang. In the middle there is some kind of an opening. We are going down through it into a cave. The energy is very strong here. They are still being pursued. The energy is so strong that they are approaching it very carefully. There is a lot of snapping and crackling and the smell of ozone in the air.”

“Stop. Say no more. Join circle again,” Tanner said.

Amy, eyes closed and still entranced, was still receiving information from the rock. Tanner looked at me. “Woman does not stop. Maybe Tanner will have to use stone and hit woman in head.”

“Perhaps she listens to another elder besides Tanner,” I replied.

Sternly, Tanner commanded, “Join circle. You speak from heart that all are one yet you stand outside circle. Why is this so?”

“I think I am angry.”

“Do not let anger consume you. If you allow this anger, it will pursue you and it will destroy you. *Reigning Dove* cannot afford the anger. It is about the past.”

“I know.”

“If *Reigning Dove* is to lead, you must choose a good path and look ahead at where you are going. If you look behind, you will stumble on your path. You must look forward and lead your people well.”

“Yes. Have you heard of Farina?”

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“No.” Tanner gave me a puzzled expression.

“It’s made from wheat, a type of cereal. My aunt is on Welfare and receives commodities. She was given some Farina and on the box it says For Tribal Use, because it’s given to Indian tribes on reservations to eat. I have been eating it. It tastes terrible. It tastes like paper. It’s awful.”

Tanner picked up the ear of corn. “This is food from the Creator. Some days there will be plenty and that is good. Some days there will be little and that is good. Some days there will be none at all and that is still good. You are in days of plenty now. More than enough to eat. And in the future there will be plenty. Keep your eyes on the path before you and do not look back. You are the leader. Where you go, the circle will follow. Lead the circle. The circle does not need to go backward.”

We did not realize that Marjie had been entered by another Native American spirit in Tanner’s cave until Joseph, one of the Teglinlin children in our care, told us:

Marjie and I commented that we both felt something had been lacking on our recent trip. Then it dawned on me and I said, “I know what it is. We didn’t encounter any new spirits this time.”

Joseph said, “That isn’t true, daddy.”

“Are you saying that we did come into contact with spirits?”

“Uh huh.”

“What spirits?”

“My friend.”

“Is your friend inside of Marjie with you now?”

“Uh huh.”

“What’s its name?”

“Didiwahtay.”

“Is it a boy or a girl?”

“A boy.”

“Is he someone you can play with?”

“No, he’s a baby.”

“Where were we when he joined you and mama?”

“In the cave with the medicine man.”

“The one that had the face on the wall?”

Indian Spirits

“Yes. The man told me to take him with me.”

“He did? Why didn’t you tell us?”

“Medicine man said, Shh! Shh! Not tell.”

“Why was the baby there and why did he give him to you?”

“He said the baby was sick when his mother brought it to him, hoping he could cure it. The mother was sick and knew that she was about to die and didn’t know what else to do. When the medicine man saw mama’s Light, he gave the baby to her.”

“We haven’t heard from Didiwahtay.”

“He’s too little. He can’t see good, and he has just a little hair on his head, but he has a lot of hair on his arms and shoulders. He’s been sleeping and he’s hungry.”

“Then we should get him a bottle. Do you think he would like that?”

“You will think the bottle is for me.”

“No, if you tell me you have a friend with you who needs a bottle, then I believe you. Would you like a bottle too?”

“Joseph is too big for a bottle.”

“Okay, but do you think he would like a little milk?”

“Yes.”

When Marjie saw the bottle of milk she said, “What’s that for?”

“It’s for Didiwahtay, Joseph’s new friend.”

“Who’s that?” I told her. “I didn’t feel anything unusual. In fact, I didn’t feel anything special on the whole trip. I’m not putting that in my mouth.”

“Very well.” I sat beside her. “Can I speak to Joseph?”

“Yes.”

“Joseph, does Didiwahtay want this milk?”

“Yes.”

“If I put it in his mouth, will he drink it?”

“He’s asleep. I don’t know how to wake him up.”

“Try giving him a kiss on the cheek or tickling the bottom of his feet. That might wake him up.”

Marjie’s expression changed into the frown of a confused, newborn baby. Didiwahtay whimpered slightly, tentatively sucked on the unfamiliar nipple, and then hungrily attacked it, although he obviously found the plastic nipple and cold milk strange. I stroked his head and face and hummed a tune to him, which evoked a

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perplexed expression. I affectionately said, “Didiwahtay.” Though his eyes remained closed, he raised his eyebrows and smiled! I sang his name over and over in a made up melody which pleased him and then said, “You are now a spirit, and you don’t have to be sick or hungry any more. You are safe with people who will love you.” I hoped my words would register in his subconscious. After drinking a couple of ounces he was quite satisfied.

Joseph said, “He’s asleep again.”

“Did the bottle help?”

“Yes.”

“Let me talk to Touch. You can take care of him while he’s sleeping.”

“I’ve been holding him.”

“Very good. You are learning how to take care of a baby.” I asked Marjie, “Did you feel him?”

“Yes, I could feel him when he woke up. He’s very little. I have the feeling that he was sick when he died.”

“That’s what Joseph said.”

“He was considered to be someone very special by his people.”

“And now he has a very special mother.”

The deep affinity I felt for all the Indian spirits we worked with seemed to come from several other lifetimes in which I was one of them. Knowing that their spirits had survived physical death was very comforting and helped me to set aside the great sadness I felt whenever I thought about the elimination of them and their way of life by hypocritical “Christian” Europeans with very different ideas about right and wrong. It is also very comforting to know that many of them will be present on the new planet which the Alliance has prepared for them and others.

Chapter Eight

Nucleus 8

The first clue that we would meet a male entity from Light Mother's realm who had been very important in Marjie's life occurred in an early trance session:

"Let's go back to the hallway of doors and find the one you need to enter."

"I see one at the end of the hall that I have been avoiding."

"Let's go to it. Do you feel a afraid to enter?"

She smiled. "No, I'm reaching for the knob. Mother is here. She's reaching around and opening the door for me. Is that okay?"

"Surely. Mother knows what she is doing."

"She's slowly opening the door." Marjie's face lit up with joy. "I see a whole new world! It's full of life and all different colors of light. The lights are forming together to make geometric patterns like cities. Cities within cities but they're not solid matter, they're cities of light! Beautiful! There are other lights that are moving around. There are crafts, but most of the lights are living beings. Some of them are dancing together in groups, swirling about. I've been here before. I remember this. There is someone here in this city who is meant for me. Someone who will make me feel whole and take away my suffering. I don't know who it is but I know he is here."

I sat back to let her enjoy this experience without interruption. About five minutes passed before she said, "I'm through. It's time to go."

I counted her up and asked for more details.

"It was something like you would see in outer space. There wasn't any ground for it to rest on. It was very dark in the background but the city itself was brilliant with light. There were moving lights

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everywhere. Others were dwellings and some were just part of the scenery. They were all different colors, but none of them were flashing. There were so many lights that it was like daylight there. It was really nice.”

“You said there were all kinds of life there when you first got there.”

“I knew everything that was there was alive. It wasn’t like a dead ghost town type city. It was alive.”

“You didn’t see countryside then?”

“It was a city of light. I never saw any land. It was just light.”

“There weren’t any buildings?”

“The lights were the structures.”

“No hard surfaces?”

“Not outside of the lights. They were just where they were supposed to be and some would swirl and seemed almost musical. I didn’t hear music but it could have been musical.” We wondered who the mysterious man in the city could be.

Another session revealed more about him:

We had a session after supper, in which Marjie found herself back in her bedroom aboard a craft. “I hear a signal that means I’m supposed to go someplace, but I don’t remember where it is.”

“Just follow your instincts and do what you used to do.”

“I’m going down a hallway that curves to the left. Wow!”

“What happened?”

“I just shot straight up in the air! How neat! I’m in another place, just hanging here. I’m suspended in the air. I know this place has walls but I can’t see them. I’m surrounded by a bunch of other beings that are floating like me. They look very strange.

“This is too much to handle all at once. Let me come back until I get used to this.”

“Okay. Just let yourself be here in your bed while you get used to this new situation. When you’re ready, you can return to the place where you were.” It only took a few moments.

“I’m looking at some of the others near me. Far below us, lights are moving around. Some of them are forming clusters and then shooting out in all directions. Now they’re coming up to us. They’re

flying around us like they're checking us out. This just can't be. It can't be happening. I don't believe what I'm seeing!"

"It is safe. Don't be alarmed. Take your time and look around at the others. Tell me what you see."

"I don't believe this. Next to me is what looks like a big noodle, long and flat, but with curves. I know that it is intelligent. It looks very prim and proper, very dignified. It doesn't seem to mind that I am staring at it. It doesn't have any arms or legs but somehow it holds itself erect. I can see eyes but no mouth or anything. I must be imagining this." Suddenly she jerked.

"What happened?"

"There's one here who looks human. He has white hair. His eyes are penetrating. They seem to look right through me. I felt a shock go through my body when I looked at him. I know he's very important to me but I don't know why. I see Mother." Her eyes popped open and she was instantly out of the trance. "She kicked me right out of it."

"You were being shown someone who was very significant to you. Maybe it was the one whose presence you felt in the city of lights."

"I just know that whoever he was, I have seen him before. Those eyes were really something."

I thoroughly enjoyed my first person to person contact with Nucleus 8. Entranced, Marjie said:

"I see everyone around me, Perithnea, Adam, Mother, Alta Sha and the Old One. They're making room for someone else. He's coming through the opening toward me. I can't see him clearly."

Her head started moving in a slow, rhythmical pattern, going up, down, and side to side, as if examining several things before it that were symmetrically placed. An unfamiliar, somewhat machine-like, masculine voice said, "Greetings."

"Greetings to you."

"Why do you offer greetings to one you do not know?"

"I trust my friends. They would not let you through if you were not friendly."

Our Interdimensional Family

“You are wise. Others advised me of this. I have requested information about you and it has been received. I know essentially everything there is to know about you. I have been informed that there are certain things for which I must ask permission. What is it that you would forbid to me?”

His regal manner and formality of speech were impressive, but they also suggested a superior attitude, as if he were indulging an inferior species, which I found amusing. “I’m not sure I know what you mean by that question.”

“If I must ask permission then there must be something which you would not allow.”

I thought, *I am actually speaking to an extraterrestrial!* I restrained my excitement in order to maintain a level of dignity in keeping with his.

I said, “The only thing I can think of at the moment that I would forbid is involuntary contact. I do not wish to be taken aboard a ship or examined without my knowledge or consent. I would consider it an immoral act.”

“That is easily agreed to. We are not monsters. We never take anyone without their previous consent.”

I was startled by this unexpected assertion because I had heard so many stories about unwanted and terrifying alien abductions, but I instinctively believed he was telling the truth, and people who thought they’d been kidnapped were actually volunteers.

He continued, “Marjorie has traveled with me on many occasions. When she is asleep she rises and we travel.”

“What is the purpose of these travels?”

“To prepare for the future and to help her overcome her fear of travel.”

“Why is it taking her so long to overcome this fear?” I had a sudden insight. “But of course, it is due to her father’s abuses of her when they traveled together.”

“I would not call the man who occupied the same dwelling with her and who did those unnecessary things to her a father. Surprisingly enough, I feel disgust toward him. What name would you have me call you? To me your identity is a number.”

“My friends call me Pat. What should I call you?”

“Simply call me a visitor.

“I am aware that humans use the term friend very loosely. They do not always act in a friendly manner toward those they call friend.”

“Sad, but true. Where are you located?”

“It would be very difficult to explain that in terms you could understand.”

“You have me at a disadvantage. I know so little about you and you know everything about me.”

“I am also at a disadvantage. I have been told to contact you but I have to operate through the woman.”

“I would be happy to meet with you directly if you would tell me what to do.”

“I understand that you mean to meet physically, form to form. I am not sure that this would be a good idea. It might cause damage to my form! Are you not concerned about your reaction to such a meeting?”

“I am not particularly afraid of it. Why are you concerned?”

“We live in very different environments. You think of me as alien.”

“Don’t you think of me as alien also?”

“Yes, but I understand you have a history of violent reaction to a previous contact.”

I was stunned. “I have no memory of that. It’s unlike me to be aggressive unless I feel threatened. What did I do?”

“You were quite young. At first you welcomed contact but you became frightened by movements you did not understand. You grabbed one of us and shook him quite vigorously. It was very disturbing to him.”

“Forgive me. I was only a child.”

“You have been forgiven, but I cannot afford to take unnecessary chances. It is necessary for me to have a high level of security because of the sensitivity of my position.”

“You must have an important job.”

“My position is that of a Nucleus. What does the term mean to you?”

“A nucleus is at the center of things. It is a powerhouse from which life radiates out into the rest of the cell.”

“That is correct. There are not many of my kind among those like the one you call Mother.”

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...”I am honored to be speaking with someone so important.”

“You are also very important.”

“The work I do is important, but I’m not.”

“We share the same attitude. There are many others for whom I have great respect. Are you interested in traveling like the woman does?”

“I certainly am. From childhood I have read stories about traveling to other planets and meeting other creatures. I had dreams of becoming an astronaut when I was younger. I actually never expected to have a face to face contact with someone from another world.”

“Many who have been contacted have been traumatized by their experiences. Are you not afraid of this happening to you?”

“It was knowing about that kind of trauma that attracted me to do this type of work in the beginning. I wanted to help people get over their unmanageable fear.”

“The fear which people have of their contacts is of their own choosing. I find human beings very strange. It amazes me that you have survived for so long. You hate the fear which you love.”

“Hate the fear which we love?”

“Yes. You seem to enjoy frightening one another from the first breath of life.”

“Now that you mention it, I can see the truth in what you say. We used to spank babies when they came out of their mother’s womb and we scare children by saying Boo! and telling them that the boogey man will get them if they misbehave. We like to watch horror movies and do things that are scary, like riding roller coasters.”

“I agree. It is very strange indeed how you enjoy what you say you fear.”

“We do seem to have an odd mixture of traits. On the one hand we seem to be something half sublime and on the other we can act like beasts toward each other. We can be very dangerous to our own species and to all other living things. Some of us want to live in peace and harmony with the life around us, but many do not.”

“I am very aware of this. There are many of my kind who have interests elsewhere who believe that my interest in humans is a waste of time. I do not agree with them. Do you agree with me?”

“I suppose... genetic errors are not a waste because we learn from them, although a great deal of suffering often occurs...”

“I agree. There is marvelous diversity among God’s creatures. Even those who have many similarities are still quite different from each other. That is true not only for humans but for my kind as well.”

“I enjoy this diversity among people. Everyone I meet is unique. If we cannot meet face to face, then I will be happy with this verbal contact until the day for physical contact occurs.”

“I have been told that you are a person of honor.”

“I certainly try to be.”

“There is information I will share with you about Marjie’s future but I will ask you not to reveal it to her now. It will be shared with her when she is ready.”

“You have my word of honor that I will keep it secret.” The information was consistent with the meaning of the symbolic message Perithnea had shown us on the tombstone.

“It is time for me to depart and to pass through again.”

“What do you have to pass through?”

“It is a kind of entrance.”

“What form does it take?”

“I am reluctant to share this with you.”

“Is it a good guess that it takes the form of a triangle?” I hadn’t been seeing pyramids for nothing.

“That is a good guess.”

“I would like to learn to travel through this entrance myself so that I could come to your world as you do to mine.”

“That would be truly delightful. Do you wish to say goodbye, farewell, or some other parting words?”

“I prefer until we meet again.”

The peculiar head movements that had been present throughout the conversation stopped, and I assumed he had withdrawn. “Marjie?”

“She is sleeping,” Alta Sha answered. He sat up in the bed. “What do you think of your new visitor?”

“I’m delighted with him. He came as quite a surprise.”

“The others and I agreed that it was time,” he smiled. “This is the new step that was prepared for you.”

Our Interdimensional Family

“It’s a wonderful blessing. Thank you, Father. I am also very happy to hear about Marjie’s future. She will be thrilled when it is revealed to her.”

“Don’t forget your promise not to share this with her now.”

“I have no intention of breaking my promise.”

Nucleus 8 is Chief of Security for the Alliance and felt it was imperative to find out who Alta Sha was and how he had managed to leave a message on one of his monitors instructing him to communicate with me. Alta Sha informed me before my next conversation with Nucleus 8 that his attempt to obtain information about him from his System would fail and that a certain message would appear on his console:

“I know that when you inquired about Alta Sha you were denied access.”

With eyebrows arched and a look of surprise, he asked, “How do you know that?” He was definitely shocked by another breach of security.

“Alta Sha told me. He was the one who denied access. He is not part of your System but he placed the coded message on your console which stated, *Further inquiry will not be accepted.*”

Uncle Nuke looked quite worried. His head movements suddenly stopped and he sat very still. Then he anxiously said, “I have never done you any harm.”

“Neither Alta Sha nor I intend to harm you in any way.”

“You have created a great fear in me for the security of my System.”

“You need not be afraid. Alta Sha is an angel of God. He serves only I AM. There is no security system which can prevent I AM from being present and aware. He is in everything which exists. Nothing is produced without His knowledge. It is not the will of I AM that you have any fear. You have no need to fear retaliation from Alta Sha, for he is not offended by your question.”

“How do you know these things?”

“Alta Sha explained it to me less than twenty four hours ago and specifically asked me to give you this message.”

“Who is this God you speak of? Why do I have no knowledge of Him?”

“He isn’t contained in your System. He is much too great to be contained in any system. He is within it and everything involved with it, but not as something you can look up with technology. Many in your society have forgotten the Source from which they came and the Source of the Light which they use.”

“How can I find out about this God?”

“You can find Him within yourself.”

“I know myself quite well.”

“I’m sure that is so, but you must seek within to find the Creator and His Light. One of our great prophets said, Seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you; the kingdom of heaven is within you. You read that in our *Bible* only recently.”

“Indeed I did. Why does this Alta Sha have an involvement with Marjorie?”

“He is her guardian angel. She does nothing without his knowledge.”

“She is his captive?”

“Not at all. It is his will that she have complete freedom to make her own decisions. He is her instructor and her protector.”

“What must she do for this service?”

“The only thing required is to love God.”

I added, “The Father of us all has a great deal of interest in Marjie, and wanted her to have a guardian angel. Alta Sha willingly accepted the position out of his love of I AM and of Marjie.”

“He is her employee?”

“Alta Sha works for no one other than I AM. He desires only to do the will of I AM. The being we call Mother also works for I AM.” He raised his eyebrows in surprise. “Mother also instructs Marjie, loves her and shows much interest in me as well.”

“I am very familiar with Mother. We have collaborated on projects at times. I remember how shocked Marjie was when she first saw Mother’s true form. I was present when it occurred.”

“Why were you present?”

“I take a heartfelt interest in her also. She is my student. It was an important event in her life, so naturally I was there.

“It is time for me to terminate our discussion. I must attend to other things. My whole console cleared itself when I made the inquiry and the only thing that appeared on my screen was that small,

inconspicuous message saying, *Further inquiry will not be accepted.* The shutdown of my equipment would be equivalent to someone pulling the plug on your computer, but on a much larger scale. Many will be aware that I made an unsuccessful inquiry but there have been very few questions about it, which is astounding. Everyone has been most cooperative and no one has accused me or caused me any difficulty.”

“That is also the work of I AM. There was no intent to cause you difficulty, only to make you ask questions and to motivate you to seek the Creator.”

“I look forward to our next meeting.”

“So do I. Alleluia.”

Nuke and I had another conversation about God:

“It was a miracle when your System shut down. It breached your security, which you believed was impossible, and no one questioned it. Those who should have known about it showed no awareness. God demonstrated His power to you and also protected you from any negative consequences.”

“You are speaking of immense power indeed. Does this God have more power than my commander?”

“Of course He does. Not one particle of matter or energy could exist without His will. He also gives us personal power to use for good or for ill. He knows that if we use our power to do wrong, we will eventually learn the error of our ways and turn to our Source. He rejoices over everyone that turns to Him.”

“Are there other positions like yours which are freely given?”

“What do you mean by position?”

“You must be in a very high position if you are speaking to me. Only those in high positions are allowed to speak to me. What qualifications do you have for your position and what is your term of office?”

“I am not in any position other than being a child of God. Anyone can choose to recognize God as their Father and therefore will receive the many blessings He gladly bestows on his children. Many do not receive all the blessings they could have because they do not know Him as their Creator and the Source upon which they can rely.

He blesses me in ways I never expected, such as having this conversation with you. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to help others find the Light of God and to recognize Him as their Father.”

“How does your Father communicate with you? My commander communicates with me by...” He stopped. I assumed he did so to prevent a breach of security.

“Your commander has some means of communicating messages which you receive and respond to. God does not speak to me directly in words. He sometimes communicates to me through the spirits with whom we work, through feelings that I have, and through events I can’t explain unless I acknowledge His presence.”

“Is God nearby?”

“He is within everything He created as a Force. That Force is certainly capable of communicating with words or thoughts if It chooses to do so, but It doesn’t always communicate in that way with everyone. I have not heard the voice of God, but Marjorie has.”

“Is it possible for me to become a servant of the Father and to be blessed by this contact? I have done nothing which is detrimental to life.”

“God realizes that you respect His creations and that is one reason why He has brought us together. He is using me to communicate His love for you.”

“Is Marjorie in distress? Her signal is getting weaker.”

“She is uncomfortable because she has been maintaining the same posture and channeling for quite a while. We should speak again on another occasion.”

“We certainly will speak again. A new window has been established. You have given me a great deal to think about and I will want to discuss it with you further. Until we meet again.”

“If you want to contact the Father, you need to approach Him with an attitude of desire, reverence and prayer. If you search, you will find. I AM will not allow any of His children to wander aimlessly. He will receive anyone who turns to Him with open arms. Go with God.”

Mother had been with me throughout our conversation, stroking in new places on my forehead, behind my left ear, under my left jaw, and at the side of my nose, which made me itch so that at times I had to scratch. I had never felt her so strongly before.

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Marjie was quite uncomfortable and I quickly counted her up. She had no memory of the conversation with Nuke so I filled her in, telling her how privileged I felt to be introducing an ET hybrid to I AM, especially one who had influence over countless other intelligent life forms!

As our relationship became more familiar, we began to call him either Nuke or just 8. Nuke told me that the biggest project he was working on at that time was the development of an earth-like planet:

Eight and I were taking our night time walk when I asked him to tell me more about the New Planet. “It is approximately the size of Earth, but it has two suns, which moderate the climate so that it doesn’t have the extremes of temperature you have on Earth. There is night as well as day and ample rainfall, although there are desert areas as well. At this time it has about three thousand intelligent inhabitants. Everything is growing nicely. The most outstanding feature is that it has no pollution at all.”

Eight said he wanted to search for information about his forgotten childhood. He recalled that his mother was a member of the tall gray species and his father was human. Neither of them showed him any affection when he was small, but he couldn’t recall details. His lack of memory suggested probable trauma, so I began to ask questions which might jog his memory and eventually lead to the expression of his greatly suppressed emotions:

I thought he must have been a very lonely child and that his human side would have felt deprived. “What first attracted you to Marjorie?”

“It was her Light; it was indescribably beautiful. I knew when I saw it that I must instruct this one. I made contact with Mother, who readily agreed. She said, *This one must have only positive reinforcement, otherwise, she will not survive.* I could not bear the idea of that Light being dimmed.”

“Have you ever seen a Light like this one before?”

“Yes.”

“Among other humans?”

“Yes. My father had this Light.”

“Oh. The unobtainable one.”

Nucleus stopped all movement, as if stunned by my words. “It has been a busy day for Marjorie, and she is tired,” he said.

“Yes. Would you like to continue this conversation some other time?”

“Very much so. I would be honored.”

I took his hand and a look of surprise crossed his face. “Good. I will contact you again soon. Meanwhile, I would like for you to think about your father and how you felt about him.”

“I will do so. You will find me most cooperative.”

“I have no doubt of that. We will speak again soon.”

In searching his past, Nucleus and I discovered that there were many improbable similarities between us. He was astounded when he realized he had been born in Memphis, Egypt on the 22nd of November, which was also my date of birth, thousands of years later, in Memphis, Tennessee. There were others:

I relaxed. “Have you learned any more about our similarities?”

“When I was a very small child, still dependent on my parents, I received an injury to my eye. Soil was cast into it. They took me to a river and washed it. They placed a covering over it. From time to time, they would remove it and let me view the world through that eye.”

“I assume you know that I wore an eye patch as a child also.”

“Yes. My System speaks of this.”

“Then it seems we have many other things in common as well as our love for Marjie.”

Alta Sha, Perithnea and others who channeled had freely moved about in Marjie’s body and Nuke was eventually able to do the same:

“Good evening, Counselor.”

“Well, this is a surprise.”

“It is rather odd for me, too. Are you being observant?”

“I’m not sure what you want me to observe...”

“My actions are very draining for Star One, so we should continue another time...”

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Perithnea said, “He wanted you to realize that he was actually inhabiting mother’s body, not just speaking through her implant. He needed Light Mother’s help to do it. She allowed him to pass through one of her portals and to be here instantaneously.”

“I was impressed, but I think he was more impressed than I was. I’m so used to others using Marjie’s body that it wasn’t all that dramatic for me. It kind of threw me off when he asked if I was being observant. I thought he wanted me to notice something else.”

“We should rope off the area and charge tourists five dollars a head to view the place where an ET stood!” I laughed.

At bedtime, Perithnea noticed I was in deep thought, and said, “What are you thinking of, father?”

“I should have been more enthusiastic about Nuke’s visit. I think I disappointed him. I didn’t have time to think about how significant it was for him.”

“His window is open now.”

Nucleus began channeling immediately. “I am here again.”

I turned and gave him a big hug. “I love you, brother,” I said. “I’m sorry I didn’t catch on to what you wanted me to observe, but I did notice. It’s a milestone.”

“And I love you, universal brother. The odor of that lotion that Star One just put on your back reminds me of the smell of the Error Uniform I had to wear that time I made a big mistake.”

“Does it offend you?”

“No, the odor isn’t unpleasant, but the memory of the uniform is.”

“I understand that this is a very new experience for you. Where is your body?”

“It is still at my monitor, but in a catatonic state. My spirit was sent here with Mother’s assistance to be in Star One’s body but she is quite tired.”

“Then maybe we should talk at a later time.”

“I may linger for a while. It’s reading time.”

“Very good. I’m not sure what Sarah wants me to read tonight.”

“Perhaps from this *Discover* magazine or from this book.”

“It’s a pleasure,” I said.

“And for me, too.”

Because implants provide information about the security of Alliance members, they fall within Nucleus 8's area of responsibility. Whenever our implants malfunctioned or required modification, Nuke usually designed the replacements and did the required surgery. In this instance, Marjie had a severe, protracted headache which Mother explained was due to the expected loss of a small amount of cerebrospinal fluid that occurred during the insertion of a new implant:

Since Mother had been with her all day but Marjie was still uncomfortable, I was concerned that the ETs might not be able to do anything more for her and we held a healing session. After inducing the trance, I suggested that Marjie place herself in a jungle pool beneath a waterfall which splashed gently on her head and soothed it. I also gave suggestions to restore the needed amount of fluid to her brain and projected Light into the affected area.

"Can I tell you what is happening?"

"Please do."

"I am at the medical unit with Mother. The others entered with her. They're doing things to make my head numb again. A little gray has a light rod he's holding over it which is numbing the pain. He's turning up the intensity of the light."

She suddenly raised her right hand as if holding something. "He is here. Nucleus is in the room with us. He has a metallic ball the size of a ping pong ball in one hand. He's rolling it up and down my arms and legs and torso. He's rolling everything toward the center of my chest. It feels like a drawstring bag there, as if he's pulling a lot of energy into the middle. He seems to be pulling it right out of my body.

"Now he has something that looks like a ball with points on it that he is touching to my left hand. It isn't painful. He's touching the palm and fingertips with the points. Ahh! That's it." She pointed to a spot in her palm near the index finger and to another near her thumb.

"When he put pressure on these points, the pain left completely. He says that if the right side of my head begins to hurt, I can do the same thing to my left hand. He's patting my head and smiling. He's going now, since the pain has left." ...I wondered if he was also a physician...

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“Thank you, Uncle Nuke, for being here to help us,” I said. I was not able to see him, but Marjie insisted that he had been in the room with us.

I counted her up and we discussed the session. With a smile Marjie said, “I’m really impressed that he came in person to help me. They took advantage of me being in a trance.”

Sarah, a precocious Teglinlin child who began to channel after Nucleus 8 had become a regular visitor, did research on the meaning of his number and announced:

“Eight is Marshall.”

“How did you find out that he is Marshall?”

“Let me show you.” She drew a design which showed two isosceles triangles joined at adjacent points of their bases. “See? Eight makes M. M is Mars.”

“Eight is Mars also? Which is it? Mars or Marshall?”

“Marshall is a form of Mars.” Upon thinking about this, I realized that the word Marshall also refers to a law enforcement officer who may be called upon to battle law breakers. Mars is also the God of War. This was interesting.

“Eight is also a dog,” she said.

“A dog!”

“Yes, a dog. The Dog Star is Sirius, which follows Orion, or Osiris, the Egyptian god of creation.”

“Eight said Ori 10 is the youngest member of the Board and has traveled far. He also told me a long time ago that Sirius is the star to which Ori 10 belongs. All this seems to fit together. What amazes me about all this is that I’ve been reading about the significance of Osiris and Sirius to the ancient Egyptians in *Fingerprints of the Gods*.”

Sarah said, “Eight is also the number for Lancelot, for Thor, for David and other heroes, and for 29, which is a number of power.”

... I asked Nuke, “What is the significance of the number 29?”

“It is the 29th level.”

“Is that the level you are at?” He smiled in agreement.

“Do you feel very powerful?” He raised his eyebrows. “I ask because the people that the number 8 is associated with in Earth’s

history were powerful warriors who defended the weak and fought for justice.”

He replied, “Every time I try to learn more about the significance of my number, the Old Wise One gives me something new. He keeps giving me different names that supposedly signify me.”

“What does Mars have to do with you?”

“My parents named me Mars. My given name is Marshall Habeen.”

My mind was making more connections. “Did they name you Mars because they were duplicating monuments on Earth which already existed on Mars?”

“It seems to be that way.”

“Why would they pick the word Mars, though?”

“I don’t know. I cannot imagine my mother wanting to use an Earth term.”

“Perhaps Mars isn’t an earthly term. Maybe the word originated elsewhere.”

“That is a possibility.”

“Perhaps you could search back through the archives and find the origin of this word. Are there other places in space called Mars?”

“It would take a great deal of work. I don’t know how far back into the past this might lead.”

“The question isn’t so much where did the word come from, but where does it lead for you to know these things? How do you feel about these revelations?”

“It is interesting but not upsetting.” I smiled.

“What do you conclude about the number 8 and what it has symbolized through history?”

“I don’t know.”

His curiosity aroused, Nuke also researched the meaning of his number between conversations and provided me with a long list of associations the next time we spoke:

Among them were: a letter of the Hebrew alphabet, a runic symbol for the self, heroic figures from African and Haitian legends, and the more familiar Orion. It is also a symbol for a cyclone and for mixing

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or crushing chemicals. Its color is violet; it's the number of the crown chakra, and of the Egyptian god Anubis (the jackal), who weighed the hearts of the dead to determine their fate. Most significantly, it is the number of Christ.

While Nuke and I were exploring his past, Marjie and I were also parenting a Teglinlin child named Sarah who had named me Sound and Marjie Touch. Nuke had been ordered to speed up Sarah's mental and physical development so that she could assume a vacant position on the Board of Twelve as soon as possible. Because of her importance, Nuke, Sarah and Marjie were targeted for death by highly placed, unsuspected traitors who conspired to gain control of the Alliance:

...Sarah cried out, "Sound, 8 Man is sick!" I went upstairs to investigate.

"What happened?"

"He breathed toxic fumes! Everyone is very worried that he might die!"

"We need to do our best to try to heal him. Let me speak to Marjie." She emerged.

"Nuke is seriously ill from breathing toxic fumes. We need to send healing Light to him. I'll count you down so that you can go to the Station and I'll project myself there also."

I did the count.

Marjie said, "He's in the medical unit on a bed with a clear top over it. He looks very ill. It's very hard for him to breathe. There's a tube running into his nose and down into his lungs. They are trying to dilute the toxicity by purifying his blood and circulating it through his body over and over. He's surrounded by about twenty people who are all busy trying to help him. They are grim and determined and also angry.

"Their thoughts are telling me that Nuke was showing Sarah how the metals in an alloy could be separated with a chemical, explaining that when the separation took place, the metals would change color. The correct chemical inside the container had been secretly replaced with another one, and when he poured it on the alloy, one of the metals was instantly vaporized into toxic fumes that he couldn't avoid inhaling. I have the sense that it was a woman who switched

the chemical. They're not sure if this was done deliberately, because the laboratory is used by many. Alta Sha is standing beside him, touching him and talking to him. Tears are running down Nuke's face."

"Infuse his body with healing Light and I will, too."

We asked I AM to heal our friend. I visualized ten thousand Hosts joining in the effort and bathed his body in different spectrums of Light. I asked for the powerful medicine of the Tarahumara, the Apache', the Sioux, and the Ute' spirits. In my mind's eye, I was doing the dance which must be seen again all around Nuke's body, twirling in circles and shaking my rattle over his injured lungs while chanting a healing song. I lifted his ethereal body in my hands into the beautiful Light of I AM and prayed, "If you cannot heal this body, Father, then let him have mine, so that he can continue the work You have given him. We both want the same things. I willingly give my body to carry out Your work."

Nuke's ethereal body became a ball of golden Light. I lowered it into his physical form.

Marjie said, "His breathing is better. His chest is moving. I didn't know his chest was shaped like that. It curves in at the middle. He's what we called pigeon-chested when I was a kid." If she could think of trivial things like that, I knew he would be all right. "Everyone thinks he will survive," she said.

My anxiety dissipated instantly.

Alta Sha remarked, "Nucleus will recover. The link between him and Sarah was severed to protect her from feeling his pain and physical symptoms. She was instantly drawn back into her physical body when the fumes were released."

"Why did that happen?"

"The link to her body was designed to pull her back if her life was in danger."

"Alleluia! What a relief!"

...Marjie and I shared our feelings of relief as we went to town on errands later that morning. When we got back home she said, "Nuke is calling for you." I counted her down.

Nuke's breathing was labored and his voice faint. "Thank you for coming to my aid."

"Marjie was there and I tried very hard to put myself there also."

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“You succeeded.”

“I brought many with me.”

“I thank you.”

“I could not believe that I AM was ready for you to die. You have too much work to do.”

“I have been around too long. I am very seasoned. It would take more than that to get rid of me.

“An investigation is taking place. A preliminary report will be ready in twenty four hours.”

“Marjie sensed that it was a woman who changed the label.”

“Yes. All were aware that it was a woman.”

“Because of the traces she left?”

“Yes.”

“Do you plan to contact us when you receive the report?”

“I am very tired. I should rest.”

“We will wait until you are able to call on us.”

He took my hand. “I love my friend.”

“You felt how much love I have for you last night. I thank I AM that you are safe. Alleluia.”

“Alleluia.” We parted.

Marjie said, “I can’t feel Sarah. What happened to her?”

“Alta Sha said she was drawn back into her body for protection, and the link between her and 8 was severed so that she wouldn’t feel his pain.”

“I want her back. She needs to stay with me.”

“I’m sure that they will send her back soon, since it wasn’t her choice to enter her body yet. Perhaps you can contact Mother about this.”

“Okay. Count me down.” I did.

“I’m with Mother. She is showing me Sarah’s body in its container. She’s beautiful! Mother says that Sarah will be returned to me today, but before this can be done, they have to refrigerate her body in order to put it back into a dormant state.”

“Very good. Is that all?”

“Yes.”

It wasn’t long before Sarah resumed channeling. She was delighted that Nuke was alive.

“Eight man is happy. He is breathing more easily.

“Sarah shared her Light with him.”

... Around four, Marjie began an early supper. We were eating when she suddenly stopped, absorbed with a vision.

“What do you see?”

“Perithnea wants to know what the word is for when you are so angry that you want to destroy everything with your anger.”

“Rage.”

Perithnea said, “That’s what 8 has right now.”

“I suppose that he got the report and it says this was no accident, right?” She nodded. “Rage is not good for him. He needs to be calm. Rage may harm his body.”

“I would certainly like to be there and know what’s going on,” Marjie said.

“Well, let’s try it.” She lay down. I felt Mother very strongly as I counted her down.

“I caught a glimpse of Nuke, but I was being pushed and pulled by the others when I tried to get through.”

I felt intense activity in the middle of my brain, followed by waves of energy that felt as if it were alternately expanding and contracting. The strange sensation was not painful. “I’m going to count you even deeper so that you can get through to him.” I said. The sensations were even more intense.

“I can see him clearly. He is shouting commands. People are trying to calm him but he won’t let them. His eyes are solid red! I didn’t know that they could be that color.”

“This isn’t good. We need to calm him down.”

“Three grays are trying to calm him. They keep putting a silver blanket on him but he keeps kicking it off.”

“Try to communicate with him. Tell him he needs to concentrate on healing. Let him know that it’s important that he not undo the work that has been done to heal him. He doesn’t have to deal with this right now. He has many others he can count on, including Mother and the Board.”

“He’s looking in my direction. I think he hears me.”

“Go to him.”

“I’m trying, but I have to move very slowly. I don’t want to make a misstep. He’s asking if that is his counselor. The others are parting for me. I’m at his side. He’s taking my hand.”

Our Interdimensional Family

Marjie said, “Speak to him. Comfort him.”

Through her, Nuke took my hand in his and placed her other hand on my chest, over my heart. I leaned forward to make it easier for him. “Nuke, you need to let I AM handle this problem. I AM protected you and Sarah. They tried to kill you and they failed because of His protection. You don’t have to worry about this. You have to think about healing and let the others deal with it. When you are recovered, you can return to the battle if you like, but for now, you have won by surviving. Let your wounds heal. Take a bath in the river of rainbows that flows through Heaven. If you inhale the rainbow mist from the fountains of Light, it will soothe your lungs.”

I ran my hands over the length of his body, saying, “Fill yourself with that Light that you love so much which comes from Star One.” I also projected Light into his body through my hands.

“You are surrounded by geniuses. Others know what to do. Let Mother and the others handle this.”

“Mother is letting him know that she will take care of this situation. His eyes are getting black again. He accepts Mother’s authority without question. He isn’t kicking the blanket off now, he’s going to sleep.” I moved his hand from my chest to his own.

... Adam kept me posted about Nuke’s condition. Because an hour in our dimension is equivalent to six “hours” in Nuke’s, his progress was amazingly rapid. His lungs were flushed, his burns were repaired, and his eyes were successfully treated in the course of two and a quarter Station days (cycles), or nine earth hours.

(I was)Speaking to Alta Sha: ...“I don’t understand how this could happen in a society that is based on cooperation and where so many have telepathic ability.”

“You must consider the vast number of species and cultures involved. The ones making the attempt were of a different species.”

“It’s hard to imagine the vastness.”

“Compare it to the number of cultures, languages, and races on Earth. It is true that these societies are more highly evolved. They are more intelligent and wiser than humans, but they still have free will. However, the conspirators now have calm thoughts. They think only of their own existence.”

“Were their minds read and then swept clean...?” He nodded.

After we held a several sessions devoted to Nuke's inner exploration, he revealed a personal problem that greatly troubled him:

"I would like to have some of your time if it is convenient."

"I'd like to talk about what makes you weep and moan in your sleep."

"That's what I had in mind."

We went upstairs...Nuke lay on the bed and asked, "Will you hold my hand?" I did. "As you know, my mission is to protect and save the lives of those under my care, but I failed to prevent attacks on Star One and Sarah that nearly caused their deaths, and I have questioned the position that I hold.

"Because of my position I also have some very difficult decisions to make. Earth is not the only planet that is facing extinction. There are many such planets, and individuals who will represent their species must be selected for transport to other planets that have been prepared for them. Thousands of us are seeking inhabitable planets and planets suitable for temporary shelter, but they are hard to find. Many deserving individuals have been contacted who know that a place is being prepared for them and they are ready to go to new planets and to live in harmony with other species. Unfortunately, the Alliance does not have enough ships or enough homes for everyone. The awful part is that I, the Chief of Security, have to choose who will be saved and who will be left behind. This burden is more than I can bear." Tears streamed down his cheeks.

I replied, "It's important to remember that the fate of those you cannot take is not up to you. I AM has a plan for each individual, and whatever decision you make will be taken into account by the Creator. God may have plans for the souls of those not chosen which will be much better than living on a new planet would be."

"I have been focused on the material world for so long that I sometimes forget to look at the world beside it."

"If I am left, it is the will of I AM and I will have to accept it. Sooner or later we all have to face death and leave this shell of flesh behind."

"How could I possibly leave you behind?"

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“I would not hold it against you if you did. I AM knows what is best for me and will provide.”

He didn't seem very reassured, so I asked, “Would you like to take a mental journey now?”

“Yes.”

I prayed that I AM would provide Nuke with guidance to make the right decisions and counted him down.

“What are you experiencing?” I asked.

“I see a very massive and formidable being before me. It is difficult to describe, but it is very precise and graceful in its movements. It is quite beautiful. It lives in harmony with its environment and does it no harm. It appears to be very self contained and has no sense of concern for anything whatsoever. It is imperturbable.”

“Would you like to have qualities like that?”

“No. It seems to me that this being is very self-centered. It does not look beyond its own range.”

“Is that good?”

“No. I would not choose that for myself. There is much more out there than is within its range.”

“What would happen if you entered the range of this being?”

“It would analyze me.”

“Would you object to this?”

“I would not care to have it done.”

“You told me that it does no harm to its environment.”

“But it has a history which makes me reluctant to enter its area.”

“What history is that?”

“It has devoured hybrids like me.”

“Why would it do that?”

“Probably for nourishment. I don't see much profit in continuing to observe this being.”

“Then let's go forward. Surround yourself with Light and seek a guide who will show you the way to your Higher Self. It can help you make the decisions you face with a peaceful mind instead of torment.”

In a few moments, his tears flowed with joy. “Old Thing! It is you! Old Thing! Old Thing! You have come! It has been so long.

I thought I would never see you again. I have missed you so much!" He cupped his hands as if holding a small being close to his heart

"Let your tears flow. Don't try to control them."

"I love you so, Old Thing." He wept freely, expressing more affection than I had seen in him before. I wiped his copious tears away with tissues several times. "I did not know, Old Thing. You were with me all the time? If only I had searched! I am so sorry, Old Thing. I thought you had dissolved into nothingness.

"Yes, I am troubled in spirit. I do not know how to decide what I must decide." He listened silently and nodded his head. "Yes. I understand. That is a good idea. Thank you, my friend." He looked at me and said, "We are finished."

"I AM sent this being to guide you, Nuke."

"He is here for you, too. Take him and hold him near your heart. Look within yourself for him."

With eyes closed, I embraced Old Thing, saying, "I see the steep buttes of monument valley and the all seeing eye of the Creator at the top of the pyramid, something like the one on a dollar bill."

"His form is similar to the buttes. These beings communicate telepathically and they are very wise. I am ashamed that I did not look within myself sooner to find him. I can't tell you how thankful I am for your help.

"Old Thing suggests that each Board member complete a list of those deserving transport and then turn the lists over to someone they implicitly trust. They are to say that those listed are the most precious cargo there could ever be, and to leave the choices to one who will not be emotionally involved. This method will relieve the suffering of those making the lists, and none of the Board members will be condemned by those who are unhappy with a decision. This will be an excellent solution."

Grateful tears filled my eyes. I earnestly praised I AM for such a moving and helpful experience for Nuke and me.

Nucleus wiped my tears away and said, "Physician, heal thyself."

"Alta Sha explained a long time ago that I could not grieve for the whole planet, because if I tried to it would destroy me. There is only One whose shoulders are big enough to carry so much pain. Therefore, I must deal only with that which is right before me and

should not worry about the good that I cannot do. I can only do those things which are within my power. Remember that each one the Alliance does not save will still be in the arms of our Father.”

“Old Thing said much the same. I should take pleasure in the good that I am doing. You should search for your own Guide.”

“I receive guidance from a variety of sources. Sometimes it seems to come through osmosis.”

He caressed my face. “Thank you friend. No, more than a friend.”

“Kindred spirits.”

“Even closer than that.”

“Perhaps we are different aspects of the same Oversoul.”

“You wear me well. When I look at you, I see myself. I think you have an abundance of love.”

“I look up to you, Nucleus.” We embraced.

“And I hold you up, friend. Myself, rather.”

“Alleluia.”

I had never felt closer to any male than I did to Nuke. If we were expressions of the same Oversoul, I was in the best of company. I had nothing but admiration for his courage, his sense of responsibility for those under his protection, and his willingness to risk searching his past for personal truths that were very difficult to face. For him to count me as a trusted friend was among the highest honors I could ever receive. I had much to be thankful for.

Quite a bit of time passed before we had this very significant session:

“I would like to do some more personal exploration. I enjoyed it so much this morning that I want to do it again...I made seven of the new implants and four of them are already in place. Now you are questioning if you are one of the four.”

“When did you do it?”

“Why do you ask?”

“I’m trying to correlate it with something that I felt. Was it Thursday night?”

“Yes.”

“That explains why I was in somewhat of a down mood on Friday. I couldn’t understand where it came from. I always feel kind of down when I come back from the Station.”

“You have a great time at the Station. You are always wandering off and disappearing, trying to prolong the visit. When we tell you it’s time to come back, you are always thinking of something else that holds your interest, but I know how much rest your body requires. You get quite whiny when it’s time to go.”

“My mood is much better since the installation. Let’s do that soul searching you mentioned.”

I suggested that Nuke go back to the hallway of doors and let Spirit guide his experience to something enlightening, enjoyable and helpful. He said, “This hallway has only one door in it.”

“What does it look like?” In my mind’s eye it was blue.

“It is the color of mustard.”

“Do you like that color?”

“Not particularly.”

“Is there anything else outstanding about it?”

“No, it’s just a plain panel. Shall I enter it, or just dispose of it?”

“Whatever suits you.”

“Be gone, door. Everything is now blue!”

“Examine the blue. What do you see in it?”

“I see a bed. Shall I explore it?”

“I think you should. Something interesting will happen in this bed.”

“It’s not really a bed, but a pool of water.”

“Perhaps it’s a scrying pool. Why don’t you look into it and see what you find there?”

He raised his eyebrows in surprise. “It’s the Old Man. Oh!”

“What happened?”

“I saw Candace in there. He shot a beam of Light out toward her and drew her near Him.”

“How close did He draw her?”

“Right beside Him. Well, we are just sitting here staring at each other.”

“Why don’t you look into His eyes and see what is there.”

“Mmm! I see Light.”

“Would you like to see more of this Light?”

“I don’t know. I’m still suspicious.”

“Candace is in the Light with him.”

“Yes, and I am very jealous.”

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“If you step into the Light, then you will be there with her, won’t you?”

“Yes, but you have to promise me one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“The instant I step into it I want you to snatch me back. Will you do that?”

“Sure, but you have to let me know when you’re entering it.”

“You have to promise.”

“I will, Nuke.”

“Alright, now!”

“Step back!”

“Well, I don’t think I was there long enough.”

“Want to try for a little longer?”

“Yes, I think so.”

“Five seconds?”

“Four.”

“Let me know when you enter.”

“Now.”

I counted to four. “Step back!”

He looked surprised. “I still don’t think I was in it long enough.”

“How much longer this time?”

“Suppose I notify you when I want out?”

“Okay, I’ll wait.”

“I see Mother (the Archangel Metatron) and her duplicates. They appear only as the background to Him. The Light is overwhelming. I have never seen anything this bright. I can feel changes taking place in me, but I don’t know what they are.”

“Are they pleasant?”

“Yes.” I was thrilled.

“Now I am in awe!”

Tears welled in my eyes. I mentally immersed myself in that same Light.

Nuke said, “He told me that now I can return to my doubt.” He opened his eyes. For several moments he was too stunned to say anything. “When I entered the Light, I saw Candace spinning and whirling in it.”

“She was dancing with I AM.”

“I saw many others like Mother standing all around Him...”

..He expanded His Light until He had encompassed them all. He got immensely bright, brighter than any quasar I have ever seen. Beside His Light, a quasar would look dim. I know that He was healing me. I don't know just what He was healing, but I know that He was."

"The first time that you met, He showed you that He knew all your secrets. I'm sure that He knows just what needs to be healed. He is eliminating those things that you don't need and enhancing those things that you do need. Did you still feel jealous in the Light?"

"Once I was in the Light, it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but the Light. I knew that I didn't deserve it."

"You mean you haven't earned it?"

"No."

"There is no way to earn it. There is nothing anyone could ever do to earn such a gift. It is priceless, and yet it is offered simply for asking. All we have to do is to appreciate it and to share it with others."

He looked at the picture of himself ... he said, "I saw him in that Light, and I felt myself separating from him."

"When you have been in the Light and realize that God accepts you and loves you just as you are and that none of your flaws really matter, there is no guilt, no shame. He is not interested in those things and has no time for them, and learning that changes you. You no longer worry about doing things to please others because they expect it of you or because of childhood conditioning. The things that controlled your behavior in the past lose their significance. Your behavior is controlled by a new desire, to share His love with others, to appreciate His love, and to serve Him. Then you have the opportunity to become a new person, better than you were. You don't have to lose good qualities; you simply gain more of them."

Nearly speechless, Nuke looked at me as if he couldn't believe what had just happened. It was wonderful to observe the changes occurring in him. Without further comment, he withdrew.

Nuke and I discussed why the Alliance often contacted people on Earth who have experienced much suffering at the hands of those who should have taken care of them:

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“Yes, and you guys seem to take a great deal of interest in those who have suffered. I have noticed that almost every woman I have worked with who has been severely traumatized has a memory of a UFO sighting, as if you had contacted them.”

“Women and men, too. What is our reasoning?”

“Those who have suffered can appreciate it when they are loved and cared for. They will not be so afraid of you and can tell others about your true nature.”

“That is correct.”

“Are there other reasons?”

“Those who have suffered know how to appreciate goodness. A society in which all are grateful for each other is bliss.” My tears suddenly erupted. Marjie and I were both homesick for that.

“She tires. I would like to ask a favor of you.”

“What is it?”

“I have observed what you do for Marjorie and Sarah at bedtime. Would you do the same for me?”

“Of course.” I stepped closer and ran my fingers through his hair.

He closed his eyes and said, “Please sit.”

I took a seat and he sat on the floor at my feet with his head on my chest. I continued to stroke his hair. “What a wonderful feeling it is,” he said.

“I love you,” I said.

“I love you also.” I continued stroking his head for quite a few minutes and then rubbed Marjie’s back. “This is very pleasant. I have never felt anything like this before. Thank you very much.”

“Thank you for asking me.”

“It is time for me to go.” We stood and embraced. Marjie heaved a sigh and rejoined me.

Nuke was very unhappy about the emergence of powerful, disruptive emotions due to investigating his past, partly because his job required great objectivity, which he couldn’t maintain when his internal barriers began to crack. He took a break, leaving his Second in Command in charge. Marjie said:

“I hear Nucleus calling.”

“Hello, Nuke. How are you doing?” I asked.

“Greetings, Pat.” He sounded chipper again.

“To what do we owe the pleasure of this visit?”

“I have decided to conduct a mini-strike. I am not going to work for a while. They have been working me to death and I am really tired of it. I don’t know a better place to spend it than with my best friend.”

“Was it the Board who decided you needed a break, or you?”

“A combination of the two.”

“Will you stay for a while?”

“Will you allow it?”

“Of course. For my best friend, our home is your home.”

“I would like that very much.”

“How will you accomplish it? Through her body or your own?”

“I will borrow her body.”

“Very well, if she agrees.”

“Is this a convenient time? Do you have any plans?”

“Not until later this evening.”

“I will respect your privacy.”

“In that case, join us.”

“What have you been doing this afternoon?” he asked.

“Adam and I have been doing crafts.”

“Can I do some too?”

“Of course. Would you like to see what we made?”

“Yes.”

“Adam just finished painting this box to make it look like an adobe house.”

“It’s wonderful! Can I have one like it to paint?”

“I think Marjie may have another one she will let you paint.”

It was time for showers. Nuke took great pleasure in selecting the pajamas and the bunny rabbit slippers that he wanted to wear afterwards, and with Marjie’s permission, he channeled while showering. There are no showers at the Station because water is kept as clean as possible for recycling, and he loved the unique sensation. He asked for shampoo and liked its strawberry scent. He thanked me profusely for drying his back when he was finished. He looked rather comical in his pajamas and rabbit slippers.

After my shower, Marjie said, “Nucleus is staying very close. I felt him grating up and down my spine earlier, as if he was saying

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hello to me. It was a weird feeling and I told him to cut it out. It feels strange to have him so close, but I like it.”

“He’s taking a break from work. He said he would respect our privacy during our intimate times.”

“He’d better.”

We had finished enjoying each other when Nucleus channeled again. I asked, “Would you like for me to put some of this lotion on you?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never experienced anything like that.”

“You must let me do it, then.” I smoothed the lotion over Marjie’s back and shoulders.

“That feels wonderful! I like it.”

I massaged his back and then his arms, hands and fingers. It was great to see how much pleasure this gave him. I said, “If your society doesn’t have any masseuses, you need to get some. Surely a person in your position could find someone to do this for you.”

“I would never ask another to do this for me.”

“Why not? There are some who enjoy doing it for others.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. I enjoy doing it.”

“Where did you get your training? You are so skilled.”

“I haven’t had any training, at least not in this lifetime. It’s just a matter of doing to others what you would like to have them do to you.”

“Would you like for me to do it for you when you are finished with me?”

“Not right now. If you like, I will give you a full body massage from head to toe sometime.”

“You will?”

“Oh yes. It is very healthful. It helps to get rid of tensions and balances energy in the body.”

“My whole body?”

“Everything but your genitals. I reserve that for love making.”

“Is that a normal part of a full massage?”

“Not unless it is agreed upon at the outset. It’s time for me to stop, now.”

“Do you wish for me to leave your home?”

“No. ... You’re welcome to stay if you like.”

Nucleus proved that he was truly with us the following day:

Marjie put the birthday cake she had just baked on a rack to cool, planning to put icing on it after our walk. As we strolled along, she said, “Nuke has been here all day. When I was working on some crafts, he made suggestions. We also worked on Joseph’s puzzle.”

Nucleus said, “May I join you?”

“Surely. I was expecting you.”

“I woke from my nap and realized that no one was in the house. I heard your footsteps on the gravel of the driveway when you were leaving. I saw the cake and spread the icing on it before joining you.”

“Marjie will certainly be surprised.”

“It was the least I could do. However, I did not clean the dishes. I refuse to wash dishes. These hands have never washed dishes and they never, ever will.”

I teased, “So I shouldn’t expect you to wash them in the future?”

“No. I will vibrate a dish out of existence before I will wash it!”

I laughed. “Alta Sha once told me that he did not do windows. I seem to remember you washing dishes once before.”

“It was not I, my friend. It must have been Alta Sha.”

“How do you like being here so far?”

“I had an enjoyable day. I find the pace a great deal slower than what I’m used to at the Station. I have been adjusting to the rotation of your planet. I’m afraid it may have made me a little giddy when I first arrived.”

“Oh, don’t apologize. I enjoyed your delight with the shower and the massage. I am curious to know why you took time off, though.”

“To be quite frank, my colleagues on the Board insisted that I take time away from the job. They said I had been too irritable and tense about my work, but I shouldn’t gripe about my problems.”

“You can gripe all you want to. I’m good at listening to complaints. I recently experienced some dissatisfaction and irritability myself. After speaking to Alta Sha, I found the root of my problem, expressed my emotions, and felt much better.”

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“You are indeed fortunate to have such a counselor. Gripe, gripe, gripe!...Being here continuously has been a great advantage, because now I have access to all of Star One’s thoughts...”

He put an arm around my shoulder...“Is Star One’s day always so unstructured?”

“Yes, as far as I can tell.”

“I will let her enjoy the rest of your walk.”

“She will appreciate that.”

When we got back to the house, Marjie said, “I have to put icing on the cake.” When she saw it was already done, she was stunned. “How did that happen?”

“Nuke iced the cake.”

“How could he do that?”

“I guess he’s able to operate outside your body in this dimension when he wants to. I remember that once before you saw his form here, even though I couldn’t.”

On a much later occasion, 8 provided another impressive proof:

Our plane was preparing to land in Nashville when 8 asked, “Do you want me to land the plane? I’ve been thinking about doing it.”

“Why don’t you?” I thought he was joking.

“What if I land on the left wheel first?”

“That could be fun. It would give us a little bit of a bounce.”

“Okay.” A few minutes later the plane landed exactly like 8 said it would, left wheels first.

I asked, “How did you do that? Does the pilot have an implant?”

“I can’t deny it. I couldn’t have told you that outright, but since you asked the question, I was able to confirm it.”

Here is another example of his independent existence:

On impulse I visited a web site devoted to crop circles, to find out what was new. I saw many very complex and beautiful designs and was astonished find one that bore a strong resemblance to Nucleus 8! It was not a perfect likeness, but had his distinctive hairdo, which

was longer on the left side than on the right. The design suddenly appeared one morning after balls of light were seen in a field in South Carolina in February, 1999. I showed it to Nuke and asked, "Is that supposed to be you?"

"It was made to be not exactly like me. We were determined that one way or another, you were going to retrieve that picture from the internet the next time you surfed the web. We sent you a telepathic message and you received it."

"I had no idea the impulse came from you guys."

When Nuke rushed to enter our dimension, it caused physical effects. On one occasion it sounded like a sonic boom and shook the whole house. Another time, the effects were less dramatic:

When he arrived, the lights blinked and the air conditioner stopped and started three times in succession. I looked at Marjie and Nuke said, "Good evening, Counselor."

"Was that you causing the electricity to act up?"

"I apologize for that. I came back a bit too fast."

"Are you alright?"

"I have a metallic taste in my mouth, but otherwise I am fine."

"There were three power interruptions."

"I didn't come alone."

"Oh. Well, you are all welcome."

Although he had committed several very heroic acts, Nuke was still having mood swings and was quite concerned that the Board might demote him. Alta Sha paid him a surprise visit, bringing Nuke's father, thought by him to be dead, and others. Nuke told me about their encounter:

Marjie said, "He's having trouble getting the signal through because it has to be rerouted."

When he began, the head movements were less pronounced and Nuke was very calm. "Thank you for contacting me so soon," he said.

"I was eager to speak to you again. I understand that you had visitors."

"What else have your spies told you?"

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I repeated what I knew. “What I still want to know is how your meeting with your father went, what has happened between you and the Board, and how you feel about all of it.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Do you not realize the full impact of what you have done?”

“Not the full extent.”

“Then I will fulfill you. I was in my room, which, according to our technology, is completely impenetrable due to the many levels of security that must be bypassed to enter. Because of my anger, I was destroying things in it with my mind. I thought that my actions were causing alarm to my colleagues, but I learned later that they had been encoded so that no one would be able to view them unless they knew the codes. I was joined by beings of incredible magnificence. I had knowledge of such beings, but only in theory. They surrounded me. I was nearly blinded and deafened by their Light and their tones. They stepped back to reveal my father. We embraced and shed tears.”

“So you and your father are reconciled?”

“Yes, and I am also reconciled with the Board. To my delight, the beings encircled me and transported me to the entry into the Board room. Alta Sha entered before me. He returned a few moments later and escorted me before the Board. I was given a great deal of information which answered a multitude of questions. I was received. Eight has blended.”

To be certain I understood him correctly, I asked, “By 8, you mean yourself?”

“Yes. Eight has been received upon the Board.”

“That is wonderful news!” Tears rolled down my face. “I can't tell you how happy these reconciliations make me. I am so grateful that you are at peace.”

“Without you and your questions, I would never have found inner sight. I am greatly indebted to you, and I send to you a multitude of gratitude.”

“The whole experience of meeting you and working with you has been a great blessing for me,” I replied.

“I am now free to do as I will. My activities are unrestricted. My System is being updated. The changes to my System will have an impact on Marjie's signal.

“Her implant will have to be adjusted. Yours also will require adjustment, but this will be minor.”

“Will the necessary changes to your System be done immediately or later?”

“Arrangements will have to be made.”

“I am so pleased with what has happened and I give I AM all the credit. It was His love that accomplished all of this.”

“I have made it clear that I wish to continue the same work that I was doing before and I would like to know, with your permission, if I can continue to be your friend.”

“Nucleus, you are among my best friends, along with Alta Sha, Mother, Perithnea, Adam, Mi, and my Indian brothers. I have so many good friends now. All of them are dear to me and I would not want to give any of them up.”

“Please assist me,” he said. “Raise her hand to your chest.” I placed it over my heart and kept my hand on top of hers. I projected Light and Love through my hand to him. “Nucleus is pleased to bond with whomever he chooses,” he said. More tears came to my eyes. We held this pose for a minute or so, and he continued, “You may release her hand now.”

I tenderly placed my hand on Marjie's stomach. “I'm adding to the river,” I said, choking down a sob.

“But you are not causing a flood,” he said, smiling. “I also have added to this river. I have added four thousand seven hundred and eighteen years' worth of tears to it.”

“We will wait for your contact until the changes to your System and our implants are completed. You have permission to do whatever is necessary to my implant to promote our contacts and our work together.”

“Mother needs some flexibility in this regard,” he said.

“I trust we will be in touch soon,” I replied.

My tears continued to fall when I counted Marjie up. I told her everything that had happened. She was delighted and relieved that Nucleus was no longer suffering. “He was very grateful for my contribution to the process, but none of it would have happened without you, Marjie.”

“I didn't do anything.”

“Oh yes you did.”

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“If you had not started your inner search, we wouldn’t be having this conversation or the others leading to this. You had the courage to search and to continue in spite of the pain.”

“It seems like such a long time ago when we started. Now the searching is easy. If we keep at it, we might become pros. We make a pretty good team.”

“All of us make the team. You, me, Perithnea, Alta Sha, Adam, Mi, Nucleus, the Board, we all do our part to make it happen.”

The most devastating personal attack against Nuke occurred when he encountered a huge mass of negativity known as The Dark, which could literally withdraw the spiritual life force from any living thing. It had somehow managed to expand beyond the barrier which had been erected to contain it. He joined many Mothers with his immense fleet and they went to confront it:

Adam, looking distressed, reported again. “Nucleus, Tesar, and Regenc 4 have been called back. Nuke’s spirit is severely damaged. It got lost in The Dark. Tesar’s was also lost, but is not as severely damaged as Nuke’s. Regenc 4’s spirit was injured too, but less than theirs.”

“How can we help?”

“I suggest that 8 and Tesar be brought to you so that you can help them find the parts that are missing.”

“Please do.”

Nucleus grimly emerged as we were about to eat supper. He was so depressed that he did not want to hold hands for the blessing, afraid that we would be contaminated by his negativity. I said, “I AM brought you to us for healing. His power can overcome any negative effects of The Dark. You can’t contaminate us.” He held our hands while I prayed for healing Light and Breath’s assistance.

While we ate he said, “This area is full of images of flowers. They are overlapping in a very confusing manner.”

“Marjie took about fifty pictures of her arrangements today. Did the energy in the flash cause them to leave traces?”

“Objects that are photographed are not passively sitting there. Their molecules must cooperate. That includes the molecules on the film and in the subject, which work together with the photographer’s

mind to create the image. Because of their intentions, sometimes images of things the photographer did not see appear on the film.”

I was amazed at the synchronicity of his comments, for I had just finished reading about that same phenomenon in Uri Geller’s autobiography. He and his companion were amazed when Uri’s camera levitated from beneath his seat while flying in an airliner. It halted in front of his face, as if inviting him to take a picture. Although he saw nothing outside the window, he took several snapshots which, when developed, revealed clear pictures of UFOs.

Nuke, Candace and I went to the living room after supper. Nuke lay on the sofa and said, “I’m afraid I might not survive reliving my encounter with The Dark. I don’t want to go into a trance state. I think it’s rather hopeless. You should work with Tesar for a while.”

“Alright, but I wasn’t planning to do a regression. This session is for healing, not reliving.” I did not intend to let him remain in that state of mind for long.

Tesar was clearly in much better shape than Nuke. He plaintively said, “The Darkness seeped into all of us. There was nothing we could do to defend ourselves. I have hope, I have hope, I have hope that I will find myself again. I have not given into despair. I have hope that the Mothers will contain the Darkness and reduce it again.”

“We will seek the missing parts of your spirit together.” Marjie’s stomach muscles successively spasmed six or seven times within a few minutes. Each spasm forced Tesar to sit up from her prone position. I asked, “What’s causing the spasms?”

“Bits of my spirit are returning.” When the spasms stopped he said, “It’s finished. I’m together again. I think I should go to my quarters and rest, but how can I possibly greet everyone at the Station?” He was genuinely upset.

“You don’t have to greet anyone. You need to concentrate on recovering. Don’t worry about meeting the needs of others right now.”

“Do you think it will be alright if I stay here a day or so?”

“You are very welcome, and no one will bother you here.”

“What of Iriam?”

“We will get word to Iriam that you are resting and are alright. I am sure she will understand that you need to rest.”

Our Interdimensional Family

Sarah interjected, "I'll get the message to Iriam." Tesar decided to sleep on the sofa. I put a blanket over him and he withdrew.

I returned my attention to Nuke, and after a few minutes of persuasion, he finally agreed to attempt a search for his missing parts. He asked Candace and me to each take one of his hands. Quickly entranced, he said, "I feel as if my soul has been shattered into bits and pieces. I think it is impossible for me to find all these pieces and put them back together. They are too far away and too scattered. I have no energy. I feel myself draining away."

"You can find the pieces if you ask the Old Man to help you. Call upon the Archangels and the Hosts to help you collect the pieces in one place and put them back into your body." I visualized my Father's golden Light passing through me and into his body in a huge wave that would completely restore him.

"I see the core of myself. It looks like a vase filled with cracks, but it is still intact. All the pieces are in place."

"Visualize the cracks being filled with Light and seamlessly sealed into a complete whole. The vase needs a flower in it."

"Ah, yes! I see the flower that it needs, the flower Adam and Joshua created for Sarah that smells so bad. I never thought I would choose that one for anything, but here I am, choosing it." Tears rolled down his cheeks.

"See the vase as clear, pure crystal, and Sarah's flower in it," I said.

"I'm beginning to feel some energy now."

"Your soul is coming back together."

"There are still a few cracks in it, but it's intact. I have found it!"

"Wonderful, Nuke!"

"I need to rest now."

"We will leave you alone for a while." We let go of his hands. Candace said she was tired and went to the cottage for the night.

"...I must concentrate on putting myself back together. I'm going to spend the night here, if that's alright."

"You are always welcome. I'm so glad you are safe and sound. I was really worried about you."

Sunday morning I noticed that the covers on the bed where Nuke had slept were rumpled as if someone had been lying beneath them. Neither Marjie nor I had been in his room during the night.

Nucleus was also wounded by an insidious, slow acting weapon while countering the attack on an Alliance planet by outlaws and barely survived:

“...I also have a more serious problem that I want to keep private. There is an area of tissue in my body which is deteriorating.”

“What kind of tissue?”

“Bone. It’s due to the wound I received on my recent mission. The weapon is designed to cause gradual deterioration of the skeletal system. Our medical technology cannot prevent this deterioration from occurring, although it will not be complete for approximately one thousand years.”

“I thought you were able to regenerate bone cells.”

“We can in the event of a discreet injury, but in this case the entire skeletal system is affected.”

“So, this is like a slow release capsule that continues to affect the bones?”

“Yes.”

“What is the solution?”

“Replacement of the entire skeletal system. However, the technique has never succeeded because no one it has been tried on has had the necessary strength to survive it. I don’t want Candace to know about this. She is just beginning to smile.”

“How is this affecting you?”

“Quite frankly, I’m scared to death.”

I hugged him and he leaned against me. “If it is the will of Breath for you to survive this, you will.”

When we met, 8 had never had a true girlfriend. After his emotions began to surface, so did his desire for female companionship. I certainly didn’t expect him to choose an earthbound female companion, but he was dazzled by the spiritual Light of Candace, a very talented psychic and medium. She was quite flattered by his devoted attention, but after several months of his diligent but unsuccessful efforts to obtain a lasting commitment from her, their relationship failed. He weathered the trauma of that loss reasonably well and continued his search for another mate until he met Amy, whose Light was even more impressive:

“...the Board summoned me to a meeting about Amy.”

Our Interdimensional Family

“How did it go?”

“They said they were pleased with my interest in her, and her interest in me. I can see that they know more than they are telling me, but I don’t want to use technology to find out what they know. I want to approach this relationship the way a human would, but damn all these emotions.”

That night he said, “Can I talk with you about my relationship with Amy again?”

“Sure.”

We went outside under a star-filled sky. Nuke began to cry and said, “Many of the things she says are like things Candace has said to me. I’m afraid she is going to turn out to be like her.”

“I think it’s very unlikely that she’s going to treat you like Candace has done. I think Amy has a conscience, and is capable of making a commitment, but only time can really tell.” He cried freely while I held him in my arms, then said, “Thank you. I feel much better.”

Nuke’s suppressed fears of being betrayed by Amy, stemming from his mother’s emotional abandonment of him from birth, caused him to develop a serious case of hives, which appeared on Marjie’s body:

Amy showed us to her bedroom and said, “Spirit tells me that Nucleus needs to release his emotions. When he has shed his tears, then he can give up his hives.”

“I’m not sure I want to do that,” Nuke said, but he was persuaded to lie down. Amy sat at one side and I on the other. I reminded him of his fears of being rejected because of being imperfect in the eyes of others, which elicited a great deal of emotion, and Amy encouraged his release. He was very embarrassed to reveal his vulnerability, but we told him that it was actually a blessing to find the greatest source of pain within oneself. Knowing it allowed for learning and growth. We promised him that we would not abandon him because of what he called his weaknesses.

After about forty-five minutes of crying, Nucleus seemed to have cleared all the emotion that he could for the present... He lay there quietly while Amy stroked his forehead. “I feel you soaking up all the energy I am giving you like a big sponge,” she said.

“You are good at it.”

Amy showed us a purse made by Peruvian Indians, a peace-pipe carved from stone and other artifacts made by Indians. She gave the children a bag full of little surprises. Among them was a tiny pillow with an angel on it, a little box with other containers inside it for decorations, costume jewelry, little plastic pieces of vegetables and fruit, beads, and other baubles. Sarah was thrilled.

When it was time for us to leave, Amy wrapped the necklace in a cloth along with down from the owl and a small stone and gave it back to us. Meanwhile, 8's hives had disappeared.

While I drove, Nuke said, “Will Amy think less of me now that I have shown my vulnerability?”

“If she is not the right woman for you, no harm has been done. If she is the right one, it won't matter to her. The worst thing that could happen is that she could make fun of you and say that you are a crybaby. If she does that, you know she's not the woman for you.

“It's important to know that the ability to weep is not weakness, but strength. A man who cannot weep for what he loves and has lost is no man at all. At best, he is a liar, someone who denies the truth of how he feels. Most women prefer a man who has compassion and can express his feelings. If he can't, how can he show her and his children love? Amy won't leave you because you have feelings and show them unless she has some major emotional problems herself.”

... She and Nuke also talked on the phone, finally, and he was thrilled that he was accepted as he was.

In spite of being very impressed with her spiritual gifts, I was often offended by Amy's domineering interpersonal behavior and avoided spending large amounts of time around her. I couldn't understand why 8 would not use his body instead of Marjie's in order to have a normal physical relationship with Amy, who was also very frustrated by its absence. I protested to Alta Sha:

“I don't understand why it is necessary for Nucleus to use Marjie's body...when he can manifest here...Nor do I understand why, when he can erect a perimeter around our property which cannot be penetrated by anything without being detected, he cannot protect himself within it if he chooses to manifest.”

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“I will tell you something that Nucleus 8 has not shared with you. His physical form emits radioactivity.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes, and his emissions would be detected. His perimeter cannot prevent them from escaping.”

“Well, that certainly explains why he doesn’t manifest. We could all get radiation poisoning from him.

“But what about the time when he exposed his arm to Candace and said that all she had to do was to take his hand, and his whole body would have materialized? Didn’t he care if she got radiation sickness and died?”

“This would not have happened. He would have immediately taken her to the Station, her body would have been cloned, and she would have been replaced by it on Earth.”

“Then, in his dimension, his radiation is not dangerous to those around him.”

“Correct.”

“If he can’t use his own body here, then I accept the alternative. I won’t stand in the way of Breath’s will. I know that he and Amy have important things to do together and with us.”

“And what of Marjorie?”

“She’s the one you’ll have trouble with.”

Marjie was very opposed to allowing her body to be used by 8 for physical contact with Amy. “Are you sure this is the will of Breath?”

“Alta Sha said that it was, but you have to decide for yourself. I’m not going to pressure you either way. It’s your body and your decision. If you decide to go along, it won’t be you doing it, anyway. It will be Nuke doing it, and you won’t even be aware of it. Let’s drop the subject for now, and you can take as much time as you need to decide.”

Nuke said, “Don’t I have anything to say about this?”

“Of course you do. Now I know why you don’t manifest in this dimension.”

Looking suspicious, he asked, “And why is that?”

“Because you’re radioactive.”

“You aren’t supposed to know that! I didn’t want anyone to know that!”

“Alta Sha knew I had to understand why you couldn’t use your own body for physical contact with Amy, so he told me. No harm has been done by us knowing it.”

...“All that Amy and I have done is to hold one another in a long embrace, like this.” He hugged me. “She is so amazing. She was able to travel to the location of my body during our embrace and to enter it with her consciousness and to experience my orgasm. I don’t know how she did it. It was awesome. She took me to a higher level of vibration than I can go by myself, and showed me that she could do it without using my technology. I doubt that I could penetrate her mind, even if I wanted to, with my technology or my telepathic abilities. ...”

Nucleus discovered just how special Amy is:

In a private moment, Nuke said, “I have searched all the records for the entire Alliance, and there is no record of Amy’s existence anywhere. This is completely unprecedented. Our records contain information about every human being that is born on your planet, and she is not among them. It can only mean that she is not of this Earth, and she has adopted this form for her convenience.”

“That is certainly consistent with Tanner naming her *Reigning Dove* and my impression that she is a manifestation of *White Buffalo Calf Woman*. You realize that you are consorting with a goddess, don’t you?”

“I don’t know what level she has, but she is somewhere close to Mother’s level.”

“What if she is an aspect of Mother?”

“That is a really intimidating thought.”

“Do you find Mother intimidating? I don’t perceive her that way, but as very loving, in spite of her great power.”

“...Do you remember the first time that Alta Sha asked you to give him an embrace, and you were so humbled that it made you weep?”

“Yes.”

“That’s how I would feel about being offered an embrace by Mother.”

“I believe that she is both male and female, though the male aspect is dominant, correct?”

Our Interdimensional Family

“What of it?”

“What if Amy is an aspect of Mother’s feminine side, and you are an aspect of the male side?”

“That had never occurred to me! It’s almost too much to handle.”

“But it certainly is in the realm of possibility.”

After he had been channeling through Marjie for more than a year, Nucleus 8 agreed to participate in a recorded interview that would be aired on a local radio program devoted to UFOs and other paranormal phenomena. The following is a compilation of his answers:

Nucleus 8 identifies me as an individual within my society, just as your name identifies you. I currently maintain the position of Chief Commander of Security Forces, Level 12. I sit 8th placement upon the Board of Twelve within our Alliance.

All life forms can be called an energy being, and indeed I do have a physical form, however not the one you see at this time. This is the host which allows me to verbally communicate in this dimension. This is accomplished through technology. I would appear over six and one half feet in height, and approximately one hundred and ninety pounds in weight. My form is quite human with the exception of six digits on each hand and foot. My hair is white and the entire exterior eye surface is black. My skin tone is extremely light. You might mistake me for a large, masculine albino in most respects.

I do not come from a home as you perceive the term. However, I was born on this planet over 4,000 Earth years ago. I was then removed to begin my education in another dimension parallel to yours. I currently reside at a base station 37 light years from Earth, in my own dimension, with loved ones.

I am the product of the pairing of a human father and a nonhuman mother. I am considered a hybrid in my dimension. There are countless hybrids in the universes and include placement on Earth. I cannot, however, reveal their locations for obvious security reasons.

I have numerous duties to perform multi-dimensionally and travel constantly. And yes, I am allowed to return. Understand that the term “home” for you does not have the same attachment to me that it does to you. The Station could be termed my home as well as the location of my host and my host’s family. They have welcomed me and

consider me one of their family. I am free to come and go as I choose.

I vary my mode of travel. I will not go into specifics. I do on occasion operate a craft which has been personalized for my various level requirements. It has the shape of an arrowhead; however, I prefer softening its appearance by reshaping the nose. It is equipped with defenses and has its own conscious awareness which interacts, follows instructions, and is extremely intelligent and protective of its occupants. I will not reveal to you its operating systems.

Should the need arise, I can maintain visibility. It is allowed. I am quite cautious to travel in this mode in certain quadrants, especially Earth's. I have had to avoid hostile fire from this planet on numerous occasions in the past.

I have a mate of the opposite sex which I am bonded to emotionally and spiritually. We have produced one set of triplets and a fourth child as well. Since I am a hybrid and my mate is not, we have a beautiful assortment of children. My mate is also a multidimensional being, highly advanced, and yes, she does come here. She also has a mission here. I do not wish that our offspring physically travel here. There are universes for them to explore.

I require solids as well as liquids. I must maintain bodily functions to survive, just as you. Your foods are not necessarily my favorites, yet my host does require nourishment and I do not interfere with these preferences. I can experience all sensations through my host. There are some foods as well that this host does not prefer, yet I do. I am not that different from you.

In my society, we do not domesticate any sentient being. Each has the capacity to think, feel, react. We respect one another. We also bond emotionally and at times choose to become close companions. Since our society has developed telepathy, communication is not a problem. I personally have a small, furry companion I call Iktupchik. He and I are very close and I enjoy greeting him when I enter my private quarters. I must also state that he is free to come or go, yet he chooses to abide with me.

I began training at what you would term an academy at a very young age. I was transported there by a family member. My instructions included military training, primarily. I was instructed in chemistry, DNA, biology, geology, physics, astronomy, awareness

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expansion, social skills, as well as the history of each species I would come in contact with. The academies are quite present and future oriented. They are massive in size and there are also smaller academies which specialize in a single area.

This particular mission began 40 Earth years ago and I have maintained daily contact for over four Earth years. My mission is to oversee the development of particular individuals, contribute knowledge combined with safety, eliminate unwarranted fear, seek alliance with collaborating life forms, and self-enlightenment.

Earth beings are quite a contradiction as I perceive them. They can be very kind one moment and deadly the next. I feel most are very confused about their purpose in this universe. I have dealt with much more enlightened beings elsewhere. You are not necessarily backward, but certainly slower in progressiveness and motivated by greed and fear. Yet the continuation of intelligence is promising. Your levels of scientific and medical discoveries are somewhat advanced, yet you also seem to believe that there are no simple solutions to your research. Perhaps your most gifted people could search for their answers in an appropriate direction.

Our governing Board of Twelve of Universal Alliance Federation is designed to oversee a continuous, peaceful cooperative involving thousands of worlds. We create viable planetary ecosystems, contain and maintain multiple source quasar energy, have designed and operate a four quadrant security. The Alliance was born 72,000 Earth years ago. However, within our time frame, that would calculate to four hundred and thirty two thousand years or cycles. Within the Alliance there are civilizations that have endured for as long as 95 billion years. The civilization of beings you commonly refer to as grays have endured for 11 million years.

I would only be satisfied when this entire planet progresses to the stage beyond self centeredness. The Alliance sees this as a necessary stage of development in the perpetuation of your world. We do not understand how any being who has not experienced a thing can say it is false. It identifies a closed mind to us. You are not isolated in time or space. Others exist. We do use the powers of thought and this occurs continuously, yet some of you allow yourselves to be persuaded that what you experience of this nature is not reality. Do you not even know your own individual selves?... The term abduction indicates to

us a theft. The Alliance is not known as thieves. You are referring to a term used as an excuse to hide one's personal failure of appropriate behavior in certain circumstances due to fear of their own society's rejection of unknown elements at this time. Each individual who explores significantly any contact realizes that they were frightened by their own minds. After the fact these individuals condemn those who interacted with them with their initial permission. We can become quite distressed to become categorized in such a way. Our Alliance was created as a peaceful cooperative. When your inhabitants find peace more attractive than hate, greed, and fear, you will realize that there are no abductions by this Alliance.

There are individuals who are not members of our Alliance who conduct themselves contrary to our position. Therefore the need remains to observe those worlds which are vulnerable to negativity. Some inhabitants of this planet could indeed have had contact with what we term negative forces. We are concerned.

Many of your most ancient writings and drawings refer to gods who came down from heaven and created man. This is literally true. The human races would not exist were it not for genetic manipulation of existing species on this planet by advanced beings. The entire history of man is based upon interaction with extraterrestrial life forms possessing technology beyond your comprehension which to you appears even today as miraculous. Our technology allows us to create viable planets from lifeless orbs where conditions are conducive. The Alliance is devoted to the creation and preservation of life. Our genetic capabilities allow us to create many new life forms or hybrids, just as you are learning how to manipulate life forms on your own planet. However, our interest is not to manipulate or use such life forms in a controlling, domineering way. Our interest is in creating viable ecosystems in which such life forms can flourish and advance, not only in physical development, but spiritual development as well. The spiritual development of man is of far more concern to us than his physical. To this end there are large numbers of otherworldly beings interacting with humans throughout your planet.

The Alliance is composed of thousands of advanced life forms, any number of which is capable of visiting your planet. Humans enjoy thinking of themselves as the species uniquely chosen by your

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God to rule over all other species. The Creator of All values all species equally. There are multitudes of other species who are more advanced than humans, not only scientifically, but intellectually, psychically, and spiritually. You would do well to seek peaceful contact with such beings for your own edification and advancement. That which is vastly different from you need not be automatically feared or rejected.

I am aware of several species of reptilian origin and do indeed find them to be in accord with our rules within the Alliance. They are proud beings, a fine species. The problem your species seems to have is that if something is different, you tend to object. You really should appreciate every life form for its uniqueness. Your scientists currently assert that reptilian species dominated your planet for tens of millions of years before mankind existed. Is it not reasonable to assume that they, like yourselves, advanced intellectually and scientifically over such vast stretches of time? After all, they had far longer to do so than man has had. One could say that this planet more properly belongs to them than to man. It is not inconceivable that they might enjoy returning here from time to time to visit their home planet.

This I understand fully is a particularly delicate subject; however, I will state that when a great many lives are at risk it is best for all to join together in all areas without exclusion, to see that no one individual lacks the basic requirements to sustain a peaceful existence. Waste should not be tolerated to any degree by any individual. All should be equal. All information should be available upon request, whatever the field in question. Knowledge is the key to peace. Withholding information to anyone who seeks it is not an indication of power. It is a sign of fear and weakness.

Were this planet at the brink of self destruction, we would offer you alternatives, of course. The mentality of mankind would undoubtedly be very receptive to assistance. A better scenario would be that this planet would choose a peaceful existence now, and accept our assistance of repairing the environment, eliminating disease and hunger, and teaching you to become a peaceful planet, to destroy all weapons and join forces for self preservation and eliminate the imbalance of governmental structures. Advancing your technology would be a priority as well.

However, we are guided by a Supreme Consciousness and must adhere to It's guidance.

The activity occurring now from your solar star is a normal maturation. Any increase in the release of radiation outward is potentially harmful. However, your planet's atmosphere is endowed with a protective layer of ozone which evolved to prevent such damage. The easiest solution is to cease damaging this fragile and necessary layer. This is your home world. It is the only one you have at this time. You really should realize this and stop thinking that someone is going to rescue you from your own reckless activities.

(Your biggest dangers are) Fear, hate, greed, self-importance at the expense of others, and carelessness in regards to your environment. At this time you have nowhere else to go. Why would you not maintain the upkeep of your only home? You seem to us as vandalizing yourselves.

Expect no less than total honesty from those you have chosen to lead you. Ignorance of your own welfare is an illusion. Join together in a single voice to regain your power of living on a peaceful, intact planet. Expect no less than the very best for every individual. Other civilized planets have succeeded; so can yours. If you choose not to, we will not force you. We will not take prisoners. We will only sadly shake our heads and say, "What a shame. What a waste. Earth had so much potential."

There is much more to Nucleus 8's tale than this book can cover, and the story is not finished, for he has about another four thousand Earth years left to live. I have missed him greatly since he went to Egypt with Marjie, where he discovered much more about his past. Although Nuke has channeled rarely since Marjie moved away, he has continued to declare his deep love for me and Isabel. He remains very busy in his work. I will never forget a most important statement he made in our last communication, indicating that recently it seemed as if all the of the Alliance's attention is focused on Earth!

Chapter Nine

Eight's Compatriots

Nucleus 8 assigned several members of his staff to protect us and our home, and sometimes they deliberately revealed themselves to us. He informed me that as many as ten grays were stationed around the borders of our twelve acres and others were inside the house. When their tour of duty was over, Nucleus 8 said volunteers were eager to replace them because looking after us was a prized assignment. Although the small grays were usually invisible to me, Marjie could easily see them. However, they were ordered not to be intrusive and sometimes deliberately hid from view. I occasionally perceived them as a small quivering in the atmosphere, similar to heat waves rising from hot pavement or desert sands. Some of their fantastic capabilities were revealed when lightning struck a tree about 20 feet from our house:

... I told Nuke how amazed I was that the lightning that struck the tree had not damaged the well pump or any electronic devices in the house, especially the computer. He replied, "The bolt was diverted by my staff so that it hit the tree instead of your house."

"How on earth could they do that?"

"They detected the path of the bolt, diverted it, and captured some of its energy, which prevented it from destroying your well."

"You mean to tell me that your staff detected a bolt of lightning developing, knew where it was going to strike, diverted it and arrived quickly enough to absorb some of its energy when it struck? How could they move that fast?"

"They had better be able to move that fast. I can go to the Station and be back in an instant," He snapped his finger, "Just like that, and it's thirty seven light years away. They could easily cross your yard to intercept a lightning bolt."

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"You should see them. They are really glowing today!"

"How can they absorb that much energy without being fried? A lightning bolt is hotter than the surface of the sun."

"They got more than they are used to, and we are draining some of it from them to store and recycle, but they're capable of absorbing large quantities of energy."

"You are speaking of grays, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"How many were involved?"

"Teens." I pictured a double or triple circle of little grays around the base of the tree absorbing a lightning bolt. It also explained why nothing was burned, only blasted.

"Please let them know how much I appreciate their efforts."

"They know you appreciate it. Everyone is eager to be assigned guard duty here."

"Why, so they can absorb bolts of lightning?" I joked.

"No. Don't you realize what a kind caregiver you are? Every time you go out of the house, there's a whole group of them that just trails you around. They really love it when you hold out your hands to make contact with them. They are very much aware of how much you love your family and they appreciate being around it. When you drive your tractor, that's when they say they can really feel the love pouring from you, and you would be surprised how many are trailing along behind you." I thought, *I will have to express my love for them more often.* "I have noticed them at the edges of my visual field more frequently in the last twenty-four hours. Maybe it's due to the extra glow!"

The grays were very curious about common objects and sometimes explored the insides of cabinets and drawers, clattering pots and pans around in the middle of the night. On one occasion we heard the toilet flushing. On another, we smelled an inexplicable odor like rotten eggs Nucleus said that grays had been testing the household air for pollutants and deliberately left the odor as a practical joke. The following is another amusing episode. I was speaking to Nuke about his staff:

"They are welcome. Now and then I catch a glimpse of one from the corner of my eye. I wish they would make themselves more

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visible. I heard something drop on the floor around three this morning, and Marjie thought she heard someone using sandpaper in the craft room.”

“They are standing at the foot of your bed.”

“I wish I could see them.”

“They are visible.”

“Not to me.”

“I don’t want to drain her.”

“Thank you for your assistance, and thanks to all the others.”

Marjie emerged and I asked, “Can you see any grays in here?”

“Yes. They’re standing at the foot of the bed.”

“Thank you for being here to help us and protect us,” I said, while holding my hand out to them. I felt a slight but definite coolness in my hand.

“They’re reaching out for your hand also.”

“Did one of them cause that loud noise last night?”

“One of them is bowing his head as if ashamed.”

“It’s alright. I just wondered what caused it.”

“They were playing at levitating the hamper. It was almost to the ceiling when it fell.”

Another example of physical manifestations by the grays:

By noon Marjie was hungry. She ate lunch in bed while I sat nearby eating mine. She said, “While you were gone to town, I woke up and wanted to watch television, but the antenna was downstairs. I was supposed to stay in bed, so I told the grays that I wished the antenna was up here, and they brought it to me!”

“It looks like they were playing with the Kleenex, too. Somebody took the tissues out and put them back in the box wrong.”

“I haven’t touched them,” Marjie said. Later I saw that the Kleenex had been rearranged and were dispensing properly again; neither Marjie nor I had touched them.

Grays were not the only extraterrestrial entities who manifested in our dimension. Sometimes strangers who caught our attention because of slight variations in their anatomy or their peculiar behavior were members of Nucleus 8’s staff, masquerading as humans. On a visit to the Space Museum

in Huntsville, Alabama, we recognized at least three such types. One was a very friendly and attractive young woman with unusually large eyes and a long, swaybacked torso, who showed us our accommodations. Another was a black man who kept staring at us and following us around the museum. The third was a middle aged man who persistently and somewhat inappropriately attempted to converse with us at another aircraft museum. Nucleus 8 congratulated us on our ability to identify them and some others.

Because of those experiences, I was sensitive to anyone who seemed a bit odd wherever we traveled, such as the comical sight of an elderly man in a T shirt and skimpy red shorts, rapidly jogging in place beside a busy thoroughfare on Prince Edward Island after dark. He was facing us on the passenger side and was in view for only a few seconds as we drove by. I asked 8 if he knew him. He said the man had been instructed to make himself conspicuous so we would notice him, adding that he was entirely human and was very reliable. He helped incoming ET crafts to navigate to a underground base nearby. Thanks to Alliance medical technology, he was still in good health at the age of two hundred and sixty nine years!

Another of 8's compatriots was Rapsar, the spirit of a deceased alien, described in the list of Main Characters. Unlike other spirits we had dealt with, Rapsar successively channeled through three different women. The first was Donna, the second was Marjie, and the third was Candace:

Marjie began to write. She looked perfectly normal, but I had not counted her up from the trance. "What are you writing?"

"I don't know."

"Where is it coming from?"

"I have no idea. It's just words to me."

"Keep on writing and let's see what comes out." When finished, the message was as follows:

Our conversations tend to be brief. They seem to be infrequent; the depths at which we speak of things analyzing and intellectualizing, assisting. Light bent because of yesterday evolution. Deeply seated-roots-core-eruption of emotion felt in the chest. Struggling and gasping for breath. Growing, learning, imitating. Stepping in another's print.

"I don't know what it means, but it makes me feel nervous," Marjie said.

"Why?"

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“I don’t know. It just makes me uncomfortable.”

“I wonder where it came from. It sounds as if whoever sent it is in some distress. It must be someone we know.” Later it occurred to me that the message could be from Rapsar.

Not long after that, Marjie informed me that we were to give Rapsar a message the next time we spoke to Donna, his primary hostess:

...“Mother is showing me some symbols and writing in ET language. Give me a piece of paper and a pen.” She drew the symbols, which had no meaning to us. “Uncle Nuke is here. He wants me to write a message for Rapsar.” Although her eyes were closed, Nuke controlled her hand and could obviously see the precise handwriting:

Safe to Breathe Safe to Breathe
4718 System Ready
22 to Rapsar with 4x.179.835.17901
8, 9, 10 of 12 tying up
Ready to join the others
Thank you, Pat

Later on, Nuke had another message for Rapsar. I asked:

“Why did you choose to communicate with Rapsar through us instead of through Donna? She seems like the most direct means of doing so. I’m also wondering why Rapsar waited so long to manifest to her.”

“You are my student, aren’t you? How can you learn unless I give you tasks to perform? Do you have something you can use to make a permanent record of this communication?”

“Yes. I am ready.”

“Here is the message.

22 = X limits
*.999.999.19121212
8*11*55*22*11
Disagree with 55
Disagree with 11

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Accept 22

Clairetrinia transported within M

Welcome Back!

741 006 085 03.4 110.22.5.8.1.0X 12T.C. (T.T.) acceptable

Transmission valid frequency X718.3 Rapsar ignition red decrease
blue 2022.

“What do the numbers mean?”

“They are coordinates, times, distances and velocity. The velocity is very important. It must be exact.”

“Do you want me to repeat it?”

“You have it down correctly.”

“I had a strange feeling that I left my body this morning.”

“Ah yes, your visit. We were very happy to have you visit us.”

“Why can't I remember anything? Everything was black.”

“You saw a great deal, indeed. You were exposed to sights that are incomprehensible to you. If you were to remember them all at once, you would not be able to understand them. Therefore, they will be revealed to you a little at a time.

“As you look within yourself, you will remember more of what you saw. You were very complimentary about my System.”

“I can imagine. I was delighted with the feeling of leaving my body.”

“I know that you were, and we were delighted that you did not shake anyone.”

The last time Rapsar channeled through Donna, he spoke to Sarah and me:

Donna said she had heard Rapsar's voice a few days before and he told her that he needed to come forth soon, which I realized coincided with Sarah's announcement that she would be working with him. Donna spontaneously suggested that Rapsar wanted to greet us.

I was happy that she had volunteered so quickly, and said, “Greetings to you, Rapsar.”

“Thank you for bringing Sarah to me so that we can speak. I am now at rest, thanks to you.” This was exactly what I was hoping to hear. He wasn't gasping for air like the last time we had spoken.

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Turning to Sarah, he said, “I am Rapsar.”

She answered, “Sarah does not know you. How does Sarah know to trust you?”

“I am a long time friend of your instructor, Nucleus 8. You should not trust automatically. Trust takes time to develop. I am here to be your watch guard and to protect you. Someday I will pilot you in a craft to another place.”

“Sarah does not want to leave Sound and Touch.”

“Only when Sarah gives permission and is ready will I take you elsewhere. For now, I only want you to become acquainted with me and to know that I am here for your benefit.”

“What do you know about The Dark?”

“Of what darkness do you speak?”

“How can you protect me if you do not know about The Dark?”

“The darkness is of no concern to us. It will not be a part of your future. You have been taken away from The Dark and you will be kept away from it. You have no need to worry about it.” His tone was that of a firm parent instructing his child.

“Sarah is happy that she will not have to leave soon. Sarah is still little.”

He held his hand out to her. “Pay close attention. I want you to accept the sparkling, golden flower that I am giving to you. Can you see and feel it?”

“Yes. Breath.”

“Breath? No, it is Light.”

“To her the Light of the Creator is Breath,” I explained. “He wants you to take it from his hand.” She did.

Looking at me he said, “All is well with Rapsar. All is according to plan. You have no need to be concerned for me.” He withdrew.

When Donna realized that Rapsar was not her previous incarnation but the spirit of a completely separate individual, she became quite reluctant to let him channel, having unrealistic fears that he would attempt to overwhelm her own personality. She rejected our reassurances that he wouldn't. Nucleus 8 also tried to convince her that Rapsar could be trusted:

“...she fears that Rapsar will try to take over her body and that her personality will be lost.”

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“You can share his personnel report with her. Write this down, if you please:

Level 8 Transportation Elder Officer Age 3822. Minimal disruption, excellent retainability of instructions, safety of others at any personal cost to self. Personal preference Clairetrinia. Unlogged time travel. Forgot, having too much fun. Fluent 5 species languages. Recommendable.

“Tell her that she and Rapsar agreed to join before she was born. There is no use of humans by us, ever. Earthlings forget what they have already agreed to do.”

Concerned about Rapsar's welfare, I spoke to Alta Sha:

“I tried everything I could think of to get Donna to cooperate with Rapsar, but it didn't work.”

“You did all that you could to convince her. Now it is time to play.”

“I'm concerned about what will happen to Rapsar if she doesn't let him express himself.”

“Rapsar is not bound unless by his own choice. He has free will.”

“I wanted to be there when he set himself free. I want to get to know him and to be his friend.”

“Marjie's pitch is very high, and her ability to communicate with Rapsar is good.”

“I don't understand why Donna is rejecting growth after she has seen her Higher Self.”

“Donna cannot accept Rapsar as a separate entity. She thinks that if she and Rapsar are not one, what specialness does she have?”

“Why on Earth does she think she needs to be Rapsar when she has seen the magnificence of her soul?”

“Many people speak of the inner Light, and can speak of it until you grow weary of hearing, but if they have not truly seen the Light and understood it, then they cannot grasp it. She does not have the intelligence that you carry. Many look at the Light, but they do not realize that the Light which binds everything together is not from God, It is God. You know this. Focus on the here and now and upon yourself and Marjorie. Donna and Rapsar will find their own way.”

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It was a relief to know that I had not contributed to Donna's decision to stand still through some oversight. "Thank you," I said.

"Why do you thank me? I have done nothing."

"You encouraged me."

"Always." We said alleluia and he left.

Several months later, Rapsar helped us to find one of Tanner's most important stones:

Near sundown, in a completely unexpected development, Rapsar channeled through Candace, saying, "What you are seeking will be found where the Norsemen first landed in the new world. It will be found only if you keep bearing north as far as possible when you approach that place. You will not be able to see it from any other approach. If you seek it in the right spirit, you will find it. I will follow and provide further guidance when you arrive in Newfoundland. Beware of the presence of those who would wish to deter you in the pursuit of these very vital answers. You will be given the directions to your next juncture and the color you will seek is blue. May I speak to my old friend, Nucleus 8?"

"I am here," he answered. I thought his manner was a bit aloof.

"I embrace you, and I wish for the times that have passed. Do you recall, my friend, the day when we were young and we stole the ship that we had just been taught to operate, and tried very bravely to circle the Earth? Unfortunately we were caught and severely reprimanded before we were able to get off the ground. I miss those days. I wish for the days of our youth, days when we did things together, and days when we shared the laughter and the pain and the happiness of simply being friends. You were the best friend I ever had, and it was difficult to leave you as I did. I hope that things continue to progress for you and that you will always be the person that you have always been. I am always and ever grateful for the friendship that we shared."

Nuke's manner suggested a lack of trust, which I thought odd.

"Well now, R, let's not get melancholy here. The past is past."

"Gotcha, didn't I?" Rapsar whispered.

"The present is the present, and we have future work to do. The situation that you found yourself in should be cleaning itself up.

That's the best information that I have gathered. You understand, of course, the term cleaning itself up?"

"I do."

"And my woman is hands off!" he ordered.

"Yes, sir." His tone was slightly disrespectful.

"You are a good man, RR."

"I have my moments, as you well know. Do you object to my remaining with your woman a while longer? I find her rather enlightening." Candace giggled.

Rapsar's directions were accurate and we found a very unique stone sitting in a few inches of water on the shoreline of the northernmost tip of Newfoundland. Several psychics who are sensitive to the properties of crystals and other stones have independently stated that this stone did not originate on Earth. Each of them said that it contains powerful spiritual energies and a vast amount of information about the extraterrestrial civilizations where it has been kept. Their detailed comments about it will be found in Volume Five of *Faeries, Angels, Indians and Aliens*.

While we were in Newfoundland, Rapsar demonstrated to 8 how easily flattery could turn Candace's head, which greatly angered him, but also revealed she wasn't an appropriate mate. Her continued inconsistencies and disloyalty caused their relationship to fail months later. Nucleus managed to handle the intense emotions of that disappointment, eventually meeting and falling in love with Amy. However, he was afraid that Rapsar might succeed in doing the same with her:

When I got up in the morning the outside hydrant was turned on, although I was certain I had turned it off after watering the garden the previous evening... The freezer door was also standing open. I was certain it was closed at bedtime...

After supper we were talking in the living room when Amy said, "When I saw that pile of stones on the porch this morning, I realized that someone had left me a message."

"Why do you think that?" I asked.

"They were arranged in the shape of an R."

"Do you know someone whose name begins with R, or is that the first letter of a word that comes to mind?"

"I don't know."

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“Somebody wants our attention for sure. To any spirit listening who is playing these pranks on us, I want you to know that it’s not funny. It’s wasteful and costly, and the resources you’re using don’t belong to you. If you want attention, there are other ways to get it.”

The light beside me flickered rapidly. “I think Tom has something to tell us about these things. Let’s get out the Ouija Board.” Tom quickly spelled out, RAPSAR HIS LITTLE JOKE. The stones arranged to form an R suddenly made sense.

Nuke said, “Rapsar is here to cause trouble, and I won’t stand for it.”

I said to Amy, “Rapsar likes to steal Nuke’s girlfriends. He succeeded in turning Candace’s head.”

Amy said, “No one can be stolen unless they want to be, and I don’t want to be.”

Nuke angrily said, “I have to leave momentarily. I’ll be back.” Within a minute he returned. “Rapsar will not be bothering us any longer. He is now in confinement and is raising Cain about it. He’s kicking and screaming and hollering.”

“I don’t see why that’s necessary,” I said. “Rapsar prefers to persuade. He may try to seduce women and bring out the worst in them, but he doesn’t force himself on anyone. He doesn’t steal.”

“That is true. I have never known him to steal anything or to force himself on anyone, but he is a master of persuasion and deception.”

“God is always sending us experiences which bring out the best or the worst in us.”

“That’s certainly true,” Amy said.

“I believe that Rapsar is basically a decent person. If he fails to seduce Amy, then you have learned something very important about her, and if he succeeds, as disappointing as it would be, you also have learned something you needed to know. If she’s truly yours, he won’t succeed.”

“I’ll have to give that some thought. You don’t know Rapsar like I do.” Amy and I went for a stroll around the yard. Nuke quickly returned. “She is really mad!”

“Mad about Rapsar?”

“Yes! What should I do?”

“She’s angry because you showed a lack of faith in her, and you used force to control him as well as her. That is the opposite of what

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she wants from you, and if you keep it up you will lose her for certain. It's the difference between loving like this," I made a closed fist in front of him, "and this." I showed him my completely open hand. "If she belongs to you, you have nothing to fear, and if she doesn't, trying to control her will only make her rebel."

"You are right." He went outside to rejoin her.

After a short time, they came back in. Eight said, "I released Rapsar. He said that he would not interfere this time. The Old Wise One went into his cell and told him that Amy was off limits."

Another of Nuke's close friends was Tesar, a member of the Board of Twelve who loved practical jokes. His superficially senseless pranks often concealed an underlying message designed to instruct others, reminding me of the trickster Coyote's spirit of Native American legends:

The next time I spoke to Nuke I mentioned seeing the short being that reminded me of R2D2. "Very good, you saw another one of the Board members. His name is Tesar."

"What else can you tell me about him?"

"He comes from a very large planet with extremely powerful gravity, which is why he is built that way. He is tremendously strong and very intelligent, although he doesn't always act like it. He has an unusual sense of humor. I think you would call him a practical joker."

"Does he have an area of specialty?"

"Like your anthropologists, he takes a lot of interest in cultural artifacts as well as customs. He does a lot of exploring."

"We have a lot in common. I have a minor in cultural anthropology."

"That's why he allowed you to see him. I suspect you may become friends."

"That would be great."

Tesar was helpful when I needed it:

The next day I was feeling down when Tesar unexpectedly channeled to ask why I was sad. I was pleased that my new acquaintance was showing an interest in my welfare.

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“It’s nothing in particular, just a lot of little things.”

“Why don’t you use your third eye to find out what is bothering you like you ask others to do?”

“I’ll give it a try.”

After closing my eyes and calming myself, I was suddenly looking down upon a very large pyramid with a transparent, deep blue capstone. I felt deep grief and cried copious tears for several minutes, not understanding why I had such feelings. I had regained my composure and was going about my business when Nuke joined me. “Your friend Tesar asked me why I was sad and advised me to use my third eye to find the answer. When I did, I saw a pyramid.”

“Congratulations! Excellent.”

“Did the Great Pyramid that your parents helped to build have a blue capstone?”

“No, but there is another pyramid that does.”

“Where is that one?”

“Beyond your solar system, and soon your scientists will know about it.”

“How will they find it?”

“Your probes, as I believe you call them, have been sent beyond your solar system. They will soon be entering another solar system near your own where they will discover a pyramid which will confirm many of their present speculations. Many pyramids on various planets form a communication network, but they are much more than mere transmitters and receivers, as you already know.”

“I wonder if the public will be informed of that discovery.”

“It’s doubtful. Your government has a great deal of information about extraterrestrials which they do not reveal.”

Tesar did an in-depth study into the value of doing nothing:

Tesar made another unexpected appearance. We greeted and I asked, “What have you been doing lately?”

“I have had a very busy day doing nothing,” he answered.

I smiled.

“Why did you choose to do nothing?”

“It is part of my work. I am imitating the behavior of the members of the culture which I am currently studying. It is their practice to

have periods of inactivity lasting up to 38 earth hours, but during it their minds are quite active.”

“Are they asleep?”

“No. There is no evidence of dreaming.”

“Are they capable of mental telepathy?”

“We have no data to indicate that they are.”

“Do they have periods of sleep as well as periods of inactivity?”

“Yes, for as much as two earth hours. I am interested in the function served by this period of rest. What would the outcome be if they were unable to do it? How did it originate?”

“Do they all rest at the same time?”

“Yes.”

“Perhaps there is more telepathy during the period of rest than at other times. It could be a bonding process. Have you accessed the content of their thoughts during this period?”

“No, that is more the area of interest of a scientist. I am more interested in the cultural aspect.”

“If it is a bonding phenomenon, it would be culturally significant, wouldn't it?”

“Of course, but you are asking me things about which I have no data as yet, Pat.”

“I understand that. I just think it's an interesting question. If you don't have it on your agenda, I hope you will put it there, for I would like to know the answer.”

“Well, Pat, you have given me a lot to think about. I guess I had better get busy and go back and do nothing.”

We said goodbye. I was becoming quite fond of Tesar and his unorthodox, humorous approach to things.

Nuke said, “You certainly shook him up.”

“I didn't intend to. I just thought was an interesting question that should be answered.”

“I dare say you have given him something to really think about.”

Tesar also approached me with his problems:

Tesar channeled on our next evening walk, saying, “I have an urgent problem that I need help with, counselor. I hate to even bring it up.”

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“Whatever it is, I don’t mind talking about it.”

“As you know, I have many children, a hundred and forty nine to be precise. I am not even sure that my children recognize me as their father. I have left all of the child care to my wife Iriam and her staff. Iriam is planning to take a vacation without the children and her staff is going with her. She certainly deserves a vacation, but she asked me to take care of the children while she is gone. I agreed, but I don’t know how to take care of them! I can’t bring myself to ask Iriam to help me while she is on vacation. It just isn’t done. I am also embarrassed to say that I have overextended my credits, and I can’t afford more staff to help.

“I am desperate. If I don’t get some help, I am thinking about pulling the plug and starting over afresh. I have thought of asking for a transfer to return to my planet. They provide some communal childcare without charge. I have also thought about seeking refuge in your home. But if I seek refuge with you I would want to bring along my retinue of staff and perhaps a companion. I must have my creature comforts.”

I inwardly laughed. It was as if he deliberately presented an image of himself that he knew was the extreme opposite of my feelings about caring for children. He had often behaved in ways that were opposite to the norm.

“Did you expect to be able to go on having babies indefinitely when you joined the Board? You knew that eventually your expenses would exceed your income.”

“When you have your face in the pie, you don’t look up to see what is going on around you.”

“Do you practice contraception?”

“Oh no! That would be very undesirable. However, I did practice restraint after the Board, through Nucleus, said I should at least try to.”

“Have you tried?”

“Oh yes. There would be many more if I had not.”

“How many more?”

“Triple the amount.”

“Does everyone where you come from have so many babies?”

“Definitely. It is our custom for the males to make as many babies as possible. It is a duty.”

"Doesn't this lead to overpopulation?"

"We live on a very large rock."

"But don't you even consider it?"

"When I say a large rock, I mean a very large rock."

"Does your death rate match your reproduction rate?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you should have continued to live there when you accepted a position on the Board."

"It was not practical, and I didn't like the idea of being separated from Iriam for periods of time."

"Perhaps I can persuade Iriam to leave some of her staff to help you manage while she's gone."

"You mustn't let her know that I asked you to do it ..."

Tesar's children came to visit:

That afternoon Nuke said, "Iriam and Tesar have agreed to a rejuvenation process. They are a bit concerned, for none of their species has ever done it before and the medical unit has no experience with them. I asked Moussa to explain to them what happened when he did it, and how it felt, which relieved their anxiety quite a bit. The process has already begun. They won't be able to come back until tomorrow. I hope you know you are going to be babysitting. The children will move out of your way when they see you coming so you won't run into them."

"I wouldn't want to hurt any of them. Are they already here?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"About a hundred and fifty. They have already discovered my bed."

"You mean the one upstairs?"

"Yes. But you know what that so and so Tesar did when he took his nap today?"

"No, what?"

"He went over to the trailer and got in my bed there! Give him an inch..."

I laughed. "I gather that you don't have a high opinion of Tesar's work habits."

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“I don’t.”

“If he doesn’t work, why was the Board so concerned that he stays on it?”

“I didn’t say he didn’t work. His work is exemplary. It’s his work habits I can’t stand. You can sit down to eat a meal and use the utensils, or you can stick your face in the plate and gobble it up.”

“I see your point. What is his primary function on the Board?”

“Maybe he’s there just to show the rest of us how to be a clown. Tesar and I have been together for a long, long time. We have been through many things. He wouldn’t change our relationship, and I wouldn’t, either. We approach each other just the way we should. Iriam has asked to be sterilized so they won’t have any more babies.”

Tesar, Iriam and their brood joined me at story time. He said, “Come and try this, dear, it’s a new experience. You’ll enjoy it. Come listen, children.”

When she put her head on my lap, Sarah said, “Move over Tesar!”

Deeply satisfied to know so many loved ones were listening, I read from *Horse Whisperer*.

Other friends and colleagues of Nucleus 8 made rare appearances by channeling through Marjie. Warton 4 was an engineer who constructed interdimensional craft and whose children were fond of Joseph. One named Puh listened in when I read aloud at bedtime. I will always treasure the friendship of our extraterrestrial friends.

Chapter Ten

Isabel

When I went to the First Unity Church in Memphis to talk to Reverend Bernard Dozier about providing counseling services there, Isabel was the first person to greet me. . She was about fifteen years older than I, but had a great deal of vitality, a very positive outlook on life, and I felt an instant rapport. In the next few months I learned she was a powerful healer, a gifted psychic, and very generous with her time, money and effort in support of individuals in need and a variety of worthy causes. She was a great help in providing confidence boosting support and spiritual instruction for Marjie through a class she taught at the church and through numerous personal visits.

Isabel was very receptive to Marjie's channeling and was soon enjoying frequent conversations with several channeled entities, especially Nucleus 8, who came to regard her as his surrogate mother. Joseph was fond of drawing pictures for her and signing them with reversed letters, and Sarah often spoke to her as well. During some of our visits Isabel allowed me to help her explore subconscious aspects of her identity through hypnosis sessions that were usually witnessed by 8, who often took an active, guiding role. Shortly after meeting him, paranormal events began to occur in and around Isabel's home, such as lights spontaneously turning on or refusing to turn off, the sound of loud breathing in a particular location, weird noises inconsistently emitted by ceiling fan, and the mysterious appearance of a white owl. Nucleus 8 had told her in advance to expect odd things to happen which would be caused by several staff members he had assigned to look after her:

When we shared our experience of the faery Lights with Isabel at Unity the following Sunday, she told us that she had also seen an unexplained Light in her bedroom recently. She then told us about a dream in which she pulled out a large, yellow jewel that was stuck to

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the roof of her mouth. It looked like a geodesic dome with a flattened bottom. I wondered if it was symbolic of an implant. She also dreamed of having hundreds of diamonds spread out before her and was showing them to someone and saying, “This is the rest of my life.” She asked me, “What do you think it means?”

“I think the yellow jewel represents spiritual enlightenment. The diamonds are probably great experiences that you are going to have and share with others.”

Marjie and I were driving toward home from Isabel’s place when:

...Marjie had barely reclined when Nucleus greeted me. “How did you know we were about to begin a session?” I asked.

“I was alerted to her relaxed state.”...

“Does Isabel have an implant?”

“Yes. She is an enlightened one. However, an implant would be too small for her to remove in the manner she dreamed of.”

“What do you make of the pale yellow jewel she pulled from her mouth?”

“It symbolizes a spiritual mass which she has ingested. Although it is a great mass, it is not too much for her to digest. The facets on it symbolize the ease with which she can grasp this mass.”

“Perhaps she’s beginning to awaken to an aspect of herself she wasn’t aware of,” I suggested.

“Indeed.” He smiled. “Perhaps you would like to share with her that I was aware of her visitor.”

Nucleus nicknamed Isabel Shadow and during our trance work, helped her to get acquainted with Constance, her counterpart in his dimension. Falcon V, who sat on the Board of Twelve, became her spiritual guide in our sessions. As a representative of an intelligent, bird-like species, he was a very appropriate choice, for Isabel had lifelong dreams of being able to fly. In our trance sessions she and Falcon V often took flight, but at first he appeared only as a beautiful blue Light. In an early session, Metatron also appeared to her as a being of blue Light:

She entered a portal and found herself in the presence of a very large, blue, heart-shaped being of Light. I told her to enter the Light

and let it embrace her. She felt loved and was aware of several other beings of Light who patted her with their hands while sharing love and golden Light with her. A brownish-golden Light left her body, and a celebration followed. The beings formed a circle around her which was transformed into a giant flower. She was shown a clear container bordered in vivid blue and shaped like an emerald-cut diamond, and understood that it represented her and was also a vehicle. To travel, she had only to lie down in it and think of her destination.

From her description I believed she was at the Station and I asked, “Would you like to visit other areas of the Station?” She chose the botanical area, where she saw many trays of what looked like blueberries that had just been harvested. She returned to the diamond-like container, got into it, and was filled with a beautiful, violet Light which she knew was healing her. She was as surprised as I when she suddenly emerged from the trance and said, “What happened?”

“Mother kicked you out. I think the first being you saw was her. She and the others did a healing ceremony, introduced you to your healing container, and when it was finished, she sent you back.”

Isabel was duly impressed and had a lot to process. I was pleased as punch with her successful journey.

Falcon V often appeared in Isabel’s trances as a blue Light shaped like a large V:

She said, “This Light has an almost metallic quality about it. I am at rest. The colors aren’t changing. They’re light blue. I see something that reminds me of a diamond. There are changing colors within it and now they are spinning. It looks as if this diamond is pointing toward me. Now I am rising above and looking down at it. It’s like looking down on a pyramid but the point is rounded, not sharp. It is violet.

“I see a very strong fountain of white Light shooting up toward the sky. I’m getting inside it. I’m in a high place somewhere. There’s nothing here but me. The color is a beautiful deep blue. It’s all around me. I like this place.” She was full of bliss.

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“This is your color. Enjoy the peace and tranquility of it until you are ready to return.” In a few minutes she did, but complained that there were very few definite forms in her color-filled visions.

“The absence of definite forms is not a failing. You were working at the level of Light, which is the level of most interest to the beings who contacted you. They use spiritual Light for healing and to operate their technology. You were shown their Light and in turn you were helped to see your own.”

Falcon V led Isabel farther into realms of Light:

Shadow had been practicing visualizations and wanted to learn more about the significance of the number four and the Roman numeral V which had appeared in her meditations. I induced the trance.

“I see a very large V with gold fringe at the top in a column of white Light. I sense that it is masculine. I am asking him to reveal his true form or to touch me. He is reluctant. I see a beautiful blue, pulsing Light all around me, swirling in a counterclockwise direction. I feel a pull to the right.”

“Follow that sensation.”

“A portion of myself is following him through a transparent cone into another dimension. I see a diamond shaped form made from two very tall pyramids base to base. Where they join I see an extremely bright, pulsing Light. I felt the power emanating from it long before I reached it.

“I’m entering the Light. I feel it all around me, like it’s something personal that belongs to me. I hear its pitch, which is at a very high frequency, and there’s a lower pitch within it.”

Nuke said, “Look for the golden rings in the vicinity of V.”

“I see golden semicircles near the top of his column of Light, not complete rings.”

“Enjoy the Light that is for you and surrounds you for as long as you like,” I said. After a few minutes, she emerged from the trance.

Nuke said, “I am very pleased with your progress.”

“I really wanted V to show himself to me, but he wouldn’t.”

“V is being very careful to avoid frightening you by showing his form in detail.”

Falcon V was almost always present in her trance journeys. In the following session, she experienced a combination of Light and form in connection with being healed:

...I asked Falcon for his assistance and said the normal prayer. Entranced, Isabel said, "I am an energy being without a physical form. I am a rose colored, pink Light. I do not breathe. I am becoming an arch of Light. It is gradually crystallizing so that it looks like faceted glass. To one side is a wrought iron gate designed to look like a fox in full flight. I am that fox, effortlessly flying through the air. I am not running, I'm flying through the heavens. The fox sees a golden globe in the sky emitting streams of golden Light. I am approaching it through a band of blue Light with a golden edge that is purplish-blue toward the center. It is expanding outward. I realize that I am the center of this golden orb with the expanding, blue-violet energy that is shaped like a flower. It's like the heart of a pansy, darker in the center and lighter toward the edges.

"I realize that this is happening for my blood. My blood is being reconstituted.

"Now I perceive myself as a butterfly. I'm at your place in Martin. I'm a little yellow butterfly exploring the logs stacked near the chicken coop. I understand that this butterfly can land on the hand of a goddess.

"Now I am near the primroses, alighting on the ground beside them. I know that I am to receive different Earth energies at this spot. It is for my health, especially for the area over my left eye. I am receiving beautiful yellow, orange, and brown energies here.

"I see a Light in the shape of a V. I know it is Falcon. I'm in a column of white Light, holding a small book in my hand. There are symbols on it, but I can't read them."

I bowed my head and waved to Falcon, thanking him for his assistance. Honored and touched by his loving presence, a tear or two dropped from my eyes. I said, "You can remain in the Light with Falcon for as long as you need to, and when you are ready, you can bring back all that you need to remember with you. You will also remember what you need to from the book."

Isabel opened her eyes. "My body feels like lead."

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“You’ll be alright. It will only take a little time to feel normal again.” It took several seconds before she could move and felt fully back in her body. She remembered some of the symbols from the book, which she drew on paper. Eight said they were biological symbols which referred to the types of treatment she was receiving. It was a very productive session, and Isabel remembered it in detail.

On the way home, Sarah said, “The treatments Shadow had took place at three different levels. A portion of her physical body remained with you and was breathing quite normally. Her ethereal body received treatment to correct her blood and visual difficulties, while her consciousness was working with Falcon at the level of pure energy. The things she experienced at that level symbolically corresponded with what was happening at the ethereal and physical levels.”

“That is a very helpful explanation. Thank you.”

Isabel received the visual details she had requested:

Isabel requested a session for learning more about her identity in other dimensions and for healing. Entranced, she said, “I’m floating above my body, looking down at it, but all I see is a glowing, ovoid form. Standing beside it is a very impressive, tall figure of the same blue color as V.” Nuke suggested that she look at herself from behind. “I’m tall and slender and I have long blonde hair. My feet look like the kind a paper doll has, like they just fold forward.”

“Take a closer look at your companion,” Nuke said.

“The shape of his head reminds me of a cobra. He has on the large crown that pharaohs wore, but it’s more than a crown. It’s a communication device and collects energy. Now I see a pyramidal form, but it has only three sides. It seems to be made of overlapping tiles, and is a dark color. I am looking down on it from above. The topmost block is made of a crystalline substance. There is a sphere at the very tip. I think it must be some type of beacon. I see an opening at the side of the pyramid.”

“Would you like to go in?”

“Yes. I am walking down an incline into the interior. At the bottom I see two shapes. One is rectangular and the other is oval.”

“Look closely.”

“The rectangular shape is a large container made of a hard material, but very plain. I see a glowing, red, ovoid form inside it which is some type of energy.”

“Is it large enough for a person to lie down in it?”

“Oh yes.”

“Would you like to do that?”

“Yes.”

“When you lie down in it, perhaps you will be led to other times and places where you have existed.”

“I feel my body being lifted along with the container into space. I see all around.”

“Ask to be taken to the place that V comes from.”

“I’m passing through something that reminds me of driving past telephone poles on the highway at very high speeds. They’re just a blur. I have stopped. I’m on a planet which has a bluish color everywhere I look. There are boulders around the landscape which are a very dark blue. This is a very barren place. I’m aware of a presence beside me, but I don’t see anyone else here.”

“Look at your body. What do you see?”

“I have scales! I’m a large serpent and now I see that the creature beside me is also a serpent, but I’m not frightened of him.”

“Does this place seem like home?”

“It doesn’t have the feeling of home or welcome. It just seems very alien and strange.”

“Would you like to come back here?”

“Yes.”

“Return to the pyramid in your capsule. Let V be your guide.”

“I’m back in the pyramid. I see hieroglyphs on the sides of the container. At the head of the container there is a beautifully carved lamp which spreads out at the top like a lotus flower in which oil is burning. This is definitely an Egyptian pyramid, or looks like one.”

“Return to us as I count you up and bring all the memories that you need with you.”

When alert, Isabel asked Nuke, “What were those things that looked like telephone poles?”

“What do you think they might be?”

“I can’t imagine.” He riffled through the pages of a book, not saying anything, and she exclaimed, “They were dimensions!” She

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began to sketch some of the things she had seen and said, “The image of a roman numeral V came to me when I looked at the being beside me. Oddly, I wasn’t afraid of him as a serpent, or of myself. I have always had a fear of creepy crawly things and I have never liked snakes. I remember when I was real little I had a dream of all these worms crawling out of my pillow and getting all over me. They were eating me up.”

Isabel discovered a personal involvement with ancient Egyptian monuments:

I said a prayer for protection, insight, clear vision, and experiences that would help Isabel understand her purposes in this lifetime, which was her goal. Isabel said she was a streak of blue Light descending into a square-shaped temple, where she manifested as a very tall, muscular male with dark, golden-brown skin. He had unusually large eyes, prominent cheekbones, and a pointed chin. He wore a beautiful, elaborate blue headdress which had feather-like protrusions at its top and snake’s heads on either side at the temples, with an engraved golden band across his brow. ...Two other tall men, one of them a general, bowed down to him and were asking for permission to go on a mission. A group of elders sat in a row on his left, observing. She said, “I seem to be looking at him from behind the kneeling men.”

“Look at your face and see it clearly.”

“It is changing into the face of a lion.”

“View the scene from the viewpoint of the tall man.”

“I envision a huge statue of a lion so large all I can see are its hindquarters through the entrance of the temple behind the bowing men. It is only one part of my plan. I am an engineer, and I will build it. It will be truly magnificent. It isn’t the Sphinx as we know it. It has a massive mane and the head of a lion. As I visualize it, my face becomes the face of the lion. I have the complete plans for the monuments and where they will be placed. I am telling the others where everything should go, here and here and here.”

“Go forward in this lifetime to after the Sphinx has been completed.”

“The Sphinx was not completed in his lifetime. That was later.”

“How does he feel about this lifetime?”

“He feels very good. He has accomplished what he set out to do. His headdress is very beautiful.”

“Be in the mind of this one and understand what function his headdress serves.”

“It is more than a symbol of his rank. It’s for communication. The things on top that look like feathers aren’t really feathers. They have central rods with smaller ones coming out on the sides, but not as fine as those of feathers and they don’t lean back like feathers would, they stand straight up.” (I recalled seeing similar devices on the carved image of 9’s headdress).

“Since you descended as a streak of blue Light, I suggest that you follow this Light back to its origin.”

“I’m in a craft. My body is different. It is much paler, not brown, and is shorter and stockier. I’m in the viewing area of the craft which seems to be made of some kind of clear, crystalline substance. You can see through it at the top, sides, and bottom. It’s like being in a big bubble. I am hovering above some mountains and a large body of water. Something is holding the water back. It should be flowing. My mission is to get the water flowing again. I’m moving my craft close to the surface of the water, which disturbs it. The water is now beginning to flow. I’m looking back in the direction from which I came. There is a large city there. The city lights are coming on, now. My mission is accomplished.”

“How do you feel?”

“I have pride in my accomplishment, but I also feel lonely.”

“Would you like to return to your home?”

“I do not wish to go back there. I want to go to my instructor.”

“Then do that.”

“I am standing before a doorway. My instructor is emerging. I feel great admiration, respect, and love for him. I feel very humble in his presence. I seek his approval and he is giving it. I have no family. I have chosen a life of accomplishment and there is little time for family involvement.”

“Go forward to the end of this lifetime.”

“I’m very content with my life, pleased with my accomplishments. I’m ready for transition. I’m lying down, wearing a beautiful, silvery mask of a crystalline substance, but it’s soft. You can’t really see through it. It comes down to a sharp point over the nose, and then

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curves back in a kind of V shape above the eyes, and off to the sides of the head, creating an almost feathered effect. It is like a mask, only the eyes and the cheeks are not covered. Brilliant, sparkling diamonds are set in the upper portion of it. Gradually, the entire body is becoming whiter and whiter, as if turning to salt, or some other crystalline material.”

“Go through the transition and find yourself in the in between times, where you will be able to understand, by communicating with your Higher Self, the purposes of your present life, what you are doing and why you are doing it, and you will know the meaning of all that has transpired in this session.”

After a few silent moments she nodded her head and said, “I am finished.”

“Return to us at your own pace and remember as much as you need for your personal growth and understanding at this time.”

Isabel was very pleased with her vivid experience, which clearly had a profound effect on her. I said, “The crystalline mask you described is very similar to the image of a raptor on the cover of Ken Casey’s book, *The Return of the Bird Tribes*.” Nuke said Isabel was making remarkable progress.

Isabel was just one of the people with whom I did self-exploratory trance work. Unlike several others, she persistently followed the guidance she received during such explorations. She remains a dear friend.

Chapter Eleven

Sarah, Joshua, and Joseph, Our Teglinlin Children

Alliance technology is powered by spiritual energy instead of the electromagnetic energy used on Earth. Their mastery of spiritual energy allows them to separate an individual's conscious mind from his or her body and to send it to a particular location, which is sometimes within the body of another individual, there to remain for as long as it takes to accomplish the spirit's goal. In one of our sessions, Marjie relived being at the Station and playing a game with children of several different species in which they experienced being inside the bodies and minds of others, allowing her to know what they were thinking, sensing, and feeling. She thought it was great fun, but it was also a lesson in empathy which helps to maintain peace among the many intelligent species who have joined the Alliance.

Because of our familiarity with their technology, Marjie and I readily agreed when Nucleus 8 requested that she become the physical hostess for the minds of two young siblings of the Teglinlin species, whose physiology is entirely different from that of humans. The children had been confined with their parents on Compound 91, a planet located near a mass of negative energy referred to as The Dark, which would consume the spirit of anyone who remained on the planet's surface for very long. Nevertheless, the underground inhabitants had to briefly surface to retrieve the provisions necessary for their survival, which were periodically delivered by members of the Alliance. I compared it to a earthly prison, and 8 replied:

“Yes, except its purpose is not to punish. The individuals placed there have no interest in being in society and do not object to their isolation so long as their physical survival is assured. A few of your Earth years ago we placed two adults and their two children on

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Compound 91. It was hoped that having their children with them might lead to family bonding, but this did not happen. The adults neglected and abused the children. The one you call Mother became aware of the children's distress and rescued them.

"The children have normal feelings and attachments for each other. They have been at the Station for several of your weeks but they remain withdrawn and distrustful in spite of the love and protection they have received. Only the boy will speak to us. The boy is very protective of his sister. If it were not for him, she would probably be dead."

"Why?"

"Their parents despise noise of any kind. Whenever the little one made a noise, they would hit her. The last time she made a noise in their presence they put her alone on the surface of the planet and left her there. Her brother risked his life to save her from The Dark. I have been personally involved in caring for them, but have not been able to break through the wall of distrust they have built around themselves."

"What do you want us to do?"

"Our request is that you and Star One will agree to allow the consciousness of these children to enter her. We know that you both will give them the love and nurturing that they need, just as you have done for others who entered her in the past. If all goes well, we expect that these children will re-enter their bodies when they have learned to trust others. Until that time, the Board of Twelve could think of no better place for them to reside than with you and Star One."

"I'm honored by your confidence in us. What can you tell us about their species?"

"Teglinlins are a hybrid race of highly intelligent individuals known for their sociability, gentleness and peacefulness, and are advanced in technology. They communicate primarily through telepathy but are capable of making a wide range of sounds and can use spoken language. In appearance they are approximately four and a half feet tall at maturity. They have four limbs and walk on their back legs, which are much larger than their arms. Their feet and hands have three digits. Their outer covering is similar to velvet ... white at birth, but the males are a light brown ... at maturity.

“They have appendages at the sides of their heads which are somewhat similar in shape to small, fringed elephant ears, but these are not used for hearing. The movements of these flaps reflect their emotional and mental state. They have two eyes in grooves on their faces which have a longer range of motion than the eyes of humans, a tiny mouth consistent with their entirely liquid diet, and no nose. A serrated ridge runs from the top of their head to the upper lip of their mouths.

“Their general body shape is somewhat like a kangaroo, although the head does not have a long snout and their tail is much shorter. They are valued members of the Alliance and make many useful contributions to our society. Unfortunately, the parents of these children do not have any desirable traits.”

“How old are the children?”

“The oldest is a male who, in comparison to humans, would be approximately twelve years old. The youngest is a female whose development would approximate that of a four year old.”

“Poor thing, she’s practically a baby.”

“Teglinlins live to be about 400 Earth years old and do not reach sexual maturity until around the age of thirty. Their reproductive organs are located under the left arm on the females and under the right arm on the males.”

“It sounds like they could be with us for a long time.”

“It may not be as long as you expect. We are able to accelerate their growth.”

“I’m not real clear on how this would work. If their bodies are still alive, how can they remain within Marjie?”

“We can maintain an individual’s body indefinitely while its consciousness freely travels. Its consciousness can also be placed within another individual if that person has a properly designed implant. The implant allows contact to be maintained with the body’s caretakers and others at the Station as required. Also, the imported consciousness is able to experience all the thoughts, feelings, sensations and actions of the host, while maintaining its own individuality.”

“... this would be just like having spirits of the deceased enter...?”

“Yes.”

“Will they be able to channel through Marjie just like you?”

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“Yes.”

“That’s amazing. Does that mean that you also have to separate from your body in order to channel through her?”

“Yes, but the degree of separation can vary. For example, I have come to your home within my body on occasion, but it is invisible to you because of its much higher rate of vibration, and yet I have to slow it down a great deal to do that. When I come here, it is like walking through molasses. Everything happens here at a rate six times slower than in my dimension.”

“Will that difference affect the children’s consciousness?”

“No, because the link between them and their bodies will be very weak. Their bodies are in a coma-like state.”

“It would be a great pleasure to accept these children and to be involved in helping them to overcome the awful treatment they have received. If Marjie’s willing, I certainly am.”

Marjie said, “So am I.”

“When will the transfer take place?”

“Right away, if Star One is ready.”

“Send them on,” Marjie said. She beamed a smile as they entered. “I can feel them nestling down inside. They’re precious! They’re so sweet!”

..Marjie and I were excited over this welcome opportunity. A few minutes later Perithnea said, “These Teglinlin children will need a lot of love.”

“I know. Anything you and Adam can do to make them feel safe will be appreciated. It would be great if you could teach them how to play.”

“Maybe I can get them to swing with me later, but for now they just want to cuddle up with mother.”

“That’s a very good start. It shows that they already have some trust in her.”

“You and mother are the best!”

It was a great thrill to hear the first words of the young female:

The four year old made her first sound two weeks after joining us, which gave me a feeling of profound fulfillment. I was reading a children’s story about kittens and said meow, which she imitated. I

Sarah, Joshua, and Joseph, Our Teglinlin Children

answered with another meow, and she made a slightly different meow which I repeated, but with an additional note. She imitated me again, with another slight change. I gradually introduced the melody of a song which consisted only of the word alleluia, sung eight times in succession. I sang the first alleluia, which she imitated quite well, then sang the first and second, and so on, until before long we were singing a duet of the entire song.

I was enchanted by her high pitched, childish voice. She squealed with delight when our song was finished, and tears of joy filled my eyes.

I said, "We were told that we were supposed to give you a name. We already gave your brother a name, which is Joshua." In her babyish voice she softly repeated it. "Very good! Would you like to know what name we chose for you?"

"Yes."

"Sarah."

She said, "Sa rah?"

"Yes, do you like that name?"

"Sarah like."

"Then from now on we will call you Sarah."

She put her finger on my chest and said, "Sound."

"Yes, I have made many sounds to you."

She touched me again and said, "Sound."

"Thank you for giving me such a good name. I'm glad you like my sounds and I hope that you will make many more."

"Sarah sleep." She cuddled for a moment before withdrawing.

Marjie, also elated, said, "It's like hearing the first words your baby says."

The Board of Twelve had given me the task of accelerating Sarah's physical and mental growth with an arbitrary deadline of approximately one year after placement with us. Sarah objected to being pushed:

"Sarah doesn't want to be a lab rat."

"Why do you say you are a lab rat?"

"Eight men try to make Sarah grow up too fast. Sarah is a baby."

The next time Nuke and I spoke about her, I relayed Sarah's feelings of distrust....

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“She has only been here a few weeks and already you speak of her leaving. She feels that she is being treated like an experimental animal instead of like a child who just wants to play. She feels that by accelerating the growth of her body, you are manipulating her and trying to control her, and she doesn’t like it. In the short time she has been with us she has already mentally developed to the equivalent of an eight or ten year old human. At this rate she’ll be thinking like a teenager in a couple of months and then she may really rebel.”

“There is no prolonged adolescence among her kind. They are like children until they suddenly become adults at the age of thirty of your years. Her growth is presently six times faster than normal for Teglinlins. We hope to accelerate it even more, so that by the end of a year, she will be the equivalent of an adult.”

“What’s the rush? Why does her growth have to be accelerated?”

“The Board wants her to join them as soon as possible.”

“What about her mind? How can she be expected to enter an adult body if she still thinks of herself as a child who wants to stay with her parents?”

“Her mind and her body are linked through technology.”

“She doesn’t even want to look at her body, because it represents others having too much control over her. She avoids going to the Station because she’s afraid you will try to lure her into staying. It might help to gain her trust if she could meet other Teglinlin children who are happy in the Station environment. Could you arrange that?”

“Yes.”

“Then I suggest that you do. Meanwhile, I’ll see if she can be persuaded to visit the Station.”

“It will be done. Will someone always have to read stories to her when she joins us?”

“You’ll have to ask her that question. By the way, what does the word Teglinlin mean?”

“It refers to their smooth outer covering.”

“What makes it so smooth? Marjie said it feels like velvet. Is it some kind of fur?”

“There is no English word for it. It has pores through which they breathe and which also excrete a liquid, but it is not perspiration.”

“Interesting.”

“Is she still a afraid of darkness?”

“Yes. She thinks that the darkness of night is the same as The Dark near Compound 91. I’ve been teaching her happy songs to sing when we walk at night. When she is with us, she isn’t so afraid, but she never likes to be out at night for more than a few minutes.”

“It is a pity that you were not there to help me grow up when I was a child...”

Sarah’s intense fear of The Dark was aroused by a thunderstorm:

I overheard Sarah singing gaily in the shower before she shouted, “Sound! Sound!”

“What do you want?”

“Sarah wants to write when my shower is finished. Teach Sarah to write.”

“Okay.”

A violent thunderstorm struck just as we were preparing to write, making it very dark outside, and Sarah panicked. “Sarah can see The Dark! Sarah can hear The Dark! Sarah afraid! Sound promised Sarah there would never be any Dark here! Make Dark go away!”

“I can’t do that, Sarah. This is not The Dark from Compound 91. It’s only an electrical storm. We have them often at this time of year and they are usually not dangerous.” I tried to embrace her but she pushed me away.

“You did not tell Sarah the truth!”

“I did tell you the truth. This is not The Dark that was outside Compound 91 and it’s not coming to get you. If it was The Dark, I would be afraid too, but you can see that I’m not. This kind of storm is very common on Earth.”

“You said there was no Dark! Sarah doesn’t believe you!”

“If you don’t believe me, go ask Nucleus 8. He can explain to you about thunderstorms and the darkness that you see in ways that I can’t.” She withdrew.

Adam emerged. “Father?”

“Hello Adam! What do you make of Sarah’s reaction?”

“I am quite concerned for her. I have not seen a reaction so strong before this. Her parents put her outside when The Dark was near to punish her. It made sounds almost identical to thunder.”

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“Why did they punish her so cruelly?”

“They would do it if she made any noise. It is very difficult to find any reason to care for those people at all, in spite of your teachings. They are hopeless, so what is the use of caring about them?”

“As long as I AM exists, there is always hope. I agree that their behavior has been awful. They have done terrible things to their children. If you cannot love them, you can at least say a prayer for them that they will have experiences that will cause them to turn to I AM. We can also pray that justice will be done. Meanwhile, will you try to comfort Sarah and help her understand that this is not The Dark?”

“We are all trying to comfort her. She is resting now.”

“Thank you and everyone else who is helping.”

“Mother is very tired. I must go now and let her rest.”

I hoped that Sarah would understand that I had not lied to her. She did not need any more betrayals ...

Two days later, when she returned from staying with 8 while Marjie recovered from exhaustion and depression, I said to Sarah:

“Did he explain to you about night time and storms?”

“Yes. He showed Sarah the solar system and how the planets rotate so that one side is dark and the other is light. He took Sarah to a place where he showed Sarah how to make thunderstorms start and how to make them stop. They were only small ones. He explained that Sarah should seek shelter and go to a low spot if there is a tornado. Sarah is not afraid of storms any longer.”

“I’m glad that you know I didn’t lie to you about The Dark. I will not lie to you.”

“Sarah is sorry she said you did not tell the truth.”

I finally persuaded Nuke that it was futile to attempt to force Sarah to grow faster than she desired:

“You seem more relaxed than the last time we talked. You don’t seem so hard pressed,” I said.

“I am. The time table for Sarah was like a sharp corner in my life.”

“Why would her growth schedule be a sharp corner for you?”

“Look around. Do you see any sharp corners in your environment?” (We were walking in the countryside).

“No, and there are none in yours, either, as I understand it.”

“That’s right, but keeping Sarah on schedule was like a sharp corner. It was pressing on my spirit. The Board has decided that Sarah will set her own deadline and we will not be trying to make things happen according to our schedule. The pressure has been relieved.”

“That’s the way it should be. Why was January picked in the first place?”

“It was a decision of the Board. I still have an ego, and a great deal of ambition, and I am proud of them both. I must admit it would have pleased me a great deal to have met the deadline.”

“It’s still a possibility. Now that she has decided not to remain a child, her growth rate could increase rather quickly. I AM will work these things out in the proper way.”

“Of course. Good evening, Pat.”

More than one sneak attack was made on Nucleus, Sarah, and Marjie. Sarah’s implant automatically drew her back into her own body after one of them, and Sarah didn’t want to remain in it, but she also didn’t want Touch to be hurt because she was inside of her. Torn by her conflicting feelings, she asked me to tell her what to do, but I left that decision to her. Marjie then demanded of 8 that Sarah be returned to her:

“He’s going to let me have my way. He sends greetings to you and says that the individuals who took an active part in the attack have been isolated by Mother and their minds have been scanned to identify the others who were involved. There was no other way to find out. The others identified by the scans did not act to carry out their assignments and are not being isolated. They will not be coerced, but they will be carefully watched. The active culprits agreed to have their memories erased and will be given a fresh start. His old System’s memory is being completely erased.”

“...Is Sarah content now?”

“She is snuggling inside me.”

“In spite of the damage they have caused, the attacks have been good for Sarah’s growth. She was faced with a hard choice and she

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learned that what pains her most is hurting someone else and having her teaching postponed. She chose growth.”

“That’s the opposite of the way she was when she came here,” Marjie said. “She didn’t want to learn then.”

It had been explained to Sarah that she was expected to become a member of the governing board of the Alliance when she reached maturity, but she misunderstood what that meant. I said to 8:

“I had to explain to Sarah that being a member of the Board doesn’t mean that she would be nailed to a board; she thought she was going to be crucified like Jesus.”

“Oh. From your instruction manual.”

“I explained that she wouldn’t be harmed and would be protected as a Board member. Has anyone ever made attempts to kill Board members?”

“Many centuries ago there was an attempt. There was a great battle in space, but the Board was victorious. I believe that some of your ancient writings speak of this battle.”

“Do you mean the writings of India which describe a battle in the heavens among the Gods?”

“Yes.”

“Does that mean that the Board was once located near Earth?” I was astounded.

“It was. It was removed to its present location for reasons of security. There has been no attack on this location since that time.”

When Sarah felt safe enough to travel outside Marjie’s body and our home, which took months to accomplish, Nucleus 8 persuaded her to go with him to another planet:

Sarah said, “I took a trip with 8 man during the night.”

“How did you like it?”

“It was alright. The 8 man told me to put on a funny hat and he put one on, too. He said we had to wear them before we could go anywhere. He took me to Mars. I still don’t trust him, but I went because you wanted me to.

“He asked me what I like to eat. I said, *Sarah will eat cake.*

He laughed. Then he asked me what I liked to drink. Why did we have to wear those funny hats?”

“I’m not sure. What did they look like?”

“They looked like swirling white clouds, bright white. They kept swirling the whole time. Sarah is not going to go on any more trips.”

“Sarah dictates,” I said.

“Yes! Sarah dictates.”

“I’m impressed with your caution. It’s good that you want to be sure you can trust someone before you travel with them. When you traveled to Mars, you didn’t encounter any of The Dark there, did you?”

“No.”

“Eight would not take you anywhere near The Dark. He wants to protect you, too. If you go on more trips, you can dictate the destination, the time of departure, and when to come back. But if you won’t travel, how can you become a member of the Board and dictate to many?”

She thought about this, but didn’t respond before withdrawing.

A short while later she took another trip:

...Sarah said, “Nucleus took me far, far away until I saw a purple light which was a planet. When we landed on it, there were beings there. They were purple, too. They had no arms and legs and got around by flattening themselves out and then wrinkling themselves up.”

“Like earthworms?”

“Yes.”

“Could you communicate with them?”

“They sang, like this. Hmmmmm. I hummed back at them.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“It was a little fun. I’m too tired to keep on talking.”

...I said to Nuke, “What can you tell me about the swirly hats that you and Sarah wore when you went to Mars? Why are they necessary? I thought you guys could travel without such things.”

“It is similar to a fuse. It provides the amount of extra energy needed by an individual in order to make the trip and also prevents it from becoming excessive. Each species has a different frequency and

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therefore requires different degrees of technical assistance in order to make the transition comfortably and without excessive fatigue. If traveling with psychic energy alone, one quickly becomes tired and is not able to remain as long.”

“What’s the usual ratio between technical assistance and one’s innate psychic ability in such travel?”

“In my case, I like to think it is about seventy five to twenty five.” He comically preened his hair with an expression of pride, and I laughed.

“How are things developing on the New Planet?”

“All is on schedule. Some of the species we placed there have already given birth to their offspring.”

Eight informed me that Teglinlins had little or no imagination, and that it was probably a waste of time to encourage Sarah to develop it, but I persisted. I explained the value of imagination to Sarah:

“Why is imagination necessary?”

“For example, if you needed to do a certain job, but the tool you had on hand isn’t working, you might have to use imagination to create another tool that could do the job.”

“I would find the manual,” she replied.

“But suppose you couldn’t find a manual?”

“Then Sarah would break it.”

“That’s not necessary. Let’s suppose that you wanted to prop a door open and you had a small block of wood, but the weight of the wood and its shape wouldn’t allow it to hold the door open. What could you do?”

“I could make it into a wedge.”

“Yes! That is an example of using your imagination. You found a solution to a problem by thinking creatively. The wedge holds the door open by using friction instead of weight.” I felt like celebrating.

“The wedge Touch used to hold the door open did not work,” she reminded me.

“If the wedge had a slightly different shape and was made of wood instead of plastic, it probably would have worked.”

A few days later Sarah said:

“Sarah likes story time. Sarah likes it when you stroke Touch’s hair. It feels very good when you touch the back of her neck.”

“Your use of language has improved a lot.”

“My species does not use words for communication. We use thought and touch instead of speech.”

“Is your imagination improving as well?”

“Sarah is imagining that the white wall is a beautiful aqua color. Sarah is very intelligent, and has now acquired imagination.”

“You must be very intelligent to have mastered a skill your species does not normally have. Can you feel the energy of Light Mother now?”

“No.”

“Close your eyes and be receptive.”

“Sarah feels her. Will Sound please read now?” I finished reading *Peter Pan*. Sarah asked, “What is Sound’s favorite story?”

“I have read thousands of stories and I can’t say that I have one favorite, but some of my favorites are the ones Jesus told about the Kingdom of Heaven.”

“Who is Jesus?”

“He was a child of I AM who taught humans about I AM through stories. Would you like for me to read one to you?”

“Yes.”

I opened the *New Testament* at random and found the beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount, one of my favorite passages. A spiritual thrill raced up and down my spine as I acknowledged the workings of I AM. I struggled to hold back tears of humility while I read the verses so appropriate to that precious moment. The love which motivated those words was palpable. As I read, Sarah gently stroked the page and when I finished, she stroked other pages of the Bible. “You like this book, don’t you,” I said.

“Yes. This is a Breath book. Can Sarah keep this book?”

“Certainly.”

“Will you read the part that is about Sarah?”

“I’d be delighted.” I turned to *Genesis* and read about Sarah, Abraham’s wife, giving birth to Isaac when she was ninety years old through divine intervention. An angel told her that she would become the mother of princes and kings and multitudes of a mighty people. I continued with the story of Abraham asking God not to destroy

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Sodom and Gomorrah, and God's condition that if ten righteous men could be found there, He would not.

Sarah said, "The people in the place where Sarah came from were like those in Sodom and Gomorrah. When Sarah is queen, she will change things there. The place will be destroyed, so that the people can start new."

"The people at Compound 91 are the kind that Jesus said are like salt without savor."

"Parasites. Sarah will change them. Sarah will not destroy them, but will destroy the place. Compound 91 is evil. Sarah will alter the genetics of those people over time so that they will have happy genes and will only be happy. Sarah will take away the gene which allows them to be sad."

"You were sad at one time, but you are happy now. It may be necessary to experience some sadness in order to recognize joy when you find it."

"Sarah will make them the way Sarah wants. They will be happy."

"It will take a lot of imagination and creativity to do that. I'm glad that you have given yourself a worthy task."

Sarah's brother Joshua understood that she was much less trusting than him, so he rarely channeled, allowing her to do most of the talking. Sarah, Marjie and I were not prepared for it when he announced he was ready to return to his body:

The time for goodbyes came too quickly to suit me. I felt I had barely scratched the surface of my relationship with Joshua. We had just arrived at home when he began to channel. I said, "I'm sorry that we have not had more talks with each other," Tears rolled down my cheeks.

Also crying, Joshua answered, "I have watched you closely and have learned a great deal from you. I am grateful to you for sharing your Light with me and giving me freedom. I will share the same Light with another... I will miss being here with all of you. Sarah will see me again when she enters her body. My task now is to go and prepare the way for her."

"I'm very glad that she will be able to see you again. It would break her heart if she couldn't."

Sarah, Joshua, and Joseph, Our Teglinlin Children

“Teglinlins are not accustomed to being single. It will be hard for her to adjust, but it is necessary for her growth and mine. It is time for me to reenter my body and I am eager to do it.”

...“I look forward to the day when we will all be together again,” I said. We embraced and he was gone. Marjie was weeping as she emerged from the trance, fully aware of his leaving. We hugged each other for comfort.

Sarah wailed, “Sarah cannot be brave anymore!” Tears poured from her eyes.

“You and Joshua will see each other again. There is no need for despair.” After a few minutes she stopped crying, but she periodically burst into tears again. Each time I assured her that Joshua had gone to prepare a place for her and she would see him again...

“Sarah is lonely. Sarah has lost Joshua. Sarah has lost her mother and her father! Sarah feels bad,” she moaned.

“Now would be a good time for you to use your imagination, Sarah. Will you try?”

“Yes.”

“Imagine that you have been given a perfect mother, the mother you have always wanted to have and that she is holding you and loving you now.”

“No! That is not real. Sarah does not want to do that.”

“Well, if you had your choice of anyone to be your mother, who would it be?”

“Touch.”

“Then imagine Touch holding and rocking and singing to you. Touch is happy to be your perfect mother. You can go to sleep while she rocks you. Can you do that?”

“Sarah can do that,” she said, and so she did.

After Joshua left, Sarah needed to be babied even more:

Marjie said, “I think I’m going insane.”

“Why?”

“I can see Sarah. She doesn’t look completely solid, but I can see her form. This can’t be true. I must really be going off the deep end for sure.”

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“This is just what you and Sarah need right now. If you can see her clearly, it’s easier for you to comfort her and she needs that more than ever.”

Marjie rocked back and forth, cradling Sarah in her arms and singing to her. “This is so real. She has weight and substance. She is precious. She’s about twelve inches tall. Her skin is so smooth and the little flaps on the side of her head are so delicate! She’s waving them to show how contented she is.”

Marjie used a small blanket to make a nest beside her, where she put Sarah at bedtime. Sarah said, “Sarah is so happy that Touch can see and feel Sarah. Sarah likes to be comforted. It will be alright if Sound does not read tonight. Just stroke Sarah’s head.” I did, via Marjie, who used the remote to turn the television on to a rerun of *Star Trek*. We all slept soundly that night.

Marjie could still see and feel Sarah’s form in the morning and when Sarah was not channeling, kept me informed of her activities ...

(Alta Sha said) “You are teaching my charge how to be a good parent.”

“She is parenting Sarah very well. Why did Sarah become visible to Marjie?”

“It was not the result of Sarah’s effort and it was not the result of anything done by Nucleus 8.”

“I give I AM the credit, no matter how it was done.”

“Nucleus is beside himself at this development. He believes that there must be a physical aspect of it which he does not understand and is conducting a search to discover what it might be. I have not informed him otherwise. You may tell Nucleus that you know Who caused this development, but do not reveal to him the identity.”

“Keep him in suspense?”

“Yes. The search he is conducting is good for his growth.” He took my hand and we parted with love.

Sarah’s physical manifestation evoked even more love from Marjie :

As we left the restaurant Marjie was cradling Sarah in her arms and said, “Hurry up and open the car door so people won’t wonder why I’m holding my arms out like this.” Although still invisible to

me, I stroked Sarah, and felt a great deal of tingling energy in my hand.

“She’s sleeping,” Marjie said. “Her eyes don’t close like ours do, but they get kind of dull looking.”

When we got home, Marjie deposited Sarah in a living room chair and we went upstairs to change clothes. She said, “Sarah’s calling me. I’d better go get her.” When she returned, she put Sarah into a basket lined with a soft towel.

“Does Sarah know that we have a new book for her?” I asked.

“Yes. She’s looking over the edge of the basket at you, and her flaps are waving back and forth. She’s so cute!”

Eight and I discussed Sarah’s materialization:

“Have you been successful in your search for a cause?”

“My System has not found a cause and I must finally admit I have no idea why she became visible and why my star pupil can see her and you cannot.”

“If you eliminate every possibility you can think of, what is left?”

“Breath, as Sarah calls Him.”

“That is correct. It was a gift from Breath, I AM.

“It was the perfect experience for both of them. Sarah needed to regress before she could go forward. When she became visible and Marjie saw how young she actually is, she was able to give Sarah all the babying she needed.”

“Will she revert to this infantile state in the future?”

“Not permanently, but from time to time she may wish to be treated like a baby again. Now she is growing even faster than before. She’s been learning how to use imagination and is developing a sense of humor. She’s starting to play word games like Perithnea does.”

“Please try to restrain her!” he joked.

Although she was no longer being “pushed,” Sarah’s body continued to grow, and when it reached puberty it was given a standard injection which prolongs the life of Teglinlins, a hybrid species. The injection automatically caused her consciousness to be pulled back into her body, which Sarah was not expecting and did not accept. She refused to stay within her body, which

severed her link with the Alliance's System, and also her link with Marjie, causing everyone to panic. No one could locate her spirit. With the help of I AM, she returned to Marjie's body. When safely inside, she said:

"Sarah knows it is important for her to remain a baby for now. Sarah is not ready to be in such a big body. She cannot be forced."

"No force, no force! It was not my idea to force you. I did not know anything about the procedure which caused you so much distress. I would not betray you."

"Sarah grew only to please you, Sound. She did not grow to please Sarah."

"I told you several times to grow at your own pace. I said I didn't want you to leave before you were ready. I don't want you to think that I want you to grow any faster than you should. We will not allow anyone else to do this to you, either." I rocked her in my arms and we sang the alleluia song together. She needed to be treated like an infant, so I did, making a special effort for the remainder of the evening to express my affection by stroking and hugging her.

Marjie's strength had largely returned along with Sarah's. "Now we know why you felt so tired, and why Sarah was so subdued," I commented.

"I knew she was gone for good if we didn't find a way to bring her back," Marjie said. "She was determined to stop the force by going to Breath. I've been giving Nucleus a real tongue lashing for not informing us when they decided to give her that injection."

"It's very important for them to understand that she is not to be forced at all. Their agenda cannot control her destiny," I said. "I AM must be the one to decide when she is ready to enter her body. As Sarah said, her destiny can wait."

Nucleus responded. "I agree. I apologize for being so busy earlier. I apologize for making you angry."

"I'm not angry now. Have other things been going wrong?"

"Not necessarily wrong. There were many things that had to be sorted out, all of it quite avoidable. It was understood that her body would draw Sarah's spirit to it after being given the injection. I was trying to stop the process, and although I hate to admit it, I was failing.

“We are all extremely relieved that the freezing process was successful. However, our link with Sarah through the implant in her body has been severed. From now on, she will very literally be your baby. We will not know what is happening to Sarah except indirectly through conversations between you and Star One. Can you give me a report concerning her present condition?”

“She is fine, very contented. She feels like she did shortly before the process began.”

“Will any of her intelligence be lost?”

“All the knowledge is still there, but it will not be used until it is needed.” He looked even more relieved. “Sarah has been very wise all along. She has been telling us over and over that she was not ready to grow so quickly, and we have not listened to her.”

“Many of her species are very intelligent. That is one reason why she was selected.”

“I AM selected her before anyone else did. We need to rely more on I AM and less on science and technology.”

“I think that is probably correct.”

“If I AM had not intervened, I would not have been able to communicate with Sarah at all. Marjie had lost all contact with her. I AM spoke to her with the sound of my voice so that she could hear me calling her.”

“We had lost communication with her also. I was completely surprised that you were able to speak to her. I know where to direct my thanks. The link is breaking up now.”

“Marjie is very tired. She has been through a great deal.”

“So have we all. Goodnight.”

I AM intervened to protect Marjie when Sarah, rebounding from her near death experience, began to talk incessantly. She was draining Marjie of energy to a dangerous extent, which forced me to command her to be quiet, just as her abusive parents on Compound 91 had done:

Marjie rested with her head in my lap and we prepared to watch the movie.

Perithnea said, “I will not drain mother. I just wanted to tell you how proud I am of you for standing up to Sarah.”

“I didn’t like doing it.”

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“It had to be done.”

A while later Marjie and I went to the kitchen for a snack and Alta Sha said, “Sarah will no longer drain Marjie when she speaks.”

“That’s great. How was this accomplished?”

“It is not mine to ask.”

“Alleluia.”

“Alleluia. Perhaps in time, Sarah will heal.”

“Now that I can help her without having to worry about draining Marjie, it should be much easier.”

Marjie had a dream which suggested that Sarah and Joshua might have an unborn brother:

Perithnea informed me the next morning that she had eaten one of Marjie’s dreams:

“She was in a cave and saw many unusual life forms of different colors. She asked if she could have one and chose a black and white male. I think it could have been an embryonic Teglinlin. She had to crawl out of the cave on her hands and knees because the opening was so narrow. I think it was a dream memory of something Sarah has seen.”

“Do you think Sarah saw an embryonic Teglinlin inside her mother before she was born?”

“It could have been.”

“Maybe I should do a regression with Sarah to find out more about that.”

A thunderstorm caused our power to go out in the afternoon, so Marjie and I went to town for supper. On the way, Sarah started channeling and I asked, “Would you be interested in doing a session to remember your early life?”

“Sarah can remember her embryonic life.”

“You do?”

“Yes. Sarah’s mother tried to abort. Hurt Sarah.”

“How?”

“Touch Sarah. Drink bad tasting things.”

“But you survived.”

“Yes. Sarah strong. Sarah will not be destroyed.”

Sarah, Joshua, and Joseph, Our Teglinlin Children

“So from the very beginning someone has tried to end your life, and it has made you strong.”

“Yes. Sarah fight.” In view of her past, the efforts by 8 and company to force Sarah’s body to quickly mature had understandably brought out her fighting instincts. It was perfectly natural for her to cling to the safety she had experienced with us. I had even more reason to question the wisdom of the Board when it came to understanding her emotional needs.

A couple of policemen were also eating at the restaurant. She asked, “Will they arrest Sarah for talking?” I assured her that they wouldn’t.

We were packing for our trip to Canada when Sarah asked, “Will you make Sarah lab rat?”

“What do you mean?”

“Experiment. Sarah’s birth.”

“Do you want me to put you into a trance?”

“No. Teglinlins have total recall. Sarah doesn’t want to remember when she was a real baby. Sarah has forgotten the name of her father. Is Sarah bad?”

“No. His name is not worth remembering. Perhaps you can remember a life when you were not a Teglinlin.”

“Sarah sees a green form. It sparkles with energy. It is separating into two parts, creating a smaller version of itself.”

“How does it feel to be that little one?”

“Happy.”

“How do these beings survive? What is their function?”

“They share energy and they reproduce.”

“Think of another lifetime as a Teglinlin.”

“Sarah does not want to remember a lifetime as a Teglinlin. Sarah does not trust Teglinlins.”

“Do you believe that there are no Teglinlins anywhere that can be trusted?”

“Only two, Joshua and Sarah.”

“Do you remember the female Teglinlin who comforted your body when you were injected and felt so tired?”

“Yes.”

“Do you think she was a bad Teglinlin?”

“Sarah doesn’t know.”

Our Interdimensional Family

“Eight would not allow anyone to be around him or to work with him whom he does not trust. Do you remember the woman who came to the Station who tried to harm you and Joseph? He sent her away because he didn’t trust her. Only the best people are allowed to be near 8 and he chooses them very carefully, He does not have time to waste with those who would do harm.”

“Sarah knows.” She began to cry. “Sound tries to make Sarah grow.”

“No, it is entirely up to you whether you grow or not.”

She cried more and loudly asserted, “Sarah feel safe as baby! Sarah want to stay baby!” I held her in my arms and let her cry. “Place where 8 lives is big!”

“You like it better here because it’s small?”

“Yes! Safe!”

“Are you afraid you might get lost in the vast place where 8 is?” She nodded. “Are you afraid you won’t be able to find any friends there that you can trust?”

She nodded again. “I can understand that.”

Sarah developed a great deal of ambivalence about her wish to grow up as opposed to her wish to remain little. I asked:

“What do you think that it takes for a person to be happy?”

“They need love, happy relationships, a healthy environment, opportunities to grow, and good nutrition.”

“Some people have all that and are still not happy. What else?”

“Sarah doesn’t know.”

“I think one has to have curiosity, a desire to be creative, to learn and to grow and to have challenges. Without that, the rest is almost a waste. Do you agree?”

“I think it is most important to have Breath.”

“Yes, that is what’s most important. What is it that Breath wants us to do?”

“To be like Him.”

“And what does His example show us that He is like?”

“I don’t know.”

“He has shown us that He loves endless creativity. He has given us a universe with limitless possibilities, a place in which there is constant change.

I think He wants us to be like that. Do you remember the verse I read the other night about the branches that bear much fruit?”

“Yes, they were pruned.” I laughed at her banter.

“Yes, but only so that they would bear even more fruit. When we bear fruit, we are given challenges to overcome which permit us to bear even more fruit.”

She leaned toward me so that I could stroke her head. “Are you alright, Sarah?”

“Yes. I just want some affection. Sarah loves Sound.”

“And Sound loves Sarah very much.”

Sarah often impressed me with her intelligence:

At bedtime I read a *Discover* article to Sarah about current attempts to develop a quantum computer which could simultaneously calculate in alternate dimensions. Sarah nodded in agreement with many of the theoretical statements and said, “A particle can be everywhere simultaneously if its pitch is high enough. Just as a spirit is not confined to one reality or dimension, neither is a subatomic particle.”

Perithnea invited Sarah to attend a faery party:

A while later, a breathless Sarah exclaimed, “Sound! I’ve been at the party. Sarah wants to go back! What time do I have to come home?”

“Are you having a good time?”

“Oh yes!”

“What have you been doing?”

“We have been playing games. They divide us into groups by age,”

“What age group are you in?”

“Adolescent!”

“Tell me about the games.”

“Form changing, storytelling, dancing and others.”

“How do you play form changing?”

“The audience makes different suggestions as to how to alter your form to make interesting shapes.”

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“Since you’re having so much fun, you don’t have to come back until midnight.”

“Thank you, Sound!”

Sarah’s first Christmas with us took place in Wisconsin, which had just received a deep snowfall. We gifted her with a stuffed female doll dressed in a cheerful red and green snow outfit, which thrilled her beyond words. She wept with gratitude and held it close for several minutes, calling it her snow princess. Her emotions were so strong that 8 questioned me about what had happened:

The night was gorgeous, with a zillion stars shining in the pitch black sky. Complete silence reigned except for the squeaky crunch of our footsteps. Marjie and I admired the majestic scene as we stood atop the hillside. I shouted to the heavens, “Hey Nuke, we picked a perfect place to land a craft!”

Nuke answered, “This location has a very high pitch. My System and those involved with it are very interested in the force of the emanations coming from here. Now that it has been discovered, it will become very popular. I was notified that Sarah had an intense emotional reaction. What was the cause?”

“She was profoundly happy to receive the doll I gave her as a Christmas present.”

“Teglinlins are famous for choosing some object in which they put strong traces of themselves.”

Eventually Sarah decided to record her personal story. This is the ending:

I love Sound and Touch very much too. They are my mom and dad. They are my parents as far as I am concerned. They have nurtured me, taught me, listened to me, allowed me to make mistakes, and watched me grow. Someday I would like to be like the Mother I met so long ago. But first, I have to experience new and exciting events and I have to study.

When I was younger, I thought I would be afraid of aliens. Now I’ve learned that there are good and bad people everywhere.

I am also learning that Earth is not such a bad place to live.

Love, Sarah.

Sarah eventually decided that she did not want to return to her body at all because it had been used to manipulate her and she intended to ensure that it would never again happen. She then began the training necessary to become an Archangel with Light Mother:

“Mother has been teaching me and the other trainees how to use the pitch of our voices to cause physical effects. The first day I learned how to vibrate the walls of the compartment. Nuke was there to make sure that we didn’t completely destroy them. On the second day, we were supposed to make a piece of metal levitate. I didn’t get it to levitate, I made it curl up. But practice makes perfect.”

“You did have an effect,” I said.

“And we didn’t vibrate the walls to pieces.”

After Mother had been training her for quite a while, Sarah had a change of mind about her body and almost got lost after visiting it:

When I got home from work, Marjie announced that because she was too groggy from her medications, Nuke had driven her to town to get a greeting card that said how much she loved me, also signed by the children and him, and another item he bought was a new book to read. Joshua had signed the card, and I asked, “Is Joshua around?”

He hugged and clung to me, saying, “My Earth papa.”

“I love you, too, Joshua. It’s good to hear your voice.”

Over the supper which Nuke had prepared, Joshua said, “We have found a way to make Sarah’s flowers smell better.”

“How did you do that?”

“We discovered an orange crystal on Orsis which makes them have a pleasant odor, but it is only found there and we ran out of them already.”

“Nuke, did you hear? Joshua needs more orange crystals from Orsis.”

“Don’t tell me I have to go back there!”

“Surely you could get Christian to send you a supply.”

“Thank God. I thought you were going to tell me I had to go.”

Sarah watched a movie with us about a boy growing up with a loving mother but an abusive stepfather. The boy and his mother

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finally escaped. When it was over, Sarah started to cry. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s so sad.”

“At least they got away in the end. They wouldn’t have stayed with him as long as they did if they hadn’t allowed their fears to keep them in a bad situation. When they faced their fears, they did what was right.”

“I have a decision to make, too.”

“What decision is that?”

“I want my body back.”

“Now that you are a free spirit you can choose among many bodies. You already borrowed one like Agent’s for a while. There might be other forms that you would like more than your Teglinlin body.

“You might go back to your Teglinlin form and find out that you aren’t happy with it.”

“I still like my body best. Will you talk to Nucleus about it? I don’t know where it is.”

“It may not be alive. I think that when you left it the last time it died, but I will contact him and see what can be done. First we need to go upstairs before Touch passes out from her medicine. Can you wait a few minutes?”

“Yes.”

I asked, “Are you still with us, Joshua?”

“Yes.”

I hugged him. “Did you hear what Sarah said?”

“Yes, and I know where her body is.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

“Where is it?”

“I have it.”

“You kept her body alive all this time?”

“Yes, I couldn’t bear to have anyone destroy it, so I took it for myself and have taken care of it. It is sound and well.”

“I thought it was sent out somewhere beyond the grid where no one would find it. She says she wants it back.”

“I thought that someday she might.”

“She is very lucky to have a brother who loves her so much.

“We need to talk to Nucleus 8 and let him know what’s happened.”

“If she enters her body again, she won’t be able to continue becoming a Mother.”

“I thought so. I told her that her body would limit her.”

“Perhaps she needs a barrier at this time. She loves challenges.”

“I see what you mean. Maybe she isn’t ready to be a full-fledged Mother now, but she always has the option of leaving her body again in the future.”

We went upstairs and Marjie sat on the bed. I asked, “Are you with us Nuke?”

“Yes.”

“Sarah wants her body back.”

“Her body has been destroyed.”

“No it hasn’t. Joshua has kept it alive.”

He was stunned. “I was under the impression it had been destroyed. What if she changes her mind again?”

“I don’t think that will happen. I pointed out that she has other options. The only reason she left her body was because of her fear that it would be used to coerce her. She doesn’t fear that anymore. It’s just like Alta Sha predicted. He said that eventually Sarah would work with the Board, and when she did, the flowers would smell good. Joshua and Adam have just accomplished that.”

“Thank God for that. Will you accompany me to the Station for the transfer?”

“Sure. Sarah wants me to be there.”

“Lie down beside me and use your third eye. We will maintain verbal contact.”

“Fine.”

“Will you lead us to the Station? Sarah, are you ready?”

“Yes.”

“Nestle yourself down in the crook of your father’s right arm.”

I said, “Alright, everyone get ready to go to the Station and follow me. Look for the triangle with the light around it.” We were quickly there. “I’m putting my hand on the door. There are our platforms, but I don’t know where to go. I don’t know where her body is, Nuke.”

“Sarah knows. Let her find it.”

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She led us rapidly through curved corridors until we reached the botanical area where Joshua works. Her body, in its capsule, was surrounded by beautiful plants. Joshua was the tan color of a mature Teglinlin male instead of the pure white he had been as a child. Sarah's body was still snow white, with pink outlining her lips and head flaps and other places where the skin showed through the outer covering. Her almost completely mature body looked very healthy. As soon as she saw it she said, "Help me get inside of it, 8."

"You know how to do it, Sarah. You have been going in and out of the Agenti form without difficulty."

Frazzled by the excitement, Sarah wailed, "Help me Sound; I don't know how to do it."

"Look at your form and will yourself to be inside it."

She was quiet for a moment and I felt certain that she was in her body, but I asked, "Are you in it, Sarah?"

She desperately cried, "I don't know how, Sound! I don't know how!"

"Look at your hands. How do they look?"

"They look white."

"Those are your white Teglinlin hands. Feel the rest of your body."

She hesitantly touched her face, running her fingers tenderly across her eye slits, head flaps, scalp ridge and the outline of her lips. She reached under her left armpit and smiled at discovering her sexual organ. She rubbed her right armpit and then touched my face. "You're back in your beautiful body again, Sarah."

"Do you think it is beautiful, Sound?"

"Oh yes. It's so soft and white and attractive."

"Do you find it attractive?"

"I'm not a Teglinlin, but if I was, I would find it irresistible. I'm sure many Teglinlins will think so, too. Before long you'll have to beat them off with a stick. Isn't it wonderful that Breath gave you a brother who loved you enough to take care of it?"

"Joshua was the first one to love me. He took care of me and he always will."

"... Do you realize how many miracles Breath performed for you today? Isn't Breath's love wonderful?"

“Yes. I love Joshua.” She reached for the clay bust that she and Marjie had made of her soon after she had first joined us and held it above her head, presenting it to Joshua. “I love you more than anything, Joshua.” Tears welled in my eyes.

I said, “You were so comfortable in your body that you didn’t know you were in it.”

Nuke said, “I suppose we had better go back to Earth. Star One is so exhausted I’m afraid she might pass out. We don’t want that to happen while Sarah is here at the Station.”

“Sarah. Are you ready to go?”

“Yes. Thank you, Sound.”

“Alright. We are all going back to Earth. First we go to the exit and are traveling through the stars and dimensions. You can see Earth, now the house, and we are going through the ceiling and are back in the bedroom.”

I looked at Marjie, who said, “I have to leave this place.”

“Where are you?”

“I’m up on some rocks. There are too many layers here. It’s hurting my chest.”

I thought the drugs were making her hallucinate. “How can I help you leave?”

“In front of you is a brown cord. Please take the cord and pull it.”

I reached for the invisible cord and pulled it. I placed it against her heart under her hand. “There is the cord.”

She was struggling for breath. “My chest is hurting. We are not all here. There are too many of us.”

“Which ones are not here?”

She pointed toward the ceiling; I was bewildered, and thought that she might have been traveling astrally while we were gone and was having trouble getting back in her body. “We are all going to join together here now,” I said, making a gathering gesture with my arm toward the ceiling. “Let’s all come to Marjie.”

She seemed a little more at ease and said, “Sarah needs to speak. Speak, Sarah. I can hear her, but she can’t talk through me.”

“Why can’t she? Surely she knows how.” A whispered voice struggled to say Sound and Touch. “Come on, Sarah, you can speak.

“Touch. Sound. I can’t find my way back.”

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“Are you lost?”

“Yes.”

“Where are you?”

“I don’t know, Sound. Help me!”

“Stay where you are. I’m coming to you.”

...I traveled back through the corridor, projecting my blue Light.

“Sarah, look for my Light. Can you see it?”

“Yes.”

“Just come to my Light and we will go back together.” She began to cry. “Can you see me, Sarah?”

“You disappeared.”

“I’m still shining my Light. Where are you?”

“I’m in a gray place.”

“You don’t need to stay there. Follow my voice. Come toward it until you can see me.”

“I’m coming, I’m coming. Now I see you!”

“Alright. Hang onto me. I must have gone too fast for you before.”

“Yes, I got lost.”

“Take my hand and we’ll go back together. Don’t let go. We are back in the bedroom. Are you with me?”

“Yes.”

“Then you can enter Marjie’s body now.” Marjie breathed easier. Sarah gave me a big hug.

“I appreciate you and Touch so much, Sound, for all that you have done for me.”

“I’m sorry I went too fast. I thought you would be able to come very easily because you’ve had so much practice.”

“I’m going to go back and see my body again tomorrow. It’s so beautiful! I love it!”

Sarah’s perception that another Teglinlin embryo was inside her mother’s body at the time of her birth was confirmed by Nucleus 8:

“It was recently discovered that Sarah’s mother has given birth to another male child. In view of her past history of abuse, we rescued the child right away and would like to place it with you and Star One.”

“Is it an infant?”

“Yes. It is only a few weeks old. We thought it would be best for him to be with Sarah and you.”

“You know I will gladly say yes if Marjie agrees.”

Marjie said, “Of course he should be with us. Bring him on.”

“Thank you. We are very happy that you have accepted. Are you ready for the transfer to take place now?”

“Do I need to put Marjie into a trance?”

“No, her implant is so advanced that this will not be necessary. He will be joined with her momentarily.”

“It will be an honor to have another Teglinlin child to raise.”

Marjie wore a contented smile as she accepted the infant. “I can see him. He is precious, and so tiny!” She cradled him in her arms as she had done when she was able to see Sarah’s form.

Marjie said, “We have to get some baby bottles and milk for him.”

“Station staff will provide all the nourishment he needs.” I said.

“His consciousness is here. It’s normal for baby Teglinlins to nurse like humans do. He needs to experience those sensations. It’s part of his development. I know it sounds weird, but he needs it.”

We got the necessary equipment for a nursing baby right away. It was very strange to watch Marjie sucking on a baby bottle while channeling the baby Teglinlin, but I adjusted rather quickly. “What do you want to name him?” she asked.

“I think it would be good to stick with Biblical names that were given to people who did great things and who were dedicated to God. I was thinking of calling him Joseph.”

“I like that too. Joseph it is.”

Sarah said, “Sarah knows what to call her brother now.”

“I remember you saying that when you were in your birth mother’s body, there was someone else in there with you. It must have been him.”

“Yes.”

“Are you happy to have him here with you?”

“Yes. He likes story time, too.”

Soon Joseph was making small baby sounds of contentment when he received his bottle. He developed very rapidly and within a few

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weeks was saying simple words, like *bottle, daddy, mama, read*, etc. He had a soft voice, a sweet personality, and was very cooperative and loving. He and Sarah got along very well. She was quite willing to share story time with him.

Joseph was soon going to the Station and learning with other children:

Joseph and I were watching a movie together and he said, “I went to the place at the Station where they make engines. Warton 4 showed me and some of the other children around and I saw one of the crystals they use for energy. It was so bright it almost blinded me. They make the crystals turn different colors before they put them in a craft.”

Another example:

On the way to town, Joseph laughed and said, “This is Joseph’s snow, but Joseph will share it with everybody. This is Joseph’s town. Joseph will share his town.”

“That’s nice of you. What have you been doing today?”

“Playing with friends.”

“Who?”

“They aren’t human.”

“What do they say to you?”

“Teet teet teet teet teet.”

“What did you say to them?”

“Teet teet teet teet teet. We had fun.”

“The little girl with red hair showed them how to go back to where they came from.”

“Perithnea, who is Joseph talking about?”

“Two of Warton 4’s children. They were sneaking around where they weren’t supposed to be and found the corridor that Nucleus uses to come here. They fell through it and bounced onto the bed, which is why Joseph noticed them. I showed them how to get back again.”

“Isn’t Warton 4 the engineer who builds spacecraft?”

“Yes. He’s the one with the rubbery blue skin that mother likes so much. Bye.”

...Marjie had been introduced to Warton 4 on one of her visits to the Station. She said he was a construction engineer who was overseeing the assembly of an interdimensional craft. She liked him very much and said that he had rubber-like blue skin and a humanoid form with one head, two arms and two legs. He had knobs where toes would normally be on human feet, and his head was shaped like a sphere. She made a sketch of him.

Joseph played with Puh:

Joseph said, "Hello daddy."

"Hello to you, too, Joseph."

"I've been playing with my friend Puh. He came through the corridor. He was here before."

"Isn't he Warton 4's son?"

"Yes."

"He is very welcome to visit. Ask him to say hello to his father for me when he goes back to the Station." The kitchen light suddenly flickered. "Is Puh causing that?"

"Yes." The blinking stopped. "I'm going to play with him some more."

"Have fun."

To Nuke I said, "...Joseph said some of Warton 4's children came to see him."

"I know. We let them believe that they had secretly negotiated the corridor without being observed. It was delightful to watch them trying to avoid the monitors and thinking they had succeeded. It was a real challenge to their minds to try it."

Joseph had to be taught not to feel Marjie's physical pain:

Marjie woke in the morning with another headache. Joseph said, "Joseph's head hurts, daddy. Make it stop."

"This is not your headache. It belongs to mother. Why are you letting yourself have her pain?"

"So that she won't have to feel it."

"It's good of you to want to help her, but taking on her pain is not a good way to do it. Sometimes we can help people by praying for

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healing or sending healing energy to them, but sometimes people who are sick or hurting are paying a debt, like Jesus said. When we try to heal others, we don't do it by becoming sick in their place. You have a healthy body of your own at the Station. Mother is sharing hers with you but it isn't your body. Do you understand?"

"Yes. Joseph doesn't have to feel pain for mother. Daddy is very smart."

Unlike other Teglinlins, Joseph could perceive colors:

Sarah helped Marjie plant flowers and I worked at sealing the pond. "You are surrounded by a circle of flowers," Joseph said.

"That's right. They sure are pretty, aren't they?"

"That one is yellow, that one is red, that one is pink, that one is white, and that one is blue. Joseph smart."

"Very good, Joseph, but we call that last color purple."

Sarah said, "The pond is the same color as a Teglinlin." The coating was creamy white.

Joseph often followed Sarah's example:

"I'm not going to be a Teglinlin."

"You're not? Why?"

"Sarah doesn't want to be a Teglinlin."

"That doesn't mean you wouldn't want to be one."

"Yes it does. Sarah is smart."

"That's true, but that doesn't mean that what is right for one person is right for another. Each of us has to seek our own destiny."

"But I am not going to be a Teglinlin."

"Very well."

Over breakfast, he said, "Joseph is going to stop imagining things."

"Why is that?"

"Because it isn't real."

"What do you mean it isn't real?"

He pointed to a napkin. "This is real." He touched it.

"Are the things that happen to you in your dreams real?"

"No." He pointed to his head.

“It’s just in your mind, huh?”

“Yes.”

“Is Alta Sha real?”

“No.” He pointed to his head again.

“Then the only things that are real are things that people can touch and feel with their physical body? Is that right?”

He nodded.

“Well, then thoughts are not real, and thought is not creative.”

“No.”

“Then there is no God, is there?”

“Joseph came to a dead end,” he said.

“That’s right. When you think that only the things you can sense with the physical body are real, and that thought is not creative, then there is no God, and you have reached a dead end.”

He nodded. “I don’t like this dead end. I’m not going to think that way anymore.”

“Good, because it isn’t true.”

Marjie was preparing to go to Canada by herself in order to help Candace, Nucleus 8’s significant other at that time, to get ready for a return to the U.S.A. Joseph said:

“I don’t want to go to Canada. I want to stay here with my daddy. Is that alright?”

“I’ll be glad for your company, but I’m not sure if you can stay behind, since your consciousness is connected to Marjie through an implant. I’ll have to find out about that.”

Adam volunteered, “Joseph’s consciousness can be transferred into your body, but you will have to do much of the transferring yourself.”

“How do I do that?”

“Nuke will explain.”

“I need to talk to Marjie about it first.”

She said, “I heard. It’s fine with me if Joseph wants to stay. I think he can return to me when I get back.”

“Okay. When do you want to do it?”

“Whenever 8 says it can be done.”

Nuke said, “I have to make a few preparations.”

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A short time later he added, “You have to go to the Station with your third eye. You will meet the four individuals who previously took your thumbprint. They will escort you to the medical area, where you will stand beside Joseph’s life support container. You will see Star One there. I will transfer Joseph’s spirit into his body, which will be levitating. Then you are to hold his body close to yours and his spirit will enter you. Joseph has been told what to expect.”

“Okay, I’m going there now.” The images I saw with my mind’s eye were consistent with Nuke’s description. Appropriate to his very young age, Joseph’s body was quite small, and covered with white, velvety fibers over his pink skin. I held him to my chest, felt his wonderful personality enter, and returned my focus to this reality. Marjie shed a few tears and said, “I miss him already.”

“It won’t be long before you will have him back.”

On another occasion, Joseph and I were required to be in two dimensions simultaneously to help him survive:

We sat back down with his head in my lap and he said, “My body’s head hurts.”

“What’s wrong with it?” I had never heard of a Teglinlin having a headache, and was alarmed.

“I fell and bumped my head. It still hurts.”

“I’ll keep rubbing it and put some Light on it.” I turned off the television, thinking we needed to concentrate on the healing.

Joseph said, “Why did you turn my life off?”

“What did you say?”

“Why did you turn off my life?”

“Judge Brown is your life?”

“Uh huh.” I turned the program back on.

“Why did you say that Judge Brown is your life?”

“Because it is. Because my head hurts, it’s making my life quiver.”

He seemed to imply that the television was keeping him alive and I was really concerned.

“Joseph, I don’t think you need to be here watching television. I think you need to go back to your body and to be at the medical unit so that they can fix your head.”

“I don’t want to leave you.”

“I’ll go with you to the Station.”

“No, you get lost.”

“I won’t get lost this time. We will go to the Station and find your body and take it to the medical unit. I won’t get lost. I’ll stay with you.”

“Okay.”

We closed our eyes and were instantly at the medical unit, surrounded by staff who examined him closely. They put green light on the area above the left eye. I stroked him and assured him that everything would be alright. After a few minutes of this, he said, “I want to go upstairs and sleep with you, but I want to be in mother’s body.”

“You can sleep with me in her body, but I also want you to stay at the Station in your body.” I knew that he could have his consciousness in both dimensions simultaneously, and could feel me stroking her body as well as his own, just as I could have my consciousness both here and there. What I was doing to her body, I was doing to his as well. We went upstairs to bed. Part of my consciousness was still at the Station.

“Your body is very beautiful,” I said, stroking each part and feeling the velvety, fur-like substance that covered him. “I like each and every part.”

He was very calm and relaxed. After a while, he turned over in Marjie’s body onto his back. His eyes were half closed, his arms were akimbo above his head, hands palms out and fingers curled, looking as if he were deeply sedated or near death. I was very worried that he might die from his injury, but he turned onto his side and began to sleep.

A part of me thought he was alright physically, but another part wasn’t sure. “Please don’t die, Joseph. Stay alive.” Marjie began to snore. I was vigilant for most of the night. In the morning Joseph was fine.

Joseph wanted to be like me:

Joseph asked, “Do you like me?”

“Of course I do!”

“Do you like me all the time?”

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“Yes. I can only think of one thing you ever did that I didn’t like, and that was showing me the food in your mouth after you chewed it up.”

“Can you tolerate me?”

“I love you. I don’t have to tolerate you.”

“Can I be just like you?”

“Why would you want to be just like me?...You should be like yourself.”

“Because I like you very much.”

“... You could take the parts of me that are good and add them to yourself, and the parts that aren’t so good, you can just leave out.”

“I don’t know of any parts that aren’t good.”

“Well, a while ago I lost my temper with the cat, and I called it stupid because it walked beneath my feet and I accidentally stepped on it. I shouldn’t have lost my temper that way.”

“The cat is stupid. The cat didn’t take offense. It knows it’s stupid.”

“But I should have more patience.”

“I’m trying to get an education here.”

“What is it that you would like me to educate you about? Do you still want to be an architect?”

“I changed my mind. Now I think I would like to be a fence painter.”

“Well, you can be more than one thing, can’t you? Why do you think you would like to be a fence painter?”

“I like fences that are painted.”

“They do look nicer that way.”

Sometimes my body would be transported to the Station and I would not remember going when I woke up. On one such occasion Joseph said he had interfered:

In the morning Joseph said, “You pulled the covers off mama when you floated up in the air and she got cold. You told me there was a ship above the house.”

“Did you let me go?”

“No, I pulled you back down into the bed. I want my daddy with me.” I had no memory of the incident.

After a long absence, during which he had been very involved with his work in the botanical area of the Station, Joshua surprised us with a visit:

A voice interrupted my reverie. "Sound?"

"Yes?"

"I love you."

"I love you, too, Sarah. What is it?"

"It's not Sarah."

"It isn't? Who is it?"

"Who else calls you Sound? Don't you know who I am?"

"Of course I know who you are, Joshua. I'm glad that you are back. You left before I even knew you were gone the last time."

"Do you really know me, Father?"

"I believe I do."

"What do you really know about me?"

"I know that you are very brave, that you are very loving, that you are very strong, that you are gentle and self-sacrificing, and I know that you need parents."

"Father, I want to come back. I want to come home."

"You do? That's great. You are most welcome to come back. You left too soon."

"I know. May I?"

"Of course you may. The only question I have is whose body do you want to enter, Mother's or mine?"

"I just want to be home."

"We will love to have you back with us. Who do you have to ask if you can come back?"

"I don't know."

"First you have to ask Breath."

"Yes."

"Why don't you do that now?"

He closed his eyes and after a half minute or so, he said, "Breath says of course I can come."

"I knew He would say that. He wants you to be happy and to be surrounded by love. Now, whose permission at the Station do you need?"

"I have to go to my commander."

Our Interdimensional Family

“Very well, go and tell him what you need, ask for a leave of absence, and get permission.”

He closed his eyes for a few seconds.

“I have permission, father.”

“Welcome back. You are here, and may stay for as long as you wish.”

“Oh Sound! Oh Daddy!” He hugged me forcefully.

“Yes, I am your daddy, and I will always love you, Joshua. You took care of Sarah. You made sure that she was safe and sound, and you were strong for her, but you didn’t have anyone to protect you when you needed it most. When you finally got us for parents, you left too quickly. Now it’s your turn. You get to have all the love that you need.”

He melted in my arms and wept. I wept with him, thrilled that he had yielded to his need. “God is giving you all that you need. He wants you to be happy and to have this love.”

“I need to sleep, father.”

“Just curl up inside Touch like a little baby and go to sleep.”

... Marjie got up from the bed. Sarah exclaimed, “Oh Sound! You brought back my brother! Joshua’s back!” She held me and cried happy tears. “I love you, Sound.”

“I love you. Breath wanted you two to be back together, didn’t He? Now it’s Joshua’s turn and you can show him all the love that he showed you, can’t you?”

“Yes.” We nuzzled the way Teglinlins do, sniffing each other’s necks, and I saw Perithnea’s faery Light on Marjie’s shoulder. Joshua was quiet for the rest of the evening.

A day or so later:

Marjie and I were taking a bubble bath when Joshua, playing with the bubbles, said, “I love these suds.” Having a ball, he made a hole large enough in them for his head to peek through. It was good to see him playing, which he had not been able to do at Compound 91.

I said, “I know that there is a part of you that is like a little baby and needs to be taken care of.”

In a condemning voice he said, “Wash Joshua clean. Joshua is dirty.”

“Why do you say Joshua is dirty?”

“Get the dirt off. Joshua bad.”

Showing him the care he had not received before, I gently began to wash him and said, “Joshua is not bad, Joshua is good. Why do you say you are bad? You are very brave. There is a part of you that never got taken care of when you were a little baby, a part that never had enough to eat, or enough touching, or enough rocking, or enough affection. I know how that feels. I had to take care of that part of me after I was grown, and so did Nuke. It’s alright for you to have that part of yourself taken care of, and when it is satisfied, then you will be stronger than ever.”

He smiled. We got dressed for bed. I persuaded him to accept a bottle, which he drank while I stroked his hair with his head in my lap, and he fell asleep in that position, quite content. Joseph, Adam, Perithnea, Sarah, and Didiwahtay were all rooting for him. Joseph said, “Joshua is getting what he needs.”

Joshua still had unrealistic guilt feelings about not being present when Joseph was born and avoided him:

The kids had chosen to watch a movie about a man who abused children, which stirred up Joshua’s unpleasant memories of Compound 91. He watched it with his head in my lap as I stroked his hair. When it was over, he sat up and I asked, “Why don’t you talk to Joseph? He said he’s been trying to talk to you and you won’t answer.” He didn’t answer me, either.

It was time for bed, and Marjie and I were about to lie down when Joseph asked, “What’s wrong with Joshua?”

“Maybe he feels he’s not a good enough brother for you.”

“Joshua’s not a bad boy!”

“No he isn’t. Why don’t you tell him what a good boy he is and how good a brother you think he is.”

“I will. Joshua, you can talk to me. I want to talk to you. You’re a good boy, not a bad brother.” He continued in this vein for a few minutes, and everything seemed to be calm.

I prepared to read aloud and Sarah said, “You’re stuck with me. Joseph and Joshua are busy talking.”

“I’m glad they are, and being stuck with you is just fine.”

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Raising Teglinlin children was a constant delight, but the rule of life is change, and they grew to the point that they no longer needed parenting, becoming quite absorbed in their chosen duties. Sarah became an Archangel and still touches me from time to time to let me know she still loves me. Joshua was placed in charge of the entire botanical area in the new Station and was very content. Joseph elected to remain outside his body and to stay with me. On rare occasions he has communicated through Marjie via email, but I sense his presence and thank him for being so loving and loyal and for reminding me of things I would otherwise have forgotten to do. I long for the day when I will enter their dimension permanently.

Chapter Twelve

Rex/Ragor

At age 33, when I was experiencing a severe identity crisis which threatened to destroy my marriage, I learned that our mental and physical existence is not limited to one dimension. During a period of self-imposed isolation I desperately sought inspiration and entered a bookstore, where *Seth Speaks: The Eternal Validity of the Soul*, commanded my attention. It had been dictated by Seth, a true messenger of God, channeled by Jane Roberts, a prolific author who wrote several books based on his teachings. Seth taught that everyone has an eternal Oversoul unlimited by time, space or dimensions, which finds expression through many different avenues. The Oversoul creates multiple selves, each living in different times and places, acting out various roles, and all for the purpose of spiritual growth. A loose analogy would be to have a dozen television programs going at once, with the same main actors appearing in each program, but each playing a different role in dramas about events occurring under different circumstances. Seth's explanations of how spirit creatively interacts with physical reality had the ring of truth and allowed me to perceive the poor choices I had made, which caused so much unhappiness for me and my family, as opportunities to learn and to grow instead of considering them reasons for self-hatred. His words gave me hope and the will to survive a period of severe depression, which fortunately has not recurred.

Seth declared that thought creates all of the different universes and the matter within them, and that the atoms which organize themselves into the physical forms of our reality *are constantly regenerated by thought which exists in another dimension*. Energy cooperates with thought to create the forms which we call matter. Moreover, every particle of matter has its own consciousness and willingly cooperates to create the larger forms. Modern physics tells us that the particles which compose atoms are constantly disappearing and reappearing in our dimension, but we can't perceive the

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infinitesimally small gaps of time between when they are here and not here. The invisible atoms of matter in our reality also exist in several other dimensions and therefore in several other unperceived universes, some of which are adjacent to ours. Those other universes include other probable selves, and other probable futures, presents, and pasts.

Seth also said there is more than one kind of matter and more than one kind of light. The speed of light in our dimension differs from its speed in others, just as subatomic particles vibrate at faster or slower rates in other dimensions.

Seth's assertions were supported when observable physical changes occurred in our bodies because of activities taking place in another dimension which is normally invisible to our physical eyes. Many of the paranormal events in our home were caused by invisible entities whose primary domain exists in another dimension. However, we discovered that our "mind's eye" is capable of perceiving events happening in other dimensions.

It was also clear to me that we were being gently led to follow a path of experiences we had not consciously planned. The assistance we received along the way, even in the midst of frustrations, convinced us that God was answering our prayers to be guided according to His/Her will. We often took uncertain steps in the direction we instinctively felt was correct and found time and time again that we reached our sometimes vague goals without knowing precisely how to get there.

Early in my work with Marjie I asked Alta Sha questions about other dimensions:

"Eight said he was 37 light years away from here, but you said he was in another dimension. Which is it?"

"Perhaps I AM has given you a contradictory angel."

"I don't think there is a real contradiction. I just hoped you could explain how both are true."

"You live in one dimension, Nucleus lives in another, and Perithnea in yet another. Each of these dimensions can be transposed upon another. If you were to do a cross section of these dimensions, by traveling through them from one to another, you could find corresponding points. If you were to go thirty seven light years away in this dimension, you could step into his dimension and be at the corresponding point. Each of these dimensions is just as solid and real as the next. Each of them is different and each of them is

designed by I AM to meet the needs of their inhabitants. However, none of them are truly real. You know that what appears to be real in your own dimension is actually not solid. It is made up of moving particles. The same is true of all dimensions; the particles in them are constantly changing. That which is truly real is that which is of Spirit. That which is wholly Spirit does not change, but is eternal. There is only one thing that is real, and that is I AM. Faeries and angels can navigate through these dimensions easily, and so can Nucleus. If you delve into this too far, you may have to give up your illusions.”

“And if I give up my illusions, what then?”

“Then you will have to make decisions. You are greatly blessed to be able to talk with beings from another dimension.”

“And I appreciate this blessing.”

I felt Mother’s touch. It was intriguing to think that one could travel from dimension to dimension, exploring alternate realities. I could imagine reaching the point when one would tire of this and just want to join with the truly Real instead of exploring illusions. If one did this, the ego would disappear, I supposed, and without ego, why would anyone care to explore? “Is the new planet which 8 is creating located in his dimension?”

“Yes.”

“Does each manifestation of spirit in one dimension have its counterpart in another, like a reflection, but changed by the different conditions that prevail there?”

“This is not the case. It is not a law. It can be represented, but it need not be.”

“I have to rest. I’m too tired to talk about this any longer,” I said.

I wondered why beings from one dimension would want to interact with beings from another. Perhaps the events in one influence the events in another, which is what some ETs have told humans. They want us to correct certain flaws in our way of doing things because the effect of wrongdoing is felt in their dimension as well. One outstanding example is the disruptive effect of nuclear explosions upon adjacent dimensions. I wanted to sleep but was too wound up... I went downstairs, sat in the recliner and wished that I could travel at will to other dimensions and recall all that transpired there. I felt limited and frustrated. I knew that I was receiving images

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from Nuke's dimension and perhaps others from time to time, but they had little meaning without knowing how they fit into the context of events around them. I finally fell asleep.

Marjie saw me physically transported to 8's dimension:

Upon awakening, Marjie said, "Something strange happened last night. Do you remember what it was?"

"I saw a UFO in the west before I went to sleep, and I woke up around four with irritated sinuses. I felt like I had been breathing a chemical of some kind."

"I know this wasn't a dream. I was wide awake. You sat up in the bed and stood up very straight beside it, and your body went right through the roof at an angle. You completely disappeared! I knew that you had been taken by the ETs, but I didn't worry about it, because I knew you would be back before long, so I just turned over and went back to sleep."

"I don't remember any of that. Maybe my sinuses are acting up because of something I breathed when I was there. I wish I could remember what I did." It was very frustrating.

In spite of the night's activities I felt quite energetic and after an easy day at work, I got home around six thirty. Nuke's promise that my nighttime jaunts would not leave me tired had been confirmed.

Although I consciously desired to fully experience the sensations of being transported to the Station and to bring back accurate memories of my activities, I concluded I must have also had some subconscious fears which interfered, which I discussed with Nucleus 8:

"By the way, was I right in thinking that I was about to levitate into a craft the other night?"

"The only thing that kept you from going was you."

"It didn't seem like a good time to go. I had this cold, I was tired, I had to go to work the next day, and I didn't think I would enjoy it all that much...."

"...I guess I was a little afraid. I never felt anything like that so strongly before. Something that unusual was bound to make me a little nervous."

“When you are levitating at the Station on your platform, you are so at ease that you surf around whistling and saying, Tilt a little to the right, tilt a little to the left, a little bit higher, a little bit lower. They tell me you even jump up from the platform and it has to move real fast to get back where it belongs, but somehow it manages to do it. The children want you to read to them and I don’t want to take up too much of your time. Adios.”

I was often told I had been involved in activities at the Station that I didn’t remember. In this instance I asked 8:

“Do you have any comment about our hopes to buy that ranch in Colorado that we like so much?”

“My only comment is that it is a very attractive place. However, I prefer my own outdoors. I arranged to have a ledge attached to the outside of my quarters. It is enclosed with a transparent material that allows me to sit there and to view the universe. The highlight of my outdoors is the chair you built for me.”

“I built you a chair?”

“Yes. I admired the chair you sit on in your yard and you built one like it at the Station. It has become quite famous. Many people come to my quarters to try it out. Your next project is to build a table to go with it.”

“It makes me feel good knowing I made something that gives you and others pleasure. I wish I could remember doing it.”

In another session Marjie had surprising news:

“I’m being shown the small ball of Light that entered me a few days back in order to learn about emotions. The Light was not for me, it was for you. Can you see anything?”

“Yes. The left side of my visual field is covered with a golden haze.”

“That’s it. Are you aware of any other sensations?”

“It feels as if a hand has been placed on top of my brain at the crown of my head, just to the right of the midline. It feels different from Mother’s touch and from Mi’s as well. I felt it several times earlier today.”

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“That is the Light. Let go of my hand.” I did.

“This Light is for you. You are to form a relationship with it. You are to give it a name.”

“I’ll call it Haze.”

“It is a gift from I AM. You should let Haze into your heart. It is very powerful, and can help you get what you need.”

“Is this one of those situations where you can only make one wish, or can it respond to more than one?”

“You should be very specific in your requests.”

“I want to know how to use it, and to be able to travel to other dimensions and to remember what I did there.”

Marjie emerged from the trance and soon had drifted off to sleep. I went downstairs, got comfortable in the recliner, closed my eyes, and greeted Haze.

I invited him into my heart and expressed my wishes to him. I hoped to have another vision of him as I sat in the dark, but none came. However, I felt his touch. I began to fall asleep, so I went upstairs and got into bed.

... While preparing for sleep, I tried to visualize Haze and was rewarded with the sharp but brief image of a golden face with numerous eyes. I had been aware of his touch several times during the day.

In the morning I asked Perithnea to tell me more about Haze. “I don’t know much about him, except that he is very powerful. I can’t see him right now,” she said.

“You mean he isn’t with me all the time?”

“No. He comes and goes.”

“Well, that explains why I’m not aware of him all the time. I’ve been trying to communicate with him.”

“He is supposed to do all the work. He is very powerful. You don’t have to worry about Haze. He’s supposed to help you. You were just asked to form a relationship with him.”

Light Mother revealed some of my Station activities:

Upon entering the trance, Marjie immediately saw Mother. “Her face is moving like an accordion. It comes very close to mine and gets very large, and then it moves away and gets very small. I don’t

know if I like this. Why is she doing that? Now she is pressing down on my chest. I wonder why she's doing that."

"Perhaps she wants you to go deeper." I counted down again.

"Now I see you and Mother together. You're on the ship. You're barefoot and wearing a blue robe without a belt. You're walking beside her and touching her. She's showing you to her office. You're thrilled with her see-through floor. You are looking at the doorways to other dimensions, and you have tears in your eyes." I felt those emotions.

"Mother says you should not allow yourself to be overwhelmed. There is more she wants to show you.

"She's escorting you down a corridor. You're still touching her. There are several other beings passing by and you stop to stare at them intently. They're not offended. They understand that you're just trying to get to know them and they consider it to be very natural. A dark one reached out to you with a protrusion like a finger and touched you on the shoulder. You touched him back in the same way.

"Mother has taken you to a room where Nuke is. There are many others there, all different kinds. You're giving him a hug and he's introducing you to the others and showing you the different forms of greeting that they use. Some do not shake hands, but make contact with other parts of the body. Now he's showing you a grown Teglinlin. There are tears in your eyes again. You are asking him if you can see Sarah's body, but the answer is no. Mother says it's time for me to come back."

"Thank you for this memory, Mother," I said. Referring to Marjie, I continued, "Thank you, I AM, for the presence in my life of this wonderful being."

Mother's whispery voice answered. "Do you know that I love you?"

"Oh yes. I know that you love me."

"You can feel my touch."

"Yes. It is very precious to me. Thank you for this memory."

"Do not discount it."

"I don't. I felt those feelings."

"Will you allow me to continue?"

"Of course. I can't imagine saying no to you."

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We gazed at each other and I felt her stroking my brain. Then she was gone.

I counted Marjie up from the trance, but Mother had put her so deep that even when I counted up to ten again, she was still under. She asked me to touch her, which provided the necessary stimulus for her to emerge.

She said, "It was like watching a video on a screen. I didn't see myself in it, only you and Mother. You were really impressed with the floor covering in the place where you met with Nucleus and the others. You were very comfortable with all those strange forms. You didn't seem at all embarrassed to study them intently."

Marjie was exhausted. Sarah appeared and I said, "Touch is too tired for us to look through the microscope tonight."

"That's alright. What did Mother do to you that made you cry?"

"She showed me being with her at the Station. It was an answer to prayer. Haze heard it and Mother answered it through Marjie. I felt the emotions I had there. I was greatly blessed and it made me cry."

Marjie wanted a snack so I went downstairs to get it. While washing my hands, I noticed a golden haze around my face when I looked in the mirror. I was delighted with Haze's manifestation. "Thank you for helping me," I said.

Nucleus 8 strongly encouraged me to use my third eye to travel to his dimension, emphasizing that what I thought was only my imagination was real, and that I should trust whatever came to mind when actively seeking experiences there:

I sat in the living room and this time took a more active role in the visualizations. I saw images of beautiful objects which were not of this Earth. Although they were ornamental, I felt that they also served a useful purpose which I did not understand. One had the shape of a pyramid, seen at first from the apex and then from the side as I traveled around its perimeter. I saw a bright glowing point and the shadow cast by its glow and questioned if I could travel through the shadow. I actively sought Nucleus, imaging myself ascending through the bottom of a craft to be surrounded by grays. I felt a great deal of affection and appreciation, which I communicated telepathically and with gestures. Among them I encountered a being

made of layers of leaf- like crystalline forms with jagged edges like silvery bark peeling away from the stem of a plant. It was alive and conscious and performed functions which I did not comprehend. With partial success I sought an image of the central Light which powers the Station and its equipment.

Although I had intended to recover memories through meditation, these images did not seem like something remembered, although it didn't occur to me that I might be observing a real time experience in another dimension. Everything I saw was beautiful, but none of my other senses were engaged except for Mother's touch at both temples. I thought she might be guiding me. I recalled later that Marjie had said that Mother could make her skin have different textures and realized that she might have been the being with crystalline "scales".

Another Meditation:

Upon closing my eyes I received vivid images which were accompanied by Mother's powerful touch to my brain and her loud singing. It seemed as if I were helping to create the beautiful organic objects which continuously morphed from one form into another. One of them resembled a huge chandelier of diamonds with shifting, swirling pendants. I viewed it from a constantly changing position and then felt enveloped within it. I sensed it was a small glimpse of Mother's interior, but also a vision of I AM's creations on a galactic scale.

On numerous occasions my loved ones looked at me but saw 8, or looked at 8 and saw me, as happened to Marjie in this session:

"...I can't figure out who is standing beside me, if it's you or if it's Nuke."

"Take a good close look and tell me what you see."

Looking distressed, she said, "I see your face on Nuke's body. I want to end this now!"

"One reason why you came here is to deal with how you feel when you see us like this. Does it disturb you if Nuke and I are one and the same?"

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“Yes. I don’t want to tell you how I feel.”

“You can tell me anything. I am not going to be hurt and I won’t be angry with you, no matter what you are feeling.” I suspected she was attracted to him.

“I’m ashamed.”

“There is nothing to be ashamed of. If you have feelings for Nuke, then you have feelings for me as well. If you love my entire spirit, then you will love all aspects of that spirit, which can assume many different forms. Why are your feelings so disturbing?”

“I have always found Nuke to be very attractive, and then I feel that I am betraying you. I feel unfaithful when I have these feelings for him.”

“Do you remember having seen yourself reflected in my eyes as an ET and having experienced yourself as an ET in his dimension?” She nodded.

“I have also seen you that way, and I find that one attractive. If I love your spirit, I have to love her too. Do you feel badly if I love her as well?”

“She is me.”

“So if I love her, I am loving you. Likewise, if we are different aspects of the same spirit, you can still love me while you also love Nuke.”

“I’m going to have to work on this some more.”

“You probably will, but I won’t be jealous or upset.” I counted her up.

She emerged, looking at me with wonder. “I noticed that your mouth forms a perfectly straight line, just like Nuke’s. When I looked at him it was really you, but it was really him. It was weird!”

Sarah had similar experiences:

Sarah looked at my face at reading time, and said, “Eight! Why do you look like 8?” I said nothing, waiting to see how long the impression would last. In about fifteen seconds, she asked, “How do you do that?”

“I wish I knew the answer. It seems to confirm my belief that 8 and I are expressions of the same Oversoul.”

I asked Alta Sha about the confusion of identities:

“Alta Sha loves you.”

“I love you. Are there other things we need to discuss? I got the impression from Perithnea that there might be some work to do.”

“I came to share love. There is no more important business than that.”

“I agree.”

We held hands and locked eyes affectionately. “She is soon going to feel the effects of the medication. She should be getting ready for bed.”

“Before you leave, I would like to ask one more thing. Why are others seeing Nucleus’s face so often when they look at me?”

“Why do you suppose this is happening?”

“I have thought for a while that we are different manifestations of the same Oversoul. Sarah sometimes sees me when she’s looking at him.”

“This is happening more frequently.”

“...It hasn’t occurred when I look in the mirror yet. It could be funny for his companions to look at him and see me, and hear me say, *I don’t know how to operate this machine.*”

“When you are there, you will feel only confidence.”

“It is as if we are blending, but we have distinct personalities.”

“You have been allowed to retain that.”

“It’s hard for me to imagine what the long range consequences of this blending could be.” He made no reply to this bait, and we said goodbye.

During a period when Marjie was very depressed because of her ex-husband’s absurd demands for child support, Alta Sha made a very surprising offer:

I was warming up supper when Marjie, fresh from the shower and wrapped in a towel, joined me. Alta Sha then said, “Friend, I will put her aside for now, so that you may be free.”

“You mean for this evening?”

Our Interdimensional Family

“No. You have bonded with her spiritually, haven’t you?”

“Yes.”

“And now she is breaking. This is not the Utopia of which you dreamed. I can set you free.”

“I haven’t even thought about being set free from her. I just want to know how to help her. Do you mean set me free forever?”

“Yes. I AM has instructed me to tell you that you can be free of this burden. You do not have to continue the bond.”

“My choice is to remain with her and to help her. As long as I have the necessary help and there’s any hope that she can get better, then I want to stay with her. We have bigger and better things to do. She can get better, can’t she?”

“Yes.”

“Why is I AM giving me this choice right now?”

“I do not ask why. I only make the offer I was asked to make. You must choose. You must tell I AM of your decision now.”

I closed my eyes and prayed. “I want the strength, the wisdom and the resources to be able to help Marjie. I believe that things will be better in the future. We have many things to do for Your love. When this problem is over, we will be able to concentrate more on doing Your work. I believe that even this suffering is serving some purpose which will turn to good.”

He said, “Alta Sha is grateful for your assistance in helping her.” He hugged me.” Alleluia,” he said.

“Alleluia.”

Marjie was ultra-sensitive to the slightest expression of anger:

I woke in a bad mood. Perhaps the frustration of Ben and Tony not answering our phone calls, Marjie’s continued anxiety, the legal problems facing us, and problems some colleagues were having with their corrupt employers, had added up.

Perithnea asked, “What’s bothering you, father?”

“I think it’s anger at ungrateful children and general frustration at being in this world. So many people seem to be self centered and inconsiderate. I just need to get busy and then I’ll feel better.”

“Why don’t you go outside and express all the anger you have with everyone who ever treated you badly? Adam and I will watch.

He needs to learn how to express his frustrations, too. You can work out all your anger while mother goes to pick up Bart and be in a better mood when she gets back.”

The stump of the blue spruce seemed an appropriate target for my anger, and I began chopping at it with my axe, trying with all my might to knock the stump out of the ground, but it was too well rooted. Looking for another suitable target, I chose a diseased walnut tree that also needed release from its suffering. I hacked away at it with the axe, focusing my anger on those who had hurt me in the past. I thought of the wanton decimation of my Indian brothers and sisters, the destruction of the environment by short-sighted, greedy humans, and of my frustration at being stuck on Earth, even though it was my choice to be here. My anger became tears of grief. When the tears started I collapsed in a chair and allowed them to flow freely. I remembered Alta Sha telling me that I was holding my pain close to myself as if it were a friend and that I should give it to I AM. Perithnea had said if I would cleanse myself of these bad feelings then good feelings would replace them. I tried to follow their wise advice.

Later on, I realized that Perithnea had been right. My mood was much better, and when Marjie and Bart arrived I was very friendly toward him. Marjie prepared pizza and I cleaned up the mess of wood chips and branches I had made in the yard.

Light Mother/Metatron took me inside her/him and revealed many wondrous things:

...Perithnea and Sarah greeted me cheerfully. I was unusually tired, so I lay down for a nap. Perithnea took off my shoes and massaged my feet, then went downstairs to prepare supper. I tried to sleep but felt a very strong pressure on the left side of my brain above my temple and a lesser pressure on the right side. I thought of Haze, then of Mother, and finally felt Mi sitting on my nose.

The pressure on the left side increased, signaling that something was being done to my brain. I felt a deep probing within my head, accompanied by a dull pain. Although the pain was a bit alarming, I remained very still, waiting to see what would happen next. “What are you doing to my brain, Mother?”

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Supper will be ready soon, so I hope you can finish before then.” The pressure intensified, becoming a bit uncomfortable. I felt mildly anxious about the extent of the activity and affirmed, “I and my companions are surrounded and protected by the Light of I AM.” I sang the Alleluia song as the unrelenting pressure continued.

This was definitely something major. Perithnea entered the bedroom saying, “Supper is ready.”

“Mother is doing something to me and hasn’t finished yet. Can you tell me what she’s doing?”

“She is touching you.”

“I’m a little afraid to just get up and start doing things. They may be in the middle of a procedure.”

“Why don’t you ask her if you can be dismissed?”

“Do I have permission to go, Mother?” The pressure remained stable. “Very well, I’ll just go with the flow.”

“What do you see, colors?”

“Not especially.” I opened my eyes and looked at the white ceiling, and saw the brilliant violet light of I AM with my third eye. “Now I’m beginning to see colors.” I closed my eyes to see what other images might form in my mind’s eye. Perithnea took a seat across the room.

Speaking through Marjie, Mother asked in a whispery voice, “What colors do you see?”

“All the colors of the rainbow. I seem to be looking at a flat surface that has these different colors in it.”

“They are panels.”

“I can’t see them distinctly.”

“Can you reach for one of them?”

“Mentally I can.”

“What do you see?”

“I see some details but it isn’t clear to me just what it is.”

“Continue looking.”

“Now I see red lines and green lines. They seem to be connected, almost like circuits.”

“Yes! Reach for one of them.”

“What I’m holding is some kind of metallic brass hoop.”

“Look closer.”

“I see little projections sticking out from the sides of it. They are gradually changing into what appear to be bubbles. This reminds me of the tubes with bubbles in them that Marjie has seen before.”

“Keep looking.”

“The tube changed from a brass color to a violet, crystalline substance that is composed of segments. The segments remind me of passages.”

“Can you enter it?”

“Yes.”

“Follow it.”

“I’m looking at a passage like a tunnel.

“It’s beginning to change back into that silvery, metallic substance I saw before. It curves upward and away and I seem to be on the outside of it. It reaches up beyond me to some other thing. I have the strange feeling that it is somehow connected to you.”

“Very good. Can you enter this tube?”

“It seems big enough. I’m going inside. Now I see red light everywhere. There are things floating in this light moving past me. Some of them are discoid, some other shapes. I don’t know what I’m seeing.”

“I like red very much.”

“It is almost like walking through blood. The round things remind me of blood cells.”

“It is not blood. Proceed up the tube.”

This must be one of her limbs, I thought. “I’m walking through the tube. Now I’m coming to a much larger area. It’s vaulted above me with rib-like structures. The Light here is a purplish-violet color. The complexity of the structure is amazing. Everywhere I look there are forms and intricate patterns connected to the rib-like structures high above my head.”

“Yes. Continue looking.”

“At the side of this vast area I see some organic-looking oval openings like windows. They have red borders and purplish panes.”

“Yes. Go into one of them.”

“I see the vastness of space. There are many stars. They are faint, very far away.”

“That is right.”

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“Now I see an object in the foreground. It looks like a black electrical device with ridges around it, shaped like a double cone.

“You took your vision from the stars.”

“Very well, I will look again. I see a galaxy.”

“Yes.”

Tiring, I said, “I’m about to run out of steam. I have stepped back from the window. I see what looks like a section of tunnels. There are three or four of them, arched over with golden ribs.”

“Do not enter the tunnels.”

“I’m going back to the red area. I am going back down through the passageway and now have emerged into the area I started from. Before me I see what looks like the head of a bird. It is a very dark purple, and has a pointed face like an eagle or a raven, but the wings look more like reptilian skin with bumps on it. The texture reminds me of a lizard.”

“Reach out and touch it.”

“It is transforming into something very much like a monitor lizard. It’s a big, human-sized lizard that is bright green on the dorsal surface and white on the underside.”

“Embrace this lizard. It has something for you.”

I noticed minute details of the lizard’s face and structure. I reached out to embrace him.

“He’s changing colors.”

“You are changing colors.”

“I feel a lot of energy and warmth from this lizard. My legs are getting warm. There is a lot of energy in my hands and arms.”

“Its gift to you is peace of mind. It has been saved for you.”

“Saved?”

“Yes. It has been saved for you.”

I thought, *She must mean I have previously had contact with this lizard and it has been important to me.* I felt wonderful as I accepted the energy of this lizard.

“Now I see shiny, multicolored shapes of metal or crystal. They are arranged like a fan that is slowly opening. I see beautiful colors behind the fan. I see a very bright, white crystalline shape in the midst of these petals, which are slowly unfolding in layer after layer of brilliant color, magentas, pinks, greens, reds, purples, violets, blues, and turquoise. They are absolutely beautiful.”

I received Mother's thought: *You are seeing your own Light*. The magnificent display continued for several minutes.

I thought, *No wonder Perithnea calls me Father Bright, if this is how she sees me*. "The display of colors is gradually passing away. I see the same dark purple, eagle-like head I saw before. The lizard's skin is appearing, but now it's assuming a form like spokes of a wheel without the outer rim, and reminds me of an octopus. At the center where the arms join, there are segmented, crystal windows with topaz colored light shining from within. I'm stepping through one.

"I'm looking upward at a structure similar to the inside of gothic cathedrals, where arches join at right angles to support the high roof. The curved columns of the arches are bronze colored; between them I see a brown background, with intricate, beige colored designs around the borders of the four arched segments.

"Now I see hundreds of arches and steeples arranged in ascending steps to make a gigantic pyramid. There are shell shaped structures on the pyramid which remind me of the famous opera house in Sydney, Australia. They look like sails or the arrangement of the cells within a nautilus shell. There are arches within arches and windows within windows, all reaching skyward. I'm surrounded by crystalline pyramids. The four-sided pyramid is actually one half of a diamond crystal. I am in a sea of huge diamonds. Thousands of these crystal pyramids are interlocked with one another; this structure must be immensely strong. The points of the pyramids overlap to form a very strong, very thin material which has amazing electrical properties.

"I see curved, laser-like rays in all the colors of the rainbow. They are forming into a spinning spiral, which is becoming a double cone shape similar to a spinning top, which reminds me of a craft. I see many other exquisite objects in detail, but I don't know what they are.

"There is the Egyptian dog god, Anubis, who measures the goodness and evil in the hearts of the dead on his scales of justice to determine what destiny they deserve. There are so many beautiful things here," I said.

"There is much more to see inside of me."

"I would like to come back and explore some more."

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“You will have this opportunity. I thank you for coming to me.”

“It was entirely my pleasure, Mother. We belong together.”

“Yes, we do.”

“Why did you not want me to go into the tunnels?”

“It is not time.”

The pressure on my brain eased. I walked over to Marjie, whose head rested on her chest. I hugged her, hoping that Mother would also feel the embrace. Suddenly alert, Marjie asked, “What happened?”

“I took a trip within Mother.”

“The last thing I remember was you and the bed rising up off the floor. First the head of the bed rose up, and gradually, the foot of the bed did, too. It was like you were floating on top of a wave. I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me, but I kept watching, and it kept happening. It was amazing.”

I said, “I was so intent on the visions I was having that I didn’t even feel it move. Mother gave me what I have been asking for. I went consciously into another dimension, and I remember doing it! What a trip! I never expected to journey inside of her.”

Light Mother soon revealed more about the lizard:

A couple of days later I felt Mother calling me very strongly with her touch. I lay back in the recliner and made myself receptive to any images that might come. I saw beautiful colors and more details of a building constructed with four arches that I had seen before. The outside of the building was structured like an inverted flower bud about to open. The stem of the flower would be at the top and the petals hung down toward the ground with upturned tips, very much like the roofs of Chinese pagodas. I wondered if Chinese architecture had its inspiration from an extraterrestrial source in long ages past. I entered it through a Chinese styled, intricately carved door. The vast building had doubled walls, and there were many balconies layered up toward the apex of the arches. The balconies had clear windows through which beings could be seen. I saw writing on a wall which simultaneously looked like Chinese characters and Egyptian hieroglyphics. Other symbols looked like UFOs. One of the forms had a face similar to Mother’s,

but shaped more like a Valentine heart. Was it the prototype for the heart shape that people use as a symbol of love? Valentine hearts don't look like real hearts, but they do look like the face on the wall, I thought.

The lizard was behind one of the windows on a high balcony. I levitated into his room. He wore an orange robe with white sleeves, reminding me of the crocodile god who wore an orange garment pictured in my book about Egypt. I enjoyed his immense energy and felt myself vibrating all over with a feeling of lightness and tranquility.

Nucleus encouraged me to seek more contact with Mother and also called me 8:

“Mother has been instructing me.”

“I am delighted.”

“She has shown me parts of herself.”

“Grasp as much as you can. There is more than you can ever see there. You realize now the great gift which you have so long denied.”

“Mother was very determined.” He smiled at that. “In the latter part of my vision I saw the Egyptian god, Anubis.”

“It is a pleasure to speak to you 8,” he said.

“And to you, 8.”

“Good night 8,” he said.

“You're making a point of calling me 8.”

His only reply was, “Signal to 8 disconnect,” and he was gone.

The implications of such comparisons were pretty awesome. *Did I truly belong in the company of heroes like 8 and an Egyptian god who judged the hearts of the dead?*

While taking another mental journey guided by Nucleus 8 as his Christmas gift to me, I learned I had consorted with actual dragons:

...I saw an object in orbit which looked remarkably like a nineteenth century German army helmet with a spike sticking out of the top. “That's a craft, isn't it?”

“Yes. Let's race it back to the Station.” We came alongside. “Watch the needle at the top of that craft when we start our race.”

Ready, set, go!” An extremely bright light illuminated the spike and as we sped onward, the entire craft changed colors, becoming an intense, deep blue and then blazing white.

“It’s changing colors.”

“The colors are determined by the speed of the craft.”

“Does yours change colors, too?”

“Yes.” I placed my consciousness outside the craft and saw lines of purplish blue along its sides, but they were not very bright, which I knew was due to a degree of cloaking. The beautiful purple light could only be seen along the edges. I went back inside.

“We’re pulling ahead,” Nuke said. We got to the Station first and I gently snuggled the craft to the docking port. “You can walk right into your quarters from here, can’t you.”

“Yes. Shall we enter?”

We stepped onto the docking platform. I was astonished that the outer doors of the airlock to his quarters looked like puckered lips ready to give us a kiss. “Nothing like having a kiss waiting when you return,” I said.

“I do like to feel that I’m being welcomed home.” I remembered that entries to quarters could be custom-made by the System to suit their inhabitants.

We entered. “That did feel like a kiss. What am I seeing? It looks like a big green lizard. He has a jutting jaw, and there’s a mask over his eyes and what I suppose is his nose. He’s wearing a blue eye shield with a red border. There are grooves on the side of his face that look like gills.”

Astonished, Nuke said, “You remember him!”

“That’s what I’m seeing. Why do you ask?”

“Keep watching. Tell me more of your impressions.”

“Behind the mask, he is a ferocious looking dude. His face is shaped like he’s snarling.”

“He is not the sort of fellow you would want to meet in a dark alley, eh?”

“No. This guy is definitely tough. I can’t decide if he’s my friend or my enemy.”

“At least he hasn’t eaten you yet.”

“He only looks mean. He’s actually quite a character.”

“Who is he?”

“I think he was my buddy, my copilot. We flew a lot of missions together.”

“Very good! Tell me more of what you remember.”

“I see us on a mission together. He is on my left, and we are in a craft. We seem to be headed for a sun, as if we are out of control and are flying directly into it. I am looking at him and thinking, *We are about to die*. He looks exactly like a typical Chinese dragon, only he is a genuine dragon. His name is Draco, just like the constellation of stars that is called the dragon. I love him and am glad that at least we will die together. We’re flying into this immense light. Everything is blinding white. It seems as if the sun has become a cloud.

“A great, huge craft is rising up out of this dazzling cloud of white light.

“It is an indescribably beautiful, ornate craft made of polished, alloyed gold, and it’s shaped like a Chinese temple bell. It’s made in several tiers so it resembles flower blossoms, sort of like morning glories nestled one on top of another. The more I look at it, the more it reminds me of Chinese architecture, with the edges of the tiers curling up, like you see on Chinese temples. Every square inch of this vessel is embossed with detailed artistic images. Each image is unique. They consist of all kinds of animals and plants and landscapes and people and crafted objects. Everywhere you look there is a compelling detail that one wants to examine more closely.”

My muscles quivered and jerked, enervated by the powerful spiritual energy flowing from this gorgeous vessel. “The energy field around it is so strong that my whole body is vibrating.

“Around its peak I see petal-shaped devices which look like an inverted flower, but they’re not actually solid. They are big antennas with vertical bars in them like the teeth of a comb, but the effect is so delicate, they remind me of faery wings. By themselves they are a feast for the eyes. Everything about this craft is exquisite. It looks like a flying palace!”

“Yes, indeed, and whose palace do you suppose it is?”

“It’s mine!”

“Why don’t you go inside?”

I don’t know just how, as if in a dream, we went from being about to crash into a star to this new scene, and didn’t really care. I

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ascended to the remembered entrance at the top of the craft and we went inside. I was immediately surrounded by a luscious, passionate, life-giving red Light, like the vivid color of richly oxygenated blood, the grandmother of all reds. I could almost taste this comforting Light, which permeated my entire being. I realized that my vessel's golden exterior and vivid red interior was a favorite color combination in many Chinese artifacts.

I followed my impulse to descend through the center shaft of the craft, which went all the way to the bottom and contained the energy core. The energy was stronger as I descended, and it felt like I was going deeper into a flower. Each level extended from the core like petals, and where the petals joined the edge of the central shaft, there was a band of gold. When we reached the power source, the Light changed from red to intense white. I bathed in this spiritual Light, having no fear of it whatsoever. My body was practically jumping off the bed from all the energy I received, and it felt wonderful.

I had a deeply personal contact with my vessel, which was alive and responded to my thoughts and emotions as much as I did to the ones belonging to it, like being inside another person. It had separate thoughts, feelings, and intentions, but they were wedded to mine more closely than most men are wedded to their wives, like a hand in a perfectly fitting glove.

The vessel knew me inside and out and could anticipate my wishes even before I put them into words. It was a willing partner, but I knew that if I attempted to use it for some evil or selfish purpose, it would resist, for it was as devoted to doing good as I was. Within it, I felt a sense of completion and joy and I understood that I would not like to be away from it for long periods of time. It drew me like a magnet.

Nuke was sensitive to what I was experiencing, although I did not put all of it into words. He said, "Pat, I think we had better go back now. Too much of this isn't good for you."

"Alright." I still felt the pull of my ship and didn't want to leave, but I knew it was best.

"Are you ready to come back to the room now? Don't forget to put on your protection." I opened my eyes to the sight of the bedroom. My body was still vibrating. He said, "I was getting a little concerned about you."

“It felt wonderful, Nuke. It wasn’t really hurting me.”

“No, but if you do too much of that, it could cause your heart to stop.”

“That was truly amazing.”

“Now that you have unlocked the key, you will begin to remember more and more about it, and the one who was with you. I’ll say good bye to you for now.”

“Thank you, Nuke.”

“No need to thank me. It’s an honor to travel with you this way, and I have greatly enjoyed it. It has been a privilege.”

“I also feel privileged to be with you.”

In this humorous excerpt, Nucleus 8 and I entered my personal craft again:

We went back to the ship and were met at the apex opening by Orta, another large dragon. Nuke said, “I must admit that being around the two of you is making me uncomfortable. All those teeth make me very nervous. I think you might devour me.”

“He does look mighty ferocious.”

“Look at yourself!”

I did, and realized for the first time that I was also reptilian. My skin was light green on the dorsal surface and white on the underside of my entire body. My head was wedge shaped, somewhat like a lizard, and had protrusions on the sides like vestigial gills. My large teeth were perfect for tearing flesh and my forked tongue flicked like that of a snake sensing its environment.

“You’re perfectly safe. I’m your friend. Hybrids like you aren’t a part of my diet, anyway.”

“I’m sorry, but that doesn’t reassure me very much. You both look hungry to me. I want to go home.”

As 8 had predicted, I began to remember more about my reptilian self and my companions. I understood that although he looked quite ferocious, Draco was actually a peace-loving, very benevolent individual:

I examined my own body more closely and saw that I was covered with green scales, but I was not a dragon. My head roughly

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resembled that of an alligator, but was much smoother and I had a large mouth full of carnivorous teeth. I had a hood at my neck which could be raised when I was alarmed like that of some lizards on Earth. My very strong body was proportioned like a heavily muscled human, but without the long tail of many reptiles. My hands had only three fingers with claws at the end and my feet were similar.

I had always thought that dragons were purely mythical creatures. The dinosaurs who scientists say ruled Earth for about 195 million years, had far more time than humans have had to evolve into highly intelligent, technologically skilled beings capable of interdimensional travel. Their evolution was also aided by the ancient Alliance, which has for eons been intimately involved in the genetic engineering of intelligent life on Earth.

In another session when I was speaking to Marjie's Higher Self, I was reminded of my reptilian counterpart's name:

...Marjie was quickly entranced and said, "I'm in a tunnel whose walls are made of strands of bluish-white light. There are thousands of them. I am traveling down the tunnel, which twists and turns its way through time and space. I see little bright spots on the walls, and they form into clusters of individuals. Some of them look very strange and totally unfamiliar, but I know that they are connected to me and somehow are a part of me. I see a cluster that includes Star One, Victoria, and me. I realize that we are all connected."

Her Higher Self then said, "You will not be disloyal to Marjorie or Star One by also loving Victoria. Far from harming Marjorie, this will make her complete. What name does Star One call you?"

"Ragor comes to mind."

"That is correct. Star One calls you Ragor..."

Perithnea took Marjie to the Plane of Books, where she was shown an image of Ragor. Marjie said:

"This is a book about mud. There is mud on the first page. On the next page it says Seeking. The next page says What. The third one says You, the next says Really, and the next says, Are. The next page has a portrait of Star One. There are panels and lights in the

background. I'm in a control room of some kind. Now you have materialized beside me in the portrait. You are the ugliest thing I've ever seen! You're a reptile!"

"How do you look?"

"I'm ugly too. I'm part gray and part something else. On the next page is a picture of a long staff penetrating a thin disc. At one end of the staff is an arrow head that looks a lot like a Hershey's Kiss. It's dark, purplish red, with a lot of navy blue in it.

... "You were really ugly! You looked like a big Iguana, but you had some kind of flaps around the edges of your face. Your skin was a beautiful, emerald green. I was extremely white."

"I visualized a creature like that one night when I was watching a craft pass by and attempted to see inside it with my third eye. The pilot had a flaring shield around the back of his head, but it wasn't rigid. It could be raised or lowered, like the ones on some earth lizards. Nuke told me that although the pilot looked ferocious, his species is actually very peaceful, and that I should be familiar with it. He must have been amused that I had seen my own image without knowing it."

I visited Ragor's home planet by using my third eye:

...Many of the plants had reddish stems or trunks with variously shaded blue-green leaves of a brighter shade than the rocks and soil, which also had a blue-green cast. It truly was a turquoise planet, which partly explained why I always liked that color.

My rather large family included several adults and a number of children. We all cuddled together, seeking as much physical contact with one another as we could while swarming over each other with enthusiasm and affection, like a litter of puppies. We felt an incredible amount of love for each other, the total opposite of the usual perception of reptiles as heartless, cold, and vicious. With gusto, adults and children alike played a game similar to soccer which involved kicking a ball around.

I eventually learned that Ragor belongs to the Alliance's security forces and explores the universes for civilizations that might be persuaded to join it. Nucleus 8 often referred to me as Captain and/or Counselor.

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Ragor is devoted to the principles of the Alliance, which are to live in peace and harmony with other species, to protect life wherever it is found, to create hybrid species suitable to particular environments, and to create alternative, viable environments for species whose planets are dying or in danger of being destroyed by natural disasters. I had been familiar with Ragor for quite some time before I was privileged to have a sublime encounter with another Archangel.

Marjie, Nuke and I had befriended Nelda, a gifted psychic, who often channeled Archangel Michael. I had expressed my desire to also have a close relationship with him, and within 24 hours this happened while I was meditating:

I had a sudden, overwhelming feeling of being loved and understood that Michael was for me as well as for Nelda. It was as if Michael and I had melded and my spirit had immensely expanded. I understood that we both wanted to set right things that were out of kilter, to correct wrongs, to repair things that were broken, to weed out corruption, and so on. So did Nuke. We were all cut from the same cloth, individual expressions of the same angelic Oversoul who fought for justice and truth. It was a glorious reunion and my tears flowed freely for many minutes as I understood my life better than ever before.

It dawned on me that the spiritually gifted women in my life were expressions of the feminine aspect of Michael, who, like Metatron, was not exclusively male. Both the feminine and masculine aspects were necessary for balance. ...Michael, the expression of Divine Justice, had been given permission to correct ancient wrongs and to re-establish the balance decreed by I AM.

...Nelda's eyes filled when I told her what happened and she said, "Michael is saying he introduced himself to you."

"It was like reuniting with a dear family member you haven't seen for many years. I am very grateful for the introduction."

"Yes, he is like family. Excuse me for crying."

"I did a lot of crying myself when I felt him. He is overwhelming."

Alta Sha often made startling statements about me which were hard to accept because of my Baptist upbringing, and occasionally he led me in

meditations. In this instance we were talking about Donna, who was the first of three to channel Rapsar:

“Donna needs more assistance and encouragement in the trance to step aside so that Rapsar can more easily come through. You were aware that Rapsar was struggling. This was due to her continued resistance.”

“I was not certain about her frame of mind at the time and was reluctant to give too much structure, because she seemed to be enjoying her Higher Self so much. I felt some humility due to the magnificent description Nuke gave me of her soul and I did not wish to intrude. I felt like the youth approaching the elder and waiting for the elder to speak first.”

“You are a son of God. You need not feel inferior to anyone. Your Higher Self is just as glorious as your guest's. Your thought that you could not approach her Higher Self was simply incorrect. I am not the son of God. My relationship to the Father is different than your own. Perhaps you intimidate me.” I was incredulous. “Even though you are a son of God I approach you because I do not allow anything to deter me from doing my Father's work.”

I replied, “Your assurance in whatever you do is very impressive. It makes people listen to what you say. It's like talking with a strong force which is difficult to doubt.”

“I know that you still have difficulty accepting yourself as a son of God. You should remember that you have led one of the ETs to find I AM. You have been selected by a great one (Regenc 4). You are not attempting to find ways to be bound to this planet. You are ready to travel to other worlds. The reason you and Rod cannot communicate telepathically is that your pitch is higher than his. It is very high, indeed.”

“I will be more active and will provide more reassurance and structure in my work with Donna and Rapsar.”

“... For now, you should attempt to communicate with the silent parts of your mind.”

“I will be delighted to try this.”

“Whatever you perceive or receive is exactly what you should perceive or receive. You will not fail. There is no possibility of failure. You should simply accept whatever comes. Please recline.”

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I lay down on the sofa and he took my hand. As I mentally explored within, I saw the beautiful, deep, constantly changing, violet color that I associate with I AM. At times I saw forms but they shifted so quickly I wasn't certain of what I had seen. I enjoyed the play of Light but expected to see more definite forms or to receive a thought but nothing specific emerged as we continued for ten or fifteen minutes in this manner. Doubts of my ability to perceive what was intended increased. I was aware of a very strong, non physical touch on my forehead not unlike that of Mother, but in a place where I had not felt it before.

Alta Sha released my hand so slowly and softly that it was hard to perceive the instant he finally let go. I opened my eyes. He asked, "What did you see?"

"Pretty colors."

"Pretty colors?" he disdainfully repeated.

"Beautiful colors," I emphasized.

"You received exactly what I sent to you."

"I was expecting some kind of form to emerge."

"What led you to expect this?"

"Because of what Rod received from you."

"That is what Rod expected to receive. It is what he needed, so it is what I gave him. You do not need these things. You need have no worry about your ability to communicate telepathically. You know Marjie's thoughts. You are aware of Perithnea, Adam, Mi. You know when Mother is near."

"It doesn't really matter whether I can communicate telepathically like Rod does. Things are working out just fine."

"We have a team that does its work very well. Why would you want to receive something as Rod did, which would tend to bind you to this planet? He is concerned with survival here after the changes take place."

"You are right. I do not need anything which will hold me here. I only need to do my Father's work, which I can do wherever he sends me."

"Alleluia."

"Alleluia." He withdrew.

I had experiences congruent with Alta Sha's shocking description of me:

After supper we listened to beautiful music we had purchased at a Canadian gift shop. Spiritual chills went up and down my spine and with my eyes closed, I saw the Light of I AM brilliantly shining. Tears welled as I listened to the instrumental hymn *Emmanuel*. I felt terribly homesick and received the image of a very bright star that I knew was home. I longed intensely for reunion with that star. It seemed odd that finding the stones had not thrilled me, but I exulted in the unexpected blessing of the music. I had a strange but powerful feeling that the song was about an aspect of my innermost self.

One of the blessed entities Marjie channeled was Victoria, the spirit of a nine year old child who had been hanged along with her mother, a gifted healer, in colonial Williamsburg. She remained with us for several years, developing into a young woman, and was always a very loving, pleasant companion who supported my changing self-concept:

Joseph asked me to read from a fantasy novel that Marjie had already started. After a while, Victoria said, "I am drowsy, America papa' but there is a light shining in my eyes. Will you put your hand over them?" When I did, she said, "Oooh, I am seeing the most beautiful blue Light! Please leave your hand where it is so that I can watch it."

I switched from my right hand to my left and back as first one and then the other grew tired. Victoria said, "When you put your left hand over my eyes, I see a beautiful green Light. I like the blue better."

"I'm very happy that you see the blue Light. It is what I see when I close my eyes and concentrate on I AM."

After ten minutes she said, "It's beginning to fade." My shoulder was tiring and I was glad she had seen enough. She snuggled closer against me and put her head on my shoulder. "Thank you, papa'. I have missed you for so long. I have longed for you deep within my heart. Can you feel me?"

"Your father feels you."

I wondered if she had seen the spirit of her father in the Light and was speaking to him instead of me, but I didn't want to question her at such a sensitive emotional moment.

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It was fine with me if she wanted to think of me as her father, anyway.

I tried to express the love he would feel for her and thought, Perhaps I was her father in another lifetime. That would account for another of the family connections that Alta Sha said I would encounter in the east. After a few moments I began to feel a very strong, tingling touch on the right side of my face.

Victoria said, "There are nineteen faces here. They are all looking at you. They are all loving you. Can you feel us?"

"Yes, I feel them." The tingling pressure strengthened until it became a dull ache, and I sensed that Mother was also involved. Then their touch felt cold, a completely new sensation, and someone was tickling my eyelashes. "I feel it," I said again, and continued stroking Marjie's hair as Victoria settled even more peacefully into my embrace. We continued this way for several minutes until she turned to lay on her other side. I turned toward her and encircled her waist with my arm, thinking of all my children and any others who were present through Marjie and felt immensely content.

...Victoria said, "Good morning, papa'."

"Good morning Victoria. Did you call me your papa' last night because you think I am your papa'?"

"You can be my papa' if I want you to be, and if you are willing."

"Of course I'm willing. I would love to be your papa'."

"I want to see that very beautiful blue Light again. It was very iridescent and brilliant."

"You were seeing what I see when I have my mind on I AM, It's the Light of God. I'm sure you can see it too when you think of Him."

The honors that the Alliance bestowed on me went beyond my wildest dreams:

I was showing Nucleus many pictures I had taken of mountains over the years. "Do you like my pictures?"

"Yes."

"I have a lot of mountain pictures. When I look at them for very long, I can't help feeling sad and wishing I was there."

“I know of a mountain that is seventeen thousand feet high and always has snow at its top.”

“I would like to see it.”

“It is on the New Planet, and its name is Mount Haire.”

I was overwhelmed. My tears left me speechless.

“Share that feeling with me.”

“I had no idea my feelings about mountains were so strong.”

“You have such exquisitely deep feelings. We need more in the universe like you.”

“Chief Joseph loved his mountains. It’s the Indian in me that makes me feel this way.”

“I think you are right.”

“I can’t imagine a more wonderful gift.” I realized that of all the things on Earth that I could possess, a mountain to call my own would be the ultimate.

“Others told me that I should not tell you about it, that I should wait until you could see it for yourself, but I always thought I would be telling you beforehand when the time was right and you needed to hear it. The time seems to be right.”

“I don’t know what to say. I know that I will love it when I see it.”

Marjie joined me and I gave her the news, which also thrilled her. “That’s awesome. A mountain named after you. What an honor!”

“It isn’t having one named after me that matters, it’s simply having one. It’s ours!”

“It’s yours.”

“You’re my wife. What’s mine is yours. It’s for both of us. I can’t wait to see it.”

I was soon told more about Mount Haire:

Nucleus joined me by the bay and said, “The mountain which bears your name on the New Planet also bears your likeness. It has been carved there as a lasting reminder of a history which will not be forgotten.” I was stunned.

“I know that you would not seek such notoriety, but it was not my decision alone to do this. It was the will of all those involved.”

Our Interdimensional Family

“That’s quite a surprise. Adam said he was excavating a home for me on the mountain.”

“That, too. A cavern is being prepared for you with beautiful crystals inside to provide light. Heat will generated from within the mountain. You will have a view of the valley below and all the wildlife that lives there.” Tears flowed. I felt as if I were Chief Joseph being allowed to return to his beloved mountains. Joy and grief were intermingled: grief for the time spent away from them and the losses along the way, and joy for the completion of the circle, which I hoped would occur very soon.

...Nuke said, “We are thrilled when a member of the human race begins to realize that there is more than meets the eye. We do everything we can to enhance that knowledge and the growth that comes with it. This is our goal for you and Isabel. All we are really doing is awakening you to a truth that you already know subconsciously.”

“I understand that I wouldn’t have agreed to this mission on Earth unless I was willing to put up with the frustrations. By the way, when our mission here is finished, will Marjie’s likeness be carved on the mountain, too?”

“Her monument is not in stone. It is a new star, shining down on the face of Mount Haire. Chief Joseph is the caretaker of this new mountain, at his own request.”

Nuke had more to say about my new home :

Marjie and I were admiring the scenic drive home. At a hilltop I said, “This would be a nice place for a home, overlooking the countryside and the trees.”

Nuke answered, “I know of a home on a mountain overlooking twenty five thousand acres of meadows and trees without another house in sight. It is designed to blend into the mountainside. You wouldn’t be able to find it unless you knew exactly where it was. You have to go around a large bush to enter, and then all you see is a big slab of rock up against the mountain. The rock slides open to allow entry. The home is carved into the mountain and is designed not to interfere with the ecology. Lighting is provided by natural crystals. Heat is provided by geothermal sources and cooling from a

subterranean lake. Humidity is controlled so there is no mold or mildew. It was made for you.”

“Wow, it sounds like my dream home for sure! You must have read my mind. I don’t know how to thank you guys enough.”

“There’s no need for thanks. You earned it long ago.”

I often felt frustrated at not being able to remember all of my activities at the Station, especially those with my children. On one occasion when I expressed my wish to remember more, Nucleus led me on a mental journey to the Station’s nursery:

We entered a very large area where I saw the bodies of many different species lying in clear, horizontal containers. Nuke said, “Joseph’s body is here.” I knew exactly where it was and we proceeded to it. To the gray standing beside Joseph’s life support pod Nuke said, “It’s alright for him to be here. He has clearance.”

Joseph was levitating in his container. His clean and healthy looking body had a white velvety substance covering all but the underside of his extremities and small lips, where pink flesh showed, similar to most furred Earth mammals. “Allow access,” Nuke said. The attendant pushed a button on the pod and the cover opened. “You may take him in your arms, Pat.”

I lifted his young body to my heart and my eyes flooded with tears of gratitude for this dear, sweet Teglinlin child. I sobbed and sobbed as I held him in my arms, surprised by the strength of my emotion. Until that moment, I had no idea how much I missed holding my children’s physical forms. To gain this insight was a wonderful gift.

I said, “There are thousands of babies that I could hold.”

“Yes.”

“And many are mine!”

“Yes.”

“I suppose that’s why I love holding babies so much. I can’t get enough of holding them.” I held Joseph for quite a few minutes.

Nuke said, “We will have to put him back now.”

“Very well.” I surrendered him to the pod, but my tears continued.

Concerned, Nuke asked, “Would you like to lie down over here on a table? Mother is here. Just lean back into her.”

Our Interdimensional Family

I did so, and realized that the overall shape of Mother's body was similar to that of a praying mantis. She was very smooth and streamlined, but she did not have the claws of a mantis and had two heads. I was grateful for her embrace.

"We would like to examine you," Nuke said.

"There's nothing wrong with me.

"I'm just releasing emotion that has been bottled up for too long. Being here is making me think about all the babies on Earth who are cold and starving, or killed and maimed by war, for no good reason at all, and it makes me sad. In other lifetimes, some of those who died were mine.

"I feel as if all the children of all my lifetimes who died from lack or from violence are calling to me, and I feel the overwhelming sadness of their loss. I dearly loved them all. Holding Joseph reminded me of all those that I can no longer hold. This is how Chief Joseph felt when the children of his tribe were dying of exposure and starvation."

"Yes, but we are changing that. The day is going to come when none of them will have to be cold and hungry. They will all be provided for as you see Joseph is, healthy and well cared for." Looking forward to that bright future, I felt better.

"There is another I want to present to you. He is just a toddler and may be a little shy at first. His attendant will bring him in." A small human/gray hybrid entered through a doorway on our left with two grown grays.

Nuke said, "Let the child approach." I radiated love toward him as he came and sat on my knee. He looked like a little Indian with his brown complexion and dark brown hair. I showered him with affection. "How beautiful you are," I said, looking into his solid black eyes, which were full of wonder and acceptance. "I am so proud to be your father."

Nuke said, "This is your child, yours and Star One's. He is very intelligent and near the top of his class."

To the child I said, "The love that we feel for each other is the most important thing to learn about, how to give and receive it. If you learn that and nothing else, it is enough." The attendants beckoned, I said goodbye, and he left.

"Are you alright?" Nuke asked.

“Yes. I am very well. Thank you so much. I needed that. I can’t express how much it means to me.”

“Merry Christmas, Pat. Thanks to people like you, we are getting the message out across the universe to save the children. There must not be war. There must not be starvation. There must be protection for these little ones.

“If you are prepared now, we will go back to the entrance and return to Earth.”

“I’m ready.” In a couple of seconds, I was aware of being back in my bed.

“Are you prepared to leave now?”

“I’m already back, Nuke.”

“Amazing! You are quite adept at this traveling. You caught on immediately.”

“I guess I already knew how but I didn’t remember doing it.”

For a while we discussed ways to protect the children of Earth from the greed and violence of adults. When he left, I told Marjie about my experience. She said, “You got to hold one of our children. I didn’t get to do that.”

“You saw two of them who are grown.”

“Yes, but not the little ones.”

“Maybe you’re not ready for it. You would pine for them if you held them and then had to leave them. You would probably never come back.”

“I think you’re right.” She was very happy for me, as were the channeling children.

Joseph was full of affection and we embraced again. He showed me how he had shaken up and down when I was sobbing at the Station. “I hope I didn’t make you feel bad when I was crying.”

“I didn’t. I knew you did it with love.”

“It meant so much to hold you.”

“You can do it again tomorrow.”

Nuke escorted me to a meeting of the Board of Twelve and asked me to describe what I encountered along the way:

...The Station was an ovoid disc with domes protruding from the top and bottom. The many pinpoints of light on its surface made it

look like a huge Christmas tree ornament. While some areas of the surface shone like polished chrome, other areas were gray or black, and I remembered that the entire station could be blacked out to mimic the space around it, or it could be as bright as a star. In seconds we were at the entrance we had used before. "I'm looking at the triangle."

"You are certainly getting proficient at this, like a duck to water."

We entered and I asked, "Is there a gray standing in the corridor before us?"

"Yes. Can you describe it?"

"She appears to be feminine, very attractive, quite slender, and is busy doing something."

"Yes. We need to be on our way." He escorted me to his quarters on our platforms.

When we were close to them I said, "I have the same sensation of energy in my brain that I felt when the military craft went by."

"We just passed by an energy core. The mechanical unit, the botanical unit, the medical unit, the residential unit, and the engineering unit each have their own core, but tonight there is even more energy than normal for a special reason, which you will realize later." We entered his quarters.

"We will be attending a formal dinner and we need to dress for it. The System will supply you with appropriate clothing. Do you like what it has provided?"

"It's a blue robe with a silver band down the front and around the neck."

"Indeed. It is very attractive, and your favorite color."

"And what are you wearing?"

"I am wearing black. It makes an impressive contrast with my skin and hair, don't you think?"

"For some reason it's hard for me to visualize it. Does your System have black borders around its screens?"

"Yes." The System made a sexually suggestive remark to him which I did not clearly hear. He said, "Don't be impertinent," but he obviously enjoyed the flattery.

We finished dressing and he said, "Why don't we go by the nursery again to visit Joseph?" I mentally transported myself there immediately, but Nuke said, "Don't go so quickly, you're leaving me

behind. Come back and step on the platform so we can travel together.”

... I didn't cry this time as I held, stroked, and nuzzled Joseph. After a few moments, I placed him back in his container.

“I have a surprise for you, if you will look over to your left.” A group of seven or eight toddlers whom I knew were my children came in.

Some of them had brown eyes with small areas of white around their very large irises, while others had entirely black eyes. They huddled around me and I immensely enjoyed a group hug. “You don't mind them touching, do you?”

“Of course not. Touching is essential!”

“They have something to say to you before they leave.”

I received the image of a beautiful, light pink color, which expressed their love for me. It was the same color as Marjie's aura, which others found so attractive. It was time for them to return to their classes. I expressed my love to them and my appreciation to their caretaker grays, who were definitely teaching them how to express love. I felt at ease, knowing they were in excellent hands.

Eight escorted me to a sizeable meeting room where I clearly perceived a large table and beyond it, seating spaces for an audience. There were many individuals seated at the table, but I could not see them clearly. I sensed that they were highly placed members of 8's society.

“Can you see those present?” Nuke asked.

“I see vague outlines, but what I mainly see is the beautiful violet-purple color that I associate with Breath.” I maneuvered to get behind them, and saw

that they all wore pointed hoods of the same dull brown color, like monks. “Are they wearing hoods?”

“They are cloaking themselves and that is part of it. Will you reduce the cloaking slightly so that he can perceive you?”

“They are still vague to me.”

“Can you see Tanner?” he asked.

Tanner/Mishaka approached. “Is he in war paint?”

“Yes. He wants to be an Indian. That's how he perceives himself, therefore that's how he is.” I embraced Tanner and was overwhelmed by my love for him. I loved him as much as I had ever loved anyone.

Our Interdimensional Family

I couldn't help crying with relief and gratitude at our physical reunion.

"Just take your time. That's fine, there, there," Nuke said. We held our embrace for a long time. Tesar and Iriam approached. She was a smaller, petite version of Tesar, whose shape reminded me of a large garbage can with arms and legs and a domed top. I greeted them tenderly.

At the table I saw a being with a rounded, snake-like head, and small, beady eyes. The top of its head was a beautiful dark blue and underneath it was very white. Nuke said, "That is a Derinlalyne, which comes from another galaxy. Can you find your seat?"

"I see an egg shaped, silver colored chair which has a hood over the top of it."

"You don't want that one."

I went to the other end of the table. Off to the side was a portable folding chair.

"Now do you see your seat?"

"It looks like a camp chair." I sat down.

"You're sitting on the edge of your seat. It looks uncomfortable."

When I leaned back it became a lounge chair which perfectly conformed to the shape of my body. "I don't belong here."

"You most certainly do. This affair is being given in your honor." He introduced me to the Board as a very special individual from Earth, the Counselor to three Board members, and said they were honored by my presence. "Now Pat, if you will, acknowledge the Board and the honor they have bestowed upon you. A simple thank you will do."

I stood, bowed deeply, and telepathically said, I am at your service and feel deeply honored and grateful to be in such impressive company.

"And now, we have another guest, The Old Wise One." The majestic guest slowly walked around the table and stood at my right side. His features rapidly changed into many different faces and multitudes of organic forms, structures and geometric shapes. Some of the forms I had seen in meditation. At times He was only the Light of shifting colors. He was All There Is, and It was all beautiful! I knew that He was the origin of all concepts, thoughts, emotions, forms, life, matter, and energy, and it was all good. It could only be

made into something ugly by the motivation of those who used it. When put to an evil purpose, the distortion of Its beauty was tragic.

To Him I said, "I never want to leave You. I want to stay with You." He projected to my mind, I am with you no matter where you are, in every time and place and situation. I am not only in your heart. You have not left me. You cannot leave me, but you can be more aware of my presence. I felt His approval and His love for me, just as I was.

Nucleus remarked, "You are glowing. Take your time." My tears flowed like never ending rain. "We can leave whenever you want," Nuke said.

"I didn't mean to hold up your dinner," I sobbed.

"Each of us has had a personal experience with Breath, and we are all quite satisfied."

The images slowed as I opened my eyes, but I knew that if I closed them, the scenes would continue. They would be there whenever I wanted to view them. "I'm ready to come back."

"We're getting ready to make the transfer." I saw a deep blue color and levitating in the middle of it, two dark gray contact points touched, causing a brilliant flash of light. Simultaneously, I felt a needle-like pain in my heart and was suddenly back in the bed.

"I'm back."

"Very good."

"What were those points that I saw, and what caused that pain in my heart?"

"You saw the jump from my dimension to your own. It wasn't intended to be painful."

"I wasn't harmed, I just aware of this brief pain like a needle stick."

"It was an incredible experience for all of us."

Breath had also shown me the strength of my depression, which He had represented as expanding black lines. I had allowed myself to fall into those black lines during the experience, knowing that Breath wanted me to learn from that, and found myself in a substance exactly like seething, molten lava, which represented a consuming anger that would destroy me if I allowed it to grow. I continued through it until I began to emerge into golden Light which became brilliant white, and I was back with Breath again.

Our Interdimensional Family

After his bond with Candace was severed, Nucleus 8 searched for a new love. He insisted on introducing me to La, a human-looking, reptilian woman from his dimension to whom he was very attracted. With uncustomary reluctance, I mentally traveled with him to the Station. When we met, La and I instantly recognized each other because we knew we had been bonded in many lifetimes. Before we had a chance to say anything, 8 perceived the strength of our attachment and excused himself.

I felt very badly about displacing him and went to his quarters to tell him I would bow out. I had to call his name several times before he irritably answered my summons, but he said he would not allow me to do that and that everything between us was alright.

La was the ultimate goddess of romantic love, identified by ancient humans as Ishtar, Aphrodite, Venus, and other names, and I was her Adonis. It sounds ridiculously grandiose, but that is truly how we thought of each other. Marjie was aware of what La meant to me, and her love was so generous that she allowed her to continue channeling. It was rapidly clear to me, Marjie, Star One, and Victoria that La was so powerful she would soon swallow the rest of them up if she continued to channel. Because people had been looking at me but seeing 8 and *vice-versa*,

Marjie and I had discussed how spirits could blend, and we speculated if this might happen among La, Victoria, Star One, and Marjie when she said:

“I don’t know. This is so confusing.”

“It is confusing. If all of you are blending, then what need is there for these different bodies? It’s very strange. It’s hard for me to know just who it is that I am relating to sometimes. I love all of you. I want to give Star One her baby. I want to give La the love I feel for her, and I want to give you the love I feel for you. You are the one I am bonded to here, but you are changing and becoming more like her.”

“That’s what I want.”

I had to revise my thinking to adjust to all these changes, and perhaps my value system had to change as well. I, the one woman man, was suddenly feeling like a philanderer. My upbringing told me that loving all of them at once and at will was morally unacceptable, but Breath had placed these steps before me, and who was I to deny them?

I finally asked La to return to her dimension and to carry on with her normal activities without me. We understood that we would always love each other, no matter what our current life circumstances might be. When I told Marjie what I had done, she wanted to know why:

“I did it for me. I don’t want to lose you. I love you as you are. I don’t want you to become La. La would take over all of you.”

“You know I would die for you, Pat.”

“It is not necessary for you to die for me. I don’t want you to do that.”

“But she is something you waited for all your life.”

“I don’t need for La to be in the flesh. La is a goddess. She is perfection. If you put a goddess into the flesh, you can only profane her. You can’t improve her that way.”

“I understand that.”

“La is something to strive for, something to aspire to, but that doesn’t mean I want you to be her. I want you to be who you are and who you are becoming. I don’t want to lose you.”

“I felt as if I were going to have to lose myself completely.”

“I know, and you were grieving over the loss. You were grieving over losing me and losing yourself, and I don’t want that to happen.”

“What about blending with Star One and Victoria?”

“You told me just the other day that you wanted to be in Star One’s body and to be at home at the Station.”

Crying again, she said, “Yes I do.”

“Is there anything about Victoria that you reject? Anything that is incompatible or that you can’t accept?”

“No.”

“All three of you feel as if you can mix with each other, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Then the three of you can do all the blending you want.”

“But Breath gave La to you. You were gifted with this.”

“Yes, but I believe that some things are offered which should be rejected for spiritual growth. La doesn’t need the flesh and she will always be near, anyway. I can relate to her as one spirit to another,

and that is the way I would rather relate to her. I don't feel as if I have lost anything. I feel relieved, and so do you."

Nuke appeared, patted me on the back, and said, "I'm proud of you, old man. It isn't so much who we are that's a problem, it's knowing our place. If you can just figure out where you belong, then you are going to be okay."

"That's the way I see it, and I didn't believe that La really belonged in the flesh. That's why I couldn't accept her the way everyone seemed to think I was supposed to. I was supposed to be thrilled that she was here and find everything she did totally fascinating, but it wasn't like that. She was too intense. She is a perfectionist, and if she were going to be in the flesh, she would do it the best way she possibly could. She is so powerful that she overwhelms without intending harm. It's unnatural for her to hold back what she is capable of doing. It just wasn't going to work."

"When you set La aside, Marjie's stress level went from 80% to 20%." He shook my hand. He had apparently learned something from this episode, for he said nothing about telling me a few days before that I was too inhibited with La.

As if receiving a mountain home with my face carved on it, being honored by the Board, and meeting La again weren't enough, Star One told me about an intimate connection that existed between me and the anatomically perfect crystal skull made famous by Anna Le Guillon Mitchell-Hedges. Nucleus 8 had previously told me it had been made by the Alliance and was placed on Earth to act as a recorder and transmitter which informed them of the general condition of the entire planet :

She laughed, came over, and gave me a hug. "Sit in my lap," I said.

"No, you're sick and I'm too heavy."

"I'm not that sick." I stood up. "You still want to make a baby tonight?"

"Yes. Now?"

"Why not? The night is ours."

Star One repeatedly told me how much she was enjoying our mating. Anticipating my ejaculation, she said, "Release now. Release. I am ready." I did, and unbelievably, a loud thunderclap

simultaneously rolled across the sky. “Hold. Do not withdraw. You have created new life with me.” We embraced and gazed into each other’s eyes. I saw Light shining from her face. “I will bear your child. You have not disgraced me.”

“I love you, Star One.”

“I love you. You are my mate.”

“This will be a special child.”

“Come with me now to the Station.”

“Very well.”

I mentally traveled to our quarters and stood near the heart shaped bed, with its blue cover and white trim along the edges. I looked deeply into her large, hybrid eyes, as we silently expressed our love. Her face gradually changed until it mimicked the anatomically perfect, crystalline human skull that was supposedly found on an archeological dig in Belize, and was previously placed on Earth by the Alliance. My vision shifted until I was looking at a hologram of the skull. I asked, “Why am I seeing the crystal skull?”

“It is an expression of your Light. It is an aspect of yourself. It is very powerful like you. It is yours. Hold it sacred. Do not reveal this to anyone now.”

I was astonished. I thought, How can the skull be the image of me? It is thousands of years old. But I have not always been confined to this form, so of course it could be modeled on some other manifestation of my soul. Did I fashion it myself?

Star One had silently withdrawn and was replaced by Marjie, who said, “Wow! What a trip! How strange!”

“Yes. It must have been strange for you. Did you enjoy it?”

“Oh yes! There have been only four times in my life that I have been able to feel my left ovary shift inside my body, and this was one of them. Every time it happened, I got pregnant. How can I become pregnant? This is ridiculous. I have no uterus. I have no cervix.”

“Yes, but you do share feelings with Star One. She is able to bear children, and her left ovary is able to shift, just like yours. I think it happened in both of your bodies. Her body is going to carry this baby. It isn’t going to be a test-tube baby. It will be your baby as well as hers and mine. Did you hear what she said about the crystal skull?”

“Yes! That’s weird. How can that be?”

Our Interdimensional Family

“They are time travelers. It would be quite possible for them to have made a replica of my skull and then to have taken it back in time and put it on Earth.”

“As far as that goes, it could be made to morrow.”

“That’s true.”

“I have a hard time grasping this at times.”

“It is hard to understand.”

“Today I was reading in the YHWH book. A lot of it was about things like this. The concepts are so strange that I don’t know if I understand them. It sounds peculiar, but each time I ask Alta Sha about them, he keeps encouraging me to continue reading. Today I was reading about how it is possible to leave this star system and travel to another.”

“We are lucky to have so much assistance in finding the truth.”

After Nucleus 8 and I had become well acquainted, we were discussing my interest in carpentry, and he asked if I would enjoy working with a synthetic substance that had the texture and odor of wood. I replied that I would, but due to arthritis in my hands, I doubted that I would be able to do much more carpentry. He held my hand momentarily to get a reading and within a matter of a few weeks, my joint pain was gone. I have been injured while doing various chores, such as spraining an ankle after stepping off a trailer or by striking my thumb with a hammer. If present, 8 would tell me to apply pressure to the injury and to immediately seek assistance at the Station. By then I could mentally project myself to the medical unit, and would often have a mental image of them working on my injury. He emphasized the need to seek assistance quickly, for they could prevent a lot of unnecessary swelling and discomfort. The pain and swelling usually subsided within a few minutes instead of days.

I am usually a quiet, unassuming person who has never sought notoriety. My retiring nature has limited my material success, but that was never highly important to me. Alta Sha often urged me to expand my self-concept and gave me a new name:

After we got home, Alta Sha greeted me. I said, “Good evening! I’m glad to see you again.”

“I shall have to give you a new name, son of God.”

“Really? What is it?”

“Freedom.”

I laughed. “I like the sound of that, but why Freedom?”

“Because today you have received your freedom. It is so. May I embrace you?”

“Of course.” I eagerly returned his hug.

“Breath has prepared easy steps for you now. Alleluia.”

“Alleluia.” He stepped back and placed his thumbs on my eyelids. He must have known my eyes were very tired due to lack of sleep, and his touch soothed them. He then held his hands close to my body and passed them from the crown of my head to my feet. I felt the energy refreshing me.

“Thank you Breath, for freedom and for the gift of Alta Sha and the words of encouragement he gives me.” I had no idea what sort of freedom I had been given or why this new name was appropriate.

A group of us were complaining about the materialism and injustice of our earthly society when Nucleus said:

“What if I just take all of you to the New Planet right now?”

Marjie said, “I’m ready.”

“Are you serious?” I asked.

“I certainly am. We can leave right now. What do you say?”

“Would we be able to carry out our mission here if we go to the New Planet?”

“No, you can’t be popping in and out.”

“Why not? You do it all the time.”

“Anyone who goes to the New Planet is going there to stay. It’s a full commitment. You can’t be coming back to this planet.”

“If we aren’t supposed to complete our mission on Earth, why was it given to us?”

“You need to decide if you want to finish it or to leave.”

“I want to be able to say goodbye to my family when I leave. It would be cruel to just disappear without a word. I want them to know that what we have been telling them about our contacts with ETs is true.”

“We won’t be able to take you around to see them all, but you can leave them a note.”

Our Interdimensional Family

“I have received reassurance from Alta Sha that we will be provided for, and we do have a mission to perform. I think it is very important that we make our trip out west. I believe God has given me a task to perform here and I intend to do it. Besides, I’m under the impression that I will be expected to be a leader on the New Planet. Why would others want to follow my lead if they knew that I quit before I completed my assignment here? I wouldn’t deserve much of their respect.”

When 8 became romantically involved with Amy, my patience was tested to the limit. Amy was extremely gifted in many ways and was a very powerful spirit in her own right, but our ideas of what constituted appropriate social behavior did not mesh. I had pretty definite ideas about courtesy and personal boundaries that she often overstepped, and I bristled.

If not for my love of 8, Marjie, Tanner, and I AM, I would not have spent as much time around Amy as they desired. Nevertheless, she accompanied us on a trip to the Rockies which involved visiting locations of past ET contacts, releasing several powerful Indian spirits, and visiting the Hopi Reservation. Nucleus 8 channeled a good deal of the time in order to communicate with Amy, which limited my contact with Marjie’s personality.

One morning I angrily objected to seeing Amy and 8, who was channeling, in bed together. My reaction led to a conflict of opinion with Marjie which had frightening consequences:

I drove to a nearby parking lot where we could talk freely without being overheard. I said, “I think you and Nuke are under the influence of an imposter pretending to be Alta Sha who is encouraging you to believe that Amy is a benevolent spirit when she is not, and that you are being led down a wrong path. I really believe this, and I owe it to you to tell you. It wouldn’t be the first time we have been deceived.” Marjie was just as certain that I was wrong.

“Whether I am wrong or right, I am positive that I could never live under the same roof with Amy. She is far too self-centered for me to ever be able to get along with her, especially if she goes ballistic the minute somebody asks her to do a simple thing like clean up her mess. I also don’t want to see you in bed with her again. Even if nothing is happening, it really bugs me to have to watch you doing

that. If you choose to do it anyway, then you are telling me you have chosen her over me.”

“I think you are wrong and you are sick.”

“Maybe you are right, but that is how I feel. I am taking this stand because I believe that there is something very wrong going on here.”

I took her back to the motel, almost certain that Marjie would leave me. I said, “I’m going outside for a while.” I couldn’t bear being in the same room with Nuke and Amy, who had both been verbally abusive, and I would explode if I heard any more of what I thought was nonsense about me being totally wrong. It was ten o’clock when I went back in.

Marjie and Amy were not in the same bed and were under the covers, apparently asleep. I got in bed with Marjie. She accepted a caress, but didn’t respond until I turned over to sleep, when she quite seriously said, “You’re killing me. Everything is gone. Everything.”

“What do you mean?”

“I can’t breathe. All of my gifts have been taken. There are no more children left, there will be no more channeling of 8 and probably not of Alta Sha. I have to either accept all the gifts God has given me, or lose them all. I can’t pick and choose. You have tried to interfere with the channeling. Alta Sha has told me that no man has the right to interfere with God’s will, and that you are wrong to try.”

I said, “My God is not a God of vengeance. He would not punish you for my mistakes or even for your own.”

“I was given a choice to remain on my path and not to allow you to interfere, or I could stay on your path and get off my own. I chose your path, and this is the result.”

“I didn’t want you to leave your path if it was truly God’s plan. I thought we were being deceived. It would be better to leave me than to get off your path. I have always told you that.”

Marjie had serious trouble breathing and was starting to turn blue. Her chest pains had returned with a vengeance. I helped her to sit up, but this was ineffective. I knew she might die without medical attention, and began looking in the telephone book for the local emergency room number.

She said, “No hospital. No hospital.”

Amy was trying to help by giving Marjie suggestions to relax. She didn’t seem to realize just how serious her condition was. Marjie got

bluer and I said again, “Don’t get off your path. You will be the leader and I will follow. You know a path that I do not know. I won’t stop you from channeling again nor try to keep you and Amy from being together in any way that is necessary. I see that I was wrong and won’t make the same mistake again.”

Marjie calmed, her breathing settled down, and her color was returning.

After a minute or two, she channeled her Higher Self. “I will never abandon you. You need never fear that I am going to back away from you or leave you. I will never do that. You are my husband. I promised to stay with you and I will.”

“If you have to leave me behind to stay on your own path, you are free to do that. I will never try to stop you. You must follow the path God has set for you.”

“I know now that I will never leave my path again.”

“That is how it should be.”

“I feel great peace within myself, and I want you to feel that peace also.”

“Now that you are at peace, I am, too.” She was serene and radiant.

Amy said to her, “You look years younger.”

I said, “Thanks for your help. All this trouble was caused by my doubts. I doubted Alta Sha and the other guidance we have received. So many things I expected to happen on this trip haven’t occurred and it was undermining my faith.”

Amy answered, “I experienced some doubts myself. I apologize for letting myself get so angry. It’s not like me to do that.”

Marjie snuggled as we finally went to sleep. I worried before drifting off that I might not be allowed to go on raising our children after making such a blunder.

I was very disappointed in myself when I woke up, and went into the bathroom for privacy while I wept over being so foolish. My judgment had been so bad that it almost killed Marjie and I never wanted anything like that to happen again. I was willing to leave my home if necessary so that Marjie and Nuke and Amy could do whatever they needed to do. I didn’t want to be in the way. I didn’t think I could adjust to Amy’s ways, but I knew she had no malicious intent and it was my personality that was the problem. I

asked to be strengthened so that I would never again interfere with I AM's work.

Amy overheard me crying and offered to help, but I didn't want human comforting. When I had adequate control, I entered the main room to speak to Marjie. She confidently said that she intended to hang on to the serenity she was feeling since last night and advised me to do the same. I was happy to see that she had found what I had been trying to help her obtain since the beginning of our relationship.

It was nearly eleven when we left Grants. I was still struggling internally with how and why things had gotten so out of hand. I still didn't understand why I was receiving all the blame for what had happened, when I had always done my best to treat Amy with courtesy, respect, and affection. All I had asked for was a bit more consideration of my feelings and preferences from her, which seemed to me like a reasonable request.

We had lunch at a Stuckey's in Oklahoma, where I saw a painting of an Indian brave riding a white horse through the clouds, superimposed on a huge bald eagle leading the way. The exultant warrior's upraised arms had become eagle's wings. My identification with the warrior was so strong that spiritual chills ran through me and I said to Marjie, "I have to have that painting. I think it would remind me every day of what I need to be doing."

"Then you should get it."

"I don't know how we could ever get it in the car, it's so big." Somehow I found room for it.

The blessings continued as Didiwahtay said, "Dada."

"It's so good to hear your voice, Didiwahtay. I have been seeing you in different birds. I wish I could fly with you."

"I am going home with you and my other mother (Amy). You are my family."

"I'm very glad you are happy to be with us."

"I will be following."

Alta Sha joined me in the afternoon, and I was very pleased to hear from him again after I had accused him of being an imposter. His manner was friendly and he said, "I AM is pleased with your decision not to interfere with Marjorie's channeling. You should not be so hasty to encourage people who come to you for assistance along their way. Amy came to you to assist you, and for her own

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assistance. You have been rejecting her because of your focus on insignificant things.”

“I am going to do my best to let go of the situation and let I AM work out the details and the answers to the problems.”

“Alleluia. If you take responsibility for everything, how can Breath do His work?”

“Once you have learned this, then you will know why I have called you Freedom. For that is true Freedom.”

All the children spoke to me in turn, assuring me of their continued love, and so did Nuke. I apologized to all of them for causing Marjie so much anguish. Adam suggested that I apologize to Amy again, which I did.

Marjie became quite interested in following the shamanic path, which requires finding one's power animal. Although I had no particular interest in becoming a shaman, I received the powerful image of a polar bear in one of my meditations, persuading me that it was one of my power animals:

After I told her about finding my polar bear, Marjie and I had a long discussion about power animals. Alta Sha said, “You found your power animal in the way that was appropriate for you. You are at a turning point. You are standing at the edge of a chasm. Below you is a pool of doubt and fear. You have the choice of leaving it or diving into it. Only by diving into it can you set yourself free. You are going to have to let a woman help you take this step, because it is your fear of women that is part of the problem. You are going to have to trust a woman to lead you.”

“Is it the will of I AM that I become a shaman? I have not thought that it was my destiny to do that.”

“Has anyone said to you that this is the first step on the path of becoming a shaman, or that this path leads to becoming a shaman?” (He referred to the dancing and rattling and seeking a power animal.)

“No, they haven't.”

“It is but one step toward freedom. All the things that you were taught as a child to fear because they were evil are not evil. They are good if used in the right manner. There may be many other steps to follow this one, but there is only one step that you are to take at the

present time. That is to allow a woman to lead you into taking your next step.”

I was a bit surprised when Adam also got involved:

“I have been assigned to help instruct you.”

“Well, I have always enjoyed working with you. What are you supposed to help me do?”

“To develop your psychic abilities.”

“Okay, what do you want me to do?”

“I suggest that you listen without criticism while I read to you from The

Shaman’s Body. Just accept what you can and make use of it.” We took turns reading to each other, and he asked my opinion of the content. “I think much of it is useful, but a lot of it I already know.”

“I suggest that you take another trip to the underworld and tell me what you find.”

“Alright.” I described going through the tunnel and becoming a fish in the green river, learning when to be passive and when to swim harder to maintain the position I desired in the current, always searching for the path of least resistance. Apparently a fish was another power animal. I emerged from the river at the base of the waterfall and became a man.

Suddenly I was inside Mother and saw the familiar rib-like, golden arches high above me. A beetle larger than I was faced me. Its big mandibles looked quite dangerous, but I decided to approach it instead of running away.

Adam said, “Try to become the beetle.”

I became a giant scarab (a dung beetle), but had difficulty experiencing its consciousness. The main impressions I had were of great persistence, patience, and determination to perform my parental duties. I thought, Is this another of my power animals? According to Mindell, insects are never power animals, but this appears to be one more exception to the rule. I certainly share some of its traits. I was getting sleepy and my attention wandered away from the beetle.

Adam asked, “What is happening now?”

“It felt as if someone touched my leg.”

“Explore that feeling fully to learn what it could be.”

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“I am a female gazelle. I have a baby who wants to nurse.”

“Experience what it is like to be the baby gazelle. Go through its growth to adulthood.”

I became a young male gazelle, jumping around and feeling my oats. I went through the process of growth, mating, and dying of old age. Was this yet another power animal? I always liked running and jumping. What does it mean if you have a whole bunch of power animals?

“Thank you Adam. I have learned a lot from these exercises about myself. I’m getting so sleepy, though, I think it’s time for me to stop.”

“Thank you for letting me help, Father. I love you.”

“And I love you, very much.”

In another of my meditations I experienced a mysterious relationship with Saturn:

...I closed my eyes and saw a galaxy on edge from my viewpoint and approached it. Suddenly I was within our solar system, close enough to Saturn to feel its tremendous energy coursing through my body, making me shake and tremble. I sensed that something important was happening there which would affect everyone in our solar system, but I did not know what it was, and again felt the hand of God. There was a deep, personal connection between me and Saturn, but I didn’t know why.

When talking with Nuke and Amy about the meditation, I learned more about the Saturn connection:

...That evening I mentioned my vision of Saturn and feeling something important and personally significant was happening there. He said, ‘Saturn is being used for mining purposes.’

“Are they mining diamonds?”

“How did you know?”

“I don’t know. The thought just popped into my mind. What applications do they have in your technology?”

“They act as amplifiers of energy.”

“I think I felt connected because of the diamonds.”

...Amy also shared the automatic writing she had done two years previously in a language she couldn't decipher.

I asked Nucleus to interpret the symbols for us if he could and he said, "You do know what they mean even if you can't remember the language. Don't pay attention to the marks. Just react with your feelings."

I said, "Sarah and Joshua and some others are supposed to take a journey together. There seem to be coordinates here and a schedule that shows when and where certain things are going to happen."

"You weren't that far off. It says that two beings of similar species have traveled from the outermost planet of this solar System. The decayed remnants of their light beam craft are on Earth. There is a living presence in Chaco Canyon."

A part of the writing was in English and said, *Reverse orbit Saturn Sun Danas*. "What does that mean, Nuke?"

"It means that Saturn once belonged to the sun Danas, which is sister to your own star, which captured it from its orbit in the distant past."

Nuke confirmed that the symbols at the bottom of the message referred to coordinates that the two beings had traveled, for how long, and so forth.

"I think that the two similar beings it refers to may have been you and Amy in a different lifetime." He had no comment.

I wondered what dramatic effects the addition of Saturn had on all the other planets in our solar system.

Nuke had told us that Danas was due to approach closely again in 2020. What effects would that have? My vision of Saturn had occurred shortly after Amy remembered the automatic writing which I had not seen.

Did her telling me about it stimulate my memory? If so, that implied that I knew something about the content before I saw it, and it was written two years previously.

What other things were locked in my memory? How could I unlock them?

I became restless, feeling that I needed a new challenge or a spiritual journey of some kind which would require my concentration and knowledge:

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Marjie was spending most of her time reading, which 8 continued to do when he channeled. We had eliminated most of her trauma-based fears and there were no pressing issues for her to work on in trance. Tanner was quiet, as was the Alliance in general, and 8 and I had little to discuss.

I had to learn how to *Let go and let God*.

Concerned about my restlessness, Marjie finally said:

“I want you to go out west by yourself to find out what you want, and don’t come back until you know what will make you happy. I will go wherever you want to be.” Alta Sha and 8 had essentially said the same thing. I wasn’t sure that going anywhere would help, but I was missing the west and thought I might find some answers there. Whenever I thought about the journeys we had made there, my throat tightened and tears came to my eyes. When I thought of the places Tanner had lived, I felt grief for things lost, as if it were left over from another life.

... It was early autumn when I hit the road. I took the sacred staff, the combination drum stick/rattle, and the Tarahumara drum with me. Other than the Spanish Peaks, Mesa Verde’ and Chaco Wash, I had no particular destination in mind. I intended to follow my impulses, hoping that I AM would guide my path, and that I would have experiences that would bring peace to my heart.

...I became Man to Come, and sensed that my mission was to liberate Native American spirits from the responsibility of maintaining the sanctity of places along my path which they believed were sacred. I was to tell them that they no longer had to watch over those places, for a New Earth had been created for them in which everything was pure and clean and holy. It was a place where they could live in the old ways, in harmony with all of nature. I told them they could also choose to go into the Light of the Creator if they did not wish to go to the New Earth. I told them Tanner would lead them. My message was given in the form of a chanted song, accompanied by the rattle if I was driving, or with the drum and rattle when I was dancing. When dancing, I often did Tanner’s “dance that must be seen again,” in which my steps made the infinity sign.

When I reached Mesa Verde':

...Drought had left many of the bushes looking dead, and the scrub oaks, normally brilliant orange and yellow at that time of year, were quite dull, a sad thing to see. I danced and sang and played my drum at several locations within the park. At the head of the canyon containing Cliff Palace on one side and the Sun Temple on the other, I walked to the edge on exposed stone. I found an isolated area and danced with my torso bared, like in the old days. I loved the feel of the breeze on my skin and the smell of the pinion pines as I wheeled and turned, arms outspread. I was Gold Eagle flying and singing my message of freedom to the spirits.

I continued onward toward the Sun Temple and sensed that Tanner was with me in spirit as we walked the paths around the place he loved so much, shaking my rattle rhythmically. Eventually I left the main trail and made my way to the canyon's edge, where again I found bare stone.

I sat upon a rock at the very edge of the cliff and looked across at other ruins sheltered within an overhang. Still shaking the rattle, I asked I AM for an experience that would give me peace of mind. I remembered scenes of a lifetime when Tanner was like a beloved father to me and was my idol. I wanted to have the same wisdom and spiritual vision that he had. I remembered how delicious the food was that we shared with others in our band and how much we appreciated having it. We were all family and loved each other very much. We took very good care of one another. Everyone's children played together and we treated each of them as our own. We worshipped together in the kivas and were drawn even closer to one another through seeking knowledge of the Great Mystery. I wept for what seemed like an hour, mourning the loss of that communal love.

Tanner and I had been co-leaders of this group, one of several living on or near the mesa. I depended on him for guidance and he depended on me for my practical intelligence and leadership skills. I often sat at his feet to absorb his wisdom, which meant so much to me. Everyone loved Tanner, but none more than me. Sitting there, I knew I had never loved another person more than I loved him and I

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knew that he had loved me also, brother to brother, elder to younger. My love was akin to worship, for he was completely good and pure. When he died I felt completely lost for a time. No one else in the band could fill his moccasins.

I sensed that I had come with Tanner's spirit to take one last look at our former homeland. I was there to grieve until I couldn't grieve about it anymore. I said aloud to him, "This is the last time I will come to this place. There is no need to come back." I felt cleansed and relieved.

From Mesa Verde' I went to Aztec Ruins, where Tanner had also lived for a while:

There had been suffering, disease, death, and grief in that other life, but there was never an absence of love and devotion, something I felt was sorely lacking in today's culture. Alta Sha's words resonated in my mind: "Surely you do not long for that which is not possible." Of course I did. Who wouldn't? Was it not worthwhile to attempt a re-creation of such mutual love and respect?

...Tanner said goodbye to the past, and so did I as we made peace with this place in our hearts. The grief I felt at Aztec was not as strong as it had been at Mesa Verde'. I knew that my people prized living in beauty, love and harmony with one another and with nature above all else, and their reincarnations on the New Planet would do the same.

I then went to the high mesa overlooking Chaco Wash, where we had found Tanner's powerful container and many pieces of petrified wood:

A curious jackrabbit watched when I ascended the mesa on foot and it was still there when I returned about an hour later. The long cliff of the mesa faced to the southeast and was divided by a large ravine, creating a peninsula of several acres where I emerged from my climb. I explored the area, which had short, brushy vegetation and a few ancient, stubby trees growing on it. The ground was littered with stones, small pieces of petrified wood, and ordinary deadwood. There were many nooks and crannies to investigate in the bedrock.

The powerful energy of this place made my legs tingle, and I felt compelled to dance and sing to the spirits again. All the while I shook my rattle.

I sat in the same spot where Tanner and I had sat when he was channeling. I recalled Amy making an offering to the spirits and finding the sacred stone container which Tanner had reclaimed. It occurred to me that Tanner had allowed Amy to find it so that I would value her companionship more than I did.

A huge valley which was once a vast, natural reservoir stretched before me. With my mind's eye I visualized the lush cultivated fields that had furnished corn, beans, and squash. All forms of wildlife and native vegetation had been plentiful. Now everything was semi desert, but still beautiful. Vegetation consisted mostly of short brush and occasional patches of grass, upon which a few donkeys grazed. In the lower areas where creeks once ran, a few pinion pines and junipers grew.

The day was warm and clear, and the air smelled pure. I felt compelled to dance *au naturel* in that totally private place for the benefit of the spirits and myself. I did the dance that must be seen again, skipping in a circle to the right, then to the left, then to the right, etc., until I was tired. I then lay on top of a nearby boulder. After a while I heard a car approaching on the seldom traveled road near where I had parked and decided it was time to go. Neither Tanner nor I had grieved in this place. It was an entirely happy reunion.

...While retracing my path by Tanner Reservoir, I saw a red tailed hawk perched on top of a telephone pole and eating a snake. It did not move even when I got out of the car, shaking a blessing toward it with the rattle. He merely looked over his shoulder at me and kept eating. I remembered Utay, Tanner's channeled eagle, telling us about catching rattlesnakes and tossing their heads to Tanner, who would use their fangs for divining the future. I thought, This could not be pure chance, not in a million years.

Farther down the highway I saw Didiwahtay ahead of me in the body of a vulture. When I honked my horn in greeting, he did a complete barrel roll (I have never seen a buzzard do that before or since), and flew back toward me as if to say, "Look at me, dada, look at me!"

I decided a return to Tsankawi was also in order:

The wonderful weather was still with me when I reached Tsankawi. I hiked directly to Tanner's cave, shaking my rattle and talking to the spirits as before. In the cave I said to Tanner's spirit, "I have been having trouble finding joy in my life. I know that this is a wrong way to live. I would like your advice. I am still looking for a challenge that will keep me emotionally involved and give me the joy that comes from success. I love you very much." I prayed to I AM that he would help me find joy, and the tears flowed as I released a great deal of emotion. Looking about the cave, I saw a previously overlooked image of Tanner lying on his side below a large hole he had dug into the soft stone of the ceiling. It was about eight inches deep but did not penetrate the roof. Above a certain height, the walls and ceiling of the cave were deliberately blackened, which made the white hole stand out. Tanner's reclining figure had been chipped out of the black area below the hole. There were two small white lines from the hole leading to his prostrate form. I thought, This represents the corridor through which Tanner travels, especially when he sleeps. Upon leaving the cave, I spotted Didiwahtay flying by in the body of a raven and greeted him. I began to jog and jump and to dance as I went from cave to cave, shaking my rattle into them and telling the spirits therein to come out and go into the Light or to the New Planet. I said, "Come on, you happy people, you don't have to stay here anymore! Man to Come is here!" It felt good.

...I drove on toward Espanola. It suddenly hit me with great force that my chanting, dancing and rattling in so many different places had been successful. Man to Come truly had freed spirits from all those places, and Tanner truly was going to take them to the New Planet if they elected to go. Waves of gratitude for having the privilege of taking this beautiful step washed over me. It was so humbling to know I AM had chosen me for this blessed task! As I had those thoughts and feelings, I felt the hand of I AM resting on the crown of my head. Mother was touching my brain and so was Sarah. I had asked for a significant mission, and had been given a whopper! I knew with certainty that I had accomplished something

beyond my dreams. What had started with what seemed to be a mere impulse to take my drum and rattle for my enjoyment had turned into something magnificent. I finally understood why Tanner had called me Man to Come. I was sure that when I got to the New Planet, Tanner and I would work together again.

...I received a happy welcome from all my loved ones, who were eager to hear my tale. I had spoken to Marjie via telephone a few times during the trip ...When I told her I had been shown that my effort to free Native American spirits was successful, she said, "I am hearing the number 54,000." I was stunned.

The blessings I and my loved ones have received by virtue of our decision to follow the steps my Father placed before us could never be fully described, but many others will be found in the volumes of *Faeries, Angels, Indians and Aliens*.

Chapter Thirteen

Alliance Technology

Alta Sha stated that every physical chromosome in the human body has a corresponding spiritual chromosome. With their technology, the Alliance can modify the spiritual chromosome, thereby affecting the physical chromosome. Their success with such technology demonstrates that focused thought and spiritual energy creates matter, not *vice-versa*. Most earthlings have been taught in basic science classes that our thoughts, emotions, and actions are byproducts of the physical processes within the body and that thought cannot exist without a brain to produce it. I have witnessed the physical effects of Alliance medical interventions in another dimension too many times to accept that doctrine, and it bears repeating that it is an assertion which has *never* been scientifically proven. On the other hand, a great deal of generally ignored scientific evidence exists which demonstrates that mental telepathy, remote viewing, psychic healing, telekinesis, and communication from spirits of the deceased are valid phenomena.

Thought control of machinery, which is routinely used by the Alliance, has recently been demonstrated in an Earth laboratory. Engineers are able to transmit commands to a robot by tapping into the thoughts of the controller via sensors attached to the scalp which react to electrical activity of the brain. The controller has to visualize and imagine all the sensations and movements required of the robot in order to get it to do such things as pick up a cup and put it in a trash can. A video of this application can be found in the *Discovery News* website archives. Nucleus 8 has said that the Alliance, by planting ideas in the minds of scientists and engineers, has contributed to many of our latest technological developments in order to prepare us for a time when we will be using theirs.

Nucleus has insisted, and Alta Sha has agreed, that anything we actively imagine actually takes place in another dimension, even if it does not manifest in this one. The more mental and spiritual energy we invest in our imaginings,

the more likely they are to manifest in the material world. Thoughts and intentions therefore have real power to create change.

That is why the Alliance desires that all humans will envision a world of peace and sharing in which no one has to fear for his or her life, has enough to eat, decent shelter, education, healthcare, and the opportunity to work cooperatively with others for the benefit of society:

I went back to reading *The God Hypothesis*. Dr. Lewels wrote that ancient Sumerians declared that a war took place between the forces of Light, who wanted man to have full knowledge of the universe, and the forces of darkness, who did not. At the next opportunity, I asked Nuke if the Alliance participated in such a battle.

“Indeed it did, and it is still going on. We will always come to the aid of any race that wishes to retain its free will, and will resist those who would eliminate free will. However, there must be a rising of man’s consciousness as well. When enough people speak out against the negativity found on this planet, the negativity will lose its control. But the people have to rise up themselves. It is essential that the human races stand up for themselves. We cannot do it for them.”

Perithnea also had something to say on the subject of spiritual energy:

...Perithnea asked, “Would you like to do some exploring with me?”

“Sure. What did you have in mind?”

“You remember that column of solid looking Light that mother saw at the center of the Station?”

“Yes.”

“It’s made of spiritual energy. I like looking at wires because they are smooth and shiny and carry electricity in them, but spiritual energy is different from electrical energy. It travels through different conduits than electrical energy does. There are certain ETs who are conduits for spiritual energy. They can take it from the central pillar of Light and allow it to pass through them into their equipment, which powers the equipment that others use.”

“Are they like the Board of Twelve?”

“They are above the Board of Twelve. William is one of them.”

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“You mean Marjie’s infant son who died right after birth?”

“Yes. Thought and spiritual energy are two different things. Thought is more powerful. It can contain and control the energy. How do you think I produced that sock? I did it with my thought. I also can transport myself from one place to another with my thoughts. The ETs can transport themselves from one place to another simply by thinking it. Their machines, like their computer consoles, function the way they want them to due to the power of their thoughts. It’s their thought which maintains all the spiritual energy in the central column. They will it to be there, but they don’t have to think about it all the time. It’s always in their subconscious minds that they want the energy to be in that one place.”

“Why do they bother with any machinery at all?”

“Not all of them are that advanced. Do you understand what I am saying?” She had drawn a stick figure of one who could transfer the power.

“Sure.” The telephone rang. “I don’t know if I should answer that or not,” I said.

“You could listen to see who it is.”

I left the room and went to the answering machine to listen for a message. When the greeting stopped, I heard an irregular clicking similar to Morse code, which lasted about for about 15 seconds. I didn’t hear the familiar sound of a telephone being hung up. I went back to the bedroom.

Perithnea said, “See? I helped them to do that.”

“What do you mean?”

“They made the phone call and they didn’t have to have any wires.”

“That’s a good demonstration of what you just told me.”

The phone rang again. “I had nothing to do with that. I don’t know who that is,” she said.

I picked up the phone to listen but heard only silence.

“I don’t know who made that call. It could have been anyone,” I said.

“But you didn’t hear the sound of the telephone being hung up on the other end, did you?”

“No, now that you mention it. I wonder why they didn’t leave a message.”

“Maybe they did.”

I was thinking this over when Perithnea asked, “Was this a good exploration?”

“Yes, it was a great exploration.”

“Then why are you so quiet?”

“I’m just thinking about how truly wonderful it is that I AM conceived all of this and how close those ETs who can control spiritual energy must be to Him. Our greatest religious minds have taught that thought is creative.”

“Don’t forget to write how I explained all of this in my extremely clear and intelligent manner,” she said, which made me laugh.

The spiritual energy contained in the column of Light can be directed to a specific individual for improved health or other reasons. In one of our remarkable hypnosis sessions, Marjie found herself in a barren, featureless place with the exception of several large, dark purple crystals protruding from the ground. She felt compelled to place her hand on one of them and immediately felt spiritual energy being drawn into it from her body. She was unable to withdraw her hand from the crystal, which was rapidly draining her energy to a dangerous degree, and she was visibly weakening. I knew that unless the process was stopped, she could die, and we were beginning to panic until Alta Sha stepped between her and the crystal, stopping the flow.

Nucleus 8 was quite angry when he learned that the Board of Twelve had arranged this event without informing him in advance or properly preparing Marjorie for it. Their benevolent intention was to gather energy for her future benefit, but things went awry. Fortunately, during a later physical crisis, she was able to draw on that energy when it was most needed.

This is another example of the ETs’ ability to affect changes in our bodies through actions in their dimension:

We held our usual evening session a little after nine. Marjie lay on the bed and went to the field of flowers, where she met Light Mother. “I’m still a little uncomfortable with her real body. She is touching me now and I feel complete peace. She is taking me to the operating room. Many ETs are around me. Mother is overseeing their activities and comforting me. I see rectangles about the size of credit cards on

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a table beside me. Somehow they are making these cards pass over my body, but without holding them. The cards are lighting up with different colors as they pass over me. It's like they're taking a reading of some kind and they make me have strange sensations."

I watched as Marjie tilted her head back as far as possible. "Why are you arching your head back like that?"

"Mother wants me to. She keeps touching my chin so I will leave it this way. I have strange sensations in my head. She wants me to look only at her. She's so pretty.

"I don't like this. It's uncomfortable."

"Do you mean the position or other things?"

"My whole body. I want it to stop."

"I think you're supposed to go through with this. It's for your benefit. Perhaps we can speed up the process, move it forward a little faster."

"I wish they wouldn't do this."

"They wouldn't do anything that's unnecessary. Are you sorry that they fixed your uterus?"

"No."

"I imagine that something else needs fixing."

"I don't have anything else to fix! I feel like I'm hanging upside down. They're doing something to my head. Mother doesn't want me to see the others. I want it to stop."

I was very reluctant to interfere with what was probably a very delicate procedure because it might actually harm her. The physical and emotional reactions I observed told me it was truly happening in real time. I had no doubt it was being done to help her, even if it was uncomfortable. I asked, "Can you move your body?"

"I can breathe and talk to you. That's all."

"Are you still uncomfortable?"

"I feel kind of long, like I'm hanging upside down."

"You aren't really upside down. You're on your back and your head is lower than it was. Let's try to make you more comfortable." I reached over to adjust her pillow.

"I know you moved my pillow but I'm still upside down."

"Maybe they want you in an upside down position for a good reason. Sometimes our doctors put patients upside down on a rotating bed for medical reasons."

“I’m leveling back off. The bed actually did rotate, but I’m not strapped down! How come I didn’t fall off?”

“They have better equipment. Just try to bear with it. It’s going to pass in a few minutes. I see that your arm is moving now.”

The uncoordinated, jerky movements made me think they were caused by artificial stimulation of the muscles or the brain. “Is someone else moving your arm?”

“It’s some guy doing it. It feels like my arm is a glove and he just put it on. It feels weird.”

“Is he doing it to check your coordination?”

“If he is, he’s not doing too well. I don’t like this.”

“Do you want to ask them to stop?”

“Yes. Where is Alta Sha?”

“He’s not far away. He wouldn’t let any harm come to you. He is your guard. If this wasn’t okay, he wouldn’t allow it.”

“It doesn’t make any sense to me.”

“Just because you don’t understand it doesn’t mean that it makes no sense. We don’t understand God either, but He makes perfect sense. Ask Mother to explain what is happening and why.”

“We’ve been looking in each other’s face the whole time. She just wants me to keep looking at her and to relax.”

“Can’t you do that for a little while longer? She’s your Light Mother. She won’t let any harm come to you.” I noticed that her right arm was again moving, but much more smoothly than before. “Is he moving your arm again?”

“He’s got a magnet or something. I want to look at him, but Mother wants me to keep looking only at her.”

“She doesn’t want you to be scared.”

“Would I be scared?”

“You might be. It could startle you and that would not be good.”

“His color is dark. That’s better.”

“What’s better? Are you feeling better?”

“Yes.”

“Good. Maybe they got it fixed, whatever it was.”

“Nothing was broken.”

“Who is telling you that?”

“Alta Sha. He said I can straighten back up.” She sat up. “It’s finished.”

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“Is this all you need to do in this session? Are you ready to stop?”

“Yes. I don’t want to do any more.”

I counted her up. “Will Alta Sha explain what that was all about?”

“I don’t know.”

“Alright. Is your shoulder hurting?”

“No. Alta Sha said I should believe in you. I really felt like I was there. In the back of my mind I knew I was still here, but it was so far away it wasn’t real. Being with Mother was reality.”

“I expected you to float up off the bed at any minute.”

“Well, I was upside down. That was weird! Gosh! It was like I was like that, with my feet up higher than my head.” She demonstrated with her hand.

“That didn’t happen until I took the pillow away.”

“I was aware of that and it was like you just tilted me down. Mother didn’t want me to see what was going on. I saw whatever it was there with her, but I honestly don’t remember what it looked like. It’s just a blank. I really wanted to remember that.”

“You’re not supposed to remember it right now.”

“When I saw Mother, I could feel her love. I wanted to go to her, but there was that hesitation until she made contact, and then it was okay.

“I don’t like feeling hesitant. I miss the way it was before, when I was so eager to be with her. She hasn’t changed, though. It’s me who has changed.”

“She is the same spirit in a different form. You have trouble coping with the form, but you are getting past that. You said how pretty she was. That’s a step in the right direction.”

“Yes, she is. I heard a high pitched ringing sound that came from her, like she was singing. It was exquisite. It felt like my arm was an evening gown glove and that guy just slipped right in it, and I was thinking, *Buddy, you’re a little bit awkward.*”

“I think he was learning something about how your arm worked and whether it was working the way it was supposed to. He didn’t have to make a lot of movements to find out. Your fingers were moving one at a time and he could tell by moving them just a little bit if they were working right.”

“I could feel all the muscles and tendons up and down my arm. It’s like he was exploring.”

“Maybe he was checking to make sure that whatever they did to your head didn’t mess up your arm. Maybe they were trying to prevent something from going wrong with it.”

“There’s nothing wrong with my arm. It was like my arm didn’t have the weight of metal, but I could tell he was coaxing it, like a magnet draws iron shavings, and that really felt weird.”

“I’ve heard reports of people being levitated into space ships, being floated across the room and through the ceiling. Once before you walked down the corridor and said your feet weren’t really touching the floor.”

“No, I couldn’t feel my feet on the floor. But what he did wasn’t levitation. I thought, *Are you going to keep pulling until my arm comes off?*”

“Your arm didn’t move more than a couple of inches.”

“It felt like he moved it much farther. I wanted him to let go of it. I wanted him to give my arm back. Several times I wanted out of it.”

“Alta Sha wouldn’t have let them do it if it wasn’t necessary. Don’t you trust him?”

“Yes, but I didn’t see him until they finished, and then he spoke to Mother for a few minutes with his back to me. I couldn’t hear what he was saying.”

“That’s the first time you’ve seen him communicate with Mother.”

“Tonight it was like he took me to her and then he left after telling me to go on by myself. Like, *Take one more step and Mother will be there*. I had some questions I wanted to ask him. It’s easier when I can see him face to face and see his reply. I don’t really understand what happened tonight.”

“Do you remember the day he told you to dig into the roots of that tree to find sense? After a while you thought the whole thing was nonsense and then he explained that you will be asked to do things that don’t make any sense to you but you have to be willing to do them anyway.”

“Tonight I was recalling some of those painful experiments.”

“They weren’t really painful, were they? Just uncomfortable.”

“They passed those plastic looking cards over my body before they began the operation. When they went zipping over my chest I felt a little heartburn. They were about the size of a credit card and

they had all kinds of lines and blanks all over them. They were just lined up beside me on a little shelf or maybe it was the edge of a table.

“Over there (she pointed to the side) something was flowing and I looked to see if it might be one of those clear tubes, but I couldn’t see anything. I was just aware of something flowing, just a steady movement.

“Then I remembered that I had been there before and drew a picture of it. I drew the table and the chair and the curved hallway and the curve of the room. I can see them clearly in my mind from last time. It wasn’t hard to draw, but I guess I didn’t draw that moving thing. I don’t think I explained any of it very clearly tonight but I did the best I could.”

“Well, you feel okay now and nothing bad happened. It was just scary because you weren’t used to it.”

One wants to know how a technology exists which can read the thoughts, desires, and memories of humans and other species and work directly on the ethereal form of a person to modify what is happening to his or her physical body. Alta Sha said that although I could see Marjie’s body during operations occurring in 8’s dimension, more of her essence was at the Station than was here with me.

As previously reported, Marjie’s physical body was transported to the Station when certain procedures required it. This usually happened when I was asleep, but there would often be some evidence that it had occurred, such as her waking up with her nightgown on backwards or lying with her head at the foot of the bed. Many times she became quite obviously sedated, with slurred speech, poor coordination, slowed thought processes, etc. after being given medication for pain or emotional distress at the Station. Sometimes physical evidence appeared, such as pinpoint marks on her arm or other places where injections had been given, minor nosebleeds when an implant had been adjusted or replaced, or a black tongue due to an ingested medicinal substance. She was once told by an earth physician that someone had done excellent surgical work on her rectum (her first husband had forcibly sodomized her, tearing the tissues), but she had never received rectal surgery on Earth. When a different surgeon removed her appendix and showed her the healthy-looking specimen, Marjie insisted her appendix had been surgically removed years before and she

had the medical records to prove it. The doctor likewise insisted that was impossible, because he was holding it. Light Mother told her that the first healthy appendix had been regenerated by the ETs because it served a useful function!

Extraterrestrials also made their share of mistakes. Harmful incidents, some potentially fatal to Marjie, happened due to personal errors, accidents, experimental techniques not previously attempted with humans, or because of deliberate sabotage by enemies of the Alliance. The ETs were able to correct the injuries that occurred and were generally successful in accomplishing the cures they attempted. Nevertheless, 22, Director of the medical service, stated that some curable diseases would not be treated because they were an essential part of the life plan designed by an individual before birth. Having fibromyalgia was Marjie's choice. In order to grow in spirit, Marjie had planned to suffer in this lifetime. If our therapies had been completely successful in eliminating her suffering, it would have nullified her life plan, which was unacceptable.

Several of the medical procedures accomplished for Marjie at the Station involved removal and installation of increasingly sophisticated implants designed to enhance channeling and to affect emotions, thought processes, and health. The Alliance is committed to protecting individuals who have received implants, but, as previously described in selected excerpts from *Faeries, Angels, Indians and Aliens*, antisocial individuals or groups can wreak havoc if they gain access to them.

The Alliance is capable of mind-boggling physical feats on a huge scale, such as moving, obliterating, or creating planets and stars, but those accomplishments pale in comparison with the most impressive feat I am aware of, which was to simultaneously capture the energy of four quasars:

After a brief countdown I felt Mother's touch again and Marjie said, "I see Mother. Now I see a lot of very large Qs. You know, the letter Q. They're forming up in a line. Now they are snaking toward me, moving up and down. They are coming very near my face. Mother is with them. One of the Qs is hanging around her neck, a big black Q! I don't know what this means. How am I supposed to react to this?"

"Maybe the Q stands for queen. Why don't you ask Mother what they mean?"

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“She says it stands for quad quasars. Nucleus and his team have discovered them. They’re celebrating.”

“I’ve been reading to Sarah about quasars.”

“I don’t even know what a quasar is,” Marjie said.

“They are inconceivably powerful sources of energy that emit much more light than an entire galaxy. They may be produced by black holes.”

“Mother says you are right about them having a great deal of energy.”

“Perhaps quasars are a point of contact between their dimension and ours.”

“Mother says you are right about that, also.”

The Alliance was exuberant over acquiring so much additional energy and looked for ways to use it. Nuke said:

“My next mission involves going to a star system quite some distance away. The star is deteriorating and is getting ready to explode. We have invested a lot of time and energy into developing planets near the star which are coming along nicely, and we don’t want that to happen.

The star is on the border between our Alliance and another and we are cooperating on this project. We are going to contain the explosion so that it will not devastate the planets, and we are going to use some of the energy we captured from the four quasars to start up a new star in its place.”

“How can you direct enough energy there to start up a new star?”

“It’s contained in a microscopic capsule. We will put it in place, give it a kick, and it will start up. It will only take a few moments for this to happen.”

“So, as far as life forms on the planets would know, it would be like a blink in the sky?”

“Yes, if all goes as planned. That’s one of the advantages of capturing quasar energy. You can use it to start up new stars.”

I thought, *Such incredible power, yet to Nuke it is almost routine.*

Things didn’t go quite as planned:

Sarah channeled again Tuesday afternoon and I asked, “What have you been doing all day?”

“I’ve been counting the wrinkles in Nuke’s ship.”

“How many did you count?”

“I didn’t count them all, there were too many. Mother told me to do it, but she knew that there were too many.”

“Well, how many did you count?”

“Four.” I laughed, having expected her to give me a large number. It hadn’t taken her long to decide it was pointless. “They towed his craft back in a thing like a hammock.

“They’re trying to recover as much of the circuitry as they can before they replace it.”

“How is Nuke?”

“He got some burns.”

“Because of radiation from the star?”

“Yes, and other things. Oops, I wasn’t supposed to say that.”

“Thanks for the info. I love you.”

“I love you, Sound.”

When he channeled again, I said, “Sarah tells me you had some trouble with that star. How bad are your injuries?”

“I was sort of welded into my craft from the blast. It took some time to retrieve me from it.”

“Were you conscious during that?”

“Thankfully not much, only briefly and at intervals. But I am doing well now. There is no permanent damage to my body.”

“Was it the explosion of the old star that did it?”

“Yes. We underestimated its power. There weren’t any deaths, thank Breath.”

“Did the new star get started as planned?”

“Yes, it was a successful mission.”

“I’m glad you are okay. Why didn’t you tell me you got injured?”

“I didn’t want you to worry.”

Nucleus 8 informed me, Marjie, Isabel and Amy that he would teach us how to tap into quasar energy. He instructed us to form a circle and to hold hands while visualizing the energy entering our bodies after one of us said, “Powering up.” We would then become transmitters of the energy and were to notice whatever images entered our mind’s eye. We did power ups on many

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occasions, sometimes with a specific goal, such as improving conditions in starving Africa, but often we simply asked God to send it wherever it was most needed, and we went along for the ride:

...8 suggested that we power up because, “There are planets which are reaching the end of their evolutionary cycles and the beings on them are in dire straits. I would like to direct some of our thoughts toward them as we power up.” Amy asked us to also think of her brother in law, who had suffered a heart attack...

Isabel led the first power up. Although Nuke had told us to release hands in a clockwise fashion starting with the leader’s left hand, Isabel got confused and let go with her right, and we dropped hands in no particular order. Nuke said, “It is important that we release hands in a clockwise fashion because it gives the energy the proper spin when it leaves us instead of flying off willy-nilly in all directions. As the energy spins off, we can use it to cast out a silver thread of thought which will go to some location that we will visualize. Then we will report what we saw to each other, compare notes, and see what commonalities there are among our visions as a kind of confirmation.”

...Eight continued, “The energy penetrates many dimensions and influences many targets, even though we aren’t aware of all of them. There is no limit to the number of possible targets. We visualize only the ones that have personal significance...

“What did you see, Isabel?”

“I was with intelligent individuals who had a birdlike form. They were suffering from lack of something in their environment. I was reminded of how I looked when I was an ET, wearing a death mask that looked like crystalline salt.”

I bet they were Falcon’s people, I thought, and said, “I visualized a healing energy field surrounding David, Amy’s brother in law, and all people everywhere who are suffering. Then I received the image of a classic Greek temple. It seemed so incongruous that at first I wanted to reject it.”

Nuke said, “Don’t reject any image. They are valid. Where were you?”

“I’m getting Athens. That seems too much of a cliché to be real!”

“What else did you see?”

“I saw a man who had black hair, blue eyes, fair skin, and was dressed in a long, blue robe. He was standing in front of the temple, which reminded me of the Parthenon.”

“What is his name?”

Making an incredulous face, I said, “This can’t be right.”

“Go ahead, say whatever you perceived.”

“Asclepius?” (I didn’t know at the time that he was the Greek god of medicine.) “I didn’t see him doing anything.”

Apparently still entranced, Amy was trembling and making small noises.

Nuke said to her, “I was mainly concerned with you. You are putting too much of your own energy into the power ups instead of being restored by the energy you receive and use. You should think of yourself only as a transmitter and try not to put your own energy into it.”

She said, “I’m not putting out too much energy. I feel fine. It’s just very powerful. I saw a city made out of large crystals. I was standing below them and bolts of blue lightning were going from me to them, energizing them. It looked like the bolts of lightning you see on Tesla coils traveling up through the crystals. It was very exciting. I really enjoyed it.”

“I’m confused Nuke. You told me that when I power up I should really put my body into it and try to direct it by tensing my muscles. Now you tell Amy to simply let it pass through her.”

“That was for you alone. She doesn’t need to do that.”

“I just wanted to be sure I was doing it right.” My whole body normally shook with the energy whenever I powered up ...

Nuke said, “I saw a shipment of food arriving in Nairobi.”

We did a second power up, this time releasing clockwise.

On follow up, Isabel said, “I saw a clearer image of the bird people. They were in distress from lack of water. Their eyes were bugging out and they were afraid.”

Nuke said, “There are such birdlike people and there are planets where there isn’t enough water.”

Isabel said, “There’s a member of the board who has a similar form.” Eight only smiled.

I said, “I was looking down on a dark planet which lacked the life force it needed. It was not Earth, but similar. The land masses were a

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dark turquoise color, surrounded by darker basins of seas that were now empty. I became a gigantic column of Light surrounding the planet until it grew brighter and the green color of vegetation returned.”

On the third power up, Amy said, “I was looking down from above on a Greek temple. It was long and rectangular and there were other buildings around it. The people were in need. The energy I sent was helping their environment.”

I said, “I became a huge, blue-white flame somewhere in deep space, surrounded by blackness. I was a beacon that others could come to for their benefit. An orange craft approached me that had two egg-shaped observation and control centers connected by a beam, like the shape of a dumbbell. The beam had only a few openings, but the pods had many view ports that curved around them. I saw light inside. I wondered if it came from the planet I sent Light to.

“Do the people on that planet have space travel, Nuke?”

“No.”

Amy said, “I went to a planet that was a paradise, but in the bottom left corner of my image I saw a black and white checkerboard thing. I have no idea what it was or why it was there, but it was very clear and it didn’t go away.”

For the fourth power up, I took the lead. I became a gigantic sphere of intense white Light at the moment of Creation, expanding throughout the cosmos in several dimensions. Amy perceived a giant blue ball of Light. I said, “A few days ago I saw a large blue ball when I was meditating. I was looking up at it from inside a building that looked like a Coptic church.” I was vibrating from all the power ups and felt wonderful because we were doing what I thought we were supposed to be doing for I AM.

In this power up, we learned more about our Indian spirit friends:

Marjie was upset about the lack of customers in her shop and my lack of success in generating new referrals, blaming herself for my difficulties. Nuke suggested that we form a circle and seek help for her. Holding hands, we closed our eyes and asked for healing energy. When we had finished, we each described what we had visualized. I

said, "I felt Mother's touch and stood before the silvery, metallic framework of a triangle which expanded into a multitude of triangles, undulating like a slinky toy. I was vibrating with energy and wondered where the portal would take me. Then I saw a flower with three petals which transformed into a craft. It was flying over a pyramid shaped mountain."

Nuke said, "I saw the shadow of the craft on a stream. It became a leaf, and I floated along with it by a pyramid shaped mountain."

"I was levitating in a cloud above a huge stone. I was preparing herbs, but I don't know what they were for," Amy said.

Marjie said, "I feel guilt. I opened myself up to it willingly, and I need relief from it. Will you prepare a poultice with your herbs that will remove the guilt?"

"Yes. This poultice has purple crystals in it which will absorb the guilt. After they have absorbed it, I will take it out and bury it, and it will be gone. I see that there is a rope that ties guilt to your heart. It will absorb the rope as well."

Marjie wept when Amy reached over to put the invisible poultice on her head. Amy said, "I see many Indians. One is especially jolly. He stands very tall with many feathers. He is very fond of you, Patrick, and is telling me and the other Indians who have gathered around you about your exploits together."

I lowered my head and made the hand gesture of sharing to acknowledge him. Marjie said, "I feel a stabbing in my heart. The pain is very strong. It is connected with the Indian in some way."

"Go through the pain. Allow yourself to feel it and pass through it to where it takes you."

"I feel very hot all over. Sweat is pouring off me. Everything is dark. I still feel the pain."

"Pass on through it."

"I am now outside where the air is cool. I am lifting, rising up into the sky. I am a vulture."

"Look around. What do you see?"

"I'm very near a mountain. I am within ten feet of it, just floating. I am being lazy today. My belly is full. I am content. I am finished. All is well."

"Do not forget that those who stand behind the wall of misery choose to stay there," I said.

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We broke the circle and discussed what had happened. Marjie said, “The one who felt the stabbing in his heart was White Mountain, the Tarahumara we took back to his home.”

Amy said, “The tall Indian I saw was dressed mostly in white.”

I wondered if White Mountain, who got so hot and sweaty before his demise, had suffered a heart attack while in a sweat lodge. What Marjie had experienced certainly sounded like a death process. Her feelings of guilt were greatly diminished.

It was after ten when we stopped. I suggested that Amy and Nuke go to the cottage to be alone before it got too late.

They came back around twelve thirty, and we had a snack and some brandy. Amy said, “When I was levitating above that big stone, it was actually the Newfoundland stone I was seeing, and it covered a vast area.”

I replied, “Alta Sha said it is important for you to walk the paths of the ancestors, and that we should carry the chiefs in our trees back to the mountains with us.”

Nucleus 8 revealed another use of quasar energy:

“We have constructed a crystal city. The walls are transparent, but if someone wants privacy, the portion which they occupy becomes shaded.”

“It’s remarkable that you built a city like the one Perithnea and I once visited during a trance journey. I remember that we could travel in and out of the crystal walls without needing a door.”

“Perithnea has told me of this journey. You looked into my future. Our walls do not prevent exit or entry of anyone unless it is desired.”

“I had no idea it was a premonition of things to come.”

Nucleus 8 eventually told me that I had been given some of his DNA and Marjie was told she had received some of Mother’s DNA. That meant Nucleus was partially my father, and that Metatron was partially Marjie’s father. Sometimes I called him *Daddy*. In one of our sessions, Marjie was taken to a gathering of a very large number of Archangels by Metatron, who invited her to join them, and she felt unworthy to be in their presence. She finally understood she would not have been invited unless she belonged with such magnificent companions.

Our implants monitored our physical and mental condition. If there were problems that required medical attention, the extraterrestrials would wait until a convenient time, such as when we were in bed asleep, relaxing, or having a session, before taking our essence to the Station. Marjie had much more vivid experiences at the Station than I did, but I often received feedback from Nucleus 8 or others channeling through her telling me what I had done. When in meditation, I often received images of objects I could not identify which came unbidden to my mind's eye. When I described them to Nucleus 8 or another channeling entity, they could usually tell me what I had seen and add details of my activities that I could not remember.

Nucleus was surprised by my ability to visit areas of the Station restricted to authorized personnel for reasons of security. For example, I entered the area where he normally worked with his highly secured System (like a computer networking complex), without setting off all kinds of alarms. To his consternation, his System, which is sentient and has a personality and feelings of its own, recognized I did not represent a threat and accepted my presence.

I discovered that when I envisioned myself at a particular place in his dimension, I was actually there as far as the inhabitants were concerned, and was told that the more energy and concentration I invested in those visualizations, the more vivid was my presence.

If I knew 8 was going on a potentially dangerous mission, I would mentally accompany him and use my spiritual Light to protect him and his forces, while attempting to subdue the enemy.

He once scolded me for interfering with a military operation without obtaining his permission to be present. Likewise, events in 8's dimension sometimes "spilled over" into ours:

"Okay, but first can you tell me what it was that Marjie heard earlier today? She said that when she was up in the bedroom this morning, she heard the sound of a nail rolling across the ceiling and then clinking up against something metallic. She counted to four before the nail stopped rolling. Then that hook I had securely screwed into the ceiling to hold up a plant fell to the floor. It couldn't have fallen by itself. Did it have something to do with ETs?"

"Yes, the sound was connected with them, but they didn't intend for her to hear it. They weren't in the ceiling, they were in a craft."

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“How could Marjie hear something taking place on a craft?”

“Sometimes there is a corridor between the house and the ship, and the noises can be heard. It was the sound of a writing instrument like a pen, which rolled down the curved wall and then hit the floor.”

“Did they hear what was going on in our house, too?”

“Yes. They were listening.”

Lifeless planets are sometimes mined by the Alliance for their mineral resources. Crystals are essential to their technology and have surprising importance to planetary health. When Orsis, also known as the Crystal Planet, and home to Nuke’s father, stepmother and brother, was dying due to the decay of its central crystal, the Alliance intervened. Sarah gave me a progress report:

“I went to Orsis with 8. They had to pull out the core crystal because it was dead, but before they could do that, they had to take all the people off the planet. The crystal had tentacles extending to areas all over the place and couldn’t be removed without doing massive damage to the surface. Then he took the old crystal and put it into another planet. The change of environment revitalized it and it is generating more energy than it has for ages. The population has been moved to the new planet...”

Nucleus told me early in our work together that a single quadrant of the Alliance contains as many as 20,000 galaxies, a size impossible to imagine, yet its territory was increased by a factor of five when it merged with the compatible Red Star Alliance, composed largely of reptilian species, in 2000 CE. Nuke had a mild aversion to reptilians, whose sharp teeth made him nervous:

“The Universal Alliance Federation and the Red Star Alliance have agreed to unite. They have requested that I remain in my post as Supreme Lord of Security, and have not asked for representation on the Board of Twelve. They have opened up their System so that ours can interact with it, and a vast amount of data is being shared by them. Our System has pronounced theirs to be completely benign.

“How do you feel about associating with so many reptilians?”

“I’m becoming more comfortable with them.”

In the UFO literature, reptilians are often described as aggressive, cold-blooded killers and the little grays as unfeeling, callous and robotic. Some have likened the grays to social insects with a similar “hive” mentality. Marjie and I discussed our quite different experience of them:

“Most people are scared of reptiles,” she said.

“People have been taught to be afraid of them.”

“But some people love them. What do they call those people who think reptiles are so fascinating?”

“Herpetologists.”

“Yeah. I would like to read about contact between a herpetologist and a reptilian. I bet they would think it was great.”

“I’ve been thinking it’s about time I started talking about the good side of reptilians and what I know about them. We could call it the Church of the Ascension.”

Marjie gave me a strange look, as if she saw someone else. “What did you see, Marjie?”

“Stick out your tongue,” she said in a knowing manner.

“You saw the reptile in me, didn’t you?”

“Yes. That’s what you were projecting.”

“I wasn’t thinking about being a reptile, I was just thinking about teaching the truth.”

“I’m going to argue with you about the name.”

“Why?”

“I don’t think you should call it a church. Church has too many associations that some people don’t like. Just take out an ad in the paper telling people what you want to do, get an interested group together, and do some work.”

“It doesn’t have to be called a church. Come to think of it, Church is an interesting word. I wonder where it came from. What does it really mean?”

“It sounds like something you do when you are about to throw up.”

I laughed. We heard a noise like a burp, but more like “Urch.” I thought she had made it, and raised my eyebrows at her.

“That did not come from me. It came from right over here.” She pointed to a spot a foot away from her.

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“Maybe it was 8.”

“No, 8 is sitting over there in the chair.”

I closed my eyes and thought about it. “It was a gray. I guess their bodies also make noises sometimes, a little gray burp.” I closed my eyes again and had a clear image of a gray standing in that spot, nodding his head in agreement.

When the expanded ability of the enlarged Alliance to transport vessels and individuals from one dimension to innumerable others is pondered, the possibilities for exploration are beyond imagination. Considering the scope of their operational area, the size of the new headquarters that was built over a period of six earth years seems relatively small, though still huge by our standards. The new, discoid-shaped headquarters was five times larger than the existing Station, making it approximately one hundred miles in diameter and twenty five miles from top to bottom.

Engineering on such a large scale is commonplace for the Alliance. Nuke said that if the Alliance had any desire to conquer Earth, the entire atmosphere above our planet could be filled with their vessels, and that was before it was enlarged. He has “buzzed” the international space station in his personal craft and waved at the astronauts aboard. Alliance pilots often tease our military into attacking them, partly to determine the capabilities of our weapons, and partly to demonstrate their ability to evade and/or neutralize them. It amazes me that our military continues their dangerous attempts to attack vessels which are known to possess vastly superior technology. To me, their actions are as absurd as attacking a battleship with a stick. If the Alliance were not devoted to peace and the preservation of life, and reacted to our warlike attacks with a declaration of war against us, imagine what total devastation and loss of life even mild retaliation (considering their capabilities) would cause!

Perhaps our military has been emboldened by the possession of at least one and possibly more, intact scout crafts as has been reported in the conscientious UFO literature. I asked Nucleus 8:

“Is it true that the United States has one of your ships hidden away somewhere?”

“They do have a craft, but they have never penetrated the hull.”

“I thought you said it could be broken open.”

“It can be easily dismantled, but you must have the proper device, which is like a glove that comes up above the wrist. You merely touch the craft with it and it comes apart at the seams.”

“Are you still in contact with the machine?”

“Of course.”

“How did the government get their hands on it? Surely it wasn’t captured.”

“They could never capture one. They were allowed to find it.”

“Why did you let them have it?”

“We don’t need it.”

“But why did you want our government to have it?”

“It gives them something to do. It keeps them from paying so much attention to what is going on in the sky.”

“Does it transmit a signal that they can receive and study?”

“It emits radioactivity.”

“They probably think it’s nuclear powered or something”

He smiled. “It also makes them keep their distance.”

“So all they see is a seamless piece of metal in front of them.”

“That’s right, but if you have the right tool, all you have to do is run your hand along the edges, and the panels will just pull right off.”

“What does the device do, unlock the molecules?”

“Yes.”

The Alliance retaliated when personnel and vessels were destroyed by nonmembers on a planet which had obtained an advanced weapon:

Nuke said, “Let’s power up again ...”

I saw an orange planet and zeroed in on a very massive pyramid which could shoot a destructive energy beam into space from its apex. After the power down, I asked Nuke about the orange planet.

He said, “The inhabitants have not joined the Alliance, although it is within our boundaries. They have remained isolated for thousands of years by their own choice.”

We had returned home when 8 said, “I sent a team in three vessels to investigate the pyramid, which is a type of weapon we call a nuclear vent. We weren’t expecting a hostile reception and our ships were not equipped to deal with it. They were parked in neutral

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territory far above the planet when they were fired upon. Thirteen hundred lives were lost.”

“Good Lord!”

“They couldn’t have developed that weapon without help. It’s too sophisticated for their level of technology. It’s likely that someone within the Alliance helped them, but we don’t know who.”

“I suspect that your previous second recruited them as part of the plan to overthrow the Alliance.”

“We have considered that and are investigating.”

“How did they justify firing on peaceful vessels?”

“They said they were a threat, but there wasn’t any threat.”

“For them to react so aggressively suggests that they were afraid of exposure, as if they were preparing to launch an attack. What are you going to do?”

“We aren’t going to mess around. An armada is being assembled and the pyramid will be destroyed. ...Ships are coming from all over the Alliance. Mothers will be there as well. We can easily deal with anything this planet can throw at us.”

“As always, my prayers are with you.”

“Thank you.”

Sarah said, “I’m going... Mother has been teaching me how to harden myself against weapons that might be thrown at me.”

“It’s always good to know self defense. I’m sure you’ll be safe with Mothers around.”

...Nuke said, “I’m back. The mission was a success. We removed all the innocents from the planet before we destroyed all their weapons and the means to produce them, which essentially reduced their civilization to Stone Age technology. We could have destroyed the entire planet, but it was still viable. We returned the innocents to the surface, where they will have to fend for themselves. We told them we hoped they would learn to live in peace and perhaps would join the Alliance sometime in the future. We are still tracing the source of the technology that led to so many deaths among my staff.” I put my arm around him for a few minutes as he grieved.

Transforming dead planets into viable ecosystems is one of the primary activities of the Alliance, and one of the Board members is an expert in that field. Nucleus 8 explained that an essentially dead planet might need to be

moved closer or farther away from its star(s) in order to create a viable environment, or an already viable planet's orbit might need to be adjusted if knocked out of kilter by an unusual gravitational field. The orbits of planets in our solar system were altered in 1994 when the Alliance nudged fragments of the Shoemaker-Levy 9 comet to strike Jupiter exactly where needed to slightly change its orbit. Dramatic photos of the gigantic impacts can easily be found on the internet. Excepting the Sun, Jupiter is the most massive body in our solar system, and moving it affected the orbit of every other planet, including Earth's. This was done in response to a request by the people of Neptune, members of the Alliance, to move it closer to the sun and thereby to raise its temperature. Nuke said the average effect on Earth's somewhat elliptical orbit was to bring it slightly closer to the sun, which, along with other factors, is having a definite impact on global warming and extremes of weather.

I was also taught that planets where intelligent life forms exist are quite rare. When the civilization on such a planet wants to join, the Alliance will go to great lengths to provide technological assistance if it is requested. A new civilization was discovered during my work with 8. It was located many dimensions away from headquarters, which made transportation to and from it time consuming and physically taxing for the staff members volunteering to go there. Therefore, work assignments to help the population, functioning at the lowest level of technology, would last for several years. Eight debated if he should personally supervise the work, because if he did, he would not be able to visit us for five Earth years. He decided to turn the project over to Adam, who can cross dimensions instantly without relying upon technology. Perithnea and many other faeries also volunteered to help the Alliance raise the new members to a higher level of culture and had great fun doing it.

Nucleus shared information about an advanced civilization that also joined after we met:

Eight had gone to the planet which was joining the Alliance to sign the contract and to meet with their dignitaries. I asked about its location and he said, "This civilization exists in your dimension, but is approximately 80 light years away from Earth. The planet is somewhat similar to Earth, but more tropical. The chemical basis of life is the same. They are vegetarians and identify strongly with

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plants. They live in gigantic arches of a uniform diameter. Some are as high as 250 feet or more. Each arch stands alone, but sometimes they overlap. The insides of the arches are honeycombed with chambers, like the cells found in a plant's stem."

"How do they get to the top?"

"They have magnetic devices which create a lifting action."

"What are the arches made of?"

"The material appears to be like stone, but at night they light up from within. In daylight, they have a pinkish color."

Nucleus 8 told me that Earth's most powerful governments have been offered membership in the Alliance on more than one occasion, but have uniformly turned it down. Isabel shared similar information obtained from a different source:

...she shared articles written in the 1970's by a man named Baird Wallace which contained information channeled by an ET which was very consistent with what we had learned from our contact experiences. The ET had told him even then that they had approached all major governments on earth, offering them limitless free energy, assistance in feeding their populations, and assistance in curing illnesses, but in exchange, the governments would have to give up their means of waging war on one another. Every government had turned them down. Therefore, they had switched their tactics to working at the grassroots level, individual by individual, to raise the consciousness of human beings. The ET said that all humans could attain the consciousness of a planet or a star, for these were an expression of man's consciousness.

"Nuke has told me that the planets and stars have a consciousness, and communicate with one another," I said.

Nuke described a hiding place existing between dimensions:

We got out the Ouija Board after a table lamp started flickering, thinking Tom wanted to communicate, and right away he spelled out, **THE MAGIC FIGHTER IS IN THE YELLOW BAND.**

I said, "I have no idea what you are talking about."

IT IS INTERDIMENSIONAL. IT WILL APPEAR IN THREE. I suddenly realized he was referring to the missing A-10, which is used for close support of ground troops.

I asked, “Three what? Three hours, three days, three years, what?” He didn’t answer.

When Nuke manifested a while later, I said, “I understand that the A-10 is in the yellow band.”

“What! How do you know that?” He was obviously upset about a breach of security.

“I can’t reveal my source,” I teased, and he gave me a dirty look.

Having scored a point, I said, “Tom told me on the Ouija Board.”

“You did reveal your source.”

“He doesn’t care.”

“But how did he know that? No one is supposed to know it but us.”

“What is the yellow band?”

The band between dimensions is always yellow. Don’t ask me why, I’m not a physicist. I was in that band when I was previously intercepted and wounded by Number 2.”

“Why is the A-10 between dimensions?”

“It can’t be traced while it is in the band, because its molecules are scattered. It doesn’t exist as an object, and cannot be found, even with remote viewing.”

“Well, what did he mean by saying it would appear in three?”

“You’ll just have to wait and see.”

Transporting from one dimension to another was generally very safe, but not entirely risk free, even for 8:

“My System is calling me back. I have to go.”

A few seconds later, Adam joined me. “Father, Nucleus is very ill. They have taken him to the medical unit.”

“What’s wrong with him?”

“He picked up a contaminant when he was transported here, an aggressive virus.”

“Do you mean that the virus was included when his molecules were reassembled?”

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“Yes. They can’t keep him in the medical unit. The virus might contaminate the entire Station and we don’t have a cure for it. They want to return him here as quickly as possible.”

“That’s fine with me. When they send him back, is there some way that they can separate the molecules of this virus from his own?”

“Yes.”

“Then send him back now.” I pulled into a parking spot and waited, mentally projecting healing Light to him.

Nuke said, “I should not have gone there. I could have infected the whole Station.”

“Your System called you back.”

“I know, but I shouldn’t have allowed it.”

“You thought you were just depressed.”

“I should have known better.”

“Apparently no harm was done. You’re back here and the virus is gone. How are you feeling?”

“I feel awful. It’s affected my stomach and intestines. I feel weak all over and I have no energy.”

“What can I do to help?”

“I just need to lie down.” He reclined the seat back.

“Try to sleep... Did it attack your nervous system?”

“Yes.”

“I guess it will take some time to recover. We will pray for Breath to restore your immune system and to reestablish balance.”

Nuke retreated, but Marjie felt some of his symptoms in addition to the fatigue from hours of channeling. She had to lie down for several hours when we got home before she recovered.

I was impressed by the Alliance’s ability to know about small details that they could use for teaching. Such demonstrations reinforced 8’s claim that the crew of a UFO could count every hair on a person’s head or their entire bodies. Several times he told me that vessels we saw in the vicinity were busy counting things, like the local population of various species. I supposed it was in connection with the design of ecologies for the New Planet and to assess the health of our own. Their attentiveness was demonstrated one night in an unusual way:

At nine o’clock, Marjie said, “Sarah wants us to turn on *Star Trek*

because she wants to watch Worf.”

“Sounds good to me.”

Sarah asked, “Why do I want to watch Worf?”

“He reminds you of people you have seen in 8’s dimension.”

“Yes. You are very smart.”

As it turned out, the entire episode was devoted to Worf, who was caught in a parallel reality. He kept jumping uncontrollably from one dimension into the other. In each of them, the characters were the same, but acted out slightly different roles, so that he became very confused as to which was the “true” reality. I had no doubt that 8 and company knew what the episode was about and had given Sarah the motivation to watch it. It couldn’t have been more relevant to her life.

Nucleus had some astonishing news to share when I asked questions about the role of extraterrestrials in the evolution of humans and about catastrophic events in Earth’s distant past:

“Wait until you see your second sun.”

“A second sun?”

“Yes. It is now approaching.”

“So our star orbits another star?”

“Yes.”

“It is probably larger than ours, then, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“Does it have a solar system of its own, with planets?”

“Yes.”

“Does our solar system overlap with theirs at our closest approach?”

“Yes, at the outermost edge.”

“That would explain the ancient stories from Sumer which say that every twenty-five thousand years or so, there is a planet that comes close enough to Earth for the gods to travel here and interact with humans.

“They were called the Anunaki, the ones that Zecharia Sitchen writes about.”

“Yes, indeed.”

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“When we get close to the other star, wouldn’t that have major effects on our planetary orbits, gravitational tides, and all kinds of things?”

“There will be major changes on Earth. It is unlikely that you will experience any of the changes but you will certainly hear tell of them.”

He answered other questions along those lines as well:

“Eight, were the Egyptians related to the Mayans? I have noticed that the shapes of the heads of the pharaohs and those of the Mayan leaders are very similar.”

“They are distantly related. The first Egyptians were colonizers from another planet. They came here intending to extend their culture to Earth and to maintain communication with their home planet, which is a member of the Alliance.

“Although they came here with advanced technology, they could not sustain it because they did not bring the means for reproducing it with them. They were more interested in universal truths than the technology. Over thousands of years they physically interacted with indigenous earthlings of a lower vibration. Over time that lowered their own level of knowledge, wisdom, and understanding.

“The Mayans also came here to colonize, and they did interact with Egyptians. The pyramids of both cultures were, among other things, communication devices, and they are interconnected with other pyramids in this solar system, such as those on Neptune and Mars and your moon, as well as with pyramids in other solar systems and in other dimensions throughout the Alliance. There is a vast network of pyramidal structures which are capable of communicating with one another.

“Their ancient prophecies say that 15,000 years, more or less, after Egypt was first established, there will be a reactivation of this network. Some of those prophecies are recorded on the tablets that my father left to me. When that occurs, the effect will be so dramatic that there will be no mistaking it. Everyone on Earth will know that the nature of reality has been altered. This will occur universally and simultaneously wherever these pyramidal structures are located. There are many people on Earth who are ready for this

change and who will embrace it as a new beginning, something they have been waiting for all of their lives. Others will immediately reject it, push it away, and deny it, because they cannot accept a change in their perception of reality.

Those who reject the changes will, by their own actions, separate themselves from the glory of the Second Coming. They will not be able to enter into the kingdom of spirits that will be created by this event.”

“What will happen to them?”

“It isn’t clear to me just what will happen to them. The mysterious light which has been seen by your astronomers and which has been found to be emitting unusual pulses of energy unlike anything that they have seen before, is the sister star to your own sun. It is approaching and I understand that your astronomers are beginning to compare its patterns of emissions with that of your sun, which will lead to the discovery that it is a star.

“As this star nears your solar system, the atmosphere of your planet will be bombarded with increased radiation which your ozone layer will be unable to absorb. It also carries with it a planet that will orbit through your solar system and cause major shifts in the orbits of planets, just as it has done in the past. This generation will not pass away before the sister star is known to be very near.

“There are seers and wise men in Egypt who are not allowing certain ancient prophecies to be revealed to the world because the time for that is not yet here. When they see that certain sacred events have occurred, they will share the information. When the activation begins there is nothing they can do to stop it or to prevent the world from knowing that it is happening, for it will be such a large scale event that it will be unmistakable.”

Nuke informed me in January, 2008, that The Source had ordered the placement of approximately 90,000 mother ships into the Milky Way Galaxy. Among other things, the massive vessels are directing positive energies toward Earth which will successfully counteract the negative energies which have dominated for too long. He said the negative forces on Earth were crumbling under the impact of the positive energies humans and others are projecting toward them, and that the *dark cabal* currently dominating Earth is *like an octopus hanging onto a rock for dear life in the pounding surf*. Its

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leaders sense they are about to lose control and are attempting to join with other negative forces, but *their lines are being cut short and do not reach their targets.*

I asked him how humans could fight the negative energies, but he said we should not attempt to fight it, because it would only suck the negative energy out of us. Instead, we should neutralize it by projecting positive energies. *You have to send out energy that is its opposite and manipulate it that way.* The shift decreed by I AM in all the universes toward the positive is taking place!

With that bit of vital information, it is appropriate to conclude this introduction to the kinds of mind-altering information contained in *Faeries, Angels, Indians and Aliens*. Many other adventures are detailed in the original volumes, but these examples give you a glimpse into the miraculous world Marjie and I entered through dedicating our service to I AM and the use of hypnosis.

I leave you with these thoughts: No matter how advanced the technology is, and no matter what type of intelligent species one is dealing with, there is no force more powerful or more important in all the universes than the expression of love. If we wish to join with the glorious beings living in the higher realms, we must raise our level of consciousness above the physical. There is no business more important than sharing God's love and seeking self enlightenment. To all my readers, Be Blessed.

The End

Praise for *Faeries Angels Indians and Aliens*

Ellen I:

When I was reading the books, it was funny how many synchronistic things were happening. I have had all sorts of birds at my house. When I started reading the part about your mocking bird, the next day I woke up to the sound of what I thought was a crow. To my surprise, a mockingbird was on my porch... That was the first time I have seen a Mocking bird at my house. When I was reading about Alta Sha and how he ended his conversation with you by saying alleluhia, I just happened to put on a TV show where Katie Holmes was singing a song and at the end of each sentence said Alleluia. When reading about your trip to Mexico, my husband turned on the TV and what came on was the pyramid at Chichenitza, Mexico. When I started reading about Nucleus, there was a TV show regarding aliens.

Karen O:

Your books are absolutely fascinating and I think everyone should read them. I have been exposed to ETs, life after death, reincarnation, spirits, etc. by listening to Coast to Coast. In fact, I think you would be a fantastic guest...

Donna B:

Your story has really touched me and made me start to question my own faith.... Today while messing on the computer the lid on my rubbish bin banged twice for no apparent reason! I see more birds than I usually do, little geckos (lizards) scoot right by me when I am sitting outside and stop to have a quick peek before vanishing into a rock. I even hugged my gum tree - all because your books have made me more aware and reminded me of how little I thank our creator for all his blessings.

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I would also like you to know that I had a friend come visit me and while I was making us a cup of coffee she was browsing my bookshelf. Randomly she took Book 1 off the shelf and asked if she could borrow it. She is now on book 2 of your series and is just as excited as I am about how it has affected her AND how close you are to describing our own beliefs.

Thank you Rex for writing them!

Alanna M:

You write so well! I find very few writers now days that I can read straight through. You will sell your books for many years to come.

About the Author

Rex Patrick Haire, Ph.D., is a retired Clinical Psychologist who has dedicated his life to serving our Creator. His five volume book, *Faeries, Angels, Indians and Aliens* was written in response to the encouragement of an angelic messenger. It is an account of many amazing spiritual and physical adventures which began as a result of hypnotic explorations with Marjorie Ann, who became an extremely gifted channel through whom beings from other dimensions can freely communicate. *Our Interdimensional Family* was written after it was suggested by interdimensional beings who have taken a keen interest in his work, which reveals the truth that human beings are not limited to a single, unique existence on Earth, but have souls unlimited by time, space, or dimensions. He lives near Martin, Tennessee.