

Most Memorable OBEs

2009 – 2019



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I was born in the Las Vegas desert in the mid-60s..

I suppose this may say, and even predict in itself at least in part the unfolding of the life that has come to be—this being an epicenter of the peace and love movement, and much activity relative to consciousness and the extra-terrestrial presence.

Yoga and meditation came to me early. A willing student, I began practicing through synchronicity at the age of 12, becoming seriously devoted to the discipline in my late 20's. The study of ancient texts, The Vedas, Upanishads, Bhagavad Gita and many others led me to Shanakaracarya, Sri Ramana Maharshi and Jnana. To my inherent alignment with Self discovery and the idea of liberation within the lifetime : what more currently is termed “ascension”. —Teaching soon followed the years of study.

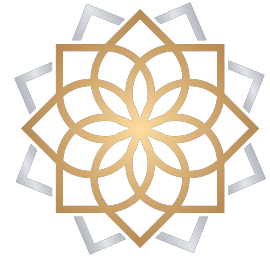
In 2009 came an Awakening, a spiritual “Kundalini” top-down awakening process ensued. At this time, a capacity—an innate ability to explore consciousness – systems, realities, worlds beyond our own is becoming a permanent part of my ground level life experience. Years are spent developing the ability. Shifting in full awareness into additional consciousness states, additional consciousness SPACE, — galactic, universal and elemental experience territories.

I am an experiencer of conscious contact with extraterrestrial intelligence,

An explorer of consciousness systems, a visual and vocal channel.

My name is Casey.

2009 – 2019



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Daily Journal Entries

OBE FILE

Abduction Scenario OBE

July 12, 2009

I am in a dream, I am slowly becoming lucid of my surroundings ..A voice is in the background, very loud, very clear, I am not recognizing it as not belonging in the picture I am seeing (and it does not). I am in my room, sleeping, there is a friend staying overnight evidently. It is dark so I cannot see well, but the energy feels like my friend Lil.. The voice in the background I fully recognize, it is Graham Hancock, he is speaking strongly, in crisp clear serious tones. The part I am hearing and taking note of are the BOOMING words "do not let this happen without the physical body system." He is meaning in part without me, without *Casey -I feel myself receiving this as the instruction to remain conscious and I am in a heightened state of listening. At this precise moment I am feeling myself being quite literally pulled from my body. I can hear myself in my mind saying "oh god oh god it's happening again", through the feeling of sheer terror I tell myself to stay awake. Looking at the shadows of the people down below me I scream to them for help. Help!!!—once, twice, three times..

I am rising up through the air, belly down, up toward the SE corner of the ceiling by the door to the garden. For a moment I realize I am just out of body, I am just out of my body, but, also, I feel them, I am not alone. My heart is racing. Nearing panic I feel a warm release through my whole body as I phase out of consciousness. In what seems the very next moment I phase right back in. I am no longer in my room. I am on a table lying face up. There are others in the room. I can hear myself in my mind again "oh god it's really happening, I'm here, I'm conscious this time, I'm still conscious". I am telling myself I dare not open my eyes, but at the same time am trying to receive visual impressions from my surroundings. It is not working though. Panic is flooding through me. I hear and see a bright white light, scanning slowly over me head to toe. Through the panic I think quick and purposely say the word "healing" – and phase directly back into my room. I am on the floor curled up on my side.

My eyes are closed. I can't tell if I am still OB, I'm trying to tell. I am wide awake in my room, but I can still hear the sound(s) from where I just was, I can still feel the vibrations, I can still feel them. In front of my closed eyes the space is warbling, rippling like water. Slowly I open my eyes. I am feeling safe but it is an odd mixture of both calm and afraid. I close my eyes. The space is still warbling. In my mind I know there is more coming, —the vibrations roll over me, I phase back out of consciousness.



Meeting Meshahare

July 14, 2009

I almost don't know where to begin . .

There is so much to say, that I want to say, and yet it so quiet and content here inside me. Such an odd mixture of wanting to write this out, but, also, to just sit here and revel in the quietness. The pure joy of what has finally just happened.

This feeling in me began late yesterday morning. Everything was just so right. So perfect. I was going to be meeting Darr in a couple hours to go see the movie "Moon". I was looking forward to this. She had sent me a link to the preview some weeks back and felt I really really wanted to go. I was happy at the idea of finally going. When we met up, I found myself very happy to see her, even more--so than what is usual. I was laughing at absolutely everything and I kept pointing this out to myself, maybe to make the instance of it begin to stand out.

There was a bit of traffic as we we got down into the heart of Santa Monica --a beach area on a summer Sunday. I was driving, but felt like sitting back and letting Darr choose our direction. Soon after her initial choice, which had taken us into the first bit of traffic, and perhaps the onset of a bit of anxiety on her part, I settled into letting Neru show the way --saying "let's not try to figure this out", Neru will light a path. While we were at it, as is common for us, we called in the Neru / Agnes / Casey team together to open up a parking space for when we would be nearing our destination. Which was of course was there for us when we arrived. This is how it began.

From here everything continued to get more and more outstanding. During the course of the early dinner we were enjoying, an absolute and utter contentment began flooding through me. Everything was feeling so intensely amazing. Just sitting here, the sun coming down on me, the tiny breeze, the smell of pizza dough, Darr, sitting there across from me at the table. It was so perfect. I kept referring to this over and over again, and finally expressed deep thanks to Darr for spending the day with me. I never do this. But I did today. Deep from within the contentment this rose up and through me reached out to her.

After dropping Darr off and returning home I sat down at the computer. The utter content deepening even more still. After some time I laid down, and then went out to do my sun gazing. While I was out there I told everyone how well they were doing with getting my attention in the night. I told them that it was not too much (referring to the 'abduction' feeling thing that occurred again 2 nights prior). I let them know I was ready to continue and was looking forward to resolving the fear I was sometimes feeling. After practice I absorbedly walked back into my room.

Before heading to bed, as part of our evening ritual, I placed my hand under Charlie B's belly and scooped him toward a belly up position into my arms --to carry him to the grass for our last visit for today.. As we did this, the whole feeling and action of it synched up in mind with the event of 2 nights ago, the abduction scenario OBE --where I feel I am being suctioned up out of my body, belly down at first as I am rising up, and

then 'come to' in a room on a table laying facing up. I was thrilled with the idea coming through. I was dumbfounded. I asked out loud, "is this! what is happening", I'm being lifted / assisted up ? By someone who loves me ? I was incredibly excited by this, by the idea now sinking in in this way, and fastly opening—to going into the night. "This time" I said, "I am going to try to open my eyes" . . I know it will be happening again tonight . . (from somewhere within me I know this has been happening every night juuust outside of my awareness).

The vibrations must've started coming around 1 am . . .

I am laying on the floor on my stomach becoming increasingly more aware of them absorbing the physicalness out of my body. In my mind I can hear myself say "it is beginning". As always I am a little afraid, but this time just slightly, I am telling myself to stay awake, stay calm and pay attention. This is when I feel his hands. He has a good hold of my feet and is drawing my legs up and pulling them way back loong. I think he comes over to my head and does something there, and then goes back and does the same thing with my feet. I am relating what I am feeling to a yoga adjustment, clearly, which is calming me significantly, enough to very quickly begin to know he is preparing me. Helping me to stay in the vibration that is letting me speak with him.

I am utterly brimming over with questions. It is no longer dark, I have opened my eyes and have been watching him now for some time. I see him quite clearly. A young boy, dark skin, beautiful black hair –he has a white band in his hair, tied down at the nape of the neck. He is wearing a white loin cloth, fastened unlike any I have ever seen. We are in my room, just as tangibly as I am ever here with anyone. I ask him if he is the one I call Neru. He tilts his head, lifts the corners of his mouth and says "yes and no", lingering emphasis on the no... I say what is your name ? and he replies "Meshahare", pronounced Mes–ha–ha–ree (which means potential participle; that which is about to come into being). He is still busy working, preparing me, and although not exactly in a hurry there is some element of time. He is letting me know that I am "going with him now" —as another of his tribe walks in through the door from the garden.

Before I notice this one too much, and while Meshahare is still working I am asking questions. I have so many!, my mind is just brimming. I find myself asking if he is Indian, he kindly answers saying "yes" and giving me his tribal name, *I repeat and repeat this but do not retain it. "How old are you?" I ask, he relays to me it is his "teenth year". I consider this for a moment and say you are 13? In my mind I hear "the year a boy becomes a man" as I telepathically form in my mind the word "fifteen". He appears to me much younger than this, maybe twelve, there is not much height to him. His energy is calm, focused, clear, and very sweet.

I am no longer able to remain laying here and almost without realizing step up out of my body moving directly toward the one coming through the door from the garden, a boy man in his early twenties by the look of him. He looks much like Meshahare, only he is tall and his hair is worn longer. I am fascinated by him. And maybe a little nervous? Somehow in our interaction the cup of tea I have sitting by my bed cushion gets knocked over. We are sopping this up, and noticing the cloth is overflowing I say

to him I will step outside and write it out. The message from the boys continues to be heard in my mind "you are coming with me now". I am asking if I am leaving this place for good now, leaving this body, dying. He says "you can come back to this body before this happens". I am not altogether comforted, or clear with this answer.

[The boys may have wanted to take me to my dad, but I am not sure. I can just feel him and am getting visuals of the house. And then I am there. But rather dreamlike. The vibration is fading. The back door is open and I can not manage to get it closed. This seemed imperative to me, as though there were maybe something out there I'd rather not get in. I think I am starting to become afraid –slowly losing the connection with Meshahare 1 and Meshahare 2. I am slamming the back door repeatedly, over and over and over. Then I am in telepathic communication with Lisa, my old roommate. I am still having a hard time communicating with her, saying what I want to say. She is saying something about yoga. When I cannot get my message through to her directly I opt to send it indirectly. The message is getting fuzzy because I am exiting the vibration wholly now, but I am retaining a bit of it which goes something like this— From the darkness, you wake, open your eyes and experience only you, only your choices (no-one is interfering)— end communication.]

I am back in my room and looking around now, Meshahare and the other are no longer here with me. My mind is absolutely sparkling with what has just happened. I reach for my pen and start writing everything down. Afterward I cannot sleep. I go to the computer, walk around, step out into the garden,

I am wanting it to happen again – so – laying down I begin to try . .

But I am just too in awe.

It is now 2:30 am

Parallel Reality Husbands

July 24, 2009

Last night was very fun . .

Around 3am I entered a semi-lucid dreamlike OBE in which I was assisted in rolling out of and moving away from my body by a tall young man with dark hair—a parallel reality husband I soon find out.. We sit in his home, drinking tea and coffee, as he fills me in on our life together in his reality; 3 kids and a dog, etc., who I can see as he brings them each to light. At a certain point, without me quite realizing it at first, this husband morphs into another. Well, not really morphs, I just miss the part where the second one comes in. A young light skinned black man, veeery easy on the eyes. We also have 3 kids and a dog.

Most of my remembered experience occurs in conversation with husband number one. It seems in their lives, they both have learned to go OB and got the ringing of the bell, so to speak, that I have started doing this over here. My understanding is that they came to help me remain aware in my OB experience(s). How cool is that, that we can help ourselves and others as we enter this new realm of experience. I continue to grow more and more amazed at all of this, how it works, and what is possible. This is the first time I have gotten out of my room with this much lucidity. Which I wouldn't describe as a lot, but, you know, hey, this much is more than before! What a happy night of learning. First roll out, too. With just a bit of assistance. Very kewl.

Another Young Indian Boy

August 23, 2009

During a bio-feedback session today I begin having clear visions in the midst of obvious exit sensations. I am seeing a wolf (as I have been for days now), very close to my face, looking me straight in the eyes. I feel no fear. I begin seeing him in a wilderness scene playing with and pawing at a boy. Immediately following I pop out of my body for just a moment, – a quick moment. I am standing in my room over by the tree, by the patio door, looking toward the area near the foot of my practice space. I see a young, seven year old native boy as if standing up from a crouching position. He sees me seeing him. Our eyes are locked onto one another.

Although I say native, it is clear to me this boy is not from our timeline. Although young he has no hair, and a large circular pattern akin to a tattoo (but this is more naturally occurring) centered over his forehead at the front/top the head. He is for the most part unclothed. He may be wearing a loincloth but from the crouching position I cannot tell. He is wearing a beaded string, affixed around the head, cascading down the spine. It is beautiful.

[Once back in body the visions and exit sensations are not as strong, but they are still present. Curiosity has me do a general search after this: "Indian boy, wolf" – and get a

hit. A seven year old boy (when found), raised by wolves, identified by a marking over his forehead. —I just love these experiences! Whoa.



Erich and Carie

August 26, 2009 — 8:15 AM

I just left my body –I either missed the exit or caught the return I am not sure which.

This is what was happening just a moment ago: I am with Carie and Erich—Erich is laying on the bed, he is putting a pillow next to him at his feet and signaling for Carie to get up and lay down there. Erich's head is at the head of the bed and Carie's is at the foot of the bed, so they are facing opposite directions –or, facing each other.. I try to verbally say hi to Carie and am startled by the (out loud) sound of my voice. Everything starts to break up, get fuzzy, but I quickly get it back. Now I am looking at the place where Erich is—Erich is no longer here, only an indentation showing where his placement is. My focus is coming in on this –as I am nearing I turn to the right, in the direction Erich was facing, and see a white board with 5 black and white photos on it. A black woman, approximately in her early 30's and her young teenage daughter. I recognize them, I recognize them totally, I've seen them earlier in the week (in another OBE), seeing the pictures is just now reminding me. There are two pictures of the mother, two pictures of the daughter, one picture of them both together.

After I've recognized the women, and am coming in closer to just really get the memory burned in, I hear this sound. At first it is a low hum. Then I hear a high pitched, non-local type of sound –it is a series of quick tones and beeps (this is not a good example but maybe something like auto dialing on a phone and you hear the beeps of the numbers being dialed). This brings on the full body vibrations. Vibrations are coursing all the way through me, for the first time in awhile. I have been feeling different versions of the vibrations this past month but it has been some time since the full body ones that are coming on me this morning.

I feel like I am going to go OB and am looking forward to the "floating up and out" part but it doesn't happen. After the vibrations I am still in my room just laying here. I stay for about 5 minutes, waiting to see if I can catch the return, but am rather "up", excited by things happening again, and also wanting to get down what has happened before it is not as clear – so I get up and record the event. I lay back down for a few minutes to see if anything further is coming but really the energy is just so high. My guess at this time is that what I am relaying here is the return and the download.

White Wizard

March 1, 2010

Sign : At 10:10pm I am laying on the bed pad listening to C2C when the whole sky outside my south window lights up bright white / ice blue. The flash lasts only a split second and then is gone, but boy do my eyes get big. In my mind I am repeating, over and over and over again the word “whoa”. I am not 100% sure, but ice blue may be my color. One day last summer, having asked, I began seeing this color. Note: It is another pink tinted night sky again tonight, which is the case more and more consistently as of late. So odd, to see a dark sky tinted pink.

Going into the night

From 11–2am nothing noteworthy is occurring. I am dreaming. When I get up to use the bathroom around 12:40 I note this whole while I have been talking with someone. I am not sure if this is just ‘talking to myself in my head’ but by the feeling I would have to lean in this direction. Shortly after, I hear Charlie get down off of his night bed and start walking around the room. I remember briefly wondering what was happening, he never stirs much in the night unless something is wrong.

The next time I come to be somewhat aware it is somewhere between 2–4am.. I am drowsily feeling a halo of pulsing energy around me. My head is in the center of this energy, which seems to be coming at me from the outside. It extends down to my navel, and approximately the same distance up over my crown. I open my eyes and see Charlie on the floor at the foot of the space heater (his new favorite spot) and fall back off to sleep.

Around 4 o’clock, I begin to hear Charlie again. He has positioned himself down by my feet and is making the low growly sound he uses when he needs to wake me up. He is not feeling well and needs to get to the grass. On my hands and knees I walk with him over to the door, and, letting him out I crouch there for the next 10 minutes while he does what he needs to. It is windy outside, the cold breeze is beginning to wake me. Once back safely and snuggled inside we both go back to bed.

Somewhere just after 5am the vibrations begin rolling in. I take note, quite surprised this has begun while I am still in bed, *since July of last year the arrangement has been for this to occur later, after I have moved to the practice space. I am semi-lucid of going OoB (out of body). It is really wild as I am not as aware as when I move to the practice space. It feels like I am getting swung around by my feet *by a large alligator! and catapulted out into space.

At 6am I move to the practice space. I am still feeling the energies and vibrational signature of the OBEs. I am softening myself into it and inviting the experience fully in. This seems to be THE key to traveling. At this point I begin receiving downloads of the events that took place prior to me moving to the practice space---

Someone is cleaning outside my room, up high in the corner outside my door. The person is up on a ladder and making quite a bit of sound.

Now I am aware of something on top of me, my lucidity is low so the figure appears dark. I am momentarily taking it for a sort of large alligator when the feeling of being swung round by my feet happens.

Losing lucidity I get up and walk down the hall (I am now fully back to dreaming) spying Charlie brown running out the fully open front door reeeally fast. I am going after him, excitedly calling his name as lucid awareness is returning. *I have recognized the dream sign.

Next thing I know I am sitting on the potty, the toilet paper on the roll looks already soiled with poo (???!) — I am growing increasingly more aware as I transition into a classroom scene.

I am sitting at the front of the class in a chair off to the far right. A young, attractive, dark haired Mexican man is sitting next to me and, looking closely into my eyes is beginning to converse with me in Spanish. I am picking up on a bit of the first phrase, he is asking me how I am. I hesitantly reply (as I am coming into almost full conscious awareness) — “bien”... He continues the conversation, showing his delight, but the next words I am not picking up on at all. He is repeating the sentence again. I am nodding my head sideways, apologetically smiling, to indicate I am not understanding, as I transition into a friendly city street scene.

I am a man, possibly the same Mexican man from before, I am not sure. As I am being lured by some street kids in one direction, another young boy is taking off on my bike. He is a talented rider, even the parked cars in his get-a-way path are not an obstruction for him, he skillfully maneuvers the bike right over the first one. Just as he is making his way over the second, an officer tags him and he is caught. I transition.

From the practice space

I have been feeling amorous through a lot of the energy download, by the time I am in this scene I feel I am wanting to travel to see a lover. In this scene I am looking at a large red haired dog, reclined on the floor as though ready to receive some pets. As I move toward her she paws me away. There seems some attrition here, some friction; this dog clearly does not like me. I am now aware of another dog. I am reclined with him. As I look down I see he is white/blonde haired, looong white / blonde hair and quite interesting in the face. As I come down now fully onto my back *this completes the download, I consciously phase into a scene with no break in awareness.

This is extraordinary, from the dog scene I literally experience myself, as though from nowhere [void] stepping through into this reality. I am on public thoroughfare in front of a municipal building with many steps leading up into it. People are coming up and down the steps and the well at the bottom is filled with citizens going to and fro. I am not on planet earth (or at least not this version of it) however, the citizens, although casually, futuristically dressed are mostly human.

For the first time ever I want to look at myself and see what I look like. An area of the building in front of me has glass windows so I am heading over there to take a look. I am amazed by what I see. A tall, perhaps 7' wizard with long white/blond hair and beard (yes the dog!), purple robes and hat, 9' staff. Behind me I am seeing a man approaching fast, I swing round enthusiastically and shake his hand. He seems surprised and perhaps a bit uneasy about this. Before we can speak, some other men come and take him away. It is clearly not looked well upon for these citizens to approach or seem befriended to me.

[The energies are now sending through more information– what I see, is citizens randomly disappearing from the steps and from the crowd. There is a dark force that rules here and it seems I am a defender of the humans. I am here to help balance the scales. I also now suspect I am not truly this wizard, but rather am piggy-backing in here with him. Our consciousness must have merged in the dog scene.]

As I am receiving the last of the download I take note of a dark wizard fast approaching from across the thoroughfare – we are going into battle. I am not let to view this (but am sorta put to sleep [due to fear]) then phase back in after the battle into a scene where I am standing in a dreary, dark neglected area. There are vapors coming up from dank puddles of water across the ground. The dark wizard appears gone, or to have perished, there is a dark witch with short red hair (the other dog!) and green eyes getting up from the hard, cold, wet ground.

She is furious. She sees me, and while raising a finger and heading fast for me says “I will take care of you myself!”. She comes all the way in to my face until we are nose and nose, baring angry green eyes into mine she directs fierce ill intent towards me. I hear myself audibly putting a word to this intent, “BURN” is the word that is coming through. She is now backing away from me, surprisingly looking down at herself aghast (her intent has come back at her)—as I phase back into my room, heart. pounding. wildly.

Note:

This is becoming somewhat common recently: as I am phasing out of the wizard and back into my room he shows me a caricature version of himself, just as my dad did days before. Same hat and robes, long flowing white hair and beard, bright cobalt blue eyes and staff. I immediately, telepathically thank him, saying “I would not have recognized this as you had you not shown me”. I wonder what these caricature versions of people are all about.



Lover

March 4/5, 2010

Extreme dizziness continues– I think it is day 3 or so. The inner sound is so loud my ears are sometimes throbbing with it, the way they do when I am down with an earache. High pitched tones are going off like mad. I am feeling mild vibrations and buzzing through my body most of the day. At 2pm I am sitting in my room shivering. It is awhile before I actually notice this. I have no idea why I am shivering.

Synchronicities are increasing
nighttime dream signs crossing over into my day

- Hybrid dream – hybrid ad on a main website I visit first thing in the morning.
- I have the ‘white wizard’ lucid dream and the first video I watch on youtube has the phrase ‘wizard_____’ at the end of it.
- Mrc. C. randomly picks up a package in line at the Ross Dress4Less store. It is a kit for learning how to speak French (she asks me if I would like to). Shortly after arriving home, I get a phone call from the granddaughter of a previous care-client. She has just moved here from France and would like to meet with me.
- In the ‘white wizard’ lucid dream there is a red haired dog and white haired dog. At the Rainbow Acres store, in the back of the truck I parked next to there is a red haired dog and a white haired dog – the truck is just now pulling away.. In the same lucid dream the characteristics of the dark witch are red hair and green eyes. This morning this photo is on the front page of the L.A. Times (and just about everywhere else) big as you like.

Going into the night

- I slept cleanly through the night.

From the practice space

At 6am I move to the practice space, the transition from physical to etheric happens fast.

I am in a room, something liquid-y has been spilled on the carpet. I am not worried I have a carpet cleaner. When I go to clean it up, water is spraying OUT everywhere rather than getting sucked in. I notice this and am getting riled by it. Now I am making my bed, the linens newly cleaned. In the midst of this scene I notice the comforter that was just on my bed is now missing—(dream sign)—I am beginning to come lucid.

There is a man here, an old yogi who I know now is instigating my arousal. *Strong emotion is what my guides use to wake me up, but it is tricky, too much and I will wake up in my room, in the physical rather than etheric or astral.

I begin to feel I am late for something, late for work –(another trigger)– I should have been there by 6;30 and it is now 8:00. I am really feeling the pressure of this as I begin recognizing the dream sign. I see Rob Roy, my boss from the Edgewater Casino in Laughlin, NV coming up the steps. I am avoiding being seen by him.

There is a girl here in this house who is going through the same thing I am (ie: awakening). She is speaking with me about how some people here are going through this too, while others are not yet. She is relaying symptoms / energies / vibrations / the recognizable signs. [scene change] . . .

It is now being relayed to me telepathically that I have the microphone. I see myself in a sort of staging area, like an empty dinner theater and I am up on the stage. I hesitantly “test the microphone” by saying my name *my given name. I can hear myself telepathically as though over a loud speaker. I test it out again, “hello”. . Telepathic link is now established. I am almost wholly lucid. [phase shift; etheric projection]

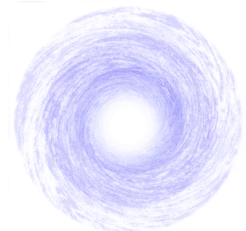
Up high, out on a ledge, I am looking down at a gathering of people. I see Lana, Tricia, and many other people from when I was younger, some of whom I only barely knew. I am quite wide eyed to be seeing people I know, and am scanning them all from left to right, going very quickly over a young, thin dark haired boy (maybe 20) who seems trying to get my attention. *this could be Tilak.

Now there is a body of water, like a calm river and there is a man out there on a boat– bronzed skin, whole body smile, he is just radiant. He is with me now –this happens fast– up on the ledge in a lovers embrace. He is saying “I wasn’t sure I was ever going to wake you, it has been 3 1/2 lifetimes”. With this I feel him penetrate me, and I gasp at the absolute realness of it (full lucidity) he is showing his delight with the most glorious smile, moans, and deep playful feeling. My body is on automatic, rhythmically responding to his. He is pleading that I mercifully slow my movements.

I take my gaze down on us, *seeing my body, it is similar to now only slightly younger and far more bronzed. There is a golden aura or glow radiating from just out beyond my skin. From inside a window I see a girl, a caregiver now wheeling an elderly person in our direction. Somehow we have slid round a corner to the left of my window and we are now sliding back. I am beginning to transition ~ ~

I am standing back inside the room, looking toward to the floor beneath the table,

As a brindle haired (same as my lover) wolf appears.



Jack —

April 18/19, 2010

Intense tightness radiating from the back of my head through the neck and shoulders
K energies to start the night
Experimenting with sleeping naked
Assisting the energetic flow..

Dreams

I am at Lil & Jim's.. I come in the front door and announce myself, they are in the far room eating dinner both aware and unaware that I am here- Jim seems to realize it, Lil does not. I introduce myself again with no response. I can hear Jim mentioning to Lil I am here but she is neither acknowledging, nor coming out to greet me. I begin to feel awkward, like I should not have let myself in and go to leave. Lil is moving around now. I am afraid she might see me so hurry out the door. *Charlie Brown is here..

I am in a car heading up a long driveway. I see John and two other men at the top of the drive. I try to make a U-turn to get out of here but the space is a bit too small and I hit the dark haired guys table knocking it over. He stands up saying "damn!", not believing what I just did. I stop at the bottom of the drive, and begin to go back there to own up. They're all seeing me now, but do not seem to know I am the one who just caused all the to-do. As I'm standing around talking with John, the dark haired guy is walking over to the back of my car. I see him examining it for damage. He is starting to get that I am the one who just did the hit-and-run. They all get into my car and we begin driving. John is so amicable compared to what is more his normal (it's weird), this is the second time in a week or so, since he began showing up in the etheric and in my dreams that he is both warm and happy to see me.

As we are driving, a woman pulling a house behind her vehicle breezes by waay too fast and too close. I say "it's almost like she doesn't have any brakes". I then see her again up in front of us on a busy 6 lane-r, she is swerving and trying to brake (burning rubber) and pulls to the left through oncoming traffic to avoid crashing into the cars in front of her, heading for a large abandoned parking lot. I begin to see all the injured as we reach the site, they are in such need I say "we have to stop and help these people". Everyone gets out of the car. I say to the one guy in the back "you're with Charlie Brown", directing him to stay with the car and keep an eye on my pup.

Amongst the crowd of injured I see a small female lion who, to my amazement is speaking perfect english. Noticing this I begin to see there are other animals here who also speak, and who I am somehow perfectly understanding. I am drawn to go comfort the lion (until the medic arrives) but she is in pain. She writhes and mildly bites out toward me. I don't know what to do, but the medic coming...

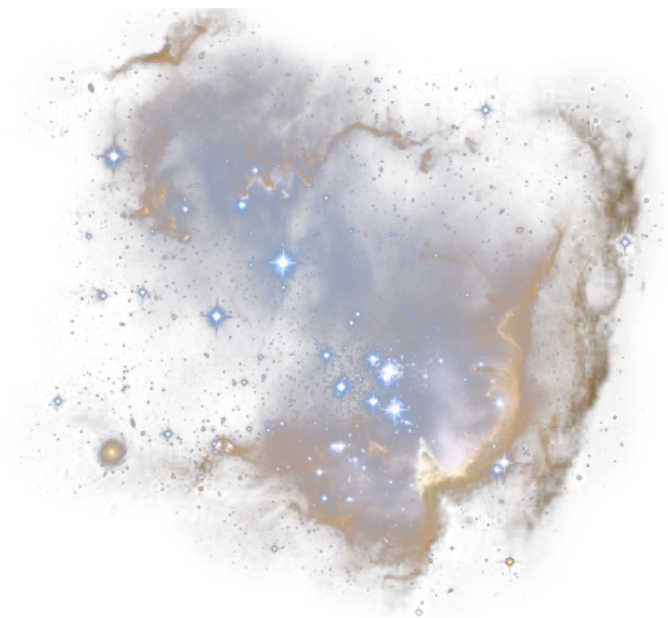
Morning session

I am watching myself shift dimensions and am surrendering to it
(I really want this to happen)

I am feeling the yummy vibrations of the higher energies as they merge with me. Clairvoyantly I begin seeing I am at dad's house. Lana, June, Sandy and Cb are here. In the living room, sitting with Lana I begin to remember June, and how I had forgotten to see to a sleep space for her before going to bed myself. In my mind I am being shown a space on the kitchen floor she was thinking to sweep first in order to lay there. I go up to my Dad's old room, hoping she found a place for herself there. She had. There is another here as well, I see two people in the bed *but at the moment I am not knowing who the second is.

The energies are coming on strong now. I am in my room feeling them and simultaneously in dad's old space in his bed, *I guess the second one here is me. I am feeling myself being rotated. Here we go, upside down, feet and legs going up first.. I am calling for the one who I am to meet soon, I have been doing this since last night. Somewhere into the vibes and rotations I begin seeing the images of a man. Dark hair, attractive, mid 50s, casual cotton and linen suit, office setting, talking on the phone. I am seeing him from the back. I am seeing him again outside, walking towards the drivers side of a car, parked in a comfortable residential area. I am almost fully here, but not yet, my energy is calling out to him, audibly, by the name of Jack.

A few moments further into the vibes and near ecstatic, clairvoyantly, again, I see a younger man (maybe 30) in the bedroom of a beach house with panoramic windows overlooking the water. It is daytime. He is in nice shape. He is taking off a pair of red running shorts and moving toward the bed as my alarm goes off.



My Beautiful Spirit, Dad and the Astral Predator

April 20/21, 2010

Going into the night I ask my beautiful Spirit to step forward in my awareness—immediately I begin seeing a Unicorn, purple in color. This one is letting me know Cb cannot stay with me much longer. It is not the first time I am being told. Emotionally I am asking “Why?”, like a child. The emotion and hurt I am feeling in my heart is bringing involuntary tears. This continues for some time.. (as I fall asleep) —

Dreams

Learning how to use plant leaves for medicinal purposes from Matt Monarch
Series of nice dinner type get-togethers with various interesting women
Pooping out worms (eek)

I am slowly through the course of these dreams coming lucid.

I have to get up, though, and see to Mrs. C. before her daughter arrives to take her to a minor surgery she is having today. This takes about 20 minutes, then I come back to my room to lay back down. Today is the first morning in almost 2 years I will not have to get up at any certain time. I can lay here, until events begin.

I fall off . .

Into a dream with Dad

Note: Dad crossed over a few months back. Ever since, and even months prior I began meeting him regularly in the astral/etheric.

We are at a card table, just shuffling and showing up our top card. Actually, for some time now I am the only one shuffling and showing up my cards and I ask him, “why are you not showing up your cards?”. His look, in tandem with the lack of reply brings me lucid. I can see now we are not even in a completed environment, it is mostly empty, save the table and us. I look directly, fiercely into the card I am holding and in a focused manner say the words “ I. am. dreaming.”. The environment begins to lose it’s cohesiveness as the vibrations come on and I transition....

I am talking with Dad now in the front yard of his house. It is a casual conversation. Roger is laying belly up on the hedge purposefully listening. As I look around and see Dad, and Roger again (he is showing up a lot this past month) I come into full lucidity. It happens quick. I do not say it this time, but the knowing means I have only mere seconds. I go over to Dad, kneel down and kiss him warmly on the cheek. Looking him in the eyes with love, the vibrations take me.

I am in a room. The environment is not familiar. I am sitting on the sofa and knowing I can from this location do it (transition) again. I look intently at an object, with a heightened degree of knowing I am in a non-physical environment and almost

immediately begin to see the environment give way. I am smiling, whole body as the vibrations take me.. [etheric projection]

[Within the projection I feel fully electric and in bliss. There are beautiful, ecstatic sensations running through me as I am rotated, and specific areas of direct contact involving my back side and sex. Within the rushing blackness I see a baby yellow something in the distance. I focus in on it] —

I am in the front yard of Mrs. C.'s house. My old roommate Lisa (the only roommate in literally dozens I have ever had troubles getting along with) is saying something to me from inside the house next door. Recognizing the voice as being hers heightens my lucidity. I know she is in there with a man and this is why she is only stepping to the door, to say she could see a yellow light and flashes of white when I arrived. The environment here is lovely. Much more striking than normal. Crisp, clear, bright colors and sparkles of light. I am by the hug-me tree I exchange energies with when out for walks. I dematerialize.. [astral projection]

[Within this projection I am in full ecstasy. I can wispily see an enormous Being swinging me round by the feet, I feel like a ribbon on a May Pole in the wind. Clairaudiently I begin to hear a radio station, the year being announced is December 21, 2512.]

Mrs. C. and I have been here together for a few minutes now.. We are walking out the back door of a house (which I do not recognize) when she begins having troubles. She has stopped walking and her head is down. I feel the weight of her slump a little into my arms. "Is it her heart?", I wonder. I bring her around to a bench seat, just here beneath the window to our left. After a moment she says she is okay – (I am fading back to dream) – and we go to leave. We are riding a motorcycle? now. We are on a busy city street in what could be Las Vegas. She begins having troubles again, I can feel her weight slumping heavy into me over my right shoulder. I see a police officer pull behind us as I try to get over to the side.

This part is challenging to relay as I am in and out of lucidity, it potentially involves an astral predator—

We are somehow now in a car. I see Brad Pitt through the window shield and enthusiastically call out to him, "Brad!". This one and I have a history of meeting in the astral, I run into him often, many times. He comes to the door of the car paying Mrs. C. no attention at all, he is fully fixed on me and wants me to go with him.

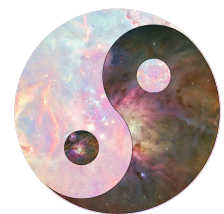
It is getting fuzzy here, not cohesive, but Mrs. C. falls out of the car. Brad's full attention is on me but my attention is on both of them. I say, "Mrs. C. needs to get back in. Here..." as I try to fix the seat for her to climb in. I am feeling heavy, and drugged. Mrs. C. gets in and I am thinking so does Brad. I cannot see but I can feel, I say "Brad, did you just get in too?". The car is moving now.

The K energies mixed with the air of sexual tension is highly tangible. Brad takes the wheel saying "no, we are going to my house, not my sister's—this way..", I can sorta see through a small space (my heavy eyes opening slightly for a moment) that we are

flying. I say “yes, fly us there”. It feels like I am slumped over toward the back seat of the car, I can see the floor back here – definitely not my car, it looks like the back of a well used cab. Stuff thrown all over. Brad, in what feels a caring manner, is asking if I am going to be able to watch a movie with him when we get there, without me losing lucidity and fading. I say “I don’t know, but we can try.”

Then, because confusion about this whole course of events is building I ask “Brad, why is it you are always showing up here in my dreams?” He is quiet. After a moment I think I hear something low, and soft. I say “I cannot hear you.” I am intently listening, but this is highly interrupted by the air of sexual tension. Somehow I end up all the way in the back seat, laying under him as, with our clothes on we begin having sex. This is unlike anything of myself now, more like in my youth, inexperienced and full throttle.

From the heavy, drugged out feeling and confusion I am knowing from somewhere that what is happening now is transferring my full attention to this one and this event. I have lost the connection with Mrs. C. and also know it is my (intoxicated) choice to do so. Realizing this, higher energies bring me into the void.



More Amore

April 29/30, 2010

An hour into the morning practice session I come lucid in the midst of a rotation/ phase shift—

I am in a house talking with a woman about what happened with Bob (an internet person) and how I would be leaving now. She is not an altogether friendly person. I lose lucidity during our conversation. When it returns, I am sitting in a room with a man who looks approximately 30 years old, dark brown almost black hair, shoulder length and wavy. He is somewhat thin. We are kneeling on the floor in front of the closet. I am looking at him intently as my lucidity is rising and finally say “are you Bob?” He acknowledges that he is.

I am asking him if he knows who I am (because he is making advances toward me) so I am letting him know earlier this very night he certainly did not like me too much. I am experiencing overlays here I think, because I am feeling myself laying on my side now, the way I am in my room, while at the same time, in the NP environment, from the same position being cradled from behind and made love to. There is a long, slow thrust and slight pulling out then the words “that is absolutely incredible”. I am also feeling other sensations, and losing some lucidity as I am thinking to tell this one of my partner history. [etheric projection from within the transition]

I feel the sidewalk under my feet, I am walking and fully knowing that I am in a non-physical environment. I feel my lucidity is shaky, though, due to knowing this. Not wanting to fall into dream I deliberately put my attention with the sensation of the concrete sidewalk under my bare feet. Charlie is with me and I am calling him along.

Somehow I end up in a house with two men. One of them I seem to be with, the other is the owner of the house, who is married and has quite a few dogs. [back to dreaming]. There is some discussion about a side house being empty and them needing to get it rented. I am asking questions about it, such as if there is a private drive for off street parking, etc., etc.. Getting “yes” replies to all my questions I say “you could rent this place for as much as you want, it is a great find!”.

I let the man know I am not needing a place myself at the moment, but I will take a look at the space and do what I can to help out. It is while I am here that the wife comes in. She is descending the stairs from what appears to have been a sauna. She is naked and quite startled by me announcing my presence. A conversation with her ensues that gets drawn off into talking about a woman with very large breasts. She is in films and is saying for me not to worry about ever making myself look good, film can make anyone look good. I throw my head back laughing out loud, pointing at myself for proof I put very little attention into this. She gives me a good look over and is humorously agreeing as I transition, *once more coming lucid by the sensation of being rotated. [etheric projection]

I am sitting on a sofa with the man I was originally with, settling into yet another sex scene (I have my foot in his crotch and he is grinding into it growing hard)..... There is an attractive dark haired woman here now who does not seem to see me – lucidity is fading – she is telling the man about him having to get back to work, which seems to be a fast food restaurant they own.

Note :

I can identify 2 events in the above translation that are interpretations of K energy sensations I am conscious of as occurring in my physical body as the scenes are playing out. The first is a glorious! sensation that occurred through my whole right eye area when one of the large dogs (who when seen close up to me more resembled a black bear) licked me there. The second happened in the sole of my right foot during the lattermost scene.

During one of the first transitions I remembered the campfire, (EIC meeting place)

I visualized it but am not aware of making it there.



A House Full

May 21, 2010

It is 2 o'clock in the morning, I am watching (almost remote viewing) myself dream. I have to get up to use the bathroom. When I lay back down it is a bit like when I am on a telephone hold, with music playing in the background. All of a sudden everything goes quiet and a tone begins shooting through. Startled by the quickness in which all of this is happening I feel (literally feel) the words "do not be afraid".

A short while later, a strange dream-to-lucid dream / AP—

I am in a house I have acquired through the passing of my father. The estate still hasn't even been settled yet, but I have begun living here as of last week. It is a large house, many rooms. There is an attractive man with me (looks and feels like the man from the jacuzzi dream weeks back). We are doing normal things. There is evidence he was here last week, that he stayed the night with me and used the shower, etc.. Everything is still out of place, I've not picked anything up or cleaned since then. [odd]

I feel somewhat weak and drugged *again. While out for a little walk, all of a sudden I remember something I need the man to help me with. I can't get light switches and radio knobs etc.. to work. He charmingly insinuates this could take either a moment or a veery long time. He is looking for a more solid invitation to stay, he doesn't want to go. I assure him he can stay for as long as he likes.

This is where everything goes all weird. There is a woman here in the house now, she is attractive, thin, blonde, approximately my same age. I get the feeling of her being an aunt, or possibly a family friend who has picked up that title. Events begin to transpire through which I begin to 'get' that the man here with me is actually here with her. Or at least he is now. As this begins to sink in, really just to check – I go into their room to ask. They are both asleep, buried beneath a pile of blankets. I try to rouse him, even putting my hand into his crotch at one point in order to do so.

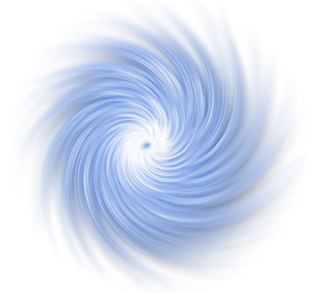
He begins to come out from under the blankets and I say "I think I am starting to get it now, you are with her, right?" Only now she is rousing, and really quite angry. She has turned mean and is coming after me. I say to her "hey you are just a guest here, this is not even your house", but she does not stop and a fight ensues. It is a weird fight, not wholly physical, more energetic (I can feel this in my physical body). We are up in the air. My hands are on her shoulders, my feet are on her chest pushing super hard. I transition and the next thing I know I am in the bathroom.

Seeing myself in the mirror I come fully lucid. I think "whoa" (because this happens so quick) and then "well this is it", because I always transition away once I come fully lucid. But I am not transitioning. I am still here. I am very curious about this and deliberately decide to continue zooming in closer on my reflection in the mirror. This is when I see i am not me, but a sort of odd looking long blonde, curly haired man. He is attractive, but there is an odd energy coming off him; he is rather like an enhanced version of Tiny Tim. I am looking myself right in the eyes, very clearly and still I am not transitioning. I decide to test this out further. I come all the way in and kiss my lips in

the mirror. Yup, solid, cold.. I then get a tad bit scared I might go through the mirror and because I do not want to I pull back.

I am now walking into and out of rooms. I seem to know who the occupants of these rooms were and am seeing some of what went on in them. One of the rooms is of someone newly deceased, who was maybe a sort of butler here. There is a little grey kitty curled up on the chair next to the bed. I walk over and pet him, wondering if he has been in here the whole week (like the towels in the bathroom) and has not eaten. I then see another cat, and then another – who, as we all get up to depart, turns out to not be a cat at all but some weird sort of creature, long neck and no apparent head.

I am losing lucidity, leaving the scene and waking proper. As I do I am walking out of this last room and into the main area of the house where I have a view of the corridor and surrounding rooms. The one lady is still after me. There are a couple other characters, two young ladies innocently passing through admiring the house, and a man who appears to be from the old west, somewhat like a bounty hunter (serious, ethical, very good at what he does). He appears to be here protecting me and is after the blonde woman. He is keying in on his shot as I wake.



Rapture

March 29/30, 2010

I move to the practice space and, again, confirm I would like an event (this really seems to be working). I open, bring forward the “3” thing, recognize vibrations in the distance and begin flipping to bring them in closer. The next thing I know—

I am talking with a girl who resembles AnneMarie Gianni. I realize I am feeling the low rolling humm of vibrations while I am awake and interacting with her. I am in the midst of becoming fully aware of an ecstatic feeling, notably from my hips down and suspect I can float up and levitate. I try it out. I fall back into the space behind me and float up, hovering in a horizontal position. I am now fully lucid and begin to show the girl. I float over towards her, and then around the place a bit as a short conversation ensues about how I am able to do this.

I tell her it is about thought– she begins asking questions– I say “it is about suspending thought, not letting thought come in and stop you”. Just prior to this I am seeing words being spelled out in the night sky in a multi-colored cursive type handwriting. I am now bringing the girl out to see this but by the time we get here it is too late, the writing is already fading.

I am looking down, watching myself perform a task with my hands, only it is like there are two sets of hands because I am aware my physical hands are not doing this. I come lucid—transitioning into in a crowd scene down on the street below. I am pretty sure we are all here to watch the sky writing.

I am standing in the middle of a row of seats, setting my purse down on a chair in the row in front of me. I slide over toward the side isle. A man at the end moves out of my way so I can get to it, when I become aware of the feeling (hips down) again. I now suspect I can float up, which I do.... [astral projection]

I am moving through an outdoor plaza when a student spies me. He is heading into one of the food places and, instead, steps back out to tell me he will have his paper turned in by next week. I ask him what the paper will be on and he replies “the influence of mentors”. My eyebrows raise, as do the corners of my lips as I nod and say “I look forward to reading that”.

I head on through the plaza. Realizing I am still here *and really enjoying this, I begin getting the gist of how to do it, how to stay, maintain an experience in an environment without spontaneously shifting. I just need to connect with it naturally like this, with a light sense of actually belonging here. Of it being an authentic reality in which I exist. The electric feeling coursing through me is becoming more rapturous now. I feel a strong pull to the right and know I am parallel shifting. I also know, by the feel I am being drawn to a lover.

Knowing this I begin to lose my balance, tilting slightly more toward the Void/physical. The experience here is the same only without the interactive environment and visuals. I want, but am unable to shift fully back before 1) the sound of the many birds loudly chirping in the garden crescendoes slowly back into my awareness and 2) almost simultaneously, the timer sounds and I am squarely back in the physical.



Astral Lesson! – after lesson after lesson...

May 27/28, 2010

Woke up at 5am to a dream lesson about "brainwave cycles per second". It is being explained that in a certain situation (the details of which I am not remembering) it is 400–800 cycles per second in most people. It is also being explained how the cycles per second affects the way 'a dream' is being interpreted.

Morning

It is a stunning morning, full of lucid phase shifts and new groundbreaking experiences. Last year I am feeling my lucid experiences are basically sponsored, given to me, they just began happening and continued happening regularly. This year I feel I am no longer piggy-backing but rather being ushered out of the nest and into flying this bird on my own. I have been fumbling around in my experiences for months and months, struggling to both get and remain lucid, learning through naïveté and mistakes. This morning there has been some inspiring headway—

I am watching myself try to get comfortable.

The K is coming through and I am feeling to stay conscious through it. I open my crown to Source, asking Source to step forward in my awareness and fully into my energy/physical field. I put out a rundown of the events I would enjoy experiencing this morning, if appropriate and for the highest good of all— 1) making it to the Campfire and meeting any of the people from EIC, 2) meeting Chris and retrieving the answer to the question he has given me to ask, 3) meeting with Higher Self and Soul.

I am being zapped through various parts of my body. When this happens my whole body involuntarily jerks. It is more than a mere jerk, really. There is sensation and vibration in there. I am amused just watching this and very soon find myself in transition. I am seeing myself in my room, there is water coming in and the sleep space is getting inundated. I am not unnerved, I am beginning to realize I am out of body and a transition is in play. My lucidity heightens further by a voice coming through – (I am transitioning through the Void) – a woman is conversing with others about today's class lesson, "three dimensional space and time".. After listening to her speak for awhile I open out onto a ramp and am following a walkway full of other students heading to class.

I know this place. I do not recognize it fully yet, but it is familiar and I have a strong sense of belonging here. I know I have been here before and that I come here often. I also know someone is watching me, I can feel their eyes on my back (I feel like a dog whose spine hairs are all going up). I slow down and step a bit off to the side, letting the person behind me go by so I can get a look. It is a man, maybe 28 years old, dressed much the same as most the other people here, cotton button down short sleeve shirt and long shorts. He is zeroing in on the man who was just in front of me and I have the feeling something bad is about to happen. Instead, the man swings his arm around the guy as though they are best buddies.

For me it is too late to find out, though, the negative feeling I let in has me shifting away and 'down' into what looks like a cafeteria room dance. The room is dark. People are whooping it up. Seems a fun enough place. A man is approaching me who, although good spirited has clearly been drinking too much. I am wearing a pretty good grin on my face. Even though things have gone downhill a bit and are beginning to spin out of control I am enjoying still being lucid. I shift a few times super fast, back to back, the last of which drops me through the floor into an even darker area. I am propelling forward at an incredible rate in the direction of something I know I do not want to experience –and as fear is taking a stronghold– when it happens! For the first

time ever in a situation like this I am able to take control. I take a big breath in and, purposefully, as fast as I can with all of my might shout out the words “I! am! dreaming!!!”. Amazingly, everything slows to a halt as the vibes roll in and I transition.

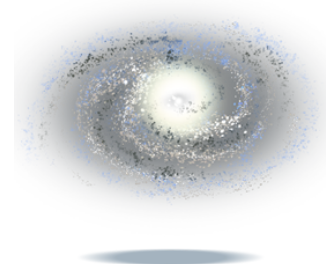
False awakening—

I am in a dark, basement type room, groggily waking up. I slide my sleep mask up a little and scoot over toward the window. Drawing it open just a bit I look at my watch. I have this half sort of vision that isn’t allowing me to properly see what it says. I try clearing my eyes, letting in less light, various buttons on the watch, nothing is working (although at one point I think I see something in the ballpark of 7:45).

There are a couple guys in the room. I am not aware of who they are yet but they feel familiar and comfortable. I ask one of them what time it is and he tells me it is 11 o’clock, which sends me into a bit of a panic because my work day starts at 9 o’clock. I am reaching around for a notepad, so I can write all my phase shifts down before I forget when I hear the other guy chuckling a bit. He tells me all friendly-like “it is not really 11 o’clock, it’s not quite 8, he just said that to get the rise out of you”. “Cute, very funny” I say smiling over to the other guy.

I feel the vibrations very near to me. Because of this I am in no immediate rush to go back in. I feel I can stay here awhile longer, write everything down and still be able to continue at this point. Before I can write much down, though, I see water begin coming into the room. I walk over to where I see it and notice someone has thrown the fish in it’s shallows. It is too soon, he hasn’t even fully passed on yet. I am telling the guys this and am attempting to save the little pink-purple guy when a small, light colored cat comes around. I pick him up, swing him way out of the water and say “No, this is not for you”. It is too late, though, when I look back the fish has already passed on and is morphing into a star-fishy looking thing. I am making my way back to laying down when I transition, pausing in the Void before waking proper.

While in the Void I become increasingly aware of the keynote experiences in this morning's events-- 1) I am able to recognize the “3” thing that typically opens me out into conscious phase shifts (I will talk more about this later), 2) I am able to, in the beginning, recognize “water coming into the scene” as the sign of an impending transition, and 3) I am able to take conscious control of a scenario spinning out of control in a direction that I am not liking. *Also this week I am consciously assisting the vibrations to become stronger, and so! much more. I am feeling seriously good about all of this. Much headway indeed.



A Limo Ride with Jodi Foster

May 3/4, 2010

Fell nicely off, slept soundly..

From the practice space
I consciously, slowly stop breathing and phase shift

I am in a limousine with Jodi Foster and others. I am sitting more toward the back, right next to Jodi and am looking at her almost not believing it. In youthful fashion, I touch her on the arm and say (mostly to myself so as to get it) “you’re Jodi Foster!”. Jodi seems to be here at the request of the others in the limo, she mentions them and I tell her I am not with these people. I am here on my own. When everyone gets out at their destination I look down at myself and see I am as naked as a jay bird. I am looking out the window slowly rolling it up as I transition..

I am in a jacuzzi. An attractive, tall, dark blonde haired man arrives and a sex scene ensues. As usual I am feeling the highly electric k energies through my physical body and it is translating into the NP environment. It seems there is some issue with the man, he is pulling back. The feeling is that he is already with someone. But he doesn’t really want to go. He leaves and returns a few times.

In the jacuzzi, when I am in the water(s) by myself I notice that only half the space is filled with water, the other half is air. I float over to where it is just air, notice this and float back toward the water– the water is so much more cozy, warm and vibrant. I have a sleep space area set up in the same environment where the jacuzzi is. People keep moving the space I have set up and I keep moving it back.

[mostly dream]

Now I am the bar *getting a juice. The money I pull out is maroon in color and all soggy. I have trouble locating a trash can to place this in. Everyone seems to have their own and there is an issue arising with me using theirs. There is a girl character near the end who reminds me of the boy (who is being played by a girl) from the movie Caveman. Hilarious. She is swinging in on a rope as my alarm goes off.



A Visit From G and the Flying Book

May 5/6, 2010

I have been getting out into the sun for about a half hour the past 2 days. Small sun-gazing sessions. Already the daytime energy phenomena is kicking up. My lips are vibrating at the moment. Significantly. The way they did before all this began, when the lips and feet were always switched on together. My appetite is quite low. I am not even able to eat a salad at dinner. I started at 6:30 and am still sitting here trying to finish at 8:15.

Nighttime notes : k energies, night sweats, hips– ridiculous position to get comfy, on belly w/ leg bent up real! high.

Morning practice session : undoes tensing– thighs, back of head, etc. are all gripping up. breath stops. mouth, jaw drops as per usual, bites at something. vibes.

Etheric version of my room–

Grandma is standing behind my head saying something softly. I raise my hand as though asking her to hush because I am focused on the vibes right now. I do not realize I am OB. She quiets and then quickly says something about her knowing better than this by now. She is speaking louder, trying to get my attention but it is already too late, the vibrations are taking me..

False awakening—

I think I am awake and in my room hearing the 10 minutes sound on my alarm.

I roll over..

Dad's house.

I am floating up in the air but do not know it yet.

A book from the table flies at me and I say “whoa!”, swinging myself outa the way. It looks like a journal, maybe a hundred pages long, paper bag-like in color with a similar outside accent or adornment. I realize almost instantaneously this has happened before and that I recognize the book . The book stops flying and hovers in mid air in front of me. I am slowly reaching out for it as I dematerialize from the scene.

I am back in physical space.



David Sparks and the New Job

October 19/20, 2010

I am at 'the mall' dreaming....

I do a lucidity test as I am walking briskly up a flight of steps– I test to see if I feel any of my physical weight. I do, so I continue mistaking this environment for my reality. I see a homeless kitty and decide the little one needs a proper bed. I get involved in this for awhile. As I am exiting the mall my attention goes strongly to two men coming in. The taller of the two breezes right by me. So real. The other, seeing me see him, decides to turn around and not enter. I ask why he is deciding to not come in but am not recalling his reply.

I am roused to full wake within a long set of transition vibrations. I have to work through fear creeping in, as they are going on and on and on, eventually deciding there is no harm in waiting them out and SEEING where I am before being concerned.

Shortly after, I arrive on the sidewalk of a residential street (extremely high lucidity). It appears to be fall. High up in the sky there is a large tree branch brimming with gold and redish leaves floating by. I smile thinking “waay cool”.

I am standing on the curve of cul-de-sac. Looking to my right, up near the top of a long driveway I see a blonde haired man in his early 30's sitting on the lawn, talking. I cannot see with who due to a wall. I head up the street but almost immediately stop short, deciding instead I will go back and talk with these people.

As I turn, the man is already waiving me over. As I approach, he smiles, introducing himself as David Sparks. I take a seat on the lawn, between David and another man, his business partner– similar age, shoulder length sandy colored hair, casually dressed. Diving in immediately David asks “So what part of you do you think is responsible for getting you this job?”. He seems genuinely interested, but of course I have no idea what job he is talking about. I am surprised I am not concerned about this, usually I am. I decide to test the situation.

Looking over to the man on my left I say “what is it I will be doing for you?” He opens his mouth as if to reply but hesitates. I am looking back and forth between he and David in a slightly awkward moment of silence. I decide to test again (why not?) asking again the man on my left, “when will I be starting?”

A woman who has now shown up, apparently the nameless man's girlfriend, attractive, polite, platinum haired and wearing a blue dress, answers “perhaps in about a year or so”, going on to explain the reason for the variable in the time frame. As she is talking (and because I suspect these are dream characters) I decide to get in my purse for a notepad so I can write down a few key things I don't want to forget.

Everything is so vivid and so real, the purse, the notepad, the pen– just like the one's I actually carry. I write down ‘cul-de-sac’, ‘floating branch’, ‘David Sparks’. The words

are staying put here on the notepad, just as I am writing them. I am reading them back to myself as the scenery changes.

I am in the back seat of a black car, sitting with David who is again on my right. He is saying “just one more thing”.. and leaning in slowly as if to kiss me, his lips hovering not an inch from mine. A swift telepathic message comes through – “an affair with the boss is not a good idea” – but the magnetism is palpable. We are playing with it without crossing the line. He whispers “can you handle it?” —as the scene fades to black.

[I guess this explains the metaphor David ‘Sparks’]



Like a Stone Dropping Into a Pond

February 2, 2011

These are five quick shifts, which like concentric circles sequentially broaden not only my lucidity but my awareness of the connection, the interrelatedness within each of these events. Although I understand, even now these are related, the understanding is remedial and slight.

Location 1

I am standing in the doorway at the opening of a corridor, the walls of which are slate grey in color. I am directly behind a woman wearing a slate grey speckled textured sweater who is talking with the man in front of her (just off to her left). More toward the right side of her is a podium. The set-up is similar to what you might see when going into a theatre, or group meeting of some sort.

I am thinking about how much I was really hoping to Project this morning, when I had gotten up to use the bathroom this felt immanent. As my thoughts are continuing along this line, I find myself more intently looking into my location *my personal ‘technique’ of reality checking. Wham!, immediately I begin feeling transition vibrations and come lucid as I begin to shift. I reach out to touch the woman who is in front of me, feeling the texture of her sweater clearly in the palm of my hand. I think “maybe this will help stabilize me here”, –(but it does not. I quickly realize my hand and arm are squarely in my field of vision and I look to see if I can get some detail. I vaguely see what could be the fading outline of a female, caucasian arm and hand, much thinner and far less freckled than my own, but mostly what I see is a mist of dark fading smoke, which captures the full of my stunned attention as I fully dematerialize.

Location 2

I am in a store, looking at bras and panties on a clearance table, happily surprised because the bra I am seeing is one I had wanted and, – thumbing through, I see there are two in my size, cream colored with a ruffly pattern design across the cup. Note: these are not at all in my own taste. I then see matching panties. Finding one in my size and holding it up think “hm, a full panty not a t-back....(not my style)”. Catching this (yay!) I come lucid—and shift..

Location 3

I am at the beach, standing on the sand facing east (toward the boardwalk and row of homes rather than the water), witnessing a large metal basketball hoop slowly topple over in the wind. The feeling here is very surreal, the feeling of nostalgia deep and strong. I am repeatedly thinking “I have been here before, I have seen this before” when I push through and come fully into the scene. I drop to my knees, burrowing my hands into the sand –(as I begin to shift). I am feeling such deep emotion, there is such meaning here but I am not receiving the details of my association with this place.

The last time I was here I looked to the west and saw the ocean, now I am seeing a vast desert. The sand is gorgeous, striking, very deep, very rich in color, not like most deserts now. There are two dark brown, very old, archaic looking rabbits a small distance from me. One has his gaze held steady to me. I am fixed, also upon him. As I am shifting, an element of fear is arising, the appearance of the creature is morphing and beginning to seem somewhat rabid. Quickly– the image of a more modern day rabbit appears solidly in my vision. It is now all I can see. The markings are interesting, dark brown and white, the energy much softer. *I feel this is happening to calm me (it is certainly the effect), so I may continue uninterrupted with stronger awareness.

Location 4

I am in a small, backroom sort of shop– just a few items laying around.. I am picking up an old cream colored cup and saucer, noticing there is a crack down it’s side. A petite, elderly woman, perhaps in her early 70’s calls out from a little niche at the back saying “come, I will fix this for you”.. Handing the item over I see the saucer is also cracked. This for me is too much broken to fix (and at the same time still want) and as I come fully lucid, fully into the scene, feeling the energy of myself shifting I am smiling and nodding sideways, congenially implying “I won’t be taking these”.

Location 5

I arrive (fully lucid) behind a man in a dark brown textured sweater, standing behind a podium in a pleasant, wide, open breezeway. The day is lovely, the sun is shining bright, the area within the breezeway gently shaded. *I am at this point aware of the previous locations and surmounting lucidity and with much enthusiasm reach out to touch the man’s back, again feeling the texture of the sweater in my palms and swinging myself around to face him.

Information is pouring into me as this happens, raw data and visuals of our time together as grade school children in this lifetime. I am remembering him!, awed by the fact that we are now here together in this Projection and I am interrupting him with my enthusiasm and rising curiosity, by asking if he knows why. *It could be he was in dream mode before my showing up and asking this question. He is looking at me now intently, the expression on his face slowly changing, clearly he is trying to grasp the new situation and way in which things are shifting. – sincerely attempting an answer, half knowing half struggling he says “because our crowns feel one another...”. His reply takes me a-back. I say “I think it is right!”, and “are you remembering the time we spent in school?”.

He is feeling inwardly emotional, I may have been overly enthusiastic, too fast with him, not as caring in the pace of the exchange as I could have been. But he is remembering and feeling something, it is clear in his face, small tears are appearing in his right eye. I am still very enthusiastic, clearly feeling a connection, giving him small kisses on the lips between waiting for his reply. The energy coming at him from me is far too strong, though, not balanced —and I am removed.



Plane Ride to the Gates of the ET Worlds

February 18, 2011

This experience is unique for me. During one particular shift through the Void my lucidity drops and I begin ‘picturing’ the shift itself while in there. The movement, energy sensations and rotations common to my transitions keep me right on the verge of conscious Projection and dream, – on the verge of recognizing / deciphering / syncing up the shift phenomena itself with the way it is being pictured.

I am transitioning through the Void—

Rather than the common blackness I begin seeing myself on an airplane. Standing in front of me is Matt Monarch (from the Raw Food World on YouTube), he is asking “do you want me to try this on?” I am looking intently at what he is holding, trying to figure out what he has got there. In my hesitation he heads off down the walkway toward his cabin. He has slipped into the items he is holding, a very old-style toddler dress and cap.

Next thing I know I am laying on a wide, flat sort of sofa with no back and no arms, feeling the plane (/shift rotations) slowly turn (me) upside down. It now feels like the floor of the plane is on the roof, and the roof on the floor (I have bi-located). Just on the verge of being aware of all this I get down off the sofa and start walking toward

what turns out to be an observation area. A huge window with a beautiful panoramic view overlooking the surrounding area. I see a woman with bright red hair dive from the plane and land belly down in the grasses below (super real, super cool). *On my way over to the window I have to excuse myself through a group of three mothers with baby carriages scattered about. I have to squeeze through because they do not offer, or make any effort to clear a path.

Looking again to the red headed woman down below I begin to shift from the plane down there toward her –in my mind I am aware of being spoken to by a woman who is now guiding me toward a large, 12–15 foot high wrought iron gate being opened by three women somewhat human in appearance but not of our current timeline. I recognize the one on the right who is much shorter and rounder than the other two. She has slightly darkened skin, an extremely high forehead and negroid hair affixed straight up in a similar representation as to an Egyptian queen's headdress.

As we walk through the gates, nearing the 3 female greeters, I hear the female guide, who is walking at a pace that is keeping her just behind my right shoulder (out of my field of vision) say “my brothers are going to want to anoint and ____ you”. As she says this my line of vision goes straight through the three women, directly to two tall, thin grey/blue skinned beings, very tribal in appearance. As I acknowledge them, my vision opens out into the whole general area inside the gates where I am now seeing many, many races of beings. This is an outpost of some sort, what is happening [/ being built here] is new. Clear in my mind as I shift back into my room is a large, muscular, coal black warrior being who surprisingly I am more awed than frightened by. He has red markings upon him, which I am perceiving as an armband and loincloth; striking similarities in symbolism to the hindu goddess Kali.



The Subconscious Playground

February 28 / March 1, 2011

Today the energies are strong, I am nauseous, my head hurts, eyes and nose are running. By 10pm I am going more fully into fever, I cannot stay awake; night sweats come on around 1am and continue for hours. Shortly after this the Projections begin—a long chain of them.

I am in an area of consciousness I have referred to previously as 'the playground', I come here do things like run super fast at lightning speeds –(one of the most exalting experiences I have known). I am here during the night-sweats portion of the evening. I have many interactions while here. I am periodically seeing people and near the end of my sweat am coming into full lucidity. There is this one woman, laying horizontally on her side like the Buddha. I stop here and look more closely at her, touching her leg

with my finger, testing to see if she is real, and even asking her verbally "are you real?" The part of our conversation I am retaining is about spotting alien DNA, something about the round in some people's shoulders. I tell her these are things I would not even notice.

Earlier, while still running the obstacle course I see a man watering plants. He is bringing indoor pots to an area just outside his front door, hand watering them (rather than with a hose) one at a time. I say "aren't you going about that the long way?" [this is something I often do myself]. He smiles, – even now I sense the pleasant feeling within what he is saying to me but I am not retaining the words. This said, there is now a hose and nozzle here where he is watering. *I have various experiences in the house, a portion of which I am perceiving as a gym.

In the gym I meet a crystal skull– a person / energy by the name of Jack comes out of it.. Jack is roughly 6 feet, bronzed, well built and has long, wavy, sandy blonde hair. The gym is walled in glass– Jack is on one side of the glass, I am on the other. He steps right up to the glass and wants to have a gander at me, in particular my back side, he is asking me to turn around for him, which I uncomfortably oblige for a quick moment in the midst of turning to leave. I walk by at some point again later, we are still separated by the glass, he is now wanting to talk with me about something metaphysical / scientific and I say "next time I come by we will talk about this".

Etheric Projections

It appears to be roughly 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, I am walking down my Dad's street toward the grade school. I see the house next to the corner has their door open, it's just slightly ajar, maybe 6 inches or so.. I step up the walkway to peek in, just to make sure everything is okay. I can see people in there, and low lights, so decide the household must be getting up, no intruder or anything —I head away. [shift and reenter]. I am continuing down the street, NOW realizing I am in an etheric projection. [shift and reenter]. I am walking the other way, up the street back toward Dad's house. I do not like the feeling I have gone into – false fear – and realize I have to get myself out of it. I fly straight up into the sky, asking myself super fast where I would most like to be. I am beginning to think "with my Guide" when the corner of a brochure comes into view. Only one word can be seen, it says "yoga". Claspng hold of the idea I say "yes! yes! quickly! fast!!! (get me out of here)".

I come speeding through a somewhat empty reception area leading into a yoga conference as I see a young woman. The resulting halt [here] is awkward, I barrel backwards landing in a somewhat sprawled sitting position across the table where she has some materials set up. She looks at me, very nicely introducing herself.. "I am Renegold Vignatta" she says "I sometimes photograph the yoga here".

Reaching toward the table, she hands me a lovely photo of a young woman in an inversion, the backdrop of which is perceptually incomplete but watery, blue and white. I look at her approvingly. Already I feel myself shifting from here, though – looking at the image did it – but Renegold is for the moment clear in my field of vision– blonde, shoulder length curly hair. Mid-thigh length pleated skirt, button front collared shirt, cuffed 3/4 length sleeves, professional enough but also fun and intently youthful. I am

liking her immediately. Perhaps even recognizing her, certainly her energy– grounded, confident, valuefull, intelligent.

back in my room,
I am realizing there is a big chunk here, perhaps even the main event which I am not bringing forward with me. It keeps zinging the tip of my awareness but there is not time to bring it through. I am already late getting up.



Consciousness Has No Natural Enemy

March 5/6, 2011

Serious k nights recently, consistent, intense,/uncomfortable levels of energy moving through the body.

Dream realm– (highly vivid)

Understanding : The importance of coming together into groups, into larger formations of physically focused energy (matter), so that larger formations of non-physically focused energy (anti-matter) can join with us.

In the dream there is a woman who is having negative mental judgments about another resident in her small apartment complex. I am giving her deeper insight into the gentleman, helping her see a larger picture so that clarity and compassion can replace the judgment. I am saying “if you continue in the energy of the narrow view you will not make it” *meaning not enough anti-matter will be able to merge with her and she will not shift. I am given a direct experience of how a physically focused group, void of negativity separation allows in more anti-matter, more non-physically focused presence / energy. Intriguing experience.

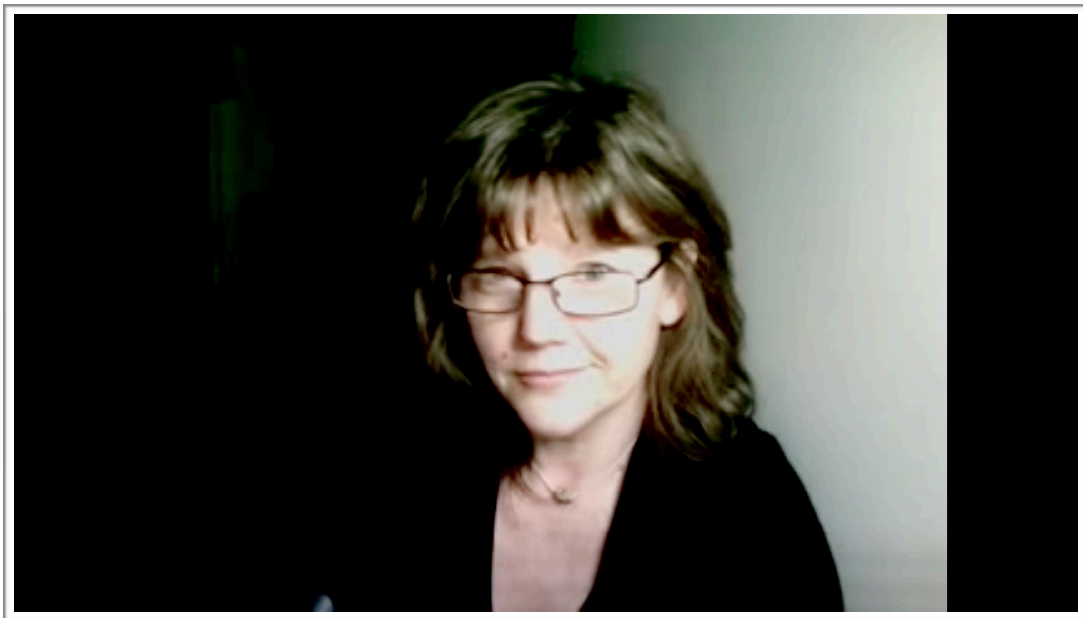
OBE– (low level, fluctuating lucidity)

I am walking down a street, passing a tree which is cascading over the sidewalk late at night. Feeling a presence behind me, I turn around and see nothing.. I move through various locations until I arrive at an empty house with 2 men and a woman I've come across along the way. I am looking at the three of them right now, although they are adults, I am seeing deeper and getting a metaphoric visual of them as babies.

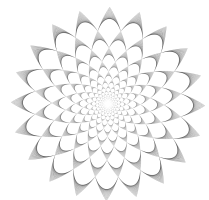
Everything shifts– there is a brief moment of sexual activity in the etheric – k energy felt in the sex region from the physical.

When I take the one man off me and [just] lay with him, the other man opens some sort of device/book. He is tinkering with it and (accidentally?) lets in a shadow being. Just hearing him say these words triggers my guard. My lucidity begins to fluctuate. I cannot see the shadow being but feel it is engulfing the others. While it is busy with them I get up and quietly move away, looking for a place in the house to hide myself. This is when I discover the house is empty. Going from room to room I find a little nook somewhere but am unable to get the lights to go fully off, – only dim.

I feel the shadow presence nearing me. Trying to keep calm I focus hard and mentally, within myself say “faith” as the lights go all the way out and I feel the familiar sensation through my body I associate with being merged with. I am floating up into the air, approximately ceiling–feeling height when my dog’s coughing brings me partially back into physical space. I linger here, in both realities until I lose the inward shift from the inner location altogether and am squarely back in my room.



[Consciousness Has No Natural Enemy : \(Video Log \)](#) 



Ready or Not I'm Going to School

March 15, 2011

Entering the trance state, – three images are shot to me in the 2D blackness

1. A pink shape, which turns out to be the top of woman's head(wrap)– she slowly lifts her head to reveal her face, 2. A geometrical pattern approximately 18 inches long that in my field of vision I am associating with the Eiffel Tower, 3. I am a blank on the third, I cannot recall it.

False Awakening

I am in bed in the etheric feeling mild, full body transition phenomena. *Due to the fact that just prior to this I am experiencing the same thing in the physical, the shift (/ switch into the etheric) is so seamless I do not catch it.

I am laying here comfortably buried in my blankets, really wanting to Project but I know (/have the f.a. awareness) that I have to get up now and go to school. After awhile I begin to realize I don't HAVE to get up and go to school [it's university level], I can take the day off from classes if I want. This being decided upon, my full attention sinks into the transition phenomena.

I materialize in my bathroom, the one I actually have in physical reality– I am sitting here, fingertips all placed together in hakini mudra, seriously focusing on a particular event I want to Project into (data fragmented upon return). Next thing I know I am back in bed, once again feeling full on transition phenomena. *My physical awareness surfaces within this shift and each consecutive shift, as many as a couple dozen times yet once in the visual environments the same background, the f.a. awareness regarding school arises. There are so many shifts, only fragments from 3 locations are retained. These correlate with the 3 images shot out to me prior to the original transition.

Location 1

A thin woman, approximately 30ish with short dark hair. Resides in a house/frequency environment above my dad's house, from her backyard she has an arial view of his, which she comments on briefly at one point. I spend alot of time with her, transitioning here multiple times, but do not retain the vast majority of our conversation. What I do retain is a segment wherein I am asking her about transition phenomena and how to use the awareness and sensitivity to it to Project my consciousness into their related visual environments, even during the day when I am up and about. I am curious about the ability to naturally shift back and forth as I like. She guides me into the backyard and is going to teach me something with the breath.

Location 2

A young woman with long, platinum blonde hair, tan skin, pink top and cut-off shorts riding a bike down the center of a tree-lined road on a clear, sunny day. Very clearly happy and healthy, smiling.. Student-type. Zero recall of any dialogue but I do know there was communication.

Location 3

An elder man– no visual environment retained. Through one of the shifts he is instructing me on how to draw energy into a scepter, but in NO event directing it out on my own yet. Clear visual of the scepter, *Eiffel tower in shape, 3 'legs' joining low into a single peak, electric lavender and white hues.

I guess I ended up going to school after all.



Breaking in the New Intel Agent

March 17, 2011

Looong journey in– multiple shifts, so many I wonder to myself while in there how I am possibly going to consciously retain anything at all, save the first and/or last location. More and more I am aware of the shifts, each and every transition. They are steady, and numerous, often more consistent in my awareness than the 'stops' at particular landing locations. Is my attention focusing in on wave form reality? Is wave form the foundation of our particularized realities? What am I trying to see? (time to get clear). Note : In this experience I am likely looking for my Guide.

Location 1

False awakening : I am laying on the sofa with my brother and newest young nephew, who is awake now and making all kinds of noise. Transition phenomena is coming on and I want to focus in, so I tell D I am trying to sleep. Obliging, he gets up and takes Z with him so I can sink in. I fall quickly into the transition *within which my conscious awareness immediately surfaces.

Location 2

Shifting through the Void I begin hearing doctor-and-nurse type talk. Shortly after, I arrive on a small wooden stage backlit in gold. Sitting directly to my left is a young indigenous, light black skinned man with a medium length afro type hair cut. He is wearing a white brief (not quite a loin cloth but the idea is similar). As I am noticing him and taking in a bit of my surroundings, what I perceive as another man (but is not) crosses the small stage, stepping over/in front of me and settling nearby to my right. I reach out and touch his back, – he feels real. I walk my hands up and intuitively begin kneading the skin at his shoulders, my hands instinctively continuing up to a spot behind his neck where I feel a small mole in the exact location I have one myself and I realize “you are me (we are the same)”. The environment slowly gives way.

Location 3

I am shifting into the back of a large, heavily wooden room. The floors, walls, ceiling and support beams are all wood. It appears to be a make-shift hospital of sorts. There are lines and lines of cots, the people here are also black skinned, their modest clothes and scattered belongings significantly color the room. It is nice, an impoverished but pleasant feeling. I am unsure of why I am here. I start walking over to my right, and then up toward the front, on my way peering into one of the small rooms. A woman raises her head and sees me, feels like maybe one of the doctors. I am turning my gaze back toward the main room when I shift.

Location 4

From the back of a moving car, an area just behind the back seat – I look into the front and see there is no driver –doesn't dent me a bit. A cell phone begins ringing. Spying a purse on the back seat I reach in and begin rummaging for the phone. I can't find it. Recognizing this as a distraction I stop, and look again up toward the front, this time seeing the outline of two shadowed heads, one in the drivers seat, the other in the passenger seat. I swoop myself up there, pressing into the back of the front seat and placing a hand on each of the heads. My face is buried into the back of the head on my right. It starts growling. I cheekily say "you! are a dog..? ?" . . I keep smiling. My vision is dark and I am still not getting any definite data on either of the two, but I am good and lucid and pretty serious about not going into any fear when I shift.

Location 5

I arrive in the corridor of a semi-deserted office building. White walls and doors, blue office carpet, florescent lights. Bland as all get out. Opening the first door on my left and just very quickly peering in to see an empty office before leaving, two receptionists are calling out "what can we do to help you?". I seem to have arrived intent upon something, but I don't quite know what it is. Clearly I know what it is not, rapidly I continue on down the hall. There is an open office here at the end (no walls no door). An open door at the back of the area is letting the sunlight flood in, giving a holistic feeling to the space. Which is empty, not even a receptionist- but at the desk there is a bowl of something that, upon looking and trying to focus in on it, resembles something a bit like potstickers. I nose in there but no smell. I pick one up and bite into a small corner of it –no taste so I quickly spit it out realizing aloud "my taste buds are not online yet". As I am walking out the back door, through a little courtyard, still highly intent on my direction, I shift.

Location 6

Large dusty warehouse—there are multiple layers of things here, closest to me, in the layer I am settling into is a painted carousel horse. I begin walking through the place, soon spying a bit of sunlight streaming through a checkerboard shaped opening in the cement ceiling. I decide to fly up through it but get stuck, I am squeezing myself through the little square holes when I shift.

Outside in a park-like down town area of the city, I am walking fast along the sidewalk behind a middle aged white man in a grey suit who is telling me how I really put him to the test back there. It's the driver of the car I was in a moment ago, an intel agent, new to the job, evidently I had surprised him by seeing their shadowy figures and flying

into them. He didn't know what to do. While moving at a pretty good clip I shift back into the warehouse.

Still following the man, and female partner now too, I rather quickly begin to question why. I shout out "why are we here and where are we going?". He shoots back "possible contact with Beth". I say "this is important?" —No answer, (I guess intel is on a need to know basis). I stop in my tracks, I think if it's not important I am not going to waste my time. I jump up into air and begin flipping backwards, for what turns out to be a long looong time. Eventually I lose the inner shift and find myself back in my room.

* * * * *

In my room I am feeling a new, strong energy sensation along the spine directly behind my navel. Its circumference feels approximately the size of a large hand. After a few minutes, I feel what I will describe as myself being "exited". Something shifts. It's like suddenly being unplugged. My Projections now feel more distant, a bit further from the front of my awareness, less accessible. I get up and write down what I can super! fast.

Note : I have a certain focus throughout this experience that is new. I am not falling for distractions, I am recognizing them and pretty quickly. There is a decided momentum behind me, a clear intent, the foundation of which is present throughout, even while the details elude me. Very curious.



William Hurt, A Kidnapping and Daring Escape

March 30, 2011

The K energies coming through are keeping me up well into the night- I am receiving tangible epiphanies, one after the other after the other after the other which mostly have to do with the event of the environment merging fully with me. Tonight the tangible experience of this is seeping through and I am acclimating to it. Once this happens fully from my wake state, I am aware there will be no returning to the previous (3D) degree of perceived separation from the environment. What I remain UNaware of is vast. But I do know this will be happening soon.

At 6am the Projections begin, a long, steady flow of shifts within a simulation which at a foundational level seems designed to engage me in more direct interaction (/ communication) with the environments I am finding myself in, up to and including the specific people and things also within these environments.

Location 1 : An empty-ish sort of living room, white walls, white carpet, neutral colored sofa, with my sister– she appears as she looked around the age of 18, she does not seem to recognize me. Near the end of what she is saying she is telling me her name is Sandy, *this is when I come lucid. I try to engage by feigning to have not quite heard her name, prompting her to repeat it. This look comes across her face, the energy here appearing as my sister knows me to be lucid and the environment begins pulling away. I emote out into it that my intent is not to lie, I feel a sincere desire to engage. The scene continues to pull away until I find myself, still lucid, in another.

Location 2 : I am standing little more than an arms lengths away from William Hurt. We are looking directly at one another, meeting with pleasant smiles (that classic Hurt smile, pitter-pat) and shining eyes. A feeling so pleasant and full of delight is running through me. Simply at the prospect of him being here. He is in a small hover car. I get in a drive off with him.

Location 3 : After returning to the same area, having been to many places and meeting with many people *the details of which I retain only partial awareness of, while totally out in the open I am being kidnapped. While standing here, laughing and mingling amongst others I begin perceiving a whoosh of energy coming fast at me from over my right shoulder. I am receiving data relaying precisely who this is *who it is associated with. The name is repeating strongly in my awareness. It is a man I recently became aware of, who at the time of my becoming aware of him resided near the epicenter of the recent Japan earthquake.

Having lapsed into a degree of fear/surprise, I arrive with him at his house and through many scenes perceive myself as being held here. In the recesses of my mind I know I am not. I know I am in a shift and I am trying to perceive it more accurately by leaving here. When told I cannot do this I say –while looking intently at my hands and arms– “I can....because I am not physical”....but through endless scenes the knowing does not securely arrive. Ultimately I am shifted into a scene in the house where I am alone and I finally, squarely know I can just leave. I run through the house, out the door and down the drive.

Location 4 : The driveway is curved, not dissimilar to a clover leaf type freeway on/off ramp. There is a silver, cylindrical structure lending a futuristic feel standing along the edge of the drive on my right. I pass a middle aged man coming up the drive who just smiles at me as I run by in the opposite direction. As I round the final length of the curve my speed is really picking up. I am in the air before I know it and beginning to move quite fast. The landscape looks familiar. I look into a few specific areas, feeling remnants of my desert (Las Vegas) most definitely the Southwest area.

I am flying now at a speed approaching my comfortable maximum. Not wanting to lose it again due to fear I begin to slow, looking for a place to set down. As I am descending I see a man below –instant uneasiness– I am not ready yet, not stable enough to come into contact with any people so I halt, and immediately am cast into a sort of visual maze. I can see things, but too close and too fast, I no longer can tell where I am. I am just moving instinctively through the maze of thoroughfares until I run into a dead end. And can't get out.

Location 5: In front of me there is a stone wall made of large red rock bricks. Instinctively (I have never done this before) I place my hands on the wall while gazing into it and knowingly say “change scenes”. A section of the wall begins to move, not swing open like a normal door but like a drawbridge, the top of the wall begins slowly rotating downward. Having myself moved with door, I am now in a horizontal position facing downward, rolling in a slow moving cart into the large back yard grounds of someone’s home.

Location 6: I am crouching low, peering over the side, not wanting to be spotted by the family who is at this moment also arriving and heading in toward the house. There is a mix of medieval and futuristic to this place. The former comes through clearly in everyone's manner of dress. The architecture of the more modern home is professional and visually pleasing.

There is a tall, grey haired, grey bearded man in full kingly garb, clearly the father. A pale skinned woman of medium height and blond hair fixed nicely at the nape– his wife– and grown children, perhaps 20 years of age or so. One of the girls sees me and smiles. Before I even know what is happening she has walked over and momentarily placed her hand on my back, and then continues on her way. All while seemingly un-interrupting the moment.

Not feeling so much the intruder anymore, I step out of the cart. Almost before even I know what I am doing I have walked over toward the man and his wife. I look first at the man, and then at her– quickly deciding on the latter, approaching and asking her help. Her immediate response is to begin an excuse as to why she cannot, but I impress upon her that all I need is to be familiarized with where I am. I am confused still by the rapid shifts and turn of events since leaving the detainment of the previous house. With a nod she concedes and is guiding me off toward another area of the grounds when I shift back into physical space.



[Foundational Data, Visual Interpretations and Blind Spots : \(Video Log \)](#) 

An Entrance Into Another Life?

October 21-22, 2011

It is my day off and I am laying in late to see what I can bring through. Sleep is interrupted 4 times in the night- total sleep time prior to the following is 9 1/2 hours.

I am feeling a particular sensation I relate with shifting, it may be in the family of sleep paralysis but nothing like the full physically experienced event many people go through. It is being felt from the expanded state and is something like a magnetic pull. It is firm but not forceful and very pleasant. I feel myself shift from the physically experienced body in the bed to the vibrationally experienced body. Sounds move clean through me, causing ripples of activity in the same way as stones thrown into a pond. After about an hour I find myself surfacing inside.

Tactile sensations abound, there is no visual imagery yet but I am aware I am in the front bathroom on the floor in front of the toilet. I feel hands slide the length of either side of my spine, over my butt and down the backside of my legs while the voice of Thomas Campbell fades in mid-sentence, and continues on for a sentences more. I am so captured by the hands, and the voice being of someone I know that the details of what is being said are not retained beyond this point. I do hear them, but lose them immediately as the experience continues. The next sensation feels like hundreds of hands rummaging through me at my core. I hear myself non-verbally "..it is too much, I don't know what this is, what is happening?". Immediately I am taken under.

From what I non-visually perceive as a long, rectangular shaped room I find myself in a mass of happenings. It takes me awhile to go through it into something specific. I come across a group, or cluster, within which a certain trio, a woman and two men are becoming highlighted. I am coming in on their conversation. One of the men fades in mid-sentence ".....then why do we lose so many of us due to insurance reasons" he says. And then, non-verbally from another "It's such a waste".. This latter is in regard not only to what the previous man said, but also to the left-over belongings that pile up in this area, never/rarely to be used or seen again.

The trio is working with me, but they are having casual, at least somewhat unrelated conversation- the way we do ourselves at times when we are at work. So I am aware of multiple environments, the room where I am being worked with and a few others arising from within the conversation. In the middle of this, from nowhere I hear myself think "Thomas Campbell", and the voice of Thomas Campbell again fades in. This time he is addressing a question and is explaining -[something]- as it is related to government. Again, I am so taken by the fact that the rising thought hooked me right up, so immediately, the detail of what is said becomes lost.

I feel myself becoming agitated, I am with the trio pronouncedly again yet it is like they are working while not even acknowledging my presence. Like a surgeon who is solely focused on the task, and not the person. I feel it important to alert them to my

presence. So they give appropriate care and consideration. I focus very strongly on this and begin to feel the sensation of pushing my face through, until I come eye-to-eye with the woman. I have full visuals now. The woman is young, slight/petite with medium blonde hair. For reasons unknown to me her back teeth (the upper molars) are coming to the fore of my attention. It is almost like they are painted in the way fingernails are painted, in a french manicure type style. The teeth are small, even, clean, porcelain-like.

With no surprise on the woman's part at all, without blinking or skipping a beat she looks right into me and says in a kind voice "God you really love him, don't you?". With a good deal of focus, to remain neutral and pronounce well / be clear I put through the question "Who?". The woman says "R____y Brown". I think for a moment and say "Do you mean Charlie Brown?" She searches and quickly comes back ".....no, I mean the man, Rodney Brown". I say "I have not yet met a Rodney Brown". "Well we'll see", she says, and then to the others "Come on, we've got to get the baby in(side)". During this time it has felt we were in the back of a car, and that we are going into the house now. With this awareness I shift back into the physical.

Question— Was this an entrance into another life? Was I going in after someone? – (interesting). Many questions.

Notes :

Last night before going to bed I was remembering one of my first out of body experiences, where the voice of Graham Hancock was used. I was thinking how this worked to get my attention, because he has such a commanding voice. Easy to remember. At the time, I am also listening to a talk given by Thomas Campbell that is uploaded to his youtube page. I was thinking he, too, has a commanding, easy to remember voice. As I laid down to go to bed, as I do most nights I closed my eyes and put through the questions I would like answered during the night. The principle question this night being "Why do I often not remember details of conversations had while consciously out of body?" I said I would like a remedy to this, and be able to bring full awareness of dialogue back through with me to the physical. This morning's experience goes a long way in answering this for me.

Now!..... an interesting synchronicity that has cropped up.

Six days after this particular out of body I get a toothache in the area of my upper, left molars, which escalates to the point of me getting to the dentist three days later and having to have my back most, upper left molar pulled. Two days after this I find myself in one of those nail places in Santa Monica down near the beach, getting what?, you guessed it, a french manicure.

This latter may not seem like so much of a thing, women get manicures and pedicures all the time, but not me, in my 46 years of life I have never not once had this done. I was just out having a spot of fun with my care client, we were celebrating three years together, and 3 doors down from the restaurant we chose was one of these places

where you sit back in these large reclining swiveling chairs, with foot baths at your feet and a second gal to do your hands, and even masseuses to massage your neck, arms and shoulders. Shorty, my care client, is also not one for this kind of thing, but I said what the heck and wheeled us in. We don't have a lot more time together, our new motto is 'every day from here on is a celebration'. We've been doing all sorts of things we don't normally do. —I am beginning to see I am getting precognitive data from my experiences.



Letting Go of Filters and Overlays, — Extraterrestrial Contact 1

November 6, 2011

Some oddities

lately I have a sweet tooth, –after years, I am eating meat,
there is a clear and very fun feeling to drink coffee, *I have never drank coffee

Steven Jones, an ET experiencer is popping up in my awareness. I find myself clicking on a lot of links to ET talk stuff, as well as remembering the recurring dream I had for over a decade, leading into my first OBE. Memories from childhood are coming in. Like how I would get into bed at night, by running down the hallway and leaping across my room into the bed. And how I could only sleep with the blankets pulled up over my head, creating a sort of second environment inside. Barbara Lamb, who does regressions and lives nearby in Claremont is coming up, along with the idea that maybe I should go see her.

Last night as I laid down, and the energy again began flowing through in the way that so typically makes my legs shake I felt I had just had enough. I yelled aloud into the space "you have! to help me see what this is and why we are not through it yet". "We have to get through the last bit of this block so the energy humms through me from the start." I know I will be able to sink right into shifts at will once this is so.

This morning, all of this on my mind, I clearly, and I do mean clearly hear in my awareness "We want you to remember."

I say "Who is "we" ?" —And, then, "I think I do want to remember".

November 7, 2011 : In the morning I am being shown a piece of paper with a list of things written on it. It is being gone over and over a good deal of the night and morning. Being emphasized is one item in particular, which I wake up repeating over and over in my mind. "En la vida".. In the lifetime.

November 8, 2011

I am laying in my etheric room slowly coming into full consciousness. There is what I am perceiving to be a young, white male with sandy colored hair inspecting my legs, which from my supine position are, from the hip, bent 90 degrees straight up into the air. He has a hold of them near the calves, and is very close, his face right near my feet. I am aware of communication between he and another, or others, about my toenails, my recent pedicure, he is relaying to the others that this is recent, something that has been added (/done) within the last week. I then see him do something, which I perceive as hemp oiling my right calf.

There is interaction between us, and many changes of position in the bed which bring us closer, which bring me into even more awareness of what is happening and into a very close proximity to him/his energy. The exact detail of this interaction eludes me. But from here there is a seamless shift to being outside at night. We are on the sidewalk. It is getting loud. I notice in the street there are two cream colored cars. They are similar to ours but not like anything we see driven on the streets here. I casually say "oh, they are about to drag race" and then "we better get back a little".

I turn to look at my friend here and it occurs to me that I do not even know his name, so I ask him. I hear him say the name, but have some difficulty saying it myself. He very patiently says it slowly, a few times until I am able to pronounce it accurately—Cebadanite. *First time I have ever gotten a name quite like this, the symbolism of which I discover later, "cebada" being a Spanish word that means "barley", and "barley" in one way of understanding, symbolizing "the good of the exterior natural". Which seems key when considering Ceb, as I first come alert to him is in communication with others about the very UNnatural thing I had done to my toenails.

At this point I am bringing Charlie B into the scene, only he does not look like himself, the form I am seeing must be another of our life experiences. I do not think to look down at me, but it would have been interesting to see what sort of form I was donning. What is occurring to me, again, is how long I have been in here, and how clear and steady the experience still is. Which means it is going to be continuing for some time. I don't want to forget Ceb's name before I get back, so I want to write it down. I know now this action embeds it in my awareness more strongly. So I ask Ceb to watch Charlie while I go do this. He says no, he doesn't want me to go too far from him. I say I am not, and that I will be right here, pointing to a close distance nearby.

Ceb comes with me. I pull up a piece of paper and a pen and write down his name. At first it is not clear on the paper, so I write it again, and then again, this time (almost) phonetically, which allows me to get it down clearly; Ceba da nite. This done, I remember asking Ceb while out on the sidewalk –we are in a room now– if he is from my reality system or another. I do not remember his reply. But I do know there is one.

I ask him how old he is and how long he has been getting out of body, *I am picking up on something not being as it seems but only lightly, enough to keep asking questions but this is all. He says "this one is not easy to answer" then something about where we are seeming so much like the RTZ (Real Time Zone), ie: denser and time flowing much slower. Than what, exactly, I do not know, but I say "it is just like the

RTZ!", then, again, realize how clear I am and how long I have been in here and I look at Ceb, both knowing and saying "this must have something to do with you".

There is a long segment near here where there is talk about going out of body. Ceb is relaying a bit of one life, classes where he was taught Samurai. There was a line the teacher used to say about 'reaching out', I can see him, sword beautifully extended, but I am losing it now, things are beginning to blur. Before they do completely, Ceb is encouraging me to let go of my filter, the overlay/visual I've been applying throughout this experience —although his words are different, and I do not realize I am even doing this. His talk is more about being in a free state, unencumbered.

In the experience I think I know what he means because I sometimes have experiences where I am flowed into circumstances and events so fast I do not even know what is happening before it is happening. I am applying no breaks. I tell him I know about this but that I am not yet accustomed, or fully comfortable with it. At which point I see Ceb come up from behind my bare, bent knees— I am laying on a table, in what could be a craft, the colors of steel and deep blue in panorama behind him *and I know now we were never outside on the sidewalk, or in that room, we have been here since moving from my sleep space.

I see him only from the neck up, his face and head as he is walking by— he is humanoid but as white as paper. In that first moment of fright, a more frightening image comes through where there is black around his mouth, like a clown, but I rapidly know this to be a fear created image and see him once more, without the fear, more as he is before shifting away.



[Out of Body Experience, Extraterrestrial Contact 1 : \(Video Log \)](#) 🕊

The Contacts Continue

November 11/12, 2011

OBEing all through the night (!)

The onset of the Experience is a bit frightful, *it is raining hard outside and there are beings here in the room with me, adjustments are being made to the physical mind / body. When I come alert, the first thing I feel is 3 sharp, needling points at the front-top-center of my head, just above the hairline. Very physical. The general feeling is not pleasant. I for all due purposes 'lose' the rest (the detail) of what is happening, my central nervous system is not letting it through. I fall into unconsciousness.

Around 2:30am, after letting Charlie B out to pee the next bit begins. I start to feel myself being moved in my bed. This has been happening for weeks now, it is new, it feels like I am being physically moved in the bed. Like someone has reached under my arms and is pulling me up toward the head of the bed. And now is turning me onto my side, rotating me into other positions. It generally takes 3 of these 'moves' before I am out / fully in another environment.

Today it is 2 female entities here doing this with me. The event becomes like a 'Legend' like thing, with odd sorts of beings. *This is key because of a single dream I had throughout my childhood and teenage years which was very much like this; remnants of a previous life is what I'd always thought. One of the female entities is quote :sewing a thread of [new] information into my thighs". *Also key, due to what I've been experiencing recently, the block being held by the large muscle groups in my thighs. I find this highly interesting.

It is being explained to me that what is being done is not a comfortable thing to have happen, but I am shown the thickness (for lack of a better word) of my current strand of information, which is much more dense than the fine, white silky thread now to be sewn in, and told that due to this it won't hurt very much. When the procedure begins I do feel it, and as told, it does not hurt so much. It is okay. Tolerable.

This whole while I am sort of feigning sleep, passively observing and listening, peeking an eye open every once in a while to look around. I am extremely alert, I feel the moderate weight of my body in its passive horizontal position. Again, this is so new, I do not generally experience quite so physically when in here. The space we are occupying could be the inside of a tree; this is the impression. Vertical and tubelike inside, smooth wood, earthy browns, warm hearth. I am perceiving the women to be witches. Notably the one who is sewing in the new strand. Her son is much younger, more human, light skinned, no hair, tattoos(?); symbolic markings on his body.

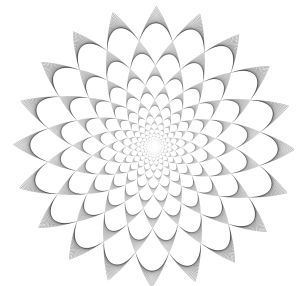
Two burley males arrive abruptly, uninvited through an open doorway. They are noting me and say "there is not a lot to her, but enough to eat." Eat!? At this point, the woman, her son and the other woman together whisk me away, and try to keep me hidden from these two pursuers. There is a long stream of data, which is vague now in my awareness. Through some of it I am seeing a particular lifetime, both of the woman sewing in the new strand, and her son. Harsh lifetimes, not easy, most specially the

son's. And, here, now, he seems so non-affected, very loving, helpful and bright. I enter a host of more 'human' terrain type situations. During a portion of which my friend, Tilak, Projects in and there is the beginning of resolution between us.

Note : I find the passive position I assume during this experience to be of importance. It strongly seems to signify 'not getting in the way', putting my trust in those inwardly aiding me, and the right and beneficial flow of things. I did very well considering how heart-pounding things got in here while these helpers were trying to keep me tucked away. As far as what happened at the onset of the night, and what happens at the onset of many nights, time will tell if I will ever be calm, and inclined enough to really look into what is happening.



[Out of Body Experience, Extraterrestrial Contact 2 : \(Video Log \)](#) 🕊



My Fundamental Journey (thus far) in Brief

This is the very rapid version of how my process has unfolded– from precursory physical anomalies, to the initial conscious shift *resulting in central nervous system shock – and escalation into not just the internal workings of 'shifting' itself, but into the many different types of shifts I am experiencing : including what are generally thought of as ETs coming to "help me out".



[My Fundamental Journey in Brief : \(Video Log \)](#) 🕊

Etheric Body Examinations

February 29, 2012

I ask to be merged with — and for a meeting,

In my visual field is a Native American face tinted purple. I have a long, very clear look at him..

I am then in the field of a young girl, 19, thin/sleek body, bronzed skin, I am in the Laughlin/Bullhead City area in a car with what feels to be my sister, and a friend – a beautiful, fun young girl with long slightly wavy brunette hair. She decides we are driving into Las Vegas for the night for some fun *she is driving. At once, as we have all been in the sun and water all day we say “first let’s go get some clothes!”.

Up ahead I see something in the way.. I try to tell the girl something is in the road but with as much energy as I try to say it she does not hear me. She does, however, look to see it just in time to slow down and stop. It is a black casket. it is being celebrated/ mourned by some people in a house slightly up the hill from the road. We go around it and as we do I look off to my right to see someone has created a very nice dog walking path in the landscape. There are two, near identical, large dark brown almost black dogs walking the path. They are doing this odd sort of prance with a little hop in the middle of it, repeatedly. I say to myself "how odd".

My focus now shifts into a Las Vegas investigation going on.. I am in an aircraft hanger, there is a small, 4 seater Cessna type plane here in front of me; dirty white with gold and brown coloring, very 1970s. Tawny has a piece of the craft in her hand and is saying something about it to another woman. I listen for awhile, then interrupt, popping myself in here and asking her what all that means. She says it means she does not believe this airplane crashing was an accident, and continues on more about the piece she is holding, a long, rod like device. She then crawls into the plane and continues inspecting.

I am getting data from all around, three of the four people in this plane died. Two women and a man died, one woman survived. I see her being carried away on a gurney, she resembles Jennifer Aniston through the hair, I am only seeing the top/back of her head. Following the gurney I sweep into an area that seems semi-merged with the nicely landscaped dog walking path from before. I am now in an outdoor garden like area, highly trafficked, there are many people all around and I am with my friend Darr. A young black man is moving fast through the crowd, anxiously arriving at the far side of a waist high wooden fence near to us. Darr wants us to move on fast, away from him. I focus on her want and do so, yet with an odd feeling, I really have to focus.

From my physical location, I now feel the merging sensation and the cells of my body begin to accelerate. It is a very brief shift. I quickly feel I am being examined. Full tactile sensations and hearing but no visuals *other than periodic glimpses. There is one main doctor, other doctors [consulting] and many other assistants working on me all at once. I am able to breathe, remain alert and relatively calm through a good deal of what is happening. Interesting, and surprising both as this is so highly physical.

I am very comfortable, everything seems to be getting checked out, I feel hands and prodding everywhere but the areas being worked with that I feel most strongly are my head, my nose and vaginal/perineal area. The latter is being prodded, and swabbed with what feels like a long q-tip through the labia. What actually feels being prodded is my pad, I just started my menstrual cycle this morning about an hour prior to this event. They prod the area/pad, and are then surprised by what they refer to as a "squirt", which was my blood. The whole area is getting serious attention. Briefly, I see a mid-aged dark haired, dark skinned Doctor who is collaborating saying something about how to get a pure urine sample. On my nose there feels to be a large device that is keeping my nostrils flared out fully open. It's not wholly comfortable but is not too bad either. My head feels like it is being prepped as though for surgery.

At this point, what begins happening has me questioning whether I really have enough space, like if I begin to feel too claustrophobic can I shift my attention? With the very thought, THEY shift my attention into an area where a pleasant, soft female voice is relaying the procedure and what I can expect. It is now more as though I am in a day spa, having my head massaged and my hair shampooed. The lights are very dim. I briefly see people riding stationary bicycles. Shortly after I shift back into physical space. They feel I have had enough information for today and must absorb it now.



[Etheric Body Examinations : \(Video Log \)](#) 🕊

Note: The remainder of 2012–2013 I spent integrating my ET contact experiences. Earth–life precipitated, although experiences did also sporadically continue. In 2014 I began to feel I had more energy again, – to continue my evolution of experience. I have not begun making the videos again but I do assist others on the many sites and I have begun writing, blogging on the : [website](#). Please enjoy the content.

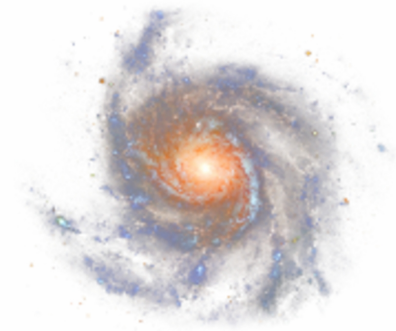
[a few samples]

- [The Extra–Terrestrial Reality : Starseeded in the Earth–Life](#)
- [Transfer Value Effects of the OBE on Physical Reality](#)
- [Personal Training Programs in the OBE : Etheric Drills](#)
- [Activated to Awaken : A Kundalini Top–Down Awakening](#)
- [Shifting Phenomena : The Many Different Kinds of Shifts](#)

I am likewise still focused on a consciousness experiment began in 2011. You can read through a daily log and near ongoing OBEs : [What Affects Consciousness and Supports Shifting at Will : \(Forum/Message Board Log \)](#) 🕊

I am finding the time to post regularly of my experiences on our : [Facebook Page](#)

I hope the material keeps you inspired.



VIDEO LOGS

Due to the more sporadic nature, and later gap in my fully written logs and video uploads, I am posting in this location the video logs *collected into playlists which I began putting through 2010 – 2013 : then began again 2018 – 2019. These all dive into the OBE, kundalini awakening process, extraterrestrial contact and related phenomena to all of the above. There are hundreds of entries so take your time!

[Conscious Awakening : 2010 – 2011 : \(Video Playlist \)](#) 🕊

[Kundalini : 2010 – 2018 : \(Video Playlist \)](#)

[Out of Body Experience : 2010 – 2012 : \(Video Playlist \)](#)

[Precognitive Events, Visiting Future Probabilities : 2011 : \(Video Playlist \)](#)

[Extraterrestrial Contact : 2011 – 2019 : \(Video Playlist \)](#)

[Out of Body Experience : 2018 – 2019 : \(Video Playlist \)](#)

[The Conscious OBE : Zoom Calls : 2019 : \(Video Playlist \)](#)

[ET Contact Experience : Zoom Calls : 2019 : \(Video Playlist \)](#)

[Reporting from the Out of Body State : Via Zoom : 2019 : \(Video Playlist \)](#)

Link with Aquatic Reptilian Being

June 14, 2014

The morning following the full blood/strawberry moon.

Note: I have recently come into the awareness of an extraterrestrial reptilian being [type 1] named TReBorYitne, channelled by Rob Gauthier. Prior to going into my second sleep I am driving home, mentally devising questions I want to ask him in a channeling session. Just prior to the actual [coming] OBE, while laying in relaxation I feel the arrival of an entity. The level of presence is remarkable, the energy signature extremely pleasant. I am recognizing it as an intoxicating mixture of blissful and highly sexual.

I am being linked with : Energetically the connection is concurrently, via chakra points behind the head, throat and heart. This is being interpreted by me physically, simultaneously as sex. I am opening to all levels of the translation and fully present/ experiencing in multiple fields. Which I will now describe. *All levels include all (/ multiple) translations. *Many ET visuals.

Level 1: Physical body location, high level of awareness throughout

Level 2: Etheric link with reptilian being, *facilitates and represents the shift/transition into multiple fields, extremely high level of awareness

Level 3: Connection within the link-up with deeper Guidance level, *represented by dialogue and 'drive up', moderate level of awareness

Level 4: Extra-dimensional world, high level of awareness

Transition

Drive up : I am in communication with non-physical [non-visual] matter reality, my Guidance system.. Visually I am perceiving this layer as being in a vehicle of some sort accelerating / driving upward at an impossible, perhaps 90 degree angle/incline. I am asking what will happen if I fall asleep and steer off the lane gridlines when another field gradually begins patterning out into my awareness.

I am being Guided around a park.. It is a park I currently frequent almost daily in the Earth life. The park where right now, in the back of my truck my body is laying. I see activity going on and ask permission to go through the area. This is granted. As I take my first few steps into the park, at the juncture of a cluster of trees, I am reveling at how accurate the landscape is. In the taking in of the detail, as is common, more fields begin opening out from within it. I am beginning to see living quarters now, structure after structure after structure, door after door after door- each with a four digit number clearly appearing on it.

Almost before I am acknowledging this a group of us, the rest of whom are trailing off behind my field of vision are approaching one door in particular and going in —While, simultaneously, I am also remaining 'outside' in discourse with an aquatic reptilian being who is answering questions about why I am here, as well as giving data about its world and society. It is wearing a white cover suit and helmet, akin to a space, or perhaps even hazmat suit; both ideas are present. It has a small, deep green and blue colored head and is roughly 6 feet tall.

Landing Location

Extra-dimensional world: Meeting/mating/merging

Name : Holly NUrockston: male, mate: (the NU part has an inflection I cannot verbally, audibly make: the rest is a translation).

I have been taken to where he lives/works, his quarters/home. I am being sent to him by aquatic ET beings who found me to be the closest energetic match. I am brought to vivify him– [for sex] –He almost does not take/receive me. So I hug him, closer, more sexually, pressing my full front body into him. He is still. Not pushing me away for a long moment. Then responding. Succumbing. Slowly lifting an arm and putting it around me. He is not knowing, himself, prior to lifting his arm that he is needing this / me / this specific energy. There is full interaction now, – within the event of which I am opening out into the equivalent of the contents of a full day with him.

There is another female human present in the home. She is a daughter. Adult : pale but pleasant skin color and hue, shoulder length platinum blonde hair and really quite radiant. She is wearing a blue, summer type smock. The home is comfortable, white(s) and woodsy color scheme, very pleasingly lit. Its interior is circular, with long running curves and archways. It is partially subterranean. There is a deep water element that is coming directly up into the home.

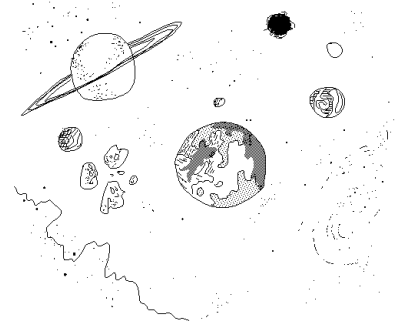
The three of us are spending the day getting to know each other. Asking and answering questions. I am at one point awed at the length of time I am let to remain here. It is so long I do not retain a lot of the small talk. But a good deal of the pertinent data is fully synching. —This is a world of many ET beings. Humans are rare, they drive small sub-aquatic vehicles deep under the sea. They are not looked well upon (the bottom of the barrel of the society) but are treated okay. Their needs seen to.

Symbolism

Following this OBE I researched the symbolism of the Holly and found this:

Of all the trees, the Holly and the Oak are thought the most primordial—they are viewed as two “kings”. The Oak King rules from the time the light begins its ascent in

December until the summer solstice in June. Holly is the "dark twin" who reigns during the waning light of the year, until winter solstice. Note : This OBE is occurring at the exact time of the Holly taking reign. "The Holly speaks to the fierce capacity of the human soul to take the descent into the underworld, bringing inner light into darkness. Thus we can understand the signature of the tree, with its ability to germinate without sunlight, favoring dark, moist conditions." Pagan Meaning of Holly : Increased fertility : In addition to bringing in holly boughs to decorate the home and increase fertility, holly was also often planted outdoors around the house to keep out evil spirits.



Data Exchange : Accessing the Blueprint Field

Series of ET Contacts — February 2015

Conscious shifts into the dimensions have been so numerous I am repeatedly amazed new ones continue to present. This week there are two new types of shifts— The first is a "meteor hit / fall to reality". I am quite literally experiencing myself AS a meteor, getting caught in the gravitational pull of the planet and impacting. The second is in the ocean: A backward pull of water into itself as it begins to rise into a wave. I am riding that point of the backward pull, level with the ocean into the baseline of the wave. Extraordinary experiences and sensations.

This week I am with the ETs, continually on board craft(s). There are connections being made in the Earth life which are precipitating this and inciting awareness of these experiences to grow. [There are connections being made previously, and since, likewise aiding this which I will later mention.] The two connections most closely associated with this weeks events are an experimenter who is evidencing a more physical type of contact with ETs, Peter Maxwell Slattery, and a visionary artist who has come to my attention through him whose name is Kesara.

Peter records and shares his regression sessions, – as I am listening in on these I am frequency matching to some degree with the energetic that is present as these take place. The ETs are coming forward through him and speaking themselves *he is a channel. I am inspiring by this to write Kesara and request a rendering of the ETs I have not been able to see yet myself, who come down into the etheric frequency of my room and bring me with them on board crafts. These particular ETs are associated with my body examinations and upgrades.

Upon connecting with Kesara, via writing a letter and receiving a reply – an interesting capacity within me kicks in. In this instance I am not aware of it happening until I receive the related experience later tonight. The capacity is one of deep level connection. With the potentiality field fundamentally, which is where the blueprint(s) to everything are. I do not know how this happens, I only know that it does. This is the awareness that presents to me. —I just start falling into myself, into a highly concentrated point of focus and merge with the field.

It is something that somehow just happens, like falling in love, or breathing. In this instance I am concentrating into Kesara's blueprint, synching with the data, the whole evolution and clearing of neural pathways that leads to her visioning the extra-dimensionals. I am restructured instantaneously. I may vision them similarly now myself. Which is precisely what begins happening this very night. I begin slipping into a beautiful state of what I call 'stasis' [bliss] and for the length of the entire night, vision ET after ET after ET against the backdrop of the star system they are from.

Hundreds of beings are stepping through –not one duplicate, each one entirely unique. I will note here that of those I most recall there are no Grey beings but many, multiple Reptilian. I fear none of them. They are renderings of light. Personality is to some degree present but not pronounced. They come forward, linger here for me to behold roughly 30–60 seconds then recede while another comes forth. The one who is imprinting the most is a Reptilian warrior whose front face is beaked, more like a bird than a reptile. It is hybrid. I am let to come in very close to him.

After receiving Kesara's rendering, an 'Overseer' she feels closely linked with the events of 2009 – [my awakening] – in meditations a dialogue in my awareness with this one begins. The first thing being communicated is about a pregnancy. I am shown a child being removed from my belly. She is a girl child. Her name is Amalita. I am shown that she is grown now. That she lives on the crafts. She has remained nearby and holds no judgement for [me] not letting her remain here with me at ground level. I was of course aware of her, this was a physical pregnancy.

What I did not know is that the child was hybrid, or that she survived. Or further, that I have been participating in her upbringing. As well as she, participating here in my direct experience through my person. She is saying she comes in often to feel her feet on the ground and have a look around. She is saying we have always been this close. I am smiling, humorously / apologetically relaying that we are a bit 'slow in knowing' here on the ground (but she is at the same time already knowing). I am asking if this is what changes my vision. She confirms, but is saying 3 or 4 others also come in.

The next two days I am on crafts being schooled.. First, – again going over the various types of extra-dimensional craft. And the next day the wide variety of eye types. This is full disclosure, a full information and energetic exchange. The beings here are looking with equal interest and appreciation into me. My Earth life person. They had a good deal to do with creating it, this life experience and mind / body structure so it is of no surprise they are curious at it —how it is holding up, the data it is gathering, it's ultimate potential for becoming.

On the third day of the sequence, in my meditation I am shown an implant procedure, one of my experiences “on the table”. In my late 30s I developed a good sized, odd shaped mole at the base of my spine at the sacrum. I am being shown the implant is here. Directly under, or to the inside of where the mole later arose –and still is. The implant is ethereally linked with my physical body (according to the data). This is not a physical implant. I do not know why I am being shown this, or who did the implanting but I am feeling it has just been removed. *or checked?

A few minutes further into this communicate I fall into an unaware dream state in which I get shot by a BB gun in this very spot. The level of pain / sensation alerts me to a conscious level of awareness, and to my physical body. From where I am also feeling a very real [physical] sensation and immediately suspecting the implant removed. —In any event, since this experience, when entering trance states the root energy center does spin now and when additional energy(ies) come fully in my legs no longer shake. The process is considerably smoother now.

Connections in the Earth life

The Starseed connections I make in the Earth life are critical to me, not only to my sanity but my success. They supply the torque by which I may cognize events more fully, more rapidly at a conscious level. These ones are in themselves pattern/frequency matches to events taking place within me just below my normal state of awareness. They bring these events closer to my attention.

Just intersecting with them, the simple act of them coming into my awareness provides a general idea of what I am working with in other fields, to bring forward and ground here in this one. They generally are connected with my life plan / experience packet and may represent an advancement or skill level I myself have yet to reach —and in reaching would allow me to be of greater service.

Some of the blueprints I accessed / synched with prior to my 2009 activation include (in right order), no longer in body : Shankaracarya, Sri Ramana Maharshi, Ramakrisna. In body : Erich Schiffmann, Shakti Das. Blueprints accessed post activation, no longer in body : Terence McKenna, Robert Monroe. And there are many contemporary associates currently in body :

Tom Campbell : Parallel Processing Reality Streams

Darryl Anka : Link in w/ Grey Race —kundalini, transmutation of physical form

Rob Gauthier : Link in w/ Reptilian Race —lower entropy, reduce fear

Peter Slattery : Physical Contact w/ ETs —lower entropy, reduce fear

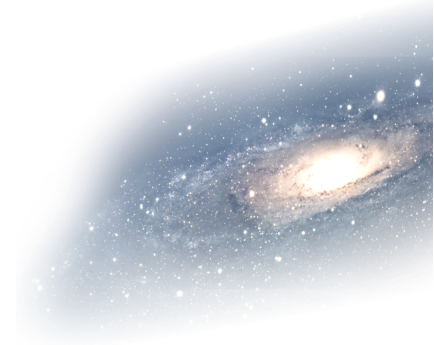
Kesara : Visioning ETs —link w/ skill, synch w/ cleared neural pathways

Zacariah : Multi-level Channeling —link w/ skill, synch w/ cleared neural pathways

Accessing the potentiality field and blueprints is not a special talent. We are all doing it to greater and lesser degrees of awareness —and now it is time to bring it to a new level. Imagine the possibility, what we could do if in full conscious awareness we began linking in [without fear] to one other. Knowing any and all does already and in all ways exist in potentiality. We need not continue fearing what may happen. We simply focus and ride the wave of our attention.

We are open systems (not closed systems). Consciousness is an open system. The sooner we collectively get clear on this the sooner we open to the JOY of it.

I am doing it. —and I am sending my gratitude out to you all for absolutely all that you are. It is an honor to be here on the planet with you.



Working With and Within Free Will

March 29, 2015

New Shift. Repeatedly. Or (an additional perception) — One long shift inside of which I am periodically landing in data fields. I am being held by two helpers, intent-fully close to the physical. Each is on one side and has me up off the ground with a hold of a wrist and an ankle. I am first bent (legs going up toward my head), then stretched, twisted, turned and tossed into the air. *This activity is to increase flexibility and decrease fear. Heighten sensitivity to the physical system and its independent systems. Sex center system sensation is notably high. To focus my attention *away from fear I ask, “how can I help people?, I like to help people.”

Data field opens out :

Two women are standing with a young girl. One is filtering symbols and information out of her field according to her existing belief system structures. The other is with a close-to-equivalent energetic force, pushing through information and energies that could do harm due to the existing structures. I am simultaneously seeing this pattern one way, and then in reverse. Each of the women representing both sides. The experience is like being inside a storm. The energy, the dynamic, super intense.

The three females are both of and IN a swirling mass of similar blending color : purple and pink hues. I am shut out of their circle —my energetic is yellow. I instinctively feel to help due to the pattern. Not getting a good feeling from either of the two energies connecting with the young girl. Each of the women [potentially] representing an infringement upon her free will. Potentially causing harm. But I cannot get in.

I am not believing the woman who is on her right, who is saying [to the girl] that she can see her structures. At the same time she is saying this she is coming through to me as not genuine. As one who is attempting to choose for her what may come in, as a mother figure might for her child, but thus infringing upon free will. And I am aware at the same time of the multitudes of others who are attempting to enter the girl's field.

All this is happening quite rapidly and as it is the feeling in me has me stepping back, and from this position begin [full body] moving and concentrating energy through my hands into a swirling energy ball, and sending this out to assist in giving the young girl her own breathing room. Her own decision space. I am brought closer in to the trio, and then removed. —but I am still shifting : with the helpers. – bend, stretch, twist, turn, toss! —Again and again and again.



Cellular Change and the New Human



[Cellular Change and the New Human : \(Video Log \)](#) 

A Visit with Jan in Gothenburg, Hippocampus

July 3, 2019

MAJOR ACTIVITY

OBE : Visit w/ Jan in Gothenburg

Magical beings : Hippocampus, Beetle

I am visiting Jan in Gothenburg – full level of reality : we are in his home, an apartment-like setting conversing. Charlie is here with me, only rather than looking fully like himself he appears more as a large, flesh colored worm. It is occurring to me now that I am writing this that I am taking in data from multiple fields here. In this regard, there is also the tiniest beetle like bug.

While I am here it escapes a nesting spot in one of my belongings and rapidly grows in size. It grows into something that looks very unlike its original self. A sort of desert rose, petal like, white butterfly wing-like structure. It releases its contents out on me and grows larger and larger until it grows into being a young boy. I ask a male being to show the boy how to use a restroom.

As is usual, the large body of conversation taking place here I am not bringing forward with me, only the awareness of there being a good deal of it. As Jan and I are conversing, moving through concepts and about the apartment I am aware of a walk we are also taking on the street down below. It is not a long walk, just a short stretch but awareness is taking in a much wider area than what is immediately before us.

There is somewhere Jan has to go for a time. I decide I will go for a drive to fill in the gap. As I get into the car I am already beginning to be moved contrary to my will. It is my idea to take surface streets, learn a bit more of the area but as the car begins pulling forward I am ushered instead onto the highway.

The super highway.— As the acceleration begins I know I am not going to be able to take in the great quantity of data relative to our coordinates – Jan's, mine and the exchanges now between. I begin losing a percentage of the level of reality but not all. The experience here forward is still very real for me, but I am lost – *in a maze.

I pull off the super highway as soon as I can, as soon as I have enough control again, but there are now two or three highways between where I am and where Jan is. It is nighttime and very dark outside. I have pulled off at a somewhat deserted area on the outskirts, with maybe a small potentially negative element present in the distance.

A lady who resembles Helen pulls off behind me and helps me get to a more populated area where there are lots of people mulling about. I go inside, something along the line of a way station and begin asking them one by one if they know where Gothenburg is and how I get back there. No-one here seems to recognize the name of this city.

I begin to get frustrated, I am not that far away, it makes no sense no-one knows, it makes no sense no-one can help. I keep asking. Person after person. I have no data

other than the name of Gothenburg to get back. I walk up to a very tall, very thin, very pale skinned young woman with dark hair. She seems very French but is not. I ask if she knows where Gothenburg is. She says “FORSONIA.. I think it might be in Forsonia.”

As she is saying this I am beginning to shift. I begin to have the idea to call the police, to have them as an intermediary in case Jan might check in with them. I am very worried about how worried –he– is going to be when he gets back and sees me gone..

[shift] OBE



Magical being.

Hippocampus – Mythological aquatic reptilian/horse being. – so named after an area of the brain. POWERFUL.

I am in the ocean, the waters are rough, but so not so rough that I cannot remain afloat. I am immersed as I would be up to my head. I am at first fearful, as I would be if physically in the middle of the ocean (as I literally am here) but as this enormous, magnificent, silver/blue/grey skinned being is surfacing through the waters before me, my state is growing more rapidly into awe and a more direct physical experience is ensuing.

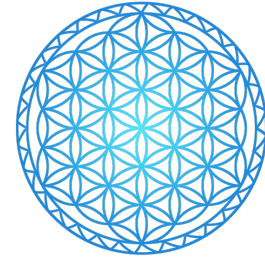
My heart is thumping through my chest – very clear to me is that the event at hand holds great importance and is not meant to slip idly by. I reach out my hand to touch the skin (of the massive neck area) of the creature. It is for this moment of direct contact that I am recalling the event at all. I am connecting directly with so much information, cosmically, universally, galactically it seems I have gone into stasis.

All of what is happening, all of me is suspended here, –while the concepts all trickle down into me. The being is leaving a calling card, a way to contact it as a gift. It appears as a 4” x 4” thin plastic (clear) square with the hands of a clock upon it. This is dropped into a scene unfolding below. A dark, dingy perhaps 1800s English peasant village. There is a woman down there who this is for.

The woman, perhaps in her late 30s, a good deal aged for hard work, dressed in a short sleeved smock, apron about the waist, thin cotton bonnet, broom in hand – does not seem to want or have any interest in it. The calling card falls and drops to the ground. She sees it there but has much to do and just sweeps by and heads out to the stables. Something that happens in the stables is holding the bulk of her attention.

She is not refined in the slightest, or perhaps even kind. She is highly focused on self, and survival by any means. I, myself, in this experience want the calling card very much. I shift into the environment and pick it up. With this the heart of the woman

begins to change. Something that has happened in the stables makes her begin to want the calling card herself.....we begin to compete for it through the remainder of the scenario *which gradually trails off in dream.



The Wake/Sleep Threshold — A Closer Look

October 14, 2019

6am : WBTB

Full seamless conscious shift into my dad's house.

I do know I am shifting. I feel myself incubating into it here but there is no other sensation. Sometime later :

I am standing in the kitchen in front of the microwave oven opening a package of sliced bread. The crossover in the data streams of this environment and my own in physical space is causing small little shocks through my system.

I am what I will call precisely on the verge of full conscious awareness 'here' and losing such. I begin : knowing I am standing in dad's kitchen, looking around the room, feeling the sensation of the field, "I am in dad's kitchen" : (then the crossover in the streams and the little shock) : "why am I up and making breakfast? I am off today" : (then the crossover in the streams and the little shock) : "I am in dad's house. I am out of body. Wow. I am here at dad's." I look over toward the bread, pick up the package, smell the bread and take out two slices : (crossover) . .

The incoming little shock is shifting my position and I am now upstairs in my room sitting on the floor. Dad walks by down the hallway down the stairs. With the briefest of a side glance at me he asks that I watch him to make sure he doesn't fall. He at the same time seems to be aware of my fluctuating position *my instability here. A black dog is in the room with me. Black is my dad's first dog. but the data stream is saying : he is here. he is mine. he is my responsibility – (now a significant jolt) – I have forgotten to feed him. With this I lose total position. I am back to dreaming. I am setting off to find and get food in the dog as fast as possible. Dry dog food. I think to myself "deli chicken and beef from the fridge will be faster".

Note: I have never experienced the wake/sleep threshold from inside an additional field this thoroughly before.

It packs quite a punch!

The Full Conscious Shift as Ascension

October 21, 2019

6am WBTB

Full conscious shift.

This is the longest shift yet, perceptually more than 30 minutes in real time. This is notable in itself. More regularly an initial, fully conscious shift into an OBE will last roughly 1-2 minutes before particulating into scenes, data streams, 'physical' type environments – and this 1-2 minutes is no easy feat to traverse. Thirty minutes is monumental. As the shift is launching I am and have been speaking with guidance about the full conscious shift as ascension through the dimensions, *our frequency has been to a degree infiltrated – I am assuring myself and everyone I will make it.

Sensorily – the shift is straight upward. I will note also that the last shift I experienced of this nature was 2009 at the onset of my activation to awaken. Data from three distinct streams are making it through to me in here. It would seem I am principally aimed at identifying the interference. It is the first thing I see. Conceptually : three Asian dark lords. red and black silk robes. (question – clearing Muladhara?). There is respect from their end in regard to my reaching them. I am seeing them each, one at a time in extremely clear detail. As well as their location.

The data from each of the three streams is entwined, it is all related, all one event. This first stream continues.. I am a three year old Asian girl child. I am wearing yellow silk robes. I have a female protectress, also wearing yellow silk robes playing a mother type role. She is very worried for me. We are journeying on horseback but are stopped for the moment at a place to get food. One of the three dark lords, or an assassin sent by one of three has come. Without knowing how, *without seeing in great detail I kill him with his own sword.

I have a view of my protectress and I riding on from here.., she is no longer worried for me. I have come into my full power. It is the dark lords who now have cause for concern. I am clean, not a drop of blood on me. Our yellow robes are glistening. (clearing/activating Manipura?). From the second stream now : there is Darr and I in the in-between, the life between life area. Indicated by temporary housing – a hotel. The idea of a large vehicle, a large bus and the concept of picking up and working on huge piles of dirty laundry.

From the third stream, a location where-in I am choosing to experience the energies in themselves, the shift itself :

Family home

On the floor facing the rising sun

On the bed, full penetration of the lower gates. (male voices from the in-between area. I close the window.

Absorption. Uninterrupted focused absorption.

ETs Assisting with a Shift

October 24, 2019

I have spoken about this upon occasion before..

About the various types of shifts I have when consciously going out of body.

A very rare type of shift is when the ETs come down into a frequency in very close proximity to my physical space. In what I more normally call "the etheric version of my room". In this type of shift the beings are literally, physically maneuvering my position in the bed. On this occasion, this morning, they are just repeatedly placing me onto my back. I feel this very physically. I feel their hands and I feel my physical body, involuntarily (not by my own means) being rolled from its position on my left side to that of my back. On one occasion my azurite palm stone is left atop my chest for me to find. This is a place it would never in actuality ever be. I would (clearly) never hold my hand in this position during sleep.

It is one of the most wild experiences, to feel your body position changing without you yourself actually doing it. It takes some getting used to. The central nervous system is effected, more at first, and then gradually there is an acclimatizing to it. To keep everything in check I open my curiosity. I remind myself to have fun with the experience. I observe as much as I am able. There is not a lot of time to do so as it is generally not long before I am somewhere else. This morning it is a cavern / underground bunker.



[I talk briefly about the ETs and the event above. @58:30](#) 🕊

Blue Dragon : Historian

November 5, 2019

This is not a full, proper OBE but there are segments to it which fully are : so I will note it here. *Dragon, aquatic, reptilian, magical beings : these are always notable.

I am in a house. There are many other distinct areas attached, and there are others here. I will begin with the woman. I am giving her a yoga lesson. I suggest she begin *as I always do in savasana. As she lays down I begin engaging in other activity. But not taking my attention wholly off her. I can feel her getting restless though, so I come back over to her to give an 'adjustment'. (question) Is this what leads to all the animals getting loose? – *more and more a common theme. There are wild animals loose everywhere now. But they are not yet in the house, they are all outside.

The front door is open but a screen door is in place. There is one, and then a variety of wild cats out there. A test ensues. First there is another person stuck outside the door with it. I am not opening the screen to let him in. Not helping him. Then I am stuck on the outside of the door with the cats. (soo real). I am not getting bit or attacked yet. I am figuring out a way to get back in without also letting in the cats. I feel how the other man must have felt – (soo real) – I hear "will you let him in next time?"

I will figure out a way. Yes. —with this thought the screen door is now impossibly bent above and below the latch/lock. There is space by which to get in. No sooner than I do I am looking out the window, over the trees and bushes at the edge of the property at the approaching of a large, real as real can be BLUE DRAGON. And I mean real as real can be. I am this whole while on the verge of a proper OBE. Awoken early this morning, I engage in a brief 10–15 minute wake–back–to–bed and am all this while in full paralysis/stasis.

I am entering the inner environment no more than to the juncture of point consciousness. I have full access to both fields, the inner and the outer/physical. I am experiencing the paralysis more from the inside out as 'stasis', which is far more pleasant than from the outside in. But still, I can see my central nervous system and fright / flight mechanism is in play. Inside it is every man for himself. I am the first to see the arrival of the blue dragon. The others are not yet alert to it and many are still engaged in normal activity.

As I am looking out the window, looking for a way out of here I can see my car down there is blocked in the driveway by another. A convertible –the keys are in the ignition and the car is running but the driver is not in sight. I begin to run. As do many of the others now. I am in the section just next to the main house. All the lights are out. I am near one entrance/exit to the outside and there are a couple others scrunching down near another door leading more into the inside of this structure. I am praying I am the one not to be seen.

The dragon is speaking into this space.

A low, deep, menacing male voice. He is saying "tell me the story of when Mr. _____ did something or other" – I am not recalling the full sentence – I am thinking to myself in here that it must not be me being addressed. I am not recognizing the name or having any knowing of this man. I slip out of the area and outside. The car which had previously been blocking me is now gone. I head over to mine and get in, the immanent presence of the dragon still at the forefront of what I am feeling.

There is a mechanic putting a replacement part in my car.. He is wearing faded blue mechanics coveralls, looks roughly in his 30s, has sandy blonde hair worn a bit long over the ear. He makes a comment about the value of the new part, it's going to cost me. He tries to sell/suggest another part, far less costly, a muffler? He comes right up to my face, nose to nose when I say I cannot hear him, he spoke it too fast. The skin on his face is very worn, almost scarred. I am asking about all the costs when I shift back into physical space.

Clearly I am being tested throughout this whole event.

Pretty much a FAIL.



Seamless Shifts — Ascension. (rehearsal. practice. experience.

November 14, 2019

Going into the night I am experiencing the 'champagne bubbles' so common to OBEs. Notably through my thighs.

By early morning, 4-7AM I am experiencing seamless shifts. whole body – repeated, again and again with each pass through beta. I am being encouraged to write about this. It is why it is happening. Why this experience is being given.

OBE : Mom. information. address. symbolic/composite rock structure. numbers. coordinates – clean shift through.

I am laying here. In an identical position in two now interpenetrating environments. Shifting (what I call "whole body") (which I am seeing here in this experience means the environment and everything) into the room I am first being awakened in; the room occupied 2009 – 2014. My eyes are open. I am realizing my eyes are open. In front of me a large object is appearing. It is a tall, person sized cluster of irregular shaped rectangular geometries. Much like 'buildings', tightly fitted, irregular in height. The structure is an ominous deep metallic and red. — ? what are the numbers I just wrote down to embed ? the question is causing a shift. An identical shift. Seamless, almost impossible to catch but I am.

I am now standing outside with Darr.

We are standing at an outdoor shower. Darr is showing me the setup and making recommendations. She is standing on one side, and I on the other of a low gate. Her head, shoulders, arms and hands all in clear view. I am questioning how the process she is describing works – (and losing some lucidity) – how she prevents the water from getting all over everywhere. She shows me how she aims the water stream toward the inside, *the inside represented here by an open door into the house, fairly close to just behind her. Brainwave shift through beta,

[I get up to use the bathroom]

The OBE still in play as I walk to the bathroom and back and lay myself down again..

Seamless shift fully back in....

Same as prior. I am laying down, identical position in two interpenetrating spaces, shifting, environment and all into the second, or new configuration. Here I am laying on a contemporary, somewhat deco style recliner. (am I on a craft?) (on the table?). CB is curled in here with me. The energy exchange, as it is always – is incredible. I just want to be here forever and not move. The connection with CB is growing ever stronger, deeper not weaker since his passing over. We are in an energetic bliss state nearing what I call 'stasis'. I am here, experiencing with CB, laying with CB, looking for CB – (and) in multiple other frequencies.

- Shanty town. carnival-like *a construction that tears down and is set up somewhere else somewhat easily. – dark. *Darr.
- Movie theatre seats. black. woman in a row on my right, woman in a row on my left. rows fitted tightly together. at times almost overlapping. I feel squeezed in here. A blonde haired man comes to the woman on my right. intimate. A helper type assists me out of here.
- Meeting. man and woman. both blonde. they are watching, more heavily listening to a play. The audio is very life-like, the visual is set up like caricature players on a large predominantly gold and white checker board. I am thinking I will turn the sound around in the right direction and notice all the players on the board are also facing 'away'. As though being viewed from behind rather than from the front.
- Walking. a very long path. looking for CB.. I pass through gardens and areas where there are animals, cats in particular, of all kinds, being highlighted in a common little fenced area – and, lastly where people are being aided and cared for. CB is not kept from me for very long each time I notice he is no longer with me. I find him, we connect somewhat easily without too much of an absence going by.

Note : Increasingly the seamless shift is presenting.

ET Healing, Wilson's Disease, Age 15

Date: November 18, 2019 : 6 – 8AM

Shift phenomena : standard low rolling vibrations

Location : my purple room, dad's house – year : 1980

Activity : blood, hair and skin cell samples are being taken. testing for Wilson's disease

Players : the ETs, female nurse, young male *extremely close friend

Around 6AM following a brief sleep interruption I consciously request an OBE..

Sometime later I am keying in on the shift, just your standard low rolling vibrations and the knowing to not move. Consciousness is not steady, it is fluctuating, coming in and out. —Following the shift I am inside and *outside my purple bedroom with two others, one definitely male and on my left, this one is more prevalent in the experience than the other. He is speaking with me while the other is simply here on my right. From the vantage of the outside view, which it should be said is upstairs and not ground level, we are looking in through the window. From this area I am my 54 year old self.

Inside the room is dark.., as it would be with the heavy floor to ceiling, wall to wall drapes shut closed. I am however able to also see the concept of the white sheers and the light as it would be perceived through them. *I am able to see my view from the outside, from the inside location. (note : synch with dawn 'shears' and 'sheers'). I am laying prone, face down in the bed. Throughout the experience the bed is shifting positions. A variety of concepts are present in this, one of which is that it was/has been/is my tendency to rearrange my living and sleep spaces regularly.

Inside I am my much younger self. This data is not coming from the visual field but from a third location, principally my own conscious state of awareness, where—in I am calling for my age at the time of this event due to a few things that are occurring. One, I am in a vulnerable position and so opting out of a lot of the visuals (*very common for me in experiences 'on the table'). Another is that a diagnosis / disease is being determined and I am calling to know 1) what it is, and 2) whether it is current or in the past. Almost before I ask it is answered. I am here in this room 15 years old.

I am, at the onset of entering the room, in my current, full conscious state of awareness (and 54 year old self) laying supine, face up in the bed. A laptop is laying over my legs, my calves and then shins, – movements are making it slowly creep down the legs and off to one side. I don't want to move, or interrupt the experience, the flow, so I let it continue and fall off to the floor. I am now as I am as the 15 year old me, laying prone. The nurse is now here and saying she is taking the blood sample. Even though a great deal of the visuals are not in play, tactile sensations are and I am in ongoing telepathic communication with her.

My heart rate, the heart rate of the 15 year old me is slightly elevated. But not by too much which is surprising, and notable to my 54 year old self. The nurse is telling me everything she is doing in advance of her doing it. Every type of sample she is taking. Blood, hair and skin cell samples. I am asking questions, beginning with what I am

being tested for *which I find myself immediately knowing is Wilson's disease. There is an energy interplay here that is now catching much of my attention. The calm, detached energy of the nurse and dynamic, highly stimulated energy of a new arrival.

I am hearing him in my mind, seeing him across the room and knowing one thing more than any other. He is an extremely close friend. Someone who cares more for me than possibly even myself. There are a collection of concepts making up his visual appearance. 1) My same 'colorings', 2) Roswell New Mexico, 3) Michael Vlamis. He is coming over close to me, saying there is no way he will ever let anything happen to me. He is focused on a full cure and already launching into ideas which will bring this about. The energy is so excited, in contract with the nurse it is becoming too much.

I am losing the connection with the experience, with the full flow of the stream of data. I am knowing there is a line of people coming to see me behind the nurse. This male friend, Dawn and others... I am still in telepathic communication from various points with various others and shifting with the echo of all this back into physical space. Where I am synching with all the points within myself. Absorbing (from) all of them.

The data from each, like puzzle pieces all falling together all at once.

Endlessly fascinating.



[Out of Body Experience, Time Traveling to Myself : \(Video Log \)](#) 🕊



[Where Do I Go When I Go Out?](#) 🕊

Where do you go!

OBE Mentoring : Video Playlist

[How to Have Your First OBE](#) 🕊

[Stimulating Hypnagogic Imagery](#)

[Preparing for Conscious Out of Body Travel](#)

[Reality and Dream – Leveling the Playing Field](#)

[Zoom Call, The Fully Conscious OBE](#)

[Recall: Making it Back with the Data](#)

AUTHORS NOTE

I am highly interested in the OBE,— since day one of them beginning I have known I would never be able to return to 'normal' life. For me they began spontaneously with the Kundalini (2009), the alignment of the inner energy centers of the body - an astounding energy that at the onset was so strong IT was pulling me out of body. My central nervous system went into shock. I didn't know what was happening. I had never heard of out of body experience. It took more than a year for my body to stop trembling.

There are a few things I realize now from the event of all this happening. Going out of body is no simple matter, there is much a person will do well to hold in their awareness when pursuing, or riding the wave of this type of experience. I would suggest that right at the top of this list is a general, genuine sense of your ability to handle it.

Going into an area of consciousness where-in your state of mind, with immediacy manifests as the environment around you. What needs to happen in conjunction with your opting to go for it, is a general cleaning house. — a cleaning up of your thought structures, energy patterns and behaviors. Cleaning house is truly the only 'technique' required for success in experiencing with regularity beyond the body.

I would suggest, if you haven't already, beginning a daily practice, a daily practice LOG and dream journal. Dream recall and dream journaling is of paramount importance. As it is only when you sufficiently integrate your experiences that more begin rolling in. Writing everything down, in as much detail as possible, and even sharing all this will help with the integration and (or) instigation of experiences.

I am a proponent of the conscious shift, the fully conscious OBE.. The key to the fully conscious shift - from physical space out into the wider reality - is first learning to bring your experience in the wider reality, often called 'dreams' - back with you each morning into physical space. *with regularity.

This will develop a habit of awareness and attention, a working of the muscle required for holding and processing larger quantities (and qualities) of energy and information.

Meditate, learn to sit quietly, contemplate, connect with the breath.

Get out in nature. — all this will help.

I will see you out there.

