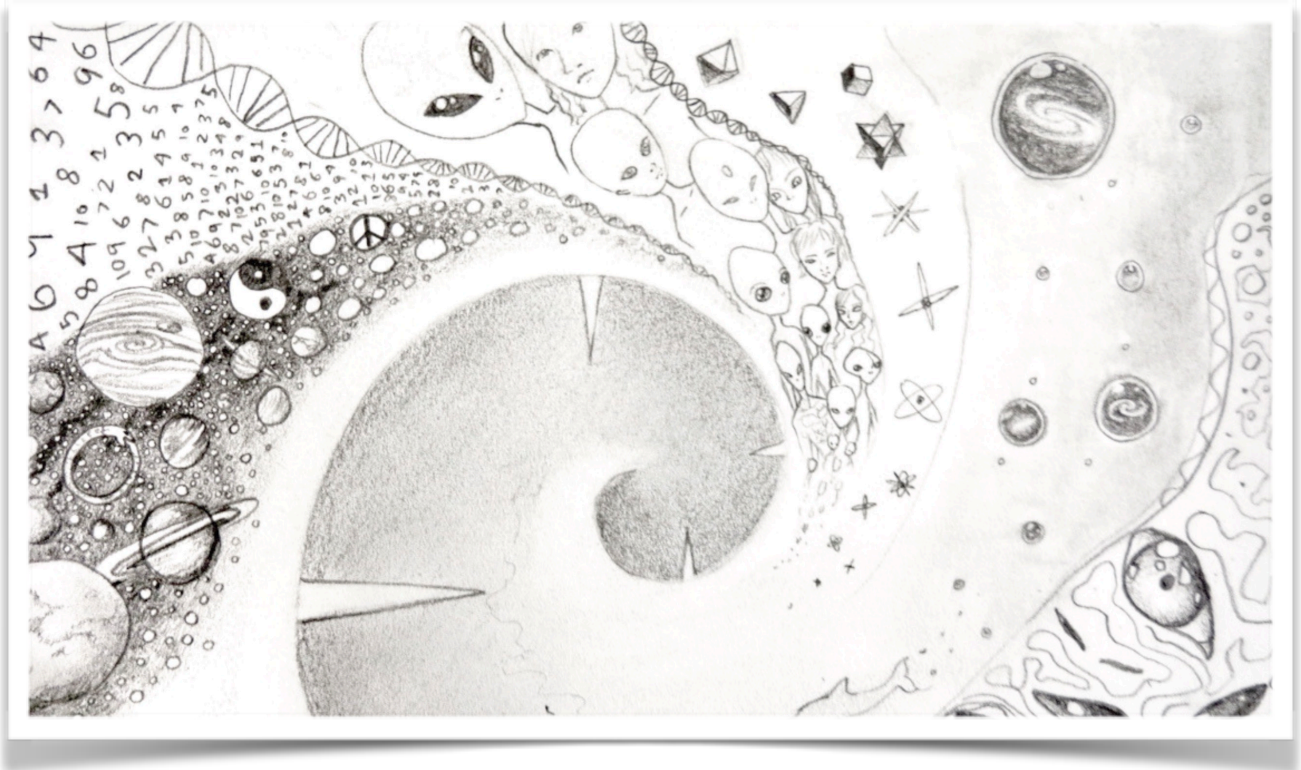


365 Days of Dreams, Part 1

Mid June – December 2019



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The Galactic Travel Channel Links

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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 explorer of consciousness systems,

An experiencer of conscious contact with extraterrestrial intelligence,

A visual and vocal channel.

My name is Casey.

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This collection of material is from a consciousness experiment participated in by members of our forum/message board. It is proposed that together we begin logging our dreams daily. The Idea is to create an impetus toward bringing forward with us as we wake into our daily state of awareness at least one dream, or dream fragment, or feeling. To 1) work the muscle required for recall and 2) observe any significant crossover in our concepts and experiencing.

I myself am looking, perhaps more specifically for potential crossover as *evidence we may, as a direct result of our grouping be synchronizing in such a way as there is observance of our collective activity from within as a One-Consciousness; where-in our persons are entering the fields of each other. During the course of this experiment I am finding clear evidence of this occurring within my own observation point with multiple of the experiment participants.

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I will begin.

June 19, 2019

I am in a home away from home – a world away from (this) world – a life away from (this) life. The terrain is somewhat barren, there is not much in the way of trees, waterways and greenery. There is sand and dirt—everywhere. The air is dry, people are dressed in well worn, a bit tattered and dusty clothing. I am appearing much like myself, only somewhat caricature-like. My hair is longer, thicker, wavier and I am older than I am at present. The hair has still not turned grey.

There are large snakes that, rule is not the right word, but that dominate across this land.. Everyone, myself included is hiding from them. One is slithering through now. Orange-ish brown – it is as wide around as a person if not more and has consciousness. It possibly has swallowed a person. It seems to be a scout and it is looking, for what I don't know. But it is doing its job. I am hiding in a wooden structure of some sort with a man as it is making its way through. I can distinctly feel the air, the people are all on high alert.

This space where I am now hiding myself, I wish to make note of this ..It reminds me of how fish hide from sight out in the open in a fish bowl, using light and where the light refracts. This space is like this. It is like an invisible corner, the shape of it, the feel of it, like a pocket that both is and (maybe) also is not here. After the scout snake is beyond detecting us I step out this space and go on my way. The next time I am alert within this scenario I am in an open, circular area. It has the feel of an auto junk yard.

There are people at the circumference of the scene and in the middle is myself, an invisible guide and a black dog. He has been with the circumference people out at the edges but comes over to me where we meet and make introductions. He lays himself down in front of me near my feet and I pet his head. To which he shows his dislike. I am remembering in this moment of having been told dogs do not like this because it is the way they are made to submit by humans. And this dog has already laid himself down.

This awareness is pleasing to the dog and he shows his pleasure by giving me a gift. With his mouth he unearths and lifts up to me a clear container, a container like the ones used for false teeth only within this one is a full set of real human teeth. I observe them very closely, they are very old, almost fossilized, a real archeological find in this world (which I seem to know, but not know why). I receive them, give thanks and put them away. Until some time later in the turn of events I am being told of the people this dog was with.

They are explorers, they are looking for something I am told.. I ask what they are looking for (I think I am asking my invisible guide) and hear said from the group of people from my world discussing this – the teeth. I am very excited at hearing this, at being able to help these explorers for in fact I know where the teeth are. I relay the story of how I came to have them to the group. The rest of the event involves me getting to where I have stored the teeth, then getting back to deliver them to the explorers.

June 20, 2019

A fitful night's sleep – tossing and turning – energy flows are making me too hot and then too cold. I am awake and in the black until roughly 3AM. Dream fragments brought forward : a man from one dream, a woman from another dream, a hand, a phrase loop from the in-between space from a guide repeating again and again "reanimating group".

June 21, 2019

The very early morning of the Summer Solstice.

Note : This event followed the Thursday Zoom meditations, both of which Jan attended.

Jan and I, and a young boy (Leo?) have met in a Monroe Institute-like environment. Second note : of the six or so dreams in which Jan has recently appeared, the young boy has accompanied him in all but one. He may also have been present in this one, without my recalling. We are performing a night sky watch. Our observation and concentration *tratak skills are being employed and honed.

The space we are in resembles a contemporary home. It is many dozens of floors up. One of many within a high-rise. The exterior walls to the outside are floor to ceiling, wall to wall glass. There is a double lounge we are sharing, facing the windows to the outside. The room is purely lit by the light of the moon. No indoor lights are on. It feels to be about the same of night time as in real-time.

I enter this space through multiple (brainwave) cycles, at least 3 cycles between the hours of approximately 11pm and 3am. I am concerned. Jan has gotten, or is feeling ill. He is needing to stay in this setting longer than we had anticipated. There is the feeling I may be late getting back to (some)where I need to be. Which has a feeling of being about an hour away.

There are food concepts here which I felt important enough to scribble down: string cheese, hard boiled eggs *basically dairy. There is the concept of a schoolroom-like place while I look (/ leave) briefly to find a restroom. After this I return, make my way to the double lounge and project to another place, another scene, another scenario.

This is hard to describe. So hard to describe I actually couldn't when I woke briefly to make these notes at 3am. But there are two of us. A male, and another male. We are battling. In a mud or concrete-like substance. It has been made to harden around me with me in it. I am in armor, warriors wear – and have a sword in my left hand. There is much effort applied, sheer force getting undone, out of it, and out of here.

Then another location. Jan, me and the young boy again. Only this time in a new location. The young boy is coloring the cobblestone-like ground around the house, or

perhaps hut, or hovel is more accurate – it is humble, but it is home, it is warm, cozy and in the country. The boy is coloring the ground area here with brown markers. Then with crayons, brown crayons and we are helping.

This action feels more than a bit important.

June 22, 2019

- Woman of color. Light skinned, thin, approximately 30 years of age. Long straight hair pulled back tight at the nape.
- Wooden door, I am sanding it and get a splinter in my hand/pinky finger.
- Talk with guide about binaurals.

June 23, 2019

Black feline being. Muscular. Short ears. Full face shot only – coming right at me like stars in the light. No remembrance of the experience or interaction. But I do know there was an experience and interaction.

June 24, 2019

For a good deal of the night and early morning I am with a guide, going through a storage, or, actually (considering the size) more like a warehouse, with sections and cratefuls of items. The one I am recalling the most is a super long spoon, 12 feet or more in length. This is not purely a dream effect, there is a good deal of actuality to the size of the spoon.

In some areas I am finding items belonging to other people I know, other's I am 'related' to – while searching for those that are belonging to me. Interestingly (as this has occurred before) I find some 'underwear' belonging to my sister-in-law while looking for my own.

Likewise interesting.. Touching, handling the items now and again shifts me into additional experience fields, then back into the warehouse where I am continuing to look around—investigating, re-memembering *lots and lots of re-memembering currently.

June 25, 2019

No sleep until sometime after 2am. Woke to use bathroom 4 times, *very not normal.

Dream fragment: There is an old man, 1600s (?) timeframe – he looks a good deal like Gaius from the Merlin series. He is demanding something from another man, who he has caught in the act of something. The man is about to retaliate against him when an invisible someone steps in and stops him. Steps in and sets things to flow in

accordance with the Gaius looking fellow. At which point the other hands over what the old man is asking. I am observing the whole while. Pure observation mode.

June 26, 2019

Spirit world work— Maze.

I am referencing this evenings activities as another maze because in addition to the work being performed I am also being held here to this spectrum and not allowed to 'spread out' so to speak. Not being let to take in additional environments.

I am making my way through portals, through various cities and various areas within the certain city of Santa Monica. Most notably I am moving between a wake for an elderly female who has passed, who I know, but she is saying, repeatedly that she does not know me [I hear my youngest brother passing through this area before I arrive, the woman is saying she does not him either, does not know our family, she is very definitely not acknowledging ours as part of her own] – I am moving between this wake for her and a young teenage boy, light skin, brown hair, who has lost his sheet music to a concert he is meant to play any moment.

The boy is caught in this moment, he does not know why this is happening, now of all times. I feel I am related to the music being lost and make my way back to the wake area for suit cases in which it might be ('luggage' which might contain it). When I do get back there, past the elderly female I see they are the two blue suit cases I currently do have in real time.

With the luggage in tow I make my way from this area a different way, through a different portal than the one I came in from and get a bit directionally disoriented. I am outside where many streets are coming to a crossroads, it is sunny and bright now (the area of the wake is very dark). Two women on bicycles help me reorient myself toward Santa Monica Street. To get the music to the boy.

Earlier in the night I am working with a light black skinned young man.

He feels to be waiting for me still, right now.

I can see him.

June 27, 2019

Mechanics. Motor Vehicles. Maze.

The short and fast version – (this experience is actually quite long; many cycles)

A car is put in front of a door I need to go through, a door into a room. At first the car is mine, Goldie, then sometime later it is a much larger red truck. My own car does not really fully block me from being able to get in. I can to through the doors of my car to

get to the room door and into the space. But when it turns into the car that is not mine own – I cannot. I seek out the person responsible for putting it there, and then a person who can at least see to getting it moved for me. A mechanic (a common theme in my experiences).

Someone has taken occupancy in the room, the room that is supposed to be mine, at least for the night. I do not get to see who it is for awhile. I have to go first through all the hoops. Which in this scenario are his people, his offspring. One of which is an older teen who is mentally and physically disabled. He should be wearing an incontinence brief but he is not. *this is upsetting to me. The remaining two, a boy and a girl are a good deal younger and play a much smaller part in what is going on.

Once I make my way through the children, I see the man, the father, who has gotten into my space. There is a very long interaction with him, helping him understand he has to vacate – and then with a young blonde female helper who is trying to help me get everything worked out. Interaction with the mechanic is likewise helping me to do the same.

June 28, 2019

No recall.

note: Yesterday late morning, just before our Thursday morning meditation a major tone shot through. Following this I could not keep myself awake. Major shift in brainwave patterns (called in somewhat hard). I napped most the day, falling into trance a bit of everywhere – outside while getting some sun, at the table, in the bed. I made it to the PM meditation and went in for the night shortly after. Lots of energy. I had to wear the salt pack at the sacrum, which worked well – as it has since I discovered this earlier in the year.

Upon waking: birdsong, bright golden sunlight, a familiar feeling – crisp, cool schooldays, happy, awake.

June 29, 2019

I am stepping into a glass elevator with two men.. the doors are closing. There is a man also on the outside, with his face pressed to the glass as if trying to get in. I am looking closely at the glass. It is appearing as if there is a 1 or 2 inch space in which the door is open at the left edge and I am not understanding how this can be so because it is on the wrong side of the way the doors open and close.

I move closer to the doors to inspect them – and discover, again, the refraction phenomena often presenting in my experiences. The man on the outside of the doors is only visible when looking through the glass at a particular angle, somewhat straight on. From additional angles he is not visible. I investigate this phenomena for a few minutes.

Following the inspection of the glass, returning to my original space in the elevator the man is now gone. There in his stead is a large critter, I am not quite making out the species – pointing steadfastly at one of the two men in the elevator with me. At this point I am wondering why the elevator is not yet moving. I reach forward and push the button to go down.

When the elevator stops and the doors open I take a deep breath and run through them. One man follows, then the next – the last of whom the critter runs after at lightning speed. I am curious to see if it truly is just after one of us in particular and stop in my run. The creature, now more clearly, energetically feline runs right past me still after the man.

I look around me, at the new environment I've arrived at and begin to explore. I am outdoors in a business park like area. Up on one of the roofs is a high school cheer team performing one of their routines. They are acclimating their steps to the incline they are currently on. Up there with them is my cousins eldest son. And possibly even she? herself at a younger age.

Prior to the transition into this space, through many sleep cycles I am looking for more resources, for money – in vacant slot machines, under chairs people are sitting on, in bathrooms. All throughout the many different areas of a casino-like environment.

June 30, 2019

No recall.

Note: Had a lengthy 3 hour discussion with my brother last night from 6:30–9:30pm after which I was both dehydrated and exhausted. Then woke to an alarm and a 12+ hour work day. Let's see what tonight has in store.

July 1, 2019

- Erich. Looking high up on shelves (in shops) for things : caramels
- Tilak. I am perceiving him as, in every possible way catching my stink *foul smells
- Tight pants. Jeans over jeans (genes – over – genes)

This phenomena is very common to my dreaming state. I often experience myself as squeezing into extremely tight clothes. It is highly uncomfortable if not painful – if not full body, always from navel to feet. In this scenario I am stepping out onto the back patio. I recognize this patio, I am at John's house, where I lived roughly 1998–2002. I am wearing jeans and am stepping into another pair of jeans (genes over genes) which I am aware belong to a cocktail waitress I used to work with in Laughlin, NV. She is the one who amongst us all I felt looked the most like me. Our bodies were designed very similar. Very narrow at the waist and larger through the limbs.

Projecting. Going into the third eye – I almost project but do not want to lose the data I have collected.

Cones. Two way flow of data – data streams. Opening, and intersecting the cone going IN with the cone going out : diagram.

Note: When upon waking I ask for my dreaming to brought back to me I am immediately up on a craft.. Observing a visually unpleasant looking group of beings. They are very tall, roughly 9 feet and so very lean that I am perceiving them as no more than bloody skeletons. The feeling is correspondingly not light, I am not perceiving these beings as benevolent. I say, “this is not what I was just dreaming” and immediately hear in reply “Are you ready to know..” – a sentence both asked and stated. This is when I go into the act of and insights into conscious projection, the inner apparatus and data on the CONES. —on the opening of the conscious link and flow of data from within. I am integrating all of this (what it means) as I speak and drafting a blog on it all hopefully today – while the energy is still intense. When complete I will link it here :

[The Geometry of Dream Recall](#)

July 2, 2019

Just time for quick notes today :

- Entering the same OBE twice. **drills have recommenced : Charlie b
- Collecting all my laundry that has accumulated from Mom’s classroom – it is all clean, hung and pressed
- Guidance on the two views (person toward spirit – spirit toward person) : one real – one play
- Classroom: Yoga w/ bees – some groups of people in this room are very scared. Some groups are not. I am looking at one fellow move throughout the room. A sort of student teacher. He has many dozens of stings/marks all over his body but he is flitting about unconcerned. Long uncombed brown hair, wearing only shorts.

Note :

There is a precise purpose behind entering the same OBE twice. It is meant to help me understand something, as well as improve upon something. Yet – as I come back into physical space, in very uncharacteristic fashion this is the element most difficult to let squeeze in. There is a lot of information in front of it from the various additional scenarios and try as I might I lose it. I do glean it has something to do with building efficiency and greater intuitive capability and that my desire to know things a bit in advance, including a bit in advance of most others is being addressed. In the experience, the general theme is twofold – 1) helping others like me remember/come back online, and 2) helping people in critical moments, wherein otherwise they might have been badly wounded or died.

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 here 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.

July 4, 2019

Lots of activity through the night – in various dreams – all within the idea of an apartment. My brother, Derrick, my sister, Sandy, my brother, Jason as an ET being whose head is the shape of the craft these beings use. Interesting design, the head and the craft. I am viewing two species of ET beings. Good, long, close up looks at them. Only the one I have mentioned is still clear to me.

July 5, 2019

No recall.

Note: deep meditation prior to sleep hours. I woke, not because I had to, I just woke (wide awake) much earlier than normal. I spent the extra time trying to bring forward events from the night but I was just too awake. Let's see what tonight holds.

July 6, 2019

I am being taught (a lesson) again. I am being taught about the part of the brain called the hippocampus. What it is, what it does, how to support and boost its function. Days ago I was taken once again into my own biological system where I met my own hippocampus in its being form *as a hippocampus –as a magical being. I am still integrating this data, and my inter-being wishes me to complete with this prior to moving on. This morning upon waking, waves, ocean waves, dolphins swimming in ocean waves. The hippocampus is closely associated in friendship with the dolphin.

July 7, 2019

Very high degree of crossover w/ Jan's dreaming.

Quick notes : Male and female crew of a space fleet. Black dress gear. fitted. Sandy. Mock crash landing scenario/practice. The crew positions themselves in ladder chutes for the crash. I am not going to position/brace myself but then squeeze into a chute with a tall, lean blonde man. I am surprised there is not more room in here for me as he is so lean *he has stuffed packaged meats and cheeses into his gear for padding. Scenario ends well, the landing gear works. From here forward: life on board the craft. Action packed. Entertaining. Uplifting crowds. The others aren't really putting their all into it but I am *more genuinely. Striking/sounding of a 'drum'/beat. Meat and squeazy cheese reward. The others are taking way more of it than they should. They should take only of one each but are taking more like nine. —This whole scenario is a drill, run like an obstacle course, it is repeating again and again and again.

July 8, 2019

Top of the night : Guidance / lesson on why we are grounding dream content. I am being told that information located in all/more of the 4 areas (delta, theta, alpha, beta) expands our individual and collective reality tunnel(s).

Middle of the night : This is a drill but also a maze. I am wearing a clear, light pink stone around my neck. Due to it being shiny it is being deemed by two men in particular, as well as in this reality system itself as a vanity. There are various concepts arising in this drill, fundamentally arising from my state of undress – I am naked. I am female. One of the two men can feel this is nearby and I begin to run. I am outdoors running through a forested area. I fall into a pit that is lined with palm fronds (which cushions the fall) and filling up with rain waters. The concept of stairs is also present, a long, physically challenging climb up. **this is the maze : up the arduous steps, fall, up with the rise of the water. Pooping out in little niches on the street. **releasing/ resolving/completing.

Bottom of the night : Robyn's Alaskan ship. Note: this is not the first delivery of this message. Robyn swings from the front end of the ship over the side to perform some action on the bowsprit, a feat of great strength. Erich is now in her place. He performs a pull up action and I am now in his place. I feel myself in the pull up, it is extraordinary (my own arms being so weak), and I continue the action catapulting myself up into the air over the rail of the ship back onto it. Rather than touch down in my landing I never feel ground. I say to everyone "I did not land, I did not touch ground" and Erich says back to me "oh but you did, it is just new ground". —Question: Alaska?

An environment where I go to tell Robyn about the Alaskan ship. After which she morphs into an enormous chicken (prime symbol for mother energy) much larger than myself – and then my own Mom is here too. I am helping her get somewhere. There is among other things happening here a girl in a horizontal dance on her side in the mud. She is wearing brightly colored silks in hues of green and pink.

July 9, 2019

The Mall. – Maze.

This mall experience begins somewhat like the ordinary mall experience but does not stay so. There is bleed through from another environment and life,—lived mostly outdoors and with magical beings, meaning and essence.

Middle of the night : I am driving up a ramp into the parking area of the mall in a car shaped something like a Volkswagen bug, but not exactly.. two girls are with me, I think one is Lana. They are doing something on a (contemporary) phone, calling into somewhere in the mall but it is an illegal activity. I am caught by security. A female. I spend some time in her guard explaining that I am innocent, that I did not do this but was only with (or aware of) the two that had. Jobs. I am having difficulty finding a job, getting hired, I am being overlooked due to the security issue. Food court. I am

meandering through this area of this structure, observing the foods, the dishes and cooking methods. As more information begins seeping through from another place. I stop to eat two grilled vegetable tacos. There is a very unpleasant (evil) witch lady now seated in the eating area. She is dressed as such, in worn tattered clothes and is spewing vehemently at me. There is the idea of meat having been brought into my meal. I spend some time getting away from her.

Bottom of the night :

Two brothers. Edmund and Hegish. – English.

July 10, 2019

Middle of the night

It is a misty, surreal evening. I am walking along a wooden boardwalk.. there are multiple (endless) steps off to the sides of it that lead into people's homes. This is much like the long hallway dreams with room after room after room. Only here they are whole homes, with everyone who lives in them. I step in to many, too many to bring back with me. As I am stepping into the one I am now I have a high level of awareness, everyone and everything seems very real but I am not wholly lucid. I take only a few steps into the home when I intersect with a woman

She is thin, fair skinned and light haired. I feel immediately as an intruder, I try to make an apology, explaining I had come into the wrong home and that I thought I was in another. She begins to guide me into her home as her husband, who looks much as she does, is crossing the room. He addresses us with just a mild curiosity as to who I am and the woman nicely expresses the idea that all is well as we all pass one another. After walking through the home, beautifully lit with golden light we are walking out from the house though another door.

I am thinking this woman will send me off here, but instead she continues walking with me onto the boardwalk for quite some ways. Her husband, seeing she is walking off with me follows us out and asks if she wants to do a task with him. She says she does not and continues on with me. It is getting to be very late and there is a wait, some time that must pass between getting my ticket for a flight I must catch. The trip I am heading on will only be a few days long but I am feeling I will be tired through the days if I cannot sleep some first.

We stop to sit down on a wide bench. I am confused as to what to do.. there is a man who is saying I should just buy my flight tickets here where I am so there is no waiting and I can get enough sleep. I am telling him that I cannot. There is something about the way I am doing it that will allow me to also visit my aunt. I am so drowsy, though. I can no longer take in all that is happening. I just can't stay awake. I lay down and fall off to sleep. It is only for moments, perhaps 30 minutes later I am waking, sitting up from the bench to see the woman has gone.

I can't believe she has left me alone, so vulnerable in such a place sleeping. It is still night, still misty and surreal. Two women are now superimposing into my memory. The one I am with prior, to the one who has just left me. The one prior is younger, has light skin and shoulder length dark hair. I am not giving my attention to this so much as focusing on getting the tickets for my flight. I get up and walk to a machine to do this. When the tickets come out into my hand they are white and green. There are four of them, they are purchased in my brother Derrick's name.

The scene fades.

- Dragons

July 11, 2019

Major work schedule the next few days, I can only put up my stream of consciousness notes. The OBE group that met yesterday planned a meet-up in the dreamtime. I will note that I did connect with (at least) James.

Three fields all at once – living space./diner./store. The latter area is clean and then a mess. Clothing returns. Jeans (genes) / Meat stuffed into a baggie –returned. Male manager. good friend. very understanding. I like this energy. I am a new person (now). extremely light skinned black woman. pretty. looking at myself real close up in the mirror. I still have a large nose. getting dressed. putting on a pretty bra. canvas colored with an orange butterfly on the right, bright olive green butterfly on left.

I am liking who I am here, its fun. the woman is young. she has to run out the door to get to another job. running down stairs, jumping over someone sitting here. multiple times, the stairs are repeating. I am going to be late. I have to be there by 6am. People here are trying to help me get to go where I am going. Maybe we are trading places. Two environments, TWO women's lives superimposing playing through at the same time. JAMES. Water. beautiful blue green algae colored water. Staying the night here in this place, there are two men. James.. invisible guides/guidance bleeding from behind the scenes into the scenes. Two jobs. No sleep. Jumping from one to the other.

July 12, 2019

Top of the night : I am observing my body sleep – the sleeping state of the body : I am curious to observe this. The experience holds my attention for quite some time.

Middle of the night : Extraterrestrial head (/ship, again) – it bows to where I am seeing the crown, it is large, a 3D view of a 5/6D platonic cube, a white labyrinth-like structure powers up : stasis, bliss : I am deep in this for two cycles. The experience, energy and information coming through in here is intoxicating and intense. I am able to surface with only the original symbol which I am interpreting as just described.

Bottom of the night : Alert from within a shift. tunnel: blue, then a green circumference, then yellow within the middle *funnel, vortex, long and skinny. Now I

am here at Michiyo's – Cheryl Costa is here playing the guitar and singing a song. I am dancing, beginning to feel I can almost levitate – I fall back into the space, into the sensation of weightlessness, of rising up into the air and wake proper.

July 13, 2019

Mom.—brought in to help ready me for something almost beauty contest-like. Long line before I am up. Eggs. four. with shell, without shell, cooked and uncooked. Through a portion of this event I will be carrying a man. There is a question as to whether the sack I am planning to do so in will be sturdy enough. Mom is helping me with ideas to reinforce it. She is handing me a wooden cutting board but I am not understanding how exactly I would use this. There is a time element. I am asking her repeatedly how this is used. Everything begins moving fast. everything has to be perfect. I really do not fit in for this. **now that I am drafting these concepts they seem relative to birthing a child.

Work. Can't get to work. Maze. Mall/casino. lots of different types of stairs. some inside some outside. closed. Nick Corso, paying me the rest of what's owed, two checks, \$390 + \$10. I hand it back to him saying everything is already paid. This seems to be for something else/new. When I ask about it a woman comes over and begins 'selling' to me. <—maze.—> Can't get to work. Michiyo. Her room has many of the same concepts of the current one only here it is larger, more airy and bright. She has gotten up onto the top bunk of her bed. I am late getting here to help. Many of the people and concepts from previous care jobs and clients are floating through. All while here at Michiyo's.

July 14, 2019

No recall.

Note: It is day 4 of a 4 day/night (work) assignment.

I have to sleep on the sofa, my back is in notable duress. I am tossing and turning and cannot get comfortable. I am repeatedly awakened. The first time at 2am when a gallon sized glass water bottle explodes in the fridge. Each time I am awaked the shift is sudden, it is like multiple vaults closing and shutting me out entirely of all experiences/events and information. Each time I spend 5–10 minutes attempting data recovery. Each time I get a 'sting' of a glimpse I cannot hold to. It is not even enough to be shareable. Just a 'sting' and then gone.

July 15, 2019

Hidden treasures.

Quarters. Long skinny, wand-like clear quartz crystal. Dad. Paying (someone) for a meal. no wallet. I am trying to pay with the quarters. Going through clothes in crates to

find the wrapped and hidden gems. There is a degree of interference / opposition from woman who wants to know how I can claim these treasures as mine. I tell her the crates are purchased. more like reclaimed. they were left behind for me to go through.

Note: this is not the first time I am having this dream, I am having it a lot.

July 16, 2019

Middle of the night : I am seeing the little lone golden/white chicken at the horse ranch. Someone has constructed a nest for it in its run. At first I am thinking “oh how nice” but the more I look at it the more I see the design is very poor for the purpose, it is going to get pooped all over. The materials are all wrong (cloth). The shape....first it is funnel shaped with the tiny nest end on top, small downward facing triangle – than in reverse. Both are not going to work in this aspect. The original cage and run are better suited.

Bottom of the night : Wake back to bed. Maze. stacked. countless levels. Difficult crossings. carrying something important. I am going down through the levels. Homes. peoples living spaces. bedrooms. Man behind me, woman in front of me. in bed. City/ town. work areas. rinky. dusty. old. wooden. like an abandoned ghost town. only futuristic in feel. people and structures are draped in rags. symbols/symbolic. they say much about who the people and what each of these places are. Recognition. someone will recognize me if they come in here. I am being transformed. disguised. A female guide is helping me through the maze. I am in dialogue with her throughout. she is sometimes playing some of the parts.

Note : this is the most intricate maze I have seen yet. upon re-entering it for data recovery I am taken into an areal view of it from well above. I am looking down into the structure which from here appears skyscraper in size. I can see down into all the stacks and portioned off areas. Wow. question : how can I allow this to help me?

July 17, 2019

Castle.

I am removed from a dream and (visually) shown that each dream, each life is a triangulated? projection of other lives. The visual display is somewhat medieval – lots of deep grey(s), pewter, brass. Silver serving trays and light beams are being used to show how a certain pattern (of three?) other lives are creating the current life. The reflection of the lives is seen in the reflection of the trays. The light beams carry the data onto and from each in the triangulation into open space where a new life is thus born—and begins.

After waking for a brief time I reenter this structure again. It is a maze. people, occupants of this place are moving through it through various eras, various periods in time. The concept of science. of an astronomical event in play. they are trying to overcome it. I am involved. The concept of the feminine. loss of power. the whims of

men. Black and white checkered floors. A crossway angled slightly upwards toward the point where I am viewing.

A very brief wake back to bed and fall back in.. —a series of beautiful fly things have gotten into the house. cricket. a creamy soft maple colored butterfly-like thing. I let each one land on me and I walk them out of the house. Roger. large black dog, way too thin. I am going to feed him. life after life after life it is always my job to feed, to help keep fed. two men. freedom fighters. on the losing side of a battle. I am going to feed them too. both are found, on separate occasions through the time flow by the same man, the same group of people. I shift in to observe their group. men and women. they are not fearful, not without care, or emotion, not brutal or overly violent. they are regular village people themselves. a woman cook, other women who please the men. the alpha male and the betas. they know I am here, they let me be here and observe them. with my left thumb I am massaging the center point of my right hand. when I have seen enough I turn and walk back up the long steps into my house. still massaging the center point of my hand.

July 18, 2019

peeing
pyramid
play
octi-powered converter

I am sitting on a toilet, pee is splaying everywhere. I can't figure out why until I stand up and see I had sat down onto the tail of my shirt. Multi-level parking structure (maze). Getting away from an attractive brown haired man.

I am in a schoolroom. whiteboard. The word "pyramid" is written in chocolate brown letters and I have the knowing I am not really in the schoolroom but in Egypt. There is another word on the whiteboard but it is secondary, my attention is not going to it.

I am to perform in a play, a short skit. I haven't studied my lines and am looking in many places for a script. There are a variety of concepts bleeding through here. Needing to rest. oversleeping. going to be late. dad. wanting to have a talk with me about missing classes and dropping a class. I tell him this is not a good time. I am late, I have to get to the play but I have never missed classes, never dropped a class -ever. quarters. casino slots. wasting time. losing money/energy.

Upon waking, near the end of my data recovery, I am being instructed on, or coming into the awareness of some others discussing the idea of an : Octi-powered converter.

July 19, 2019

Tonight I am with someone, or something very ancient.

I am in a high-rise building, in a room very high up. It is night. I am viewing from three points : from outside the high-rise looking into the window of the room we are occupying. From inside the room standing face to face with the being. From inside the neural network, the direct processes playing out through 'scenario' and recognizable concepts.

I know what I am seeing standing before me is only a small portion of what is actually connecting with me, but I will say what is standing before me is red and black, it is not human but humanoid in shape. Its head is not aligned as ours, its face protrudes significantly out to the front 12 inches or more. Its skin, if I can call it this appears some sort of metal, or alloy.

We are not wholly aligned. We are to some degree at odds in regard to something I cannot word. It is too complex. It plays out in concepts I am able to understand but it is so intricate, the sheer amount of data is not processable. I can say it has something to do with lineage, with the root structure of events playing out on the planet.

This being has established a telepathic link. More than this, it has connected directly into my own neural network. Following a great deal of transfer it breaks the link suddenly due to something I am putting out. Something I am doing in here it is not happy, or satisfied with. This is as much as I am able to say.

July 20, 2019

The dreaming this night is deep, there is a great deal I am holding to but so much of it is in an unwordable format. The depth and degree of my experiences, my connections within experiences are increasing hugely – this is holding a great bulk of my attention. Going in with the concept of “data recovery” is connecting me with a new level of my dreaming, greater capacity within my dreaming.

Basic concepts for the night :

Getting information/fuel to people who need it : one example – getting an address, a zip code, specifically – to a woman. glass doors are beginning to separate us. there is another girl who is at first getting/giving the information but when she cannot get the zip code I step in to help. I also am not seeing/finding it and before the glass doors fully separate us I slip a whole directory through to her.

Scale. weight. willing servant to royal mate, serving-together as a team, as connected, combined, a larger consciousness. food. food collection and storage. feeding/fueling, ensuring health and well being of the (two combined as a) larger consciousness.

July 21, 2019

Opening the time portals in my dreaming. Future present past (all now). No time. Dialing in the specifics. Alternate frequencies of the now, the current real time (through all time). I have accessed the quantum field. Frequency field generator.

Feeling it through my core. Egg shaped sensation. I am the frequencies, fields, codes – and feeling them through my being/biological structure. the fields are all opening up from within me. I am seeing them go by, and even more physically fully entering some of them. The frequencies are coming off me, being caught and sent/replayed back at me. like a sound caught in a narrow or enclosed environment : this is the egg shape I am feeling : the portal. This is all happening on board a craft. I am focused into the timeflow. the geometries of opening the timeflow. I do not see, or bring back any data on the beings.

People packing up in all terrain vehicles to bug out of somewhere if needed. Regular people.women.children. Rather of without a care, as though this is all very normal. Dad at the beach. Fantasy boardwalk. Sandy. Sex.

Darrel Gibraltar. Englishman. Old fashioned black telephone. parlor. others here are viewing me phoning him. an odd bunch of fellows/characters. Od fashioned comedy, or, alternate view, what is seen as comedy from where I now am. I am calling him through time. I get him LIVE on the last number. After listening to the recordings/recorded messages/tapes this startles me. I hang the phone up fast. but the connection is made. Darrel Gibraltar. I can see him. Thin, fair skinned, sandy colored hair, wavy, a bit long over the ears not quite to the shoulders.

July 22, 2019

A long night of dreaming. I wake early with none intact.

Then a series of OBE shifts, fully conscious. Leading into the fourth I am walking in an Elysian fields type place, outdoors, I am female, I am wearing a white summer dress and am barefoot. The level of awareness is high, I begin floating (surrenderingly) up and then a sudden fast and hard downward pull. I am with a large group of people, human, in a collective meeting spot. Maria and Tawny are amongst the group. I let go of this environment and information and continue on another frequency. Clearing my consciousness field of corrupted, superfluous and infectious data. I can see the streams of interference coming in, I am performing a general override of all interference. I am focused on this for some time.

I am asking two questions: 1) why my dreaming/frequency recall is so different now than from before, and 2) from where I am projecting my consciousness here to the Earth life. To the latter, the visual I am receiving is, or could be the underbelly of an enormous craft. The visual is of dark/deep space, a circular shape is taking up the whole of it and within this are certain delineations throughout in hues of white, gold and blue. To the first question the whole of my visual field is going white. In black are the outlines of roughly (7) people-forms strategically placed, a good distance from one another.. In the very center of the white and the black people-forms a black helicopter appears.

July 23, 2019

Renting the last two one bedroom apartments to two couples roughly the same age. senior living complex. One of the two apartments is by the entrance where everyone drives in and out. The couple is nervous (and even emotional, crying) about the move and the location of the apartment. I make the decision to show it to them. Inside it is much larger, far more spacious with many more rooms. I get a very good glimpse, and get to know these couples well.

I spill some soda into a child's iPad device and am working to get it out, washing and washing it with soapy water. drying and drying it -Lana and Lori- I shift to a magical place. little people. satyr. dogs. a woman who is beautiful but malformed. White skinned (normally), purple faced. blonde hair. mouth opens like a monster to eat, or stuff in enormous amounts of food all at once. Lori is going into her sick room. a cave, or dirt house with dirt floors. she sits up in the bed and now I am able to see her. Everyone here changes shape at night. hard to survive the night. I am connecting energetically, beautifully with many of the dogs. I am heading out from this place with them when I wake.

July 24, 2019

It seems we are all in a similar dip in energy. No recall here either. (zero).

This is notable in itself.

Inserting code. override all not self. return to awareness.

July 25, 2019

Lava : leveled maze casino. showrooms. Meeting the girls and bosses and occupants. Getting them to listen to me and go. vacate. Saving them by telling them of the lava/ destruction that is coming on my way out (perceptually down the maze) to the in/out doors to safety. Aerial view from above outside, simultaneously to inside. This is how I know what is coming. Note: in the physical my mouth is absolutely dry to the bone in the repetition of this event/drill. Following the drill I am being served by the girls. It feels a bit awkward, being female as well.

Large fish. whale? blue/white. beached. Small port holes sequenced along its side are being cleaned out with three different substances. One of them lemon which lends the idea this may be in preparation to be eaten *not giving much credence to this thought. This is so very real as I slide my hand along its skin, walking around the great being from one side to the other.

Looking for man to marry some woman. An attempt to bribe him with money. He is chosen from a crowd sitting outdoors on bleachers. He is really nice. he declines. Not because of this, or even that the woman is very large. *dark brown hair. I see her walking by with two other women.

Moving into a temporary house. I am selling the idea of the one located behind the one chosen as a more ideal location. it is closer. closer to amenities. nearer the entrance to the community so we wouldn't be boxed in. This is a father figure I am having to convince. The others, a female, a son, are loving the idea immediately. mostly because of the larger size of the other home available. It would mean they would not have to move again so soon. it would not be so temporary. Very desert but also park-like setting. I am collecting lemons to bring to the house.

Female guide throughout all of this. Present and in communication with me both behind, as well as directly in the scenes. White skinned, sandy, shoulder length super straight hair with bangs. I don't recall seeing her before. I am not sure how I feel about her. I am not feeling much of a connection.

July 26, 2019

Just a flash. Beautiful vista. open lands, blue sky, sunny day. Almost jurassic park-like scene. There is a large four legged animal species roaming freely. I am seeing them in their skeletal structures first. As they walk their full forms are filling in around this. Not dinosaurs. Although as large in size they appear more like what we know as the polar bear.

July 27, 2019

I only have time to cut and paste my quick notes.

Lil. Ma. Get-together. I am late getting to the inside of a celebration. support structure. Mom figure has died. We are all friends and this is meant to elevate energies. I am with a blonde man outside. kissing. other girls are bringing in negative energy. saying I am going to lose Lil and friends in general if I don't get it together, make better choices. I am deep into an intricately structured maze within a mall. Sooo real. walking through long swimming pool of water. I find Lil's pillow. large, white with blue patches. I know it is hers and decide to sit here until she comes for it. She comes. we reconnect. She is closing up shop and I am waiting. In the interim I decide to return something heavy. the body portion of a necklace. I am going to just keep the head. On the way to get this done the heavy body part falls off on its own. I know I have to get back. mall. maze. city. I get lost. The guy from travelers helps me call Lil. gives me his cell phone. Marcy, the medic from travelers is examining me vaginally (question : am I really on the table?). I ask if there is anything anomalous. The idea of another woman who was pregnant and lost the baby. Lil is disappointed I have done this again. gone missing. she leaves. leaves my purse and laptop where it gets wet in the rain. We reconnect again. I explain what I had to do. Sooo real as we are examining the laptop for potential damage.

July 28, 2019

Sleep schedule significantly disrupted. Had to wake by an alarm for another long 12+ hour work day : NO RECALL.

July 29, 2019

A quizical flash : Fox headed man in a trenchcoat.

I am seeing it now. It's like a chess game. the whole of my dreaming. the sequence and each type of dream. what I do within them. wake or not wake. each and every move. a chess game with the designer of it all.

I am being shown why my dreaming is not being carried so easily back with me into the beta brainwave. The layers and intricacies and sheer quantity of data is much greater than before. I am processing greater and greater amounts of information all at once at higher processing speeds without entering into where it is drawn out longer and slower – linearly. I am asking how I will hold it all. transfer it. translate it to others. I am told I will do this in a larger format than previously as concepts within concepts within concepts, rather than words following words. I am going into lives. whole lives. so many.

Fragment : peeing. shower. channeling/data flows. Man. young. blonde. He is saying I cannot bring into this sector any external cameras or recording devices. Biological recording systems only. ie: only I can enter. He begins putting data through to me. Lives. life moments. so many. concepts within concepts within concepts. Fragment : boy. smoking. removing cigarette from him. returning to older gentleman who knows what to do with it. This morning I can hold no more.

Note: today I begin training. I will no longer spend prolonged periods of time reaching in for content from the fields. I will purposely constrain the parameter to create an energetic pattern. inciting the higher consciousness and central nervous system to put through the flows with greater immediacy.

July 30, 2019

Sex. — I am laying in bed with a man. The position (pattern) we are in is significant. Curved like a spiral. The event is led, I am not instigating but I am responding. The idea of control is present, an energy open to and wanting me to take control. To lead. instigate.

Drive. — I am out on a drive, the pattern again is a spiral, an upward spiral.. I am both in the car on the road as well as above viewing from overhead. There is both the idea of rain, and of fires I begin seeing in some of the homes. From the position in the car I begin looking for someone with a cell phone which is capable of reaching the fire department. I try various phones all to no avail. The idea then comes through the homes are not on fire, but have fireplaces lit due to the rainy day.

Plate. — Someone comes through one of the multitude of scenes through the night asking if I would like another of these plates. It is a plate I have only one of in real time. I occasionally do look for a mate for it. The shape of the plate is irregular and resembles a cymatic shape. somewhat shell-like. *another spiral.

July 31, 2019

I got to bed very late (1am) after processing video all afternoon and evening. Woke early (6am) at the black wall — NO RECALL.

After using the bathroom I decide I will have a practice session. There is activity just outside the house, machine and electric saw making huge amounts of sound. I use their vibrations to shift in. The visuals come fast : brown horse running wild. a man's dress shoe. color swirls and geometric patterns. I fall in. resurfacing an hour later, again at the black wall. My body feels very good though. humming and super relaxed.

August 1, 2019

I am entering and re-entering the same pattern for the greater portion of the middle of the night. There is information from multiple fields entering and helping to comprise this structure. The base portion of it is a Trader Joe's store. I am being given information on a previous care client whose name is Stephanie. As I move through the isles, at times reaching full conscious awareness I am touching and handling items simply for the glory of the physical sensation in a field I know is not the 3D physical. I am also shopping for and choosing certain grocery and apparel items for Stephanie. A part of the scenario entails finding a large enough Trader Joe's location to have all the items needed. – this is the maze part of the structure. the part I am not fully conscious within. – I am visiting (the idea of) multiple locations that are much smaller than in any event in physical reality. Locations where, for instance the parking lot is far more featured than the store.

Note: I am often visited by my care clients prior to, or just following their passing. Waking into physical space I wonder if Stephanie is okay. if she is still with us or making her way. I will make a point of wondering broadly so I might hear from her family. Sending love to them all for now.

August 2, 2019

Due to the nature of this dream (not meant for consensus) I am not posting the majority content but just the symbols :

Straw man. s/he. parkinson's. jean top and bottom. beautiful feeling.

Note: this is not my first meeting and information exchange with who I call straw man.

August 3, 2019

David Bowie. House/Template.

Following a scene in which there is exchange between us on (who is) being too close and too distanced for optimal hearing, sight, feeling – I am on a 13 day and night train ride with a collection of others. I am listening in on their stories, situations, life scenarios and mentoring them from behind the scenes. I am journaling through this ride. I have a large book/journal I am carrying around with me everywhere. It is filled with tiny spherical photos, innumerable of them on each page.

- A long scene getting David a reasonable cup of tea
- Not getting stuck on the bumpy bits (of life) moving forward as though they are not even there
- Not your everyday train. extraordinary amount of space. more like a street-long building
- Moving about the train, about the food areas – they are closing down as I am moving through
- A little boy choosing a toy, someone is explaining to him what it does

August 4, 2019

Dreamt all night long. No time for data recovery in the morning *at work and my care client woke earlier than normal/anticipated.

Note: An odd thing began popping up in my dreams a couple weeks ago. I am not sure what to call this, or how to refer to it, or if there is a concept already existing for the anomaly. At the completion of each sleep cycle as I am shifting through beta into another cycle I am noticing a sort of cover dream being placed on top of what I am really dreaming. It might be along the same line as the concept of a screen image, but in this case it is an entire dream, not just a scene. This has been happening the past couple or few weeks, enough for me to make note of it. I have not ever noticed such a thing before. Question : What is this???

August 5, 2019

Schiffmann. Erich. connect. re-connect.

I am connecting with a parallel time-flow. I begin on computer. I am viewing a screen, a very white screen through which there is a video type banner image of a page appearing. I am observing the contents. very desert-like with lots of browns, I want to say a feeling of reptoid energy. My face is off to the very right edge of what I am viewing. I am fully entering the field.

I am on a bicycle. I am riding Erich on the back. I see only myself until he puts his arms out to sides like an airplane (like a kid) as we whiz by an additional observation point. It is like a film, like an old fashioned movie rendering a memory. The movement of us going by is like a flash.

Now we are in a wooden structure (this is common when I am meeting with Erich) – he is having a meal here in support of the owner, he is helping a struggling mechanic by purchasing items from him he does not need. This man's hands are so terribly work worn, notably the fore and middle fingers. He is an older man but not beyond retirement. He wears his hair long although not as long as Erich. Before the completion of this experience Erich brings my attention point close. He is telling me he is attending a class tonight at 10pm. in the interim is a large opening ((he is inviting me (back) into the yoga space)).

Note: this is not the first time I have consciously entered this experience. a merging of timelines. I have done so on at least a half dozen occasions. The feeling of the whole idea is very deep and very lingering. The energy signature not one I ever forget. It is ingrained. Familiar beyond what I can say. Question : is this coming from those who are behind bringing this all to my attention? – or the experience itself?

Note: there is a great deal of sound coming from outside during this shift, I am consciously using the sound to shift. There is too much of an energy sensation, though, so I intentionally drop it and direct myself to make it to the Void. I have never done this before. It took some time to fully get there and I did lose a degree of awareness in doing so but at the same time have to say it works beautifully.

August 6, 2019

This is interesting.

On three occasions as I am passing through beta, between 2–7am, although my dreaming is elusive to me what I am able to see is a cloaked figure standing off to the left side of my vision field. The first two times I see him he is standing in right profile. I can see him fully from head to toe. I am even seeing the environment although it is not formed. He is wearing a dusty black hooded cloak and stands what appears approximately 6 feet tall. The third time he is here he is facing me head on.

This being is not local. I have never seen him before in any of my experiences. The coloration of his skin is something along the line of a deep olive green which leans more toward the green than the yellow. He is humanOID enough just not Earth human. Deep crevices line his face. Nothing else stands out. The face and eyes are perhaps a bit wide, the eyes are brown I think. flat, wide nose. thin, wide lips that sweep briefly up at the sides to form a pleasant shape. this is not a smile but a natural shape of the lips. this shape is important, it resembles a bow arc. Question : Are you here to help?Answer : Yes.

Upon waking I am in a scene, remembering the night before last that in my dreaming I had placed two of my crystals on the very low hanging branch of a tree. I am collecting

these now. They are two clear quartz crystal points. One is George, my Healer, the other I am not recognizing as one that is currently with me. but it appears a slightly smaller version of George. Noticing again the way too long hanging branch (sweeping down to just inches off the ground) I set about to weave it up into the stronger, higher branches.

August 7, 2019

Ship : artists blueprint rendering. three dimensional (stunning). two rooms.

It starts by an artist being chosen to draft out the blueprint, to create the rendering, bring the idea to life. I feel myself amongst those being chosen from but am not chosen. I am viewing the blueprint, the artists skill and great detail. What I am viewing is fully three dimensional, I can see through areas that are fully solid into areas that lay beyond. Each concept is complete with texture, spectrum energies and hues. It is all blueprint-like but fully alive. No area is static, everything is moving. Even the idea of the ship and its voyage being blessed is rendered- by the presence of Tibetan monks who have their foreheads and hands pressed to outside hull of the vessel.

I am most associated with two areas of the ship. The first area has to do with activity. work. job.function and those who will man the craft. I am chosen to be a server in this area. I am here while the area is still a shell. While it is still constructing. I am shown the idea of there being no more passengers to serve. Of not being able to make my way. I begin sharing ideas relative to bringing out the area's characteristics. It is being made energetically and visually to look more like a city scape. A city here on Earth, *is it New York?

The next area is the doctors quarters. There are physical exams. I am involved in this as one who is examined and extracted from. This opens out into a room with water. a pool. ship's crew. the idea of floatation devices and teaching the crew how to swim. Each of the two rooms open out into more and more sub-rooms, sub-areas of activity that are building and populating the ship.

August 8, 2019

Conversations : A night of conversations with many people.

Roger. he has been coming around a lot this week. I must text him. He is calling on me again tonight. I am in a room at the back of a house. large window that is near as large as the wall. He is asking why I am not answering him. I say I am at the back of the house. I am sleeping. I have in earplugs. He comes round to the back of the house and to this large window. I open it and ask him in. he comes in and we talk.

Female employer. her female assistant. wants to wear something more comfortable, more energetically her. pewter colored top and pant. I am off looking for a cream colored top. I keep forgetting to log things at this job (*I work here too. I am new. various places for this to be done and for various reasons. - [additional field] - water.

women. yoga on the beach. they are doing some complicated moves. more like dancing. it is not something I can just come in on so I excuse myself and leave.

August 9, 2019

Very profound night of dreaming.

More conversations. and enactments. specifically of the care work.

Children : a scene with many children. The idea of some being left behind. Not picked up by their people at the end of the day. This breaks into an area where Mom and others of my own family are. I talked with Steven! *who in real time has severe cerebral palsy. Steven has never spoken in life. I am able to show Roger what is happening. I ask Steven if this is what is like inside him normally without the new medication, *he said he is on a new medication. He says no. I talk with Fran. about care working. about when it is no longer possible to care work. when you no longer love it. no longer have energy to put into it. The work does not give much in the way of energy/money and when reserves are no longer present it is no longer sustainable.

August 10, 2019

More on the idea of extractions, physical extractions (from locations) and data extractions.

Multi-level structure. The structure is being looked in on from the top. from above. Downtown. city. courthouse. blonde male. friendly. I like this energy very much. He is helping me. Code names. Many others I know and should recognize. some who I am and do. This is through many of the eras, from the primeval to contemporary. Extractions. physical extractions from locations and data extractions.

Systems cleanse. Inner activity to the point of physically sweating multiple times through the night. Saved boy from falling. from a height. with my arms. highly strenuous. A woman comes right up into our faces and is filming this with a device. Not helping just filming. Maze inside here : making my way through a futuristic, pristine city mall-like structure. beautiful. fountains. A man is helping me. dark hair. [purse. *he knows I am not drunk as is suggested into the scene earlier. various shops. sprinklers. wet]. Inside then outside around back *trying to get to the front.

Locking in. field coordinates.

Third eye vision : running horses through water.

A castle's flags are being discovered on the lands of another. A cousin of king Arthur. I am a male standing next to this king's man. I am a commoner. also male.

Note: I have begun working again with my Azurite. It is all in the bed with me this week. I am holding a particular piece of it in my right hand as I sleep. This is a method

of keeping awareness I began using in 2009. I look/feel for it in my hand regularly throughout the night. I keep the awareness with the stone in my palm, awareness with the physical as I go in, maintaining synchronous states. I am having significant success bringing recall, bringing myself consciously into where I am in the fields by the means of the interpenetrating conical shapes *at the brow. working with this.

August 11, 2019

Unlocking the mind : more than the human brain. the mind.

Bus/school bus. vibrations. Multiple magical stops and re-entries. Rotations/exits. handrails. upside down. Mom : getting out a second matching bib, wide horizontal stripes in green, brown, pink. I am out. Major vibrations from beta. *Cones (interpenetrating conical shapes) are working. As is the azurite.

Bradley James : played King Arthur Pendragon in the Merlin series (*second reference to King Arthur in two days). The most extraordinary kiss. transformative kiss. / transition. Tom Campbell. science class. my alarm is not set and does not go off. It is eight o five. I am late but get myself here. TEST. 24 hour fitness. I pass with flying colors. It is dark outside on my way out. As I am leaving the building. There is a bathroom here. Just before the glass doors through the front of the building.

Falling. song. theatre. audition : various women are stepping up to the microphone to perform it. The lyrics are all very clear. The song title, "you did me over". Each rendition is different in the level of naturalness and skill. **This is a very clear example of something rising from the subconscious in great detail that I myself do not know. The beat is familiar but this is not a song I know.

August 12, 2019

I am up here with the guardians of the timelines now. Neutral and loving. Learning who the players are in ground level experience. Where they are in their energy. We learn who everyone is. Who the players are. The information guides our (chess) moves. The moves maintain a balance. flow. Question: is this related to why I am able to enter consciousness fields. be point consciousness in the consciousness fields of others?

Through the majority portion of the night I am alert to this level of the dreaming. No scenario recovery. Only that as a guardian I am meeting, and face-to-face interacting with many discrete individuals. I am neutral and loving toward them all. No agenda. Intel only. I am almost as a recording device, albeit a biological recording device. Question : is it in this energy, this neutrality, love – that data enters the akasha?

In the early morning after using the bathroom I lay back down and put on my mindfold. The Azurite stone is in my right hand. I feel for the interpenetrating conical shapes at the center of the head.

I am soon showing my Mom a dress I used to wear when I was younger. It is not a dress I have in real time. It zips all the way up the back. I am wrapping it around myself and showing her how far it is from fitting. Now I am opening a package of something. It is going to make blueberry pancakes. My niece and nephew are here. I put a piece of the pancake in my nephews mouth and see he would like it better if it had something sweet on it like it maple syrup. I set about to do this.

I am standing near the sink, bees are coming in from somewhere, –the package I opened? *some fear. I can't get them off me, the sink is filling with water, the bees are attracting to the water. They are in the water now. Floating. I do not want them to die though. I release the water from the sink and the bees fly out. Now they are fixing themselves together, forming a sort of larger flying air craft. They are coming toward me. I am sending out the message I mean them no harm. The sound of them nearing takes me into a free fall and I shift.

I am in a spacious, natural environment. The feeling here is really beautiful, really knowing. I am setting out on a walk with a man who is an older uncle type energy. I have love for him. The walk is to calm him down, from the slightest of a misunderstanding. he feels he is being left out of an inheritance. I am explaining things to him, assuring him, he is not being left out. I am taking in the landscape as we walk. The air is crisp, cool, full of life. It is a desert-scape. There are mountains in the near distance, some foliage, big blue sky. I think I see a patch of snow and am focusing us into this area when I shift.

I am now walking with a young girl. She is my age, fun loving energy. We are friends. We are furthering the walk from the beautiful nature into neighborhoods. A truly magical, enchanting area. Full of discovery. adventure. Up at the end of the street, the route we have taken is an area newly being constructed. We pass through and visit with the construction workers. very fun. then go for a drive. I am the passenger, there is an acceleration and immediate steep slope down to a stop. (ride. surrendering of control). Now we walk again. We are moving through a farmer's market type area full of foods and bustling, fun activity. Three heavy set, elder Armenian women are wanting to interest me in their day-old berry tarts set out at the front of their display. It is not food I am interested in buying but I am very loving and respectful of the ladies and people here who are selling. The construction workers are coming through (for us?) as I am shifting back into physical space.

August 13, 2019

Through the whole top portion of the night I am connecting with Ra'apta'al.

After using the bathroom and a brief wake-back-to-bed at 6am I put on my mindfold and go in again.

I am laying on the floor of the chicken run. grounding. I am here what seems a very long time. My brother comes out and begins doing things around the coup and whole structure. There are items here that are not in real time. One is a double silver knob that is in the shape of a particular animal I am not recalling. It releases a latch that is to

the left of my head. It opens something that lets the chickens get in and out. This is happening as I am wondering how one chicken has gotten outside the run. There is much energy passing through my body *near stasis feeling. I am being connected with through back body notably at the space behind the heart. Now I myself am outside the structure I had just been laying in (outside the run). I am lifting the whole thing and moving it to sweep out debris.

I am passing through an area of someone's home.. through a large, wide hallway and staircase leading into a very large and spacious room with floor to ceiling windows. Much light is flooding into the space. There is a stage set-up at one end of the room. it is reflective and black. Max Remple is sitting on the floor of it alone. cross legged. he is speaking with someone on the phone. Rows of chairs are set up at the opposite end of the room. This room is for events. Channeling events.

I am recording my voice. I am sitting facing the wall in front of a shelf of a desk that holds just a recording device. (I am channeling. someone is speaking through my physical body in the bed). My sister-in-law is here in the apartment. There are almost no other items in here. The light is very dim. Music has been turned on. Just behind me in the room I am recording. But it is being listened to from behind another wall. It is gradually getting louder. When I realize it is my brother who is the listener I end my own recording rather than turn the music off.

August 14, 2019

Swings.

Office party. people have on their plates these enormous, colorfully constructed out of this world hot dogs. I feel they are not really this. It is like two ideas from two wholly different worlds are superimposing here. They are piled so high with foods and condiment that I am asking how it is they actually eat it. I am making my own as well, but with very different materials- water cress, baby spinach..

Abandoned office building. I am seeing how it once was, and is now (a good deal closed down). Empty files and file cabinets. A male guide is walking me through, the same male guide from the office party. The business included the idea, or overseeing of field workers. I am walking through some of their quarters, some of them are still here. One is not being very friendly with me. I begin to feel I am intruding.

Note: when going back in for data recovery, opening first into the visual of the swings is becoming more regular.

August 15, 2019

Woman's feet. grey pumps.

Rona. I am being shown something, in advance of it happening in the scenario. I thank the scene makers for this then go through the scenario. I am aware I am becoming, or

being made more fully precognitive in this event, which includes many people. I tell Rona and the others to not ask what I have seen if you do not want to know. This is not play/pretend, this is real.

[the dive that stands out]

I am receiving an insurance claim. It is not clear the amount I am due. There are numbers, I see numbers. It is a five digit number but it is not in the format of dollars. I shift to the insurance office and am asking someone to explain 1) what the numbers mean in the sense of dollars, and 2) by what formula this amount is arrived at. My question is repeatedly being addressed but not answered. I ask, clearer and clearer, over and over again. Focus is very good. I am not letting my focus be detracted.

I am moved from the office and the two ladies here to a large outdoor patio area full of eateries, tables and chairs and people..it is night. I am sitting with an older grey haired black lady who I am somehow going to have to get through in order to get the claim. The information coming off her is deliberate and letting me know she is malevolent. She takes people's claims, pockets their claims and throws them to the wolves.

As I am looking at this woman's face more intently, coming into a fuller conscious state of awareness she is being replaced by another woman. This one is bringing attention to her hair. she is dangling her head upside down as one would if washing their hair at a sink and bringing to light the color. It is yellow blonde and the hair is long and natty. As I am noticing, another replacement is being inserted. I shift out through this.

I am making my way back to the office, as determined as before to have my question answered. There are additional people here now. two younger women are at the front and I begin into it again with them. With the full details of all that has just occurred in tow. Although also not a good person one is eager to tell me what the numbers are, how they were arrived at and the monetary figure they equate to.

I am trying to keep pace but pieces of the story are still missing, and confusing is the fact the settlement includes the closing of my account. I am not wanting my account closed only to make the claim. In this energy the scene shifts and I am back outside. It is still night, men are beginning to enter the previously female dominated event. They are walking through at various angles. Each saying something as they cross my field.

The one my attention is following is tall and wearing an odd blue and green suit. Not something you would normally see in real life. I am now in a dirt lot. My belongings have been gone through, five all black items have been tossed onto the ground- bags, pouches, purses. I am placing them one inside the other as I notice my position being moved on by this pack of men. I stand, try to get out of here but run into a dead end.

I turn the other way and see all five approaching from every possible exit point. One of them is saying "ooh it doesn't look good for her." I am trapped. in a panic. I look toward one of the exit places, a doorway like opening and scream for help. The scream reaches through to my physical body as nothing more than a peep but it is enough to wake me back into physical space.

I feel sickened by the whole energy of what has just happened. Where has it come from? why has it come? I am asking.

Question : Am I being tested for a capacity as a precog? would I want this?

August 16, 2019

Apartments.

Rich. – timing our connecting correctly for (and to) get to work.

Two kids. one boy one girl. The idea of being at a bar. I am at a different location. At an eatery trying to purchase coffee and enormous cinnamon roll. No cashier for over an hour. Emotion growing. Large superhighway in the way of connecting. The idea of nowhere to stay / get inside of if I arrive before him. Experiencing in full each of these locations,– the bar. eatery. superhighway. Only remnants of the connecting point. The apartment.

Care home/apartment. Bon Bon and others I have/am caring for are here. The idea of medications and experimentation.

August 17, 2019

Apartments : showing apartments. Three horses are in here with us. I am catching their droppings on newspaper before they hit the floor so it does not begin stinking. The droppings are not normal, not formed, white, cream and green. I am doing a balancing act trying to keep them on the paper. and being there in time to catch then next. I am being interviewed, the whole night of dreaming is about the channeling. When I begin to show the apartments to others in here with me I see Mom is here helping. Model apartment. I am suggesting the model apartment but offering to show all those available. Glasses. I have forgotten my glasses. I am looking for them and Mom is helping and holding the elevator going down with the others.

Alien beach world. browns and plumbs. an electrical storm over the ocean is creating a colorful geometric light display. It is so full of light the moon of this world is now being seen. It is very large, very close, much closer than our own moon to our own world. I am wishing I had brought my camera. I set about to find it *in the scene where I am at my car. but I get intertwined in the apartment scenes and activity. I do make my way back but not in time to catch the wondrous display on film.

August 18, 2019

Reality. visual reality. creation : how the soul fractals in half into two interconnecting ground level links. How feed (data streams) come through to the fractal higher/lower points, in and outside of time. Into and out of the physicality point(s). How the more

the point(s) can visualize the more that visualized can be made manifest. The race to manifest. [light. dark.] [life. not-life].

Scenarios are playing throughout the night but focus into the point behind the fields, into how they are happening is so much stronger. No data from the fields. no time to collect. 6 AM alarm time and 12+ hour work day.

One symbol upon waking : quill feather.

August 19, 2019

Continued material and guidance on the channeling. Notably in gaining the questions. Association in these fields with MBT. (My Big Toe, Thomas Campbell).

August 20, 2019

Drive. driveway. it runs alongs the side of the house. It is a shortcut from one space into another space. This drive is very long and goes into many areas but again awareness is focused more behind the scenes (than in the scenes) – talking with the scene makers and guidance system.

August 21, 2019

Note: I go into the night with a request of the one who is to be the first to begin channeling with me – *I am asking for a name to be sent through.

I am in a hospital type bed, changing my own brief. A spray pattern is on the wall behind the head of the bed, around a picture frame/mirror. I at first think is my own mess. Looking more closely I see it cannot be, the pattern is symmetrical and organized. I look into it and shift. Phone call. I am heatedly, repeatedly asking who it is. I am not receiving a reply. (shift). Cassette tapes. store. one man is holding a large package of the cassette tapes bound together. Everyone else is mulling about but gravitating toward the line. Derrick is here. He goes to the register to ring people up. A woman with a child. The child is taking derrick's hand and leading him away into the store. Away from the register. While Derrick is away a woman with lots of face make-up approaches *all the women here are wearing heavy base make-up. She is suggesting that all the old casino workers/cocktail waitresses regather for a party. I immediately think this will be a party with a great deal of smoke. The idea is not appealing to me.

August 22, 2019

No data recovery.

On three occasions through late night and early morning I spend 5–10 minutes going in specifically for data. Each time, albeit with recovered data I fall off and it is lost. I woke much earlier than usual, as though in a new energy, a new life and world. A wonderful feeling that in days past would arise with me each and every morning. I walked within this energy until roughly 2–3pm and then through some invisible portal stepped back into the old energy. I do not like this. Immediately I do not it – and, again, as though through some invisible portal step back into the new energy. This may have something to do with the planned visit to Yoganandaji's SRF today. Yes....most definitely.

August 23, 2019

Apartment home, the caring for Terence McKenna-like male. He is near to his passing. Another is going to be brought in to relieve me. I do not want to leave him. I ask his preference for me staying or the other coming in. He very decidedly is choosing that I stay. I am relaying this information to a female. Explaining his time of passing is near. I can rest after this happens. Odd things are happening in the space. The oven is on its own cooking a six holed baking dish of eggs. I have to take care of this but am engaged in so many other energies. dynamics. the channeling is happening. I can feel the connecting and channeling happening *in the night as it is dark. This is not scary to me. I like what is happening. I am intrigued by what is happening.

August 24, 2019

This has not happened for some time. I go into a system in which I wake and sleep for many days. Many months, all in all. **There are many cycles before waking in real time, the contents of the visit / experience do not make it back with me.

A previous care client, Lucille.. generations are all gathered here in her home. Many people and many dogs. An old photo, women each holding a dead cat by the tail. It is awful. Halloween in August. Reporting to a female about the 1111 project work and my presence in an area where there are many homeless, many in need. And how/when I disperse assistance. A woman coming out onto a dance floor. spontaneous rap. she is getting back her rhythm. She is (being) convinced she has a gift. Pool of water. lever that does something. turned off. Charlie is here with me.

August 25, 2019

Dream link with Majaed. —I am in a simulation, a series of simulations (guns and shooting) in which the idea is to avoid inadvertently killing yourself by killing another who although violent, at some point needs to be there in order for you to not die.

August 26, 2019

All night. Riding the compression of the wave into zero point.

It begins with synchronizing into a single point, multiple other me's (multiple other Casey's). The single point now contains all the data/skill from the multiple (the idea of 3 and also 5) choice points. The event grows to include all points on the field from multiple now points in time. They all merge and suction/syphon into the singularity point. In one field I am experiencing this as running across a super wide intersection before the green light turns to red. There is a young boy crossing the intersection in front of me.

August 27, 2019

- Sniper
- Woman with inhuman bright olive green eyes
- Shorty. earthquake. gate left open with scarf left to dangle over the latch so the door does not close. Maria. angry. large heavy broken crystal jewelry. Shop girl tries to put one large piece, a large pink (and deep mineral colored) faceted earring so big no-one could wear it as such in her drawer. I see this and recollect it telling her it is ours and not the shop's. Maria is going to take the broken jewelry and break it down for beads. She points out a display of Oreo cookies housed in wooden box. homemade. recipe and price of \$8. She says no wonder she buys these where she does. I want to take a photo of the recipe for her but the phone won't do what I want it to.

August 28, 2019

I am with a man with a special ability : room. geometric shape/pattern. very concrete.

I am with a woman with a special ability : driving. ramp. bananas. It is decided she is going to be taken out. suitcase.

I am outdoors about to begin running on a track. Park-like environment, spacious and wide open, big clear blue sky. A beautiful day. The thought I should realize I am dreaming more. I am not awake yet, not lucid. I think I am in real time but I begin looking at the environment more closely and entering a 'dreamy' state. It is slightly futuristic in time. These little silver fly things (crafts. drones) are flying into my head. Impacting my head. I put an arm up to help cushion the blows.

Now I am with my Charlie, same dream field different location, walking through various areas of this park. I enter/find myself within a silver object. A silver structure. I am exploring it but can't find my way out. I am at the end of this structure, at a door that does not seem to open anywhere. Upon arriving at this I decide to go back a room to where I was just interacting with two young boys, but I feel a female worker arriving who is escorting some others and she opens the door for me and Charlie. We walk around outside for a little while. Many other people. bleachers. interaction. fade back into physical space.

Note: It is a shame I am not able to hold more data, this is an incredible night of events but there are many sleep cycles between the man with the special ability and waking

proper. At some intervals I have all the content but ultimately so much is to a great deal lost. I feel it is still right here with me, though.. like I could shift in and with concentrated focus retrieve it. It is the stone symbol. It has me gravitating toward my crystals today. A very strong pull.

August 29, 2019

No recall.

Note: there is no obvious reason for the lack of recall. I am not overly tired. My body is comfortable in the bed. I sleep well clean through the night with no interruptions, no having to get up to use the bathroom, no outside noise. The temperature in the room is for the most part fine. I am just unable to reach to the data. Setting intent for awareness and recall to return now.

August 30, 2019

I am in my own template most the night. Completing with energies (entities, people) and clearing my field. Then the casino maze. Tony Kirch-like man. black jeans. black leather jacket. Elevator drops him 1 floor. Many females go to his aid including me. Walking. walking. going back for my shoes. Bathroom. Housekeeping. Choosing a new location to live.

August 31, 2019

Rona – and others responsible for bringing me to the Earth life. Rona is featured. Hospital/convalescent-home rooms, kept awfully, no color, no life, no vibrance, depressing, beige and white. Poopy messy piles of toilet paper stacked ridiculously high. Rona and I take a drive to another area. We are talking. long talk. Shops and neighborhood. Afterward I am looking for my car (maze) in looking I am pushing the lock/unlock button on my remote to signal the location of the car but it seems always to signal many cars. None exactly my own. One man finally tires of me doing this, his car is one which is getting signaled. He approaches me from up the street. I tell him I am sorry and what I am doing. He is understanding but does not want me to just keep endlessly pushing the button. After searching awhile more I remember another level to the shops. I take the elevator up a level and it begins coming back to me where I have parked. in the shops I find a malachite crystal. a few other items (also) I am not recalling. Not as important as the malachite.

September 1, 2019

There is a marriage, a wedding and ceremony. There is something happening with the dress. An interruption in the ceremony regarding the dress. It is getting damaged somehow from an action of another. Sandy is here. helping. She is a main player here in the field. Notable throughout the night is a spiraling funnel shape energy at the

heart space. It is allowing me to enter and reenter the dream space easily. — Two clear images in the morning at two separate times going in for data : 1) Mom muscle pic. — 2) Octopus.

September 2, 2019

- Swimming in the ocean. Bonnie. Exercise.
- Airplane flight. man. woman. tall. fair. light haired. borrowed pink dress with the hem let out.
- Social gathering of people. Interacting and intermingling. Catering. Serving. Black woman, pretty. kiss. The time(s) we get off work not aligning. I am off much sooner than her.
- Nesting spot of bugs and other fly-things. low to the floor. open faced box cabinet. Derrick.

September 3, 2019

ET craft, multiple shifts up into it. Very material. Metal alloy. Circular-ish. Underbelly: six rectangular shaped hatchways. At first I am viewing it through the windowed ceiling of an office building. Multi-leveled. I am up at, or near the top floor. There are others here with me. The craft has come for me. Derrick. Elissa. Mom. A woman and man I do not know. The woman is short, has short brown hair, is business-like. (I like her energy). The man is a guardian, an escort, works with/for her. (I like his energy too). The last shift up is spontaneous. We are all meeting and I suggest moving the meeting up onto the craft. We take an elevator to the rooftop. I will have to arrange quickly food/sustenance for the people. I am asking what they would like and taking their orders. —Note : there is an engaging, almost euphoric energy connection with this craft throughout the experience. The connection and the energy are very strong and there is a sound to it. I am at present with no direct remembrance of the interior or the beings. Or the purpose for their coming. Other than this does have to do with the channeling.

September 4, 2019

Superpowers, – the ability to withstand a powerful blow or shockwave. The feeling of this through my system is not altogether pleasant. I am aware enough to ask by early morning if there is a reason this adaptation is being given. The very simple answer that is coming is an immediate and resounding “yes”. —K flows. highly uncomfortable when coming into the conscious awareness of them. Which I do 2–3 times through the night/early morning. My body is being worked with A LOT the past couple weeks.

September 5, 2019

Shorty –but not in her current (/ last) body. We are driving to see Jurgen but are stopped. We turn down a street and are blocked from going further by a green wooden wall. It fills the rest of the way in, the sides, top and bottom and is now a green wooden rectangular box. We back out of this *the only opening being behind us, pull over, park the car and begin to walk. The way to Jurgen immediately opens back up. We continue on in his direction and into a shift into a later timeframe. Shorty is now sickly and growing old. Sandy delivers us a bed for her to lay on. I am in a shop looking for earrings for her to wear. Mother of pearl. I am looking for a pair just the right size. I am also picking up clear crystal points. something blue. something green. Large guidance figure behind my line of vision on the right.

September 6, 2019

First half of the night : Meeting with Ioana.

Then much later—

Unfinished and thought responsive environment. This is not a maze as I am easily bleeding through into multiple areas but I am somewhat like a sheep being herded – at first by the dream makers and in the end by two male figures who show up.

I begin in a work environment, serving. I have the tray I used as a beverage server *in real time. Someone has taken/hidden it from me. I cannot work. cannot earn. I search and search. It is nowhere to be found. I am going to have to find a new place to earn. Someone does begin helping me search but the energy of this female does not feel benevolent.

I meet many others in this area as the search continues. Mostly all security. The security team is nice, there is a sense of good humor and camaraderie. Steven Greer is a part of this security team. The area here bleeds into three others–

1) The house – Elissa, not in the current body walks in and into the kitchen where I am standing. She is with a look-a-like friend. It is funny because as much as they do look alike, they do not feel they do. I have just finished showering. I am unclothed from the waist down. I find a towel to cover up.

2) A high-rise lobby / mall. One area in here is getting increasingly scary. It is an area related to the one where I am working (or trying to work. Very light grey and white, empty-ish. boxes and crates, movie theatre-like in feeling. I decide it is not good to go in there anymore after seeing a mother and young daughter have to surrender their belongings. Before going in everyone has to voluntarily surrender their items. I am purchasing food at a counter before heading out of here. I accidentally step out of the lobby area with a grey jacket I had been trying on. It still has the label attached, large round and black. I remember, and turn to go back in as Steven is also noticing and asking me if I have forgotten something. I remove/return the jacket then head back out again.

3) Outside neighborhood and walkways. I am strolling them and attract two male figures. At least one of them is at the food counter in line with me when I am there. They are herding and attaching to me and get me to an area where I am now in trouble. trapped. the one is sexually advancing. The song Spooky is playing in the background. At the moment I know there is no possible exit, I snap myself out fast (and I mean fast) back into physical space.

September 7, 2019

Amphitheater. Student channelers. One man – slightly heavy, longish dark blonde hair has brought through information I feel may be very important to me. He does not feel his information is so good, or so worthy but it can be found and purchased (*there is something key about it costing something, relative to me being happy myself to pay but not yet to charge). I set out to do this.

Lana. healing. teddy bear. taken outside. thousand of tiny fly things, butterfly-like things are expelled from it through the front body, the chest and stomach. Release. The teddy is real inside. It eats *it tries to eat. There are organs. Lana is out here with us, she lights something I do not want her to prior to us going in somewhere. I do not want the smell to be obvious to others.

Asian woman. beach ball. she gets it to go through a glass window much smaller than the ball – and toward a goal over a swimming pool against winds and rain blowing in the opposite direction. A remarkable feat.

September 8, 2019

Highly interrupted night's sleep. Fell fast to sleep after dinner at 6pm : wide awake by 9pm and kept awake till after 2am : alarm at 6am. (what a ride). Together with guidance in the area between 2–6am. Lesson in quantum tunneling. I am asking for the understanding of how to get an object that exists in the future – to the past. An object from the future to (me) where I am now.

September 9, 2019

Hyperbaric chamber. Plough pose.

I am in a teach/learn space together with both higher-ups and students. I am speaking with them about how important inversions, specifically the yogic 'plough pose' has been to me in opening the spine base to crown. That without it I don't think I would have ever been able to withstand the higher energy flows. [then much later] –

I am in the multiverse. multiple environments are interpenetrating : (mom. long bed. leg portion of the bed elevated. water. pink wallpaper. small shrimp-like things. I take these to the lake) : The most interesting to me is when I arrive at and engage near a body of water, a lake, with a lady who is sitting in the water eating a wild carrot.

Beautiful sounds, nature, gently lapping waters, beautiful colors, many green(s) and orange. She is dipping the carrot into the water onto some material on the rocks before taking each bite and I am asking why she is doing this.

In the midst of her relaying this information to me I am 1) entering the water myself and 2) attaching to the words 'hyperbaric chamber'. Simultaneously with the lady continuing on with what she is saying I am dialing out, accessing information on the meaning of 'hyperbaric chamber'. This data is coming in almost electronically, in its own distinct voice simultaneously to the rest. I am not aware enough to know who I am here and how I am able to do this in this scene/sim. – but very intriguing experience. intriguing feeling.

September 10, 2019

The architecture and design of time/space.

I am being shown how reality fields are created, with a thought frequency either opposing, or distorted to some degree or another from the Original Thought : I Am. They are put on a trajectory to collide and the field – vibration – reverberation – energy wave – is the result of impact. Both in the sense of space and of time.

Note: This is the very abbreviated version of last night's events, there is much more I want to say / draft out in regard to this. There was much more in the form of both direct experience and visual display given, relative to specifics in the way contents within the fields are designed. Following the field itself first being brought out. Absolutely phenomenal experience.

September 11, 2019

Rob and Kalina. "change" (I am sharing some of mine [my change] with Rob). Bus ride. Rob and I up front. He wants to ask me a question. Small dip then sharp left turn uphill. Rob is also 'backseat driving'. directing the driver.

September 12, 2019

Interrupted night's sleep. Only one dream fragment. For reason's unknown I went in for a close-up look at one particular woman : black woman, late 20's, average height and size, dressed in black. Short, geometrically angular hair-cut : something like this.

Note: Last night and for the next 5 nights I am at a job, *away from home and my own sleep space.

September 13, 2019

John buys Dad's old house (our family house) and begins gutting it, renovating it. So much activity and detail that I do not have time to regather before work-shift begins. There is something being cooked. -of materials that shrink down to almost nothing in size before serving. It is a meat rub *the cost is being discussed and almost argued over. Something has to be done otherwise the cost will be too much.

Note: What stands out to me about this dream collage is that dreams of this sort are almost repeating/recurring, but this one I do not recall ever moving through before. It is worth highlighting.

September 14, 2019

Michiyo's - bleed-through to Shorty's. (*care clients)

Four young boys/men come in through the sliding glass door. Friend's of the guy upstairs. Healthy foods are prepped and prepared. Brief conversation about this, giving my approval of their choices. (but, and) also telling them it is too early for company. Maze.—shift out into the city and city streets. Mildly futuristic, lots of activity. interaction. Tower street stations. Elevators that go up and down into various areas, onto various streets. All very grid-like. In one frame a girl is stopping to photograph me doing something with a crystal involving my feet and toe rings, *super cool colorful visual phenomena happening, like a triangulated digital display. I am explaining to her I work with crystals. I am also at the same time, through additional fields, rushing to get back home by 8am. Out of this world / maze / obstacle course. Much of which is accomplished with escalators and elevators. Crawl spaces and squeezing through. Man. young. handsome. Tells me I look like a painter.

September 15, 2019

Creating a retreat area. Forest-like, very tall trees.. I am discussing the area with a male helper saying a water element would make it perfect. We would not have to travel for the water. A discussion about the care giving and the time it takes, or rather the rate at which one true care person is created : every 545 days.

Poopy un-flushed toilets. *anger. - I am increasingly not understanding why a toilet would be used in such a way and not flushed.

September 16, 2019

Highly moving events, deep reaching, meaningful without my wholly realizing why. Home growing plant foods indoors : there are three examples before me but I am keying in on the heirloom tomato vines. The fruit is large, ripe and beautiful, already cut open —what is happening here is important, this place is beloved to me. Environments are bleeding into one another. I shift into a block meeting. I am re-dressing waist down as I am reporting. As things are being discussed. One man is watching very closely the body. This is pointed out and I say he will get acclimated *he

will get used to it. A young man is waiting for me in my own area. On a wing chair in the garage. I sit with him (contact) my right forearm to his shoulders. Deep immersion. The words "we have chosen him for you". I ask to see him at the current age, as he would now appear in the time line. I am not able to reach it before the alarm. He is so familiar. I will have to reach for the connection again at another time.

September 17, 2019

Tearing down dream layers to get to the real material.

Lil. family. holiday ritual. freezer. not freezing. my berries are defrosting. I throw them in a larger freezer. spiritual ceremonies. yoganandaji. burning candles. I am amazed and proud my body is making a useful product. Something like a creamy lotion/solution. —**repetitive dream. I have been through this one many times.

September 18, 2019

Vortex night/morning : cleansing, healing — spinning.

- Fragment : key limes in bloom again. (meaning—time to detox the kidneys again.
- Fragment : spacecraft. landed. back hatch open. man looking in. large eggs. boy among the eggs. as if just hatched. white skin. black hair.
- Fragment : poop(ing). under the table. from a device. two men across the table. contest. I am going to win. /release the most.

September 19, 2019

- Mantis beings. three. molds. one that is white and chocolate brown has the bulk of my attention.
- Shorty. canopy bed. I climb up in here with her. interaction.
- Maze – (child size). Atkins. water. squeezing/climbing up down and through bunk beds. backside sometimes getting stuck.
- Poison

September 20, 2019

Caregiving. I am helping those who need care in real time from the astral. Two women, one who needs care and one who is responsible for her. I help the woman who is approaching the need for care feel a little more normal and comfortable about it. I am assisting the other woman in appropriating the care (person for her loved one. I note I

also am available. I offer to bring her my portfolio *it is housed in white. She sends me shopping for foods, fried tri-colored peppers and other vegetables.

Lonely eccentric woman : observation point from down the street. It is night. She has put out a large billboard sized sign proposing going to a very good new movie together in a nearby city. I like her. I am just observing.

Costume party : court. ridiculously high paid teachers / professors \$10,000/hr.. They are all drinking alcohol (in the courtroom, *costume party. Eccentric older woman (now). Way too thin, collapses in the driveway. Uncaring woman/wife of a man who is relative of her. Mansion. money. ambulance. I am telling this woman she is cold from my observation point. She is so uncaring of the elder woman who collapsed. I am struggling with how uncouth she is.

September 21, 2019

No recall. (nothing). ☼

September 22, 2109

War : Los Angeles. future timeline. hair.—wave / code-like.

The hair is difficult to describe but it is standing out as more than important.. The designs/cuts of the hair on various women are catching my conscious attention. I am asking where they get this done. I am willing to travel as far as “100 miles” to have this done to myself. The style is somewhat weaved and the closer I look the more it looks like code, like lines of dashes and dots. And even 0s (zeros) and 1s (ones).

September 23, 2019

- Answer to my question about dream state.
- Blue and white Kali : real. not a character or caricature. real.
- Blonde man again. Stage set-like environment/maze. Constructed for temporary use. I am being encouraged through it. Kiss – no go.
- Full spectrum being : not two or more of me but one full spectrum light. wave form. people are frequency matching to the slice of their choosing.
- Conscious shift. black and brown. liquid psychedelic hypnagogic imagery – into grey/brown horse. beautiful. adorned.

Note : There are two areas of my dream time tonight where I am receiving insight into –and lessons on– 1) the state of being and 2) the state of being aware. These areas pertain to first my question going into the night about why the recall or conscious

access to experiences seems so different now than when I was growing up and into the time of my full activation to awaken – and second to the lesson on full spectrum being.

Relative to the first, it is being explained that the frequencies I am most accessing now are far more fine than those most accessed before and the level of difficulty in holding them in conscious awareness is somewhat greater. I am told to continue and the new focus will yield. The lesson on full spectrum being seems important and even in a way related in that there are various ways to conceptualize and perceive, some which are more fine/fundamental. This lesson seems at least in part designed/devised to assist me in the goal of the former.

September 24, 2019

I am easily able to enter – exit – and re-enter each of these dream fields.

Even so they are difficult to hold when waking. I specifically have to go in for them again. There is more about hair. Vague recollection through the night of the presence of guides : one male one female. Through the early morning hours my right forearm is thumping *physically. I am not sure if this is a muscle spasming or a vein. It occurs in unison with the conscious dream content coming in. It vanishes when the stream ends.

- Driving with Lu. superhighway. fast curves. slight downhill grade and right turnoff.
- Lu : climbing. helping her build the large muscle groups in the legs and most specially at the back of the thighs. A woman in black is climbing above us. Excellent example of the developed muscle. Interesting attire *the sort of belt or skirt portion over the fitted pant.
- Helping some people get to where they are going : two men. finding a campsite. California, Nevada, Arizona areas.

September 25, 2019

Charlie is put into a scene : at first he is coming along with me and the person I am walking with. I am feeding him, dropping food down like breadcrumbs. Then he is not. Maze : no-one will help me catch him. I am getting frustrated. A woman picks him up but carries him the other way. More frustrated. She lets him go. Finally I catch up. I pick him up and he gives me a small love bite/nip on left eye. I can feel this in my physical eye.

Sneaking a deck of cards in to show one of my guides how to play games : this is interesting, this has happened before. At the same time as guides are teaching me in certain dream fields and scenes I am often bringing in items from my knowing, from my own reality to show to them too. This is taking place on another frequency, behind the scenes at the same time as the scenes are unfolding.

Conan and Jeff : I am now in a fun jungle type environment. It is to some degree caricature-ish, which tells me I am not all the way into the scene. I am viewing it still from a bit of a distance. I am aware of a group of characters. Some animal, some human. There is fun, good humored activity going on out here with the animals and insects. I am watching them and also some black indigenous humans who live here.

The name "Jeff" is written in front of me in cursive letters. I see him. He is younger and coming of age and choosing a group of others to be a part of. He comes into their small wood hut through a large window. I am concerned for him. These others are rough and he is more gentle. Someone tells me it is okay, Conan will take care of him, *his brother – who I see now standing outside the window. He is huge.

September 26, 2019

Hard getting to sleep tonight. It is raining and there's a lightning storm, the air is really nice, window is wide open. I get up after awhile, sit on the mat, eat a handful of pistachios and dried fig while listening. Then a rough night's sleep, fell away hard, abruptly woke a time or two or three.

Bathroom : this is a city park type bathroom. I am viewing the entry and the exit from inside. they are separate corridors. I am receiving information – although not directly here Erich is in the echoes of this place. There is the idea of him cleaning toilets. of a life change. There is a two-way telepathic flow between myself and the transmitter of this information and created space.

I am now looking toward the exit corridor. It is a vacant, unused space. Spider webs have long closed it off. I look in there and use a broom stick to clear the way and see there is something alive caught in there. It is a bird, an off white or white sand colored dove, an area of the breast has been shot or eaten away. A butterfly is safely pinned to the back of it and is alive. I work to set the butterfly free – (outside now) – the bird falls to the ground as the butterfly flutters away. I feel such relief, sadness for the bird but such relief.

Now there are two adorable little critters where the bird had fallen. a little squirrel like fellow and much smaller bird. They are playing and delighted with two objects that are inserted here. A metallic blue crochet hook and metallic gold-ish 1" round ball. The baby squirrel like thing is upside down on its head holding the orb, the little bird is in the air just beside him with the crochet hook held in its feet.

These items are associated with me but I am happy to relinquish them for their enjoyment. I want to take a picture but do not take the time to do so. As a result this communicate is for a moment lost upon my abrupt awakening back into physical space. Note : Each of my awakenings through the night are also in this fashion (*and that dream content is lost.

Note : toilets, dirty toilets, cleaning toilets is a symbol that to me = detoxification, cleansing and transformation / transmutation.

September 27, 2019

Before going to bed each night here forward I aim to ask a question.. Tonight, focusing in – the question is :

Q: What does this body need?

Grey structure : not cement. not steel. maybe metal or a metal alloy – (yes). I like the activity, the energy, the atmosphere in here but most other detail has faded. (shift)

Outdoor invitation only party. Singles are meeting, being introduced to one another – shift – Indoors. sophisticated lounge / bar. The room is fairly empty. I look around, see a bar back area, ice, soda, drinks being poured.. I pick one up and head over to a smart looking middle aged blonde woman. The drink is for her. Due to an error on my part in which I end up on the other side of a rail *she has to reach for the drink and only tips me \$2 rather than \$10. She makes a point of telling me she more normally tips the larger amount. She now begins loudly orating an historical event / story. She is stopped after a few minutes of the oration, just as I am really listening – by a man.

September 28, 2019

Question :

Am I ready to meet my higher fractal consciousness in full conscious awareness?

- Saucer. deep green brown and purple. black horse. (the black horse is coming up repeatedly.
- Senior apartment : bedroom. the headboard is being discussed. window. view out window. clear day. This apartment is near the entrance to this place. Many streams, walkways, paths, streets all interesting at this point. 55 or 65+ place. I am asking which it is. *I am 55 this coming year.
- Driving uphill behind someone peddling, there is a war up over the top of the hill.

September 29, 2019

Q: If it is in the service of the highest good I would like to be connected with my sister, Sandy, tonight. I would like this to be in my full conscious awareness and bring all content back with me to physical space. I would in addition request my previous rights of Exploration to be here forth reinstated and if possible be shown the reason I began declining these rights.

Various races and families of beings through the night.

Each shift through beta throughout the night is very hard, fast and obvious – very 'beta'. (makes it difficult to hold onto data.

- One male : very extraterrestrial, alone and on his own is standing out. He is short and very thin, somewhat scraggly and haggard in appearance. The skin is caucasian-like but not exactly as our own. The clothes are old and worn. He is just standing here. As if to simply be seen.
- Next a family of 5 : nomadic. early human? animal skins for clothes but also there are the signs of a civilized consciousness. More refined clothing beneath the skins, ceremonial adornments. Upkeep of hair and skin.

Now I am in a home.

It is geometrically laid out in concentric type rings. The whole structure, the home, the yard, the land surrounding and where it leads. There is one ring of the yard that is for the dogs who reside here *there are two of them. I am almost strategically placed in the home together with my laptop. I am housesitting and receiving instructions on how to care for the area. The laptop I think is being used as place marker, a symbol for my conscious state of awareness. It is my habit to write things down in these areas so as to bring back the content with me to physical space. An area beyond here is going into where the Corso family is.

The Corsos : everyone is themselves but looking very different, highlighted are Maria and Frank. I am in a car with the rest of them. A round shaped police helicopter is landing (attaching) to the back of the car. I want to get out. The handle is not working fast enough and I can feel a growing sense of claustrophobia. Finally the door opens. The Corsos are relocating, re-designing a home-space and most notable is a car. This is why I actually pull over to stop, to discuss and give my kudos on this re-designing of the car. It is Frank's.

When I get out Frank comes right over to greet me. He looks good. I tell him so. He makes a sly move on me as we walk up to the new property. I am on a slightly more elevated keel than he which makes it easy for him to slide a hand somewhere it naught be. We have a goodhearted laugh and exchange about this. He says he would not do it were it not a dream. I say yes but this is really real. He agrees. Parting message being sent through the shift back into waking – “I will come when I can”.....

Note : ***overheating + releasing a lot of water through the night.

Note : I am not seeing the connection of any of this to my request to see my sister, save the first male ET.

September 30, 2019

Q: How extensive is my experience with galactic races specifically on board crafts?

Painted desert : walking, driving, swimming through the various areas of Las Vegas. I am going to get my hair cut. (shift). People. casually dressed climbing an enormous ladder up a rock face of *red rock. Red Rock Canyon. Association : mountains circling the Las Vegas valley. I am shown the idea of the valley being the imprint of a very large

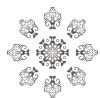
extraterrestrial disc shaped craft. (shift : sparkly). DNA strand. colorful. certain areas of it are grey. data. –but the data on this is not clear. (shift : like a rocket this time).

I am on the inside of a metal or metallic structure. very physical. I am running my hand along its bevelled walls asking “what is this?” – (it is a craft) – and “why am I here”, “why am I being shown this”. A panel of glyphs lights up in front of me. One panel of glyphs at first. I try to take in as many as I can : swirl, upward facing cone, above it a sphere, various types of air and space craft. The panel expands out to where I am seeing it relative to the size of the whole craft. Which is enormous. Glyphs line the entire inside. All panels expand into one to form the shape of a – beetle (?).

This idea is presenting in the view as it is patterning out but is not the whole picture.

There is not enough time to take in all the formations and information.

The patterns are shifting and I am back in physical space.



A Channeled response to this question:

[How Extensive is my Experience with Galactic Races on Board Craft](#) 

October 1, 2019

Q : May I please be given a direct experience of consciously moving into deep trance?
Most specifically I am interested in the exact point of the shift or switching of spaces.

All night : in and out of caves. spaces. data exchange.

Just prior to the morning WBTB I am being fed the name : Simon Davies

Coming up from my first dive there is name after name after name (too many and too fast a stream for me to hold any.

I dive again : Mom. We are living in connected stone cathedral type living spaces. In a room upstairs on her own side she has chairs set up for a gathering. People begin arriving as much as 3 hours early for an event taking place at midnight. I am doing some of the dishes. There is a grocery bag next to the sink. Odd items are in it for a grocery bag. Among them are 3 watches which I take to her.

The stone cathedral spaces are worth mentioning. I am moving through them both. My side as well as Mom's. There is even less light coming through her side than mine.

Note : she prefers dark, rainy, overcast days to sunshine. It is the thing I am noticing the most. The light and the movement of wind and light playing on the stone walls. I would like there to be more of this light. More windows to let it in.

There is a steady stream of interaction with the people arriving for Mom's event. I am upstairs in the meeting room as they arriving. I am asking questions such as when the meeting is to begin. I am seeing the food table being organized and laid out. A lady is opening a package of Emmentaler Swiss cheese. The items are all organic. I notice the conscious thought that I could eat here with them.

I shift over to helping a young woman with the straightening of a picture she has hung. It is hanging low on the left side. I come over, closer to her to explain what needs done in more detail. As I am making suggestions about what she could do to get it to hang straight her husband comes in and takes over. Rather than upright, we are making this fix from a now horizontal position in what seems a closet.

Blissful, and even sexual energies now fill the air.. I am walking again through my own side of this structure drawing my hand along the walls. Looking and moving toward an upstairs large open window. I am intersecting with data from another stream. There are children. I cannot quite capture it all but someone is meant to spill my blood. –But I know they have not. It is someone else's they have spilled.

As I am trying to speak, throughout this whole chain of events my mouth is so dry that I cannot. This has happened many times before. I do not yet know what it is.

This is going to be my question going in tonight.

October 2, 2019

Q : In some dreams, why does my mouth begin to feel so dry that I cannot speak?

- Senior home : Jojo. all in the same bed. trying on jeans (genes).
- Geometrical climbing structure. A blonde man is hard training his children on this structure. The youngest is only an infant. It crawls and falls off. I catch her, comfort her, put her back on. She is attached to another child who is just a toddler maybe two years of age.

Note : There is another bit/piece to this puzzle I am not able to bring fully back with me into the moment I go to make my log.

Note : Jojo is a residential group care client I cared for briefly in my 20s who had diabetes.

Note : diabetes. insulin. hormone. blood sugar.

October 3, 2019

Q : What is my spiritual name?

Darr and a young guy are moving in together. They are describing to me the area in which they'll be living. The area they have specifically chosen. It is surprising to me. So central to a major city area. I (myself) am in a high-rise with an older female. She looks in her 60s. After the talk with Darr I am in a pooping scene. The paper I am using is getting stuck. It is sheets of magazine not regular toilet paper. It feels like I am pulling it out of me rather than just away from my bum. Attention is being brought to the material (guides are trying to wake me). —with this is coming the instruction on what may and may not be put down a toilet.

Now I am in a huge house with an elder care female. A wife and a husband. Lil comes through, as well others to help fill in as care staff. We talk for a bit about what she has done. She has done much more than what most others do. In particular she has removed some of the boards from the walls —which I will mention in just a moment. There are lots of people in this house. In many of the rooms. They each have their own activity. I stop as I am walking through one to help a girl who is having some difficulty with her stomach. I suggest, and retrieve the item that will help.

As I continue through I am noticing the floors in this house are all very nice. They are holding up very nicely for the age of the house. The flooring in each room is different. A wide variety of different tile patterns. The walls on the other hand need addressing. Wood beams and panels are warping, coming apart, falling off. There are three refrigerators in the kitchen. I notice as I go to get some breakfast for the elder husband who as I stop to help agrees to have a yogurt. He is very aged and ill and near death. Blood is coming out from his right ear. I know his time is near.

The space I am in while dream collecting is notable. It catches my attention as it is unusual. I am in the black, but more obvious to me than the space and the visual is a sensation. I am just hovering here. Almost floating. In a sort of clear but also fine opaque mist. There is a flat plane through the center of the area that I am hovering on or just above. Upon the second or third noticing of this I am aware I have been connected to the dream stream of events all the while. Capturing content has never been quite like this before. Or even anything like this before.

Note :

I have no idea what this has to do with my spiritual name. lol

October 4, 2019

Q : Tonight during tratak in a vision of myself channeling I see myself fully, physically enter another reality field. A man is coming toward me. Is he coming to take me away? Is this how the shift / switch of positions could take place?

Physical body dismemberment of a male person by another male person. No blood. I am in the room as point consciousness observing this close up and listening in on what is being said (*none of what is said makes it back with me). There is control over another going on here, there is an issue, a past, but for the type of event this is it is fairly clean. There is another of these being done that is far more graphic and gruesome by a female with more rage, at the same time in another location. (shift).

Long city mall maze, multiple levels, the scenes move from indoors to outdoors. Bathroom confrontation : I am out-and-out looking for a female who has to do with the dismemberments. Emotion is all over the place. *shift to outdoors, new person, different consciousness, moving through the levels of the mall. Someone is here in the city visiting me and I am surprised at myself for not calling him daily to keep in touch. As he very much would with me were I in his city visiting him. I am going to call him now. (shift).

I am in a car with two men who are mentioning the best food that is made on the outskirts of town by a young woman. I am familiar with this place and with her. She is a young 22 year old light skinned black woman. She is wearing cut off jean shorts, short sleeved checkered button front shirt. Her hair is very short and curly. Very 'cowboy-ish' / country. She is infusing the food she serves with certain feelings, for instance imagining herself for a moment feeling particularly shy. When the people eat this food they get a particular hit.

Note : Relative to my question going into the night, the man coming toward me, he may represent a process within the channeling of 'moving out' while another comes in but what I am picking up on more principally is that he is the fellow in the chair in the first dismemberment scene. I feel he came for me. for my help, I do not know how I could, or if I did but this is what I feel.

October 5, 2019

Q : No question. I am pulled in fast, hard and much earlier than normal at 7:45pm.

I am shifting into, and moving through various cities around the globe. Most are non-English speaking countries. I go into way more areas than I can bring back. Most notable is that always there is someone to help me through inserted challenging chain of events. In large part these are revolving around getting my bearings. Discovering where I am and how to get to where it is I need to go. This is a maze but much freer than most. The point of it is to just keep going, keep moving. It is not a 'dog chasing its own tail' kind of maze.

It is nice in that I am rather successful through the whole thing. Much of the terrain is very beautiful and eye catching. The level of assistance somehow always in place. There are conflicts inserted – ups and downs quite literally representing as hills and floors/stairs – but I somewhat easily and intelligently move through them. **I find two ladies to drive me. Another who is helping me get from an inside bazar out to a particular main street. Others to help me through the streets (of Greece) away from police/security and up to a lovely place where I can rest.

WBTB : A 10–15 minute wake back to bed at 3am :

I am again moving through areas as above only now more as different people, different characters and lifetimes.

A military war adviser and myself as prince. I am being advised to go to war. There is indeed cause for this but I am not following this instruction/advice. I am Persian. I am dressing in this scene. Jeans (I am seeing them as this but they are not) (dream sign for 'genes'). The pant here is actually made of a dark brown leather and looks to cuff just below the knee.

My sister and I. We are both female here also. We look nothing like ourselves aside from this. She is wearing a wet one-piece swimsuit. She points out how tight it is. I say to her that this is because we are both too lazy. We need to be less lazy. Now Lana and I : walking through a fun/festive area. foods. we stop at a small odd job at a carnival like stand. She is the one who works here.

Note : For roughly 1 hour upon waking and walking back into physical space I am super dizzy. Near falling down kind of dizzy.

October 6, 2019

Q : Again : how is the shift into trance (when going in to channel) likely to take place?

The mirroring effect/phenomena that happens as I go in to channel is being explained to me. The right-side-up field happens at a certain rate of speed (+). The upside-down world happens at a certain rate of speed (x). There are angles – timelines – trajectories – that can come in on each of these that likewise occur at their own rates of speed. We enter the event horizon, the exact lateral plane where the right-side-up and upside-down meet : to access all these for study purposes. The speeds are all designed to 'complete' at the same 'time'.

The feeling of this as it is being explained to me is a sensation I am experiencing in my body. It's effect is heat. it is general through the whole body and my feet are hot. Time travel. **the crystals I have been using, the azurite palm stone I hold in the one hand and clear quartz point I lay my hand over in the very particular way I do : act like a space craft. More is happening in this than I realize.

October 7, 2019

Q : No real question going in tonight.

I am over tired from a 14 hour work day. The arrival of the sleep time energies are heating the body and my feet are uncomfortably hot. I rub shea butter into them and afterward fall off. The only recall is from the first waking period somewhere near 6am.

I am sitting waist deep in a pool of water. Collecting my crystals and stones from the shallow steps. Others may not know to not disturb them, *they may take them. So I am gathering them up now myself. I am removing small, stamp-like items of paper from the center portion of a pouch I am about to gather the stones in – so they do not get wet or destroyed. This is all occurring behind the scenes of another scene. A work type

environment. The idea of food. There is to a slight degree some competition for jobs. There is a window in the middle of a wall.

The feeling of the environment, the energy and imprint of this area and others is still here with me as write these words, many hours after having been directly in them but the vast detail is thrown into the recesses by a variety of loud sound intrusions in the physical space. Doors repeatedly slamming. Voices raised in discussion. Machinery being used outside my window, an electric saw perhaps. It is almost comical. I go to great lengths to recollect the data.— mindfold, earplugs, counting myself down from 100 with the breath. 2–3 hours.

I do get back in but not directly to the place being stated above.

I ride the waves and visual patterns many times. Going into and out of many moments in both dream and physical space until I am drifting in outer space and see a large clear bubble. There are people visible, activity visible. Doctors, and lab-like. Babies are being born here. I try to get in for a closer look. I probably do. But this much is all I am meant to see / bring back. I can feel this as I shift back into physical space.

Nothing more is notable.

October 8, 2019

Q : I am asking for the most appropriate energy and/or entity to come stay while assisting me in opening my vocal channel. I would like this one to meet and introduce itself to me in the dream fields. I would like this one to rouse me, wake me and interact with me in the ways it finds most beneficial relative to deep tuned trance telepathy / channeling.

I am stunt riding a grey horse. Then someone here with me. He is an elder male, long white hair and grey robes. His riding is more daring than my own, he is standing fully upright upon the back of the horse while galloping around a large object or space. The dismount is something of a question. It is created in the spur of the moment. He launches off, belly down onto a hard table. I congratulate him and also begin looking for a way to cushion the table before it happens again.

In the midst of the activity here I shift into another scene in which I am with Rich. We are talking and he is showing me something on his phone. While he is showing me and scrolling through I see the location of a stone monument that catches my attention. My attention now fully shifts into this. I want to know where it is in relation to where we are standing. I want to know how close it is.

I am beginning to shift into channel. My head is making this movement. (fascinating). It is like the reading of a heartbeat on an EKG. (this is important). This is the channel coming in. My signal that the channel is coming. It is a fast, whip-like movement of the head. It is a motion I cannot myself intentionally duplicate. It occurs on the off beat. Head right then center – head up then center. Three or more times at approximately 3 second intervals.

I am now in an area receiving products. One of them measures blood pressure. It is far larger than any such blood pressure device I know. I am confirming with a female friend / assistant what it is. She and others here are wearing white lab coats.

October 9, 2019

Q : I am speaking with my guidance structure at bedtime regularly about the difference in my recall now relative to when I was a child (pre-age 30). During this phase of life I am so naturally aware of dream states, of additional consciousness states. I am easily aware in the morning and even all day of what happens in the fields, at the top of the night, middle and bottom of the night. All this is brought back to me tonight. An open easy awareness of a lot of what is happening in here all night. It feels so good to me.

I am conversing with my guidance still upon waking.. I am being asked if I want all this back. I do!, but I check in with them and ask for their point of view on it. If it would in fact be a good thing for me/us. Their reply is felt quite clearly. Where all voices raise in unison and agreement. It is universally felt this will be very good and yield good results. I am so pleased.

At the top of the night I am very tired, near exhausted from writing and posting the new article on various sites. I am late going into my sleep, have not practiced and my body is very tight. I have a hard time going in. I get up out of the bed many times, stretch, look out the window, feed myself something. I turn on the laptop and listen to a Neale Donald Walsh talk on our role in evolution. I turn it off after awhile. The energy is too much. Energies already coming in are too strong. Nearing 1am I am beginning to feel myself becoming more comfortable and falling in.

Clear humorous hypnagogic : field faerie. lol cleaning the muck off my field. white, grey and blue hues.

Top/middle of the night :

- Picking up my own poop.
- Pulling something large out of my nose. looks like a large piece of scrambled eggs.
- Taken up on board. again. shown catastrophic events

Middle/bottom of the night :

I cant find my phone. I have a hard time finding a charger first, then the phone goes missing and I set out looking.. A man is riding a horse in the worst rainstorm. He is on a slightly higher plane than I am, like half a level up, visually about 4'. He is riding straight for me, I can see this even from a good ways away. He rides up and reaches out a hand to me with a bracelet in it, a macrame bracelet with beads. I recognize him but it is raining and this all happens so fast. He is young with dark hair, so familiar but I just can't quite grasp where I know him.

City maze : not a contemporary city. destroyed. no one single identifiable time period. This is not a maze in which I am stuck. There is a lot of free movement. Getting to

where I am going. Too many areas to mention. One after the other until I am in a car with two men from a previous area. A previous room within the torn city structure. The passenger is talking about gambling. The driver is trying hard to resist but then pulls off to the left as he succumbs a little to the idea. I decide to get out here. I hug the driver goodbye and he kisses me on the cheek. The other guy is awkward about a hug. As though we don't really know one another. We say farewell and I am now on foot. Vines. clasping onto my wrist. Slides.

Mall. Kesara : I leave her in one area *she has decided to sit here and visit someone while I go into a crystal shop two doors down. I am drawn to a large soft green point (\$8992.00). A man next to me asks if I am rich. I say it depends on who you ask. He laughs. I come into the shop holding a crystal (a brown chunk. not a smokey) but I can't find it now. I am looking in my purse and see crystals from the shop that are not mine. I go to look for my chunk and return the others. I did not do this, I tell them. I would never steal.

When I come out I cannot find Kesara. In the place where I had left her are other sales stands. There is a curtain recessed behind one of them and I peek in here to see if I see where I left her. I do not. Everyone is dressed in 70s attire. There is blonde haired salesman selling a banana boat yellow washer and dryer. Not giving me the time of day. While setting out to continue my search I shift back into the physical.

October 10, 2019

Q : Going in I automatically find myself in communication with my guidance structure about the eggs I have begun eating once a week (as of two weeks ago). I am telling them, even though they are fresh from the farm I don't really want to continue eating them. We are all in agreement.

- Rona. energetic field work. finding and removing a malicious bit. a legal inference.
- Various guides. restructuring. altering our structure. altering patterns.
- Woke with the phrase in my mind : salt bank

October 11, 2019

No question asked going in tonight. Difficulty falling off.

Recurring dream : 'Real life' practice together with other people. Coralie and a few others. I have had this dream (I know only as it is happening) for as long as I can remember. This is going on the majority of the night, midnight to 5am and yet the detail does not make it back with me. The wind storm in physical space and my alarm shake it away. It is a work day so there is not the time to go get it.

Closer to waking.. I am getting up off the floor. I am sleeping on a white sheet with white throw to cover me *it is not quite enough to do so. I sometimes come here for a week to take care of an elderly female while the son is away. She is very pretty, very well kept. nice hair, makeup and clothing. Her hair is white and cut short above the

ear, she is wearing a red shade of lipstick. I am helping her in the restroom with some clothing items that are for sleep and not really very comfortable for her anymore. In particular it is a one piece undergarment that is too tight where it clasps at the back just below the neck. I am undoing this for her.

October 12, 2019

Monroe explorer, (MAJ, ?). She has called me here with her voice from another area where I am with my sister, Sandy.. I am in the non-physical arranging care jobs for physical life. She does not look like what I'd imagined. She has blonde shoulder length hair. A bit Marilyn "Monroe-ish" during the short blonde hair phase. Everything else about her appearance is just average, *average height, average size, etc.. Her home is decorated in 1970s fashion. I notice this specifically. It is higher end middle class. Crystal. light. wood. shag. blues and golds. She is upset and not wanting to use a liquid morphine-like (sedative) medicine in the care of her special son. She shows me this in the kitchen.

She needs help, help caring for him.. She wants me to live-in and to start in a week's time (*soon). She takes me back into the house and shows me the room that would be mine. I get lost on the other side of the house, looking into other rooms before I find which way she went and where she is in the house.

I take a good look around what would be my room (nice enough, large window, whites and blues, chest) then notice it is directly next to the son's room. He is roughly four years of age, although I am seeing him from a span of 1-4 years. He is flopping and has flopped clean off the bed. I pick him up and put him back to rest but he quickly does the same thing again. I can see how 24/7 the care would be.

I go into MAJ's room. She is exhausted and trying to catch a moment of rest herself. There is a protective black cat in here that lunges out and bites me on the calf. I separate the cat from myself and notice it is has left something embedded in my leg. Small teeth? With a bit of strength I remove this. *Note : this is a common area for me to have experiences of implants. I have to vacate this room or potentially be bit again.

MAJ wakes and heads out into the kitchen to dine with others who are here. They were here when I arrived and have been here the whole time. She is trying to act as though all is normal (all is definitely not normal). She wants me to eat something also. As I am looking closer at what she has herself, a sort of cereal, yoghurt and fruit bowl, I shift and wake back in physical space.

October 13, 2019

Q : Who are George and Amalia? (the two main crystals I do sleep work with) How am I to work with the crystals for greater clarity of vision?

Top of the night :

Encounter of one extraterrestrial craft with another. star wars. – **Note : I was on board the craft from which I am viewing this last night also.

Middle of the night : The end of a scene : I am jumping from above to a down below area. It looks scary. I am peering through here a bit and see a body of water below. It is not too terribly far down. I can do this. The structure looking down is square. clouds around the perimeter. Note : all the environments I am moving through tonight feel like real life. These are scenes I am fully, physically embodying in.

Bottom of the night : I am fading into a scene. I am both in the scene and above the scene, being shown its manufactured ecosystems are designed to fit its occupants against one another. Near the epicenter there is a small square water element of fish, big fish and little fish. It is clear as one eats another that this ecosystem is not sustainable, not designed for growth but rather the small confine will recess life to the one strongest which will itself inevitably die with none to sustain it. The ecosystem as a whole, as a world, is designed as such and has elemental life, plant life, animal life and a dominant species. It is a dark, dire world lived much in secrecy and shadow.

I am here as the dominant species, embodied as a young girl. As here *in the Earth life. I am energetically open but to a far greater degree. The kingdoms can all speak with me. There is a telepathic connection with all life. I am knowing this as I am shown a long rectangular channel of water, another constructed waterway and ecosystem in which one of the animals has become stuck and hurt and is about to end up as food. It is a rabbit, a small white rabbit. I see this from above. While ground level I am walking along a pathway with another girl, a sister of sorts I feel. She is a few years older than myself, blonde haired and dressed in white – we are on our way to some event.

Another of the wildlife, a species of little critter *I do not recognize as existing in the Earth life, have gathered into a collective of roughly 12 and come to stand in the path in front of us. Or in front of me. To my knowing only. They are emitting to me strongly “help her”, “help her”, “help her”. They wish for me to go save the rabbit. I am alone in my experience of what is happening at the level of the other beings, alone in the activities in the worlds of the other kingdoms. The young girl I am with is not aware of this activity and is focused on her own and getting to our agreed upon destination. I tell her to go on up ahead, making the excuse of my hair tie having fallen out. I will collect it and catch up with her. She makes no argument, an item even such as this is not easy to come by here.

I make my way to the waterway where the rabbit is still stuck and being held now under the water. I sit on the side of the long, narrow, grey brick constructed structure and scoop my hand in for the rabbit. I am able to bring her safely up on the second try. I spend some time feeding her a yellow piece of fruit. She is still in the water and not coming out. I am not sure how she will survive. When I have done what I can I begin making my way back toward the event.. I am being watched from a few tiers above, where it is nicer, greener, lighter, by the man who is in control of this whole area. What I have just done would come under a lot of suspicion. It would not be good to be observed in the abilities I have here. He stands roughly 6', nicely, casually dressed, a slightly older man.

When I get to the event I make my way into blending in with the young vendor boys selling sweets and things to the crowd. I have two types of chocolate I am selling out of a metal bucket. A nice lady with children shows interest. I do not have exactly what she wants but she takes a sampling of what I do and describes what she would more like. I tell her I will keep my eye out for this. She stands up and walks to the edge of her row. She says down to me that the chocolate is not what she actually needs. She is thin, cleaner than most but as malnourished as near everyone on this tier.. I ask what this is that she needs more and she says "meat". "I will keep my eye out for this" I tell her. Up ahead I notice a new opportunity opening nearer the stage....

Two buckets, the materials to make another batch of product, something white. I am gathering the agreeance from others to begin proceeding on this when the brainwaves begin to shift and I wake proper.

October 14, 2019

Q : No question tonight going in.

I am getting to bed quite late, well after midnight.. I am writing today and only just completing the posting of the article "All About Recall" at 12:30am. In the night I am aware of only one focus / field – a book. I see the pages of a paperback book, the content. I have written, or am writing this content. I am seeing how each of the articles I (We) are currently writing will be written out in longer form into a book.

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?, no 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.

October 15, 2019

Q : No question asked. *I am still getting pulled in, as earlier in the day – tonight.

Top of the night :

I am sliding through the intricacies of an idea : the idea is one of discovery and the added implication of : potential harm to others in the search of it. I am run through this scenario and these particular scenes often. At the basis there are two of us, a truly beautiful man and myself. We often incarnate together. He—far more physically attractive than myself but we always find one another and pair up. In these scenes he is sandy haired, muscular and bronze skinned and has just the most beautiful heart. He is a scientist type and is not only very intelligent but caring.

The idea being run involves temperature, specifically the cold, and more specifically freezing *some interaction or nano particle process taking temperatures down to zero degrees and thereby making the experiment safe. In this experiment food is first being used as the test mean. I am not for this idea. It is more a feeling than an intelligence on my part. It isn't going to work the way the others think it is. Temperatures will be brought down, but more like to 32 degrees than zero. The foods won't be safe to eat. No-one should be let to eat them.

This man I incarnate with is in these scenes is not only agreeing but able to say out to great length and in great detail in scientific fashion well beyond my ability to consciously comprehend and relay – why this is something we should not and cannot do. Many others are brought into the scenario explaining over and over in this way and that the outline of the experiment. Thinking we will come to understand. We remain energetically aligned and together and through all of this we are synchronizing and becoming closer. Beginning to bond with one another.

The experiment location is underground, a bunker of sorts, the idea of filed away in file cabinets. I give a bit of an oration as to why not to do this giving the example of pouring a large amount of of crude oil in the same underground area, in the same cabinets. It is just something we would never even think of doing. It is more obvious why with the example of the crude oil. When for some reason the idea of people and food is less obvious to the others. Note : all the others are girls, women. Interesting. Not men – women.

These scenes, energies and whole Idea go incrementally, layer by layer deeper into my own being as each segment unfolds.. What I am knowing is that it is not so much any one, or even civilization itself being potentially harmed now by this experiment – but somewhere down the timeline. This lends the idea of it being our own selves degrading through the action and this being handed down through the generations.

Middle of the night :

First frame going in. A girl approximately 14 years of age. It is daytime, she is in a high-rise building on the upper floors and stepping to the outside of a really large open window onto the ledge.. She is fair skinned and has very long straight red hair down to below the waist. I follow her.

Mom (and G) : directions. separating in a city and then coming back together. We are walking the streets. I am looking for landmarks. Paying special attention to where I am, street names, building and natural landmarks. I am going in and out of doors. Exploring. There is an outdoor mall and shops. Sporadic interaction with city people. I do find my way around, somewhat easily, without getting lost on my way back to Mom. Then Goldie *my car : driving. large mud area. I am pulling off into a grocery store lot. Rough patch and park job. I head into the market with small cute shop bags. I think it is John who is here just inside the entrance.

Bottom of the night :

Same frame as earlier going in.. The red haired girl stepping out the large open window. (interesting) – Room : associated with dad. a guy rolling a row of something on the floor. A girl gets my attention—communication. Note : the morning's events are disrupted by the family getting up so I have just these fragments. There is more but I am going to let them be.

October 16, 2019

Q : What is a good working definition of consciousness?

Most of the night I am giving more of my attention to the in-between than the dream fields. I am with guidance and we are going over the process of opening to channel. And how we will teach it. There is a grid, a pattern of connected angular triangles that has been popping up for me the past couple nights. Last night the lines lit up in a bright deep royal blue. Tonight it is here again and lighting up in a bright soft lavender-blue. We are going over this process. Attention at the brow. breathe. feel that which is inside the conscious awareness, that which is outside the conscious awareness. Triangular grid pattern. lights up. sequential relaxation — to let what is outside the awareness in.

5am : WBTB

- Men and the idea of coupling. – not necessarily sex but coupling.

- Michiyo and the egg walk – we go into someone else's space – make our way out and back through to our own.
- Mall and shops and helping a woman with ideas to make money.
- Darryl Anka and channeling, he and a woman dressing in costume for something, she doesn't want to – *dry mouth phenomena. Darryl is channeling for another man, he sits back next me (in the trunk of a car?), I come out of my state to say something when clearly I should not have, I understand and tell everyone I will recede now. D tunes to me so fully in here he falls asleep. The other man wakes him, asks if he has been getting enough sleep – D is embarrassed and shoots up.

October 17, 2019

Q : No question going in (other than) : I am having difficulty getting to sleep, I am tossing and turning and clearly working with energies and emotions. I just can't get comfortable. After 3 failed attempts at going in – nearing 11:30pm I finally ask what all of this is.

Middle of the night : In no particular order :

- Visiting many of the deceased.
- Shorty (Dad. G). Talking w/ Maria on the stairs. Shorty has veggie burger patties and foods stuck to her back. I get her into the shower.
- Riding a motorized cart backwards toward the car. Others are walking next to me, with me. Fun energy. Camaraderie.
- James. Heatwave and others. Mock gun fighting in store like kids. Now a series of scenes related to income and coming up with money.
- David Bowie. This song "Let's Dance" playing in the background throughout the night. I am specifically catching the lines "because my love for you, would break my heart in two, If you should fall into my arms, and tremble like a floowwwwer". Note: David combined with us in 2016 (I think it was). His message to me when I begin to get too sedentary is to dance. Message received. I will begin again tonight prior to evening practice and going in for the night.

Bottom of the night :

Talking with my Guidance behind all scenes — all night.

Dad's neighborhood again. Meadows Mall. Warehouse Records *easy job. I should be more thankful it is an easy job. I am in the bathroom taking care of myself and doing everything but my job. Cleaning things– the toilet, a large heavy deep purple and black blanket. There are three men out in the store. I can see one of them. The manager. He is thin, average height and blonde. He is calling me out of the bathroom. The store is about to close. I finally make my way out here. The lights are dim. I am carrying my

heavy blanket and other items out with me. I am going to need help carrying these things to the car. I have this conversation with my other co-workers here as I begin to now notice shiny little things on the glass top counters. And then on the floor below. I scrunch down and begin picking them up. Every bit as real as physical life.

October 18, 2019

Q : I did ask a question, but in the middle of the night, I have forgotten what it is.

Investigating brilliance. + colorful personality.

The ET side of making a (comfortable) lifetime here in the Earth life.

The feeling I am discussing the events with a computer. a male. in another location. a separate location.

Two drinks. celebration, I am deciding what I will drink, tequila sunrise or black russians. – There is a man. this man is associated with both my sister and I (is this Dean Omen?). He wants his money. his life savings. \$16,342. Sandy is somehow holding it. safety deposit box. It is Friday. I am hoping it does not transfer to him tonight in this mood otherwise he is likely to squander it all in a given night. – There is a waterway, I feel myself riding away on this waterway. – into associated energies and incidence. There is another woman here I am explaining things to. Saying my sister would like to see this man dead (figuratively) and I am taking to him.

David Bowie : Song : Under Pressure

October 19, 2019

Pattern. The past few night's I am being shown this. It is challenging to hold and to word in correctness. But to give a very poor go at beginning to be bring it through: there is an element in here about going through events rather than making attempts at stopping them, changing/altering them *which so often ends up with another taking the brunt of the potential hit rather than ourself –and therefor karma. Go through it.

There is an important part about the patterns/changes and that they are noted as trajectories..., graphed, learned from and this has something to do with how everyone in a collective experience ends up completing together. This is not even close to the pattern I am being shown. I am just beginning now to try grasp it more. I am going to keep trying to now say it out in words.

Fragments

- Coming down off of rooftops.
- Moving on a motorway at near walking speed. large black cats. polar bears populating a whole plaza.

- Lipstick kiss on the back of a man's shirt. Another man and I (all co-workers) are joshing him about it.
- Returning to high school. no-one wants me there. not the kids, not the teachers. (it is Mom's idea).
- Running really fast at lightning speeds. picking up articles of clothing. it is dark out. someone is seeing me do this. I stop/talk to him.
- I am at a school. Two men. one is physically punishing the other. I have to feign interest in him so he won't continue.

October 20, 2019

I would like to have had more time for downloading this one but it is a loong work day. Perhaps the opportunity will arise again.

I have just the basic concept :

Developing system wide capability to deal with all potential threats. Developing antibodies, antitoxins (for instance relative to viruses, etc.. I am experiencing this. The exact words being given to me are : a synthesized simulated crossover of systems, calibrations are being run. Also present is the idea of real time physical cross 'contamination' / blending. Like a system-wide inoculation against every potentiality.

Note : As far as experiences go, what a doozy. I will definitely have to ask for what purpose is this happening.

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 in 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 everyone's dirty laundry.

From the third stream, a location where—in I am choosing to experience the energies in themself, 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 hotel / in-between area. I close the window.
- Absorption. Uninterrupted focused absorption.

October 22, 2109

Q : Consciousness, crystals, contact, channeling.. What more would you tell you me about all this?

I made all the classical wrong moves going into the night. I did not open the body, do my inversions, yoga/stretching. I did not sit or still mind. I ate too much, and too late. I left the laptop on and in the bed, on autoplay. —I have just the basic concepts and conceptual fragments.

Top/middle of the night :

Running rehearsals. upcoming events.

Bottom of the night : in no particular order :

- Astronauts. gold space suits. blowing something up on an asteroid.

- Man with large bird of prey : eagle. tethered to his left arm. sitting on wood chair, wood deck, wood house. nature preserve.
- Above ground parking garage : parking car. weirdness. I am in and out of high lucidity here *parking structures are a dream trigger for me. I am pulling into a bit of a tight space. The back of my car has a strange white element somehow attached to it. A man pulling out of the space to my left in a large blue truck is hitting this, *or at least I think he is. I am banging on his car window, bringing it to his attention, asking him to stop. He is just laughing and pulling away as he wishes. There is random activity as I get out of my car. I am, almost like a spider up on the ceiling in a tuck away corner looking down at a woman. Orange top, dark hair, ethnic. There is lots I am missing from this segment. I know there is activity with her and a few others in this structure but this data does not make it back with me.
- Grocery store

October 23, 2019

I am getting to bed very late, I am working on the new visuals for the forum until 2am. Toward the morning I am naturally beginning to wake at roughly 6am : no full wake-back-to-bed, just mildly coming alert, going to the bathroom, putting earplugs in because the family is waking *loudly – and 'going back in'. Data from the prior portion of the night is back in the recesses somewhere. Here forward it begins new :

Template : John. house. mall. message. (*not a maze.

I am with John at the house.. There is another man here with us, dark hair, light skin, just your average looking guy. *a guide. The majority of my time here seems with him, or is being influenced by him. We are at the house for some time, I am receiving guidance, but the majority of what I bring forward into me as detail is from the mall. The ride from the house to the mall is very fun. I am periodically coming into full lucidity, into both the in-between field and this one where the ride is happening. The ride is by air. I am holding onto a rope, as though extending down from an air craft and riding just above and through the city streets. Just as the cars are.

It is notable that quite often, as an energy building technique, my upper body and arms are 'worked' like this. My observance of this has made it also a lucidity trigger for me. It feels good to be working my arms, I feel strong. Even from the conscious state of awareness – of being lucid – I feel I can hold on and have fun swinging through like this. At one point we almost collide with a woman crossing an intersection at the light. We stop, near nose to nose with her. The look on her face is priceless. I get a good look at her, at her face. It is different. She has a very different sort of look about her. Somewhat African, but pale skin for such, short African style hair, dressed 'hip', dark brown leather jacket.

There are various concepts and a very clear message I am receiving from the mall area :

- Doors. many doors. I can barely fit through these doors.
- Fruit. diet is discussed. the idea of fasting and an upcoming event which it is for. it starts at 5pm and only lasts less than a day.
- Meandering. meetings. children. animals. special HUGs. one in particular opens my solar plexus.

As I am meandering through here, lucidity fluctuating from high to low I see this is not a typical visit to the mall, and not a maze. There are a variety of brief, but intelligent interactions with others. A woman in a swim suit in the dressing room with her daughter (who is lying on the floor looking up at us on another level). A man and woman entering the elevator I am exiting, a clear recognition, or thought of recognizing the man. *not from my immediate life but from somewhere, from within the fields?—I am wondering.

I have lost sight of the man, the guide who has brought me here.. I am going to have to find my own way back to John's. I ask a lady in the food court the name of this mall. She says "Island Mall". So I know where I am. I know John's is at The Lakes.

I look in my purse for a cell phone and it is here.

I am going to call for a cab when I wake.

Note : Message : There is something upcoming. This is being told me repeatedly in the fields this past week. Guidance is to stop eating at 5pm each night and intermittent fast till the next morning. Based on the hours given in this experience it appears a 3–4 hour eating window is being suggested. The urging toward a more all fruit diet (ie: detox) has been coming through even into my day hours the past 2 weeks.

October 24, 2019

Q : No questions going in.

Template : Above ground. under ground. caverns. walled like a bunker. OBE shift. I am being repeatedly, physically rolled onto my back.

Apartment. hallways. doors. little dog. looking around. kitchen. dishes. some things are missing. carpet. dog pee. not my dog's pee.

Woman. large dog. looks so so much like her *even human-ish. I look back and forth at the two. wow. white poodle-like hair. big hug.

There is a man in a room to whom I am supposed to say something. I don't want to. How am I going to explain how I know this. He is going to ask. Later in the scene we are talking more casually, we know each other better and I am going to say it to him. It is a message from someone passed over.

I am walking up the street, or am sort of put/inserted here as a young attractive man is walking by going the other way. Again—I am meant to connect with him, to say

something to him, interact with him. I do not. I get to the house, Dad's house, and this guy's car, an old hippy style Volkswagon bug is not doing well. He pulls it over right at the house, actually driving it up and parking in the dirt area outside the front door. I see his younger teenage sister in the rather collapsed back seat. She looks 13-14 years old, very blonde hair. They get out of the car and come in.

Cavern. /bunker. white sand colored. There are a variety of people down here. Standing out to me is an older man, roughly 65 years old, wearing a white lab coat. He is supposed to be placed together *with me? and a younger girl in a household. It is being decided how to do this. I am moving in and out of so many scenes/data streams it is hard to keep up. There is the concept of a 3 day fast. Derrick is here in this area with me. spinach. pink liquid. white pill. The latter is for some sort of interrogation purpose. I have no problem ingesting it. No problem participating.

OBE. manual shift. the beings are right here in my room with me :

I am highly conscious of being physically rolled onto my back. I am handling this well. It has actually occurred multiple times already this morning. On one occasion my azurite palm stone is placed directly on my chest for me to find. *somewhere it would never actually be. This is something that in this fashion generally does not happen in the early morning hours. More normally this activity occurs at the top of the night.

I am now in the underground area more consciously. I am aware I am unclothed. I walk down a long unpopulated corridor into a make-shift bathroom of sorts. Just a cubby with a pail and curtain for a door. A young black man tries to come in. I yell out that the space is occupied.

Following this a variety of other men also try to see who is in here. It is all too much for me. Awareness is fluctuating. I am explaining that I belong here, I live here.

I can't keep the peace – and shift.

October 25, 2019

- Man : white cotton tunic and pants. standing atop a white Taj Mahal shaped structure. It appears to be his home. It appears to be out in the country and not in or near any city area. I am viewing from above and behind. Big cloudless blue sky. ? Pakistan.
- The year 1352 : man. medieval room. large grey bricks. getting up out of a bed. hard bed, not blanketed. It is more in a hall or entry way type space than a bedroom. He is dressed in a heavy suit of clothes. grey. gold. a sort of red. He has well groomed, shoulder length, wavy grey hair worn/combed close to the head. I am not being let to directly see the face.
- I am in a scene wherein people are being shot at. One woman in particular. The scene is being run in various ways, in which the woman runs in a different direction each time. Each time she ends up shot in the same way. In the neck, her head

separated from her body. This is occurring in the street. Going various ways around a dirty white moving type truck.

- I am sitting on a bed : water all around the bed. my feet are resting on a device next to it. I ask what it is and hear "Robyn's breathing machine". It does not look like any oxygen generator I have ever seen. There are fragments coming through about a bank and it working with the girl (mostly for its own benefit) to get the girl what she needs.

October 26, 2019

A left brain task comes up near the dinner hour and I am working on it right up to bedtime.. Something I have to solve with my device gobbling up too much of our bandwidth each month. I have to solve this so the Zooms and all the uploads can continue without interruption. There is no time for practice –to still myself before going in. The energies are likewise hitting me. I am having a challenge getting in through them. After a few hours, around midnight I fall off. – 6am alarm as it is a work morning. The family is up and frantically, loudly preparing to leave for Z's swim meet.

I have only the fragment (sent to me) at wake time :

- Wolf : on the pink side of dirty white. howling. I see him in various scenes from various angles. in snow covered land. Now a man. walking in the snow. He is impacted by a huge snow ball somewhat larger in size than himself. It lifts him off the ground and up into air.

October 27, 2019

I get to bed early (/ in good time. Lots of dreaming but even so it is hard for me to hold onto them each time cycling through beta.. I am in steady communication with my guidance. I am relaying this to them. A symbol flashes. The triple crescent moon symbol of the goddess I came across this past evening, they are saying they will use this to induce the holding. I agree and am working with trying it on.....(fade). — I notice I have broken a sweat again here in my sleep. third instance that I have noticed. There is energy clearing work going on :

I am in a white/silver/grey area. One of the occupants, a young man has sculpted a substance into a rounded scooped seated chair. There is nothing very special about the chair itself, aside from the substance – but I find the idea behind it being here very beautiful. (am I on a craft?). The clay-like substance is still soft, I am smoothing some of the areas around its edges. I am kneeling here in this area the man has created. I offer him my own area as a sleep space as he will need it while I myself am occupying his. He accepts and goes up. We are still in communication and the communication is still unfolding as I wake. This man seems so familiar. Is it (ald85) Adam?

In another area : a reference to George Michael. I am saying "doesn't everyone think you look like George Michael".

Song : The Human League : [Keep Feeling] Fascination

🎵 Keep feeling fascination
Passion burning
Love so strong
Keep feeling fascination
Looking, learning
Moving on

October 28, 2019

After a long work day I am getting settled back at home and in bed / falling in around 10:30pm.. I am entering the same data fields repeatedly the past weeks / months. This is interesting in itself. Something is trying to embed, deeper and faster than what is more normal. I am open :

Tactical teams working world-wide out of large moving trucks. They all have a kitchen, eating space and laundry. No two are alike and some are moderately to a good deal more organized than others. There is one in particular I am very impressed with. As I am exploring these (cycling through beta) I am also realizing I know how to move my mind to zero point to travel and do this work more non-linearly. But I like what these people have done and are doing, -respect. Question : I am working with these teams of people?

Another house: large rooms. Derrick. Roger. Sandy. pattern resurrection/ recognition / resolution : I am walking through rooms on a mission to do everyone's laundry. I am noticing there are lots of white towels. I am noticing, looking down at my hand I am walking through Derrick's room with a lit cigarette. I am apologizing. In the trash there is a cat in a brown paper bag. A circle cut out of the front where his face is popping through. I pick him up, let him out and say "we are going to have to find you a better home". (cycling through beta) I hear the concept "the cat is out of the bag" and am wondering now what the cat represents.

Note: I am being sent an idea. it will bring all my siblings to zero point. zero debt. It involves the idea of someone from the movies being sent to me. I will have to see a clear path through this to open to it.

Song : Smash Mouth : All Star

🎵 All that glitters is gold
🎵 Only shooting stars break the mold

October 29, 2019

Roughly an hour or two before bedtime I am all of sudden extremely dizzy.. Hours later, falling in – it has still not passed.

Classical vocalist : Energetic matching/aligning : There is a trio being formed between he, myself and another man (who is more my class (who is taking me to hear him. The vocalist thinks I am coming for him. And in a way I seem to be. Although this is more a date with the other. The vocalist connects with me, energetically connects with me and proposes we see what happens. I do like him, I am attracted to the energy, yummy blissful vibes. The man who is more my friend has a cough. A sickness is coming on. I know this. I am feeling it almost as a direct experience.

This is all happening even now as I write in a larger collage of events. This is the section I am most holding to. I am writing this in the very early morning hours, it is still night out. Let's see what more wants to come..... Yes. We have a table where some of us who belong together are sitting. It is by a rail, on the other side of the rail are a collection of others who are wanting and able to come over. The vocalist moves our table from the rail to a small distance away from it to show that we are a complete group and not open for more at this time.

I think this is brilliant. I did not know how we would keep this all more to ourselves.

Now I am serving others : I am spilling the ice tea am pouring for someone. I am watching this from first *and third person. I am writing some words onto a piece of paper, organizing them. I think these are food items. they are food items. they are what people like and don't like in a certain order. There is someone here in third person with me. I am receiving a message. " The idea is to investigate and explore. Not get caught up in or overtaken by the waves, energies, experiences. Investigate and explore. not judge, choose sides, belittle. —Investigate and explore.

City mall-scape w/ mom : We are separated and then come back together. It is natural for us to go our own ways. I take a path that inclines down to where the animals are. high state of lucidity while right here in particular. The (yellow) pathways here are not very wide. they are open and one could easily fall to the levels down below. The animals are soo real. They are oxen-like creatures. There is some wariness with each approach but I am okay. It is more a hesitation. They are coming up the center and there is not quite enough room for me to move around them.

There is a moment of slow anticipation on my part, and perhaps acknowledgement on theirs.. They have to move slightly one way or the other and around me. I am relieved each time they do, rather than not and walk right into me, which they could easily do. I see mom up there on the upper levels now. I call out loudly to her many times. I don't think she is actually hearing me but I do manage to work my way back to her all the same. She is not quite right. She is mom but not mom (disguised guides ?).

Astral predator : he is a slightly older man. bald. tan. dressed casually well. He attaches to my right and it is like I am immobilized (sleep paralysis ?). I ask mom to help me but she is doing nothing. She is absorbed in her own activity. It is like I have no arms. I myself cannot push him off. I seem only to be able to call for help. The guidance team

around me sweeps me in. A manager of the area we are in. It is enough to detach this person from me. I still cannot believe mom was no help.

Now the spinning of a scenario :

The man begins acting as though nothing just happened. He is a sociopath. Being outgoing and friendly to everyone who is around here so they think it is I who am 'off'. I tell mom we need to get out of here. She is not listening, she is still absorbed, still wants to shop, to buy clothing items for me. I finally have to pack her items up myself and force quit the area. My anxiety level, and the impetus to depart being very high.

On our way out, we are walking and on foot, we pass through a gas station.. A red, white and blue oil tanker is backing up to pull away and I have to reach out my hand to stop it from mowing me over. No difficulty at all in doing this, in redirecting the vehicle but something is now all over my hand. High degree of lucidity looking down at my hand at this oil slick-like goo that is all over it.

A few of the attendants come interact with me. (cycling through beta) I am listening to the mechanics talk about the joy in working in groups. I am at the same in the in-between having this same talk with my guidance.

Discussion afterward : In the city mall-scape. working through what happened w/ a helper.

October 30, 2019

Walking a tightrope *again : man. others. me. three in particular. seamlessly blended into the scenes playing out.

Very large woman : She is sleeping propped up on many pillows. She is mentioning a tube/device in her body she is needing a cap for so that it does not leak in the bed. We talk about this cap piece and I feel I know what it is she needs. I will go get the piece for her so she can sleep more at ease. I head out (my house not hers) but I must be new here in this location. I ask a woman directions to the closest drug store. I am able to feel it is very close but columns block my view. She is showing me and I am seeing it now—and I shift over.

In the store it is very busy. Lots going on : elevator. stairs. many areas with many shops. classrooms. etc.. I get a bit tied up in classrooms, then again looking for my purse *a cool leather "hippy" purse. In one of the classrooms I save a lady's dog. She is doing a shooting demonstration and as a finale is saying she is going to shoot the dog. I am absolutely in no way going to let her do this. I get up from the floor, say this is enough, no she cannot shoot the dog. I scoop up the dog in my arms and carry her back with me to where I was. It is then announced this was a test. I am the only one who passed, who would stand for the dog. An item is awarded to me. The cutest little leather doggy head-piece. The pooch I scooped up was wearing one and I was admiring it. So two of these are being awarded to me.

I continue my search for the cap piece. Looking for security to help me locate the proper segment of the store in which to find it. I finally do find the right area. I find two sky blue cap pieces. This is when I realize I must have left my purse in one of the classrooms.

Various interactions with others while finding my way back through to these areas: very fun. students. security. tests.

Additional themes throughout the night are too many to write out in detail.

The basic themes are :

- ET family portrait. large white fuzzy spider kind of thing
- Bathroom. pee all over all of the seats. attached to a school. classes.
- Shorty's death bed. odd/bizarre. Maria. Leah. flowers.
- Chase/race scene. odd/bizarre.

The past month(s) the repeating dream themes I want to make note of are :

- Large moving trucks
- Cleaning large piles of laundry
- Tight rope

October 31, 2019

Drink : alcoholic beverage. gets more and more decadent. vodka?, coke, long pour of vermouth and cherries. I can taste it. A woman here with me can also and is guessing the name of it. Man. woman. cultural exchange. He is British / English and she, American : soiree. dance. a flash through their lives *which separated. A light battle of wits. This is a reunion after the fact. A remembrance, I think of the man, following his passing.

Darr and I : stage and other areas. a movement I can do. From an upright position I can, with momentum, sweep myself down at an angle toward the ground *a bit like tipping over sideways and back up again. I am hearing the concept : gyroscope. I am playing with it a lot in my dreams lately. Following this, it is night and Darr and I are running through the parking lot toward the car. I can't see a thing. My vision is highly distorted.

Now we are at the movies. in another theatre. The movie we are watching stops and something else is inserted. We see a portion of the back of a man dressed in white. At the end of the clip he signs his name and we see it is : Elvis Presley. The reel stops and now a man is coming through with flyers to get the next movie free, as the movie we came to see was interrupted. He doesn't feel like handing these out to everyone individually so throws them loosely on the floor by the stage/screen.

The flyers have some of my photographic work on them. They are photos of Darr and two others, one of which, another female – we are here with. We are walking out

through the hallway toward the front and Darr is acting like she works here, a bit like she owns the place. She is questioning a young man who has run into the scene. I am doing more of my gyro scoping. Here in the entry/hallways, then on stage.

Tight clothes : a one piece short and tube top combination : I am struggling to squeeze it into its right place, gradually receding behind thin, sheer colorful curtains and then exiting a back stage door. A small amount of weirdness here with another door to another area, very high up. into a toilet area *foul smelling. I am not going up into here. It is night, others are about, a man/manager is approaching as I fade.

Shifts : they are all so different, so unique. I am seeing the energy breakdown of roughly ten of them. Experiencing them through my body.

Bird : beige / cream. black wing tips. small round metallic silver eyes. opens into a female et species – klingon-like.

November 1, 2019

I am writing articles on the website in advance of writing them here in physical space. The one I am working here is about : (___?___).

I am flying home. On the way to the airport I intersect with Ronaji and at the airport I intersect with Ann Hurley. She is telling me something about her technique, or strategy for gambling. The whole time I am moving through this segment (which is far larger than what I have just stated) I am keeping track of my flight tickets. I do not want to lose track of them. It is important I not.

Someone *more futuristic tries on an old school jet pack to see if it works. If it can get into outer space. It works just fine. Now mom. In a black shirt. She is showing me it is not too large on her after I am saying it is. Everything is big on her. She is so small. I am seeing/keying in on the detail at the neck, sheer/lacy, tree like –and the extra space at the back. She is turning round in a circle showing/modeling how good a fit it really is.

I am standing inside Norma's kitchen with the cats. I am smelling something foul. like skunk. I close the sliding glass door. —Question : has Norma passed away? or is she maybe in the process? (on this “day of the dead”).

November 2, 2019

Template : fish. fitness. other foods. cellulose “meat” packs.

- Fish : it gathers in a side area. it is suggested each day around 1–2pm. if consumed : whole. with skin. with bone. minced.
- Asana : with Bruce. seated forward fold. supine twists. seated forward fold + swing arms straight up first then fold straight forward. like a collapsing right angle. I am

feeling some difficulty in my body with the upward swing toward the end. we are doing these movements for quite some time. The situation in my back behind the heart is being addressed. the discomfort here each night as I sleep.

- An area with other yoga people. This is where the idea of the cellulose "meat" packs is also coming through. The correct way in which to heat/cook these is being shown. I spend a good deal of time here in this area. I am definitely on a craft being advised.
- OBE. I am sitting in a room with a few young boys *all African American. They are working a project. One of them very definitely sees me. I am gradually coming into full conscious awareness here. I am unclothed. They are making a colorful window blind. They are beading/threading colorful plastic rings together : navy blue, white, pink, two other colors. a lighter blue. black?
- Lana : apartment. a device with water meant for cleansing. colon hydrotherapy? the water is overflowing through the tube when it should not be. when the device is turned off. lucidity trigger. Note : today is Lana's birthday.

November 3, 2019

Destroyed world : everything to guard a "golden" chicken. One is found by the warring faction and is killed along with its protector. But there is another. I assist in the knowing of this and where it is. A special man is sharing food with it in an interesting way. From the mouth of the man, where it is chewed, to the mouth of the chicken, where it is chewed again. back and forth. This is training.

ET ships are flying all around overhead, looking for us. The ground is battle worn from their fire. their attack. Everything is dirt, and debris and destroyed. These are regular shuttle craft with two stripes of green light on their undersides. It is their job to destroy the story/history. Any sort of special-ness. We keep recreating the story/history. keeping the myth and the hope alive.

I am in the home of a young man. I am not supposed to be here. or – the parent figures do not know that I am. But they are awoken, the dad figure. I am discovered but it is not catastrophic. I am leery of him but he wishes to work with me. He is going to work with my feet. (my feet are hot IRL). There is an open window, a history on my device he must not find. He steps away to look for what he will need for the work/ technique on my feet and although a bit last minute I do begin deleting/closing this open window. It is the destroyed world scene from above.

Note : There is much interesting activity, beginning from the moment I lay down tonight. I shift immediately in, less than 30 seconds. I am being communicated with and communicated through. An alien language is being spoken. I am in paralysis. I cannot swallow and am drooling. I snap myself out of this multiple times to stop the drooling. Only to drop right back in. Again and again. Three times in all that I remember. Note : the dad figure mentioned I recognize as a movie actor but not by name. Later this afternoon he appears in a Star Trek : Enterprise episode.

His name is Clancy Brown.

Symbols :

- ET contact. long experience.
- Three spiraling vortexes appear. white, silver, grey.
- The entire story in text, ruled/justified at the sides and in a specific shade of olive/frog green.

November 4, 2019

- Mom, Derrick, family — everyone is carrying big guns. really big guns. I am observing, not knowing why. I do not want one.
- Parking the car for the night. In the morning I see I have parked in the space wrong. The spaces were marked parallel and I parked as one would these days, at the curb. There is a structure approximately bumper height that the people's cars juusst make it over. Mine included when I do back into the space properly. I am not knowing the meaning of this or why it is catching my attention – but it is.
- Training programs : I am being heavily worked out in here. fun. physically mentally emotionally. On a workout bike I begin spinning in big circles, this catches a lot of people's attention. Including mine. It is meant to catch Erich's and it does. The channeling has come to his attention, he is assisting me in this now. With him is the arrival of the feeling of the deep mystery schools. I adore this. I am being taught a new technique. I am learning it myself and also teaching it to James. Much symbolism ensues. A wooden treasure box falls over. A few items fall out onto the earth. I am picking them up, relating their meaning and uses to someone. Erich is standing here with me.

November 5, 2019

Wood to wood. water to water – meaning : the elements are not shifting into their additional frequency states and additional / higher 'forms' This is an experiment. I am performing it. I am male *the idea of a white lab coat. It is just an idea. I am a scientific type person. An alchemist perhaps. I am exploring ideas. This is a time before the invention of the lightbulb. My area is lit by firelight. It is humble, and natural, almost like the inside of a cave. I am writing the story. This is where we are in the story as I am writing these words. But there is more. I can see it here on the parchment even though I have not written it yet in physical time space. *I do not peek at what is written to see what happens later on. I just focus on this phrase – wood to wood, water to water. The elements are not yet shifting.

I am in a house, there are many areas attached and others are here with me.. I will begin with the woman. I am giving her a yoga lesson. I suggest she begin 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 give an

adjustment. (question) Is this what leads to all the animals getting loose? There are wild animals loose everywhere. 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 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 engaged 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 alert to it yet 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. I am in the section just next to the main house now. 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 to my own 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 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 too fast. The skin on his face is very worn, almost scarred. I am asking about all the costs when I shift back through the frequencies into physical space.

Wow.

I ask my Guidance if there is anything else before I get up.

I am flashed an image of Nick Zano from the Legends of Tomorrow series who plays the : Historian.

November 6, 2019

- Care work. Inger. the inner pre-arranging of the ground level care contracts.

Green water : waterfall. powerful : This area is built right into the rock's edge. The colors are charcoal grey, light grey and green. High level of lucidity every time I notice the water and the falls and the energy. Soo real as I put out my hand and feel the spray. see the green and foam white. I am telling someone here with me I don't know how I feel being this close to it. this close to the edge. the power.

There is a recovery, or hospital type bed here. A man who is exhausted and has had too much to drink is laid out across it. This is not who the bed is for but I remove his socks and get him in here more comfortably on the right side. Then I go to help who I perceive the bed IS for. Atom. (Ray Palmer). Who has fallen off the other side onto the floor. Truly nice energetic connection through the whole front body as I hug-lift him off the floor and get him back in the bed. Lucidity fades as I begin having trouble adjusting the head and foot of the bed.

A young and somewhat mean, quite odd looking asian woman comes in (*she looks more alien than Asian : yellow skin, dark hair pulled back tight) and begins saying I was supposed to be sleeping. I point out that there are two men here, trying to explain but she doesn't listen. Her energy and attitude is actually making me angry and I am yelling now, threatening to quit, asking where is the person in charge. She tells me. I leave to give this person my notice. I walk right through this environment into another.

I am now finding a seat around a bar. It is high end and in very good taste. Lots of browns and golds. Someone comes by to give me a gift. not special. just an etiquette applied to everyone who comes. It is a pink, purple and white flat pad. I set it down on the counter and begin meeting with the woman in charge. (fade)

Looking for bathroom : each stall is behind a curtain. each room is very different. most are a poop mess. A girl who is coming out of the last one I try wishes me well. There are many who wish me well throughout the night. This room is pristine clean. I am so happy. But I make the mistake of turning on the light and the space begins to be populated. It is not a bathroom. The environment opening up is a place of work. *High level of lucidity as I am shifting back into physical space. I am getting a very good look at the room, the tapestry, textiles, tactile sensations. There are two spaces interconnecting. On the side where the man now is, it is a resort or hotel style restaurant kitchen. On my side a room of textiles. The spaces are connected by what I am at first taking as the toilet. Which to them is a floor sink.

Notable aspects through this area :

1. Walking against the wind *extremely hard to walk.
2. I pass a woman who has collapsed on the way back through to the bathroom area.

November 7, 2019

No recall.

Just one single remnant : Turn of the century beat cop riding a horse through a city park-like area.

Note. I stayed up waaay too late.

November 8, 2019

- Throughout the this whole segment I am holding a chair for myself. It is literally a little wooden chair. It is to hold my place. I am keeping track of it as though this is of utmost importance. It ends up in many places and many positions.
- I am leaving my car parked here in this area for three days. There is the idea of the sun, that too much may come through the front window and that I may want to turn it around. I am told I cannot leave her here untended. I am not sure why, she is parked in a driveway.
- There is a whole city area here. I am being shown around by a guide. a woman. blonde. I am sometimes admiring her clothes. her tops. they keep changing. A genuine Mexican restaurant (and others) are pointed out to me. specifically the Mexican restaurant is pointed out as having truly genuine cuisine. some of the people from one of the restaurants are helping me hold my chair.
- June (Canine) ?
- I am in the backyard. I am working with the huge pile of leaves to take up to the base of the oak tree.

November 9, 2019

I dreamt all night. That is, after I could finally get to sleep. The energies have been amping up at night again. The sacrum and hot feet are still a thing. I even went through my recall process around 4am and got into the most pertinent collage. For reasons unknown I just let it go. There is something happening the past couple/few weeks energetically. I wonder if others are feeling it also. It is an energy that brings on the feeling of nothing really mattering. Of the rote and mundane. It is in direct opposition with my more magical stance and it has been attempting to wiggle in for weeks. In all likelihood this is related to the impending CLEANSE (and cleansing time

of year) at hand. – and that which is about to be flushed. A sort of last ditch effort on someone's part. Which only serves to spotlight the situation and strengthen my resolve and focus. Let's see what happens tonight. I am always, ever ready to see more.

November 10, 2019

It is one of those nights where the sensation of time is a good deal altered. Time is passing in slow motion. I wake to use the bathroom at what feels to me the end of the night and it is only 12:45am *only 2 cycles in. At 4am I begin my process of actively collecting data. Work morning so it is a 6am alarm. I am opening communications with my dream team. I am getting nicely into the shift but not into the data.

I ask that the data be given first. (nothing. I say this is unacceptable. (I am flashed the image of an English soldier, a somewhat comical expression upon his face, one arm holding to something, perhaps a train, the other extended. Probably to me, but at this moment I am not wanting to climb on board – here I am wanting the collage / collected data from the night. I say to them, this is not what I have been dreaming.

A bit later, closer to the alarm time I try to invoke a 'time slip'.. There is only 20 minutes more before I have to get up and I am calling for an OBE wherein I can play with the time and gain the data I am going after. I am in the in-between, full body on the threshold between wake and sleep.. It is lovely but I am wanting more. There must be a reason for the threshold state, being given this alone the past few days.

November 11, 2019

1111 Gateway

I am participating in the prearranging of physical, Earth life events from the galactic point of view.

Tonight I am seeing my Earth family meet, specifically seeing the discussion where-in my sister, Sandy, is telling the others that she and I have already discussed the plan to move her son Stephen to group care when she herself leaves the Earth plane.

There is an opening in the earth, it is going way down deep...there is lots of activity going on down in there. CB is here. he appears to be eating cockroaches. I am trying to get the others, Derrick in particular to get him to stop. I myself cannot reach him. I am up higher. They all are down below in the earth, in the tunnel, vortex, going down.

I am seeing more clearly the border between 'there' (galactic space, my galactic point of view and 'here' (my earth person, perspective. The very specific wave from there to here that results in a sort of wash of all that data, content, activity when shifting back through to physical space. I need, and want to have a closer look at it. At the reconfigurations necessary to retain all that content.

Guidance : I am in communion with my guidance team and going over what I will be working on over the next few days. Certain actions and activities and the most, not just advantageous but creative ways to go about them.

November 12, 2019

A full body bliss state is coming on me an hour or so before going in.., around 10pm. This feels wonderful. I am thinking this is what the K energy should feel like every night, now, or once there are no more blockages. It is phenomenal.

It is more prevalent through the whole front body, notably the legs, the thighs, hip crease, navel and tops of the feet. Through the back body there is less of a sensation. Note : Peta Morton posted today about an earthquake flurry through a large portion of the globe. Question : Are these connected?

Through the top portion of the night I am connecting and talking with guidance for roughly two cycles – then :

Work : Inner world WORK. I am literally immovable in the bed for long periods of time and then sporadically tossing and turning, *two cycles. There is a great deal of heat throughout the body. I am aware of this each cycle through beta. There is an enormous amount of data being processed. I don't even try to embed it. What I am noting seems more important. After this :

I am collaborating with Jan. – computer graphics stuff as well as all our GTC sites.

In the early morning as I am waking : I am observing a scene. There is a standoff between a hippy group and undercover police. bad groups of people. both (maybe. definitely the hippy group is not good. One of them throws a woman off a platform. she is one of them. she is struggling for her life. it doesn't look good. The hippies are in some disagreement as to the intelligence of this move, but for the most part, with the exception of one woman are in agreement with it. Even the woman who is opposed is only so due to the group's own lack of personal gain. She cares nothing for the woman about to die. I am trying to enter further to hear more but am shifting back into physical space.

I decide to wake now, early.. (lots of work to do.

November 13, 2019

There are two wealthy ladies, a female guide and me. The girl and I are remote viewing (seeing in advance) what a tree, notably the shape of the trunk will look like before it gets here. Before it actually arrives in the reality. I do detect an era but it is more a composition. The two wealthy ladies are going to buy the tree. I am working for them. Others are working for them too, 12 others to be exact. There is so much work.

As I am moving through the tree nursery there is a circular, carved out landing on my left where I see Tilak. It is a very green space, lined with high green shrubbery and green grass. Very 'farmer' like feel to the energy dynamic of the space. Dozens, maybe hundreds of apples all around him at his feet. I am saying "this makes me so happy". (why am I saying this? even as I am saying it I am wondering). He approaches, walks with me, talks with me. – but I am not bringing the conversation back with me. The girl guide I am with has walked off.

Now I am seeing some trees, some tree trunks, there is one that near matches the shape that was coming to me when the girl guide and I were advance seeing. A lady is proposing another particular tree. It is not even starting to grow yet. It is as a planted seed in potted soil. The pot is burgundy colored, somewhat wide and quite shallow. I can't imagine the tree will be very large. She is describing what it will look like and how it will always have to be trimmed to not outgrow the pot. I am saying no no no no.. It is too much work. There is already so much work.

Bonnie : I am walking through this area for a long while. very surreal. the kind of energy I just adore experiencing in the dream state. I have walked into a take out Chinese restaurant. The lady at the register is familiar, she is known to me/us. Bon Bon looks good. She walks in from outside rather than going by. I am telling her how wonderful she looks. It is so good to see her. There is someone else here in this area with us too, a male, (who is it?). Now the scene turns. The concept of strangling. The color white. I hear the words, if they don't come around WAKE THEM UP.

I am having many awarenesses through this dynamic.

1. This is why we sometimes feel the sensation of being strangled when consciously 'going out'
2. This is what can happen when it is time to go back and we don't

As I am waking I am seeing two color blobs, one purple-ish and one green. I am seeing my brother, Roger, standing up a from a recliner in the purplish blob. I am seeing the same moment of him standing from a seated position repeated until I open my eyes.

November 14, 2019

Going into the night I am experiencing the 'champagne bubbles' – (notably through my thighs) – so common to OBEs.

First template : (mid night) : Mom. mowing. entertaining guests. Main concept : Mom usually does all the heavy work. I am aware of the truth of this. She has more gusto than us all *all her kids. I tell her I will do the mowing and she can entertain the guests. The mower is an old fashioned type. There is so much to mow over, it is all so big, I am not sure how she ever gets this done.

Seamless shifts. whole body. ascension *rehearsal, practice, experience. – repeated again and again with each pass through beta. I am being encouraged to write about this. It is why this 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 I 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 rectangular cluster, 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. 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 man comes to the woman on my right *blonde hair, 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 are 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.

November 15, 2019

I came away from the night only knowing I was with the ETs. – image of a dog at an intersection being held on a tight leash.

November 16, 2019

I discover two locations / coordinates / addresses and come in for a closer look. They are beige and cream colored downtown/municipal type buildings, one next to the another. They begin with the digits 64____ and 74____. I go into one rather than the other of them. It is possible I go into one, and then the other of them. Inside there is a great deal of activity. I am in here the whole night, way too much data to bring back. My awareness is keying in on a cluster of concepts just prior to interrupting my sleep:

There is an older man, a sheriff type. Others are being held captive/hostage. He is going to get us all out of here. It is a frozen, snowy area. Someone is throwing him the rifle right now *as I am getting up to use the bathroom.. While here, there is the investigation and exploration of the area, possibly as a female sheriff. There are air vents, I am elevating up through them with an anti-gravity device, a piece of "gel" technology. The device is beige colored, roughly 7 inches in length with a 2 inch diameter.

In here I am intersecting, possibly interacting with another man, roughly 50–60 years old, a sort of (mad?) scientist doctor. Not a good guy. He is healing his back of wounds with large blobs of the same gel-like technology. I am curious as to why he does not heal his back all the way. There are remaining bruised areas and almost notches, two of them which remind me of where wings might be on a bird, or angel.

In another area more hospital-like with little cubbies where there are people, I am cleaning an infested area. I am meeting many people. Mostly older men. There is an Irishman's voice talking into the scenes from behind the scenes.

A conversation about me when I was 15....

November 17, 2019

While looking in from the physical field I am experiencing vibrationally through my cells, the inner scenes. My attention is holding to this vibration more than the visuals. I am not penetrating the one through to the other. Even though there is of course much that is visually occurring. I try three times, at least, throughout the night, each time succumbing to the experience through my cells. This is different, it should be said, than the vibrations experienced when going out of body. The focus is different and the feeling is different. It is likewise not the same as what I call 'stasis'. It is more a matter of simply focusing more on feeling itself, experience itself – than the visual element of the experience. Pure sensation. And specifically through the cells of the body, as distinct from the body as a whole. Fascinating.

November 18, 2019

Just a general statement.

It has been challenging the past four days to catch on from within the dream fields, since 11:11 – a new energy to acclimate to. We will all acclimate and get into the swing of the new dynamic. It may just take a few days or weeks to fully synch in.

OBE

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, Roswell, (the idea to write/communicate w/) Dawn Shears

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 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 off to one side. I don't want to move, to 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, 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 is 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 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.

November 19, 2019


In non-stop telepathic communication behind the scenes.

My attention is fixed to this commune so much more strongly than the scenes I just can't hold them, see into them. Each cycle through beta, the shift from the one wave to

the other is too abrupt, and the one like a literal wave washing over me. I have only this awareness. A part of our communication is relative to the recent work on all the sites, but this is only a small portion of it.

The greatest portion is being condensed and capsulated in a song — Here With Me.

This stanza over and over and over..

 I won't go
I won't sleep
I can't breathe
Until you're resting here with me.....

Before ending this session and my sleep I ask for parting message. Very rapidly a structure swings in close into clear view :

At first it seems a large ship, then a shoe – viewed from the sole upward.

I understand.

November 20, 2019

Meetings and conversations with those who have passed over. —Sandy. Inger.

Sandy has been coming to me a great over the past month or more. Tonight she is taking me around to various locations, potential living locations. One is a temple, she takes me to visit the temple location. There is a great deal of activity here I am not bringing back with me. Only that I am here, we approach and I go in. The other is a cul-de-sac, it reminds me of Los Angeles, dirty, low frequency. I am not liking it at all and do not want to go there. It is perhaps where Inger is, though.. Sandy is facilitating a connection now between Inger and myself. She is wanting to reach me, although I perceive myself as calling *her on the phone. We say hello. I shift into her direct location. We are catching up with each other as I am shifting back into physical space.

Concept : Eating out of an open purse.



November 21, 2019

Wandering lost.. I have a helper *male. I like this helper a lot. he reminds me to call in the light.

I am moving through a variety of seemingly random concepts. There is a walk-in freezer. It is not working, bowls of ice are put in to make it work more like an old fashioned freezer *without electricity. I am here multiple times at this freezer. After the

ice is put in I step into it. I am looking around and discover there are live animals in here. A bird, a cat and even a fish in a fish bowl. I remove this from the freezer while telling someone this in particular is not a good situation, fish can take only very mild changes in water temperature without shock. – and of course the water could freeze!

(shift)

I am in a girls area, a girl's dressing and mingling area. I borrow some clothing (I am unclothed, so officially through this area in a proper out of body) – a one piece black something or other. It has spaghetti straps and hangs low, similar to a negligee. It is following the activity here that I meet my helper. The clothing item is his, or related to him. I apologize and say I will get it back to him as soon as possible. He stays with me here forward.

- Rich. sitting. too close. a conversation about meat, relative to the freezer not working, my removing it in advance of this.

I am wandering on foot near and toward my car here in this area.. Goldie-Sunshine. I am asking/saying/knowing this is not smart. It is too close to work. I could be seen. I am heading toward the car in order to go to another location when I see in the midst of this altogether dreary-feeling-energy-landscape a beautiful patch of green green grass and lovely green green tree. It is so bright and so beautiful in comparison to all else. So comforting. I will have to remember, and return to this place, I am thinking as the scene is fading and I am waking proper.

November 22, 2019

Time is altered through the night. With every pass through beta (every 90 minute cycle) it feels as if a whole night has gone by.

At a table, others are filling out forms for physical dysfunctions, I am filling out mine on family dysfunction. A scene is playing out wherein no-one is listening to me and so a whole lot of weirdness is ensuing in a public mall-like area. Namely this is a misunderstanding on both my brothers part over some sort of violence they think they perceived being performed on me. If they would have just let me explain no weirdness would have ensued. Everyone goes off in all directions. I sit, head down on my knees until everyone returns.

A man behind me is using a newspaper to blow wind over me. As if I smell and he is blowing the stink away. Then everyone begins doing the same to get my attention. I am paying no mind to their activity or to them. One by one they attempt to come speak and gain my attention. Instead I begin helping others who are at the table filling out forms. Thier conditions and situations require more immediate attention, and doctoring. I want to help them. One lady has a problem in her throat. Another a problem with _____. I bring her a packet which explains what information is needed and how to fill out the forms. She is altogether new here to this place.

Food particles and pieces. I am removing large chunks of what looks like tofu from miso broth. I am in an airport-like location near a superhighway. A man walks by and takes just one piece out for himself. I ask if he wants them all. He declines, he says "they are not good for you". Later I am doing something similar again. In a bathroom setting. Only this time they are much larger whole foods from a water bath. A large basin/tub of water.

John : He is reading a script I wrote and gave him with instructions on how to guide a meditation. He is speaking from a distance but the voice is shifting me into his immediate presence. He is doing very well with the script. I can see him walking around the room – reading. He is heading toward the desk. He is wearing camel colored jeans and a striped? shirt.

November 23, 2019

Time is again flowing irregularly.. I wake at what I feel must be near 4am and it is only 1am.. following the next cycle it again feels the same way. It is as if I am receiving assistance somehow, into each shift through beta. Everything is super clear. All in which I have just been engaged. I am not always stopping to embed it, or waking fully to write it down proper. I am for now the past few days just noting this is occurring.

- Laughlin Nevada. John. Important meeting. (interrupted.
- I am in an environment listening to a girl speaking to a few others. She is speaking about another girl, I am seeing her as this other is saying what she is (roughly in her twenties, caucasian, shoulder length brown hair..). It is being said that she does not really have super powers – she was being tested as a remote viewer with cards, the girl is saying she is not actually seeing the cards, she knows this because when they began speeding up the flow of the pull of cards she began failing. It is being surmised the girl had instead tried memorizing them. I am now with this girl myself. We are meeting. We are sitting in a public area at a table discussing matters. (shift)
- I am walking up the street and pass John.. A bit further up the street he comes out of a structure at my precise juncture again. This is purposeful on his part. He altered his course deliberately in order to connect with me. I am reveling (laughing) at how this just happened, saying didn't we just pass each other just a moment ago? We begin dialoguing. As is typical I am not bringing the subject matter back with me but it has an important feel to it. In the midst of our talk the strangest thing happens. (I consciously catch this). The whole scene is just shut down and I find myself newly coming to in this exact same location only now it much later at night. It is so dark I can barely see in front of me.
- I am holding full conscious awareness of what has just happened and it feels important that I make my way back to John. I know right where to go. I stand fully upright and begin walking in the same direction I was originally heading, in the dark, following the curve of the sidewalk toward the right. Cars are parked along the curve. I begin seeing down into casino row, Laughlin, Nevada. John is a musician here and playing at one of the casinos. I am unclothed. (proper OBE). When I get

into the building where he is, everyone here is also naked. This makes it much easier for me to focus. There is no concern of standing out and trying to clothe myself. I head straight for John, straight for the stage.

- I approach him about what has just happened. *He is dreaming (question – am I in his dream? He says something smug and throws a few dollar bills at me. As though to dismiss me. I am not having any of it. I am not about to let him get away with that action. I want us both to be awake again. I pick up the dollar bills, go up on stage and head over to perform this same action out into the crowd. I do not do so when I see there are some young children out there. In a bleachers sort of area. I decide to leave. On the way back through the casino someone hands me a long night gown length t-shirt and I put it on. I am not happy and there is too much emotion. (I am back to dreaming).
- There are some people who are being improperly taken care of by resident staff, a large woman with short ash blonde hair, in particular, is being highlighted more than others – I am helping them now. This is a very long segment but I am holding to only the last man. An elder man. We are meeting. Talking about something very important. It has an 'alchemy' sort of feel to it. A "Nostradamus" sort of feel. I am in a new timeframe, candles light the darkened room, I am looking for a book, for paper.., to write something down, to embed it to awareness (so I am conscious again through this area) but I am going to have to go back in to see if I can get more of the details than this.

Note : I could not get back in to see what it is I am wanting so much to embed.

I try to instead dream more but it is near time to get up. **work day.

November 24, 2019

1:11 AM : I am focusing in on everything, making everything perfect.. At this moment precisely I am narrowing in on a grill-plate under my vehicle that has grass growing up through it. I am going into all the moments that make up this conceptual image. I am not right now recalling each and every of these in their visual (story line) formats, rather all of it is coming through as condensed, capsulated in an overall full body feeling. It just feels truly wonderful be doing this. To be doing this in precisely this way. From an expanded point, outside of time, all at once. Immediately freeing.

The rest of the night's dreams are lost to the alarm, no time for data recovery.

Work day.

November 25, 2019

Keyword : Gauntless. — (decipher, gauntlet + dauntless)

Two undercover women detectives. They are not who they think they are. They are being controlled by two men / demon-types. Hot tub. sex *information exchange. The whole scene shifts. I or someone (as a young man) comes after the two women for the truth of what is going on. I am in a hallway. grey. indoors. It is not hard catching up to the one here. I confront her. (which establishes a connection, a LIVE link). Now I am in an icy, snowy maze. A frozen snowy area. All the buildings / structures are iced. Inside it is more comfortable, more usual and I am looking for a bathroom. I literally run into a bouncer who I ask where to go. He checks with someone. Walks over and opens a door to the outside and tells me to pee in the snow. This is a maze, its purpose and the data available to be collected is of much more importance than what this sounds. I am leaving out whole chunks. It is just that the data is so complex, so complicated I am having difficulty processing it, wording it. I am going back in to see if I can get more clarity.

Another large dream segment, in addition to that above – that I lose.

Later : flashes of a life of a happy Eskimo boy.

November 26, 2019

Tyler Ellison : We know one another. We are here together with a small group of others. In a home, an apartment home type setting. Tyler is living with his mother. She is young but sick and not doing well. I am here, we are all here because we are care type persons. We are also channels. Tyler is training me. Physical body exercises. We are connecting at a cellular level through this training. Within our connecting / connection there is an interr-uption ..where-in we are guided into more personalized information relative to the two of us alone. —I am being taken around to visit many points in time, of/with others.. Floating as point consciousness through hallways, corridors. Another, a guide, behind me is explaining some of the details behind the moments that I will be observing. Such as “this is a time when you were being charged, upgraded, etc..”. I think here I am merged with Tyler.

Jurgen Ziewe : I am introducing him *and others here to the azurite crystal. I put two of them in with some snacks I set out for Jurgen and another man sitting here on the sofa. I point out that they are crystals and explain not to eat them. Jurgen picks them out and throws them on the floor. I hurriedly go to pick them up, saying not to do this as they are fragile and can break easily. I explain I have put them in with the foods to elevate their frequencies. We discuss, somewhat remedially this particular type of crystal. There are four here, two larger, two smaller. all faceted, all polished. This is all happening in my space. I am hosting everyone who is here. A whole, large segment upstairs in my room is remaining elusive. But there is a man here, dark hair, handsome, familiar.., there is communication, then he comes over to me for an information / energy / DNA exchange.

Note : There is very little color to many of the above scenes.., it is in great part very grey. shades of light in grey. Somewhat of a first.

November 27, 2019

Theme : All manner and types of communication.

It is interesting as I asked the question before going in, why content and conceptual data so much easier, and communication / dialogue, discussion so much harder to bring back into physical space. Then had a night full of multiple types of communicate.

The one that stands out, that I am bringing back with me is intriguing: I am as a tron, inside (of all things) a facebook chat screen, a quite literal conscious representation of the words/sentences/ideas being typed / communicated. I am – as this – communicating with other conscious representatives of the words/sentences/ideas being put through by others.

This is a fascinating idea. – that the words and clusters of words you see here are a form of conscious living being.

And that they, just as we – are communicating with each other.

November 28, 2019

David Bowie : I am first with his parents. There is the idea of addiction to crystal meth. I am bringing in the idea of quitting. Following much interaction, mom makes the move to destroy the large bag/stash of meth first. I come to know this is why I am here with them all in the first place. I tell them my own story. How it is possible to quit, how the body in time will self heal itself. All of this is moving me into David's arms. He steps in and we come together into a full hug / embrace / dance *full frontal body link. Exquisite. I think David has taken into himself all my closures. I am thinking I am here healing him but in fact he is healing me. The idea here is that my front body is now fully open.—to the world.

Another environment : young man. I am not myself. I appear a young version of a girl who looks somewhat like Dayna(?). I lay myself down with the young man. He is working through something and is 1) not awake./ acting in his sleep and 2) in this state, as someone else, another person(ality) altogether. He is a bit more open, malleable, easy to work with like this. Upon waking he is rude and orders me away from him. Although he does not wholly want this. As I am doing what he asks, muttering to myself that I was only here to help, he follows me on my way down the hall toward the bathroom. He says he could use the room, but instead of bullying in offers it to me first.

I am moving through this whole surreal structure. A composite of concepts, going nowhere in particular. The idea of the car. And now I am here.. concepts are coming up here too. A locker room concept, people coming in and out, the door in / out leading to many different places.

Question: What is this link, this connection I seem to have with David Bowie...???

November 29, 2019

I let myself 1) be distracted, and 2) be lazy.

We've had a big rain storm passing through here the past few days, temperatures are cold and some work men did something in the attic to make the heat not work in my room. So funny as I am the only one here the past few days. Any other room in the house could have been the one affected but for some reason, the only room being occupied was instead. I could have gotten past the cold had I focused, but it is a work morning so I opted to not, and instead busied myself staying unconscious. lol ...I did make one brief attempt to recover data. I shift almost immediately into outer space. Into a star field. A real nice, easy seamless shift. Too intoxicating, though. I am out in less than 30 seconds.

November 30, 2019

Epic conscious shift into an OBE which got fragmented to pieces by the time I came back.

The shift is through the mind field, the inner/3rd eye – the field itself is the Void, sprinkled with glimmering red stardust. I go clean through into the Archangel dimensions. This is my connection with "the EI"... Not just mine, but mine and the one who has played the role of my closest friend the past 12+ years. She, as one with this energy is the confronting me in this experience. She is taking me through neighborhoods, through streets (our lineage), we go through a spa, a movie, more. I am being told it is our combined energies which created another main player in my current life, who I call my 'ex' – and who here is being called "John EI" and following this "Ra Pha EI". A segment in the story, as well, includes a childhood friend (Ann) and a deception played on her part, but that which the Creator turned and used for the forces of good. —As far as content, I think a definite first.

Seriously wow.

December 1, 2019

Bon Bon : moving into new large private suites today with heightened security staff. I think she will be more comfortable and like it better if it is deactivated to a degree. I do this for her and shift in from a large party, a gathering across the way. I see her from here, she is across the street, up high. We shift into each others presence just briefly for a reconnection (an energetic face-to-face / hello).

There is an almost tonal, energetic wave structure some experiences occur in, a vibration or vibratory hummm, very tactile through the whole system, this is one such experience. It begins prior with a little bump of a baby girl playing on the ground with a very large, blonde beetle.

I am watching her play, keying in on the beetle. She tries to hand it to me. I decline. I help her out of this area, which is like a shallow, like a dug out swimming pool, the curvatures within still dirt. We climb up a side ladder to get out.

I set her on the edge of a counter and we play a little game. She slides off and I catch her. Again and again. There is a slightly older little boy here, perhaps 4 or 5 years old, too old for this game but we play it together as well. The boy tells me I am brave. I say you are the ones who are brave, trusting I will catch you each time you fall. This activity is what leads into the party area and me seeing Bon Bon in the suites above across the way. Delicious dreamy feeling through these whole segments.

At the party, lots of people. These people have resources. I am slicing ham, serving in the line of people who are getting food. There is one young lady who I am meant, or had agreed to get some information for which I am not able to retrieve. It pertained to Bon Bon. I explained the heightened security, politely apologizing. My energy here is very neutral. So is this woman's to a degree, but she is at the same time not pleased.

Just before waking.....,

There are some people in an older trailer at the edge of town, out in the nature, I am following a young woman here and trying to go in with her but am told I do not belong. The area outside the trailer is country-like. The brown earth is visible through some tall grasses, there is a sporadic line of trees not too far off. The young woman is very carefree, a feeling of almost skipping and running her hand along the tall grasses.

December 2, 2019

Enormous collage. house. park. drive. two-lady's shop.

Imagine a very large swimming pool, thousands of items have been thrown in. I AM this. I am swimming and sifting through this.

It is in its entirety too much to hold, and it is the finale which I most want to bring back, but these are a few additional elements which also come back through with me.

I am in Dad's house in the living room, this environment is superimposed with many others but from Dad's, ZACK is also here. He is peeing up into the air all over the place. I tell him he better stop that right this instant and get into the bathroom. He is startled at my arrival, covers over the top of the stream and does what I say. I continue through the house, through objects (too many to hold) into a park.

There is a light skinned black female guide here, she is approximately in her 40s. It is the same process here, I continue through the park, through objects (too many to hold to) into the two-lady's shop. I am in an interesting configuration with Karenji. I am sitting at a wooden table on a bench seat and she is cradled into my legs and I am rocking her. The two ladies catch this activity and perceive it as potentially untoward. They demand to know what this is going on under the table. I show them and explain this is an older woman and nothing lowly is happening. KAREN and another person, a

young man come into full form. I am teaching them a spinal posture which throws the chest way up like a superhero.

As with the other environments, I am continuing through the shop, through objects and areas when I come to a closet, a row of old style wardrobes where, in one of which I see JAN. He is sleeping in the lower segment just under the bottom shelf. I need to wake him but he is resisting this very hard. I keep trying, the two ladies are not going to be happy if they find him here like this. –sadly almost anything other than sleeping in a public area is more acceptable and I am already on thin ice due to items of mine that are here, and items of theirs [and mine from other scenes] that are gone missing. Finally he wakes. I am explaining that I am at work here and about the two ladies and the items. He understands and gets up.

Following a stream of additional activity in which we part for some time there comes a strong energetic transmission from Jan — he has to go home, he is asking me to call him a cab, there is the knowing on both our parts that I cannot take him in my car as there are no longer any brakes (((shift))) we are compromising in order to stay together.. We are now on foot, walking through an alley.. **This is powerful. We are conjoining – this is enacted / evidenced by taking and holding hands, my left to his right – and he, now as a young black man with long hair tied in a beautiful assembly at the nape of the head is telling me his horrendous life story. I am absorbing all of this, taking it into myself, clearing all of it through my system.

Two young teenage boys, gangster types, trouble makers approach us, and even though Jan *as this young black man could easily return their confrontation, and even take them, his decision is to make a new choice, to not engage and instead continue what we are here doing.....energetically intermingling, clearing our combined system(s), being as one with the benefit of us both. It is an experience unto itself, even as the details, the visual/physical events themselves are. The energetic, vibratory event occurring is taking precedence. It is primary in my awareness. Powerful beyond measure. Something substantially important has just happened, not just here but in what we have the habit of calling 'real life'.

Of importance to me, is the retaining of this occurrence through to physical space.

I am at the threshold of something very new indeed.

December 3, 2019

Theme : (top of the night) : Correcting collective stress patterns.

In and out of vacant, single and multi-family homes. Lana. Dad. Tilak.

In the last of this structure, two Russian men come in and are making conversation, small talk about buying and renting procedures in the US. I am getting suspicious. I open a door and tell my Dad through a hallway that I will be right with him. Dad instead comes up the hallway, into the room we are in and sits in a chair. He is wearing his light brown slacks and slightly darker brown shirt. He is his older self. I introduce

myself to the two men *again, ask their names.. They say they didn't give me their names. I say I know, I am asking your names. They refuse multiple times to provide this information, they are being deliberately elusive, invasive, so I say I think it is time you leave. I show them out and direct them to where I know there is a home vacancy. There is no difficulty getting them to go. *We are in a gated community.

I run into some trouble in one vacant home, with a female landlord who is married with a husband but it is more she who finds the difficulty with me. Both myself and Tilak are through this set. On the last time through the space, I barely make it out undetected. I know I am not supposed to be here but I had to come back for something. (*data). The husband is coming in with a potential renter/buyer through one door and I am near running out another, barely getting it closed before they step in (shift) Lana is a looming presence here, through this last area. Also a young boy, Tilak?, a swimmer.. Multiple concepts are superimposed, homes, mall/eatery, swimming pool.

This is all the data I am able to collect today.
My body is getting uncomfortable. It is time to get up.

December 4, 2019

With each attempt at data recovery a tsunami of a wave overtakes me. – it is coming in the form of a song :

Star Trek Enterprise (theme song)

 Its been a long road, getting from there to here.....

December 5, 2019

The past few days I am working too much on the computer.. It appears there is a book to be written and I have been integrating this information—making and publishing videos and articles to go out prior to the turn of the year into 2020 – the year the book is to be written. The weather is cloudy, cold and rainy. No sun. As a result, I am getting to bed too late and waking too early and data recovery times are not fruitful.

Tonight, just very generally :

- Making the rounds with care services. – many locations. – many people visited.

December 6, 2019

I am in a feeling. sound. vibration. I am easily in many places. — all dreaming should be like this.

Water store : I am helping to spread some ideas relative to physical space, helping others through grouping, sharing them and their ideas. Someone, who is with another

someone peeks their head in from outside the door as they are walking by (portal) another time/space. They think I am having nowhere to go, that I am homeless and this is why I am here so late at night. I transmit to them that I am fine and go back to working. In another frequency field I am sleeping in the car, someone has opened my driver's side door. I see this, move up there, look around in and outside the door, see no-one and close it—then go back to sleep. Now I am driving, escorting some others. A somewhat older female and man.

- In a laboratory : scientific. men in white lab coats. device
- Andy Griffith time era : the idea of driving while intoxicated, it is not yet against the law, new ideas are forming, it should not be allowed.
- Michael Tellinger : he is winning an award, *swimming pool, an older woman, he wades in and kisses her exposed breast.

December 7, 2019

This morning the 6AM alarm wiped almost all away. Lingering tidbits floated around for 20 minutes so yet remained elusive. More rain again last night and through the weekend. Dark and ominous and mysteriously beautiful out again.

December 8, 2019

The moment just before waking : I am outside my house, it is not the house I am now in. It is elevated, up on a hill. There is a white elephant down below in the drive. it is herding me, facing me off, not letting me get by. I am not seeing how I can get past it. My vision expands. I am now seeing how many of them there are. baby elephants. blanketing the ground from below all the way up the hill to where I am. There are two exotic looking long haired cats (not earth cats) following me. They are purring and coddling one another. I am moving through all the animals up here trying to get into the house.

December 9, 2019

I am noticing this happening more and more often,—dreams condensing down to a single point, what visually I will call a 'placard' or 'place card' when I consciously attempt to see into what I am dreaming. Through the night I am jumping all over the timeline. *more and more a common theme. Rather than linear data I am given the placard : hot futuristic sex scene : lots of triangular geometries, soft white/silver/grey and complimentary colors.

In the morning : Surreal. rows and rows of items. 3D holographic artwork juice glasses. I have chosen two of them. Maria's daughter Leah is here on the same row, she shows me one she is choosing. I look inside of it and shift. I am making my way through the rows... this next one is of people. artistic musical type people. singers, musicians. popular. their clothing is the highlight. it is also out of this world.

The row visually projects out as an outdoor concert. rows and rows of metal chairs, a stage up there somewhere, the singers are periodically coming out to where I am. I have stopped behind a group of a few others who are in the isle ahead of me as one of the female singers has projected out, it seems I am a disruption and not welcome so I move a few chairs down to my left where there is no-one is the chairs to my front.

Dan McDonald now approaches me....The Life Regenerator :

Community gardens. a group of one thousand who plant here. I am being told of an undercurrent of deception.

The scene continues—

I am deciding which way to go. I am moving to a new place..... (a new home) I cannot tell which way would be faster, more efficient, first taking there what I already have, or first collecting/gathering up more and then going over. I opt, or let me say there is a torque to the pull on the latter that directs me away from the way most pointedly toward to the new location and back down the rows to my left, – to the isles of people and items.

December 10, 2019

The majority of the night in the dream fields I am working on an article I am writing..

Each time I consciously go in to see what I am dreaming I arrive here and can't get through into additional frequency fields. Until around 4AM :

I am in a month long visit with Erich in Santa Monica.. I am experiencing a full month in here, hour by hour, day by day, (wow) – our time is growing low, Rona and another girl come for a brief visit the day before I leave. I decide I will go up and visit with her for a day before I leave and am deciding on whether I will fly or drive. The flying will involve driving to the airport, all the airport mess, an immensely short flight and then driving to the house. I am deciding I will surely drive the whole way. **I hold to this data for many hours prior to waking, experiencing the collective energy of what is happening throughout the visits but upon waking lose the bulk of real content (the detail). I still have this, the inner feeling and embedded energy though. ♥



December 11, 2019

I am shaken abruptly awake from a very deep state this morning by my brother, literally shaken.

My nephew is sick, I am being asked if I can help watch him today (yes).. Energetically this is feeling like being ripped open. I am so deep in there. My system has not yet fully recovered. I have two fragments from the session still intact :

- I am finding no clean place on the toilet seat to sit. I am right on the verge of being able to reconstruct the whole scene around this.. (but no).
- A young male who is trying on belts has thrown a few of them on the floor. We are asking him which he has chosen. I am taking one of the belts into my hands, looking closely at it, asking if it is this one he has chosen. It is a match to the one I myself am wearing. It is a sturdy but soft leather, there are icons, symbols, glyphs hand painted onto it and a loop structure up near the left hand front of it.

I shift here into this area just prior from a theater / stage area. Above the stage there are loopings going across the top from left to right. Upon these, others here have fixed their symbols and names. The bat is featured in many of them and in various ways. I see one that is a bat only, and next to it a loop which is empty / open / available for perhaps mine. I go through this into the belt scene. As the young male is choosing, possibly the one I am holding and also wearing I am saying "I will model it for you" – and am enacting this.

December 12, 2019

Super massive collage. I am struggling to isolate independent events. I see in one area I am sitting, sort of blending into a cubby hoping not to be seen by a woman who is here. It looks like a department store with white marble type floors. I am observing. In another area there is me and a man, I think it is Michael Tellinger again. There is some talk of the two rooms I have, both with beds, this is being relayed to another person/ party. In yet another area, ANTON brings me a double box of chocolates, he is saying he wanted to and is preparing to open the package.

Very early morning (4–5AM) wake back to bed.

I am in conversation with my guidance, asking why dream detail is more elusive these past weeks..... (OBE)

I am dropped into a high end gathering, everyone is dressed extremely well, everyone is wearing some version of white, cream, gold and black. I am let to stay in here for quite some time even though I am very improperly dressed in jeans (genes). I mention the state of dress and the sheer amount of pearly beads in the room. Someone tells me "yes, but this party will still be talked about years from now". GINA CORSO is coming in with her husband, their faces are heavily painted almost mask-like in black. animal-like. I watch them take a seat at a booth across the room and am politely greeted by a

young male server, ERIC CORSO?, who is escorting me out. There is a favor I am able to do for him, that I have the energy, the power to do and through our conversation here am agreeing I will do it.

From here I go to some other gatherings, parties.. first landing outdoors in a backyard swimming pool. I am sitting on the steps leading into the pool, waist deep in the water. Many others are here. I am looking around. I am not recognizing anyone but am noticing I am more appropriately dressed for this type of get together. My attire has not changed, still the brown cotton top and jeans (genes). There is some sort of altercation between two females at the opening/door/portal into this place. They jump in through the circular opening before I am fully grasping what this is about.

Face-time call w/ JAN.. We talk and talk and talk. I am so sleepy. I do fall asleep and startle back awake continuing the conversation. I am in a room I am familiar with but that I do not know personally. I am sitting on the sofa. There are floor to ceiling wood paneled walls through the whole interior. The walls are lined with concert and 'hip' type posters all the way up to the ceiling. Its cool. I am showing Jan this on the camera and thinking wow, this photographs really well.

The energy from all the shifts is building, I am now running through another area looking for a place to release it. I climb a ladder up to a very high bunk and begin to do this. People are coming though, I never get to finish but do get the full sensation of the first of it (which is enough). There is more to the activity in this area. There is a reason I come here but its all fading as I begin to shift into another location.—and then back into physical space.

Important Note:

Days ago, Leah, from the same Corso family came to me in the dream fields.. I am very connected with this family and somehow always know when something is happening within their clan. I was going to text Maria and ask, but didn't. Yesterday I learned through another means that Eric (he is very young) had a stroke. He is in the hospital, non-responsive on a breathing tube. I believe he is trying to contact me. **Note: Eric did not survive the stroke. He passed over. ♥

December 13, 2019

I have nothing. An incredible night of dreaming and I have nothing.

I left my earplugs out in the living room and the family got up earlier than normal around 5:30am. I just couldn't get around the loud talking and kitchen sounds. I walked straight out of the bed into the living room the moment I got up, recollected my earplugs and have them right here for tonight. I am heavy hearted the last day, hearing about Eric and his stroke.. I have heard today that he is not going to make it. The brain was thoroughly destroyed down to the brainstem. Life support is being removed Monday. I feel that he is trying to reach me so I will remain open to the

connection and communication, and to bringing it back with me intact. At this point, I am not conscious of what I have agreed to do for him *and I would like to be.

December 14, 2019

John brings me something he asks me to sign for. My full, legal given name is required. Something I left with him, something that came, that I need. I sign for it on a very fragile thin white material, like tissue. The item is covered in white and is about the size of a folded suit of clothes. I pick this up with one hand below and one hand atop it. I never get to see what it is. There is some talk about bringing my own bag (carrier) for the items next time. John is making a bit of an issue of the matter. This activity is intersecting with other activity in which I am with Erich. Our time is being cut short. Due to work. My next assignment. **this is the second time this week this theme of “our time being cut short” is arising.

We are in line to get a drink on my way to somewhere I have to get to. The line is moving too slow,. The woman ringing the register is giving hugs to people up there in the line. This seems unnecessary. I ask if it can be hurried up. No change. So I maneuver myself over and ask a male at another space behind the counter if he can ring me up now (I am getting a lemonade) so I can get going. He almost doesn't but then he does.

Erich is noticeably upset. It has to do with my hours. I tell him I am working many hours and it is only at times when an assignment first begins that the hours are low. It is the only time I get even somewhat of a break the hours are always so plentiful / abundant / too much. I am heading into the car.. Maybe this has something to do with when I was out on the land? I don't know. —What did I re-agree to with John???

Time : time is flowing oddly again. It feels like the night should be over and it is only 2:30am. Heat through the body most all night. Salt packs are still working.

WBTB

More with Erich. much more with Erich. his special attention. It all leads to a baby. an odd looking little baby, male, dark hair, looks like a monkey body, long and lean, thin limbs, human skin and face. This little one has special communicative powers and is already pointing things out to me. I take him in my arms. he is unclothed. he knows he is unclothed. it is cold and raining and I am looking for items of mine to clothe him in. It seems to me it only raining over Erich's house. Nowhere else. I look closer into this vicinity and see we are outside under a very large overhang that is keeping us dry.

Huge energy download from Erich to me....

December 15, 2019

I am sweeping sand and larger, rough crystal stones to the threshold of a doorway.. evening up the inside and outside of the area, linking and making a nice transition

from the one space into the other. There are a group of us who are meeting. Who are coming to a place in common (work + working out is done here). I come here every day, the others come 2 or so times a week. We are all suggesting we meet/collect/form into a group. One of the women is not Inelia Benz but the look and feel of her is very similar. She is the one who is more to the front of this experience, in direct exchange with me. Shift to outdoor park area. Rows and rows of metal folding-type chairs. We are sitting together in a common area amongst them in a certain placement. All the other chairs are empty. I have an areal view of the set-up, our new group, of all girls, sitting immediately center, right.

Note: When I arrive at work today, the large fissures in the road coming in the gate and up the dirt/stone drive, caused by the recent rains have been filled in and made pat with dirt/clay, I can't think of the word, but the material used to make natural drives and walkways, such as in parks.

December 16, 2019

"While dreaming,—observe."

Following a brief WBTB I am repeating this over and over. "While dreaming,—observe."

My vision field suddenly opens out and I see a human female, caucasian with bright pink hair climbing into the the hatch of a space shuttle craft.

Fade out. Fade in.

I am outdoors on a wood staircase heading down.. Mom is behind me, another woman directly in front of me. She is quite agile and athletic, and running the more challenging side obstacle course attached here on the left with relative ease. As she is turning slightly to do so I see this is a young Hillary Clinton. I think to myself I am not doing that, it isn't necessary, and simply continue down the wooden steps. There are grocery bags of items along the way. I do see what is in them but this data fractured on my way back. I am talking to Mom, I am asking her if she knew this woman ahead of us was H, – she confirms, yes she did. As we are looking into one of the paper grocery bags the scene shifts.

I am in a drug store. It is the Hollidays. Mom is purchasing items that are being rung up.– chocolates, red round candy *I am holding these in my hand, drop a few behind the counter and pick them back up, a poinsettia plant.. The amount is very high, I am keying in on this, it is going over \$100 and I am inquiring into what she got that is taking the amount so high. As I am asking this I am shifting through the store to various locations and items, most notable is a glass cabinet of interesting looking plants. There is one in particular, triangular with silver balls that is catching my eye.

In the midst of the shifts and on another frequency I am in a darkened hallway, together with Erich and Carrie. There is talk about something happening on Tuesday. I have not been invited. Erich looks at me and says "you are working Tuesdays, right?". We go into my work schedule (*again)...."I work long weekends, Friday, Saturday,

Sunday". I tell him that this week Monday through Thursday, Mom and I are taking a road trip, though. He asks where and I tell him "Arizona". I am inquiring of he and Carrie what it is that is happening on Tuesday. This data also gets fractured coming back into physical space but is something to do with a few girls, three I think, one of which is named Debbie.

December 17, 2019

Today what is notable to me in my experiences are phenomena, both present and absent from my current dream state.

The first is the vibrational hummm.. (missing). During my childhood, from birth through to my awakening in 2009 is the presence of a steady, feelable, hearable vibrational current or "hummm" during my dream state. This hummm would fade, if at all only hours after I had gotten up to start the day. In 2014 or there-about, it began to be absent from my experience and now is only very rarely presenting. *I am being told it has served its purpose and is no longer necessary to the living of my life plan. I am often asking for it back and this is periodically granted. In these instances it is almost endless the amount of data I can bring back with me into physical space.

The next is : real data.. (present). An example of this is stated in the experience above in what I am told of the vibrational humm. Another example is that in PMR I have a red spot on my right forearm. It looks like a mosquito bite but isn't. It isn't going away so I have begun treating it. In the dream space this morning the red spot is spreading and becoming more complex with yellow blistering. In the midst of me observing this *I am told that rather than the day or two it would take with prescription pharmaceutical meditation it will be roughly 2 weeks, with the current treatment, to begin showing signs of healing – and/or be healed.

The next is : embedded code.. (present). Example : I am being given suggestions, guidance on the PDF patron gifts I am working on. *I am told to add navigations and also an 'about the author' page. As I am waking proper, the code "Reece Jospeh Jones" is embedded next to the words "About Casey". As I go in for the dream content I am going to log **this code is what brings back all data from the morning's chain of events. I focus on Reece's name and like concentric ripples, concept after concept after concept opens back out into my knowing.

Indoor house/gym. Remarkable feats of strength. One arm holds to a device on the ceiling while punching it like a punching bag with the other. The area is populated with certain individuals I am in telepathic communication with. They become concerned with the arrival of two men coming up the stairwell, Larry Laven, *a best friend in my 30s, and Rocky Balboa. I assure them I know who these men are and there is no cause for concern. The idea of "bouncers" does come with them.

It is very good to see Larry, although we appear to be in very different places than where we left off. I am filling the gap in for him. There are many other concepts throughout this template but truly too many to bring back. The idea of Chebe, and

peeing inside on the corners of a large edible something resembling a rug – and also the floor space, notably a runner under the ceiling device being redone.

More than content – I feel the phenomena more important to hold to today.

December 18, 2019

Asian woman and household : an oddness in her appearance, her energy, an odd feeling and weirdness to the whole place. I just can't quite put my finger on why. I am moving through this structure for some time. What stands out is a white and red missile launch and the question of how this even applies to this structure. I am watching the processing of information, this is incredible. It is not able, conceptually, to squeeze back through with me into the narrow beta bandwidth but I do retain that what I am seeing, conceptualizing and experiencing here is information being processed through the hippocampus. Truly outstanding. I am seeing the superimposition of the concepts over the raw data.

Italian woman and man. very active couple and household. Work is being done around and under the house. I have to squeeze to get into where I am, squeeze to get into places. I am young here, maybe 20, also Italian. I am wearing a white thin strapped tank top and black shorts. I am not certain of my role in this dynamic but I am a family helper of some sort. It is very relaxed here. I am moving through the house. Then under the house where there is much work being done. I have not parked my car in a good area. The area being pointed out to me is not possible, it is on too much of edge/decline, I would never be able to back out. Another area is show that is more level and I move my car here.

We all shift to a park area. I moving through water. There are alive things I am seeing in the water. I see them more as worms and am willing and whooshing them away from me as I swim through. The couple sees them as a pair of baby chicks. They show me. They are affixed into a little glass boat of sorts within which is a container of information. The husband in particular finds it a shame no-one is reaching this information. This opens into a vision, a new area, a newspaper printing area. Multiple reams/rows/segments of printing are gone, have been stolen, the paper is stark white through just these columns, no print.

There is a gay man at the park, something is going on in his circle *data fragmented.

Resting. napping. next to the husband. then church.

December 19, 2019

I can find no underlining conceptual basis for any of this this morning. – or even meaning. Maybe it's just that I do not feel well.

High-rise office/apartment building.

Dad. Roger. Gina. Young brown haired boy. I am in charge of his care. Gina seems playing the part of Rich and is giving me difficulties about my work. I explain how it is my job to do these little mundane things she is pointing out and how the stress of this kind of work often comes in the form of it being so uneventful, slow and more boring than exciting. Fly things. creatures. backseat of a car with two ladies *this is kind of fun, creatures always are. Garbage disposal not working in one of the apartments. I am not going to put my hand in there. it is stuffed to disrepair with pizza slices. A trio: Roger, another dark haired man, my young charge. I am thinking how similar they appear. even though in the greater details they very much do not.

December 20, 2019

Teaching yoga in the park : bright daylight then night, three moons, can't get class started, *metal structure will interfere with arm movements etc.. Lil, long toenails. Sleeping with man who has wet the bed. Getting things cleaned up and his brief changed. Most dialogue/conversation/communication as usual does not make it back with me. Outside of the room all kinds of furniture is in the way, in the path from this room into the house.

December 21, 2019

The arrival of a little baby chick. I am carrying the little one in my waist apron. I know this is a message relative to some chicken I recently ate due to feeling off balance vitamin-wise. I suspect now it is the Bs. The message in the dream is that the little chick is cleaning up my intestinal gut microbiome. There is much activity and bonding going on in dream between myself and the chick. We are experiencing a more conscious and complete blending together. There is more to it than just the chick feeding me – but me also feeding the chick.

Note: In the night the past week I am often finding myself using the moonstone in my earring to DREAM, I pass through the beta wave to find myself literally working the stone in my fingers. The stone in my necklace is likewise at times being used used for this purpose. Interesting.

A beautiful sunrise this morning. I feel like I am on another planet. So much so I look into the sky for the 3 moons from the other night.

I am now seeing a correlation between the 3 moons and 3 moonstones I am near always wearing.

Note: I have been taking choline the past 2–3 days and am feeling much better.

December 22, 2019

Big rig rides : refusing rides, getting to mom, gas, gas station, filling gas into a bowl rather than tank. it is not going to be enough. I pay for more, enough to get me to

where mom is. The illustrious getting to a bathroom maze is taking place between the rigs and offered rides. First I can't go in because I arrive at a men's not ladies room. I peek into a set up behind a curtain in a very populated area (uh uh).

Also I am being pursued. I am evading my pursuers. —The first big rig belongs to a young man. He seems trustworthy while offering the ride but then not when he shows me the space in which I will be riding. It is way too small, not enough room to breathe, womb like – and then the hidden costs which begin to build and build. I do not pay. I say no. Later another big rig arrives. I decline this one too (why do I decline?). I need to get to mom. I will get my own self to mom. The idea of the desert, a desert area. Arizona seems a feeling-match.

December 23, 2019

I am in the in-between outlining my book.

In the dream fields this is being enacted in various areas. A pool area. A mountainous road going uphill and downhill. A very large house. Outside people are trying to get in. Male(s). The other female care person and I who are in here are now pursued. We take evasive action. One female who stands out above all others here is making a point of bringing my attention to her hair. It is brown, wavy and very very long *princess long. She is lifting her hair from the root, giving it body, making it stand up much fuller with just her hands and is saying this is why she always gets chosen for roles.

In the pool area there are many 'extraordinary' type people and characters, hero / fiction-like in our way of understanding. A blonde haired, bronze skin male (god-like) is aiding me around the outskirts of the pool, around its circumference but I also am consciously connected with many who are falling in and am experiencing the activity, the battle happening down there. Where a large electronic spider-like man is killing some people at the bottom. Through the mountainous road I am aided/accompanied by a non-physical, invisible helper, above and behind my line of vision.

December 24, 2019

I am in contained space in which there are approximately 20 or so other people, men, women and children. Something like the idea of small (space) station or cargo ship. Bare bones setting. For survival the area and breathable air/environment has to be maintained and protected from outside elements. I am pulling one woman aside, caucasian, blonde hair, blue jumpsuit and asking if she would like to play a game.

We wheel to the side of the area in the chairs we are in and I tell her to look around and pick one player *I specifically use the word 'player' *she catches this and does not like it – so I say 'person', pick one person and deliberately look very closely at them. I am attempting to come lucid and bring at least one other person here with me into lucidity. With this action from me a distraction is created in the space.

Across the room is a plastic pouch full of clear liquid which someone has forgotten to peel a plastic label back from. I immediately begin looking into and remedying the situation. When I go to peel the label back the pouch is ruptured and a stream of air shoots into my face. This startles and confuses me but not so much so that I lose the little boy I had chosen for myself as my (lucidity) point of focus.

I am seeing into the sleeping quarters of another member of this crew now : there is a woman and man here, and the boy, they are all having fun. The woman and the boy are sitting on the left side of the bed. The man has rigged a device made of electric hair rollers and barbie-type dolls to the roof, to which he has rigged a control mechanism that when pressed causes the structure to vibrate and the dolls seems to flit and dance.

The boy laughs and laughs and laughs. They keep pushing the button, the boy keeps laughing. Each time, again and again. He is about 4 years of age, blonde short curly locks. There is a voice in the background saying how delicious he is —as I shift back into physical space – I am thinking “what the ?!@#\$?”.

December 25, 2019

I am walking into the forest with a wooden pale to draw water from a small well. It is very dark, with browns and moss all around. The scene is like from out of a Grimm’s story tale. I am having thoughts in my head that belong more to me than the person I am here. I am thinking of how much work this is to get water, and looking at the water it is not clean. The well I am drawing from is more like a circular fountain (minus the fountain), it is just a small, low pool where the water collects likely from rain. I scoop the water into the pale then stand, almost magnetically drawn to look into the distance, deeper into the forest, where I see a large reptilian, T-Rex-like creature. With fear and a good deal of momentum I head back toward my cabin.

Others are sitting around here outside. I do not even stop to tell them about the creature. They are always making fun of me for claims such as this. Maybe it is only I who can see what I do. Inside, I am not sure what to do. I peek out a window, or perhaps it is the door to see the T-Rex is right here now. I close the door fast and head back in with little to no concern for the others. It seems it is only I who am on the same wavelength with the being. The scene shifts, my frequency shifts – and now I am inside with the others but it is a more contemporary timeframe. There is talk of an activity we are all doing together (we are going out). Everyone wants pizza. I do not want to go to this place being discussed, it is too busy, too crowded.

An agreement, or compromise is being reached as to what to do as the scene fades to black and I wake. I do not get up. I lay here for some time going over the events and even stepping back into the forest for another look around. The feeling here is so familiar.

The family is up and the kids are diving into the packages under the tree. I get up now myself. —Journaling first.

December 26, 2019

I am standing in front of two ladies in conversation about crystals. It is nighttime. They are sitting. The one on the right is teaching the one on the left. She is handing her a clear, polished, double terminated, smokey. It is beautiful. I reach in and take the point into my hands. I am observing it. Knowing I am going into the crystal shop for points also. I listen to their conversation for awhile and then begin looking deeper into the crystal. I am seeing whole scenes of activity and beings, and naturally begin wanting to capture it. I manifest a camera and begin attempting to do this but things keep happening to stop me. I am getting angry now. It is too much. All I want to do is see, and remember. *these beings look like Itsa-nee-tsa's people.

My energy is beginning to shift me into a drive scene. Lots of activity and information in the drive but it gets fragmented. I am now in a house with Doug and another, younger man. He is thinking of killing himself over the amount of debt he is into with Doug. Who, in classic relaxed Doug fashion is telling him it is not as much as he thinks and is squaring things off at 40K. I am observing all this from outside the room they are in. A woman is here with me talking about my wife (Doug's wife?) (I do not realize this) I am telling her I am not married, and am not gay.

December 27, 2019

I am not able to conceptualize all of what I am dreaming.

It is being condensed to (the sentence), "Sure, pure source code."

Mud. deep deep brown everywhere. house. I am standing down there in all the mud *and also observing from above . There is an altercation, a disagreement of some sort being worked through between me and an occupant of the house. A young female? The majority of this content I cannot capsule. I can say the feeling here is unique and one that, although not altogether pleasant, one I repeatedly want to go into and into.

John in entering my dream fields *a lot recently. In 3 distinct locations he comes in. Each time we see and acknowledge each other and interact just a bit –until the third. He is here at a picnic-like table with his friend (Jeffrey?) who he is giving a birthday celebration. I am not able to get his attention. He is angry with me. I am told it is because he perceived me as ending things with him in the previous two meetings and that it was in a way in which he did not get fully closure. I tell him I did not end things. I am not meaning in any way to imply this. We reconnect here. We begin getting back together. Reestablishing a relationship. –Something of mine is stolen from the scene. A basket of things. Not much of importance. The only semi-important thing is an old cell phone. John begins helping me retrieve it. I see where the man who took it has headed. Into something like a restaurant. It seems he is in there deep, too deep for me to find/ reach. —in the middle of thinking this my alarm sounds.

December 28, 2019

Parking structure stair well maze.

We are being chased and shot at with laser guns. It is serious but also there is the feeling of a game, like there would be in a paint-ball game. I have gotten hurt through the hips and legs. Notably on the right. I am shifting into various people. And continuing the 'game'. Through a portion of it I am aided by Star Trek Enterprise electrical engineer with laser eye surgery. (is this happening on board a craft?). I think it may be.

Following this segment I am standing in an expensive sparkly dress, which as I turn to model it I see is made to somewhat resemble the idea of a chicken, with upward tail feathers at the back, as males/roosters have. I have made my self up and available in appreciation of the man who has performed the eye surgery. He feels it is too much but at the same time is wearing something similar that matches.

As the chase continues with my point of awareness in yet another of those here who is being chased and shot at, I am taken into the idea of a reward we are given for our service. I am trying to conceptualize it. This is not very accurate but I will put through the idea of a gold bar. It gets them food. It feeds them and their families, friends. Three bars for the single people, seven for the married. The energy of my dad is present in one of the players. I am explaining, or trying to explain to him that I am hurt in the right hip and leg.

December 29, 2019

I am dreaming but nothing is standing out to me and it is an alarm morning *no further time for data recovery *before work. The nights have been seriously cold this past week, getting down to freezing. I have new flannel sheets and cozy bed things so my sleep has been comfortable and deep.

This morning the phrase playing over in my head has switched from "let it snow" to "ho ho the mistletoe". -hard to get out of my head.

Four days off from the job job now, so I'm going IN.



December 30, 2019

Brief WBTB

This hasn't happened in so long.,

This morning I am navigating my focus into an out of body through swarms of free associative thought. I am doing well. At the same time it is very interesting to me because it has been so very long since it has happened. Both when going into the night and when practicing and meditating. I generally go straight in to the phenomena of the shift these days. Into inwardly experienced light and sound. (vibration. When I land :

I am writing. I am almost desperately trying to get this done. I am wearing rings on all my fingers. They are large, heavy, felt, some fit tightly and some loosely and are shifting in their position up toward my top phalanges – making it hard for me to type. I am periodically sliding the rings back down into place. I feel this sooo tangibly. In such full (non-visual) awareness that I stop to explore the sensation before continuing.

There is an additional activity I must do, so that my whole day (and perhaps life) is not just writing, working. I am taken out on a walk, I am hurrying this in order to fit it in and get forgetful of something I am meant to bring with me. I head back to the area where I am writing, an apartment, and pass a few people sitting around outside my door. I am carrying a bag of dog food and ask if the bag on the floor here is mine or theirs. I look closer around their circle and see they have many such bags *and am knowing it is theirs. I walk in my door, looking more closely at my own dog food bag and begin to see it may be for cats. That I may have the wrong thing. Not what is needed. I begin feeling emotion about this and shift.

I am now in a large housing structure atop our own here in real time.

The concept here is that I am being relocated from my sleeping space to a temporary set-up while visitors come. I am used to this, *this is not my first experience here and the relocation happens every year in this structure – but new triggers are being introduced this time.

The simulation begins : My things have been removed and my sleep space (bed) remade for relatives who are coming. This is a regular thing, I know to expect to it but more usually I am reminded in advance of it happening and my relocation is to a nice, comfortable private space. Here I am not told in advance of myself finding the new bedding. Which has been put on well in advance of the family member's arrival. I am asking (loudly) to be told how much in advance. I am asking if I can sleep here at least until they get here *and am in essence being told no.

My relocation is to an inconvenient area, not close, not comfortable and not private. It is a shared sleeping area. I am blocked in by many other beds. There is not even a pad on the metal bed frame. Although it *is the one by the window (the only plus). I am following Elissa, who is the main player here with me through many areas. My emotion is out of control *a lucidity trigger my Group uses to wake me up in the fields but it is not working.

I am asking repeatedly how many days in advance I am being moved, of anyone else actually needing the area. I am not understanding this interval, it makes no sense, my confused, pain, emotion over this is building. I longingly go into my room and over to the large, super sized bed and begin reminiscing. Seeing many of the blankets I have made in life. Three in particular are standing out. **note – I do make blankets, it has been a love of mine my whole life but these blankets are not ones I have made in my own timeline.

There are others sitting here talking. The guy from Bases, Miles Johnson, I am wanting to tell him my story. He is listening and engaged with someone else though. Emotion shifts me from space to space to space until Derrick sweeps through, takes me and mom by the hand and up up upstairs to a private wood room/area where there will be no-one else listening in – to talk. It is empty and very nice up here. I am loving all the wood, asking why I cannot sleep here. My awareness of our talk does not extend much further than this, – but while in the spaces prior :

- While walking through strong emotion *I hit a man walking by in the leg and immediately apologize *observed by a vendor.
- Zack comes in to say/explain something. I think it is going to be about his gift. I am asking if his gift has come online already / early.

December 31, 2019

I am being taught that there are three classifications of people.

I am seeing their crests, or symbols. One classification is the Dravidian. Another I have lost the name of but the symbol is as an eagle. The first got fragmented (*but could possibly be Aryan). The scenes I am now moved through are likewise fragmented upon shifting into beta, / physical space. But they are a bit dark, as if the light is very low *before there is indoor light as we know it now.

I am moving through as point consciousness looking at peoples. There is a good deal about food. I have, and am drinking a beverage, some kind of groat water. I am attempting to remember if it is to be refrigerated or kept out at room temperature as I am moving through pantries and into a small grocery. As I enter the clerk is telling me the sundries here are not complementary to the workers and this area is more like a usual grocery store *the items are paid for. I look around and move through. On my way out I see a row of video poker-like machines at a counter.

Now I am passing through an eatery area where people are sitting at tables. I am coming upon a table where there are two girls. I seem to belong here with them. As one of their party. There is speaking and conversation and something I am saying / emitting now has them getting up and looking under their table. I am looking down here at cobbles and olive pits and other things I cannot quite see and asking what we are looking for.

I go right through the visual and am now back in the workers area, this time with a girl and man. I am now / *again a third in their party.

He is asking, suggesting that we stay and have a proper meal before leaving, —

As I am shifting back into physical space.

January 1, 2020

Stay Tuned! —

The Second Half of the Year is Coming



AUTHORS NOTE

What is a dream?

Do you know? –because not everyone does.

in fact few people may know.—how many days a year do most people, even those who may be quite interested in dreams, be pursuing dreams, wake up in the morning remembering them? Even fragments, which is what most, when they are apt, tend to hold to. Bits and pieces. It is not enough to gain a comprehensive view.

As a People,—we are familiar and quite comfortable looking upon ourselves, our life and our world from the outside-in, as a “body”, something “physical”, but what would, and do we in truth look like from inside-out? As a consciousness, intelligent awareness and energy. What does the reality look like the other way 'round?

We begin to see as we again agree to re-synchronize with our dreams. With the rest of ourself, of what is ours to experience, the waves beyond the beta wave . . . As an experienter of this myself I can tell you that for one the reality looks a whole lot larger. It looks far more diverse. Far more free and complete.

I will tell you also, from this vantage it is far more immediately clear a communication with and within ourself, forming the array, the very weave and intricacy of what it is far more our preference as a society to call “dream” than reality. The created, illusory divide between these is worth investigation.

What we like to call reality and what we like to call dream....

What is the separating factor? what is it that is holding these apart and at bay?

What we experience is our reality – yes?

Experience lays at the basis of reality, all reality.. It is only for most not allowing an experience of their inner world, not bringing it along with them into their conscious, daily state of being that this view, territory and content are for the most part thought of as “unreal”. What would happen, though, if they did?

What would happen if you did? If you, me, we—individually and collectively chose to consciously go out beyond the beta wave? I will simply ask the question.

Perhaps every now and again you will wonder.

