



The Experencer Chronicle:

UFOs and a whole world of strange phenomena.

Accounts that are off the beaten path, even in paranormal circles.

Published quarterly.

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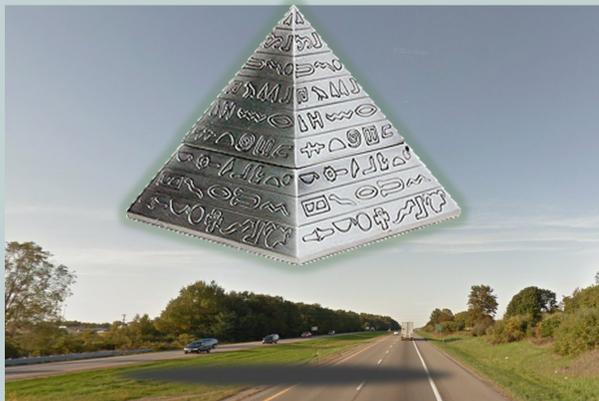
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First Issue

IT WASN'T A TRIANGLE...IT WAS A PYRAMID!

BILL KONKOLESKY



In the fall of 1997, a gentleman by the name of Mike was on his morning commute with his wife at about 8am, driving North on US-23, approaching M12, just South of Ann Arbor, Michigan, when they spotted a distant glint directly ahead of them.

As they continued their drive, they realized that the object appeared to be rather large and was hanging stationary over the expressway on which they were travelling.

When they got even closer, they realized it was in fact, massive, with the witness Mike going as far to state that it was as large as an aircraft carrier.

What was even more bizarre was that it was a pyramid (not a triangle, a pyramid!). Its four top sides were mirrored and, even more amazingly, covered with a sort of script that Mike thought reminded him of hieroglyphics!

Mike and his wife pulled over close to the object alongside several other motorists who had stopped their cars to gawk at the awesome sight. Most curiously, the majority of other drivers continued to drive right beneath it and go along their way.

The underside of the pyramid, hanging motionless overhead, was black and featured what appeared to be two large white spotlights. *(continued on page 4)*

CIVIL RIGHTS FOR EXPERIENCERS?

BILL KONKOLESKY

Civil Rights is a term that has been applied to efforts of fairness and inclusion for groups who have been marginalized due to ethnicity, gender, religious belief, socio-economic status, age, disability, sexual-orientation, as well as other noteworthy classifications. Is it not time to advocate for the better treatment of experiencers?

For the last decade, I have been an active member of a committee for diversity and inclusion at the college where I'm employed. I have seen good efforts toward educating the community on how to develop a better culture of understanding and respect alongside those whom are different from ourselves and I think there are some tools from these efforts that can be applied to encouraging better treatment of the experencer community.

I define an experencer as anyone who has encountered a paranormal intelligence, be it extraterrestrial, cryptid, or spirit.

Why should so much consideration be paid to such a small minority? Here are two reasons.

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ABOUT THE EDITOR

Bill Konkolesky is the State Director of the Michigan Chapter of the Mutual UFO Network and a regular lecturer on the UFO phenomenon at conferences, public libraries, and other venues.

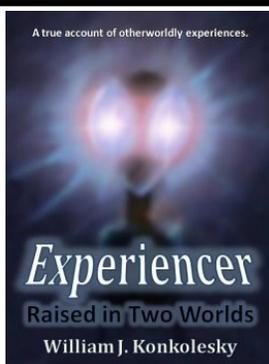
He has also appeared in or consulted for televised UFO documentaries for the History Channel, Discovery Channel, Science Channel, National Geographic Channel, SyFy, and ABC. Additionally, he has contributed to numerous UFO books, magazines, and websites.

Please contact him at bill@experienter.me for speaking engagement booking or other inquiries.

FROM THE EDITOR: In 2009, I self-published my book "Experienter: Raised in Two Worlds" with the intention of a timely follow-up for my second book, "Experienter: Two Worlds Collide." Time passes, life happens, and here I am with the next book still waiting. Much of the account from the dynamic period of my early twenties is already written but some hurdles to completing a full book still remain.

At this same time, material had been awaiting inclusion into my third proposed book, which is intended chiefly to focus on captivating experiences of others whom I've come to know and trust. So, I had a thought, why not do it all at once, somewhat in the form of a magazine, circumventing the obstacles to selling one's book and reaching a wider distribution.

The purpose then of this publication is to tell the next chapters of my encounters with other intelligences episodically, share current personal articles of research and insight on a variety of paranormal phenomena, and highlight the fascinating accounts of others, promoting their experiences and projects.



What do you do when your childhood monsters are real?

"**Experienter: Raised in Two Worlds**" by William J. Konkolesky, is now available through Amazon, Barnes & Noble, and Lulu!

"Too many alien contactees attempt to mystify, demonize or sanctify the phenomenon; the author of Experienter simply tells it like it is." *David E. Twichell*
Author of the books "UFO Jesus Connection" "Filers Files" and "Global Implications of the UFO Reality"

Please visit the website www.experienter.me.

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(continued from page 1)

The first reason is that mainstream culture is ignoring often-times credible individuals who have witnessed aspects of nature and reality that would revolutionize our knowledge of the universe if what they said was embraced as truth that only needed to be better understood.

The second reason is that no one knows just how big of a minority experiencers are. Most experiencers do not tend to publicly self-identify. A comparison here might be drawn to the LGBT population. It wasn't until a large number of gays and lesbians felt safe coming "out of the closet" that many people realized what a sizeable population they are.

Like many minority groups, experiencers might best be classified as having knowledge of things in an area where others are only able to possess beliefs. In this case, they know what it's like to see something that others question even exists.

A wide variety of personal beliefs often do admittedly follow from unexplainable experiences, however, having theories based on first-hand knowledge is arguably superior to the confirmation bias of imaginative bystanders. Also, it is interesting to note that someone who only has a belief (or disbelief) on paranormal topics is generally tolerated, but an individual who claims knowledge is considered mentally suspect.

So, in one sense they are a group based on an idea, like a political group or a religion. However, as the late Budd Hopkins said in his book *Witnessed* on UFO abductees, "I once remarked on the fact that the UFO abduction phenomenon, its investigators, and the abductees themselves had been labeled a cult by a particular debunker. I pointed out that it was quite the reverse. A true cult...is all beliefs and no miracles. The UFO phenomenon is all miracles and no beliefs." (Hopkins, 1996)

While not all experiencers have bad encounters, many do, and this group can then also be defined by something like a shared disability, this being the mental and sometimes physical trauma of an encounter with a paranormal intelligence. And, sadly, insult is added to injury when those who have been taken against their will are ostracized for publicly confessing these trespasses.

This last group is the one who is in need of compassionate assistance most desperately and mental health professionals would seem the go-to group to alleviate stress, however, most therapists (initially, at least) look at experiencers through a lens of disbelief and apply the question, "What factors are responsible for such delusions?"

When the public was likely paying closer attention to the UFO/abduction phenomenon than they are today, investigators like Dr. David Jacobs and the late Dr. John Mack and Budd Hopkins (and I'm only mentioning a small few) were the public face to the suffering of abductees. They advocated on behalf of abductees and this helped show that abductees were regular people who were going through strange and often difficult times.

Currently, there are far fewer advocates in the public spotlight, though they are still out there. Kathleen Marden, for example, is one of the most visible experiencer advocates these days and we need many more prominent and articulate supporters like her to keep the subject of abduction in the proper light.

Another thing that is particularly helpful is the support group. These sociable gatherings amongst experiencers, generally held at someone's home, often go a long way toward giving attendees solace and prove that a sense of community may be the best medicine. Unfortunately, though, many of these groups are understandably rather private and usually difficult to discover.

What may be best that isn't currently seen on a large enough scale would perhaps be a visible and vocal community of experiencers who support each other. This might possibly take the form of a larger witness-based internet presence and more witness-based public events. A high volume of experiencers coming forth might just nudge open the floodgates to greater public acceptance.

It is clear, in any case, that we need more experiencer voices heard. Our culture has a problem with long-term memory and it needs to be constantly reminded of important things it tends to forget...like we're regularly being visited by extraterrestrials, unclassified creatures in the wild, and ghosts.

This is where you come in. The world needs to hear what happened to you, not only for your sake, but for those who won't feel comfortable speaking unless someone brave has gone before them. Let's start a civil rights movement.

For my small part, I invite you to please contribute an account of yours for consideration for this newsletter. Tell what happened and how you felt. All submissions and witness names shall remain anonymous. Get your story out. share@experiencer.us

Hopkins, B. (1996). *Witnessed: The True Story of the Brooklyn Bridge UFO Abductions*. New York: Pocket Books. 312-313.



(continued from page 1)

Then, the object began to slowly rotate and the crowd panicked. As its rotation picked up speed, it started to drift Southwards. Then, its travelling velocity increased until it shot straight up into the sky and disappeared.

Within seconds, two fighter jets whizzed overhead.

According to Mike, a woman he'd met at the event and with whom he'd exchanged contact information called him the next day to report that a local radio station was having people call in who'd seen the object.

Also, the woman told him that a Washtenaw County Sheriff she knew who had seen the object filed a police report on it. At this time, this report is still being sought, as well as other witnesses to the event.

One would admittedly be hard-pressed to find a more unusual UFO sighting than a giant mirrored pyramid covered in hieroglyphics. Though, oddly enough, the strange script on the object is hardly unprecedented. UFOs from the Roswell and Kecksburg crashes, as well the UFO from Bentwaters, for example, all had strange hieroglyphic-like markings on them.

As incredible as this event from 1997 was, there were other witnesses to a strange pyramid UFO fifteen years later.

From MUFON Case File #42879, at 7pm Sept. 28th 2012, a similar shaped unidentified flying object was spotted. Close to North I-635 in Kansas City, Kansas, witnesses Dustin and Shannon were jumping on a backyard trampoline spotted what they thought was a helicopter coming from the Southeast.

When it got closer, they saw that it was in fact a dark pyramid object at least 100 ft across and had a "heat-wave" like aura around the body. It was probably, at its closest, a mile away and silent, according to their estimations.

Around the bottom edge of the pyramid was a spotlight of some sort that rotated around the ship in full 360 degrees. While there was no beam visible, the light seemed to be spotting while the pyramid occasionally paused its flight.

After spotting around for a couple seconds, the pyramid continued toward their direction. This went on for about a minute and a half. About a mile away, the object took a different path towards the Southwest, away from them.

As the object started in its new direction, it surprisingly transformed into a new shape, an oblong oval. At this point, the object left their site behind the trees.

They instantly raced to the car to give chase, but after about ten minutes of driving on I-635 S there was no evidence of anything in the sky where they hoped they would see it, with the exception of an unremarkable low flying plane headed in the same direction as the object.

These are just two instances of pyramid shaped UFOs being witnessed. I wouldn't be surprised if there are other events as yet unreported by witnesses who'd likely feel that people would doubt them. One must have a good deal of courage to report his or her sighting of a pyramid UFO covered in hieroglyphics, seemingly the stuff of ancient alien lore. 🌍



The following is a field report from Sanjay R. Singal, RA

His term Elder Children refers to what others may call Sasquatch.

Sanjay R Singhal, RA is an architect, interior designer, writer and emerging photographer. He is also an enthusiastic researcher into the world of the Elder Children, focussing his attentions primarily on branch assemblies and structures, which he has documented throughout much of the Midwest, including Michigan, Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin, as well as Tennessee, North Carolina and California. While Sanjay has had some experience of other paranormal encounters and cryptids, he certainly doesn't go looking for them.

Please visit his website for more fascinating field reports: beyondtheforestblog.wordpress.com

FIELD REPORT 01.10.2009: THE PELLSTON INCIDENT

Sanjay R Singhal

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Location: Tuttle Property, Pellston, Michigan (Emmett County)

Date: Saturday, January 10, 2009

Time: 1100am to 1200pm EST, approximate

Weather: Very, very cold, with chilling winds, overcast & cloudy

Present : Myself; Margaret Rose Tuttle*

Sanjay's Note: The circumstances of this report are unusual, in that the events detailed herein took place outside my presence; I was in Chicago, and my colleague Margaret Rose* was in Pellston, Michigan, approximately 400 miles away. I cannot substantiate any details of this report, other than my own account, and Margaret Rose's witness thereof. She heard my words, and can verify what I said, and when; there was no physical means by which I should have known what I told her, and the accuracy of my forecast astonished us both.

Sanjay's Note: I must make an ever stranger claim, that of telecommunication with one of the Elder Children, who named himself Fuggen. Again, I cannot substantiate any of these messages, save for my own account, and by which means the events of January 10, 2009 unfolded.

Items Noted:

Fuggen, to describe him, was one of the Elder Children, a renegade adult male, alone and friendless, who had wandered up to the north country some months previously; at that time, he had come across the Tuttle property, and had made his home there, albeit only temporarily (please refer to October 25, 2008 report for this area).

During his time on the property, Fuggen had displayed very aggressive behaviour towards Margaret Rose, usually on the occasions when her husband, Jeff Tuttle* was away on business (he worked in Ann Arbor, and so was gone for several days at a time, usually returning on weekends). Typical examples of his behaviour was prowling around the house, peering into windows, and, in one situation, rushing Margaret Rose's car as she was pulling out of the driveway. The collision frightened her greatly, and she began to lock her doors at night; nor would she venture out after dark.

My assistance was solicited upon this situation, and I ventured, via telecommunication, to speak with Fuggen and the tribal elders about this, and to ask them to leave Margaret Rose in peace. To my surprise, they refused; their unanimous response was "She is a lone female, and therefore available for mating; Fuggen's behaviour is acceptable."

After much argument with the tribal elders, and with Fuggen, I informed them that I would not allow this situation to continue at the expense of Margaret Rose's safety; I put Light around the house and around the car, and spoke the

Guardian Prayer over Margaret Rose as well. This took place in October/November 2008; Margaret Rose later reported to me that the aggressive behaviour had ceased immediately.

As winter continued, with no further signs of Fuggen and/or his unwanted attentions, both Margaret Rose and I hoped that he had migrated south for the season, and would not return.

In early January 2009, however, I received a message from Fuggen during a meditation (I was beginning my shamanic training at the time), expressing his regrets and his need for friendship, specifically with Margaret Rose. He had, apparently, tried several times to contact her, but could not do so; he clearly indicated that the Light surrounding her house prevented him from approaching.

I informed Fuggen that he was not permitted to approach Margaret Rose, nor would I remove the Light that was protecting her. He apologised profusely, and begged to be given another chance to show that he meant no harm, and only wanted to interact with her as a friend.

I did not know how to respond; Fuggen seemed sincere, but I did not wish to put Margaret Rose in danger. Nor was I able to physically protect her; I was in Chicago, and Margaret Rose was still in Pellston. At the time, I had no automobile (this was just after Jane's accident, and I was still not fully mobile), nor would I, until later in the month.

I told Fuggen that he needed to apologise to Margaret Rose for his behaviour, and he asked how he should do this. He suggested that he might bring her meat, a freshly killed doe or buck, but I did not know how Margaret Rose would react to the sight of a deer carcass on her front porch.

I then suggested that he bring her flowers.

Fuggen asked, why flowers? I answered, every woman loves flowers. They are objects of fragile, delicate beauty, which speak to the heart of a woman. If you truly wish to apologise, bring flowers to Margaret Rose.

Fuggen agreed, and I suddenly received an image of a single, pale purple crocus, lying in the snow on her front stoop. I thought it very sweet, but it was still early January in northern Michigan; crocus does not bloom there until mid-April, at the earliest, and it was a very, very cold winter.

The next morning, Saturday, January 10, Margaret Rose telephoned me, and I told her of my communication with Fuggen; she was incredulous, to say the least.

"Where would he get a purple crocus in January?" she asked me.

"I do not know," I answered, "That is the image he gave me; it is lying on top of the snow, on your front stoop."

"Well, there's nothing there now," she said, "I just let the cat out."

Margaret Rose rang off shortly, saying she was going for a walk with her neighbour. I returned to my desk; within a few minutes, however, the telephone rang again. It was Margaret Rose, in a state of excitement.

"Sanjay," she said, "You will not believe what has just happened!"

"What?"

"I was going for a walk with my neighbour," she said, "And I opened the front door. As I stepped out, I looked down on the porch, and there on the stoop..."

"Yes?"

"There on the stoop...was a purple crocus."

"What???"



“Yes. A purple crocus.”

“You’ve got to be kidding!”

“No, I am not kidding. It’s right there on the stoop.”

“Can you take a photograph for me?”

She did so, and sent it to me; I include it here..

This photograph presents the purple crocus, found lying on the snow-covered stoop at the Tuttle house, approximately ten minutes after I spoke with Margaret Rose.:

To say that I was astonished and amazed by this event would be an understatement. Neither Margaret Rose nor I could understand how a purple crocus, in the dead of winter, would be found on her front stoop. Several questions were raised regarding this incident:

Where did the purple crocus come from? There are no florists in Pellston, nor is the Tuttle property close to any type of greenhouse or facility for growing flowers in the winter.

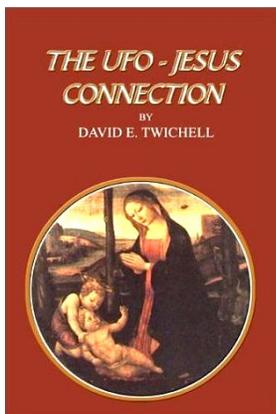
Who put the crocus on the front stoop? Regardless of source, one can suggest a variety of responsibilities, including the household cats, or even Margaret Rose herself.

How did I know it was there? To this day, I do not know the answer; I only know that I was given an image of the purple crocus, lying on the stoop, and told Margaret Rose; she found it ten minutes later.

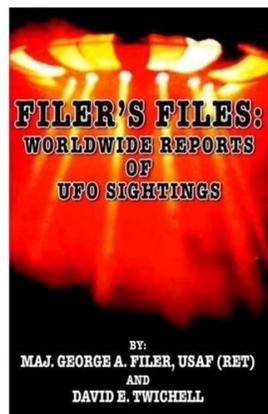
*name(s) changed for publication 

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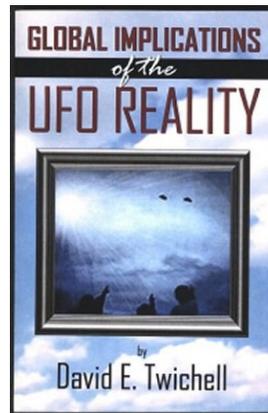
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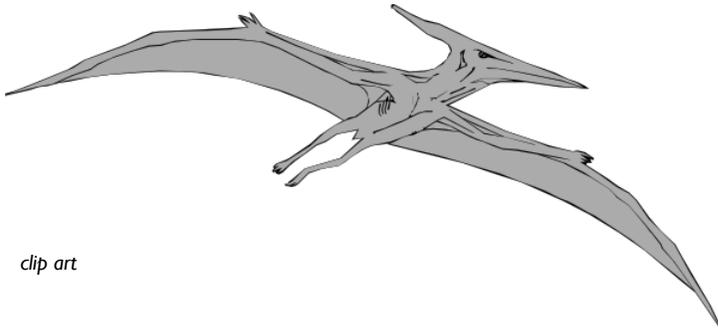


**A New Heaven
A New Earth**

Please visit David Twichell’s website ufoimplications.com and listen to his radio program “We Are Not Alone” to explore the mysteries of the UFO and abduction phenomenon with a new guest each month.

GIRL SEES PTERODACTYL IN OHIO

CAT LONDON
personal account



clip art

I was approximately 6 or 7 years of age when I had an experience that puzzles me to this day. It was a summer evening approximately 1981, in Northeast Ohio, when I was running home from a friend's house because the street lights came on; my unofficial curfew. My house sat adjacent to a creek, which was enclosed by two parallel, metal bars. As I approached the creek, I began to slow down from running to walking. I distinctly recall the

air becoming still and quiet. I saw something out of my peripheral vision, to my right. I turned to see what it was and to my absolute amazement was a creature that I can only describe as a Pterodactyl. It was hovering approximately 5 feet above my head and approximately 7 feet from where I was standing.

I remember being frozen, almost paralyzed, yet I did not feel overwhelming fear, rather overwhelming awe. I stood staring at this incredibly large, winged, being as it hovered staring at me. I noticed it's wingspan to be approximately 8 feet in width, and I remember quite clearly the detail in each wing; they were of a grayish-brown color with veins and capillaries running throughout. Unfortunately I do not recall the detail of it's face however the creature and I had locked eyes at one point and I remember a red cast to the eyes.

It seemed to be able to hover in the air while only flapping it's wings once or twice; it just seemed to float effortlessly. I felt as if I had been having a stare down with this creature for several minutes, in retrospect it was likely only seconds had passed.. After my feeling of paralyzing awe had lifted, I quickly ran to my house to tell my mother what I had just witnessed. Thankfully, my mother was an open-minded individual by nature and told me to stay inside the house while she went out to investigate. Of course, she came back in having saw nothing but she did not discount what I told her.

I never saw the pterodactyl creature again and over the years had pushed the memory aside. As an adult I returned to my childhood home to take a look at the creek and ponder the event which took place all those years ago. It was at this time that I could accurately give measurements to the wingspan via my memory and the dimensions of the creek. In retrospect I can look back at this experience and say with absolute certainty that this creature, whatever it was, did not harm me; it certainly could have if it wanted to, it seemed to be observing me; nothing more.



Please contribute a personal account of your own for consideration for this newsletter. Tell what happened and how you felt. All submissions and witness names shall remain anonymous. Get your story out. share@experiencer.us

"Everything you learned in school as 'obvious' becomes less and less obvious as you begin to study the universe. For example, there are no solids in the universe; not even the suggestion of a solid. There are no absolute continuums. There are no surfaces. There are no straight lines."

R. Buckminster Fuller

"All human beings should try to learn before they die what they are running from, and to, and why."

Author Artist James Thurber (Secret Life of Walter Mitty)

EXPERIENCER: TWO WORLDS COLLIDE

BILL KONKOLESKY

Dedicated to the Irish rock band “A House” for their extraordinary album “I Want Too Much” that I considered to be the soundtrack of my tumultuous early twenties, the time-frame of this story.

introduction

The alien abduction phenomenon is often much more than a person getting yanked from his or her bed or car, once in a lifetime. More often, abductees get taken several times over several years and the beings sometimes take a surprisingly active interest in abductees’ personal lives. Most importantly in these scenarios, the entities can be keenly interested in who abductees date or marry, even going so-far as to step in and play match-maker on occasion. Sometimes, this match-making can be obvious but, in most situations, their little gray fingerprints are harder to detect and, to identify the subtle clues, one may need to examine an evidence trail that can span years.

In this account of six years of my life from age 19 to 25, some very harrowing and very strange things did indeed happen to me and, in-between those events, even much of my “mundane” life seemed to be tied to visitors from elsewhere...and their mysterious plans.

There is virtually nothing in this account that doesn’t wrap itself into the crucial narrative. I don’t pad or fluff the story simply to wax nostalgic about “my early years.” Individuals aren’t mentioned unless they have a part to play in the bigger picture.

I ask the reader to please be patient, pay attention to even what may at first appear to be “filler,” and ask how one encounter, event, or individual ties in with some or all of the others in this book.

These six years of my life were a rich tapestry and a bumpy ride. And never boring.

Also, all names are pseudonyms (with the exception of public figures...and my parents are obviously my parents).

The story begins in my boyhood home in Sterling Heights, during June of 1990, and picks up literally at the conclusion of my book “Experienter: Raised in Two Worlds.” If you haven’t yet read that, it’s the best place to begin to see the foundations of what comes next. It is available through amazon.com. Thank you for reading.



chapter one

All the land is layered in shrouds.

Release your anchor and drift as the clouds.

“A cloud. Right? That’s just a cloud floating above my house. I guess.”

I was trying to convince myself something I knew wasn’t true.

The thing was flawlessly disc-shaped but wispy, subtly brighter than it should be against the night sky, and just

hanging there. The wind was blowing and it wasn't affected at about five hundred feet up, the only thing up there besides the summer stars.

Everything was silent as I stood roadside, in front of my house, with my shaggy little dog at just past 4am, unable to take my eyes off this curiosity floating unnaturally still, and I got the feeling it was somehow regarding me. My dog didn't seem to be nervous though and dogs are supposed to be highly sensitive to strange vibes. Right?

Well, if the oppressive feeling of dread that was pervading the atmosphere inside the house ten minutes before while those beings were in the backyard and staring in the kitchen window didn't phase old Sammy dog, I guess a peculiar-looking cloud probably wouldn't either.

My parents were still asleep inside, completely unaware of the events of the last hour, as well.

The cloud was larger than the house. If it were to drop directly straight down, it would certainly fill the property. But it seemed solid. Not a cloud somehow. Camouflage?

As I stared at it intently, waiting for a patch of mist to perhaps part somewhere on its surface and reveal something dark beneath, I detected the whole thing now slowly starting to move. Oddly, it was drifting into the wind, not with it.

The cloud picked up speed and moved with purpose upward and away from the house. It rapidly shrank away for several seconds in the night sky, then suddenly zipped off and disappeared at jaw-dropping speed. All that was left were the stars and I actually wondered if one of these is, in fact, the cloud's destination.

I didn't feel small and alone beneath the broad canopy of stars at that moment. I felt limitless. There was a connection between what I'd just experienced and the whole of the sky.

After a couple of minutes looking for any signs of movement in the heavens, the surreal feeling dissipated and I slowly started to walk back to my front porch. Although I knew the visitors were almost certainly gone from the back of the house, I didn't want to tempt fate and check.

Sammy and I stepped inside the darkened house and I trudged up the stairs to my bedroom, my legs starting to feel the first signs of tiredness.

As I entered my room, I wedged the snare drum stick behind the adjacent dresser and in front of the door, effectively creating a deadbolt. I then walked to the window and closed it, then pulled the shades. Turning around, I switched on the floor fan that was pointed at my bed, repositioning it so that it blocked the path from the door to my bed. If anyone stepped between the fan and myself, the flow of air would be blocked, hopefully waking me.

I kicked off my shoes and crawled into my bed with my back against the wall, listening for any sounds, inside or outside. Eventually, the darkness slowly lifted with the onset of early morning and I heard my father's alarm clock, waking him for work. Within minutes of that, I was asleep.

A knock at my bedroom door roused me at a quarter after noon. Looking around the room, a wave of relief hit me as I saw the room bathed in sunlight. I was safe.

"Yeah," I said and the door opened a few inches until it hit the snare drum stick I was using as a bolt to block entry. I could see my Mom's face in the crack of the door, telling me that my friend Kyle was on the front porch to see me.

I got out of bed, carefully stepped around the intentional obstacle course of cluttered books and paper on the floor of my room, and walked downstairs to the front door. As it was summer and I slept in a t-shirt and shorts that passed for what I wore on any given day, I didn't have to take an effort to make myself presentable.

Through the screen door, I saw Kyle's tall and lanky form outside on the front porch. When he spotted me approach, he smiled and nodded. I stepped outside into the bright sunlight and looked past him to the street corner where I'd been standing mere hours before. It all seemed so different during the day.

I told Kyle about the events of the previous night, not only about the strange cloud that flew at high speed against the wind but, more ominously, about the beings that were in my back yard.

He listened intently, but didn't say much.

Kyle had actually received his share of UFO strangeness himself. In fact, one strange event that he and I shared was in February of the previous year, our Senior Year of High School. He and I, with our friend Don, had seen a strange display of lights in the night sky. First a large, glowing blue ball arced over the car we were in, followed by a white light that zig-zagged about the sky, then a red ball of light briefly appeared and disappeared in the middle of the sky.

After he patiently let me relate my events to him, he lightened the mood by alerting me to the upcoming 19th birthday party of our good friend John.

Instantly, I knew what he was announcing was significant in some way. In an odd way, perhaps something even somehow connected to the previous evening.

Often, there is a strange residual effect to my high-strangeness encounters. It's a plugged-in feeling, alert to synchronicities with a slight boost to intuition. It diminishes slowly back to my normal degree of cosmic awareness over the course of a matter of days.

When Kyle told me of the party, it took little time to hone in on the psychic signal I was receiving and, in my mind's eye, I was seeing Vicky, a casual friend of ours since our high school days, very clearly. I asked Kyle if he thought she would be there and he replied by asking if this meant that I intended to ask her out.

"She's going to be my girlfriend," I told him, matter of factly. While I'd actually never really thought of her like this before, I had no doubt or reservations that this was going to happen and the party would be the catalyst. It was fate. Nothing I could do to change it.

Somehow, though, I also saw her as the harbinger of an ominous storm front. Something cold, dark, and massive was trailing in her wake that would change my life forever. Two worlds were about to collide.



"A human being is a part of the whole called by us 'the universe,' a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts and feelings, as something separate from the rest—a kind of optical delusion of consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and affection of a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of understanding and compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty."

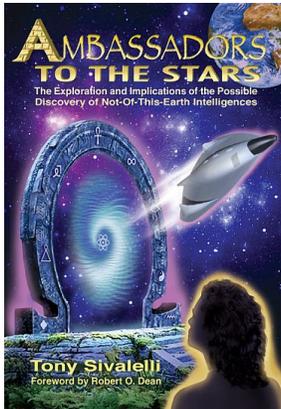
Albert Einstein

"The fact that astronomies change while the stars abide is a true analogy of every realm of human life and thought, religion not least of all. No existant theology can be a final formulation of a spiritual truth."

Baptist Pastor Harry Emerson Fosdick

"A single event can awaken within us a stranger totally unknown to us. To be alive is to be slowly born."

Author Poet Antoine De Saint-Exupery (The Little Prince)



Ambassadors to the Stars

by **Tony Sivalelli**

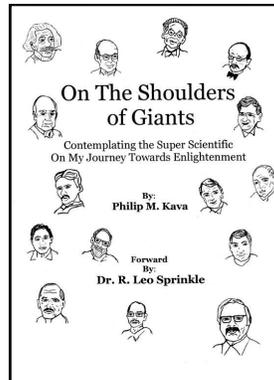
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On the Shoulders of Giants

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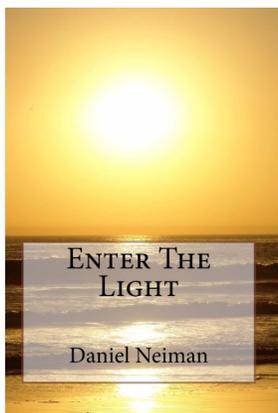
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philkava.com

Phil Kava is an independent researcher and author who has had a lifetime of paranormal experiences, including, at least, fifteen years as an ET experiencer. Phil has been researching energy healing since the age of nineteen, when he discovered his grandfather was a faith healer back in the foothills of the Appalachians of Pennsylvania during the early 1900's.

Phils' research in energy healing includes over ten years assisting the late W.C. Levensgood with his work on bio-intrinsic energies.

In this fascinating book, Kava shares what he has learned.



Enter the Light

by **Dan Neiman**

274 pages

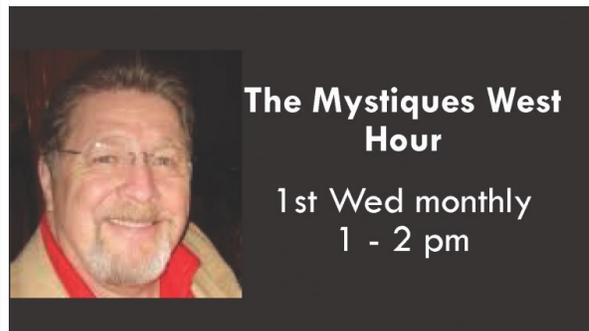
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Enter the Light is an exploration of reality, and not just the conventional 4 dimensional one. It covers the groundbreaking science in intelligent design and the placebo effect, as well as paranormal phenomena that suggest our reality is grounded in a supreme conscious intelligence which we are all part of and co-create with. Topics covered include peoples experiences in other dimensions, including near-death experiences, ufo abductions, lucid dreams, dmt travels, and out-of-body experiences. Finally, the book deals with the battle of worldviews and the metaphysical questions that plague us, like why there is evil or what our purpose is. This is coupled with a discussion of possibly what future conscious potentials lie in store for all of us as we evolve.

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HOST: Ray Fraser, the owner of Mystiques West in Westland, MI is returning to the radio airwaves with FREE mini readings, news and great host each month.

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