

The day that changed my course of destiny

You're not paranoid if someone is trying to harm you.

I will explain some celestial terminology used within the story you never learned in school, church, or find in any bible.

All living creatures possess a soul. There are two classifications of mortal creatures. Willed and non-willed. There are three species of willed beings on Earth, man, whales, and dolphins. All other forms of living matter are plants and animals, considered non-willed.

There are three **degrees of energy** soul-beings. The third-degree - complete spirit being in soul state (spirit). The fifth-degree- split soul beings (soulmates), and the seventh degree, the prerequisite degree before being born.

There are two **levels of soul beings**, a first-level mortal being. And a second-level being could be a third-degree spirit or a fifth-degree spirit soul.

Second-level spirit entities are continuously near we mortals (guardian angels, etc.).

I coined two phrases many years ago that I use throughout this article, the first being the "Karmic Command Coincidence Control Center." (KCCCC) It represents all the positive soul beings, mortal and immortal, supporting the Yang portion of creation who guided and protected us on our karmic journey.

The second is the 'Negative Collective,' which represents all those beings who strive to impede everyone with positive intentions to better themselves or situations. The Negative Collective exists and is seeking ways to prevent Jesus' second coming. Don't scoff; take a moment to consider Earth's present position teetering on the brink of World War III, and then decide who's at the helm.

I am not exaggerating because that has been the Negative Collective's intent since before the time of Atlantis. The self-proclaimed God of the House of Arturo has coveted Jesus' creation of Earth since shortly after mortal life became verifiable. If you do not understand what I have presented so far, you will if you take the time to read the entire story,

Everything I present here is fact-based, even the names of spirit beings, people, places, and events. I will disclose some unbelievable supernatural events related to this universe. There are harmfully destructive beings, celestial and mortal, that pursue an agenda of power and control to the point of deadly evil that honestly exists.

Chapter -01

The KCCCC's interventions

The first incident I must credit the Karmic Command Coincidence Control Center for is my initial meeting with Barbara Claypool in 1972.

I was an instructor of Inertial Navigation at Keesler Air Force base in Biloxi, Mississippi. I was also a member of the Road Runner Motorcycle Club. We would sponsor a Bike run somewhere on most Friday evenings. I was home preparing to join the group when I received a phone call from a young lady inviting herself to join the ride. That is how we met. We spent weekends sailing on the Gulf of Mexico on my twenty-four-foot Irwin sailboat until I retired in March 1975. and the rest of that story is material for another time. Except for that, Barbara and I extensively consulted Ouija boards.

I went to college, got my coast guard Z-card, upgraded it to a 100-ton captain's license, and then onto a 500-ton master. My last two years were in oil-field support off the West Coast of Africa.

The second KCCCC intervention occurred while I was teaching basic electronics at Southern Technical College in Lafayette, Louisiana, in December of 1984, when I received an unexpected phone call from my long-lost friend, Barbara. That phone call was the second step toward changing my path of destiny.

I was amidst my third career teaching basic electronics at Southern Technical College in Lafayette, Louisiana, when I received a phone call from Barbara.

The call was quite a surprise because I had not heard from her for twelve years. She was a silver medalist roller-skater and had often professed her desire to move to Sedona, Arizona, and open a skating rink to teach children to skate.

She told me on the phone that she would be passing through Lafayette on her way West and asked if she could stop for a visit on the way. My classes were between semesters, so I told her, of course, please do.

After she arrived, I broke out my old Ouija board and began conversing with a couple of our spirit friends and requested answers to specific questions. My guardian Jay informed us about a visitor named Matty who wanted desperately to speak to us. She was insistent and explicit in her directions; we needed to go West. We thought Matty meant Yuma, Arizona. When Jay confirmed her identity as an incredibly dear friend and endorsed her counsel, I considered following her advice and directions.

I purchased a used twelve-foot trailer to haul my personal belongings and submitted my resignation. We traveled West in separate cars, followed by a moving van containing her furniture. We had the van stop in Lafayette to pick up my motorcycle, which was too heavy for my trailer. We made the trek West and settled in Cottonwood, Arizona, where the Karmic

Command Coincidence Control Center's divine forces arranged a meeting place for a rendezvous with the people who would correct my destiny path. Two years later, I learned from Matty, whose soul name is Bethy, intended that our correct destination was the small town of Yucca, where its 1986 population was around ninety.

Barbra acquired teaching jobs with several established rinks, but we could not accomplish her desire to open a rink of her own. She had completed her celestial task of getting me to Arizona, after which she eventually, and I have not since heard from her.

Chapter 02.

Meeting Betty

The day my path of destiny changed

The third time the KCCC intervened on my behalf was while enjoying my third cup of breakfast coffee in March of 1985 when I observed a driver maneuver his overloaded dilapidated 1968 Chevy van into a parking slot in front of the coffee shop.

A man and woman emerged from the vehicle and approached the entrance. He was a large, stocky, broad-shouldered man with slightly graying blond wavy hair. He was clean-shaven, stood over six feet, and his clothes were well worn but clean and neat.

The lady was five foot two and slightly heavysset. Her shoulder-length dark brown hair fell loosely around her solemn face, and she was wearing slacks and a parka-style jacket.

As they entered the bright and cheery little restaurant, they proceeded through the bustling main room and entered the adjoining smaller, quieter area. They seated themselves at a table close to the three large picture windows to take advantage of the early morning sun.

I later learned that they were traveling Flea Marketers who had recently left the Phoenix area markets. They had worked there during several of the winter months and had recently arrived in the Cottonwood area of the Verde Valley. They packed everything they needed within the Chevy van, which was their transportation, business, and home while on the road. They had camped in a secluded wooded area within the township of Cherry, where they could easily reach most of the Verde Valley markets.

Their lifestyle was total freedom, to move anywhere whenever they chose. Their geographic locations depended on the seasons, which meant they followed the sun. They summered in Arizona and wintered in California. They were completely free of the socioeconomic pressures of punching a time clock, responding to beepers, and answering banks or landlords' demands for domestic payments. They had managed to become unencumbered by the ever-present and perpetually increasing parasitism of the utility companies. Best of all, the infernal revenue service is out of sight and mind. (Their words, not a mis-spelling)

Yesterday had been a disaster for them. They were set up at a market in Camp Verde when the weather started to look threatening. Despite her telling him that it was about to rain and that he needed to get the stock packed up and undercover, he procrastinated because some local marketers told him the clouds were high and would pass. She insisted that she knew half of her stock would be sitting in the adjoining pasture with the cows if they did not get everything undercover.

I will share something here that I did not learn until much later.

While this lady was still a very young child, she told her mother that a relative had just died, and everyone scoffed. The next day a message arrived confirming the relative's death. Because of numerous similar incidents, she was ridiculed, chastised, and looked upon as somewhat weird. Thus, she suppressed the knowledge but not the psychic ability while developing her innate talent. Over the years, she developed an inner voice and visual 'sign-posts' that had never failed her if she only listened and took heed. She always knew she was on her proper karmic path whenever a sign-post appeared.

On that day at the market, she knew that if not acted upon, this event could occur because her precognizant 'Little Voice' had shown her.

As in most of Arizona's sudden rainstorms, the clouds roll in and drop an avalanche of water. She finally convinced him of the impending disaster, but half her book stock remained sitting on the ground when the deluge arrived. The entire market grounds quickly became saturated, and water ran through everything in rivulets. Before they could retrieve anything more, the water carried the remaining boxes containing the books into the neighboring pasture with the cows. All she could do was stand in the pelting rain and watch as her vision became a reality.

To make matters worse, he had developed a severe toothache that needed immediate treatment on top of losing half of their livelihood. That is why they had come into Cottonwood. They had passed through town several times before but had never stopped at this particular coffee shop. Was this a continuance of karmic coincidence?

The waitress brought their menus and took their orders. While waiting for breakfast to arrive, the lady surveyed her surroundings and noticed the fellow sitting alone in a booth along the wall in direct sunlight. A sign post had appeared, and something was about the man she could not immediately identify. She had confusing and conflicting thoughts as she pondered, 'Do I know him?'

Her little voice was saying, 'You know him.'

But her physical mind was tired and concerned about yesterday's disastrous loss, and her logical mind was conveying, 'I don't have time or patience to meet and talk to anyone right now.' But the sign-post persisted, and the little voice nagged, 'have we met somewhere

before?’ The intuitive voice continued, ‘This is the being you are supposed to meet because this was a prearranged event.

She then let her eyes shift slightly out of focus and, with peripheral vision, scanned the young man’s aura. Now there was an instant realization, but still, no recognition that she knew or, better yet, had known this person before, but it was essential, more like imperative, that they meet.

Her Little Voice had spoken and succeeded in overpowering her tired logical mind, and now she instinctively knew that this meeting was no coincidence. Everything that had transpired yesterday had happened for and with a specific purpose. The purpose of this chance meeting was still unknown and would continue to be so for several days, but she knew that the Sign Posts were correct, which was a turning point in all their lives.

She said to her companion, “See that fellow sitting over there, the one in the booth by the front window? We have to talk with him, contact and invite him over.”

That was uncharacteristic because she had always been reluctant to make new acquaintances in that fashion. When her logical mind reemerged, she questioned herself, ‘Why did I do that?’

Her companion leaned out of his chair toward the stranger in the booth and asked, “Would you care to join us for coffee?”

I had recently finished a modest breakfast of ham and eggs and continued to enjoy my third coffee. While reading a book by Carlos Castaneda, I heard a strong male voice from an adjoining table say, “Would you care to join us for coffee?”

The voice continued, “Good morning, I’m Fred, and this is Betty.”

I replied, “Good morning, and thank you. I’m Kit.”

As I proceeded to join them, Betty commented, “I see you are reading one of my favorite authors. How do you like him?”

“I think he’s great and stirs my imagination!”

I sat with them in the bright dining room for several hours, listening to Fred describe their lifestyle, which I explained above.

I told Fred of my interest in computers and some of my written programs. He became interested and wanted to know if I could computerize Betty’s book business.

Meanwhile, Betty had remained silent during our entire exchange because she was under a bombardment of subliminal messages delivered by a faction of the Negative Collective.

As a ‘sensitive, Betty was more receptive to thought transmissions than the average person. I did not know it at the time, but she was under a constant barrage of subliminal thoughts attempting to dissuade her from our meeting. I learned much later that while

engrossed with her little-voice and concentrating on visualizing her sign-posts, she received such thoughts as. “this meeting is a mistake. You should not be here. Leave here now. You should not be talking with this man, a waste of time.

The Negative-collective members had received directives from the head of the House of Arturo to prevent us from ever meeting. He knew we had prearranged this meeting before our births because we were part of our creator’s mission for Abaris. We were to establish a triad that would create a *Cimbric* school to teach the Celtic principles of peace, love, and Brotherhood. Additionally, the end of the experimental period would occur on the winter solstice of 2002. We would be spreading the news of the Reclamation Fleet’s arrival as a forerunner to Jesus’ return.

A short supernatural history.

In several past lives on Earth, I had been deeply involved in the Celtic philosophy and died multiple times by the marauding Catholic Crusaders.

The *Cimbri* (Greek Κίμβροι, Kímbroi; Latin *Cimbri*); are an ancient Germanic tribe originating in Jutland, but Celtic influences, together with the Teutones and the Ambrones, fought the Roman Catholic Church between 113 and 101 BC.

The ancient Celtic religion, commonly known as Celtic paganism, comprises the religious beliefs and practices adhered to by the Iron Age people of Western Europe, now known as the Celts, roughly between 500 BC and 500 AD.

The negative-collective had to thwart our mission because their self-ordained god Arturo disapproved of our projected future activities. If we were left unabated, we would become teachers standing with Jesus to oppose Arturo’s negative mandate of predestination and Earth’s conquest.

The saga continues.

She maintained control of her thoughts throughout the massive barrage of subliminal assaults because her little voice, which is the essence of all that is positive, sustained her psyche. She realized that this event was a turning point in all our lives.

The truth is, I am the direct opposite of a mystic because I am as sensitive as a granite rock. Although the negative thoughts projected around us were not directed nor intended for me, I was oblivious to the attempted ambush.

Not having psychic ability is one thing, but a soul’s innate knowingness is another. Thus, I knew somehow, without knowing how I knew, that I must not let them leave without me.

I suggested to Fred, “Why don’t you come to my apartment. You can use the phone to call a dentist, and I can show you the computer.”

He asked, “Where’s your apartment?”

“About three blocks from here. I walked over - so I can run on ahead and show you the way.”

Fred asked Betty, “Sound ok to you?”

“Sure, we can do that.”

We paid our breakfast bills and left the restaurant. I walked with them to their Van and stopped briefly to meet Puppy-Cat, Betty’s thirteen-year-old registered Burmese Blue female cat who had traveled everywhere with them since kittenhood.

They followed me in his Van as I walked the three blocks to my two-bedroom apartment. Fred located a likely dentist in the phone book and called for an appointment. The dentist treated it as an emergency, so he went directly there for treatment while Betty relaxed in the second bedroom awaiting his return.

After Fred returned from the dentist, it was my turn to tell them some of the reasons I came to Arizona. I told them about my friend Barbara and our Ouija board activity. Mainly about the spirit named Jay and the spirit-being calling herself Matty, who insisted that we needed to go west to Yuma, Arizona.

By now, I knew I could not let them simply leave, so I persuaded them to stay the night

I rearrange some of my junk to make room for a couple of air mattresses in the spare bedroom. We talked for several more hours and retired for the night.

The following morning, I arose with the sun and went to my usual breakfast spot, a coffee shop a half block from the apartment. Surprisingly Betty was already there, and we continued our conversation until Fred wandered in an hour later.

After Fred finished his breakfast, I stated and asked, “I would like to try my hand at flea marketing. Would you two be willing to teach me?”

They looked at each other, and after a significant pause, Fred responded, “Sure, why not... we will be going to Camp Verde this Saturday.”

Neither could stand another night in civilization because the noise and light pollution was too overpowering. We arranged to meet at a location just outside of town so that I could follow them to the Camp Verde market.

They returned to their campsite in Cherry to regain their peaceful solitude in the wilderness. Meanwhile, I selected some items of ‘junk’ I could unload at the market and

packed them in the back of my Dodge. I met Fred and Betty just before dawn at the prearranged location. We caravan to Camp Verde, where the adventuresome wanderlust bug took a big bite, and I became a fledgling flea marketer.

Chapter 03.

My new adventure.
Becoming a Flee Marketer.

We spent a couple more weeks marketing in the Verde Valley area until it was warm enough to venture to the high country of Flagstaff, Arizona.

After several weeks of marketing, despite using my 8' by 12' foot trailer that I acquired to move from Louisiana, I determined that the Dodge was not conducive to the task. So, by the time we were ready to head for Flagstaff, I was the proud owner of a not so but almost as dilapidated Ford van as Fred's Chevy.

In preparation for the trip, I placed whatever I could not take on the road, including my Suzuki motorcycle, in the storage shed, closed out my living quarters, and paid for an additional year's storage.

There were three vehicles by the time we were ready to leave, so Betty agreed to drive the Dodge while Fred drove his Van. I would drive my Red Van pulling the trailer. Thus, our caravan departed on the sixty-eight-mile trip from Cottonwood up and over the Mogollon Rim to Flagstaff.

The trip was uneventful, except my poor old Van had a leaky freeze plug, so we had to stop frequently to replenish the radiator.

Upon our arrival in Flagstaff, we went directly to their favorite campsite just outside the city limits. It was a beautiful pine wooded area some mile and a half off the blacktop; Betty called it their personal prize and treasure they had used during several seasons.

We had to open a wire gate and travel several hundred yards along a heavily rutted snake trail where the brush rubbed both sides of the vehicles as we entered. However, the rewards at the end of the trial were well worth the trip. Beautiful towering pines surrounded a large clearing with unspoiled natural beauty everywhere. It was as near to paradise as I had seen since I was a young camper in the unspoiled forests of Franklin, Maine, in the 1940s.

Snug in our summer quarters.

The Flagstaff market was open on Saturday and Sunday from spring to fall. We set up our wares on the first Saturday, and about mid-morning, Mary Adler, a native of Flagstaff and good friend of theirs, ambled up to Betty's book display and exclaimed, "Well, hi there, Betty. I came by this morning in hopes you'd be here." Mary was also an avid reader and has been one of their market customers for several years.

"And good morning to you too, Mary; it's good to see you again. How've you been?"

"I've been fine," she said excitedly, "I just got my new kiln working. You'll have to come over and see some of my latest pottery."

Mary was a multi-talented artist, and one of her accomplishments was creating pottery and was always seeking material for new artistry projects.

Since there is little time to socialize during a busy market day, Betty suggested, "Why don't you come out to the camp one day next week so we can visit?"

"That sounds fine to me, but I have to tell you that I have a house guest. Her name is Darlene; she just arrived here from Alaska. She doesn't know anyone here yet, so is it ok if I bring her along?"

Here is where members of the Negative-collective emerged. Who is Darlene, who sent her here, and why? Yet to be determined.

Betty replied, "That'll be fine."

"I'll ask her when I get home, and if she's interested, I'll bring her by this afternoon to meet all of you."

Mary left, and our day continued; we packed up the books late afternoon and started back to camp. On the way, we stopped at a small grocery store and gas station. Fred and I were at the pumps getting gas when a strange woman approached me. I did not see her until she stood before me in the gas pumps' dim light and asked me something about books. I glanced at her and immediately developed an inexplicable queasy feeling. I gruffly told her that Betty was in the store. She turned and walked away as I finished filling the tank.

Unbeknownst to me, I had just received another free will offering from the Negative collective. The girl's name was Darlene. She was about five foot six, stocky without being fat, with dark brown hair and brown eyes. She was about ten years younger than me and very conveniently single.

After we got back to camp, Betty prepared dinner over an open fire, and to this day, I don't know how she always managed to produce such fantastic meals.

Fred and I were sitting comfortably at the table drinking iced tea when Betty said, “I saw Mary at the store on our way home. She told me they had stopped by the market, but we had already gone. Mary told me that they stopped when she saw the vans at the store.”

Fred and I grunted, “What did she want?”

“She had Darlene with her, and I told her to go out and talk to Kit.”

I grunted again, “So that’s who that was. I must have made a great first impression,” and explained how I had abruptly sent her on her way.

Betty went on to say, “That’s all right, you’ll get a second chance. She and Mary will be coming by sometime next Tuesday afternoon for a visit.”

We work hard two days a week and take it easy the rest. Mondays are sacred. No one does anything on a Monday that is not absolutely necessary.

Around noon on Tuesday, Mary rumbled and bumped her little car into camp. She introduced Darlene to everyone, and I thought, she sure looked one hell-of-a lot better than I remember her from the first time I saw her; those first impressions are a killer.’

We seated ourselves around the makeshift table for lunch and talked for the remainder of the afternoon. Mary told Betty all about the new kiln and her latest pottery projects. Fred and Darlene spoke with me about metaphysics when I mentioned the Ramtha tapes. They wanted to know who Ramtha was and how I learned about him, so I explained.

I had just returned from my second sixth-month stint as a boat captain working in the off-shore oil fields out of Cabinda, West Africa. I was in the midst of a thirty-day break when I met a gifted numerologist who first brought my attention to J. Z. Knight, who acted as a channel for Ramtha. Google him.

I learned that Ramtha had been a great warrior and conqueror who walked this planet thirty-five thousand years ago. He became the leader of India’s people, and that is where the chant, Rama, originated. He chose to return in this bizarre manner at this time in our history to deliver the Universal Message of peace, love, and Brotherhood and that God dwells within each one of us.

In a sad but true story, Ramtha is a spirit being who chose J. Z. Knight, a Barbie doll actress, to become his channel through whom he could spread the word of peace and love. A noble ambition on his part, but it did not take long before the financiers exploited them into moving Ramtha’s channeling sessions to Hawaii, where the Mammon followers all made millions.

After viewing the first one of Ramtha's videotapes, I realized that I had received answers to questions I hadn't been smart enough to ask. That is when I purchased a couple of them.

Darlene became intrigued and asked, "Do you still have them?"

"Yes, of course."

She became insistent, "I have to see them! How soon can I see them?"

I hesitantly said, "Most anytime, we can go to Mary's house if it's ok with her. Or we can watch them right here."

"How can we do that? Where's the TV? And besides, there's no electricity?"

"I have a TV set, a VCR, and a small Honda generator packed in the trailer at my camp."

"Can you set it up tonight?"

"Don't see why not if everyone wants to see Ramtha."

As evening drew closer, the sky had turned red when Darlene told Mary about wanting to see the Ramtha tapes and asked, "Can we stay to see them?"

Mary declined with, "I have to go back home and feed the dogs."

Betty suggested, "Why don't you come back after feeding them? There's plenty of time; Kit won't have everything set up until later."

"Maybe"

Darlene acted like a petulant child by declaring, "You better, I'm staying to see the tape, and I'll need a ride home."

Everyone looked at Mary and then glared at Darlene, there was an awkward silence, and I looked at Mary while gesturing toward Darlene and said, "If you can't come back and she wants to stay for the tapes, I can set up another cot so she can spend the night under the stars." From where did that bright idea originate?

As I now recall, Darlene had been parading around our camp all day, looking nothing like I remembered; she was rather attractive.

Mary never stated that she would return, and as the sun sank below the horizon, she departed, leaving Darlene behind; she did not return. I have often wondered if the negative-collective also influenced her decision.

By the time I had the video equipment set up, darkness had prevailed, so we all relaxed in front of the TV listening to Ramtha until the generator ran out of gas. Fred and Betty returned to their camp while I set up another cot for Darlene, and we retired for the remainder of the night.

The following morning broke bright and beautiful. I ambled over to Fred's camp to find Betty preparing breakfast, so I joined him in gathering firewood from a fallen tree not too far from their campsite. When breakfast was ready, I went to wake Darlene, who eventually joined us at the table.

During breakfast, Fred said, "I'd like to go for a walk before the sun gets too high."

Betty agreed, "That sounds like a good idea. I would like to go back out to the bluff that overlooks that wash area."

No one has said a word about getting Darlene back home, including Darlene, so I ask her. "When do you have to be home?" as if she had a curfew.

"Not anytime special."

"When would you like to go home?"

"Have we seen all of Ramtha?"

"No, we only got about halfway through the second tape of his first session in Hawaii; there are about twelve or fourteen more hours if you want to see the rest."

"I would like to see some more, but I should go back sometime today. Can I return?"

"I guess so if you want to. I have to get more gas first."

"When are you going for gas?"

"When I take you back home this afternoon." Then I asked, "Can you get Mary to bring you back?"

"There's no need for that because I have a car."

"Well then, it's up to you when you come back. We'll be here."

After the breakfast clean-up, we went hiking in the surrounding wooded area. We walked east until we were standing on the bluff overlooking a broad wash. We located a slightly used deer path and followed it down to the bottom of the wash channel. After which, we returned to camp, and I took Darlene back to Mary's.

We also visited Mary often during the summer and had dinner with her several times. Much to Mary's delight, Darlene had become more of a fixture in our camp than in her home. We never learned about their family relationship that would explain Darlene's sudden appearance. I assume the Negative Collective had some influence.

As the end of summer approached, we discussed preparations for a future move to California's winter markets. I made several trips to Flagstaff, looking for something large enough to live while traveling. I eventually located an old, partially converted Ford school bus.

Fred and I went to retrieve the bus; Betty remained in camp. She was busy sorting some books when she heard rustling sounds from my campsite. She walked out to the edge of the clearing that separated our camps when she saw a man walking around my area. When the man saw her, he started to approach her. He was tall and slender and appeared to be about twenty-five, wearing blue jeans and carrying a small backpack. Betty sensed no threat of danger, so she started across the clearing to meet him but remained cautious. As they drew closer, she saw his radiant blue eyes and noticed that his shirt was miss-buttoned. He wore a colorful bandanna around his head and looked like a hippie from out of the sixties. When they were within a comfortable speaking distance, he stated, "I am trying to find Kit; where is he?"

"Oh," she said, "do you know him?"

"Yes, we're old, old friends; I've known him a long, long time."

Hearing that, she relaxed, for she sensed that he was a good and decent person.

She stated, "Kit and Fred are not here but will be back shortly; you are welcome to wait for him. Would you like some coffee?"

She started to turn to go back to her camp when the man said, "Just tell him Jay was here, and I'll come back."

Betty turned her head to look back at the man, but he was nowhere to be seen; he had mysteriously vanished.

About thirty minutes later, I rumbled back into camp with the school bus as Fred brought up the rear in the Dodge.

Betty began preparing lunch as soon as Fred and I entered the camp. After my enthusiastic description of the new bus and a purchase recap, she said, "I've had an exciting morning also."

Fred anxiously asked, "What happened here?"

That's when Betty asked me, "Who is Jay?"

I thought a minute and said, "I don't know anyone named Jay."

She continued, "There was a man here by the name of Jay; he was looking for you and told me that you had been friends for a long time."

"What did he look like?"

"A hippie."

"I don't know any hippies, and I don't know a Jay."

"He certainly knows you."

“What did he want?”

“He wanted to talk to you.”

“Then where did he go? Why didn’t he wait?”

“I don’t know; he just disappeared.”

“What do you mean, he just disappeared?”

“Just what I said, one second I was talking to him, and the next he was gone.”

“Gone! you mean he ran off.”

“No! We were standing out there in the middle of the clearing; I turned my head, and he just disappeared, vanished, vaporized.”

After that startling announcement, we were momentarily silent when I had a bizarre thought and said, “I just remembered; the only Jay I know of is the one I talk to through the Ouija board.”

They looked at me strangely, and I explained the different times that Barbara and I had spoken with an entity calling himself Jay on the Ouija board.

I asked her, “Could it have been him?”

Speaking of Barbara, The four of us had been marketing for about a month when Barbara, who had a canny way of knowing where I was, located us at the market to tell me that she was about to leave for Wyoming. We wished each other best wishes for our futures, which was the last time we spoke.

Not to be outdone by a fledgling marketer, Fred announced that he had located and purchased a well-used converted school bus. I drove Fred to the seller the next day and followed him back to camp. Over the remainder of the summer, he prepared the bus for the trek to California.

Darlene decides to join our trek west.

I must explain how and why I eventually accepted Darlene despite my initial queasy reaction. Since I was ignorant of the existence of the Negative Collective, Darlene had become more acceptable as time passed. They had succeeded in creating my vision of the proverbial girl next door because within five days; we began mating.

With Betty’s help, Darlene had developed a small market trade buying and selling phonograph records, and, much to Mary’s delight, Darlene no longer lived with her.

One evening, we sat together in my camp discussing the pending trip to California when

a huge white barn owl swooped down within an arm's length over our heads. We heard nothing at first as it glided silently on outstretched wings, but when it started its upward climb, we heard the distinctive whoop, whoop, whoop of its wings just before it glided to perch on a stout limb of a nearby towering pine tree. It remained motionless, peering down at us, and we could distinguish its outline clearly against the gray moonlit sky. Captivated by the bird's elegance, we remained motionless for a few minutes before looking at each other when she said, "I feel there's something wrong here."

It was very unusual for me to perceive such a feeling, but I also felt an ominous presence and stated, "I suspect that it is more than just a bird."

We ran to the other camp to tell Betty about the owl. She had not seen it but confided that she felt a dark presence of something close by, but it was unidentifiable. When we returned to my camp, the owl was no longer there.

As the weather was beginning to cool, the summer market would soon be drawing to a close. During the season, I met a salmon fisherman from Alaska who fished and canned salmon all winter and built a heavy-duty trailer to transport his product to the Flagstaff market each summer. When the salmon sold out, I learned that he found it cheaper to sell the trailer and build a new one each year than drag it back to Alaska. I was there on that day and bought the last five cans and the trailer. I now had something strong enough to haul the motorcycle. I sold my old trailer the same day.

We became aware of a logistical problem when we began making plans for the trek to California. Now that Darlene had decided to go, there were six vehicles, plus the motorcycle, in Cottonwood storage and only four drivers.

My Dodge, Red Ford van, Ford School Bus, and motorcycle. Fred's Chevy book van and Ford School Bus plus Darlene's car.

Darlene drove her car to her son's place in Phoenix while Fred followed her in the Dodge so he could bring her back to Flagstaff.

Meanwhile, Betty and I went to Cottonwood in my Van, pulling the Alaskan trailer to close the storage shed. There was no point in paying more storage fees.

Here is a bit of trivia obtained during the return trip from Cottonwood. We were about halfway back when I noticed that Betty was uncommonly quiet until she asked, "What does Zarathustra mean to you?"

"Zara - who?"

"Zarathustra."

"Not a thing ... why?"

"How about Zoroaster?"

"No ... who are they?"

“They’re both the same; it’s just a matter of pronunciation, one is Latin, and the other is Greek.”

Since the names meant nothing to me at the time, she dropped the subject. Months later, we were living in the desert and pursuing some past life regressions when we learned that during my fourteenth past life on this planet in Greece, I was Zarathustra.

Once back in Flagstaff, we took the motorcycle to Mary’s place, where I winterized it and placed it in storage until I could retrieve it next summer.

It was late August, and the weather was getting too cold for us to stay any longer. Fred’s Van had become their primary market book van because they lived in his school bus, and I had made accommodations for Darlene in mine. However, there was still a logistical problem because we had four drivers and five vehicles. We decided that I would drive my school bus while Darlene drove my red Van pulling the trailer. Fred would pilot the book van while Betty would drive the Dodge, leaving Fred’s school bus driverless. Our secondary problem with Fred’s bus was that he had never registered it, so it had no license plates.

Luckily for us, my bus’s previous owner had left his temporary permit card posted on the back window. He told how he had managed to keep the law at bay by putting the permit in a plastic document holder and periodically changing the expiration date with a black grease pencil.

Here is how we solved that dilemma. With all the vehicles and trailer packed, we departed Flagstaff and headed down the mountain toward California. We drove about a hundred miles when Fred and Betty, taking the temporary card, would drive the Dodge back to retrieve his bus. We did this hundred-mile leapfrogging until we arrived in Ash Fork, Arizona. Once there, we camped out in another one of their favorite camping locations. We stayed there about two weeks before the snow flurries began, and it was time to move on West.

Fred’s Ford bus was continually developing minor engine problems, and we made it as far as exit 37 on Highway 40, where we had to pull off the road to make a serious repair. We were about 65-miles from Lake Havasu City, so Fred and Betty would go to the market there on Sunday mornings. In about three weeks, Fred was ready to continue our journey to California.

Betty has since told me that she received confirmation of our journey when receiving flashes of ‘sign-posts’ each Sunday trip to Lake Havasu City every time she passed mile marker 20 on Highway 40. (Gem Acres Road.)

Once back on the road, we got almost to the junction of Highway 95 and the Old Historic Route 66, when Fred’s bus would not go any further. We located a beautiful secluded

spot well off the road, and Fred managed to limp his sorry bus into the camp where he could continue making repairs. It was now only 18-miles to Lake Havasu City, where we all went to its Sunday market. During the first Sunday that we were there, a man stopped by to look at Betty's book stand, and while she was talking with him, she learned that he was the preacher of a local church and that one of its parishioners had died and bequeathed the church a five-acre parcel of land. The church considered using it as a religious retreat but decided against it. The preacher's reason for the church wanting to unload the property was that they didn't want to pay any more taxes.

On November 10, 1987, Betty made him a sight-unseen offer that he accepted. The four of us piled into the Dodge and proceeded along Arizona's State Highway 40 to exit 20. (Gem Acres Road.) to make our first excursion to survey and choose our perspective campsites.

We quickly learned why the church wanted to unload the property. It was landlocked with no public access. The only way to get to our five acres was to traverse the seven miles of the unmaintained El Paso Natural Gas pipeline access road.

The following morning, we shuttled our caravan along our seven-mile driveway to our cactus-laden property.

Fred managed to maneuver his crippled bus onto his chosen location before it shuttered and died, never to run again.

I jockeyed my bus into a small secluded oasis type clearing surrounded by Yucca trees. I parked so that the back door opened to the North, facing the front of Fred's bus that was about 75-yards due North of my dry oasis. In our case, 'oasis' is a misnomer because there was not a drop of water to be found.

Betty's little voice and signposts, plus the guide and protection of the KCCC, had gotten us all to this desert location. Betty knew that she was home, and her little-voice continued to give her positive confirmation of the fact that this was where she was supposed to be.

Fred was not at all content with her decision. He wanted to continue on his wanderlust vagabond trail, and on January 8, 1988, he departed the land. Betty and I lived there for the next nine years, and I will explain about Darlene's leaving in due time.

Thanks to the Karmic Command Coincidence Control Center, I met Barbara and all the other folks we met along the way to Gem Acres Road in Arizona. We were only seven miles from Matty's original Ouija Board's destination of Yucca,

Chapter 04

Desert Living on our land

Once located on our five-acre plot of raw Mohave desert riddled with Yucca trees and

cactus, there was no commercial gas, water, electric, or phone services. That made little difference because we had lived on the road and camped out for nearly two years. We had already turned our buses into virtual homes on wheels, where we carried sufficient water and prepared meals on an open fire or charcoal grills.

Electricity was not a problem because everything we used came from recreational vehicles and operated on twelve volts. We had also acquired several generators that kept our batteries charged and upgraded to propane for cooking. Communication was not a problem because I have been a licensed amateur radio operator since 1955 and used my ham radio for emergencies such as notifying the town whenever we sighted grass fires. When we spotted a tornado developing and touching down close to town, I called them.

One might consider our sleeping arrangements a bit snug. I had integrated a 12-volt TV set and VCR into a narrow bookcase I picked up at the market. I had securely fastened that unit to the heavy railing behind the driver's seat. I had also fabricated an undersized twin bunk-bed and secured it to the interior in front of the TV; very cozy!

Now that Fred was gone, Betty began to explore some of the psychic abilities he had forbidden her to develop.

Once settled on a permanent location, Darlene wanted some space of her own. I located and purchased a well-used but serviceable twelve-foot travel trailer equipped with 12-volt interior lights, a functional propane stove, and a refrigerator. I positioned it alongside the bus close to the front door for easy access.

Our water consumption grew exponentially, and filling several ten-gallon jugs every weekend became tedious, insufficient, and expensive.

Here is how I solved that problem. It took a couple of weeks to locate and purchase a used two-thousand-gallon water tank and deliver it to the land. I then arranged to dig a hole large enough to bury the tank with a friend from Yucca. Once the pit had been dug and the empty tank moved into it, I used some three-quarter-inch PVC pipe and a salvaged Sure water pump to construct a pressurized water distribution system to furnish the camp. I had also contracted with him to deliver water and top off the tank every two months.

After completing the distribution system, I began to backfill the hole with the excavated heavily rock-laden dirt.

It was July, and the midday temperatures ranged between 100 and 110 degrees. I had worked enthusiastically on the project for weeks when suddenly, I stopped work for no apparent reason and began moping around camp.

A couple of days passed when Betty noticed that I had lost all ambition and asked me what was wrong. I didn't know, except I felt defeated and exhausted totally for no apparent

reason. I had always thrived in the heat; my only comment was about how overwhelming it had become to move that much rocky dirt.

She surprised me by asking if it could be because of a past life experience.

I had always believed in reincarnation but never thought much about mine. When I asked Betty if she could determine mine, she said without hesitation, of course.

Learning about my past-life experience as a stone mover on Easter island provided me with factual material to write a science fiction novel, *The Golden Birds of Rapa Nui*, based on my time between 4294-4266 BC.

Gaining the knowledge of that incident triggered our desire to explore the rest of my thirty-three past life experiences on Earth plus two others as an alien of the Pleiades.

Several years before this adventure began, I had collaborated with a spiritual numerologist, and we established the New Dawn Metaphysical Centre In Lafayette, LA. I wrote a computer program to convert a person's name into numerical numbers. That would save her considerable time during her reading sessions.

I told Betty about the program and asked her to come over and try it out. Later that day, she came over, and I asked her to take a seat before the computer and follow the monitor's instructions that told her to type her full name as given at birth.

She slowly typed as we all watched as the word "M A G N A" appeared on the monitor screen. After seeing her bewildered expression. I asked, "Where does that come from?"

She stammered, "I have no idea."

"What does it mean?"

"I have no idea; there must be something wrong with your program."

None of us knew what it meant, nor did we find out for some time. Several months passed before we learned that Magna was Betty's soul name and about who she truly is. We also learned more about ourselves, plus much more than Darlene wanted anyone to know about her.

Chapter 5

Abaris arrived in 1988

It was about eight o'clock on a Tuesday evening in February 1988; Betty was in her quarters, sitting quietly at her little desk going over some old paperwork, when she felt an unknown presence. She looked around while wondering if Fred had returned.

No, there was no one there, and as the feeling of this ominous presence became more intense, there was a sense of someone or something calling, but she could not determine what. Her emotions were becoming overpowered, and she felt as though something beyond her control was occurring. As near panic set in, she left her quarters and made a running trip to mime.

Darlene and I were reclining watching TV as Betty stumbled through the back door. With tears in her eyes, she frantically exclaimed, “There’s something here!”

I asked, “What do you mean?”

“I mean, there is something here ... here with us now, don’t you, can’t you feel it?”

“No, I don’t feel anything.”

Darlene spoke up, “She’s right; there’s been an increase in energy here.”

I asked, “Exactly; what do you feel?”

Betty, unable to relax, paced half the length of the bus while attempting to explain, “This has been a strange day; I’ve been restless and uneasy all day... as if someone was watching me. Then tonight, this powerful presence is not menacing or threatening, just overpowering. I don’t know who or what it is, but I don’t like it.”

“Ok,” I said, “sit down here on the bed and take a few slow deep breaths – try to relax while I speak to whomever or whatever is there with us. I then commanded, “Whoever you are. Be gone. We don’t want you here now; go. Leave us now!”

With great relief, Betty said, “It’s gone; whatever it was, it’s gone now.”

“Good, it shouldn’t bother you anymore tonight. We’ll talk about this in the morning.”

“But what if it comes back?”

“It shouldn’t, but if it does, just call me, and I will come over.”

“What was it? Have you ever heard of such a thing happening?”

“Yes, but not usually without being summoned.”

“Well, I sure as hell didn’t summon that.”

“Tell you what; go home and get some sleep, and tomorrow night when you are not so upset, we’ll see if it comes back. We can find out more about it if it does, ok?”

“I’m not sure I like that idea.”

“It’s going to be all right.”

“Easy for you to say; you didn’t feel it.”

“That’s true; I never do feel anything.”

Betty returned to her quarters and spent a restless night even though the presence did not return. We had spoken about Ouija boards, and she was concerned about its ability to act as a portal that could allow unwanted spirits to enter. She requested that we not have any within our compound; that is why I had sold mine in the market.

On Wednesday evening, we all gathered in the small sitting area within my bus and waited quietly to see if anything would happen. Presently Betty said, “I feel it again but not as strong and overpowering as last night.”

We used several different tracing or seeking methods during my affiliation with the New Dawn Metaphysical Center, so I asked her, “Have you ever done any automatic writing?”

“No.”

“Do you know what it is?”

“I’ve heard of it.”

“That’s good.” I handed her a pad of paper and a pencil and instructed her, “just put the pad on the table and place the pencil on it. Relax your hand completely and clear your mind. Now close your eyes and relax.”

Much to Betty’s and Darlene’s amazement, it wasn’t long before the pencil began to squiggle. The first couple of marks resembled Greek symbols and letters.

I said, “It’s working — and looks a little like Greek to me. Now, relax again and let the pencil move by itself. Don’t try to understand what it writes or anticipate what you might think it’s trying to say.”

Then I questioned the spirit, “Who are you ... identify yourself.”

With that, the pencil hesitantly scribed a Roman-style ‘S,’ moved left and scribed an ‘I,’ moved left again, and printed an ‘R.’ When the pencil stopped scribing, we all stared at the pad with the name ABARIS in one-inch letters written on it. A spirit being had just made an intelligible contact with us, but that was all we did that second night,

As our excitement ebbed, all I could say was, “Wow!”

While still holding the pencil, Betty sat mesmerized and slowly asked, “What do you think?”

I said, “Kind of neat.”

She stated, “You are a master of understatement.”

Darlene asked, “But what does it mean?”

Betty said, “I don’t know.”

I concluded, “I don’t know either, but I am sure of one thing ... he’ll be back, and we will find out.”

At seven o'clock the following evening, we again gathered in my bus. That contact was much more productive because the entity was able to communicate directly by thought transference. Speaking through Betty's conscious mind, he said, "My name is Abaris; I am a teacher and have come to awaken you to your mission." He continued, "but before I do, I would like you to go to your local archives (library) and research. Look up the name ABARIS and see what you find. I will return after you have done this."

After he left, Betty asked me again what I thought now.

I said with a broad grin. "Now that was really kind of neat!"

She huffed and headed for the back door while mumbling and slowly shaking her head.

Friday morning found the three of us standing in front of the Lake Havasu City Library, waiting for them to open. Once inside, Betty, the book person, located everything the library had on file. She special-ordered copies of the remaining reference material they did not have in-house.

Here is a short explanation of what we learned about him.

Abaris has lived eleven different mortal lives on this planet. He arrived on Earth for his first one in 5000 BC, where he was the teacher who established the highly advanced school of the Cimbri. (companions)

He selected the best males from the Hyperborean race and placed them into a 20-year-long training. Upon completing their training, these young men would return home to their families and teach their villagers what they had learned.

The curriculum was basic but extremely extensive and varied; he stressed all the physical sciences, mathematics, physics, chemistry, astronomy, health, and self-government.

He also taught the advanced universal concepts such as reincarnation and the universal love of the Brotherhood of all men.

During those times, Abaris met with many Masters of the Vedic discipline. He often met with Pythagoras, who referred to him as the 'Golden Arrow.'

As legend has it, Abaris had received a Golden Arrow from Apollo that he rode upon as a means of transportation. That was the legend, but the truth is, he traveled from place to place within a Universal Brotherhood shuttlecraft that gleamed like gold in the sunlight. He continued teaching how to foster Peace, Love, and Brotherhood in several subsequent lives.

After accomplishing our initial research, Abaris returned to us nearly every day. The first information he gave us was that he is a Melchizedek teacher and is a member of the

Melchizedek Council of Emergency Teachers, commissioned and sanctioned by the creator son of this planet, Jesu (Jesus). Abaris told us that he would prepare a Pure Vessel Channel through whom he would disseminate the teaching philosophy of the Universal Brotherhood.

I had been seeking the truth about the universe my entire life. I knew that what I had learned from all the formalized religious teachers and preachers that I had heard were utterly devoid of divine knowledge and ignorant of the most critical parts of celestial truths.

Everything Abaris and other teachers we have spoken with; explained and confirmed what I have always known or suspected. This universe is a highly organized and structured living entity, and we are not alone. The Godhood of the Universe dwells within each of us. It is a universe of love, and most beings within it are beings of love. Life does not start and end with our present reality of existence. We all came from somewhere, and we will all return to that source. The soul is immortal; it has existed since the beginning of time and will continue until the end.

After going through hours of library research material, we were beginning to learn who Abaris was. He had given us a week to study before he returned, and when he did, we received an even greater surprise. He challenged us to learn and understand three basic thoughts, which have three additional simple concepts each:

Concept - 1 Know Yourself.

Part -a. That of discovering the true self and the total acceptance of the same.

Part -b. That each and every soul has equal value and potential as all others; no one is greater or lesser than another.

Part -c. We must attain the resultant knowledge and recognition that GOD dwells within each of us.

Concept - 2 Know Your Planet

Part -a. To learn to love and accept all men as you would love and accept yourself.

Part -b. To learn of humanity's custodial care of the planet on which we live.

Part -c. Become knowledgeable of the fact that we on this planet are but a small part of a much larger Brotherhood Universe.

Concept 3 - Know Your Universe.

Part -a. Learn to accept our responsibility of custodial care of the universe and the undeniable truths of the Universal Brotherhood and what they represent.

Part -b. Then learn of the Universal fabric's continuance and that which keeps it all going, the strength of ongoing Love.

Part -c. You will then learn of 'Your Role' relative to yourself, your brother, your planet, and your universe to ensure the Universal continuance.

Upon his next arrival, he explained who we were and why we gathered here. He told us that he received a commission from our creator Jesus to establish colonies of brotherhood beings who would help teach the world's populous the celestially divine truth of our universe. To provide earthlings with honest candor that was never correctly taught in any school, university, church, or found in any bible.

To assist in Jesus' monumental educational task of celestial enlightenment, Abaris is only one of many teachers who will develop triad groups of individuals like the three of us and prepare them to accomplish the mission.

We learned that the projected number was 7,777. Abaris will be one of 777 spirit beings on the North American continent. Each one of them would establish seven triad groups of mortal beings. Each triad would consist of a temporal leader, a psychic seer, and a healer.

The biggest surprise came when he informed us of who we were and what positions we would hold as members within one of his seven triads. I would be a temporal leader, Magna would be the psychic seer, and Darlene would become the healer. We had not yet learned that Darlene was Romaia, a negative healer from the hostile House of Nebon.

As Betty's extraordinary psychic abilities broadened, we began backtracking some unexplainable experiences we had encountered since Darlene's appearance. During one of our many séance type sessions, Betty would psychically traverse time and space searching for specific information. After locating the incident in question, she could see, hear, and even smell or taste everything as she described the event's reenactments in real-time. I wish I had recorded these sessions as I did while tracing past life experiences.

One of the most enlightening but disturbing discoveries she made was that of the owl. She identified Benemid, a spirit entity from the notorious school of YO, who came to awaken Darlene of her commission. Having failed that time because she was not alone, he made a second appearance.

Tracing Benemid further, we learned that several days after the owl's appearance,

Darlene had gone for a walk by herself outside of camp. She was sitting quietly among the hillside rocks below the bluff when she detected a presence. Then standing before her was what appeared to be a man but not a man. He was a shimmering translucent figure and partially transparent. He spoke directly to her mind and told her that he had come to awaken her to her duties. He told her that she was a healer from the House of Nebon and that she had accepted a commission to perform her task. Wawake, and remember. Fulfill your mission.

He delivered the message subliminally, and as such, she would have no conscious awareness of receiving it. However, she could remember the apparition's visual appearance while her subconscious mind received the message.

Tracing Darlene further, we learned that her mission was bestowed upon her before birth by a faction of the negative-collective. Her mission was to become the healer within one of Abaris' seven triads and see that it failed in its Earthly mission to assist in preparing for Jesus' return.

What I am about to tell you may explain why she chose me as the target of her commission and sound like science fiction, but I assure you it is not.

During one of our past life exploration sessions, we learned that Darlene's house of origin was Nebon, the notorious Mansion-world of negative healers. During subsequent sessions of past-life explorations, we learned substantially more.

Darlene, whose soul name is Romaia, and we have crossed karmic paths many times. The first time was when she was the High Priestess of Lemuria in 9053 BC, while I was a member of Prince Caladastia's counsel of twelve during the destruction of Atlantis. We were bitter enemies during that life, and she continues to blame me for the extinction of her race.

The second time Romaia and I met, she was an Indian medicine man's granddaughter during my Arizona life in 1799. She had spent six years nursing me back to health from where my mother Inea had, in a drunken rage, whipped the skin off my back and left me to die in the hot Arizona sun.

Inea (soul name) was my wife during my Boston life in 1691, who I shot and killed when I found her in bed with another man (soul-name Ryse) who just happened to be Fred. He robbed and stabbed me to death in that Arizona life. Additionally, Inea was my first wife in this present-day life, and Rise was Betty's boyfriend and flea-market companion.

Since I had unknowingly left the Indian girl Romaia with an unborn child at the time of our parting, it is no wonder she accepted the commission to seek revenge during this life to destroy me while sabotaging my sanctioned project for Jesus. What a tangled karmic web we mortals weave.

Abaris continued sojourning to Earth during the next fourteen years to share his knowledge and wisdom about our universe. He also taught us and all who joined our

community how to prepare for what was coming. His greatest gift was bringing many Melchizedek teachers of various specialized universal disciplines to speak and share their knowledge.

They were Melchizedek spirit-being teachers ranging from first, third, fifth, and seventh-degree beings. All were in spirit form except for one. Magna conversed at length with each of them while I recorded their lessons by the only means I had at the time, a 1977 Radio Shack tape recorder. I have since converted them to mp3 format.

As mentioned, there was one mortal who came and spoke to us. We were fortunate enough to have a seventh-degree mortal who astral traveled from the Brotherhood Reclamation Fleet to tell us about their mission and arrival. His message is on tape 15 of that series.

Abaris began channeling his messages through Magna on March 26, 1988. Between then and December 21, 2001 he delivered thirty-two formal messages to his Cimbri, as he referred to us. I officially established the Universal Brotherhood Educational Center (UBEC) in 1989. I completed the audio conversions and posted them under Abaris Speaks in 2016.

After Abaris began his channeling sessions, Magna and I increased our past-life explorations and sought additional universal knowledge. Here is some of what we learned.

We learned that Norlatiadak is our system's capital within the seventh super universe. There is also a mortally-constructed self-sustaining ecosystem planet named Edentia, a hundred times larger than Earth, and its occupants and visitors reside within the structure.

Seven hundred years ago, Jesus convened a universal conference in Edentia to prepare for his return to Earth, the biblical second coming.

Several million soul-beings and mortals attended the gathering to volunteer for projects that best suited their talents. During that conference, the leaders of the Brotherhood received Jesus' mandate to establish its reclamation fleet. Among the souls attending were the leaders of the 7,777 educational upliftment project. We were there with Abaris and joyously accepted our respective positions. Rani would become the temporal leader, Magna would be the psychic seer, and Romaia (Darlene) became our contentious second choice as a healer because of several past life karmas. Additionally, Bethy was to be born later to replace Magna, who would not live beyond age sixty.

Please understand that nothing in this universe occurs by coincidence. Our thoughts govern our material actions; thus, external forces act on our destiny.

Case in point, After Bethy's first birth, she died mysteriously at age three. She completed a second birth and lost that life in a car crash at age six. The Negative-collective prevented her from fulfilling her life's choice to replace Magna and fulfill our chosen destiny to be present for the fleet's arrival. Those two murderous acts and the implantation of Romaia

as a member of our group managed to destroy one of Abaris' seven triads. None of which occurred by coincidence.

Shortly after learning Darlene's true purpose and why the Negative-Collective brought her to Mary Adler's home in Flagstaff, Arizona, we confronted her with what we had learned.

When she would not admit or deny anything, we asked her to leave our property. She packed her car and drove back to Alaska. That ended our triad because we never acquired a replacement healer.

After Romaia left our community, Magna psychically learned the details of Bethy's two murders. Psychic information is inadmissible in a court of law because how does one charge a spirit-being with murder? That adjudication will occur within the realms of heaven!

Change in our venue.

After Magna and I left our desert habitat in 1998, another long story. We relocated to Pahrump, Nevada. We became involved in everyday living for the next nine years. With access to commercial electricity, I returned to using computers and began creating a website to disseminate what we had learned.

We returned to Cottonwood, Arizona, in 2007. I began converting hundreds of hours' worth of audio tapes to mp3 for future use on a website yet undeveloped. Magna crossed over in September 2013, after which my son convinced me to join him in Uvalde, Texas.

While living a solitary lifestyle in 2021 Texas, I completed the audio conversion task and established my Weebly-supported Universal Brotherhood Educational Center's website.

Given the results of the House of Arturo's attack forces upon us, my website contains all the divine knowledge gathered during our affiliation with the many spirit-beings. We make the information available to everyone. My UBEC website is the only means through which I may remain active in support of Abaris' fallen triad.

Some back story. As mortals on Earth, we had no memory of our celestial meeting in Edentia. We did not learn of it until after Abaris' arrival and Magna redeveloping her ability to astral travel sojourns to research the akashic records in Edentia. That is when and how we learned that Bethy would replace Magna before we could accomplish the task. That is why the negative-collective succeeded in murdering Bethy, not once but twice. After discovering that Darlene was Romaia and renouncing her back to Alaska, the negative collective prevented us from acquiring a replacement healer. Thus our triad failed to become one of Abaris' seven educational teams. Now I know why there were 7,777 Brotherhood Melchizedek Teachers

dispatched to Earth.

Following the math, those initial 7,777 Brotherhood beings, each commanding 777 beings, would support seven triads of three mortals, equating to 126,897,309 souls dedicated to our creator. That number does not include the countless mortal and immortal earthlings that will join the Brotherhood ranks to recover Earth from the clutches of the minions of negative-collective mortal and immortal soul-beings. I have often wondered how many other Brotherhood triads have fallen during this universal chess game.

My final item to convey

Almost every religion has its unique rendition of the war in the Heavens involving Lucifer, Satan, and a myriad of archangels, seraphim, and cherubim. We, earthlings, do not know that the biblical war in the heavens was not as depicted. It was not fought solely by angels, Seraphim, and Cherubim, as the bible would have us believe. The aggression was between the God of the House of Arturo over predestination and the House of RA, the father of Joshua Ben-Joseph's belief in Free will. The war was a fierce physical battle against the intergalactic Brotherhood Fleet from the Pleiades and waged over Earth's sovereignty by the Arturian fleet known as the Great Bear. That contentious argument between Jesus' philosophy of free will and that of the predestination doctrine will not end until the conclusion of the second war in the heavens.

The first war in the heavens was fought over Jesus' sovereignty of Earth and took place high in the sky above Atlantis, where thousands of soul-beings from both fleets lost their mortalities.

The fathers in heaven established a cease-fire truce without rendering any resolution, and the conflict remains. Thus, sometime within our present planetary infighting will escalate into WW-3, and there will be a second war in the heavens over Earth's sovereignty, one we cannot afford to lose!