

# *Recovering Earth*

Reclaiming the planet in  
preparation for the return of  
Jesus, the creator of our world.

By

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## **Prologue**

The four of them stood on the observation deck of the strange craft in a stunned silence. Two by two, each couple locked in an embrace. Gary, the team leader, stood strong and determined. Diana, the calm and assured psychic; David the teacher, eyes flashing with his intelligence and understanding; Beth, their team's healer, steady and capable; thus it had always been through countless time and space.

“I wonder,” Beth said as she broke the silence, “if we had known at the time we answered the universal call to attend that first meeting for the project, how it would all end, would we have been so eager to respond?”

## Chapter 1

### Bethel in Orion Nebula - 1900 AD

I was blissfully working as a student teacher at the Hermidian School for universal healers in the Orion Nebula when a midway messenger arrived and stated, “Bethel, you are invited to attend a meeting concerning the reclamation of your sovereign's planet Earth at the time of its new millennium. The Universal Brotherhood will hold the meeting within the halls of Edentia in seven universal days.”

At first, I was surprised, then flattered, and then astounded at the thought of being part of such a monumental undertaking. I thanked the messenger and asked him to convey my acceptance.

That evening, my friend and colleague, Joyce, came to my room and excitedly exclaimed, “I too, have been invited to attend the meeting in Edentia!”

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Seven days later, Joyce and I, leaving our mortal bodies in sleeping stasis, traveled in soul-state to Edentia the system's capital of Norlatiadak. Edentia is a mortally constructed sphere of enormous proportion. Unlike a planet where the mortals inhabit its surface, everyone at Edentia both mortals and immortals alike, reside within the satellite, which is a complete, inclusive, functionally balanced ecosystem.

I had visited Edentia many times before on different occasions, but the number of souls attending this gathering was astounding.

Joyce and I joined a multitude of entities, mortal and immortal, as they moved toward a large triple lobed structure. We entered the center section into a massive meeting hall that could easily accommodate several million soul beings.

The auditorium portion of the room was an inverted amphitheater. The room appeared as half an oval sphere with the raised stage area positioned along the flat surface that traversed the longitudinal axis. All that attended the gathering stayed within the curved portion of the theater.

On each side of the main auditorium section, there were lobes of equal proportion to the main room but divided into hundreds of large anti-rooms, each with its own raised dais.

Besides the massive number of entities attending, the two most impressive features of the room were the soft, soothing music that seemed to surround us and the proliferation of green plants that grew everywhere along the outer curve of the domed structure. The fragrance of the forest of living plants and trees filled the room. On both sides of the center podium section of the elevated stage were hundreds of flags, ensigns, and standards representing the prominent houses from the many Mansion Worlds throughout the universal galaxies. The most prominent banner was the one closest to the right of center, was our sovereign's ensign with its unmistakable three royal blue concentric rings on a pure white field.

While I stood transfixed by the splendor of my surroundings, I gazed in awe at an etheric body as it gradually materialized at the center of the stage. Here was a being I had only heard about yet; I instantly recognized as Christ Michael, the Creator Son of Earth. His presence illuminated the room with an aura of the purest blue-white light with the outer edges tinged with gold. Words cannot express my feelings of inspiration, admiration, and devotion as I gazed upon this supreme being.

He opened the meeting with his customary graciousness, welcoming everyone and bestowing his gratitude for our attendance. There was no need for microphones or amplified speakers because all the resplendent orators used their ability of thought projection and spoke in the Universal Language.

Jesus explained the enormity of the reclamation project to salvage a nearly decimated planet. For those of us who did not know the history of his experimental world, he spoke of the mortals on its surface and how they had become deprived of universal knowledge because of a rebellion eons ago, and how they had never advanced beyond atavistic savagery. Their spiritual and moral growth did not match their significant technological development. They would soon have the technology, but without the wisdom to use it correctly, they would find themselves on the brink of total annihilation of all species on that planet. He then stated that there was little more than one hundred planetary years remaining before the end of the experimental period. Of course, this is just a blink of an eye universally speaking. Jesus then introduced Michael, his second in command, and turned the meeting over to him.

Michael appeared before us with his radiant blue-white aura complimenting that of Jesus. As he spoke, his aura displayed streaks of dark blue and spikes of royal purple that indicated his purity, intelligence, and loyalty.

He explained, “The Delta Gamma, Commander of the reclamation fleet, will give a brief description of their mission to restore the planet. Then Libro, the Master Melchizedek teacher and leader of the temporal contingent, will briefly discuss his project for preparing the planet’s populous for the acceptance of the fleet’s arrival.”

After the last dissertation, Michael said, “I recommend for those of you who are interested in becoming part of this epic historical event, it is time to visit with the section leaders and their representatives before making your final decision. The Delta Gamma and his staff will be holding additional seminars about the many positions available on the Reclamation fleet in the Green Dome. Libro and his staff will be in the Blue Dome for those who are interested in participating, mortally or immortally, on the planet itself. All Edentia based support fields should remain here.”

I had become so engrossed in my surroundings and the lectures I had forgotten about Joyce until she asked, “Have you decided where you want to go?”

“No, not yet,” I said, “There are so many different and interesting prospects to consider. To be able to join the Delta Gamma on the fleet presents a fascinating challenge, but Libro’s project of enlightening the populace of a backward planet. I will need more time to decide. What about you?”

“I am definitely drawn to the Delta Gamma and the Fleet, but I too need more information. Let’s go to the Green Dome.”

We made our way, along with thousands of others, to one of the many entrances to the Green Dome. Just inside the entrance was an illuminated directory listing the anti-chamber lecture halls and their subjects. I was about to choose one when I heard someone say, “Joyce, my eternal friend, I haven’t seen you since our last mortality together on Epsilon.”

Joyce’s aura brightened with a loving pink tinge as she recognized Holms and responded, “What a marvelous surprise to see you here, and I see your soul mate Raven is with you.”

Raven said, “Greetings Joyce, it has been many years,” then to me, she said, “And Bethel, someone told me you would be here, and I was hoping to find you.”

“Why?” I asked.

“There’s something I want to discuss with you, but that can wait until later. First, I want to find out where Holms has decided to go.”

“Are you two planning on a mortality together?”

“No,” Holms said, “I have applied for a position within communications on the fleet, and I believe Raven will request to work with Maven on his project.”

“And what project is that?”

Raven replied, “Maven is developing seven temporal triads that will go to the planet after their winter solstice of 2002.” Then she asked me, “Bethel, have you decided what you wanted to do?”

“Not yet. There is still so much to consider,” then I added, “I was amazed by Libro’s knowledge and confidence in his part of the project. I was stimulated and excited with his intriguing invitation to take part as a mortal on the planet. That alone is a strong persuading factor.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” Raven said, “and since you haven’t actually decided yet....”

“Is that what you wanted to discuss with me?” I asked.

“Why don’t you come with me and speak with Maven? I believe you will find that what he’s planning will be most challenging. If so, we will then have something to discuss. Besides, I believe there is someone else there who would like to see you.”

“Really, who is it?”

“You’ll see when we get there,” then Raven spoke to her soul mate, “Holms, I see you and Joyce have some reminiscing to do. I will take Bethel to the other dome to check with Maven’s on Libro’s temporal programs.”

I gave Holms and Joyce a parting greeting and went with Raven back through the large auditorium to the Blue Dome complex. Standing before one of the large auditorium anti-chambers were several spirit beings, and as we approached, someone spoke to me, “Greetings Bethel, we have been waiting for you.”

I immediately recognized the soul’s aura as she emerged from the group, “Marion, it is wonderful to see you again – but how did you.... I should know better than to ask a master sensitive how they know anything.”

I looked back at Raven, whose aura gave a flickering of sunflower yellow with laughter and I realized how she had known I would be there.

Marion’s energy field glowed even brighter, and she said, “You two got here just in time. We are going in to hear what Maven plans to do as part of the planet’s reclamation.”

We all moved through the entrance and into a great hall where here too was an augmentation of the many varieties of living plants. This room was similar to the main auditorium except for the many office type alcoves along the expansive flat wall.

It was here where I saw Maven for the first time. He was an august 'Light Being' whose azure aura flooded the immediate surrounding area with a sense of strength, wisdom, and tranquility. With a feeling of absolute love, acceptance, and belonging I decided right then and there, even before I knew the specifics of the project, that he was the one with whom I wanted to work. As part of his initial address, he explained the plan to establish his seven-triad conclaves in strategic locations on the continent of North America.

As his assistants moved throughout the audience with applications, Marion asked, "Would you consider reincarnating with us as part of one of his triads?"

I looked at Marion, knowing that was a loaded question and asked, "Is that what you have seen me doing or do I have a choice?"

"One always has a choice, and you have an infinite number to choose from."

"Then why did you phrase your question as you did?"

"Because, during Maven's talk; you projected your unequivocal desire to do so. I took a brief look at several possible futures and found that you could derive great karmic benefit. However, the choice to do so and the means of achieving karmic balance are always yours."

"Marion! I hate it when you do that to me. You always tell me just enough to whet my appetite and then won't tell me anymore."

"I will tell you this, if you decide to work with Maven and accept a mortality on the planet after the winter solstice of 2002, you can elect to retain all your innate knowledge and healing skills."

"That's the third time I've heard that date mentioned. Why is it so important?"

"That's what this reclamation project is all about. The winter solstice of 2002 marks the end of the experimental period for the planet and the Creator Son gains full sovereignty over his creation." Then she asked, "Do you know about the quarantine placed on that entire sector of the universe to prevent the spread of rebellion?"

"Oh yes, I am very familiar with that part of universal history because I was in Atlantis when it fell as a result of Prince Calagastia's treachery.

"Then you also know about the veil of forgetfulness placed about that sector."

“I am also well aware of the veil’s debilitating effects. I chose one more life after Atlantis, and it was extremely arduous because I felt so isolated and confused. After that life, I was amazed and ashamed at how quickly I had reverted to the planet’s abject atavism.”

Suddenly, for the third time since we entered the Blue Domed area, I had sensed a fleeting dark shadowy presence. I immediately asked Marion about it, and she said, “That’s Darshanon, a member of the negative collective’s Black Knights.”

“Who are they?”

“The Black Knights are a very powerful and dangerous force from the House of Arturo.”

“I seem to have heard the name Darshanon before. Who is he?”

“He will most likely be the spirit guide of our opposition.”

“Why is he here?”

“Undoubtedly, he has come to do a little reconnaissance spying.”

“If he is so dangerous, why isn’t anyone concerned about his presence?”

“Those who need to know are well aware of him and the others of his kind. Edentia is a neutral haven for commerce and trade, meetings, and education for both positive and negative beings. The Elders of Edentia are not too concerned about them because everyone who enters the sphere is rendered virtually incapable of doing any harm to another.”

I set aside my curiosity about the dark presence and asked, “What were you saying about my subsequent mortality?”

“As I previously said, during your next incarnation on that planet you can elect to retain all your innate knowledge and healing skills.”

“That could certainly make a mortal existence much more pleasurable.” Then directing my thought to Raven, I asked, “Now Raven, what did you want to discuss with me?”

“Precisely that,” she said, “I have already applied for mortality to go to the planet as soon as possible after his bestowed sovereignty.”

“And I suppose you want me to join you in this enterprise.”

“Why not, we’ve always worked well together on other projects.”

“I’ll have to give this some serious thought.”

Marion said, “Come with me,” as she started to move toward the row of alcoves.

Raven and I followed her to a large office; we entered to find a hundred, or more entities already present.

As I surveyed the gathering, I recognized several other well-known friends from many different places.

As they approached and gave warm greetings, I jokingly said, “This feels suspiciously like a conspiracy.”

“No conspiracy intended,” Marion said, “but we thought, since we have all worked so well together before, we should take this opportunity to learn more about the reclamation project. Then decide what part, if any, we wish to play.”

Just then, Marcus, a long-term friend, and traveling companion joined the conversation saying, “Maven’s mission is to establish a base foundation of three generations in preparation for the arrival of those who would be born after the lifting of the veil. In that way, the parents and grandparents of the knowledgeable ones will be understanding and supportive of their children. It will be difficult for them because they must still pass through the veil of forgetfulness. They will be subjected to contamination by the planet’s subversive elements without the benefit of universal knowledge. As part of that mission, Maven has commissioned me to gather together a consortium for one of his seven triads for the planet.”

Raven stated, “I have already had several lives on that world, and each time I found myself drawn into war. I always defended my father or his house for which I futilely died. I lost both my morality and mortality three different times in some battle or strife. It wasn’t until after I had left the body behind that I awoke from the confusion and regained my sanity.” Then she asked, “How can we be sure that these future parents will believe differently and support peace this time.”

Murmurs of agreement came from many in the group, as Marcus said, “Of course there is no guarantee that those forerunners of the projected time of 2002 will not succumb to the planet’s corrupting influences. However, it is far-seen that there will be sufficient families to accomplish the mission.”

“How many families are we talking about?” Another of the group asked.

“From this point, until Maven’s seven triads verify as viable working teams there will be approximately 700,000 mortals spreading over three generations plus an equal number of spirit guardians. Then there will be all the other support beings working with all of us. Therefore, you can see from this small portion of the project; there are an immense number of souls required to

man the posts to be filled, which means that you will each have a multitude of positions from which to choose.”

Drake, acting as a group spokesman asked, “What do you mean ‘this small portion of the project,’ how many Triads will there be?”

"At present, the projected number is 7,777. On an atavistic world such as Earth, hopefully, ten-percent will verify and complete our task.”

Drake asked, “What exactly is our task?”

“Our mission will be to educate and prepare the populous of the planet for the arrival of the Brotherhood Reclamation Fleet. The job of the Delta Gamma’s Fleet will be to restore that world to its originally designed balance and prepare it for upliftment to Light and Life.”

Drake said, “That’s not going to be any easy task considering the corrupt governments and the many different controlling religious bodies. I ought to know; they assassinated me during my last incarnation.”

Marcus replied, “Then you are in good company because they crucified their own Creator Son. That is the only world in the history of the universe that has done so.”

Marcus changed the subject by directing our attention to a large hologram that appeared in the center of the room by saying, “Please examine the itemized directory display. It shows the entire proposed placements of the final triad locations along with the suggested developmental sites for the first and second generations. And note the accompanying light beside each proposed site. Blue lights indicate established sites with already approved applications, but that shouldn’t stop you from applying. An orange light means that requests are pending approval with still more openings. A green light means that no one has yet applied for that location. Note that beside each light there is a corresponding room designator. Now is the time, if you so choose to get together with friends and acquaintances, to discuss alternatives for your futures. Select from the display, and attend the appropriate room for specific information on that aspect of the project.”

That’s when Raven spoke to me, “Now I want to tell you what I have decided to do.” She continued, “I have elected to be born as soon as possible after the lifting of the sanctions and Marion has agreed to become my mortal mother.”

I thought about what she just said and asked, “Where would I fit into this scenario?”

“You would be the Healer of the triad.”

“And just who have you picked on, to be the third member?”

Her aura lit up and glistened with all the colors of the spectrum as she said, “I am; Marion suggested it, and I have been researching how to divide my soul still further to enable me to occupy two mortalities simultaneously.”

“Do you mean you’re going to have two mothers and fathers?”

“No, just Marion, I would be born as twins; each with the knowledge of the other as well as full universal experience and capabilities.”

“That’s the craziest thing I ever heard of.”

“Not really,” Marion interjected as she appeared beside us, “Raven confided to me that she wanted to develop superior seeing capabilities. To achieve that, she must separate the emotional and sensitive part of her soul from the grounded, logical part. She has been studying and practicing this division and will be able to accomplish it successfully by the 2002 date.”

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I spent several more days in Edentia seeking and arranging parental lineages. During this time, Raven and I spoke at length with Drake, a longtime friend, and traveling companion. He agreed that, if all went as planned, he would join us as the number seven, diplomat, of the Raven’s second echelon. I eventually agreed to become the healer of their triad and with Marion’s help; I located and arranged for the best mother and father possible for my terrestrial adventure.

On May 16, 1995, Drake was born to Olivia Farragut and given the name Garry. On August 7, 2003, Marion, as Mary Shaw Patrick, gave birth to Raven’s split soul as the twins, David and Diana. On February 6, 2005, I was born as Beth Morrison.

Joyce and Holms, maintaining their soul names, took on their mortalities in the Pleiades within Earth’s equivalent year 1905. They studied in preparation for their role on the reclamation fleet.

## Chapter 2

Beth Morison, meet the Patrick twins

June 2028

It was a scant five weeks ago, that I - Beth Morison had met the Patrick twins, David and Diana. Now I was sitting in the audience of station KCEC-TV in Denver, Colorado awaiting their television debut.

The studio lights illuminated the small platform stage, and the two triple image synchronous holographic video cameras were manned and ready for another live broadcast, the first show of the summer. An audience of about a hundred people sat quietly waiting for the evening's show as Brandy Williams, a willowy 5-foot 9-inch strawberry blond entered. Despite her inexperience as a talk-show host, she confidently walked out from the left wing of the stage and seated herself gracefully behind a credenza style table adjacent to two empty, easy chairs. Once seated, Ted, the studio floor director smiled and gave her the one-minute warning signal. She adjusted her wireless lapel microphone and spoke, "Mike check, one, two, three."

Ted checked the studio monitor and with a flirtatious grin said to her, "Miss Williams, you are looking lovely, and the camera loves you as always."

She acknowledged his compliment with a smile and a slight nod.

From his headset, Ted received an "All-Ok" from the control room, and he professionally announced, "All is ready Miss Williams – ten seconds...." Then to everyone, he said, "Standby for five." He held up his hand displaying five fingers, then four, three, two, one. He pointed at Brandy, and a holographic image of her appeared in millions of viewer's homes.

"Welcome to my show," she said, "I am Brandy Williams, and tonight I have as my guests, those two remarkable twins who coauthored the controversial book, 'The Reclamators' and who also chartered the 'Foundation of Universal Knowledge.' Please welcome, David and Diana Patrick."

The audience applauded as the door at the rear of the stage opened, and as they entered, the camera zoomed in on the two young adults. David was tall with an athletic physique, jet-black wavy hair that rested just above his collar and he moved with a dancer's grace. His dark brown eyes flashed intelligence while his broad smile with perfect white teeth reflected humor. Diana, with the same type of physical perfection, appeared to glide as she moved by his side. She also had wavy jet-black hair that she wore pulled back from her striking facial features and cascaded over her left shoulder, covering one breast.

They seated themselves in the two chairs as Brandy said, “Welcome to the show, it’s a great pleasure having you both here.”

David replied, “Thanks, Brandy. My sister and I are honored to be here.”

“Just for the record,” Brandy asked, “when is your birthday?”

“The 7th of August,” Diana said.

Brandy commented, “A pair of Leo twins; no wonder you are so dynamic,” then asked, “What prompted you to write your book, *The Reclamators*?”

David began, “We felt it was important to inform the people of Earth that we are not going to lose our planet to the despoilers despite their chemical and biological weapons of mass destruction. Our brothers and sisters from the Pleiades have come to assist in the reclamation of the planet.”

Diana continued, “Over the past 150 years, we have altered the planet’s delicate ecological balance to the point of irreversible proportions. Ravaged by devastating wars, famine, and disease the globe’s populace has diminished by nearly one-half. Not to mention climate changes that are causing extensive worldwide flooding.”

David went on, “If we cannot convince the leaders of governments around the world to stop their fighting with each other and allow our Pleiadian brothers to begin what only they can do, our planet will become a burned out cinder in space.

“You sound so confident.” Brandy remarked, “How can you be so sure?”

“Brandy,” Diana said as she looked out at the audience, “just look at our everyday existence. A scant one hundred years ago, children could run barefoot on any sandy beach during high-noon sun and drink the water from lakes and rivers. Today, it is necessary to protect everything from solar radiation and contamination from the soil and water. We can no longer eat seafood for fear of contracting the Ocean Flu, and we must protect all plants and animals raised for human consumption in an enclosed, controlled environment to prevent contamination. In some areas of the planet, people cannot even breathe the outside air without filtering masks.”

David reiterated, “We could give a multitude of examples; all of which are unnecessary because everyone knows that through man’s lust for money and power, we have allowed the proliferation of contaminants to poison everything that is essential to a healthy life. Even with the advent of gravity vehicles, some countries still rely heavily on fossil fuels and many countries produce nuclear waste for which there is no safe disposal.”

Diana continued, “If someone does not rebuild Earth’s protective atmospheric layers the planet will become a dead rock. Our brothers aboard the Reclamation Fleet are the only ones with the knowledge and capability to do the job.”

David concluded, “That’s why it was imperative that we write the book and establish our Foundation of Universal Knowledge to disseminate the information.”

Brandy, sensing the beginning of the loss of control, and before either of them could continue, she tried changing the subject by asking, “Where are you from, originally?”

David couldn’t help himself and sent Diana a telepathic thought, “I can’t believe she asked that. But since she did, why don’t you tell her.”

Diana sent back, “She must not have read the book. Are you sure I should?”

David replied, “We need to move on, so you might as well.”

With the tenor in her voice containing the wisdom of the ancients, Diana answered Brandy’s question, “We come from Avalon, our home world and the school of Melchizedek teachers.”

Not understanding and becoming unnerved by a loss of control, Brandy asked, “Where is that?”

“In the constellation of Aquarius,” Diana stated.

A murmur came from the audience as Brandy, trying to maintain her composure asked, “And how long have you lived there?”

Diana just replied, “For thousands of eons. It is our place of origin.”

Then, as laughter came from the audience, Brandy looked at David as if to say, give me some help here, what is she saying? David just smiled at her, and she turned to glare at Diana.

Diana reiterated, “All souls have a Home World that is their place of origin.”

Fighting to regain her composure, Brandy said, “Well! That was illuminating.”

Realizing the question was a mistake; she tried to regain control of the program by holding up a sheet of paper and saying, “I have an article by Sandra Simmons, published in one of Colorado Spring’s daily papers in August of 2011. It is titled, ‘Eight-year-old child talks to extraterrestrials.’ In it, Sandra wrote:

‘Following an outlandish rumor, I visited the home of Gordon and Mary Shaw Patrick where they confirmed to me that their eight-year-old daughter Diana, the female half of twins, had indeed spoken to extraterrestrials.

‘I then spoke directly with Diana, a beautiful girl that appeared very alert and wise for her age. The child spoke distinctly and precisely stated that this was not the first time she has talked to them.

‘She stated to me, “The Universal Brotherhood Reclamation Fleet is holding their position just outside our solar system.” When I inquired who they were and why they were there, she said, “They are my brothers and sisters from the Pleiades, and are here to help us save this planet.”

‘When I asked why no one else has heard of them, she said, “They have been sending messages back and forth to government leaders for some time. I guess they don’t want anyone to know about them.” When I asked who doesn’t want us to know, she said, “The planetary governments of course.”

‘I then asked her if her friends would ever speak to anyone else she said, “Oh, yes. When the people of the planet stop fighting with each other and are ready to hear their message, they will.”

‘When I asked how they would do that, she told me, “They will use the planet’s satellite communication system to give greetings and assurances that they come as friends, not invaders, conquerors or war-makers. They will send signs of peace in all languages and a full explanation of what they must do to rescue our planet. They will send identical messages in seven different languages and all their dialects.”

‘I asked her what languages and she told me, “The first will be a tonal language for the creatures of the sea. Since no one has ever learned to speak with whales or dolphins, you will not understand it. The six others are; English, Russian, Latin, Hindi, Swahili, and Chinese.”

Brandy continued, “That’s not the end of the article, but as we all know, on the 21st of December 2018, they announced their presence.” Then to Diana, she said, “The article did not say how you came to know about the fleet and their proposed worldwide broadcasts eight years before it occurred.”

Diana answered, “I told the reporter at the time, but she was afraid to include that part in her article.”

“Then tell us how you knew,” requested Brandy.

“I started Out Of Body Travel when I was two. I would go to the archives in the system’s capital of Edentia, and I often visited my home world of Avalon. Sometimes I would drop in on

the fleet to visit with our soul mate, Holms. He is a communications officer and got permission to tell me.”

Brandy interrupted, “What do you mean, ‘Our’ soul mate?”

“Why, mine and David’s – of course,”

“But in your book, you said that you split your soul in half to enter separate bodies. Doesn’t that make David your soul mate?”

Diana flashed a thought, “Maybe she did read at least part of our book!”

“Not exactly,” David explained, “the energy level contained in one complete soul is too intense ever to inhabit any mortal structure. For that reason, eons ago, we, the Diana and I that you see here, by a form of mitosis, separated from our other half, our soul mate, Holms. For this life’s experience, we elected to divide even further to accomplish what we set out to do. Therefore, Diana and I are more like mini-soul mates or traveling companions. So when she said she visited with our soul mate, she was referring to our soul's other half.”

Brandy said, “That was certainly a lulu of an answer,” then to the audience and cameras she added, “Please stay tuned. We’ll be back with more from David and Diana Patrick after this short commercial break.”

As they sat waiting for the next segment to begin, Diana sent a thought to David, “there are some strong negative emanations coming from the audience.”

David returned the thought, “I know; I felt them when we first came in, but we’ve dealt with this kind of negativity before.”

She sent, “But this is different, it’s stronger with more malevolence.”

He returned, “There’s nothing we can do about them right now except mentally block the attack. Let’s just get through the show.”

Ted again gave the five-second warning, and they were back on the air.

Brandy said, “Welcome back to the Brandy Williams Show and our intriguing guests, David and Diana Patrick.”

Taking a deep breath and feeling a little more in control Brandy returned to the original subject by stating, “These two have made quite a controversial name for themselves,” she held up the book, “with the publication of ‘The Reclamators.’ She added, “I understand the book has made worldwide governments uneasy and the clergy very wary.”

“That was not the intent of the book,” Diana interjected.

“I have read your book,” Brandy exclaimed, “and if that was not your intent, what was?”

Diana looked at David and telepathically said, “She’s no different than all the rest of the closed minded people.”

David answered, “So it would appear. We meet them everyday – why should she be any different?”

“But she seemed different during our rehearsal interview. If she had demonstrated this reaction then...”

“I know,” he completed her thought; “we wouldn’t be here.”

David responded to Brandy’s slight, “Our intent was simply to inform and reassure the people that the fleet has come here, not as invaders, but as our brothers to prevent the destruction of a planet by governments that would rather make war than peace.”

Brandy retorted, “Those are some strong allegations, David.”

David looked directly at the audience and said, “Can anyone dispute the fact that waging war has not been the dominant mindset of the masses for revenge and retaliation and that the primary interest of today’s industry is developing better methods of killing each other?”

A buzz rushed across the audience. Brandy was stunned, but when she started to say something, David interrupted, “All individuals must learn how to love and respect themselves and realize that all life is precious. Stop hating your brother and convert the destructive process to a positive continuance.”

Diana sent, “David, you’re preaching.”

David returned, “OK Sis.” Then concluded, “That’s why we wrote the book.”

Diana continued, “Another reason we came to this planet was to divulge that there is more to life than this one existence. To give people hope and assurance that mortal death does not end it all. The death of the physical structure is nothing but a doorway to another dimension of continued existence. The soul is truly immortal.”

David jokingly admonished, “Now who’s preaching?” Then said, “And as proof of that fact, we explained where we came from and how many different mortal lives we have enjoyed.”

Diana warned, “Those negative emanations are getting stronger.”

“Yes, I can feel them increasing,” David returned.

Brandy spoke, "I understand what you are saying." Then added, "You mentioned earlier, and also in your book, about your choosing to be born as twins. How has that worked out for you?"

"Very well," Diana responded, "We chose to be born as two independent mortals so we could support each other in our allegations. We also knew before our birth that it was not going to be easy to enter into a society deprived of universal knowledge for thousands of years. That convincing a society like yours of the validity of our beings would be a most challenging enterprise because very few would be ready for the information we would present."

David continued, "However, we believed the task would be possible, and that's why we formed the Foundation of Universal Knowledge. Through our foundation, we have been able to alert and gather others born after the Winter Solstice of 2002 that chose to retain their memories of past experiences and universal knowledge. We freely share our information with anyone interested in learning."

"How successful has that been?" Brandy asked, "How many members do you have?"

David explained, "The development of the Foundation, along with the book, has produced remarkable results. As of this time, we have 2,143 active members with full or partial memory recollection, 1,327 more potential members and over 4000 inquiries from other interested people."

Diana added, "We expect to have a considerable increase in awakenings as a result of this show."

Brandy again began to wonder who was running the interview. She held up both hands and said, "You mentioned Out-of-Body Travel a while ago. What exactly is that?"

Diana replied, "Out-of-Body Travel is a process whereby the body lies at rest in an apparent sleep-state while the soul travels the universe to whatever destination it chooses."

"Really, where do you choose to go?" Brandy asked.

David sent to Diana, "I don't think she's ready for this."

Diana sent back, "That's what she gets for not knowing her guests well enough. I'll just answer her question and see where she goes from there."

Diana continued, "Mostly, I go to the archives in Edentia the headquarters of our constellation, Norlatiadak. It would be as if you went to your local library, except Norlatiadak

has seventy satellites of different cultures and training. The Edentia library houses information on everything that concerns the entire universe.”

Trying to appear as though she knew what just happened, Brandy asked, “Such as?”

“The Archives contain information recorded since the origins of the universe, but since I am a mortal here, I was mostly interested in the history of this planet.”

Brandy, still faking it, asked, “Where are Norlatiadak and the library of Edenia?”

“It’s on the far side of our galaxy known as the Milky Way.”

The audience had been sitting enthralled and speechless until now, but when the beginnings of laughter erupted, Brandy asked facetiously, “My goodness, how long does it take to get there?”

Diana sent thought to David, “You answer that one!”

“OK,” David sent her and then said, “Even if we were to travel using our newly developing ion-propulsion systems of space flight, it would take more than 50 generations to reach it.”

Brandy gasped and exclaimed, “Then how in God’s name does she claim to go there!”

David quietly replied, “God has little to do with Diana’s travels.”

“That’s sacrilege! A young man in the front row blurted, “Without God you are nothing!”

David sent to Diana, “Ah! There’s the primary source of the negativity!”

Diana quickly returned, “He’s only a small part of it.”

David waited until the audience quieted and then continued, “When traveling in soul state, Diana is not bound by any of our mortal concepts of time and distance. She traverses any distance at the speed of thought.”

With a slight gasp coming from the audience, Brandy stammered, “Say that again!”

To the audience, Diana said, “I’m sure many of you have read the book ‘Jonathan Livingston Seagull’ by Richard Bach. He was a man with understanding far ahead of his time. In the story, both birds were in soul state when Jonathan asked the old bird how he seemed to materialize from one place to another instantly. The sage bird explained that it was just a matter of thought and knowing he was already there. That is exactly how it works; when I am Out-of-Body and traveling in soul state, I simply think about where I want to go; I picture myself already there – and I am!”

Brandy subtly shook her head and thought, “They’re doing it to me again.” She fought to appear composed and asked, “Tell me, Diana, what you do after you get there?”

“The first few times I went, I was mostly interested in the Akashic records for this planet.”

Defensive and not wanting to lose control again, Brandy asked, “What are Akashic records?”

“The Akashic records contain the histories of galaxies, solar systems, planets, civilizations, and the chronological biography of all soul beings. It was most interesting to learn that a great deal of universal information and knowledge had been afforded this planet in various ways and times. At the time of Atlantis, Melchizedek teachers arrived and brought with them the knowledge of the universe. After the rebellion and the fall of Atlantis, much of that information was lost. Different cultures such as Jewish, Arabic, and Hellenistic regained bits and pieces that eventually settled in the libraries of Alexandria founded in 332 BC, where it remained in existence for nearly 900 years. That is, until the Christianized Romans in their infinite stupidity, destroyed the libraries.”

“That’s blasphemy!” bellowed the man in the front row, “How can you sit there and say such blather?”

In response, David and Diana spoke in unison, “Call it what you like. It’s a matter of historical record.”

The irate young man jumped to his feet and shouted again, “I challenge you to prove the absurdity of your prattle.”

Brandy, never before confronted with an indignant audience member on the verge of an explosive religious issue, sat in momentary silence, her mind reeling; not knowing what to say or ask next. The answer to each question seemed to be more than she could handle, and now this indignant interruption had rattled her even more. Ted, seeing her frustration, alerted the control room to break for a commercial. He held up both hands in front of him and broke an imaginary stick, indicating time for a commercial break.

Brandy saw the signal and stammered, “After that astounding explanation of...” she paused while searching for the proper words and getting her breath. Not finding any, went on, “please stay tuned, we’ll be back with more from David and Diana Patrick after a few words from our sponsors.”

With microphones and cameras off, Brandy was irate and said, “Ted, have security remove that man from my audience.” From David and Diana, she demanded, “Tell me; what are you

trying to do to me and my show? You spoke of none of this during the rehearsal interview. Where are you two getting this stuff?”

David calmly said, “We are just following your lead and answering the questions you ask. I’m sorry, but you didn’t ask us the same questions you did during your rehearsal interview. As for the stuff, as you call it, we are only presenting our truth as we know it.”

Brandy asked Ted, “How much time do we have?”

“About three and a half minutes.”

Everyone watched as two security guards arrived and ushered the man and two women to the back of the room where they spoke briefly. The guards, already the recipients of subliminal thought, allowed them to remain. The three of them took seats in the last row, and the guards stood by the exit doors.

A little more composed now, Brandy spoke to her guests, “Well, we’ll change the subject when we go back on the air. I will begin by asking you some personal questions about friends and relationships.”

Diana sent to David, “If she thought that segment was wild!”

David sent her, “Now, don’t get too carried away, we may want to be invited back.”

“I’ll be gentle,” responded Diana.

David spoke to Brandy, “OK, if that’s what you want. You said you read our book.”

Diana sent, “I don’t think so, at least not with any understanding.”

He smiled and continued speaking to Brandy, “Then you know where we’re coming from so just be careful what questions you ask, you may be surprised by the answers.”

Almost back to normal now, Brandy smiled and said, “I am beginning to understand that.”

Ted again gave the five-second warning, and they were back on the air.

Brandy said, “Welcome back to the Brandy Williams Show and our fascinating guests, David and Diana Patrick. I will endeavor to keep this final segment on a lighter note.” She continued, “David and Diana are 25-year-old graduate students continuing their education at the University of Colorado. David, tell us, what is your major course of study?”

“I am presently working toward my Masters in Education.”

Then she asked, “Diana, what major have you chosen?”

“I am pursuing my Masters in Fine Arts.”

“When not attending university classes, how do you begin each morning at the Foundation?”

With eyes sparkling with a serene intelligence and maturity well beyond her years, Diana stated, “We hold daily classes in the art of Tai Chi.”

Brandy commented, “Diana, a beautiful girl like you must have dozens of suitors flocking around.”

David gave a slight cough as Diana said, “Not really, I have been too busy to...”

Brandy persisted, “Isn’t there someone special in your life?”

She hesitantly answered, “Yes, there is. But we’ve only met once.”

“What do you mean?” Brandy inquired.

Diana received a thought from David, “Watch it, Sis, you’re going to do it to her again.”

Diana shot back, “I’m sorry! But she has a talent for asking the wrong questions.”

It immediately became apparent to everyone in the audience that Diana was once again in control of the interview as she answered; “I do have ‘someone special’ in my life, as you put it. Long before David and I split our soul to incarnate for this life, we chose to share a mortality with a longtime friend and traveling companion. However, Garry and I have only met once on this physical plane.”

Stunned again, Brandy sat in disbelief of what she was hearing.

Diana went on, “Our friend chose to incarnate and was born in New Jersey where he went to school and eventually on to Annapolis. He was first in his class and the youngest midshipman to ever graduate. He took top honors in his class in flight school and is presently a Lieutenant Commander.”

“I can tell you are extremely proud of him,” Brandy then asked, “Where is he now?”

“He’s serving aboard a recently commissioned aircraft carrier now on sea trials somewhere in the Caribbean. He’s a squadron commander of helicopters and the latest Osprey. It is a multi-mission, vertical takeoff, and landing, high-speed altitude aircraft.”

David saw and felt Diana shudder, “What is it Sis, what’s wrong?”

“I don’t know. All of a sudden, I felt a dogged wave of negativity that seemed to touch my soul. It was there for just an instant, and then it was gone.”

David surmised, “I think someone has just psychically assaulted you.” Then he asked, “Are you all right?”

“I think so.”

“We’ll find out who it was when we get back to the hotel.”

Brandy, still unsure who controlled the program, stammered, “How in the world do you know so much about him, if you’ve only met just once?” Realizing what she just asked, Brandy thought, “Oh no. I shouldn’t have asked that.”

Diana, reading her mind, smiled knowingly at David and responded to the question, “As children, we would often meet Out-of-Body. All the way through my grade school years, we would get together and travel to many different places. When I was twelve, he entered Annapolis and could not travel because it was virtually impossible for him to leave his body so I would safely visit him there, and we’d talk for hours.”

Still dubious of Diana’s remarks, Brandy asked, “And pray tell, just how did you do that?”

“By mere thought transference; you would call it mental telepathy.”

Believing Diana was now making up pure fantasy, Brandy commented sarcastically, “I wonder how the Naval Academy would view psychic fraternization,” then added, “but that does not explain why you have only met him once.”

Ignoring the fraternization comment, Diana said, “He requested a three-day pass from the Navy’s flight training to attend our high school graduation. I was 17 when we met physically for the first time.

Brandy, afraid to ask another question and trying to make light of what just occurred, jokingly said, “Who would have thought that a simple question about a boyfriend would receive such a response.”

Ted held up two fingers indicating two minutes remaining.

Brandy looked directly at the camera and said, “Maybe I should have asked David about his girlfriends,” and as an afterthought, she smiled and added, “but then again, perhaps not.”

Now relieved that the show was about over, Brandy said, “That’s about all the time we have.” Then asked, “Do either of you have any final thoughts to pass on to our viewers?” Diana sent thought to David, “You go first, and then I’ll mention our group.”

David started, “As strange as our thoughts and abilities may seem to you, we have come here tonight to inform everyone that Jesus, the creator of this planet and the physical bodies your souls inhabit, tells us that all men are brothers. War, death, and destruction will continue until everyone realizes that fact, and learns to love one another and not destroy them. The choice is ours.”

Time was running short, and Ted was gesturing to hurry along by moving his hand in several small circles.

“Thanks, David,” Diana said before Brandy could terminate the show, “I would like to thank Brandy Williams for allowing us the time to present ourselves to the listening audience. I hope we have brought you some knowledge and have been thought-provoking enough to make you want to learn more. Everyone is invited to check out our holographic website or contact us by satellite communicator. Our contact information should be visible to all viewers in the center of the projection. Our door is always open to everyone. Feel free to write, call, or just drop in if you’re in Colorado Springs. We are there especially for you folks born after the Winter Solstice of 2002 with or without any memories of your origins or are having difficulty recalling them. We’re here to help; feel free to contact us.”

Ted was frantically moving his hand in faster and faster circles indicating it was time to wrap it up, now.

Brandy said, “I wish to thank our most unusual guests for their unique presentation; what else can I say about it! We are out of time. This is Brandy Williams saying goodnight and thanks for watching.”

Ted announced, “That’s a wrap, folks! Then to the audience, he said, “Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your attendance. If anyone has a question for our guests, you may remain here for a few minutes longer.”

Brandy requested, “Ted, will you please find out why security did not expel the disrupters from the studio; and if they are still here, I want to see them.”

Diana sent to David, “Be prepared for a blast of negativity.”

“I am,” David reassured.

Diana insisted. “I mean a real blast. I’m not sure, but I feel that the girl is a daughter of Isis because she’s so tenacious when transmitting subliminally,”

“I know! I’ve got a hell of a headache from just blocking her thoughts throughout the show,” sent David.

As the members of the audience began to file out of the small studio, several people remained and moved to the front row.

When the agitators arrived, the two security guards explained that the man had apologized for his conduct and promised that there would be no further disturbance if allowed to remain.

With the three of them standing before Brandy’s credenza, she demanded, “How dare you make such outbursts during my show?”

The young man demanded right back, “Why have you allowed such atheistic people to spout such blasphemous trash and profanity?”

Brandy was not prepared for such a retort and was suddenly speechless.

David spoke up, “We are not atheists and have said nothing disrespectful, belittling, contradictory or profane toward any religion or religious group.”

“That may be in your eyes, but from where I stand it appears that you are trying to undermine the very foundation of God’s doctrine.”

“Just what doctrine is that and to which God are you referring?”

“Stop this bickering immediately!” exclaimed Brandy, “Young man, regardless of your feelings and beliefs, what gives you the right to enter my studio and disrupt my show?”

At this, the young girl spoke up, “Miss Williams, I am Jessica Herman, and I sincerely apologize for my friend Ralph’s interruption. It may have been childish and immature, but these twins represent a menace to our very way of life. We have read their book, and it disturbs me to think what could happen to our religious society if everyone thought as they do.”

David responded, “The true menaces to this planet are the people who promote discrimination, hatred, and warfare under the banners of false Gods.”

David sent to Diana, “She’s a smooth one alright.”

Diana replied, “And did you get the subliminal message that went with it?”

The twins received a jolting thought from Jessica who sent, “If you liked that one, watch this.” She tapped directly into Brandy’s mind, “You will accept our apology, and then you will

invite us all to appear on a future show. We have already given our address to the guards, and you can get it from them.”

“Apology accepted,” Brandy said, cocking her head slightly and with a puzzled expression, added, “I just had a superlative thought,” she took a deep breath and continued, “What do you think about all of you coming back for another show? That way everyone can hear both sides. But I warn you; there’ll be no hair pulling.”

Ralph sent to Jessica, “Nice going Jess,” and then to David and Diana, “You two up to the challenge?”

“Without a doubt,” David’s replied.

Diana added, “We’ll let Brandy decide on a time and date.”

Brandy sat wide-eyed in wonder as the four of them said in perfect unison, “Just name the time and date.”

Bewilderedly Brandy stammered, “I’ll give the matter some thought and talk it over with the production manager. Someone will contact you with his decision.”

Then to the remainder of the audience, Brandy asked, “Do any of you have a question?”

One of the audience members spoke up, “I think we’ll wait until their debate, thanks.” He and several others stood and left the studio.

Diana sent to David, “Some of the negative energy just went out the door.”

“That’s right,” bragged Ralph, “they’re followers of mine.”

Brandy looked at the two remaining young girls and asked, “How about you two, do you have a question?”

Beth said, “No, I’m just waiting for David and Diana.”

That’s when David introduced me, “This is Beth Morison. She’s our healer and the third member of our triad.”

The other young but robust girl said, “And I’m waiting for Ralph and Jessica.”

Ralph jumped in, “And this is Crystal Irons, the third member of my triad.”

Brandy said, “I don’t understand, but your explanation will have to wait until later.”

As Brandy stood to leave she added, “Will you please excuse me, I have another appointment in about ten minutes.” She spoke to the twins, “But before I leave, I want to thank

you both for coming on the show. I must say that you have presented me with some very thought provoking material. I will also suggest another interview with the production manager.”

Ralph and his entourage left with a security escort while the twins and I went backstage to their small dressing room where a production assistant removed the hidden microphones. We left the TV station and walked the three blocks up Grant Avenue to the Burnsley Hotel.

## Chapter 3

### Negative trio leave TV station

The security guards unceremoniously escorted Ralph, Jessica, and Crystal from the TV station. Once on the street, Ralph whistled for a taxi. The cab pulled to a stop, and he opened and held the door for Jessica. The well-proportioned, green-eyed, red-haired beauty stepped lithely into the rear compartment. Ralph stood erect and alert, surveying his surroundings as Crystal, the plain-featured, chunky brunet slid onto the seat beside Jessica. Taking one last look up and down the street, he closed the rear door and opened the front, ducked his head, stopped his 6-foot 2-inch frame and eased his way onto the front seat.

“Where to folks?” the cabby asked.

With a deep, commanding voice, Ralph said, “Take us to Club Boga on Campa Street.”

The cabby pulled the handle on the trip meter and eased the cab into the late evening traffic. All remained silent during the ride to the club. It was not until after the girls returned from the powder room that Ralph said, “I just ordered a pitcher of Margaritas and a plate of Nachos.”

After the waitress delivered their order and left, Jessica, in her usual superior attitude, commented, “Did you see the look on David and Diana’s faces when they realized that I could hear them?”

“I sure did,” Ralph replied, “and again when Brandy followed your brilliant suggestion to have us all on a show at the same time.”

Crystal said, “Now that should prove to be an entertaining show. I wouldn’t want to miss it.”

“I guarantee you won’t,” Ralph said, “I will insist that the three of us appear as a group.”

Jessica said, “We must be prepared for this one. Those two are brighter and even more dangerously talented and dedicated than I first thought. I will not underestimate them again.”

Crystal asked, “What do you mean by dangerously talented?”

Ralph interposed, “They are both very presentable to the public and smooth talking with a line of half-truths that are designed to enthrall the unsuspecting.”

Just then, Jessica held up a hand and said, “Hold it! We have company.”

“Who,” Crystal asked, as she looked around.

“It’s Darshanon’s midway messenger,” Jessica said, “Let me find out what he wants.”

They sat quietly while Jessica briefly conversed mentally with the spirit entity and then informed the others, “He told me that Darshanon wants to see us. He has some valuable information and some urgent matters to discuss. I sent word back that we would be returning home tonight and that we will be in the Lair first thing in the morning.”

“In that case,” Ralph said, “let’s finish our drinks and start for home. We’ll all meet in the Presbytery at seven.”

They left the club and took another taxi to the airport where they boarded their corporate jet back to Casper.

## Chapter 4

### Investigate psychic assault

David, Diana, and I left the TV station directly after the show and walked the three blocks up Grant Avenue to the Burnsley Hotel.

During the walk, David commented, “Those three gave me one hell of a headache.”

Even though it seems as if I have known the twins forever, it was only a scant five weeks ago that we met. I saw a poster on the student union’s bulletin board, announcing an open house seminar at the Foundation of Universal Knowledge. I still do not understand why, but after the presentation, I felt an urgency to speak to them. When I told them of my compulsion, Diana smiled at me with what I have come to recognize as her all-knowing smile and invited me to attend their Tai Chi classes.

Two days later, after the early morning class, David and Diana called me into their office and told me of their mission. I was surprised to learn that they had been waiting for me and was even more astounded when they asked me to become the third member of the triad. Despite the fact that I was born after 2002 and retained my knowledge and ability of healing, I am still trying to recall memories from before birth.

We arrived at the hotel, and it was not until after we took our seats in the coffee shop that I asked, “Who were those three?”

David looked across the table directly into my alert light brown eyes and replied, “We don’t know any more about them than you, Beth, except that Diana and I both felt their negativity the instant we walked on stage.”

When I admitted that I too felt very uncomfortable just before the first outburst, Diana said, “We are fortunate to have someone with your sensitivity and healing talents as our third member.”

David added admiringly, “And to look at this pretty young lady, you would never guess she was a doctor of holistic medicine.”

I must have blushed because Diana returned to my question, “As for those three, I can tell you we have not heard the last of them, and I fear they are a force to be reckoned with.”

David said, “We had better find out exactly who they are, what they are, where they’re from, who or what they represent and the best way to protect ourselves from them.”

“Is it that serious?” I asked, “Are they really that dangerous?”

“Yes,” David said, “they could present a formidable danger.”

“To us and to all others who believe as we do,” Diana concluded.

Then I asked, “If you are not too tired, can we do some research tonight, or should we wait until morning?”

“Later tonight is fine,” Diana said, “We’ll go to the Archives and find out everything we need to know.”

“Diana, you just said, ‘We’ll go to the Archives,’ who else is going?”

“My spirit guardian, Marcus; I never travel anywhere without him at my side.”

I sat and pondered that thought a moment while we all enjoyed a second cup of decaffeinated coffee. When the conversation turned to discussing the ineptness of the TV hostess, I remarked in her defense, “Brandy is the typical blond TV personality found in so many places these days.”

“Right,” Diana replied, “an elegant beauty of size six with an IQ to match.”

With a broad grin, David said, “Meow girls, now don’t be catty.”

“Sorry,” Diana said, “but it’s true, she wasn’t prepared for us.”

“Few people are,” David replied.

“Despite her glaring ineptitude,” I interjected, “I felt the show went extremely well and we should get many inquiries as a result.”

“I agree,” David said, “but enough of this. We need to get moving.”

“OK,” Diana said, “it’s time to go to our rooms. Give me about an hour of quiet time and then join me.”

We all agreed as we left the café, each to our respective rooms to shower and relax. I learned later that Diana, knowing that I was not yet prepared for what was happening, sent a thought to David asking him to come to her room before I was to join them.

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After David had showered and dressed, he knocked on Diana’s door and asked, “Are you dressed, Sis?”

She went and opened the door, “Yes, I’ve been waiting for you. We need to find out who or what scanned me during the show.”

“I know, and before you travel anywhere, we will find out who assaulted you and why.”

Diana said, “And we have some time to trace the source before Beth gets here.”

They went and sat at the table near the window. David retrieved a small spherical crystal from his breast pocket, grasped it in his right hand, and presented the question, “Who assaulted Diana during the show?” He felt a small tingling current run down his arm to the crystal and said, “I have something.” He held out his hand to Diana who placed her hand over the crystal. David closed his hand over hers with the crystal pressed between their palms.

Diana said, “I have it too.” As she let her psychic eye travel the invisible cord that connected the crystal with the source of contention, she said, “It’s coming from – that girl – Jessica. She’s the psychic working with the guy that disrupted the show,” she paused, and then continued, “It’s from her, but not from during the show.”

“If not during the show...” David said as he directed the crystal, “locate the time-space of the assault.”

Diana’s thought drifted slightly, locked on, and traveled forward in time. “It’s coming from about... four days in the future.”

“Why?” David asked.

“That, I can not determine without making direct contact with the source at that time. Right now she’s unaware that we know what she did.”

“You’re right – break contact. We don’t need to start any time wars: at least not this early in the conflict.”

As Diana dropped the connection, she said, “Some future event may disclose why. Then we may have to battle in time to prevent it.”

“OK Sis, since all this comes from the future, it should be all right for you to go to the archives.”

“That will not be a problem. Marcus just told me he called for a team to accompany us.”

“I know, I also heard him.”

“You can go check on Beth while I take a few minutes to prepare for the trip.”

David walked to the door saying, “I hope she has something to stop this miserable headache.”

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I was sitting at the window watching the low hanging clouds over the city with a confusion of thoughts about the events of the ebbing day when David rapped gently on my door and inquired, “Are you ready?”

I said, “Come in David, the door’s open,”

When David entered the room, he saw my satchel of medicinal herbs on the small table by the window and asked, “What magic potions do you have to ease this nagging headache?”

“I can make a variety of compounds to treat headaches. But first, where does it hurt and what do you suppose caused this one?”

“It’s a pounding frontal headache that pulses with my heartbeat. I’m pretty sure it was my mental defense warding off the psychic attack by the hecklers.”

“In that case, herbs are unnecessary for your present condition. Come and sit by the window and relax. Take several deep breaths, inhale through your mouth and exhale them slowly through your nose.”

David felt my gentle touch as I slid my sturdy fingers along his temples. He instantly felt the universal healing energy flow through his body as I put pressure on the temporal acupressure points. Within seconds, his headache had diminished.

“How’s that,” I asked.

“It’s totally gone!” David said in amazement, “Beth, you are fantastic.”

“Now that we’re both ready to go,” I said, “There are a couple of things I need to know.”

“What’s that, Beth?”

“I know Diana goes Out-of-Body, but I have never been privy to any such experience. So, before we go to her room, please tell me what to expect to happen.”

“Beth, your incredible curiosity is never ending.” David continued, “I have witnessed my sister’s Out-of-Body travels since we were children. In fact, I now act as her point of ground to ensure a stable and secure protector ship of her physical body while she’s gone. Tonight, she’ll be going to the Archives in Edentia to seek the information we need.”

“I know that, but what should I do?”

“To start with, just sit quietly until she gets to the Archives and observe her surroundings to ensure that nothing touches her body and she remains physically healthy while she’s gone.”

“Why is that?” I asked.

“While Out-of-Body, she has complete tactile receptors. If anything suddenly or unexpectedly contacts the body without forewarning, the soul is subject to instantaneous return and crashes back into the body, which is a very unpleasant experience.”

“How is that possible?”

“When the soul departs the body, it remains connected to the mortal structure by what she calls a silver or golden thread. In actuality, that thread is a psychic energy stream that allows the soul to maintain contact with the autonomic nervous system to sustain the physical body while gone. It is also the means by which she can navigate and return home.”

“That’s amazing. What else?”

“There will be a pad and pencil on the table, and you can take any notes you wish. Just jot down any questions you think of and ask her yourself,” David replied.

“You mean we can talk to her while she’s gone?”

“Sure, that’s not a problem. Diana has developed her skill to the point where she can hear and speak through the body from wherever she may be. In fact, if she opens her eyes, she can see as well. But on occasion she has found, depending on where she goes, that it 's hard to differentiate locations because she also has a psychic vision at the other end of the stream,” he continued, “Tonight, however, should be a simple trip to the archives, get the information and return.”

“Thanks,” I said, “now I’ve some idea of what to expect,”

With a broad smile, he said, “You’re welcome, Beth.”

He stood and went to wait for me at the adjoining door to his sister’s room. As he watched and admired my agile, yet confident stride, when I crossed the room to lock the hallway door and return, he recalled the feeling of my cool fingers on his temples and began to observe me differently than he had before.

He knocked softly and asked, “Diana, are you ready?”

“Yes, come in,” came the reply.

David and I entered the room to find Diana reclining comfortably on her bed meditating in preparation for the trip. She asked her brother, “How's your headache, is it gone?”

“Totally - Beth just performed another one of her miracles.”

He told Diana that he had just explained to me what was going to occur and asked her, “Are you prepared to go?”

“I'm ready,” she closed her eyes, and a few seconds later she quietly spoke, “I am at the Archives of Edentia.”

“That was incredible!” I exclaimed in astonishment, “and how quick it was.”

“Nothing to it,” responded Diana, “I will now see what I can... Oh! Maven, what are you doing here?”

“Maven,” I pondered, “Why does that name sound familiar?” Before I could ask, David, answered my thought.

“He is a sagacious Melchizedek teacher and long-time friend of the family. His name is familiar to you because we all spoke together in Edentia. He is our teacher, guide, and spiritual advisor for this project.”

We sat quietly as I recalled some distant memories while waiting for Diana to speak again. When she did, she said, “Maven was waiting for me. He knew I was coming and why. He has the information we're looking for, so I am going to visit a while before returning.”

I asked, “Is this usual?”

David replied, “No, not usual, but it saved her a lot of research work.”

Just then, Diana's eyes popped open as she abruptly sat upright and said, “That was incredible! I've never done that before.”

“Done what?” David asked as I ran and sat on the edge of the bed with her.

“I just traveled through time,” Diana answered, “I stayed and visited with Maven and others for several hours. When Maven escorted me back, he showed me how to transverse time so that it appeared to you as though I was gone for only a few minutes.”

David checked his watch and said, “Three minutes twenty seconds to be exact.”

Just then, the room brightened as Maven materialized in a beautiful ethereal body. He stood close to eight feet tall, and his azure aura filled the room. He spoke with a gentle but authoritative voice, “It is good to see you are all doing so well in your mortalities.” To Beth, he

said, “Welcome to your chosen destiny,” and to Diana, “please don’t try manipulating time until you learn more about it.”

With a brightening of aura and streaks of yellow, he gently laughed and said, “It could be bit disconcerting and most uncomfortable to return to your body before you left.”

David interjected, “That might present a bit of a paradox problem.”

“Then I see you understand,” Maven said.

I slowly rose to my feet in astonishment as I recognized the familiar and now reassuring brilliant azure aura of Maven as it changed intensity and colors. Here in the room with us was the very same entity I spoke with in Edentia a hundred years ago.

Maven continued, “I understand you have had your first affray with your counterparts.”

I regained my lucidity and joined the conversation by asking, “What do you mean; counterparts.”

Maven looked at David and asked, “Haven’t you told her yet?”

As David looked at his sister and then back at me, he said, “Beth has only been with us a short time. We’ve been meaning to, but we thought we had more time to get her acclimated,” then he asked, “Why don’t you explain our mission to her?”

“If that is your desire,” Maven answered.

Then I exclaimed, “Well! I wish someone would please explain what is going on.”

Maven began, “Those of us who represent Positive Creationism have been battling the Negative Collective for thousands of eons. These forces of evil have run rampant on this planet ever since the Calagastia rebellion and the fall of Atlantis. Up until the end of the experimental period in 2002, these negative beings had the right to run their own experiments. Do you understand what I am saying?”

“Yes,” I said, “I am beginning to recall some of that meeting I attended before taking on this incarnation.”

“Splendid; do you also remember agreeing to work with Raven as part of this triad?”

Suddenly I had a total recollection. I looked at David then Diana and asked, “Raven - is that really you?”

“Yes, Beth, we are Raven,” Diana said as David nodded in agreement.

I went and sat down on the side of the bed as Maven continued; “You were not required to attend some of the other meetings where we discussed strategies.”

“Strategies for what,” I asked.

“The strategy of who and where to place our positive beings to best prepare the planet for the return of the Creator Son. The decision was to have 777 triad groups positioned about the world. There are 11 Spiritual Advisor beings, like me, who are responsible for seven triads like yours.”

“I understand that part, then I asked, "but what did you mean by ‘our counterpart’?”

“The negative collective learned of our plans and placed in close proximity to our 777 location, triads of their own persuasion. And you just encountered yours tonight.”

David stated, “Now I understand why you met Diana at Edentia.”

“That’s right, David. Diana has all the information because it is important that you can identify who and what you are facing on this mortal plane.”

“How well organized are they?”

“They will make formidable opponents for they have the blessings of Mammon. There is money, lust for power, and greed already driving them.”

Diana said, “That is nothing we didn’t already expect,” then added, “It’s their use of subliminal thought that concerns me.”

Maven agreed, “It is a powerful weapon they have been using on the unsuspecting and uninformed since the beginning of time.”

“And Jessica appears to be a master of that art,” David said.

Diana added, “And, brother dear, that is only one of her lesser talents.”

The room fell silent. Maven spoke with compassion, “I have no doubt that we will succeed in our mission. It has been far-seen that this planet will become the gateway to the new universe once it reaches the state of ‘Light and Life.’ But it has also been seen that the negative forces will not relinquish its grasp without a struggle. They may even take the battle to the point of scorched earth.”

As we continued to sit in momentary silence, Maven said, “Diana, I have placed a gift for you on the nightstand.”

Diana went to the bedside table and picked up a beautiful clear rose quartz crystal, “Thank you for this beautiful crystal,” she said, “It just told me how to find you. And thanks for sharing that time travel experience.”

Maven said, “If there are no more questions, I leave you with the thought of peace, love, and brotherhood. If ever you have a need of me, I am but a thought away.”

David said, “Go in peace, love, and brotherhood.” And we watched as Maven slowly dematerialized. The room returned to its normal state, and we all felt his absence.

David broke the silence by asking, “Well Sis, what did you learn?”

She said, “It was as I suspected, they are a dangerous triad, and if we are not prepared, they could present many problems,” to David she requested, “Get your computer and enter what I am about to tell you.”

David went through the adjoining door to his room and returned with his thought activated credit card sized computer. He switched it on and asked, “I will start a new file entry, what should I call it?”

She said, “Call it Darshanon.”

A cold chill ran through my body as the name Darshanon brought back the memory of that dark shadowy figure in Edentia.

David exclaimed, “Darshanon – of Black Knights! Is he behind this?”

Diana said, “More like in charge of those three we met tonight plus six other triad groups. He and others were commissioned by the Black Knight himself to disrupt, discourage, dissuade, or even destroy anything or anyone that could hinder the continuation of the power and corruption on this planet.”

I asked, “And what of these three?”

“They were assigned in direct opposition to us.”

“What exactly does that mean?”

David said, “It means our job is even more complicated than just informing people of the knowledge we possess. That in itself would be tough enough without their interference.” Then he said, “OK Sis, who are those three?”

Diana said, “The man is Ralph Rabbles, but prefers the title, Prince. His soul name is Raster; he is the third son of Artemis from the Warrior House Arturo located within the

constellation Ursa Major. He is an avid student of Pan and uses tone manipulation to accomplish his goals. He is also a long-time master instructor in the School of Yo.”

“Hold it a minute,” I interrupted, “I have followed you so far, but what is the School of Yo?”

David explained, “As you know, Beth, my sister and I are Melchizedek teachers from the House of Avalon. Our philosophy supports everything pertaining to positive creationism. We believe that all souls were created equal and have the right of free will to choose any path of destiny they wish to follow.”

“Yes, I understand that.”

“The House of Arturo, the source center of the Negative Collective, represents an antithesis to us, and the School of Yo is the educational arm of that House. It supports the philosophy of jealousy, greed, lust, power, and control of others. The graduates of that school function as a type of police force to return the wayward souls to Arturo’s predetermined destiny.”

“To what end?”

“To worship their One and Only God – Arturo.”

“Thanks, David, I think I understand.”

Diana continued, “The girl, Jessica Herman, soul name Irls, and as I suspected, a direct descendent daughter of Isis. She has retained all the knowledge and negative skills her house affords. She is a very powerful and talented master in the art of psychic causative manipulation and as we have seen, well polished in subliminal thought projection; all in all, she is a very dangerous person.”

I asked, “Who is Isis?”

“She’s the monarch of the House of Isis; a very powerful house of psychic seers that has allied itself with the House of Arturo and functions as its all-seeing eyes.”

David continued inputting information in the computer as Diana went on, “Their healer is Crystal Irons; her soul name is Romaic. She is directly descendent from the Warring House of Nebon healers. She can affect the immune system and destroy the health and vitality with a single subliminal thought projection. She too is a very dangerous person.”

“Why, would any healer do that? Healers are taught to protect the sanctity of all life, mortal and immortal.”

“Beth,” Diana said, “You are a healer who acquired your knowledge of physical and psychic healing skills from the Hermidian School of Healing Arts. You are walking a path of positive creationism, and it is hard for you to understand how any trained healer could do otherwise.

David concluded, “Negative healers are not all bad; they do an excellent job of supporting their negative type beings but, can be devastatingly destructive to positive minded people like us.”

“I still can’t understand why any true healer, positive or negative, would deliberately...’

“Beth,” David interrupted, “The House of Nebon has also allied itself with Arturo, and their healers blindly follow his mandate of destruction.”

Diana said, “That about sums up the leadership of our opposition, it’s getting late, and we better get some sleep. Tomorrow will be another busy day.”

We all said goodnight and returned to our respective rooms.

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The next morning David awakened at six o’clock, dressed and packed his traveling bag for the trip home. He then used the house phone to call Diana, “Are you up Sis?”

“Yes, I’m almost packed to go. I called Beth when I woke up, but she’s not used to getting up this early. You might call her again to make sure she hasn’t gone back to sleep.”

“Ok,” David chuckled, “I’ll call her and meet you in the cafeteria.”

The phone rang several times before I realized what it was. I sleepily picked up the receiver and said, “Hello.”

“Good morning Beth. Just calling to make sure you’re awake.”

“I was... and I am again. Thanks for calling, David.”

“Diana has gone to the café for coffee. Please join us when you’re ready.”

“David,” I said, “you and Diana shouldn’t be drinking coffee.”

“Yes mother,” David laughed, “we only drink it when we’re away from home.”

“OK, I’ll meet you there in a few minutes.”

I arrived at the café just as David slid into the booth with Diana, and I joined him.

David said, “Well, good morning, did you sleep well?”

“Just fine,” Diana said.

“Me too,” I said, “After I finally got to sleep. I laid awake for hours reflecting on the day’s events. I know it’s only been five weeks since we met and my life has turned completely around.”

David smiled at me and said, “Sure you don’t mean more like up-side-down?”

“Maybe that too; when I saw your invitation to the open house at the Foundation of Universal Knowledge, I had no idea that it would be the turning point in my life.”

David and Diana smile at each other, and I asked, “Why did I feel so compelled to go?”

David explained, "Sis has always known where you were. She located you physically when you began your doctorate program, and upon its completion, she contacted your guardian, Francis, who directed you to the bulletin board where you saw the invitation."

With a light sarcastic laugh, I said, “And here all this time I thought I had free will.”

“Of course you do,” Diana said, “All I did was present you with what is known as a legal Free Will Offering, which made it possible for you to learn of our existence. You always had the choice of either accepting or rejecting the invitation.”

“You said legal Free Will Offering. Does that mean there are illegal ones as well?”

“Of course,” Diana said; “For example - when Jessica psychically placed the subliminal thought in Brandy’s mind to invite us all to return. That was an illegal use of power because Brandy was unaware of the implantation.”

“Then what’s the difference in what she did to Brandy and what Francis did to me, wasn’t that subliminal thought?”

“The difference is based on the fact that Francis is your guardian. She is well aware of your chosen path of destiny because you commissioned her before birth to guide you along that path. It is her responsibility to determine what will or will not propel you along that path.”

David interjected, “Diana could have easily tapped directly into your mind and placed compelling thoughts to join us. That would have been an illegal use of subliminal thought.”

“Would I have known the difference?”

“Most likely not; therein lies the danger of subliminal thought. It can be devastatingly causative.”

“Then how would I know if I made the correct choice?”

Diana said, “Your soul knows the difference. Your mind may tell you one thing, but deep down in your soul, you know what’s right for you. You always have the right of choice.”

I thought about that and said, “I feel that the task you have offered me, presents a tremendous responsibility and I must admit, it makes me nervous.”

David said, "I guess we should have started sooner to explain the scope of our mission.”

Diana added, “With getting you acclimated at the Foundation there hasn’t been time to explain.”

David said, “We had no idea that we would meet our opposition at the TV show, much less; learn the intensity of the threat we face.”

Diana continued, “Beth, you always have a choice. Anytime you feel in your soul that what you are doing is wrong; you can get up and walk away.”

David concluded, “And if that is your choice, no one will try to stop you.”

I merely smiled and said, “That’s alright, David. Between flips and flops on the bed, I began to recall events from before birth and much of what occurred last night now makes sense. We do have a big job ahead of us, and I am ready.”

They smiled at me and said in unison, “We knew you would be.”

The waitress brought more coffee, and we ordered a light breakfast, after which we checked out of our rooms and rode the elevator to the Hotel’s roof transport dock. We loaded the luggage into the ATLAS (Airborne Transport Laser-guided Antigravity System) vehicle and buckled ourselves into the reclining seats. When all was ready, David called the dispatch for clearance. The Dispatch Engineer double-checked the flight program and within minutes, launched the vehicle on its return trip to the Colorado Springs Gravity Transport Terminal. We were back home within twenty minutes.

## Chapter 5

Ralph holds meeting within his Presbytery

At seven in the morning, Prince Rabble, along with his psychic seer, Jessica, and Crystal Irons, the triad's healer were present in the Church of Lucifer's Adversaries' when Darshanon materialized in an ectoplasmic body before them and said, "I see you are all punctually present."

"Absolutely," Ralph said, "I would not have it any other way."

"That is good. Now down to business. Shortly after your first encounter with your opponents, their seer went to the Edentia archives to learn about you.

"Why didn't you have her stopped? Jessica said indignantly, "We don't want them to know who they are pitted against."

"I sent three Black Knight Guards to block her, but they were met with a contingent escort sent by Maven. When she arrived in Edentia, he was waiting for her, and they spent many hours together."

"What did she learn?" Jessica asked.

"I suspect she learned enough to make it harder to accomplish your task."

"What do we do now?" asked Ralph.

"Nothing more or less than your original mandates; we must stop the Brotherhood movement from building their organization, and thwart the acceptance of the reclamation fleet's arrival. If they are allowed to arrive, they will prevent or obstruct our continuance of chaos on this planet."

Darshanon changed the subject and continued, "You did a good job of getting yourselves in a position to challenge them in a public media forum, but if they should object to your methods of arranging it, you could be in trouble."

"What do you mean we could be in trouble?" Jessica exclaimed, "I didn't do anything that has not been a time proven method of persuasion."

"That's exactly my point," Darshanon explained, "ever since Jesus received total sovereignty of this planet, all universal laws are being strictly enforced by the Universal Guardians."

“And what’s that got to do with what I did?” asked Jessica.

“Using subliminal thought to manipulate someone to do something against their will and without their knowledge or permission is now considered an act of war.”

“I don’t believe what I did was anything against her will. I just suggested something she would have eventually thought of herself. I simply made it easier for her to think of it sooner.”

“Justify it any way you like,” chided Darshanon, “I am vehemently advising you to be careful how you use your talents. Since your last mortality, our position on this planet has changed, so if you are called before Justice and found guilty of some infraction of the laws, I will not be able to protect you.”

Crystal asked, “What’s this Universal Guardianship you mentioned?”

“The guardianship consists of seven unique beings; Grace, Justice, Wisdom, Tenacity, Compassion, Humility, and Truth. They are responsible for presiding over this sector of the seventh super-universe,” Darshanon continued explaining, “During the planet’s experimental period, we could use any devious method conceivable to achieve our goals; legal or otherwise.”

Ralph stated, “And from the power, corruption, and chaos that reigns, I would say we have done well.”

“That is true, but now that the experimental period has passed we must maintain that control under more stringent rules. I suggest, Jessica; that you take a trip to the archives and learn more about these restrictions.”

“But....” Jessica began.

Darshanon cut her short, “Remember the rebellion that we of the House of Arturo instigated that resulted in the fall of Atlantis? It was because of that rebellion that this planet has remained in a state of savagery. The quarantine placed around the universal sector prevented newborns from remembering anything about from whence they came. This allowed us free reign over the masses. Until recently, because no mortal could retain any memory of their origins, they were exempt from individual recriminations because they were unaware of universal laws. Now, any newborn that chooses to retain full knowledge can no longer claim ignorance of the laws. The more knowledge you have, the more responsible you are for your actions. The three of you, prior to this birth, chose to retain full knowledge and abilities; therefore you stand accountable for all illegal acts you may perform.”

Everyone sat quietly with his or her own thoughts. Soon Darshanon broke the silence by saying, “If there are no more questions, I will be going.”

Ralph looked at Jessica, who shook her head. He then glanced at Crystal who said, "I don't have any more either."

"That's about all we have for now," Ralph said, "You have given us enough to think about."

"Very well, if there is anything you need later, send your mid-way messenger. He will always know where to find me." With that, Darshanon's ethereal body evaporated.

Jessica said, "That made me hungry, let's get some breakfast."

The other two agreed, and they left the lodge and walked to the Lair's dining room where others of the organization were having breakfast before starting their chores.

## Chapter 6

TV station arranges another session.

Four days after the Brandy Williams' Show featuring the Patrick twins aired, the TV production manager, Bart Foster, pressed the intercom button to his secretary, "Miss Concord, will you please have Brandy come to my office when she arrives."

Teresa Concord's voice came back over the speaker, "Yes Sir, I'll put a note on her desk."

Two hours later Brandy entered her office and found the note. She went to Teresa and asked, "What does the Old Man want?"

"I'm not sure, but I think it's about the Patrick show."

"I suspected as much."

Teresa then asked, "Have you seen the mail that's come in since that show?"

"No, I was out on assignment all day yesterday."

"Well, there's a ton of it, and when the phone calls began, he ordered that the automated answering service route those calls to his personal recording machine."

Brandy pondered, "I wonder if that's good or bad," then asked, "Is he in?"

"Just a minute," Teresa pressed her intercom button, "Mr. Foster, Brandy Williams is here to see you."

"Send her in."

Brandy rapped softly on the door.

"Come in; I've been waiting for you."

She opened the door and entered. Bart smiled and gestured to the chair beside his desk saying, "Good morning Brandy, and please have a seat."

"Can't be too bad," she thought, "he's using my first name and wants me to sit beside his desk instead of in front of it." Then she asked, "What can I do for you, Mr. Foster?"

With a large smile, he said, "I wanted to talk to you about the other night."

"I assume you are talking about the Patrick show."

"I certainly am!"

"I'm sorry about the interruption. I had no idea it would turn out that way."

"That way!" he exclaimed, "it was awesome; the station's been deluged with letters, and I have been listening to recorded phone calls wanting to know when they would be back."

"Really; you mean the twins – I can't believe it."

"Tell me about the people from the audience who made the commotion during the second segment."

“They were just a couple of hecklers, but I had security remove them.”

“Well, that was too bad; most of the people who called wanted to know what happened to them.”

She was confused and asked, “Do you mean the people are more interested in the hecklers than the twins?”

“Not exactly; there were some strange responses to that show, but most people seem to be more interested in the challenge of blasphemy and sacrilege the Patrick’s received. Do you know who the hecklers are and how to reach them?”

“It just so happens that I do,” then she thought, “Or at least, I think I do.”

“That’s my girl,” Bart said, “Contact all of them and set up an appointment. I want to meet with them to see what type of show we can put together.”

Brandy involuntarily shuddered and inquired, “Do you mean to go on the air live again, with all four... or maybe six of them? From my brief encounter, I fear that they will make a volatile combination.”

“That’s what could make a terrific show,” then considering her concern, he said, “but you may be right. The show may have to be taped and edited before airing.” He then added, “Inform me when the appointment is scheduled.”

“Yes Sir,” Brandy said as she stood to leave, “Thank you, Mr. Foster, I will start making the arrangements.”

As Brandy came out of Bart’s office, Teresa asked, “How did it go?”

With a broad, satisfied grin, Brandy said, “It went just fine, he wants me to arrange for another show, and I’m going to need your help doing it.”

“Just tell me what you need.”

“First I need to know what security guards were on duty that night. I have to get some information from them, and I hope they still have it.”

Teresa opened a ledger and scanned through the pages, and as she wrote something on a scratch pad, she said, “Here are the names and phone numbers of the two guards in question, but according to the work schedule, they should be somewhere in the building now.”

“Thanks, Teresa, you’re so damned efficient.”

Teresa laughed and asked, “What else do you need, Brandy?”

“Please contact the Patrick twins and schedule another interview ASAP,”

“Of course.”

“And get this,” Brandy said, “The Old Man wants to meet with the hecklers as well as the Patrick twins.”

“Do you mean that guy that shouted ‘blasphemy’?”

“That’s the one. Plus the other two that were with him. They call themselves a triad.”

“Really; and how are we going to find them?”

“That’s why I need to speak to the security guards. They should have that information,”  
then Brandy questioned herself, “I wonder how I know that?”

Teresa said, “I’ll call the twins and schedule an appointment.”

As Brandy started to leave, she said, “Thanks, Teresa, I’ll locate the guards and get the other contact information to you by this afternoon.”

## Chapter 7

David began classes for Parents

After the TV show, I began receiving inquiries from parents with children who wanted more information about what their children are learning.

When I mentioned it to David, he immediately set up a class for parents. It covered information on who we were and what and who we represented. It also provided basic knowledge of the universe so they could better understand what their children were telling them.

David prepared a hand-out to present to everyone who attends a class and gave me a projected date for the first class. I contacted all the parents of our current student body and invited them along with friends and relatives to attend

It was 10 o'clock on the first Saturday morning of October when Diana and I joined David as part of his first class presentation. After our preliminary introductions, he explained the purpose of our Foundation of Universal Knowledge. I then took a seat in the rear of the group and listened as David began.

“Good morning everyone and thank you for coming to our first class for the parents of our younger students and thank you for trusting us with them. As you know, we not only hold classes in physical development, we also provide universal spiritual enlightenment

I have started this class because of several requests from you folks to assist in understanding the information your children are receiving.”

“Before we get into some terms and definitions, let me begin by explaining the two dominant forces at work in the universe, that of positive and negative. Some philosophers call it Yin and Yang.

On the adverse side, is that of predestination. A doctrine where God has foreordained all things, especially that God has elected certain souls to eternal salvation and that by a divine decree that delivers all souls to either salvation or damnation.

That is the philosophy of what I turned the Negative collective as supported by the self-proclaimed God of the house of Arturo. The belief that the soul has no choice because at its conception it is predestined to follow the dictates of God.

On the positive side, is freedom of choice, that all beings, mortal and immortal have the right to choose their path of destiny; that no God has the right to dictate what they must do or believe. That is the philosophy of our creator Jesus and is supported by the Universal Brotherhood out of the Pleiades, and that is our philosophy here at this school.

The war in the heavens as mentioned in the bible was a physical battle between those two forces over the ownership of Earth.”

I must now explain some terminology so that you will fully understand the rest of the lesson. You may follow along with the handout and if anyone has a question feel free to ask. My philosophy has always been, the only dumb question is the one you may have and do not ask.

I will tell you that many of the definitions of these words may not appear in any standard dictionary. So I will continue."

"The eventuation or better known as the Big Bang is where we and everything else that exists began. No deity created the eventuation; it occurred as an event, a happening. From that event came everything there is as well as what we are. Inherent from within that event comes all intelligence and knowledge of the material matter, energy, force, power, gravity, and time. I reiterate; as a result of the eventuation, all soul beings that now exist throughout the entire greater universes came into existence.

This tremendous explosion set in motion a universal vibration covering a spectrum far below and too far above what even any recording device on this planet can detect. We will discuss the importance of vibrations and frequencies later on. Are there any questions before we continue?"

A man in the second row stood and said, "I am Garry Lambert's father. I understood most everything you have said because my son has told me. What I don't understand is what he's saying - something about three, five, and seven people. I don't know what he is talking about."

David smiled and said, "That's alright Mister Lambert, Garry is a gifted boy but he's only six, and it takes time to absorb this level of information at that age. I am happy he is trying to explain something many older children find the concept difficult to grasp. What I think he is trying to tell you about are the seven degrees of being."

"Yes, that's what he called it."

“If everyone is familiar with the beginnings of creation, I will explain the several different degrees of soul state.”

“All souls came into existence at that time and consisted of two primary energy levels. They are first and third-degree beings. The energy contained within a first-degree being is far beyond anyone's imagination. They came directly out of the event possessing specific knowledge and abilities to perform specialized tasks. They are brilliant, intelligent and highly knowledgeable soul beings, and as such, created for their primary duties, and they will always be thus, they will never be or do else.

“The next level is that of a third-degree energy-being from which all other levels evolve. To the best of my knowledge, every single third-degree soul-being developed from within a cluster of seven which in turn evolved from larger clusters of twenty-one that came out of many clusters of seventy-seven. One might picture the budding process as having come from a gigantic grapevine, each clump methodically subdividing itself mathematically by base seven down to the individual third-degree energy being. I stress the term energy soul being because at this stage of development that is all they were, each being a massive bundle of enormous energy containing innate intelligence from the eventuation itself.

Now in answer to Mister Lambert's inquiry, I will explain what most of us want to know, from where did you and I develop into individual mortal beings?

The third-degree soul also contained innate intelligence derived directly from the eventuation's inherent intellectual knowledge. Over the course of time, these third-degree souls began learning to manipulate matter mentally. Since a third-degree being consists of pure energy, it has no physical form, thus thought was its only means to accomplish a task. They had the innate ability to sense and differentiate the universal vibratory rates of light and sound. Essentially they could see and hear by sending the changes in vibratory rates.

Somewhere within millions of eons, they learned that if one divided its energy in half, they could accomplish twice the work. So by using a means of mitosis one third-degree being, became two fifth-degree beings, thus creating soulmates. That is no easy feat and takes eons to accomplish.”

A murmur came from the class, and someone said, “I always wondered what a soulmate was.”

David, continued, “After much trial and error these energy souls learning how to manipulate matter mentally, began to create planets and build solar systems. The next step in evolution was for them to develop plant and animal forms. Eons past and many different life forms thrived on

various worlds. Then someone realized they could see and hear their creations but could not touch or smell them. Came their epiphany, what if we indwelt them, could we then acquire the tactile? With more trial and error, they learned their energy level was too high to coexist. They also discovered they could not divide themselves again but could lower their energy and thus become a seventh- degree being. This act also requires extensive time and effort to accomplish.

As third or fifth degree beings they could only inhabit inanimate objects but now as seventh-degree they could for the first time be able to enter and co-occupy a mortal structure.

Since they were immortal, they had no concept of death until they realized that the plants and animals were fragile, and did not last very long. They first experienced and learned the concept of mortal death while indwelling an animated structure when suddenly it died and it became an inanimate object.

Eventually, they learned how to enter an unborn fetus and experience a mortal's natural birth. However, that act required taking responsibility for that physical structure because as the solitary indwelling soul, it could no longer just come and go as it did with co-occupation. Thus began our journey on the wheel of mortal life of karma.

Are there any questions?

A murmur rippled through the room as the audience moved as if awakening from a spell, when a lady in the front row slowly raised her hand, "I have."

"Good," David said, " You were all so quiet I was afraid I put you to sleep, and no one was listening."

Another murmur and a man stood saying "I was listening. I mean carefully listening," he paused and took a deep breath. "If all that you just told us is true, why haven't we heard anything like it before?"

Another person stood and said, "This is something we should all have learned in school or at least in Church."

David stated, "therein lies the problem. The eventuation is not something taught in a seminary because if they knew the truth, which I doubt, they would not explain it because it would contradict God having created the world in seven days. There were volumes of ancient Sanskrit writings concerning much of this as well as reincarnation that was left out of the King James Version of the Bible?

Many religions realize, and some even teach that life is continuous after mortal death. But how could any clergy justify their doctrine of going to heaven and residing forever worshipping

at the feet of their God if any religious body allowed their patrons to learn that they had the choice of doing else.? Their entire religious doctrine would lose their power."

The man said, "You make it sound like a giant conspiracy."

David stated, "Read up on the God Mammon, and then you decide."

David paused took a deep breath and said, "Diana would say I was preaching again."

Then to the young lady who raised her hand, "You had a question, Miss."

She stood and said, "Yes. During the TV show, Brandy asked about your being twins, and Diana said something about having a soul mate and then having split herself in half again. I came away with the Idea there were three of you. I am more confused than ever because you just told us that a third-degree soul had to lower its energy before birth because it could not split.

David smiled and stated, " I understand your confusion. When I spoke of a third-degree being not able to split I was explaining the process as developed billions of eons ago. The process is the same today as it was then except, through the millennia there have been cases where some tenacious beings accomplished it. Diana and I will attest that it was not easy and we had lots of dedicated assistance. Realize that normal twins do not contain split souls, they are extremely rare.

However, I do know of a case where a third-degree being split its soul and entered the bodies of twins. Shortly after birth, one twin died, and by choice, the departing portion remained earth-bound and co-occupied the body with the other portion of itself. This is probably more than you needed to learn, but since someone asked about split soul twins, I am obliged to answer.

Now if there are no more questions, I invite you to peruse the handout and if you have any questions, write them down on the accompanying form, and I will answer them during our next session."

Here is what the handout contained.

**Creator-sons:** A creator-son is a soul being, Yin or Yang of third or fifth degree, who wish to take on the grave responsibility of creating a planet or solar system of their own. Planets do not just happen overnight nor by waving a magic wand. It requires thousands of eons of universal time of study under the tutelage of their master Creator Father and usually many other creators to perfect the multitude of required knowledge and skills. Once prepared, they must find and select an unoccupied place in space and then petition the Ancients of Days for

permission to proceed. If granted, their work has just begun, and we will talk more about them in part two. Please understand, there are billions of creator-sons throughout the greater universes and none of them ever proclaimed to be a god.

**Havona or heaven:** At the time of the Eventuation is when everything we know and understand originated out of, and Havona is at its center. Havona proper is finite in size. However, its effects continue to expand outward multi-dimensionally from it. The walls of Havona surround it, and the area adjacent to it referred to as the shores of Havona. Residing within these shores are the most highly evolved soul beings of the universe. When Jesus spoke of his Father in heaven, he was speaking of his father the RA who, by prime directive resided there during his son's bestowal on earth.

**Havana and Universal time:** Over the course of evolution, intelligent soul beings determined that the universal expanse was too massive to measure time as a single unit. The time it took to traverse distance required different nomenclature. Somewhere between half the distance from Havona to us on Urantia is defined as Havona time. The other half is deemed Universal time. We on earth reckon our time by its revolution around the sun. One Havona day is approximately 1000 earth years and one Universal day is equivalent to 18.34 Earth days.

**Willed and non-willed creatures:** All living matter on Earth possess a soul, and there are two types which encompass every species of plant and animals from the smallest blade of grass and insect to the largest tree and animal that ever lived. However, from out of the animal species, only three verified to become willed beings. That is, somewhere in their development one of them made a moral decision to protect someone other than itself. There are three mammalian willed species on this planet, the simian from which man evolved and the aquatic types such as the whale and dolphin. The difference between them is that the non-willed exist and survive primarily on their particular basic creature instincts. Whereas willed beings live by making decisions and actions based on conscious thought; they are responsible for their actions.

**Personal Guardians:** These are spirit beings who reside with you from before you are born until shortly after the death of the mortal body. Often referred to as guardian angels, they are there to guide us on our chosen path of destiny and protect us from potential danger.

**Prime Laws:** Within this greater universe, there are many Prime Laws such as Force, Power, Energy, and Gravity that are immutable and will never change.

**Ancients of days or Universal Fathers:** These are soul beings of superior wisdom who preside as supreme law-givers who allow or disallow certain actions to occur within the

universe, such as outlawing the use of nuclear energy to be employed in any destructive form. They work in conjunction with the Universal Guardians.

**Universal Guardians:** The universal guardianship, comprised of six fifth-degree beings and the seventh is a created entity. These beings are Justice, Compassion, Wisdom, Humility, Grace, Tenacity, and the created being of Truth. This august body has been in existence for 1,852,200,000 earth years. They preside over and adjudicate infractions of the prime laws as well as breaches of any other legislation that have been mandated by the Universal Fathers. It was that body of beings who held those rebellious Atlantians responsible for their actions: if only our Supreme Court worked as judiciously!

**Experimental planets or decimal worlds:** According to Universal law, every tenth inhabitable world regardless of who created it, is designated as an experimental world. That means not only the creator of a decimal or tenth planet may experiment with his life-forms, but any other creator son who wishes to perform life experiments upon it may do so as well. Among the hundreds of trillions of inhabited worlds, Urantia is one of those so designated as a decimal planet. That is why we have ten fingers and toes. The time allotted is finite and our planet's designated experimental period was twenty-one Havona days, (21,000 Earth years.) and it ended on the winter solstice of 2002.

**The wheel of life and karma:** Whether you believe it or not, if you are reading this, you have lived a mortal life either here on this planet or somewhere else. That means you chose to participate in karmic evolutionary growth to universal enlightenment. Karma is a highly debated concept among many religious philosophies. Simply stated: it is what you develop by your actions, good or bad toward others.

**Melchizedek teachers:** You will find many websites referenced on Google concerning Melchizedek none of which explained who or what they were better than the Urantia Book. However, I will tell you what we know of about the Melchizedek. Their Homeworld is Avalon, and they are the primary teachers of universal truth. It is from the Avalon teachers that we at the UBEC received most everything we freely share with you. There are millions of them throughout the greater universe, but there is only one Machiventa Melchizedek who graced Urantia with his presence. That is the being over whom all the biblical scholars speculate.

**Negative Collective:** I coined the phrase Negative Collective to encompass and embrace all the philosophies of negative houses, schools, and beings- mortal or immortal who follow the concepts of predestination.

**Subliminal Thought:** I stress the importance of your knowledge and understanding of subliminal thought because it was the primary tool and weapon used by the house of Arturo to subvert all those who choose free will.

Subliminal comes from the Latin words sub, under, and limen, threshold. Your threshold, in this case, is your conscious awareness. Something that is below that threshold is unconscious. In other words, you see or hear something, but you're not aware you saw or heard it. Subliminal messages can produce influence from the fact that they may be able to circumvent the conscious awareness and its critical functions.

Reiterating as to what it means in the context of this material. All thought is energy and is transmitted just as radio, television, radar, and all other unseen communication transmissions. First, there is the transmitter, the source creating the thought. Then there is the receiver, the object that receives the information. In the case of people, those who have developed the capability to receive thought energy are considered mind readers. Just because those who have not developed this talent, does not mean they didn't receive it, they did not know they received it on a subconscious level.

## Chapter 8

### Twins get news of next TV show

I was planting some new medicinal herbs in the Arboretum when I heard the phone ring. It was the secretary at the TV station. David and Diana were both conducting their early morning Tai Chi classes, so I took the message. Later, when we were in the library, I told them about the phone call and that the station would like them to attend another interview on the 15th. I also explained that our adversaries could be attending. Later in the day, Diana invited me to join them for dinner at their parent's home that night.

Amidst the dinner conversation, Diana said, "I met a most remarkable young man by the name of Donald Raeburn this afternoon. He's only sixteen but has complete recollection of his being."

Mary questioned, "What makes him more remarkable than any other of your young students?"

"He told me that his mother and father are both ex-military. His mother was a Navy nurse, and his father is a retired Navy commander with 26 years in the Seabees. As a youngster, Donald tried for years to convince them of his memory of universal affairs. His parents were so concerned that he was delusional; they took him to several different psychiatrists. He held steadfast to his knowledge and beliefs but stopped talking about it – at least until he saw the TV show."

"Then what happened?" I asked.

"He told me he managed to persuade them to watch the second half of the show. Now he wants to join the Foundation and study with us, but he needs his parent's approval. He feels that if we meet with them, they may agree."

"That's fine," said David, "we'll meet with them at their earliest convenience."

Mary, changed the subject and referring to me by my soul name, asked, "Bethel, are you happy with the choice you made about joining in on this adventure?"

I admitted, "I was not aware of my chosen path until after visiting the Foundation and met David and Diana, but after having come to your home for dinner and recognizing you, Marion, I feel I've made the proper choice." Then I asked, "Was it the correct choice? What do you see for my future?"

Mary's eyes flashed with knowingness, but she just sat there looking at me and smiled.

“Marion, I hate it when you do that to me.”

Everyone burst out laughing, and Diana commented, “I wonder how many times in your existence you have said that to her.”

After washing the dishes and everything put away, the family met in the living room where Mary said, “Now tell us what you two have been gloating over all evening.”

“Well,” Diana started, “We have some good news and some bad news.”

Gordon said, “Tell us the bad news first. I always like to get it out of the way.”

In their typical fashion of explaining things, David and Diana speaking alternately, disclosed what they had learned about the group calling themselves Lucifer's Adversaries and what they represented.

Mary, while listening to her children, was also doing a little psychic sensing of her own. When they finished, she said, “I feel that Lucifer's Adversaries are misrepresenting themselves because in actuality they are acting more like Devil's Advocates.”

No one spoke for several minutes until Gordon broke the silence by saying, “Now tell us the good news.”

Diana excitedly told them about the invitation for a second TV show.

Mary said, “Now that you know who and what those people represent, are you sure you should come in contact with them again?”

“Mother, we have been plagued by them and their kind all our lives, so it won't make any difference whether we do or do not attend another broadcast. We might as well take advantage of the opportunity to advertise the fact that we're here.”

Mary looking at her daughter; a near mirror likeness of herself, stated; “I sense a great deal of danger to all of you from these beings.”

“Mom, you know as well as we do,” said David, “that's why we chose to be here at this most opportune time. Just to be able to take part in the reclamation of this planet and the removal of the negative elements is a joy for all of us.”

“But...” Mary started to say.

“No buts,” her husband Gordon interjected, “The kids know what they are doing. After all, they've been preparing for this for 20 plus years.”

“Try 124 earth years,” Diana said, “That’s how long ago we all sat together in that meeting with the Creator Son and planned this adventure. Dad, I know you don’t remember that gathering because you were born before the planet’s veil was lifted.”

With his conventional logical thinking, Gordon changed the subject by asking, “What are you two going to do about your opposition being able to read your thoughts?”

David said, “We’ve been talking about that ever since the show.”

Diana continued, “I learned from the archives that none of them have ever been to Avalon or exposed to our native language. Therefore, we have been practicing using our home world’s tongue.”

David added, “And we are getting pretty good, too. We can send them what we want them to hear and still prevent them from understanding what we are actually thinking.”

Mary asked, “And what do you propose to do when they learn what you are doing – and you can bet they will.”

“We have thought of that also and will go to plan B,” David said.

“And what is plan B?” Gordon asked.

The twins laughed and said, “We’re still working on that.”

## Chapter 9

Jessica's formulates her assault on Garry

Late that same afternoon, Prince Rabbles was standing before the large wall safe in his office while securing the day's receipts for his latest enterprise when Jessica entered the room.

"Has it been a good day?" she asked.

"Not bad for my second week in my new import-export business. It is beginning to show real promise. I just cleared \$2,200 net profit today alone."

As he closed the safe and spun the knob, he asked, "What kept you here so late?"

"I was about to leave when I got a call from Teresa Concord."

"Who?"

"She's the secretary at the TV station in Denver. It seems my little suggestion paid off because the production manager wants to meet with us. We might get a chance to confront those three again – only this time on our terms."

"When do they want to see us?"

"At 9:00 AM on the 15th of July."

"Excellent," Ralph said as he picked up his copy of *The Reclamators* by the Patrick twins, "It's time to dissect their book. We'll get each of our seven sub-leaders together and develop a strategy with which to challenge them and this blasphemous trash."

"That sounds good, but I also have a plan of my own to look into," said Jessica.

"What's that?"

"Do you remember the past-life lover that Diana said she has only met once?"

"Yeah, what of it?"

"Suppose I locate him and make a psychic visit or two."

"That's an interesting idea," Ralph admitted.

"I thought so," Jessica confirmed. "I guess I'll head home and see what I can learn about him. See you in the morning."

"Right," Ralph said, as he began scanning through the book.

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Jessica had invited herself to dinner at her mother's house. Agnes, an enchanting woman, known as Madam Herman, was a prominent medium and soothsayer. She used all the ancient tools of the trade including a large crystal ball. Madam Herman was also a master at using crystals and dolls for causative psychic manipulation.

Even though born before 2002, she was proficient at communicating with beings from other dimensions. She held dramatic monthly séances, and people from all over the country came to engage her services.

During dinner, Jessica said, “Mother, I have a plan that I need to talk to you about.”

“Of course Jessica, what is it?”

“It concerns Diana’s Navy Commander, the one I told you about.”

“And?”

“I need to identify his soul’s vibration and then locate him.”

“What are you planning to do?”

“To drop in and see if I can dissuade him a little.”

“Dissuade him from what?”

“Change his mind about her and come work for us.”

“Before you do that, I think you should find out exactly who he is and what mission, if any, he has undertaken.”

“Can you help me?”

“Certainly, right after dinner.”

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At seven o’clock Jessica and Agnes entered the small séance room used for individual sessions. Black velvet curtains covered the walls from ceiling to floor. Centered on a small round table with an inlaid red pentagram was a large crystal ball resting on a wooden base. The only illumination came from a single amber globe suspended from the ceiling that hung directly over the crystal ball. The low-level light cast eerie shadows across their faces as they sat at the table facing each other.

Without saying a word, Agnes reached across the table with both hands, palms upward. Jessica and her mother had done this type of seeking many times before so this was nothing new for them. Jessica placed her hands on top of her mother’s palms.

Agnes said, “We are going to seek back in time to the point when you heard Diana describing her boyfriend.”

A minute passed, and Jessica said, “I’m sitting in the audience of the TV studio four nights ago.”

“Good, now make contact with her mind while she is talking about him.”

Jessica did as directed, and Agnes asked, “What do you hear?”

Jessica could hear Diana; “She is saying ‘He’s a squadron commander of helicopters and the latest Osprey.’”

“Now probe deeper and get her mental image of him.”

Jessica focused a concentrated thought probe at Diana and said, "I have it." Just then, Jessica's eyes flew open, and she exclaimed, "I think she knows I just touched her mind!"

"Leave the girl – now!" Agnes commanded, "Focus on his image and tell me what you see."

"Physically, he's good looking... at least six foot two, broad shoulders and narrow hips. Wavy black hair cut military style. He has wide, deep-set dark eyes and an angular face with a strong jawline. He has a smile that will melt any girl's heart."

"Now identify his soul's vibration."

"I have it. This one is strong, honorable, forthright, and very determined."

"In that case, you will have a real challenge to turn him from his chosen path."

"You may be right, but I will change his mind! He will soon be working for us," assured Jessica.

"What means of persuasion and type of choices will you use?"

"Persuasion will be by active subliminal thought, and his choices are to succumb to us, or we will destroy him."

Agnes gave an amusing laugh, "That's straightforward forward enough. Do you know where to find him?"

"Yes, I've located him aboard a naval vessel sailing in the Caribbean."

"Then I suggest you psychically go there and find out his mortal name."

Jessica projected her psychic thought vision probe, and within seconds she said, "I see the ship."

"Good, now find him."

She scanned the vessel and located the now familiar vibration of her target. "I have him," she said, "he's in uniform sitting somewhere with some other men. It appears to be some type of dining room – his name tag reads Farragut and his friends are calling him Garry."

Agnes burst out laughing and said, "Now there's a name any good sailor-boy would love to have."

Jessica did not understand why her mother was laughing, but said, "Thanks, Mother; that should be about all I need to know for now," then added as she stood to leave, "I'll take it from here."

Agnes also rose, turned off the light, and as they left the room she said, "What are you going to do next?"

"I'll pay him a little visit – tonight."

"Before you do, I suggest you take a trip to the Akashic records and find out more about him. Find out who he is, who he's been and what his mission is this time."

"Thanks, Mother, I'll do it before I visit him; then he's all mine!"

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Later that night in the privacy of her room, Jessica called on her guardian, "Isch, we need an escort of Black Knights to accompany us to the archives in Edentia." She stretched out on her bed and relaxed as she

went through her usual psychic ritual mantras. She was prepared for out of body travel when Isch informed her that the escort had arrived. She closed her eyes and within seconds was entering the archives of Edentia. They went directly to the Akashic records and using the tonal vibrations of Garry Farragut's soul, researched his complete history. She learned that he elected for this incarnation to take an active and important part in the reclamation process of Earth. He had chosen to place himself in a position of political influence to accomplish his task. While she was there, she researched the rest of her opposition.

The Black Knight Guards, using time to their advantage, escorted Jessica and Isch back to her room so that they arrived only moments after they left. Jessica informed Isch that there was one more project to complete before morning. Still reclining on the bed, she again left her body and within seconds was hovering above the heads of the men in the wardroom where she had located him aboard the aircraft carrier. "Ha – I see he's no longer here," She sought; "now all I have to do is find him again."

Seconds later she had located Garry's distinctive aura and was drifting over the man as he peacefully slept. Suddenly, Garry's protective spirit guardian Gerome challenged her, and she instantly withdrew from the ship.

Hovering well outside the vessel she thought; no matter, I know where he is." She focused and projected her thought into his sleeping quarters, "You will forget who you are and why you came to the planet." Then she sent, "You will forget all about your girlfriend Diana," and as a final message, she sent, "The next time you come home you will meet a beautiful green-eyed, red-haired beauty," and invaded his dreams with images of herself. She repeated each of these subliminal messages seven times before returning home to her body.

## Chapter 10

### Jessica's first effect on Garry

On the morning after Jessica's first visit, Garry awakened earlier than usual with a killer of a headache. "What's this," he wondered, "I can't remember having a headache like this since I was eight and fell out of Old Man Gregg's cherry tree."

He sat up slowly and swung his legs over the side of the bunk. After a wave of vertigo had swept over him, his headache seemed to ease a bit. As he sat there with his elbows on his knees and his forehead resting in the palms of his hands, he recalled a dream, or was it a vision? He couldn't decide because the only thing he could recall was an impression of a woman he had never seen before. He dwelled on it for a moment and then pushed the image aside as he stood to turn on the small reading light at the head of his bunk. Lieutenant Sam Havershaw, his friend, shipmate, and second in command was still asleep in the upper berth. He checked his watch; it was 0418. "Good," he thought, "I've got an hour and a half before duty. As bad as I feel right now, it'll take me that long to get there."

At 0520, he went to the officer's mess for coffee. There were two other flight crews there already. His head still pulsed with pain and he didn't feel like talking to anyone. He acknowledged their morning greeting with a simple nod of recognition. He washed down a couple of analgesic tabs, and by the time he finished the first cup, his headache had eased somewhat. Returning to the large stainless steel coffee urn, he drew a second cup. When the image of the girl flashed through his mind again, he wondered, "Who is she? Do I know her? Have we met somewhere, and I've forgotten?"

At 0545, the pain was nearly gone when he reported for duty on the flight deck. He managed to perform his duties as Junior Watch Officer of RICS. (Reconnaissance Information and Cryptography Section). Between conflicting thoughts of discontent, along with the image of the girl that occasionally appeared, he had trouble concentrating and the day progressed with difficulty. Once relieved of duty at 1600 (4 PM), he went to the Officer's Mess for dinner and then to the ship's library to read. He could not relax, so he retired to his quarters.

When he entered his stateroom, Sam was sitting at the writing desk engrossed in something on his computer. Even though Sam was three years older than Garry and they had graduated from flight school together, Garry was the Squadron's Flight Commander, and Sam was his best

friend and co-pilot. Sam looked up and said, “Hi Skipper, I didn’t expect you back from the library so soon.”

“I’ve had a miserable day; nothing seemed to go right. I couldn’t concentrate. I couldn’t even get interested in my research project.”

Sam slid his chair back from the desk and asked, “What’s the problem?”

Garry sat on the side of his bunk and told Sam the whole story. From the time he awoke with a headache, he had trouble solving small routine problems. Finally, he told Sam about the visual image of the strange girl that re-occurred throughout the day.

“And you have no idea who she is?”

“Not a clue. I’ve racked my brain every time she appeared, but nothing. She just appears out of the blackness.”

“That is strange, but from your description of her, if you should ever meet her, be sure to introduce me.”

Garry laughed, “She’s all yours – buddy.” As he got a towel and clean underwear from his locker, he added, “I’m going to shower and hit the rack.”

“Ok,” Sam said, “Get a good night’s sleep, and you’ll feel better in the morning.”

## Chapter 11

Jessica tells Ralph about Patrick's triad

Jessica excitedly reported to the Lair early the next morning to tell Prince Rabbles what she had learned about Garry and her midnight visit. When he was not in his office, she went to the rectory's kitchen where she found him sitting at a table drinking coffee with three members of the Lucifer's Adversaries consortium. All but Prince Rabbles stood to greet her admiringly as she approached their table. Bruce Parker, the unit's number two, offered her a seat next to him, which she graciously accepted.

With everyone seated again, Ralph spoke to her, "I'm glad you came in early this morning. We've been discussing this godless book and how best to refute it."

Jessica stated, "That could prove to be difficult since we all know that much of what they have written is true."

A murmur of disapproval of her statement came from the group, but only Bruce spoke up, "I realize that but it should not be too hard to keep the true believers believing and the wavering undecided will eventually fall in line."

"And what makes you say that?"

"It's simply because of mob mentality. Wavering believers have always blindly followed the leader."

"Spoken like the true warrior you are, but time moves on and so do attitudes. In light of the endless scandals in the Catholic Church, even our own people are beginning to doubt and question more. Blind faith is waning, and when exposed to this type of material the weaker sheep will fall from our God's Grace."

Prince Rabbles interrupted, "This banter is unproductive. I want some of our second echelon people to review Patrick's book to find any weak points that we can exploit. Bruce, I will leave it up to you to assign the best-qualified people on specific chapters. Then, have their written rebuttals on my desk no later than the first of July. Jessica and I have to be properly prepared before our TV debut on the fifteenth."

"Yes Sir," Bruce said, "It's as good as done."

Prince Rabbles then said, "Ok Jessica, now tell us what you were so excited about when you came in."

“I have learned a few important facts that I must tell you about – in private.”

“Very well; I’ll be in my office in about ten minutes.” Then to the other three, he said, “Time to get to work. I’ll see everyone here at lunchtime.”

Prince Rabbles and the three men left the dining room as Jessica fixed herself a cup of coffee to take to her office. She rechecked yesterday’s messages to be sure she had not overlooked anything important before she went to Ralph’s office.

Even before she knocked on the door, Ralph called out, “Come in Jessica,” and as she entered, he added, “What’s so important that we have to talk in private?”

“I have information that will concern everyone, but I feel you need to hear it first. Remember yesterday afternoon when I told you my plans to drop in on Diana’s boyfriend?”

“Don’t dawdle, girl, get on with it?”

“Last night I went to the Edentia archives for research. I then made a trip to the crystal planet where I learned more from my mother, Isis.”

Now that she had his undivided attention, Ralph said, “Sounds like you were busy last night,” with concern, he asked, “So tell me, who is he?”

“His soul name is Drake, and we’ve encountered this one before; however, not on this planet.”

“Oh yes. I remember Drake, and as I recall, I put an end to several of his mortalities.”

“And if you also recall, he has thwarted a few of our projects as well as besting you on a couple of occasions.”

“Hogwash!” Ralph exclaimed then asked, “What’s his mission this time?”

“Even though he was born before 2002, he has acquired the best genes from healthy parents. After Diana’s birth, she located him and somehow managed to get him started on Out of Body travel. Physically and mentally, he is superior to the best. During the Edentia recruitment, he signed on to Maven’s planetary reclamation corps. He is dedicated, tenacious, and devoted to Raven – that is, David and Diana Patrick, and if not stopped, he will be the number two of the temporal leaders seven.”

“What do you mean; David and Diana Patrick?” asked Ralph.

“They are Raven. She divided her soul in order to be born as the Patrick twins. The splitting of the soul's energy altered her vibration, and that’s why I didn’t recognize her right away.”

“Raven... I remember her too; another thorn in my side,” Ralph continued, “What else did you learn about Drake?”

“Not only will he become the leader of their triad’s diplomatic section, but my mother has also seen him as a dominant member of the yet unformed unified planetary government that is instrumental in convincing the rest of the world’s leaders to accept and allow the Brotherhood Fleet to begin the restoration process.”

“If Isis has seen this possible future for him, then that is what he will do – unless we change it,” then Ralph asked, “Did you also make contact with Drake?”

“Yes, mortally he is Garry W. Farragut. He is in the Navy aboard a ship in the Caribbean.”

Ralph let out a guffaw. He said, “And where else would you expect to find a Farragut?”

He spent the next few minutes explaining that Admiral David Farragut commanded the Union ships during the Civil War that captured New Orleans in 1862. It was during the taking of Mobile Bay in 1864 he shouted ‘Damn the torpedoes--full speed ahead!’ He was one hell of a mariner.”

Jessica finally understood why her mother Agnes, also laughed when she heard the name.

Now with grave concern in his voice, Ralph said, “The Patrick’s present a problem, but Drake presents a bigger one. We have some karma to balance; therefore, he is our priority. We must stop him first.”

“Aren’t you taking this a bit personal?”

“You’re damn right I am. Drake’s not going to defeat us again.”

“Ok, you’re the boss, what do you want me to do?”

“Do whatever you have to do to change his chosen path of destiny. We can never allow him to become part of the unified government leadership.”

“How far do you want me to go?”

Ralph had calmed his rage a bit and said, “Persuade him to join us or dissuade him from the military, and if that fails – destroy him.”

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Still concerned about being caught Out-of-Body by Garry’s guardian, she devised a plan that would work as well as if she were in the room with him. She went to her special chest of implements, selected a dark quartz crystal, and psychically imprinted Garry’s identity and

location into it. She then programmed all the messages previously sent, plus; “You are not satisfied with your job. You want more power and prestige because your superiors don’t know what they are doing and you demand more respect from all subordinates. You are not satisfied with the Navy. You will get out of the Navy. Come to Wyoming. Join Lucifer’s Adversaries and work for Prince Rabbles.” She also placed within the crystal, images of herself, Prince Rabbles, and the Lair.

## Chapter 12

### Subliminal messaging continues

At 0300 on the morning of their reconnaissance flight, Sam Havershaw woke to his alarm clock and climbed out of the top bunk to find Garry sitting on the side of the lower one holding his head in his hands. “What’s wrong Skipper, you got that headache again?”

“A real SOB this time,” Garry said, “got any aspirin? Mine are all gone.”

“Just some APC’s.”

“They will have to do,” Garry said as he slipped into his flight suit, “I won’t take anything stronger – not with the mission coming up.”

Sam handed him a small flat pillbox and said, “Take it with you; you may need some more later.”

Garry took out four APC’s and put the box in the breast pocket of his jumpsuit. He then went to the small refrigerator built into the bulkhead at the foot of the double bunk and got a bottle of water. He took the pills, put the water back, and went to the stainless steel basin where he splashed cold water on his face.

Sam was almost dressed in his flight suit when he asked, “Feeling any better?”

“I will be just as soon as I get some caffeine to go along with these pills.”

Sam finished dressing, and by the time he had made his bunk, Garry was pulling on his flight deck boots and said, “Let’s go get that coffee and some breakfast.”

When they got to the officer’s galley, the mess cooks were there to prepare whatever anyone wanted for breakfast. The APC medication had eased Garry’s headache to a dull pain by the time they got to the pre-flight briefing room. Their flight engineer, SCPO Casey Conley was standing outside the briefing room door with a newly assigned crewman.

The Ops Officer began his briefing as usual, “Gentlemen, I don’t need to remind you, we have trade agreements with Cuba’s newly elected president. Be sure to respect their twelve-mile international coastal limits and if your mission requires you to go inland, stay well within the approved flight corridors. Now, gentlemen, for today’s mission.”

Once on the flight deck and heading toward their turbine driven-twin-rotor aircraft, the new young ensign on the flight crew commented, “Why the hell does Ops always say the same damn

thing about Cuban airspace at every briefing. If he doesn't have to remind us, then why does he?"

Chief Conley replied, "Because his preflight lecture card tells him to; that way if anything should happen, he has covered his ass."

After their external pre-flight walk-around the Sea Knight helicopter, everyone buckled themselves into their seats for the internal checks and double checks. With all systems operating correctly, Garry radioed the Con for clearance. After the flight deck crew had removed the wheel chocks, he twisted the throttle to increase the RPM, pulled upward on the collective pitch lever increasing the rotor pitch and with no more noise than the familiar whoop, whoop, whoop, the giant craft lifted clear of the deck. He then gently pushed the cyclic stick forward, the nose dipped, and tail raised higher as forward momentum began. Once clear of the ship and rapidly gaining altitude they set an airborne course for Cuba.

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Following the afternoon debriefing, Garry was delighted that their routine reconnaissance mission turned out to be a non-eventful excursion. He realized he was far from his physical and mental norm and was honestly not sure if he could have handled any unexpected situations. He decided that if he could not shake whatever was wrong before his next mission, he would have to ask to be relieved from flight status.

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For the next couple of days, every time Garry or Sam entered their quarters, Jessica's crystal bombarded them with all its negative messages and images.

Garry continuously awakened in the middle of the night with a pounding headache and nausea. His daily performance was progressively suffering to the point where the RICS Master Chief Petty Officer Russell started asking if there was something wrong and suggested that he go on sick call and see Doc Davis.

Later that afternoon, when Sam and Garry were off duty, they were sitting in the officer's lounge talking when Sam asked, "Do you remember that girl you told me you were seeing in your dreams?"

"Sure, but I'm not convinced they are dreams,"

"Do you still see her?"

"Every night and sometimes during the day."

Sam said, “Then I think it’s contagious because I have seen her too, just the way you described her,” Then asked, “do you see anything else?”

“Why do you ask?”

“Because I keep seeing some guy and a strange building.”

Garry smiled and asked, “Do you hear voices too?”

“Are you trying to make fun of me?”

“No, not at all; the reason I ask – and don’t think I’m crazy – is because I think I do hear a voice.”

“What do you hear?”

“Hear – may not be the right term,” explained Garry, “It’s more like subconscious thoughts... but not mine,”

“I don’t know what’s going on here, but, yes, I sometimes hear... not exactly a voice; if that makes any sense.”

Garry stated, “I understand what you’re trying to say because something is telling me I am supposed to get out of the Navy and see some Prince in Wyoming. These can’t be my own thoughts, yet they are there, in my head like an old melody you can’t shake.”

“This is too weird for words,” Sam said, “How can both of us be hearing and seeing the same things?”

“I don’t know, but if we are having the same apparent hallucination,” Garry asked, “are you waking up with any form of headaches?”

“No, but I sure am irritable. I feel like an old bear just awakened in the middle of his hibernation. I’m short tempered, and everything seems to aggravate the hell out of me. It takes me several hours to shake the feeling.”

“Me too,” Garry agreed, “now that you mention it. It seems like incompetence is a sickness and everyone in my watch section has it. I have to bite my tongue to keep from blowing my cool.”

“Have you gone on sick call yet?” Sam asked.

“You know, the Chief suggested that this morning. And if I don’t feel better in the morning, I’ll check in with Doc Davis.”

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The next morning, Garry again awakened early, fighting his worst headache yet. That's when he decided, "I guess the Chief was right, I've got to go see Doc and get something for these miserable headaches."

He managed to stagger to his feet and get dressed. Sam had already gone, and with ten minutes left before reporting for duty, he stopped by the dispensary where a Second Class Hospital Corpsman gave him a hand full of APC's and told him to come back on sick call at 0730 to see Doc. He reported to his duty section, but could barely concentrate on the standing orders as he relieved the Watch Officer on duty. The first thing he did was to call his CO and get permission to go on sick call.

At 0730, he returned to the dispensary. HMC 'Doc' Davis, a Master Chief Petty Officer Hospital Corpsman was standing at the reception desk and looked up when Garry walked in and exclaimed, "What's wrong Commander? You look like shit!"

"I feel like it too," Garry replied.

"Come with me," Doc said as he helped Garry to the treatment room, "tell me what's going on."

Doc Davis examined him carefully, checking temperature, pulse, and blood pressure. He then examined Garry's ears for infections and his eyes for possible eyestrain. Doc started writing up a new chart while asking questions and checking for a history of any old head injuries, of which there were none. Garry explained everything, the apparent dreams, the voices, and the images of the girl.

When the Chief finished, he sat back in his chair thinking.

"What is it, Doc? What's wrong with me?"

"I'm not qualified enough to explain your voices or visions, but from all outward appearance and reactions to these simple tests, I'd say you're suffering from massive migraine headaches."

"What's causing them? I've never had anything like this before."

"There are multiple causes for migraines. We won't know what's causing yours until we conclude some further tests."

"What tests?"

“We’ll talk about that later. Right now, I am going to give you a shot to relieve the pain. Then notify the watch officer that you are on medical leave as of now.”

Doc wrote in Garry’s chart, filled out an order, and went to the narcotics locker and prepared a shot of meperidine

Garry received the injection and lay back down on the examining table.

Doc left the examining room and returned a few minutes later and said, “You’re now under medical care until further notice. That shot should be taking effect shortly, so I want you to go to your quarters and remain there except for chow if you feel like eating. I’ll refer your case to the Flight Surgeon so come see me again tomorrow morning.”

“Is all this necessary for a migraine headache?”

“It is as far as I’m concerned, at least until we find out its cause.”

“Thanks, Doc, see you in the morning.”

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After three weeks of the crystal’s thought barrage, Jessica temporarily discontinued the assault and used her psychic talents to remote view Garry to determine how he was responding to her messages. She did not know he was under medication, so all she saw that night were two men peacefully sleeping in their quarters. “I don’t sense any change yet, so tomorrow night,” she grinned, thinking, “I will send you something new to ruminate.”

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The next morning, Garry awakened at his usual time of 0500 and felt terrific – not a trace of a headache. He rolled out of bed and called, “Sam! Wake up you, lazy clod.”

Sam opened one eye and looked down from the top bunk and said, “You look and sound like your old cantankerous self. You must have gotten a good night sleep.”

“I sure did; that Doc is a miracle worker. One shot, a good night sleep and I’m ready to go.”

After a hearty breakfast, he waited until 0730 to go to the sickbay to find Doc Davis.

Once again, Doc was standing by the reception desk as Garry entered and said, “Commander Farragut, you look like you might even make it through the day. How do you feel?”

“Just great Doc; I don’t know what that was in the shot you gave me, but you better patent it.”

The chief laughed, "I'm afraid Demerol has already been patented."

"Too bad, you could make a fortune with that stuff."

Two other corpsmen, overhearing the conversation, burst out laughing as the chief said, "You really don't know what Demerol is, do you?"

"No," Garry said, "I've never been sick a day in my life."

"Well, what I gave you was a controlled narcotic that cannot be used indiscriminately."

"Whatever Doc; all I know is, it was a lifesaver for me. I haven't felt this good for three weeks."

The chief said, "Come on back to the treatment room. Let's have a look at you."

Doc checked and found all his vital signs to be normal, then asked, "Are you sure you feel ready for active duty?"

"Yes Doc, absolutely."

"In that case, I'm releasing you back to active duty status and will notify your section shortly. If you have any more problems, come see me at once."

"Will do, and thanks, Chief," Garry said as he left the treatment room. He reported to his duty station and had no further discomfort that day.

## Chapter 13

### Preparation for second TV show

On the morning of July 15th, David, Diana, and I drove to the Colorado Springs Gravity Transport Terminal where we rented an ALATS (Airborne Laser-guided Anti-gravity Transport System) vehicle to take us to the Burnsley Hotel's roof transport docking station.

We arrived at the hotel twenty minutes later and went to the café for a leisurely breakfast. From there, we walked the three blocks to the TV station and spoke to the receptionist. She pushed a button on her intercom phone and said, "Miss Concord, some of the people for your nine o'clock appointment are here."

The voice from the intercom said, "Thank you, Dotty; have them go to room four."

Dotty pointed to the sliding glass doors that opened onto a wide hallway and said, "Room four is the second door on the left. Miss Concord will meet you there."

When we entered, the stout woman sitting at the end of a long conference table stood and greeted us. "Good morning and welcome back to station KCEC-TV. I'm Teresa Concord, personal secretary to Mr. Foster, the station's production manager." Then as she indicated the chairs on the right side of the table, she added, "Please be seated."

As we took our seats, Diana said, "It's always a pleasure to meet the person with whom I have only seen on a video-phone. I am Diana Patrick, and this is my brother David." Then she introduced me by saying, "This is Beth Morrison, the third member of our group."

Teresa explained as she passed out a couple of sheets of paper, "There are a couple of formalities that we must address before we get started on the interview. I already have model release forms from David and Diana. If Beth is going to go on air with you, we'll need one from her. Then there's a matter of monetary compensation for your appearance."

David said, "We didn't receive any compensation for the first show."

"That's because, the last time you were here, you requested the show. This time we have invited your appearance."

Diana said, "You mean you're going to pay us for what we do for free at our center?"

"Not pay exactly, just a little remuneration for your expenses and the rights to all program material aired."

David inquired, “What do you mean, all program material aired?”

“It’s the station’s policy to retain all rights to everything we produce. Mr. Foster is still undecided about another program because of the volatile nature of your material and from our viewer’s response to those who refuted your premise. He may or may not authorize a program. Mr. Foster will make that determination based on the outcome of this interview. If he decides to produce it, we will pre-record everything before airing.”

David exclaimed, “And edited!”

“Naturally,” Teresa said, “at the discretion of the station’s editorial committee.”

“In that case,” David added, “we also have a requirement.”

“And what’s that?”

“That you provide us with a complete, unedited copy of the proceedings, regardless of the outcome or what gets aired.”

“I will have to get confirmation of that.”

Diana boldly conjectured, “Since you invited our adversaries and us this time, you must think it could be financially worthwhile, so here is our stipulation. Either we go on air live, or we get an unedited copy of the recording. If not, there will be no interview to record.”

David then added, “Since my sister brought up the subject of our adversaries, I have one more stipulation.”

Just then, Bart Foster entered from an adjoining office and asked, “Yes, young man, what’s your other stipulation?”

David, realizing that Bart must have been listening from the next room, hesitated briefly, and then said with finality, “That we see the edited version and give our final approval before airtime.”

Bart replied, “I see that you are all intelligent individuals and I admire your adamant position. What you are asking is not station policy, but I am sure we can come to some mutual agreement.”

Diana sent a thought to David, “Now there’s a smooth talking politician.”

Then Bart asked Teresa, “Where are the rest of them? I thought there was supposed to be two groups.”

“There are two groups, Mr. Foster, we notified the others, but they have not yet arrived.”

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At 8:15, Prince Rabbles, Jessica, their healer Crystal Irons, plus Bruce Parker, Lucifer's Adversaries number two staff warrior, boarded their corporate jet, and took off for Denver International. They arrived at 8:30, hailed a cab at 8:45, and became caught up in the morning traffic. Ralph furiously berated the driver all the way across town, "You are going to make us late for our appointment." They arrived at the TV station at 9:15 and strutted into the lobby as though they owned it. The receptionist looked up and questioned, "May I help you?"

"Inform your production manager that Prince Rabbles and his staff are here for their interview."

The receptionist, not the least bit impressed or intimidated by his curtness, responded in kind, "You're late! Miss Concord and party are already in conference." She pointed saying, "Down the hall, second door on the left."

He defensively stated, "We wouldn't have been late – if it were not for the incompetence of the taxi driver."

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Bart said, "If they're not here soon we will start without them."

"That's alright, Mr. Foster," Diana said, "they're in the building now." She then sent to David, "There's a strong negative force approaching." The hallway door abruptly opened, and four imposing figures strode into the room. Diana said, "Looks like they've finally arrived."

Bart stood with his eyes fixed on Diana and started to ask, "How did you know that they..." He shook his head, turned his attention to the latecomers and said, "Good morning ladies and gentlemen." He motioned to the chairs on the opposite side of the table from us, "Please be seated. Miss Concord has some preliminary paperwork you needs to complete before we begin."

Teresa passed out the papers and explained what was needed. When completed, she gathered them all together and left the room.

Bart directed his question to Ralph, "You appear to be the spokesman of your group, will you please introduce yourself, and your people, then tell me what you represent?"

"I am Prince Rabbles, the director of Lucifer's Adversaries, and this is Jessica Herman, my psychic seer. The third member of my triad is Crystal Irons, our healer and that other gentleman with us, is Bruce Parker, my friend, and personal protector."

“Very well,” Bart continued, “Since you all met the night of the broadcast, let’s get down to business.”

“That’s what we’re here for,” Ralph said glaring antagonistically across the table and said, “Are you ready to defend your agnostic selves against superior intellect?”

“We are, if there is any here,” David retorted.

Diana sent, “Careful, David, don’t play their game.”

Jessica, looking directly at David, and with her green eyes flashing, sent him, “What game would you like to play, David?”

Beth thought to herself, “Does that redheaded, green eyed vixen think David will fall for something like that?”

Jessica, knowing that I did not receive thought well and not being at all concerned who else heard, said aloud, “Oh, he’ll play.”

Bart stood listening and watching the interplay between the two diametrically opposed factions and thought, “I fear there is some real hostility here; I’ve got to be careful how I handle this.”

Jessica said, “You got that right, Foster, now you are beginning to get the picture.”

He looked at her inquisitively, not understanding her comment until Diana said, “Be careful what you think, Mr. Foster, she can read your mind.”

His immediate thought was, “Why am I wasting time with this entire group if there is an actual mind reader here, what a show I could build around her!”

Diana sent, and he received, “Relax Bart, we can all read and transmit thought. It’s no big deal. Let’s just continue with the meeting.”

Bart turned ashen white and demanded, “Who said that?”

“I did,” Diana said.

Bart stammered, “I had no idea....”

“Who and what we are,” Jessica completed his sentence.

Bart was utterly speechless. Afraid to speak and afraid to think, he finally said, “Excuse me a moment, I’ll be right back.”

As he went out the door to the adjoining room, Jessica said, “Well, Miss Diana, you just had to go and blab everything.”

Diana calmly responded, “It’s better that he is aware of our capabilities from the start.”

“You just spoiled everything,” Jessica complained, “We could have had a good thing going here.”

David authoritatively stated, “The only thing we want to get going here is the interview.”

Bart returned from the next room with the Patrick’s book in hand. “Please excuse my sudden departure. I don’t know what to say except I needed a drink of water and a moment to think. Now tell me, who can read minds and what else do you do?”

Diana looked at Jessica, who, with a cunning smile, said nothing.

David spoke up and asked Bart, “Have you read our book?”

“I just picked up Miss William’s copy and only had time enough to glance through the table of contents.”

“Then if you would read chapter one, I believe that will answer your second question. As to who can read minds, with the proper training and self-discipline, anyone can develop the skill. My sister and I converse with each other mentally, and Jessica just demonstrated her ability for you. As for the rest of this gathering, they will have to speak for themselves.”

Bart said, “I must say, all this is most remarkable and fascinating. I had no idea....”

“Be that as it may,” Diana stated, “We are here to discuss our next interview.”

David added, “I would like to explain what we, of the Foundation of Universal Knowledge, intend to present to your....”

“And we of Lucifer’s Adversaries,” Ralph interrupted, “will have something to say about that.”

“Say about what?” Diana questioned.

“We will have a say about what sacrilege your teachings contain.”

“Oh,” Diana retorted, “You mean to censor what we say?”

“You’re damned right,” Ralph blurted, “We intend to prevent your atheistic babblings from corrupting our society.”

“Hold on there, Mr. Rabbles,” Bart cut him short, “If there is any censoring to be done, the stations editorial staff will do it - no one else.” Then to David, he asked, “Just what do you have in mind?”

“We as a triad; that is Beth, my sister and myself discussed at length what material to use and how to present it. I was about to say, before the good Prince interrupted, that we had elected to let our learned opponents select any material we have written or discussed publicly. That way, we can present both sides equitably.”

Bart was amazed at the mature attitude of this young man and said, “That sounds more than fair to me; how about you, Mr. Rabbles?”

Ralph stammered as he gathered his thoughts, “Ah – ah, my thoughts exactly, but let them say anything they like and we will prove it a lie.”

“That’s a strong assertion,” Bart said, “but we’ll see where it goes. Who would like to start?”

Jessica snapped, “I thought we were going to do this on air – not here like this.”

“Patience young lady; I need to get some idea of the material content and possible duration so I can plan a taping strategy.”

Ralph demanded, “What do you mean, taping strategy?”

“From having glanced at the book and the few minutes we have spent together, it is evident to me that the subject matter and amount of material are too extensive to go on air live for just one show. I do see, however, a potential for a three-part miniseries. That will require videotaping each segment beforehand.”

David sent to Diana in their Avalon language, “You were right Sis, he sure is a politician.”

Jessica projected a questioning thought, “What’s going on here?”

David smiled and sent; “Just checking plan A; Looks like it’s working.”

They both smiled at Jessica as Diana returned, “Looks like it.”

We spent another half-hour discussing proposed topics when Bart said, “Mr. Rabbles, I have decided to use David’s suggestion and allow Lucifer’s Adversaries to choose the main themes. Please submit a written list of your selections to the production office.”

Ralph arrogantly stated, “This is not what we prepared for, nor what I expected,” Then added, “But fine, you will have our list by next Wednesday.” He and his followers abruptly stood and stormed out of the room.

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We thanked Mr. Foster for his time, left the TV station, and started to walk back to the hotel’s café for lunch before returning home. Halfway to the hotel, Lucifer’s Adversaries were waiting for us. They were standing four abreast blocking the sidewalk, and as we approached, Ralph exclaimed, “What kind of a fool do you take me for?”

David calmly replied, “What kind of a fool would you like me to take you for, Ralph?”

“I know what you were trying to do; make me look stupid in there by telling him it was my choice of subjects. And you can address me as, Prince.”

David smiled politely and said, “Very well, Prince, but you didn’t need me for that. You did quite well on your own.”

Ralph was boiling mad and becoming red-faced when Bruce Parker, his six foot four, three-hundred-pound bodyguard stepped between them, and growled, “Wipe that childish smirk off your face before I do it for you!”

David looked him directly in the eye and continued to smile.

“I warned you....” Bruce said, as he stepped back and started to swing his right hand at David’s face.

While still smiling broadly, David agilely stepped back as Bruce’s powerful arm flew harmlessly past his jaw.

Diana cautioned, “Bruce, I think it’s time to stop before you get hurt.”

Jessica shouted, “You stay out of this, Diana.”

Diana quoted an old Chinese proverb, “He who smiles rather than rages, is the stronger.”

Not heeding the warning, Bruce lunged with another blow. David agilely sidestepped, caught his wrist in a vise grip, and gave it a sudden downward twist.

Bruce dropped to his knees, howling in pain with a dislocated elbow.

David leaned down to Bruce’s ear and said, “Sorry about that, my friend.” David grasped the injured arm just above the elbow and took hold of the wrist. Then, as gently as possible, he

straightened the arm, pulled, and twisted at the same time. “There,” he said, “it’s back in place, but you will most likely not want to use it for some time.”

Crystal, their healer, was bending over Bruce as he sat on the sidewalk with a grimace of pain on his face.

As I started to reach out to assist the injured man, Diana reminded me that they would not welcome my positive healing powers.

With a look of sorrow on her face, Diana gently asked, “Now may we pass?”

“You have not heard the end of this,” Ralph bellowed.

David sighed, “No, I don’t expect we have.”

We continued to the hotel for lunch and then boarded the ALATS for the return trip to Colorado Springs.

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We learned much later that, because of the confrontation on the sidewalk, Jessica had become even more adamant and determined than ever to dissuade Garry from his chosen path and conform to her desire to have him join the Prince’s regime. Because of David’s actions that day, she decided to actively pursue him to discredit and disgrace him before his peers and followers.

That night, she again remotely viewed Garry. Having no idea he had been under medication for migraine headaches, she believed that her single crystal had little or no apparent affect on him.

She went to her large walk-in black arts closet and set up a short legged, pentagon shaped, cherry-wood table in the center of the room. There was a pentagram neatly burned into the surface of the table. She placed red candles in the burnt-in receptacles at the points of the star. With the table prepared, she retrieved the crystal from the hyperbolic mirror and then selected two more from her crystal case. She placed all three crystals in a specially crafted wooden holder and positioned it in the center of the pentagram.

When prepared, Jessica sat cross-legged on a black sateen pillow and lit the five blood-red candles. She placed both hands on the table and within seconds was in a deep trance, had located Garry’s unique aura and directed the crystals to lock on and follow him wherever he went. She sent an alluring picture of herself beckoning him to come and follow along with a subliminal message to give up the Navy and come to Wyoming.

What Jessica did not realize at the time, was that her original crystal, being nonspecific, had also included Sam as a point of contact. Thus, wherever Sam went, he too was constantly bombarded with the same destructive messages.

## Chapter 14

### Deadly result of Jessica's assault

By 0600 neither Garry nor Sam reported for duty. Since neither of them had ever failed to report on time, the Duty Chief of RICS sent Petty Officer Nickels to their quarters. Moments later, the phone rang in the Master Chief's office. "This is Petty Officer Nickels, Master Chief, Lieutenant Havershaw is not here, but Lieutenant Commander Farragut is. He's in his rack – asleep or unconscious – I can't tell which."

"Stay right there!" the Master Chief ordered, "Someone from security will be there shortly."

"Aye, aye," came the reply.

The Master Chief clicked the receiver to get a dial tone and dialed ships security, "Master at Arms office, BM1 Daniels speaking."

"This is Chief Russell, of RICS. Two of my young officers have failed to report for duty. It has been reported to me that Commander Farragut is in his quarters but cannot be awakened."

Daniels checked the ship's log, "LC Farragut... aye Master Chief, I have his quarters located and will lead a security detail immediately. My assistant has notified sickbay and there should be a corpsman on the way."

When HMC Davis got to Garry's stateroom, security had already cordoned off both ends of the passageway stopping all unauthorized personnel. HMC Davis quickly examined Garry and found him unresponsive and determined that he was comatose. "Who's in charge of security here?" the Chief asked.

"I am, Doc," said BM1 Daniels.

"Have a man stand guard on these quarters until a medical team transfers him to sickbay. Then seal their compartment because I understand his roommate is missing."

"Right, Doc. You got it," BM1 Daniels said.

By the time the medical team transported Garry to sickbay, HMC Davis had alerted the flight surgeon. The Chief gave the doctor Garry's medical record and discussed the treatment given on his previous visits. After the doctor examined him and was unable to determine any physical cause for Garry's condition, he ordered an immediate airlift to the Navel Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland

The HMC reported the situation to the ship's Executive Officer and explained that the medical staff had determined that Commander Farragut needed medical treatment the ship could not provide and requested an immediate medevac to the stateside hospital. The X.O. authorized the transfer and the Operations Officer scheduled the emergency medevac. Within three hours, the Navel Hospital in Bethesda admitted Garry into their Intensive Care Unit. (ICU)

As for Lieutenant Samuel Havershaw, several security teams searched the vessel for two and a half days. He was never found and presumed lost at sea.

## Chapter 15

Diana learns Garry's in hospital

I was engrossed in David and Diana's early morning Tai Chi class of young students when I heard the office videophone ring.

"I'll get it," I said as I ran to the office and engaged the videophone and spoke, "Foundation of Universal Knowledge, how may we help you?"

A woman with a quivering voice and an anguished expression appeared on the screen as she asked, "Is there a Diana Patrick there?"

"Yes, there is. Who may I say is calling?"

"This is Mrs. Olivia Farragut, and I am calling from New Jersey."

"One moment please, Mrs. Farragut, I'll get her."

I went to the office door and beckoned to Diana. She came directly to the office, and I told her there was a Mrs. Farragut on the phone. Diana's expression changed from surprise to wonder and then to concern as she moved in front of the camera and spoke, "Hello, this is Diana." She paused for a moment and then inquired, "Mrs. Farragut?"

"Yes, my dear – Garry's mother. I realize we have never met, but I feel like I already know you. Garry has that beautiful picture you sent him and he has spoken so fondly of you." The color drained from Diana's face, and her heart skipped a beat as she slid onto the chair behind the desk, "What is it? Has something happened to Garry?"

"I'm afraid so; Garry's in the Bethesda Naval Hospital in Maryland."

"Why? What's happened to him?"

"Someone from the hospital called me early this morning. All they could tell me was that Garry was airlifted from the ship to the hospital yesterday and..." Diana heard and saw the woman sob, "he's in a coma."

Diana asked, "What are you going to do?"

"I've already made reservations on a flight out of Newark this afternoon. That is why I am calling you. I felt you should know and was hoping you could go to him." With her sobbing now stopped, she said encouragingly, "I've heard where loved ones were able to reach someone in a coma where strangers could not."

“I’ll speak with my brother before I make any arrangements and call you back. What’s your number?”

Diana recorded the number in the phone log and asked, “What time will you be leaving for the airport?”

“At twelve o’clock.”

Diana said, “That’s nine o’clock our time. I’ll call you before you leave, and don’t worry; everything is going to be fine.”

David had received Diana’s call, dismissed the class, and came to the office. Diana told him everything she had learned and that she had to go to Garry. David immediately affirmed that she should go.

I was taken by surprise when Diana said, “Beth, you are our healer, and if ever we needed one, now is the time. Please come with me to Maryland.”

I looked at her and then at David who said, “You two go pack while I make your flight arrangements.”

By the time I went to my apartment, packed for several days, and returned, David was waiting beside the taxi. I walked up to him, and he put his arms around me and held me close for the first time. He said, “I’m glad you’re going with her.” I detected some concern in his voice as he added, “This will be the first time in our lives that my sister and I will be that far apart.”

I looked up at him, “Then why don’t you come with us?”

“With so many new people arriving at the Foundation, one of us should be here to work with our staff and keep things running smoothly.”

“I guess you’re right,” and as I hugged him back, I thought, “I’m going to miss you.”

“And I’m going to miss you too, Beth,”

I blushed so hard; I must have looked like I had scarlatina. Then I said, “I keep forgetting you can read my mind.”

He smiled at me saying, “Especially when the thought is transmitted as vividly as yours just now.”

I blushed again, and we both laughed as Diana came from the office. She saw us embraced by the side of the taxi and as she approached, she smiled her knowing but loving smile.

“I think I have everything we need,” Diana said, “Garry’s mother will be on a flight from New Jersey that should arrive shortly after ours. I will call you tonight after I learn more.”

“Ok, Sis. I’ll be at Mom and Dad’s until you call,” David said as Diana, and I got in the cab to go to the airport.

Two and a half hours later, Diana and I boarded a plane for Maryland. After we had arrived at Reagan National Airport, we had to wait for another half-hour for Mrs. Farragut’s arrival. When we introduced ourselves, she asked us not to be so formal and call her Olivia. We then shared a taxi to the Naval Hospital.

Diana and I accompanied her to the Hospital’s admissions desk and learned that Garry was still in the ICU.

## Chapter 16

Jessica plans an attack on David

Jessica spent the day with Prince Rabbles, and seven members of the second echelon staff, developing the list of topics to be sent to the TV station. That night, Jessica sat cross-legged on her sateen pillow in the seclusion of her closet and began her remote viewing. Suddenly, she determined that something was different; she couldn't determine what it was at first. Then to her amazement, she realized that Garry was not on the ship. Her heart leaped, "*Have I succeeded, is he coming to Wyoming?* She sought further, "*Now where is he?*"

She took the original crystal from the wooden holder and pressed it to her forehead. The answer came as a jolt of electricity when the crystal revealed his location, "*My God, what is he doing in a hospital?*"

She quickly regained her composure and with no more concern than swatting a fly, she mentally wrote him off as a lost cause saying, "Well, that's what he gets for not obeying me." Then she thought, "*Now- where- is- that- David?*"

She began a broad overview seek of where certain people were located. She was very glad she had taken the time to create a bank of crystals, one for each of her known opponents. She recorded their soul's vibration into its own crystal and labeled them for future use. Now all she had to do was, pick up a crystal and she could instantly see where they were and what they were doing.

"David, David, David, where are you?" she thought as she picked up his crystal from the rack, "Ah, there you are. Now isn't that nice, sitting with mommy and daddy, but I don't see your dear sister."

Jessica selected Diana's crystal and, "*Oh, you are not home. Where are you?*"

She expanded the view and learned that Diana and I were in Bethesda, Maryland.

"That must be where the boyfriend is," she wondered, "And how long will you be there?" She projected forward three days and considered, "I see you are still there," then, as she quickly formulated her plan she thought, "That is all the time I need."

Jessica returned the crystals and called upon her guardian, Isch, "I need you to send a message to three of my immortal sisters and have them attend me."

Jessica's sisters, Is-1, Is-2, and Is-3, are from the notorious house of Isis, home of negative seers and sorcery. Jessica had worked with them many times before using their very powerful mystical talents to create an illusionary environment. When they arrived, just for the fun of it, they changed the appearance of the closet into a swami's tent. Then, they turned themselves into three grotesque illusionary forms.

“Hi Sis,” said Is-2, “a bit crowded in here isn’t it?”

“It wouldn’t be if you three pranksters had made yourselves of normal size.”

As they shrank, Is-1 asked, “Is this better?”

“Much better, thank you,” Jessica said.

Is-3 said, “I can tell by your aura you are planning something devious. What is it this time?”

Jessica began, “There’s this guy David – and I need your assistance in creating one of our special illusions. Here is my plan....”

Is-2 said, “Great strategy Sis, sounds like fun, we’ll drop in on him tonight and set the stage.”

Is-1 said, “I will find you in the morning and let you know how receptive he was.”

“Thanks, and take this tent with you when you leave”

Jessica then called Prince Rabbles at home and told him about David being home alone. She explained her plan to pay him a visit and that she would be gone for a day or two. The Prince told her the corporate jet would be at her disposal.

## Chapter 17

Jessica lays out her plan

While Jessica was en route to Colorado Springs the next morning, Is-1 came to her and explained, “We visited your David as he slept last night. He is exceptionally strong-willed and determined. It was difficult, but I believe we got through to him.”

“And what of his guardian, Delta Phi?”

“Before we approached David, Is-2 cloaked the guardian’s mind so that everything will continue to appear as normal.”

“Excellent! Now, what about David?”

“He has compartmentalized his mind into many complex levels. We had to probe deep to get into his subconscious. I searched for his fantasies, but if he has any, I could not find them. We did, however; find what he desires in a mate, plus an inkling of a future adventure.”

“Splendid; it is time to bring his future desires into the present.”

“We have successfully planted the preliminary memory seedings, and he should respond favorably when given the proper illusionary environment. However, there is one thing you will have to guard against.”

“What’s that?”

“He has an overly developed telepathic portion of his brain. You must block all thoughts you do not want him to receive.”

“I’m well aware of that, and it will not be a problem,” then Jessica asked, “When I meet him later today, how will I appear and sound to him?”

“We have a bit of a logistic problem there. The image of his ideal mate resembles that of one who is presently elsewhere.”

“That’s fine. At least that Beth woman won’t be showing up personally.”

“That’s the problem; if we make you appear to him as this person, he will suspect something is wrong because she shouldn’t be there. But if we don’t use her likeness, I doubt that he will accept you as anyone else.”

“Is he that taken with her? Who is she?”

“It’s their healer, the one that’s in Maryland with the sister.”

Jessica thought a minute and quickly formulated her plan, “That’s not a problem, I can handle that. Here’s what I need for the three of you to do....”

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At 9 A.M., Jessica called the Foundation from the Colorado Springs airport. When David answered the phone, he heard a sweet and charming voice, not Jessica’s definitive crisp cruel tone, which he would have instantly recognized.

The voice said, “Good morning, my name is Alicia. I am new in town and would like to learn more about your Foundation.”

“Good morning Alicia and thank you for calling. I will be happy to show you around our facility and answer any questions you may have,” then he asked, “Do you know where we are located?”

“Yes, I can find my way; how about in an hour? Is that convenient for you?”

“An hour is fine. Just come to the main office, and someone will call me.”

Jessica thanked him and hung up the phone. She went to a car rental counter and selected a medium priced vehicle, thinking, “I don’t want to appear too ostentatious.”

David was in his office when “Alicia” came to the open door and knocked softly. David looked up to see a tall, slender, well-proportioned young lady with features resembling Beth. He was immediately attracted to her, and as he stood, he said, “Won’t you please come in.”

She shyly entered the room saying, “I’m Alicia; I called earlier.”

David could not take his eyes from her and thought, “If I didn’t know better, I say Beth had a sister.” The longer he looked, the more attractive she became. “Pleased to meet you Alicia; I’m David.”

As David’s mind filled with questions about who she was and where she came from, Jessica read his thoughts and smiled inwardly at her sisters’ accomplishment of deception.

He escorted her to the lounge area of the office and the easy chairs, “Please be seated and tell me how I can be of assistance.”

They talked for nearly an hour and then David escorted her on a tour of the Foundation’s facilities. By then, David was smitten, and he knew he could not let her get away without learning more about her. It was slightly afternoon when she sent him the thought of hunger.

A moment later he asked, “Alicia, would you care to have lunch with me?”

“Why of course, David, I’d love to.”

She unblocked her thought, so he received, “Let’s go to your house.”

He said, “I have some excellent steaks in the fridge at my apartment. I could cook them outside on a hickory fire if you like,”

“Have you got the makings of a salad?”

“I sure do.”

“And some red wine to go with it.”

“That too.”

“Then what are we waiting for?”

They walked to the back edge of the five-acre compound to a low ranch style triplex apartment building. “Is this where you live?” Alicia asked.

“Yes, my twin sister and I share it with another member of the staff.”

“How cozy for you,” she thought, and then asked, “Where are they?”

“They have gone to Maryland for a few days.” David opened the door to the center apartment and as they entered he said, “I’ll get the fire going on the patio grill.”

“Before I start the salad,” Alicia said, “I would like to freshen up.”

“The bathroom’s down the hall on the left.”

When Alicia closed the bathroom door, she met with Is-1 and asked, “Is everything ready?”

“Yes – as you requested, the seeding of his memory is complete, and the full illusion is about to begin.”

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When David stepped through the sliding glass doors onto the patio, he entered onto the deck of his forty-foot trimaran sailboat. He was not the least bit startled at the change from the apartment to the boat because he had full memory of buying the boat three years ago and planning this trip even before that. He walked to the bow pulpit and stood looking out over a vast blue ocean with no land in sight. The wind was freshening from off the starboard stern quarter. The spinnaker boom and all the lines and halyards were in place. The turtle holding the

spinnaker lay at his feet in the pulpit. “Hold her steady,” he called to Beth who was at the helm, “it’s time to hoist the spinnaker.”

David dropped and secured the jib, then hoisted the spinnaker and made fast the halyard while, Jessica, now appearing as Beth, adjusted and trimmed the lines from the cockpit. The large balloon sail billowed into life as the boat lifted and nearly tripled its speed. He went and sat next to her at the helm. They sailed and talked affectionately for another hour. With the craft almost hydroplaning at hull speed, their island destination came into view with the sun low in the western sky.

David recovered the spinnaker, and they sailed into the secluded lagoon at dusk. Beth brought the craft about and headed into the wind, luffing the mainsail for easy furling as David dropped the anchor. With the boat secured for the night and after a light supper snack, Beth lay in David’s arms as they reclined on the cockpit cushions. When the full moon was halfway to its zenith, the breeze turned chilly, so Beth suggested they go below to bed.

## Chapter 18

Diana discovers what happened to Sam and David

Diana and I spent two long, discouraging days at the hospital while Garry remained unconscious and his mother was on the verge of panic. We talked with every specialist that attended him and learned that no one could determine the cause of his comatose condition. Late that afternoon, we returned to our hotel.

Sitting in the dining room, over a meal neither of us could enjoy, I looked across the table; Diana had a faraway gaze of grave concern. Suddenly her dark brown eyes focused on me, and she said, “There’s more to Garry’s apparent condition than we know. We’ve got to go to the room – now.”

Back in our room, Diana got the pure white quartz crystal from its royal-blue velvet pouch, went and sat on the side of her bed and held the crystal between her hands.

“What is it, Diana? I’ve never seen you so agitated.”

“We’ve all been so concerned about Garry’s physical condition; I never thought to contact his guardian. So tonight at dinner, I asked Marcus about Gerome. He informed me that Gerome was missing and had been replaced by a spirit being that would not identify itself.”

“Is that why we left in such a hurry?”

“Yes, I need to do some serious seeking and a possible Out-of-Body sojourn.”

“What can I do to help?”

“You may have to act in David’s stead.”

“I sure wish he was here. I miss him.”

Diana smiled and said, “So do I Beth, but you’ll do fine. Now, let’s go to work. First, we must find Gerome and hope he will be able to tell us what caused Garry’s condition.”

Diana reclined on the bed holding the crystal between her hands and said, “I am going to go back to a time before the TV show.”

I said, “Then you do suspect....”

“It’s just a nagging feeling,” then she said, “Since we cannot yet connect our thoughts, I will translate to you everything that is said.” She laughed and added, “That way I will have less to explain later.”

She took several deep breaths, closed her eyes. A moment later she said, “I’m am viewing Garry’s compartment... Hi, Gerome.”

“Greetings Diana, we have missed hearing from you as often as we used to.”

“Gerome, I’m coming to you from eight weeks in your future because between then, and now, something happens to you and Garry.”

“Oh, and what is that?” he asked.

“I don’t know yet. That’s why I’m contacting you now – to be sure everything is ok at this point in time. I have my suspicions, but that’s all they are. I will return in a few days.”

Diana opened her eyes and said, “Now, I’ll have the crystal take me back seven weeks.”

She closed her eyes again and translated Gerome’s greeting, “Hi Diana; I have been waiting for your return.”

“What has happened here? What’s wrong with Garry?”

“I don’t know. Two days after you were here, Garry started to complain of headaches when he awakened in the morning. Each day seemed worse than the day before.”

“Gerome, did you see, feel, or sense anything strange or different just before the problem started?”

He paused briefly, reflected on the past events, and said, “I do recall one strange thing that happened. In fact, it was the night before he started having the headaches.”

“What happened?”

“A dark yin spirit appeared in the room, and before I could inquire what she wanted, she was gone as suddenly as she appeared.”

“That may be what we’re looking for. Have you seen it or anything else since?”

“No, there has been no one other than the usual mortal and immortal beings that are always here.”

“Thanks, Gerome, I hate to keep popping in and out of time on you, but we have to find out what has happened.”

Diana opened her eyes again, sat up, and said; “If my suspicions are correct, I am about to do some precarious seeking and I will need you to act as my ground – the way David does.”

“What would you have me do?”

“We’ll hold hands with the crystal pressed between our palms. That way I can maintain physical contact with this plain while still following the crystal’s directions.”

When we were ready, Diana closed her eyes and instructed the crystal, “Take me back to the time Gerome said a yin spirit appeared.”

I felt for the first time, a sudden twinge of psychic energy pass through me from the crystal and thought, “So that’s what it feels like,” then I asked, “Are you there yet?”

“Yes, I see the room. Garry is sleeping, and Gerome is here also.”

Just then, Diana’s whole body jolted and I understood the need for the ground. “What just happened?” I asked.

She got up from the bed and walked around the room regaining her composure, “I just saw the yin spirit; it was very dark and ominous. It was just as Gerome said, there one second and gone the next.”

“Could you identify it?”

“No, everything happened so fast I didn’t have time. Now I actually agree with you; I wish David were here. He would know what to do next.”

I conjectured, “If you can move back and forth in time, why not freeze it at some point.”

Diana looked at me in amazement, “You sound just like David and his logical way of thinking. I’ll give it a try.”

We again held the crystal between us, and she directed, “Crystal, locate the yin spirit as it appears and freeze time.”

She sought intently and said, “It worked, I see her again, and it’s just as I suspected. It’s Jessica, the Isis seer of the Lucifer triad!”

“Is she the one responsible for all this?”

“Undoubtedly, but now we have to find out exactly what she did and how she did it.”

“How do we do that?”

“Like this,” Diana said with total confidence, “Crystal, take me to Garry just before the spirit got there and moved forward slowly.” Then she told me, “I will connect with Garry’s mind as I have often done. I may then learn about what went on.”

We sat quietly on the side of the bed, Diana with her eyes closed, drifting back in time with the crystal. She said, “I’m there and connected with him. He is sleeping peacefully, and subconsciously working on some technical problem that happened during the day.”

Diana’s eyes popped open as she bolted upright and dropped the crystal, breaking the connection with Garry. Her face was ashen.

“What is it?” I asked as I grasped her by the arms, “What happened? You look like you just got struck by lightning.”

“That would’ve been mild compared to what I just saw, felt, and heard.”

“What did you see?”

“At first I sensed a dark wave of negativity that blanketed and invaded his mind, then a melodious voice saying, ‘You will forget who you are and why you came to the planet.’ and, ‘you will forget all about your girlfriend, Diana.’ There was more, but that was enough.”

She returned and sat on the side of the bed, “This is too big for us. We have to call Maven.”

I agreed and asked, “Can you reach him now?”

“Yes, just let me get Maven’s crystal.” From her suitcase, she retrieved a small mahogany jewel case and removed a purple velvet pouch. She loosened the gold lace that secured the opening and slid the beautiful clear rose quartz crystal from the pouch. She returned and sat on the edge of her bed, held the crystal to her forehead, and within seconds, the light from Maven’s aura lit up the room. He spoke, “Greetings children, I see you have summoned me.”

“Oh, Maven,” Diana said, “We have a terrible problem.”

“And what be this terrible problem?”

Diana related the events that we had just discovered and when she finished Maven said, “I know; we’ve been aware of her actions for some time.”

“And you didn’t do anything about it?” Diana chided, “You didn’t even tell us!”

“What occurred is a mortal problem, and we as immortals cannot interfere without a mortal’s request.”

“And just what does that supposed to mean?” Diana questioned.

“It means that no immortal, such as myself or a guardian, can do anything to interfere with the free will choice of any being while they are in mortality. That does not mean, however, that we can not take appropriate action once asked to do so by a concerned mortal on behalf of itself or another.”

“Great!” Diana stated, “I’m a concerned mortal acting on behalf of another – except I don’t know what to do.”

His aura reflected laughter, “You have discovered the problem on your own and have asked for immortal assistance. I must leave now, for I have work to do. Be prepared later this evening to go on a trip with me.”

“Where’re we going?”

“That will have to wait until later, but I assure you, it will be an experience like you have never had on any level of existence,” then he added, “You have only learned part of what has happened, I suggest you continue your seek for the rest.” Maven dematerialized and the room returned to its normal illumination.

“What did he mean by that?” I asked.

“We only learned about what Jessica did that night. We have not found out what caused Garry to be in the hospital and we haven’t learned why Gerome is not with him now.”

Diana carefully put the rose quartz crystal back in its velvet pouch. She came and sat beside me on the bed where we again placed the white crystal between our hands. She said, “We will now continue... the crystal is leading me through time, and I am seeing images of Jessica and hearing her deceitful messages.”

I sat quietly listening, “I see Garry going somewhere... he’s going to see someone who will give him a hypodermic shot of something.” She paused, “Now that’s interesting – he went back to bed, and that night all images and messages stop,” she paused again, “The next night – they’re back – but different. The messages are much stronger, darker and more malevolent than before. I see an image of Jessica beckoning – what does she want?” Suddenly Dianna exclaimed, “Oh, no! I haven’t been paying any attention to the other man.”

“What other man?” I asked.

“It must be Sam, Garry’s roommate.”

“What about him?”

“He’s getting out of bed... and, still in his underwear; he’s leaving the room and going down the hall, climbing stairs. He’s outside, and it’s dark. The wind must be blowing hard because he’s crouched as he walks.” Diana paused in her disclosure until, “Oh, no!” she exclaimed, “Why doesn’t someone stop him?”

“What’s happening?”

Visibly shaken, Diana slowly opened her watery eyes and said, “I just watched a man walk off the end of the boat and fall a long way into the turbulent water. He was gone in seconds.”

We were both silent for several minutes. Then I said, “We still need to know the rest of it.”

Diana stood and went to the bathroom. When she returned, I saw an expression on her face that I had not thought possible, one of anger, pain, and revulsion, as she said, “I cannot understand, no matter how negative a soul may be, to cause or allow the unwarranted destruction of anyone like that. That was an act of unmitigated murder, and you’re absolutely right, Beth, we still have work to do.”

When we resumed the seek, Diana said, “I’m back in Garry’s room and moving forward in time. The room is full of other men. Now they’re picking him up and putting him on a stretcher.”

“Where’s Gerome?” I asked.

“He’s here... but wait - they just took Garry out of the room... and Gerome has disappeared.”

“He what?”

“Disappeared; one second he was there and the next he was gone!”

I suggested, “Diana, back up to when he was there and lock the crystal on him and see where he goes when he disappears.”

I knew Diana was back to her usual self when she laughed and said, “Are you sure you haven’t taken logic lessons from David?”

We held the crystal, and because Gerome had vanished so quickly, she directed it to locate his distinct aura and follow him in slow motion.

Diana said, “I have him, and there are five, no wait, seven Black Knights surrounding him, and they have him covered in a dark shroud. Now, moving to the present, he is confined somewhere in the house of Arturo.”

“Diana,” I said, “You are astounding. I’ve never met anyone with your psychic abilities.”

Just then the room filled with Maven’s aura as he materialized and said, “I have been waiting until you finished your seek. And congratulations, Diana, you accomplished something that none of the seers on Cygna could do. You searched for Gerome and just as soon as you located his present position, we dispatched a rescue team,” then he asked, “Will you be prepared to go shortly?”

“Yes,” Diana said, “but promise me one thing.”

“What’s that?” Maven asked.

“If I; or anyone else on our project ever becomes threatened by any of the negative collective, please inform us. We don’t want anyone else murdered.”

“Very well, Diana, since you have presented a formal request, it shall be so recorded in Cygna and so honored,” then Maven stated, “I will return briefly.”

While we waited for Maven's return, I asked, “What is Cygna?”

Diana explained, “Cygna is one planet in a cluster of five in the constellation Cygnus. It is a member of the Universal Brotherhood Federation and is a gathering and communion site for some of the best seers in the Seventh Super-universe. A combination of both mortal and immortal beings, continuously seek psychically for the welfare of souls that request their assistance. They are also the official seers for the Universal Brotherhood Fleet.”

“Maven just told us that Cygna could not find Gerome, but you did.”

Diana smiled and said, “I guess I was a little more emotionally involved in the situation.”

## Chapter 19

### Diana visits the halls of the Universal Guardianship

Diana and I were sitting together in the Bethesda hotel room when Maven, who had just left, suddenly reappeared.

Diana asked, "Have you forgotten something?"

Maven's aura glowed bright with laughter, as he said, "No, I have been gone for some time, however, not apparent to your realization.

"Maven," I stated, "I will never get used to the way you manipulate time."

He laughed again and said, "It is time to go, Diana, are you ready?"

"Oh, yes, Maven," Diana excitedly replied, "Where are we going?"

"I presented your plea before Justice of the Universal Guardians and received permission to escort you to the Halls. You and your guardian, Marcus will travel under the protectorate of myself and my contingent."

We sat spellbound listening as Maven told us a bit of what was about to take place. Then he said, "I can sense you have many questions forming, but all will be answered in due time. Shall we go, Diana?"

"Give me a minute to prepare." She lay back on the bed and from years of practiced discipline, closed her eyes, instantly relaxed, left her body, and went to accompany him.

Maven told me, "She is safe here with me so don't be worried about a thing. This trip may require many planetary days, but since we will be using time to our advantage, you will only perceive her absence for several minutes."

The room returned to its normal hue as they left. I went to the window and peered out at the night sky.

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Diana, now in soul state, could see her guardian Marcus and all the other beings still invisible to Earth's mortals. As Maven, Marcus, and Diana moved away from the planet, the protectorate contingent enveloped them. Maven gave the signal, and they were instantly transported into the dark depth of space she had never before seen.

"Maven; where are we?" she inquired.

“We are in a vast area of deep unoccupied space.”

“Then why have we stopped?”

“We have not stopped, merely slowed down at a distance of one astronomical unit from our destination so that you can better appreciate what you are about to witness,” Maven then added, “Look there - straight ahead. What do you see?”

Diana peered, not with human eyes, but with the extraordinary vision of a soul being and said, “It appears to be a star – but you said this was unoccupied space.”

“That’s right, unoccupied in so far as solar systems or planets with sentient life.”

Just then, they seemed to move much closer because the light that emanated from the source engulfed them and blotted out all other cosmic light.

Diana, could only ask, “Is that the planet of the Universal Guardians?”

“That is the Universal Guardianship, but not on any planet,” Maven said, “We will now move to a position 1/10,000th of an astronomical unit (9,300 miles) from them so you may see the beauty and immensity of these beings.”

“What do you mean by, these beings? I don’t understand; it looks like one gigantic structure.”

As they approached the prescribed distance, the entire physical structure of the magnificent edifice became apparent.

Diana excitedly exclaimed, “That – whatever it is – looks like giant figures suspended in space.”

“What you are looking at,” Maven explained, “is one massive structure; however, it is constructed and maintained by the seven incorporated beings.”

“How large is it?”

“If they were to settle in the center of your Pacific Ocean, they would touch all shorelines.”

As they began a slow circumnavigation of the edifice, Diana continued to feel a tremendous and ever increasing overwhelming sense of awe combined with emotions of joy and happiness the likes of which she had never known before. When she tried unsuccessfully to express her feelings to Maven, he said, “That is a very typical reaction for positive beings who come within the light of the Guardian’s aura.”

“And what of negative beings?”

“Most of them find it very uncomfortable. Consider the joy you are feeling is in direct proportion to your positive nature. The discomfort a negative type being feels will be in direct proportion to the negativity in its soul.” Diana visits the halls of the Universal Guardianship

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“If they were to settle in the center of your Pacific Ocean, they would touch all shorelines.”

As they began a slow circumnavigation of the edifice, Diana continued to feel a tremendous and ever increasing overwhelming sense of awe combined with emotions of joy and happiness the likes of which she had never known before. When she tried unsuccessfully to express her feelings to Maven, he said, “That is a very typical reaction for positive beings who come within the light of the Guardian’s aura.”

“And what of negative beings?”

“Most of them find it very uncomfortable. Consider the joy you are feeling is in direct proportion to your positive nature. The discomfort a negative type being feels will be in direct proportion to the negativity in its soul.”

“In that case,” Diana said, “I don’t suppose many of them come here by choice.”

“Indeed,” Maven laughed, “hardly any.”

As they continued the circumnavigation of the edifice, and continually moved closer, the images of the structure became more evident. They moved slowly around and slightly above the seven spires when Diana exclaimed in amazement, “That looks like a figure of a person!”

“Indeed!” Maven laughed again, “That powerful figure with the Janus' head is Wisdom. Within that being is housed the Founts of Wisdom of the Universe.”

They continued to move on into the large brilliant white aura of the next figure and Maven said, “This is the lady Compassion.”

They were moving faster now as Maven said, “The seventh entity is a composite being created by the other six and known as Truth. Before you leave here, you will get to visit within this Being.”

The next figure they approached was the largest of the seven. It had a brilliant white aura that was as radiant as the others combined. Maven explained, “This magnificent being is Grace, and he reflects and exemplifies all that is pure. He is the mainstay of the seven.”

The next figure they passed was Humility, the healing nurturing being of the group. Then they passed Tenacity, the defensive protector warrior. As they approached even closer to the final figure, Maven explained, “This is Justice, the Being that will listen and adjudicate your complaint.”

Just then, their entire entourage moved swiftly upward and stopped above the heads of the guardians. “This is where we leave our escort for now,” Maven said as the three of them descended into a gigantic courtyard surrounded by the seven monolithic beings. Maven said, “Justice is aware of our arrival and will take an audience with us momentarily.”

Diana asked, “What should I say to him?”

“Fear not, for when the time comes, you will know what to say. Justice has already received the known facts of the attack on Garry and his comrade, so all you have to do is answer any

question He may have as truthfully as you can. You and Marcus will also be required to walk through the light of Truth. Once again, only tell the truth as you know it.”

Diana, now standing in the center of the courtyard of the Universal Guardians somewhere in deep space, observed myriads of soul beings milling about or moving to their appointed destinations. With a few minutes remaining before they would appear before Justice, Diana could see the fronts of the monolithic figures clearly. She looked at Wisdom with his Janus head of two faces looking in opposite directions. In his right hand, he carried a balance scale, and in his left, a sword pointed downward.

Compassion carried in her right hand, a scroll indicating infinite knowledge, and in her left, a short sword proving the ability to defend when necessary, it also pointed downward.

Truth held a torch with the light of truth shining brightly, high in his right hand.

Grace, with the composite light of all the others, stood without finery or weapons.

Humility proudly held a long staff in the form of a modified shepherd’s crook, symbolizing her healing and nurturing spirit.

Diana could not identify the object that Tenacity held in both hands. It appeared to be a large tool, but combined with it was something that was obviously a mighty weapon.

Finally, she saw Justice, who stood straight and tall with a large double-edged broadsword held high and pointed upward.

Diana’s mind reeling with everything she had seen, expounded, “As I look around me and see all these magnificently brilliant beings, there are no words to express how I am feeling. If I had a body right now, it would be elated, joyous, tingling with excitement, jittery, nervous and totally breathless all at the same time.”

Maven laughed again and stated, “And you’ve only seen but a fraction of what the guardians have to offer,” then added, “It is time.” and they found themselves somehow transported toward Justice, then passing through a misty semi-permeable membrane. She, Maven, and her guardian, Marcus, then stood at the outer edge of a gigantic oval shaped room.

She remained awestruck and transfixed at the sight before her, and as she looked about, she said, “I’ve never seen one single room so large. It’s got to be at least a hundred times the size of the Denver Coliseum.” She then looked up and added, “It’s so huge it’s like being outside, I can’t even see the ceiling.”

From where they stood, she could see large racks of standards representing many universal houses. She immediately recognized the flag with its three royal blue concentric circles on a pure white field as belonging to the Creator Son of Earth. She did not recognize the one with a giant bear standing on its hind legs.

The floor of this expansive oval shaped room appeared to slope gently downward. About a mile before them in the center of this vast room was a large orifice in the floor with a giant pillar of radiant white light traveling upward into infinity. On the floor was a broad white stripe that divided the room in half, and it extended from the light to where they stood. Between them and the pillar of light were twenty-one broad concentric rings inscribed on the floor and separated logarithmically. The rings followed the contour of the oval and appeared to segregate the room into twenty-one distinct levels. The light from the center shaft illuminated only the forward half of the chamber in which they stood so that the other half was secluded in semi-darkness.

While they remained positioned behind the twenty-first ring, Diana gained yet another level of awareness when a firm, authoritatively strong, yet somehow gentle voice of Justice, spoke to them, “Approach! Come and stand before the third ring from the center.”

There was a multitude of spirit beings scattered throughout the various segregated levels. As they moved toward the center, she saw the unmistakable beauteous aura of Jesus as he stood at the edge of the first ring on the right side of center. She did not recognize the figure that appeared to be encased by an astonishing huge dark shimmering aura field as it stood on the left side of the first ring.

They were moving effortlessly forward toward the radiant shaft of light when Diana said, “I recognize Jesus, but who is the dark one standing before Justice?”

“That my lady,” Maven replied, “is Artamus, the monarch of the House of Arturo.”

“Then that must be his flag, the one with the bear on it.”

“That is the standard for the House of Arturo and the home world of the Negative Collective.”

“Why are they here?”

“Under circumstances such as these, when one of our sovereign’s representatives is assaulted, he is present during the adjudication proceedings. Artamus was summoned here because he is ultimately responsible for the actions of those working on his behalf.”

When they stopped just outside the third ring, Maven spoke, “Justice, I am Maven, spiritual teacher, and advisor to this mortal who comes before you on behalf of two other mortals. To report an act of war and right a wrong perpetrated against both mortals.”

“Who is the mortal who speaks for another?”

“I do, Justice. I am Diana Patrick from the planet Earth. I come on behalf of Drake, whose mortal name is Garry W. Farragut. I accuse IRIs, mortal name, Jessica Crystal Herman, also from Earth, of assaulting without provocation and maliciously attacking him psychically to the point of near termination. I also accuse her of being responsible for the mortal death of Beta Zeta, whose mortal name was Samuel Havershaw. Because of the attack, Drake was unable to come and speak for himself, and Beta Zeta is residing in Earth’s fifth level recovery world. Therefore, I come to you in spirit form from a mortal body in their stead.”

“Very well,” Justice stated, “your plea has been so recorded. You and all having information concerning these incidences will now visit the halls of Truth where you will walk through the Light and answer all questions presented. If you cast no shadow while explaining, all will know the truth of the matter. Upon your return, the one you accuse will be present to face your accusations.”

Marcus, Maven, and Diana transported once again, not against their will but without any effort on their part, through the semi-permeable membrane into Truth. Once each of them, in turn, passed through the Light of Truth, they returned to the Halls of Justice.

When Diana returned to the Hall of Justice, Maven said, “When you ordered that you be informed of any danger to anyone of your group; that order was so transcribed in the archives of Edentia and forwarded to Cygna. Once there, you and your personnel have been under constant surveillance.”

“What are you getting at, Maven, is there something wrong?”

“I just received a messenger from Cygna, informing me that David has disappeared.”

Diana exclaimed. “We must find him at once!”

“I agree. That is why I informed Justice of the situation and that we would be leaving but would return upon its resolution a.”

“Why can’t we do it from here?”

“We could, but I feel you will be more comfortable working with familiar tools and surroundings.”

“You may be right. I just perceived a feeling that once we locate him, I may have to make personal contact.”

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I was sitting by the window looking at the blustery night sky when Diana opened her eyes and sat up.

“My, that was fast,” I said.

“Beth, Maven and I have returned because David has disappeared!”

I jumped to my feet and cried, “What do you mean, David has disappeared?”

“Maven just told me that Cygna suddenly lost track of him – and I have returned so that we can find him.”

“What can I do to help?”

As Diana got her clear crystal, she said, “The same as before,” then she added, “I will try to connect with his mind as we usually do when we’re separated.”

I saw the deep concentration on her face, then concern bordering on panic as she said, “I can’t find him. The call is going out and with no return response. It feels like my thought strikes an obstacle and veers off into space.”

“When was the last time you talked with him?” I asked.

“Early this morning before we got up.”

“Was his guardian there?”

“Yes.”

“Can you contact him now?”

Diana closed her eyes, and shortly she said, “Delta Phi, what is wrong? Where is David? I cannot contact him.”

Diana translated his answer, “Hi, Diana, everything is fine here. David is at home.”

“Can you contact him?”

A long pause, “No, I can’t.” He said with concern, “There is something wrong! He is here, but I cannot get his attention. Can you summon help?”

Even though I could not see him, Maven answered in such a way that I could hear him, “My contingent is prepared,” then to Diana he said, “Please prepare, we are going to David’s aid.”

Diana lay back on the bed, and I saw that she was gone again.

## Chapter 20

Diana rescues David from Jessica

When Maven and his contingent arrived at the Foundation, Diana saw a large dark brown bubble covering the entire triplex building. As they hovered high above the shimmering blob, Diana said, “I feel an ominous presence coming from below.” She paused as she projected thought into the pulsating mass and disclaimed, “It’s not real, it’s all an illusion, and there are three entities creating it.”

A small team of beings from the contingent disappeared into the darkness and emerged with the three culprits, and the illusion began to collapse.

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Back aboard the sailboat, Beth and David, entwined in each other’s arms were about to make love on the spacious stateroom bed. He felt the gentle rocking motion of the boat as it moved with the ocean tide. The musical clanking of the halyards tapping on the aluminum mast was also lulling him into euphoria. He was gazing into Beth’s gentle brown eyes and caressing her soft blond hair when suddenly he had a hand full of fiery red hair and being stared at by cold glassy green eyes. David leapt to his feet to find himself in his bedroom apartment. “Jessica, what the hell’s going on? What are you...?”

Just then, they both heard Diana say, “David, you have been under attack by Jessica and her illusionary conspirators.”

Jessica wrapped a sheet around her naked body as she moved into a corner and shouted, “You bitch, Diana, you are always spoiling my fun.”

David, clad in his shorts, reached for his shirt and told Jessica, “Get yourself dressed – now! Get out of my house before I call the police.”

She mocking replied, “And tell them what – your sailboat sprung a leak?”

Jessica slowly got dressed while laughingly chiding, “I really had you going this time, David. I can hardly wait for the next time.”

Diana’s compelling voice filled the room, “There will never be a next time.”

“We’ll see about that!” Jessica retorted.

Diana softly replied, “That we will.”

Jessica finally finished dressing and swaggered out without another word. She got in the rental car and headed to the airport where she would spend the night on the corporate jet.

David, taking a deep breath, said, “I don’t know whether I should be glad or sad about your timing, Sis,” he burst out laughing, “I was about to screw the opposition.”

“On the contrary, brother dear, your opposition was about to screw you, and screw you good. She’s a Typhoid Mary carrying an S.T.D.”

David suddenly lost all humor and said, “That conniving bitch! Thanks, Sis, your timing couldn’t have been more perfect.”

“We’ll talk about this, and a lot more later. But right now I’ve got to go.”

Maven said, “I must gather some additional information concerning this incident. Therefore, you must return to your body until tomorrow night. We shall then journey to the Halls of Justice again.”

Diana returned to her body in the Bethesda hotel room where she told me about her entire experience with the guardianship and the assault on David.

## Chapter 21

Jessica returns to the lair

The pilot returned to the plane around 8 A.M. to find Jessica sitting in the co-pilot's seat. "What're you doing here so early? I didn't expect you until noon."

"Plans change!" she snapped, "Can we go now?"

"Just as soon as I file a flight plan and get clearance."

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At ten thirty, Jessica slinked into Prince Rabble's office. When he saw her, he asked, "Well Mata Hari, how was your conquest?"

"Shut up; I don't want to talk about it."

He rebuked her, "That's no way to speak to your boss."

"I know, but that bitch of a sister showed up and destroyed everything. My three sisters vanished and the whole illusion dissolved. And what makes things worse, I've sent out scouts, but no one can even find them."

"Since that was such a howling success," he said sarcastically, "what are you going to do for an encore?"

She stated with hostility, "I haven't decided yet, but you can bet your ass I will make her pay dearly for her interference."

"I'll believe that when I see it! Now bring me up to date on your sailor boy project."

"I don't exactly know what happened. I was sending him pictures of you and me and the Lair along with messages to leave the Navy and come work for us. I thought I was getting through to him and then all of a sudden I saw that he was in a hospital. That's when I wrote him off as not having any potential use to us."

"What's wrong with him?"

"I didn't want to go to the hospital while the she-bitch was there, so I used a messenger and learned that he is in a coma," she grinned with satisfaction, "and none of the doctors have a clue about the cause."

Ralph considered and said, "You may have achieved something, after all, a demoralizing factor for them, and possibly stopped his future political career. And that is one big plus for us."

Both Ralph and Jessica saw a flash of light just before Geryon arrived in a cloud of smoke.

“I sure admire your theatrics; that was another dynamic entrance,” Ralph laughed, and added, “Jessica, I would like to present, Geryon, my personal guardian.”

As she stood with the smoke gathering at her feet, she said, “A charming entrance indeed. You’ll have to teach me....”

“Some other time,” Geryon cut her short, “Jessica, I set up your assignments, and you failed.”

She stammered, “I don’t understand.”

“You don’t believe going after Diana’s boyfriend was your idea, do you!”

“Why, yes, who else could have thought of it?”

“Me, of course.”

Jessica retorted, “You can’t be serious.”

Geryon bragged, “Do you think you are the only one in the universe with the power of subliminal thought implantation?”

Jessica collapsed into a chair with the full realization of what he just said.

“As I was saying,” Geryon continued, “I set up your assignment with the sailor and then with the Patrick male, you failed both tasks. Last night, as you slept on the plane, I gave you another thought. Don’t fail us again.” Another cloud of smoke suddenly engulfed him, and as it drifted to the floor, Geryon was gone.

Stunned with disbelief, Jessica sat in the chair and asked, “What’d he mean by that?”

“He meant you botched the job on the boyfriend, and managed to embarrass and disgrace yourself instead of the brother. Now if you fail to stop Diana, and the growth of their Foundation, you will be replaced and no longer be the number two of my triad.”

Jessica sat speechlessly and the more she reflected on the recent past events, the angrier she became.

That night, she lay on her bed thinking of everything that had transpired since they went to the TV show. “It’s those damn Patrick’s; that’s when it all started. And Geryon wants me to believe that everything I’ve done was his idea from the beginning.” She rolled and tossed for an hour before getting to sleep with nothing but bitterness in her heart and revenge on her mind.

## Chapter 22

Jessica escorted to Halls of Justice

At 10:15 P.M. Maven came to our hotel room and once again escorted Diana to the Universal Guardians.

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Shortly after Jessica fell into an angry and fretful sleep, three members of the Universal Guardians' Grenadier Guards arrived and gently removed her from her body. She, now in her soul state as IrIs, found herself, along with her spirit guardian Isch, being escorted somewhere. As Jessica looked closer, she discovered there were seven beings in the escort party, three for each of them, one bright white being leading the way. She felt as though she were in a large bubble traveling into a place in deep space. As they moved, she saw something in the distance before them. It first appeared as a small speck of light, but as they got closer, the larger the speck became, and suddenly she began to see the outline of a great seven-pinnacled structure. She could not believe what she was seeing because everything was bright as day and just hanging there suspended in space. It was not a planet, and there were no stars anywhere in sight. Whatever she saw; just seemed to be floating in open space.

IrIs tried to speak to her escort, "Who are you? Where are we going?"

She didn't get an answer from them, but she heard Isch say, "I don't know either, but I think we are in trouble."

They were soaring high above the edifice before she realized that what she was looking at were not just huge buildings but giant beings whose auras illuminated the blackness of space. Just then, Isch reminded her about what Darshanon had told her about the Universal Guardians, and with that realization, she and her escorts descended into the center of what appeared to be an immense courtyard surrounded by those seven enormous beings.

She heard the leader of the escort speak for the first time, "You are about to enter the halls of Justice."

Involuntarily transported forward toward one of the significant figures, IrIs and Isch passed through a semi-permeable membrane into the largest room she had ever seen. Suddenly she and Isch were standing beside the bright gray light of Darshanon. Then she wondered, "Who are those other beings?"

Standing opposite and facing them were Maven and Marcus with Diana between them. Just off to their left were Gerome, and Delta Phi. As IrIs got a closer look at them, she wondered, “They’re all so big and bright.” She recognized Maven at once, “I know him. We’ve had many a confrontation before,” then she recognized Marcus, “And that’s Diana’s guardian. What is he doing here?” Never having seen Diana in soul state before, she thought, “And the one in the center, not as large but just as bright – I think I know...” Just then, a cold chill passed through her as she finally recognized the soul’s essence as that of Diana Patrick from home. Her mind raced with confusion, “Where the hell am I, and why are we all here? Where is this place?” Fighting to regain control, IrIs calmed herself and took some comfort in the fact that she had Darshanon to her right and Isch on her left. Then she saw Bartley, Sam Havershaw’s guardian, who she did not recognize. She did recognize Gerome and Delta Phi and began to suspect why she was there.

From total silence came a deep, harsh authoritative voice calling her by her soul name, “IrIs, daughter of Isis, your suspicions are correct. You have been brought before Justice because you are accused of acts of war, misuse of psychic power and interfering with the free will of others.”

Another chill went clear through her soul when she heard her name and the charges but stood defiantly and demanded, “Who brings these charges?”

“Silence, who speaks for this mortal?”

Darshanon spoke, “I am Darshanon, spirit leader and advisor to this mortal.”

Justice asked, “Who speaks for the accuser?”

“I do. – I am Maven, spirit leader, and advisor to this mortal, Diana Patrick.”

Justice spoke to both spiritual leaders, “Have your mortals come forth and face one another.”

Diana and Jessica moved from between their escorts and complied with the command.

Justice said, “Diana Patrick, what say you?”

Diana spoke, “I, Diana Shaw Patrick, a mortal from the planet Earth, accuse Jessica Crystal Herman of acts of war against Garry W. Farragut and Samuel Havershaw.”

Justice said, “IrIs, called Jessica Crystal Herman, what say you?”

“That’s a lie!” she defended, “I used no more skills of influence than what has been accepted use on that planet for eons.”

Darshanon sent thought to IrIs, “I warned you about being careful how you used those powers of...”

“Enough,” Justice cut him off, “Are there any other charges?”

Delta Phi spoke up, “Justice, I am the personal guardian to a mortal called David Patrick. Moments ago, universally, he was placed under attack by illusionary forces under the order and direction of IrIs. If this assault had been successful, my charge could have received a mortal disease that would have changed his chosen path of destiny by substantially shortening the length of that mortality.”

Justice’s voice rang out, “Who are those responsible for the creation and illegal use of an illusion on a non-illusionary world?”

Just then, Is-1, Is-2, and Is-3 appeared alongside IrIs and said, “We are.”

“Is there anyone else to present charges?”

Maven said, “There is one more, Justice. He is the guardian of the deceased mortal, and he comes to you from Earth’s fifth level recovery world.”

“I am Bartley, personal guardian of the deceased mortal, Samuel Havershaw. I am here to report the destruction of his physical body. He was under assault, either by design or by proximity to another, I know not which. However, I believe that the spell cast upon Garry Farragut caused my charge, Samuel Havershaw, to walk off the back of his ship and perish in the vessel’s propellers. Additionally, prevented from giving my charge proper protection by the forces of the Black Knights who I charge with complicity to his mortal demise.”

Justice said, “The truth of all matters will be determined by those involved as they walk through the Light of Truth,” Justice continued, “IrIs, were you aware of the lifting of the veil of forgetfulness from that planet?”

“Yes,” she said.

“And were you also aware that the Creator Son of that world received full sovereignty-ship in 2002 as reckoned by the planet’s Gregorian calendar?”

“Yes.”

“Are you knowledgeable of the universal laws against interfering with the free will choice of others?”

“Yes, but Justice,” Jessica pleaded in her own defense, “I am under orders to prevent certain occurrences, and I too was given subliminal messages. I now believe they were the cause of these events.”

“Who is responsible for that?”

She claimed, “A spirit being known as Geryon.”

Within seconds of Justice receiving knowledge of this, a detachment of Grenadier Guards worked within time, and Geryon appeared before IrIs.

“Is this the one you so accuse?” Justice asked.

“Yes, he is the one,” she confirmed.

“Geryon,” Justice stated, “You have been accused by the one before you, that you used subliminal thought that resulted in the loss of one mortality, a physical and mental collapse of another, and the illegal use of illusionary forces in an attempt to inflict a fatally malignant disease on a third. What say you in your defense?”

“It is true that I implanted thoughts within the physical brain of this one before me, but those thoughts were merely suggestions as to a course of action. How Jessica interpreted those ideas and the means by which she carried them out was completely her free will of choice.”

“Are you this being’s guardian?”

“No.”

“Then what is your purpose for being on that planet?”

“I am a member of the Black Knight Force assigned as personal guardian to a brother Knight while he is in mortality on the planet.”

“Very well,” Justice proclaimed, “Now, it is time for all concerned, that have not already done so, to walk through the Light of Truth. Each will be asked specific questions pertaining to these accusations, and you will answer. If you answer truthfully, you will cast no shadow, and all will know you speak the truth.”

When Justice finished speaking, the entire group of negative Beings instantly disappeared from the hall. One by one, they reappeared. IrIs was the last to return and stood before Diana as before.

Justice then said, “None of you were able to pass through the Light of Truth without casting shadows,” he continued, “Be advised; Jesus is now the absolute sovereign of his creation, and it

is no longer an experimental World. All universal laws are in effect, and everyone will obey them. The planet Earth, by decree of its creator son, is on its way to Light and Life. Your dark forces may impede its progress, but there is nothing you can do to prevent it.”

“Therefore,” Justice continued, “all members of the Black Knight Force and those associated with them, here accused, except for Geryon, are to be escorted to their home world and be confined there for one Havona day (1000 planetary years). That should give you ample time to reconsider your choices of which path to follow.”

Justice then spoke directly to Geryon, “You have proclaimed yourself guilty by your own words while within Truth. You deliberately manipulated the thoughts of another in direct violation of the law. Therefore, you are indirectly causative of all that has transpired and at this moment relieved as a guardian spirit. From this time forward, you may, if you so choose, become a spirit guardian to the lesser species of non-willed creatures known as rodents. If you ever wish to become a guardian for a willed being again, you must successfully perform those more minor but equally important duties until you have proved you are ready.”

Geryon questioned, “But what of my present charge?”

“He will be assigned another Black Knight guardian who will hopefully take his responsibilities more seriously than you have.”

Justice paused, and then said, “As for the three beings responsible for the illusion, you will have a choice collectively – to be confined to your home world for ten Havona days or be stripped of all deceptive powers and continue as free spirits. I will await your answer.”

“Iris and Isch, you will now go to Compassion where you will receive the opportunity to learn the philosophy of Love, Peace, and Brotherhood. We will then use time to our advantage to return you to your world so that you will realize no loss of planetary time.”

“Isch, you will remain as Iris’ guardian and advise her well for I do not want to see either of you here again.”

“Iris, upon your awakening in the morn, you will most likely remember this experience as a bad dream. However, it will become bitterly apparent to you that it was no dream when you discover that your mystic skills are limited to psychic seeing. You will no longer have the ability of causative actions.”

When Justice finished his verdicts and decrees, all negative beings of our opposition instantly disappeared from the hall again.

Justice then spoke to Diana, “Your friend and traveling companion, having been the victim of a vicious attack upon his very soul, has been within Humility for healing since IrIs returned from Truth. He will remain within Humility for some time but once recovered, we will use time to our advantage to return his soul to his body three planetary days hence. That will give the physical body time to receive proper nourishment to sustain the soul when he returns. He may recall this experience as a dream. You, however, have asked for full remembrance of this visit with us. So be it. You are free to share this experience with others. What they choose to believe is their freewill choice.”

Justice concluded, “You may if you desire, visit with Garry briefly within Humility. What say you?”

Diana said, “Thank you, Justice. I would very much like to visit with him.”

“Very well, but be advised, as severely affected as he was by the assault, he may not recognize you at this time. Hold no fear, for he will recover. Your guardian will be awaiting you in the courtyard when you are ready to return home to your physical body.”

She felt her spirit transported through several semi-permeable membranes to Garry’s side within Humility. Her soul ached and cried out to him for she barely recognized his soul’s essence. She spent several minutes attempting to converse with him but received no response. She then heard a soothing, comforting voice of the spirit entity, Humility, “Fear not, child of Compassion. All will soon be well,” then asked, “Do you have any questions?”

“Several, but first, Justice stated that his soul would be returned to his body. If his soul is not in his body, what is keeping it alive?”

“Because of the type and intensity of the assault he underwent, and the struggle he went through to combat the attack, it was necessary that we recover the entire soul from the body. That way he will not have to sustain a physical structure until ready to return and do so. But, fear not, for as you can see, his soul is here with me and healing has already begun. A spirit referred to merely as Friend is maintaining his physical body, which will appear to remain in a coma, awaiting the original soul’s return.”

Diana then asked, “What exactly did that vixen do to him to provoke such a violent reaction?”

“Normally,” Humility began, “the thoughts and images she sent him, as disclosed from Truth, would not affect an ordinary mortal of your planet. In similar cases, the victim simply becomes a virtual puppet for its master. As to the event of the body lost at sea, she either lost

control or failed to realize she had control of him. However, the soul of the being known as Drake is far from ordinary. He possesses an unusually high sense of morals, and when he received her continuous barrage of subliminal thought that was so contrary to his character, he fought to resist. What he received without his knowledge during that assault was so repugnant to his soul that he became physically and spiritually injured to the point of near loss of mortality, rather than succumb.”

“Now I understand why he had headaches,” Diana said, “He was psychically blocking her thoughts without even knowing he was doing it.”

“That is correct, and if the assailant had been anyone other than a daughter of Isis, he would have undoubtedly succeeded.” Humility then asked, “Do you have any more questions?”

“Thank you, Humility, I think not.”

“Are you ready to return home?” Humility asked.

Before Diana could say anything, she received the thought, “Go now child, and walk in the knowledge of peace and brotherhood.” She passed through the membrane and again found herself in the courtyard with Maven and Marcus.

Maven asked, “Now that you have seen and experienced a bit more of the Guardianship, what do you feel?”

“I know it is not like me to be at such a loss for words. I honestly believe there are not enough descriptive words in the universe to express the splendor of this place.”

Maven agreed, his aura displaying joy and laughter, “My thoughts exactly, for it presents a different and unique experience for each of us every time we come.”

Marcus concluded, “It most certainly does. I have made many visits here, and each one is unique,” then asked, “Are you ready to go, Diana?”

“Yes,” she said, “justice has been served this time, but we have much more to do. I have plenty to share with Beth when we get back, not to mention my brother who will have a book full of questions when we get home.”

Maven laughingly concurred, “Of that, you can be sure.” He continued, “It is time to leave, and since we have already taken the picturesque route, we will go straight back to Beth in Maryland.”

## Chapter 23

### David awakens

I was seated on the side of the bed in the Maryland hotel room watching over Diana's quiescent figure. It seemed like only moments had passed when her eyelids fluttered as she returned to her body. I reached out and took her hand, "Diana, Is everything all right?"

"Everything's just fine, and I have much to tell you, but first, what time is it?"

"It's ten-thirty. You've been gone for less than three minutes."

"This traveling seems to require energy. I feel as though its been several for days and I'm starved, let's get something to eat."

Maven did not materialize in the room this time, but I distinctly heard his voice when he spoke, "If we had returned in the actual elapsed time as reckoned on this planet, you would have been gone nearly forty-eight hours."

"Maven," Diana said, "I don't know how to begin to thank you and those other marvelous entities that worked so diligently to save Garry and rescue David."

"As your teacher, advisor, and dear friend, I do what I can. So do the other entities who are actively supporting Jesus's reclamation project."

"Maven, you're too modest. I will be forever grateful and never forget these life-altering experiences."

Maven stated, "The Guardians are there to preside over and protect the Seventh Super Universe. Anyone may visit and converse with them on any matter concerning the continuance of positive creationism."

"You mean I can go there any time to speak to Humility and Compassion."

He laughed, "If that is your desire, but I suggest you get someone who knows the way and is proficient in time manipulation."

They conversed for several more minutes, and after Maven had left, we went to a restaurant across the street from the hotel. We took a secluded booth where we could talk freely, and Diana said, "Beth, I'm so glad you are here. I haven't had time to thank you for your calm acceptance of everything that happened and especially for your logical approach during the

seeking. If I ever agree to divide my soul again, I will insist on having more logic and less emotion.” Then she told me everything she knew about Jessica’s assault on David.

After we had returned to the room, she explained about the Friend maintaining Garry’s body for another three days. She said, “Now that we know what has happened to him, you should be able to assist his body in the healing process.”

“I already have. Whenever there are no doctors or nurses around, I hold his hand and allow the universal healing energy to flow through him. But now that I know what happened, I can work to align the chakras properly and balance his energy, so there won’t be any physical discomfort upon his return.”

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### **The Next Morning**

When we arrived at the hospital in time for morning visiting hours, we found Garry’s mother asleep on a couch in the lounge beside the ICU. When we entered the lounge, Olivia awakened stood up and straightened her clothes. Diana greeted her with a broad smile saying, “Good morning, Olivia. I have some fantastic news. Please don’t ask me how I know, but Garry will awaken in three days and be just fine.”

Olivia sat back down on the couch with a look of surprise, wonderment, and then skepticism. “I am no stranger to psychic visions, and Garry has told me many times of your extraordinary ability, but how do you know and are you sure?”

“I am absolutely sure because I got the information from a most reliable source.”

Olivia did not ask any more questions at the time. We went to the nurse’s station and received permission to see Garry. When we entered his cubical, a flash of doubt crossed my mind. Despite his excellent care, Garry looked even more drawn and lifeless than he had the day before.

Diana put her hands on our shoulders and said, “I feel your concern and doubts, but be assured. No matter how bad he may look now, he will awaken and be fine in three days.”

Diana watched as I stood by his bed and passed my hands over the length of his body allowing the universal healing power to balance and bolster his life-force energy. At one point, I was so engrossed in the treatment that I failed to notice Garry’s nurse standing in the entrance until Olivia coughed. I know the nurse saw the surprised expression on my face for having been caught using a non-approved medical practice on her patient. I was doubly surprised when she

smiled, came to the opposite side of Garry's bed and whispered, "I won't tell anyone if you don't." For a brief time, she aided me in the process. By the time we were ready to leave at the end of the day, Garry's complexion had regained some natural color.

That night after dinner, Diana and I were relaxing in our hotel room for the first time in several days when I said, "You're so fortunate to have someone like Garry to have arranged before birth and to meet with the soul of the person that would eventually become your mate."

"That's not unusual. Most everyone plans it that way, but many times, some fail to meet for various reasons. That is, usually because they don't remember their commitment, or perhaps they meet someone else first."

"I now remember the Edentia arrangement with my mother, but I don't recall considering anyone special for a mate."

"Perhaps it wasn't important to you at the time."

"Maybe not, but now that I'm here, it seems paramount."

"Do you have anyone in mind?"

"You don't have to ask me that, Diana. You read me like an open book. You know very well to whom I am attracted."

"Just as he is to you," Diana confirmed.

"Really - I was afraid David had also made some prearrangement."

Diana smiled and explained, "Holms, our soul mate who is on the Fleet, is the Yang half of our soul. David and I are from the Yin half, and when we decided to divide even further, we made no provisions for his half. Therefore, David has no commitment."

"In that case...."

"He's all yours," Diana stated, "and I cannot think of anyone I'd rather have as a sister. But I know my brother; you'll have to be the one to open the door."

After that revelation, I went to sleep with David on my mind and soundly slept until Diana woke me in time to return to the hospital.

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**Afternoon – Three days hence**

The three of us were sitting by Garry's bedside when he opened his eyes. He looked around the room as if to question where he was. He saw his mother and said, "Hi Mom, what're you doing here?"

Before she could answer, his nurse rushed into the cubical in response to the change in the monitor readings. She immediately summoned Garry's doctor who arrived a few seconds later. After examining him, the doctor made the usual comment and inquiry, "You sure had us worried, son, how are you feeling?"

Garry looked at him, smiled, and said, "I feel just fine, Sir." Then as his gaze continued around the room, he glanced at me with an inquisitive look. Diana, who was standing at the head of the bed and out of Garry's view, walked over and stood beside me. When he saw her, he exclaimed, "Diana! Is it -- really you?"

"Yes, David. It's me, and I am here."

His eyes brightened, and a broad, beautiful smile changed his entire countenance as he reached out his arms to her.

Diana went to him, they embraced, and as she kissed him, the doctor said to the nurse, "Now there's the medicine that actually cured him."

"Doctor," I thought, "if you only knew how right you are."

Both Garry and Diana laughed.

"Oh, no," I thought, "Another one that can read minds."

He held Diana at arm's length, looked deep into her eyes, and questioningly asked by thought, "Was it a dream?"

She smiled and answered, "No, it was no dream."

"Then we have a lot to talk about,"

"We certainly have, but later."

Olivia looked at me and asked, "What's going on?"

"They're just talking."

The doctor asked me, "What did you say?"

"I said; this is the first time they've seen each other..."

"For a long time," Olivia added, "they're just getting reacquainted."

The doctor shook his head and left the cubical saying, “We are happy to have you back, Commander. I’ll stop by later to see how you are doing.”

The next morning, the doctor transferred Garry to SOQ (Sick Officers Quarters). That afternoon he and Diana were sitting in the lounge area when she said, “I would have waited until later when you were a little stronger to break this news to you. But it is imperative you know the facts, even if you can’t disclose them to the authorities.”

She told him the entire story of what Jessica had done, and because of her actions Sam had also been affected and had been lost at sea. She also told him that there would be two JAG (Judge Advocate General) officers coming to get statements from him shortly. Garry listened carefully to everything and said, “You’re absolutely right, Diana, the Navy is not yet ready to hear the truth.”

Just then, a nurse came into the lounge area and informed Garry that there were two JAG officers there to talk to him. Garry sent Diana, “Your timing is perfect as usual.” After they had introduced themselves, the officer in charge said, “Would you please excuse us Miss; this may take some time.”

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### **The next day**

At mid-morning, SCPO Conley, Garry’s flight engineer came to visit. “Hi Skipper, how you're feeling?”

“Hi Chief, I guess I’ll live.”

“I suppose you heard about Sam’s disappearance.”

Garry’s eyes clouded as he said, “Yes, it’s a damn shame. They don’t come any better than Sam.”

“Has the JAG been to see you yet?”

“Yesterday afternoon. Has anyone determined what happened?”

“There’s a lot of scuttlebutt and talk of suicide, but I don’t buy it.”

Garry said, “They may never find the truth of it, but I assure you it was not suicide. Now, what brings you here?”

“The Old Man has been keeping close tabs on your progress, and you should have heard the cheer from ship’s company when he announced you were awake and recovering.” He

continued, “Now for the other news, there will be a memorial service held in Sam’s hometown of Memphis on the 26th and our flight crew will be attending. I brought your uniform and other clothes just in case you get released from the hospital in time.”

“I am hoping to be able to talk the doc into letting me out of here this afternoon,”

“Great, give the Exec a call, and we can drop into the air station and pick you up.”

“Only if there’s room for two civilians or else I will be going commercial.”

“I’ll request authorization when I get back and will call you.”

“Thanks for the concern and the clothes; see you in a couple of days.”

That afternoon the doctor released him from the hospital with orders to check back at the end of a twelve-day convalescent leave for reevaluation for active duty and flight status.

That evening Olivia thanked Diana and me by taking the four of us to the best restaurant and nightclub in Washington, D.C. At dinner, Garry told his mother about Sam’s death and that he intended to go to his friend’s memorial service.

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### **The next morning**

Wednesday morning, Olivia, knowing that she was leaving her son in good hands entered a taxi that would take her to the Reagan National Air Terminal for a 9 A.M. flight back to New Jersey.

Garry then escorted us to a shuttle bus that would take us to the Naval Air Station. Diana and I were about to get our first ride on a helicopter. On the shuttle bus, Diana said, “Garry, I am so sorry I had to tell you about Sam’s death as I did, but I felt you had to know before you heard it from some JAG officer.”

“You were right in telling me as you did, and I admit it came as quite a shock. Sam was a good and reliable friend, and I will miss him. But if I hadn’t known beforehand, I don’t know how I would have reacted in front of them.”

Two hours later, dressed in Navy jumpsuits, we boarded the biggest helicopter I had ever seen. There were eight people already aboard, and Garry introduced us to several high-ranking officers before buckling us into what he called jump seats. I looked around at the stark navy gray painted interior and thought, “This is a long way from first class commercial.” Then I saw Diana and Garry smiling at me, and I blushed.

When everything was ready, I saw a man give a thumbs up signal, and I felt the craft begin to lift quietly from the ground, I did not expect, nor was I prepared for the sudden forward acceleration. It appears as though hardly enough time had passed before we landed at an Air Force base in Memphis.

After shedding the flight garb, we loaded into one of the staff cars that took us to the three o'clock memorial ceremony. Following the service, Garry had the staff car driver drop us off at the Memphis airport where we boarded a plane for Colorado Springs.

## Chapter 24

### Evalin supplants Jessica

The morning after Jessica's return from the Guardians, she awoke with a start and a nagging feeling there was something terribly wrong. She was beginning to recall fragments of her dream. She slowly got up, got dressed, and went to the Lair to meet with the others for breakfast.

When she arrived, she saw that workers and volunteers filled nearly every table. She picked up a tray and went through the serving line. She saw Prince Rabbles sitting with his back to her at a table at the far end of the room, but did not recognize the attractive blond woman sitting with him. As Jessica approached their table, she received some very disturbing vibrations. Prince, seeing his visitor looking past him, turned and said, "Ah, Jessica, there you are, I would like you to meet Evalin Good, another very talented psychic who is interested in joining the ranks."

Jessica, blocking her thought transmission, wondered, "Where did she come from all of a sudden, and why is she here?"

The tall, attractive, slender blond with coal-black penetrating eyes, sent her, "You screwed up big time – Jessie. Your boss doesn't know it yet, but I am here to replace you."

Jessica, startled by the response, dropped her tray. No one had ever read her thoughts after she guarded them. Luckily, the tray went on the table and not the floor and made very little mess. Jessica thought, "Who does she think she is?"

"I just told you, Jessie, I am here to take your place."

Ralph jumped up as the clattering dishes resounded through the dining room and demanded, "Jessica, what the hell's wrong with you this morning?"

"Sorry, Prince, but I've had a disturbing night."

Evalin spoke up, "That's the understatement of the year."

"What do you mean by that?" Ralph asked.

"Do you want to tell him?" Evalin asked, "Or should I?"

Ralph demanded, "Tell me what? What the hell is going on here?"

Jessica sat at the table, soaking up her spilled drink and said, "Since you seem to know so much about it, you tell him."

“Are you sure you want me to, or is it because you don’t know yourself?”

Jessica’s dream was beginning to reform in her mind.

“I see you are starting to remember,” Evalin said, “You tell him, it was your dream, or was it?”

“Damn it!” Ralph exclaimed, “What are you two babbling about?”

Jessica began to reiterate her thoughts, feelings, and experiences from the time of Geryon’s smoky appearance the day before, and how angry she was when she got home and went to bed. As she related the story, she relived the entire episode. By this time, there was a crowd gathered around the table listening, and when she finished, she said. “My God, it wasn’t a dream at all. It truly happened.”

“I don’t believe a word of it,” Ralph declared, “You will have to do better than that to convince me.”

Evalin calmly said, “Check with your guardian.”

Ralph sat back in his chair, closed his eyes, and concentrated. A few seconds later, he opened his eyes slowly and said, “Son of a bitch, she’s telling the truth, my guardian’s been replaced.”

Murmurs came from around the table, “How can that be?” and “I can’t believe anything that farfetched.” Ralph stood up and ordered, “Enough! Everyone go to work.” Then to Jessica and Evalin, he said, “In my office -now!”

They arrived in Ralph’s office to find Darshanon standing in the center of the room. His aura glowed and pulsated with a crimson blackness neither Ralph nor Jessica had seen before. He shouted, “Jessica if it were not against the now enforceable law to destroy a mortal structure, I would smite you back to your mother on her crystal world.”

He then spoke more rationally to Evalin, “I have been assured that you know everything that has happened.”

“Yes,” she said, “I was working on another project when a messenger came and told me that I should go to the Guardians and watch the proceedings. I did so through time, so as not to miss anything. When I returned home, you told me what you needed, and we both know the rest of the story.”

She then questioned Ralph, “Did you not wonder why I would not let you or anyone touch me?” She continued, “It’s because I’m not here physically. My body is in Ontario, Canada

where I am tending to some unfinished karmic relationships. They should be completed shortly, and I will be prepared to relocate.”

Jessica, as much as she hated Evalin’s arrogance and her threat of being replaced by her, she had to admire this woman for her extraordinary psychic skill and abilities. She knew it was possible to manifest an ethereal body from spirit state, but she had never seen anyone create one from within mortality.

Darshanon commended, “Evalin, you have done well with your occupational mortality. And knowing your secure independence as I do, I am sure you will like your new position.”

His aura was returning to its normal dark gray when he addressed Ralph, “You and your project team will always receive my continued support, for we must not fail to hold this planet. I will return with revised replacements and orders tomorrow. Until then, get to know one another.” And he was gone.

Ralph remarked, “It appears that Darshanon has made his decision.” Then to Evalin, he stated, “It is evident to me from your abilities, that you are totally aware and knowledgeable of our project and ultimate goal. If you would like to join us, I for one would welcome you.”

Jessica thought, “He never talked to me like that.”

Evalin smiled at her and said to Ralph, “I am thoroughly familiar with your operation and aspirations. I will send a messenger to Darshanon when I am ready to travel. Right now I have a few things to attend to.” She swiftly dematerialized and was gone.

Ralph looked at Jessica and said, “I don’t know all the details of what you did to get yourself in such a mess, and I don’t want to know. You have three days to collect any personal items from your office and clear out of your apartment.”

Jessica left Prince Rabble’s office without a word of protest because there was nothing she could say that would change anything.

## Chapter 25

The reunion back home in Colorado

It was nearly one in the morning before our plane landed in Colorado Springs. While Garry went to check on our luggage, Diana and I went to arrange for a taxi. To my surprise, although it shouldn't have been, David was waiting for us at the taxi counter. Diana ran and threw her arms around him and asked, "Are you all right after your ordeal?"

"Just fine – and there's no residual. Maven saw to that."

As I walked up to him, he outstretched his right arm, encircled my waist, and pulled me to him, saying, "I sure am glad my two girls are back."

Then he looked at me and said, "I've missed you, Beth," and kissed me lightly on the cheek.

We made our way toward the luggage claim area where we saw Garry busy collecting our bags. As the three of us approached, Garry looked up and said, "Hi David, good to see you again."

David laughed and replied, "Greetings Garry, the nearly lost mariner," then added, "It's also good to see you again; it's been a while."

They clasped each other's forearms in the traditional Cimbrae (a Celtic companion) greeting when Garry said, "Not since you graduated from high school."

When we got to the parking lot, I quickly slid into the front seat of the car next to David, leaving the back for Diana and Garry. As David piloted us to the Foundation's compound, I remarked, "Diana has only told me part of what happened to you while we were gone," then asked, "will you tell me the rest?"

"I'm not so sure I want to tell you, Beth, but maybe later." He then changed the subject by saying, "It was a long flight from Maryland, and you need to get some rest."

"I'm not tired, we all slept on the plane. But if you are, we can wait for another time."

"No, I'm fine. I got a couple of hours sleep before I left for the airport. We're almost home, and we have the rest of the night to talk. I want to hear about everything that happened."

"That'll take considerably more than just tonight. Besides, don't you have to work in the morning?"

“That’s what’s nice about being the boss and having well trained and willing assistants. The place practically runs itself, and no one will miss us for a few hours.”

We arrived at our living quarters and went to get the luggage from the back of the van when David said, “Garry, I have plenty of room, and you are welcome to bunk with...”

“Garry is going to stay with me,” Diana stated as she started to pick up his hang-up bag.

“I’ll get that, Diana,” Garry said.

Within minutes, we had the van unloaded and the luggage distributed when David asked, “Is anyone hungry? I can fix some....”

“Good night, David,” Diana said as she smiled and winked at me, “We’ll see you two later.”

As David carried my suitcase to my apartment, I said, “I could sure go for a cup of herb tea. Would you care to join me?” By then I had opened the door to my apartment and was standing with my back to the light when I added, “You can tell me all about your yachting adventure.”

I watched him in the light from the living room and smiled inwardly as his face reddened with embarrassment.

“I would love to join you for tea, but how much has my sister told you about that encounter?”

“You shouldn’t be ashamed or embarrassed; Jessica is a very malicious and vindictive person.”

David reluctantly began by telling me about how Jessica appeared as Alicia and how she so closely resembled me. I was flattered when he described her as a ravishing, blond beauty. Then explained how she had manipulated him into coming to his apartment that was suddenly transformed to our trimaran sailboat. He said, “The illusion was so perfectly set up I even remembered the day we bought it.”

“The day we bought it;” I questioned.

“Yes, you and I had saved for years to have the boat built to special order.”

I said emphatically, “That was more than just an illusion. Jessica’s illusionary team must have seeded those memories in advance.”

“Undoubtedly, but everything was so real, the entire experience bewildered me to the point of total oblivion. Not only that; the witch made herself appear as you. We were together on the

boat, sailing in the open ocean until we anchored in a secluded lagoon....” David stood and slowly walked to the kitchenette saying, “and we almost...”

“Had sex,” I concluded.

“Yes... but it wasn’t you. It was Jessica!”

I went and wrapped my arms around him, and asked; “David, was it so bad when you believed it was me?”

“Oh no, that part was wonderful. The nightmare started when Diana somehow managed to catch the illusionists. That’s when everything came crashing back to reality, and I saw Jessica for who she really was.”

I hugged him tighter and said, “David, this is me, Beth. I am here with you now. I am no illusion. You are already part of my heart and soul, so, until the day we get our boat, I want to have you in my arms.”

David kissed me, and we held each other for several minutes. Then he picked me up and carried me to my bedroom.

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In Diana’s apartment, she was sitting on the couch with Garry stretched out with his head in her lap. She was running her fingers through his hair while they reminisced about their childhood. They were reflecting on the places they used to go on Out Of Body journeys when Garry asked, “Do you remember how strange our first encounter was?”

Diana laughed, “You didn’t recognize me.”

“That was because, as a split soul, your vibration was so much different.”

“You couldn’t believe me until I brought you home to see David.”

“Even then, he wasn’t as pretty as you,” and he changed the subject, “What was your favorite place to go?”

“Why, the Reclamation Fleet of course. To visit with Holms and Joyce plus all our other friends who chose that life.”

“I know,” Garry, said reflectively, “I often wondered if we would have been happier if we had gone to the Fleet as well. Everyone there was so busy doing something important. And here we are, on a planet where few people even know anything exists beyond this solar system.”

“That’s what makes our job so much more challenging. To be able to bring enlightenment to our mortal brothers and sisters that have been deprived of Universal Knowledge for so long.”

They talked for another hour when Garry said, “Don’t you think we should get some sleep?”

Diana said, “I thought you would never ask.” She smiled at him and took his hand as she led the way to the bedroom.

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### **The next morning.**

Garry and Diana were sitting at the kitchenette counter when they heard a soft tapping at the glass door to the patio. They looked up and saw Beth and David silhouetted by the morning sun on the drapes that covered the sliding glass doors. Diana went to the door and slid it aside as Beth and David entered.

David, with a broad cheery smile, asked, “Did everyone sleep OK?”

Diana and I looked at each other, grinned, and in unison, said, “Who slept!”

When the laughter died down, Diana and I prepared breakfast. After everyone had eaten, David said, “Thanks for breakfast, Sis. Supper’s on me, and I’ll start it outside at about five.” He took my hand, and as we started toward the door, he jovially added, “Don’t forget to hang out your ‘DO NOT DISTURB’ sign.”

Diana threw a potholder at us and said, “Get out of here you two! Garry and I have some more serious talking to do. We may see you about five.”

Garry grinned and added, “If we’re able.”

David and I went to his apartment where we laughed and joked as we showered together and took up where we left off.

At five o’clock, I helped David prepare a sumptuous dinner. On Sunday, the four of us spent the greater part of the day touring the Foundation’s livestock and farming facilities.

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David and I went to Diana’s apartment early Monday morning for breakfast. She had already invited Garry to join in their Tai Chi class, telling him the exercise would help in his recovery. He jokingly commented, “If I haven’t recovered from this weekend’s exercise, no amount of Tai Chi will make any difference.”

We walked to the gymnasium and Diana warmly greeted everyone. She then introduced Garry and explained that he was visiting the facility while on leave from the Navy. The students went to him and gave him their personal welcome and inundated Garry with questions about his naval career. When the instructor called the class back to order, Garry told them he would be there for several more days and would be glad to answer any questions they had.

We stayed and watched the class as they performed the traditional exercises. Garry commented, "It's been so long since I have been around children that I had no idea kids of that age could be so talented, graceful, and beautiful to watch."

David added, "And don't forget, smart. They are here because they know exactly who they are, where they came from, and why they're here. They represent the future of this planet."

"Diana," Garry said, "Now I understand what you meant when you told me that your project was so challenging."

David and Diana responded together, "And rewarding."

Garry looked at me and asked, "Do they do that often?"

"All the time," I laughingly answered.

The rest of the week fell into its usual routine with new people, young and old, calling and coming to visit our facility. Some stayed, and others moved on, better for their experience. The Foundation was growing in numbers and experienced talent from all walks of life. We had purchased more land on the outskirts of the Springs for the development of farms and livestock preserves. Also, our carpenters and engineer planners were continually expanding our housing facilities for students, workers, and our many volunteers. We also received a fax from the TV station with the list of topics our opposition had sent to them. The station also requested our confirmation of attendance for a taping session on the 15th of July.

## Chapter 26

### Evalin arrives at the Lair

In the Lair of Lucifer's Adversaries, there was total confusion among the members since Jessica's dismissal. All were concerned that if the Prince could fire his number two of the triad without, as far as they knew, any provocation, who would be next. Except for the morning breakfast meetings where he barked orders at his second echelon leaders, the Prince stayed to himself working with his import-export business.

At four p.m. on Monday, Ralph heard a horn blowing outside his office. He angrily pushed the intercom button and abruptly asked, "What the hell's all that noise?"

The secretary in the outer office replied, "There's a god-awful looking chartreuse Cadillac parked in the center of the lot, and a woman just came in. She wants to see you."

"Who is she?"

"She says her name is Evalin Good."

The Prince went and opened his office door saying, "Evalin, I've been waiting to hear from you. Come into my office."

"Later! She said, "I want someone to show me to my quarters and unload my car."

Not accustomed to such impudence, the Prince retorted, "In a moment. Come into my office – we need to talk."

Evalin stood defiantly, "It's been a long drive from Ontario. I'm hot and tired. I need a bath and a place to sleep. We'll talk tomorrow."

Ralph impatiently huffed at the secretary, "Has Jessica's apartment been cleaned yet?"

"Yes Prince, just as you ordered; the crew finished an hour ago."

"Good – now locate a roustabout and have him meet us outside the apartment."

Then to Evalin, he appeased, "I take it you had an uneventful trip."

"Yes, but dull and tiring. Now, let's go so I can get settled."

"After you," he gestured as he opened the door to the parking area.

When they got to the parking lot, he saw her chartreuse hearse and remarked, "Now that's a novel way to travel. You paint it yourself?"

“No, but I had it specially blended, twelve layers of lacquer and the last two flecked with gold.”

“It’s a bit bilious but impressive, to say the least.”

She drove while he directed, and when they arrived at the apartment building; she observed a man waiting outside and remarked, “Where’d you get that hunk?”

Ralph sneered, “He’s at your disposal for as long as you need him. Get yourself settled and I’ll see you tomorrow.”

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That night, just before retiring, Ralph was suddenly aware that Darshanon had materialized in the room. “Well,” he said, “what do you think of your new seer?”

He smugly replied, “She appears very talented and capable, was she your doing?”

Darshanon affirmed, “She was my original choice for my triad but was assigned elsewhere at the time. So I allowed Jessica a chance to prove herself.”

“She didn’t do so well, did she?”

“Worse than you know, but that is my problem;” He continued, “that is why Evalin is here. And the reason I am here now is to tell you that while you may be the temporal leader, make no mistake; she is all seeing and all-knowing and will make the decisions and give you her orders to relay to your people.”

The color drained from Ralph’s face, and he briefly looked like a ghost until he became angry and turned beet red. However, before he could say anything, Darshanon continued, “Evalin is from one of Isis’ first daughter groups and just before this incarnation was a prominent teacher in the School of Yo. Take no offense, for she is here to assist you – but you will follow her instructions. Is that understood?”

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Early the next morning, Prince Rabbles awakened with a continuous rapping on his apartment door. He staggered to his feet, fumbled for the light switch on the way to opening the door.

“Good morning, Prince,” Evalin cheerfully greeted, “you wanted to talk to me!”

“Yes, but not in the middle of the night; what the hell are you doing here so early?”

“It’s not early. It’s nearly six o’clock, and I’ve been up for hours.”

“Well, it’s the middle of the night to me. Go away.”

“I can’t do that; we’ve got to talk before your breakfast meeting.”

“All right,” Ralph said as he started toward the bedroom. “You talk while I get dressed.”

“Do you have any idea what Jessica was doing?”

“Only from what she told me,” came the reply from the next room, “She said she was going psychically to visit Diana’s boyfriend, and when she learned he was in the hospital, she went to see David.”

“You should have been more aware of what she was doing because she has jeopardized our mission.”

Ralph reentered the room, buttoning his shirt, “What do you mean jeopardize? What the hell did she do?”

“During her psychic visits she managed to get one innocent man killed and her target maimed to a point where his soul was removed from his body and taken to Humility in the Universal Guardianship for healing. If that wasn’t enough, she enlisted the help of three sisters to set up an illusion to seduce David.”

Ralph laughed, “Really, did she succeed?”

“It’s no laughing matter!” she exclaimed, “Jessica broke so many of the restrictions placed on us since the ‘lifting of the veil’ that everyone involved, from Darshanon down, had to defend themselves before Justice of the Universal Guardians.”

“So that’s why Darshanon was so angry with her,” he mused.

“And that’s why I am here.”

“Is that also why Geryon was replaced as my personal guardian?”

“Yes.”

“What about the boyfriend?”

“He recovered and was returned to his body with more knowledge than before. He’s presently on convalescent leave and staying with Diana at the Foundation.”

Ralph stated, “That will make him an even greater threat to our project!”

She continued, “I have far-seen that he will eventually become the political, military leader of this continent, and thus, instrumental in the success of the Brotherhood Fleet’s mission.”

“Jessica told me about Farragut, but I assumed the twins were our biggest menace.”

“They will present a few obstacles, but Farragut is the real threat.”

“So, where does that leave us?”

“With a greater problem than ever,” she thoughtfully added, “Unless I stop him.”

Ralph had finished dressing when she said, “It’s time to go.”

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That morning at the breakfast gathering, Prince Rabbles announced, “We have a new member of the staff. Her name is Evalin Good, and she is Jessica’s replacement. I am sure you will all find her talents a great asset to this organization.” He then added, “She has informed me that she will meet with all first and second echelon people here in the hall directly after breakfast for possible reassignments.”

As a murmur rippled through the hall, Evalin stood and addressed the assemblage, “My meeting is not for reprimands, I will only be checking to be sure we have the most qualified people in the proper positions to best serve the Prince, myself, and the project.”

## Chapter 27

Evalin delivers her proclamation

During the time of Garry's convalescent leave from the hospital, the four of us established a rapport and friendship that will last forever into the future.

We drove Garry to the air terminal the morning he had to return to duty. We all said goodbye and watched, as his aircraft disappeared. As we turned to leave, we heard, Jessica say, "I'm not here to make any trouble, but I would like to speak with you."

David and I stood in silence as Diana responded, "Very well. We can talk here in the visitor's lounge."

As Jessica turned and walked toward a row of chairs, we observed a difference in her aura field. It was brighter and lacked its usual dark gray-green appearance. Despite the difference in her aura, David and Diana followed her with all psychic defenses activated. I also felt an increased protection emanating from our personal guardians. After Jessica sat down, we seated ourselves opposite her and then Diana questioned, "What is it, Jessica, why are you here?"

"When I saw you here, I felt it necessary to tell you how sorry I am about Sam's death."

"What has changed? Your actions are entirely out of character."

"I have been to Humility and Compassion seven more times since we were there."

"Why, what have you done now?"

"Nothing wrong; I requested the visits and had spent the equivalent of nearly a hundred years learning about positive creationism."

Skeptically, Diana asked, "Why?"

"I don't know how to explain it, but something happened to me on that trip to Justice that caused a soul altering experience. I felt utterly confused that next morning."

"I guess you did!" Diana emphatically stated, "You were no longer capable of psychically harming anyone."

"It was more than that. I learned about karmic responsibility. I discovered that I had accrued so much negative karma that it's going to take me eons to balance it."

David said, "It's very gratifying to see someone making a choice to change their path of destiny to something positive."

Jessica admitted, “Since my origins, I was taught and believed that my duty was to convince everyone to adhere to the predetermined dictates of our God. My epiphany was the realization that I, along with everyone else, have a choice. That’s when I requested a Melchizedek Guardian.”

Diana telepathically communicated with Marcus, who said, “She is telling the truth. Isch is no longer here, and Grisandra is now her personal guardian.”

Jessica turned spoke to David and me, “I apologize and hope someday to be able to balance our karmic scales.”

David acknowledged her apology with a nod of his head. I said nothing.

Then Diana asked, “Is that what you came to tell us?”

“Partly - the other part is that I am no longer working with Prince Rabbles. A far more potent psychic replaced me.”

“Yes, we know.”

“Do you also know that Evalin acquired her 19-year-old body by dubious occupational mortality? She is in fact, as ageless as time itself, a master of the skills from our mother world of Isis and there are none more treacherous.”

“That, I did not know, but I will be looking for more information.”

I saw Jessica smile for the first time since I have known her, and as she stood to leave, she said, “In that case, I will be going.”

We all stood as Diana asked, “Where?”

“I’m on the way to New Mexico. I learned of another group that I believe can use my talents.”

As Jessica stepped onto the conveyor that would take her to her flight, David said, “Go in peace.”

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That evening, David, Diana, and I were sitting in my apartment watching the holographic images projected into the center of the room. We watched intently as the commentator spoke.

“Tonight we bring you a special weather bulletin on global warming. Our record heat has taken its toll on the last vestiges of the glacial ice at the South Pole. The permafrost is rapidly receding from even the highest mountain peaks. This latest occurrence will increase the already

rising waters around the planet and will claim even more landmass. The massive magnetite lodestone that creates the magnetic North Pole continues to move, and scientists from around the world have agreed that this will continue to increase the instability of the planet. A gradual polar shift has already caused a seven-degree navigational error in relationship to Polaris. The position of the equator is also changing, and no one has been able to predict when the shifting will cease. Meanwhile, torrential rains cause flooding in the low-lying regions and cyclonic storms produce heavy seas which make ocean travel extremely hazardous.”

The scene changed from the storms to the studio commentator who said, “Now we bring you a special health bulletin from Doctor Cleve Schroeder, head of the Center for Disease Control.” The image of Doctor Schroeder appeared and he said, “It has been determined by the offices of the CDC, that the latest outbreak of Oceanic Flu is a direct result of a very virulent form of virus released as the last vestiges of melting ice carried it into the southern ocean and contaminated the sea life. Great caution must be taken when...”

Suddenly, an ectoplasmic body materialized between the image of the doctor and the array of fish and crustaceans. The receiving component unexpectedly switched off, leaving a figure of a woman standing alone in the center of the room. Then she spoke, “I am Evalin Good, and I have disabled your machine so that you will not mistake me for one of the holographic characters. Even though I am not physically present in this room, I am real, I exist, and I will become your worst nightmare. I am the psychic seer who replaced Jessica in Lucifer’s Adversaries.”

“We know all about you,” Diana quietly affirmed.

“I realize that, but I have come to be sure you understand that there will be no more illegal illusions, subliminal thoughts, or any of our time proven methods that the Universal Guardians now prohibit. I will employ other methods, just as effective, to defeat you – and you will be defeated because I do not make mistakes!” The show resumed as suddenly as it ceased, and she was gone.

## Chapter 28

Garry gets promoted and a transfer

Garry returned to the Bethesda hospital, and after completing a full battery of tests reinstated to full duty. He left the hospital and went to the Naval Air Station to arrange a flight back to his duty station. To his surprise, Flight Engineer Conley greeted him, "Hi Skipper, we're here to take you back to the ship."

After they had landed on the flight deck, Garry went to the Personnel Section to report aboard. As he signed in, the Yeoman said, "There's a message for you from Commander Vladimir's office, Sir. It informs you to report to him at 0800, tomorrow.""

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Garry entered Commander Valdemar's office the next morning, snapped to attention, and reported, "Lieutenant Commander Farragut reporting as ordered, Sir."

"At ease Commander; how are you feeling?"

"I'm just fine, thank you, Sir."

Valdemar then asked, "Have you ever met Admiral Tracy?"

"Yes Sir, Admiral Tracy was my political science instructor at Annapolis; however, he had only two stars at the time."

"Did he ever speak to you about a political position in the Navy?"

"Yes Sir, we discussed the possibility, but that was before his assignment to the Joint Chiefs of Staff at the Pentagon and my decision to attend flight school training."

"Well, you certainly made a favorable impression on him because the Admiral remembers you. He included a personal endorsement to your reassignment orders."

Garry wondered, "What reassignment orders?"

"You know that Admiral Tracy received his fourth star before he retired?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you also know that he's been recently appointed as Chairman of the Presidential Military Advisory Board?"

"Yes Sir, I read about it."

Valdemar then referred to the endorsement, "Admiral Tracy says, 'Congratulations on your promotion. I am looking forward to you joining my team.'"

"I don't understand, Sir."

Commander Valdemar stood and came from behind his desk and handed Garry a small box with a set of silver oak leaves and a certificate of promotion. "Congratulations Commander

Farragut,” Commander Valdemar said as he handed Garry an official packet, “Here are your reassignment orders to the assistant of the Vice Chief of Naval Operations in the New Pentagon now located outside of Boulder, Colorado. You will report no later than 2400 hrs on the 22nd. You are authorized three days travel time with an additional seven days delay en route. Do you understand your orders?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Then you are relieved of duty and may sign out any time after midnight tonight. If you choose to take advantage of the seven days delay, there is a special dispatch flight scheduled for 0700 tomorrow. Check with the Ops Officer for authorization to catch a ride stateside with the courier. Otherwise, arrangements for transportation to Denver will take a couple of days, have any questions?”

"No Sir."

Valdemar concluded, "It's been a pleasure having you aboard Commander, and good luck in your new assignment."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Carry on."

Garry came to attention, about-faced and left the office excited about his transfer. It was what he had studied for and a great opportunity to get into the political arena.

After the devastating terrorist's attack on Washington D.C. in 2027 plus the climatic changes and the threat of rising water, the government decided to relocate. With the development of laser holographic projection technology, it was no longer necessary for everyone to be centrally located, so the Federal Government moved to higher elevations. The capital of the United States moved to the mile-high city of Denver, while the rest of the government dispersed into the surrounding areas of Colorado and Wyoming. The new underground Pentagon was in its final stages of construction outside of Boulder.

Garry spent the remainder of the day packing and making arrangements for the shipment of his personal belongings to his next duty station. Later that afternoon, Garry sent a thought message to Gerome, "Please send a messenger to Diana with the news of my reassignment, and that I will call her just as soon as I get stateside."

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The next morning Garry was on the flight deck at 0630. The weather was calmer than usual; the sky was overcast with heavy storm clouds streaming overhead, the sea was broaching fifteen to twenty foot swells with breaking whitecaps, and high thirty knot winds gusting to fifty. At 0700 hours, the special dispatch helicopter lifted off the deck and proceeded on its way toward Florida.

Garry remained lost in thought until an hour later when they began their descent through the broken clouds on their approach to Key West. He gazed in amazement as he spoke into his helmet microphone, "Where's all the land mass gone?"

The pilot answered, "What hasn't been washed away by the violent storms is under water. The ocean has risen nearly five feet in the past three years. The base is presently operating with a skeleton crew just to maintain the automated navigational systems. The numerous storms have destroyed most of the low-lying buildings, and at high tide many of the roads are impassable."

"When's the next high tide?"

"In about four hours, so I suggest that if you are getting out here, you head for higher ground inland. That is unless you want to go with me to Tallahassee or the Seabee base in Gulfport, Mississippi."

"I didn't know you were going there."

"I go wherever there are dispatches. Today, I have a special dispatch for the base commander in Gulfport."

"Great," Garry said, "I'll be going to Gulfport with you."

"You should be able to catch a hop from the Seabee base," the pilot added, "but if not, there are still a few commercial flights out of Gulfport's Regional Airport."

Once airborne from Key West, they followed what used to be the Florida coastline north. Garry observed that the Everglades were now part of the Gulf of Mexico all the way to Lake Okeechobee. He discerned narrow strips of land wending between outcroppings of small islands. There was a scattering of disconnected islets everywhere. He could not believe the devastation caused by the rising water as they traversed the remains of the peninsula to Tallahassee.

Garry again spoke into his helmet mike, "I knew the ice caps had melted, and the diminishing permafrost from the mountains all over the world was adding to the rising water, but I had no idea things had gotten this serious."

Garry sat in silent observation during the overland flight between Tallahassee and Mobile, Alabama. He was speechless when he saw that Mobile Bay was nearly 40 miles wide and extended 250 miles inland. He knew that New Orleans was below sea level, so when he asked.

The pilot explained, "Most of the people, that is, those who hadn't died of the Ocean Flu, evacuated after they lost the battle of building higher breakwaters. They managed to hold the rising tide from coming over their barriers but lost the battle when they could do nothing about the flooding that came from underground."

When they started flying along the Mississippi shoreline, Garry said, "I spent a couple of weeks in Biloxi one summer with a classmate from the Academy. What I remember most, were the beautiful white sandy beaches."

"In that case," the pilot said, "you're not going to recognize the place now." He was right; the beach was gone. The water was breaking on the seawall along Highway 90, and only a narrow strip of land ran between Ocean Springs and Gulfport. As he stared in disbelief at the Back Bay area that he remembered as being half to three-quarters of a mile wide, was now over three miles wide and extended inland clear out of sight.

Once on the ground at the Seabee base, Garry thanked the pilot for the ride and the tour and went to Base Ops to check on a military hop to Colorado. The First Class Yeoman on duty told him there was no traffic going in that direction that day, but there was an F-911 stealth fighter scheduled to go to the Navy Unit at Denver's Lowry AFB, and the pilot was in the B.O.Q

## Chapter 29

### Battle in Space

In the lair of Lucifer's Adversaries, Evalin held meetings with Ralph and the twenty-one people of their second echelon. One of the subjects covered was that of the upcoming TV show. After hours of debate and deliberation, Evalin determined that it would be impossible to refute the truth as stated in the Patrick's book without appearing foolish. She informed Ralph that she would find a way to cancel the show without appearing as though they were the ones backing down.

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In the library of the Foundation, David, Diana, and I discussed the list of topics the opposition had sent to the TV station. We found nothing that could present a problem during any forthcoming confrontation with Lucifer's Adversaries. Diana was elated with the message she received about Garry's new reassignment in Boulder and looked forward to his short visit en route.

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After dinner, David and I were relaxing in my apartment when we heard Diana's thought projection, "David, Beth, come quickly!"

"Diana, what's wrong!" I projected in return.

"That Evalin woman is in my quarters but won't say why she's come until we are all here."

David and I quickly made our way to Diana's apartment. Evalin stood defiantly in her ethereal embodiment in the center of the room. Diana demanded, "Now tell us why you are here and what you want."

With a smug mocking smile, Evalin spoke, "I've come to give you some news before you get it from some less reliable source." Mixed with cruel laughter, she continued, "The 'War In The Heavens' has begun, and our superior forces have just attacked your precious Reclamation Fleet. There was massive damage to the fleet and your leaders destroyed. Now you have something other than a TV show to ruminate." As her image slowly dematerialized, her uproarious laughter faded into silence.

The three of us stood in stunned disbelief of what we just heard. Diana quickly asked her guardian Marcus, "Is it true, has the fleet been attacked?"

Marcus replied, “When I heard what she said, I sent for and just received confirmation. I am afraid she is telling the truth. The fleet was indeed attacked, but I have no more information than that.”

Diana said, “Evalin was right about one thing, we do have something more important to do than attending a TV show taping. We have to contact our extraterrestrial friends and offer assistance.”

While Diana went to her crystal case to get Maven’s blue quartz crystal from its velvet pouch, I announced that I would handle contacting the TV station with a request to postpone the taping session.

When she returned, we sat in a circle and summoned Maven. Instead of Maven appearing as expected, we heard the voice of a mid-way messenger who delivered this message, “Maven says to tell you, 'the fleet has been viciously attacked by the forces of Arturo. I am presently involved with the rescue efforts to reclaim the souls of those mortals murdered. I know that none of you are presently in danger, so I will attend you when my work is done.'”

“We must do something!” exclaimed Diana, “I must go there.”

The messenger continued, “Maven anticipated your reaction and further says, 'If Diana feels that she must come to assist, there is a contingent waiting as an escort.’”

“That's better,” sighed Diana, “I will be ready shortly.”

David commented, “Maven knows us – all too well.”

We went with Diana into her room where she reclined on the bed, closed her eyes, and said, “I have no idea what I'll find there, but will hold communication with you while I'm gone.” Her eyelids fluttered, and she was on her way.

David and I sat on opposite sides of Diana's bed and waited quietly. Diana spoke, “I have arrived at the scene of the battle – I cannot believe the carnage. There is wreckage from destroyed space vessels scattered throughout a volume of space the size of Earth. There are also bodies and parts of bodies floating among the wreckage. I can see tens of thousands of souls moving in mass confusion. There are personal guardians from both positive and negative forces desperately trying to locate the souls of those who were thrust from their crushed, mutilated, burned, or disintegrated bodies.”

David said with concern, “It's time to find our soul mate.”

“And Holms' wife, Joyce,” I added.

After a short pause, Diana said, “I am now aboard the Mother Vessel.”

Two minutes passed without a word, and David said, “Something must be wrong, she should have said something by now.”

Before David could ask anything, his guardian, Delta Phi sent a thought message to us, “Diana and Marcus have returned through time, she is safe, here on Earth. He is working with her to calm her soul and lower her energy levels before reentering her body.”

“I am not surprised,” I said, “she has just returned from a soul altering experience.”

Another three minutes passed before Diana's eyelids fluttered and then opened. She sat up slowly with an expression of sorrow that I have never seen before. With tears streaming down her beautiful face, she said, “If I had not seen it, I would not have believed such massive slaughter was possible. Over a thousand of our brothers lost their mortalities in an unprovoked savage massacre.”

David and I sat transfixed and speechless from the devastating news while Diana went to the bathroom to regain her composure. When she returned, she was nearly her usual self but obviously emotionally shaken as she said, “I have seen and been part of something these past three universal days (55 planetary days) that no one should have to witness much less be caught up in. What I cannot understand is why anyone would deliberately and maliciously attack a mission of mercy. It would be like blowing up an ambulance and killing the doctors while it was en route to rescue victims of some disaster.”

“Has anything happened to Holms or Joyce?” David asked again.

Diana said, “Joyce is okay. She was working on one of the agricultural vessels and was never in any danger,” then she added, “and Holms will recover.”

“What do you mean, Holms will recover? David insisted.

“Holms was rescued from one of the damaged shuttlecrafts. That is partly why I was gone for so long. He had been severely injured so I spent many days with him aboard the specialized vessel containing the Healing Light treatment rooms. He was about to return to duty when Marcus brought me home.”

David said, “Now tell us who attacked the fleet and why.”

“When I got to the Mother Vessel,” Diana explained, “I found Vesta, a longtime friend and master psychic who told me that the seers of the fleet had received word from Cigna that an attack by a small fleet of Arturo's forces was imminent. They were informed that the assault

force would consist of a large command ship and one hundred fighters. Arturo's forces were cloaked in a time dimension and about to emerge upon the fleet. Their intent was to kill and destroy the leaders and command personnel of the reclamation crew. The Delta Gamma immediately dispatched three squadrons of fighter craft that also shifted into three other time dimensions. He got volunteers to man the shuttlecraft and lightering vessels while the psychic illusionary team made it appear as though the targeted personnel was aboard the shuttles. Holms volunteered to go on one of the shuttlecrafts that were a decoy running for safety to the newly constructed supply base on Io.”

Diana continued, “Vesta told me that the ploy was successful in that none of the targeted personnel were ever near the actual battle. Once the decoy shuttlecraft drew the attack force well clear of the main fleet, our fighters emerged from time space and eradicated the entire Arturo force.”

David inquired, “I thought it was brotherhood policy to give its enemies a chance to surrender.”

Diana responded, “I asked Vesta the same question, and she told me that they were given no quarter because it was a vicious, unprovoked attack on a reclamation fleet. Our fighters destroyed every attacking vessel to the last man, however, not without tremendous cost of life and materials. We lost three shuttlecrafts and their crews, badly damaged four others and sustained many casualties. A total of 1,734 Brotherhood beings lost their mortalities. We recovered their souls and escorted them to our fifth level recovery world. There were also 2,164 persons injured in various degrees. By the end of our retaliation, Arturo's fifth level recovery world received 2,225 souls.”

After that statement, we all sat in bewildered silence. David finally spoke, “Sis, it's about time we all get some sleep.”

“I guess you're right,” Diana replied, “but I don't know if I'll be able to sleep.”

I placed my hands on her temples and could feel an intense pulsing of blood to her brain. We allowed the universal healing energy to flow and within minutes, she closed her eyes as the pulsing diminished into a regular sleep rhythm.

David and I returned to my apartment, and he said, “I realize it's early morning and we need to get some sleep. You are a healer, and my question concerns the healing Light, I vaguely remember using it on occasion, but what is it and how does it work?”

I explained, “The Light is produced by a most remarkable crystalline device. In the case of mortals, the device is capable of determining a soul’s natural essence and identifies any abnormalities. It then prescribes an herbal elixir that when administered to the patient works, in conjunction with the light, to heal and restore the physical structure to its original fitness. In the case of immortals in soul state, the light works to rejuvenate and enhance the soul to its normal essence.”

“Thanks,” David said, “the Light sure will be useful after the fleet gets here. Now it’s time to get some sleep.”

We went to bed, and as David wrapped his strong arms around me, I was thinking how wonderful it was to be alive, and David said, “I agree.”

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Diana slept fretfully for several hours and woke with a start. There was an image of a disaster fresh in her mind, not of the fleet, but one involving Garry. When Maven registered Diana’s request for continuous surveillance for future problems, Valeria volunteered to keep the vigilance. Diana mentally contacted her Pleiadian sister who incarnated at Cigna about 230 years prior. Valeria revealed that she had sent Diana the images of the incident. Having received this knowledge, Diana thought, “I’ve got to go and warn him of what I have learned,” Marcus, having heard all that transpired between Diana and Valeria, called for a contingent to accompany them as Diana prepared to leave her body.

When she arrived in Garry’s room in the BOQ, in Gulfport, Mississippi, he was getting dressed to join the pilot of the F-911 for breakfast before their flight to Denver’s Lowry AFB. “Garry!” Diana exclaimed, “You can’t let that plane take off until its repaired or replaced.”

Garry stood wide-eyed in astonishment and responded, “Diana, what are you doing here – and what are you talking about?”

She carefully sent him her explanation; “There is a hairline crack in the main strut of the port landing gear. That strut will further weaken under the stress of takeoff and ultimately fail upon landing causing loss of the plane and its crew.”

After a few seconds of stunned silence, Garry said, “I don’t need to ask you how you know this, but how can I explain this to the pilot and ground crew?”

“During your walk around inspection, I will make the crack visible so you can show the pilot. He can then report it. That strut must be replaced before takeoff.”

While the ground crew was replacing the landing gear strut, Diana told Garry about the vicious attack on the fleet and her experiences with Holms and others during their recovery. Then she said, “I feel that I must visit the Guardians. My soul is troubled to the core, and I need sometime within Humility for healing and Compassion for learning.”

Garry said, “I understand, and I can think of no better place to receive the solace you need.”

Diana reassured him, “I have already looked ahead, and all will be okay on your flight home. I’ll see you there.”

## **Chapter 30**

### Garry receives a lessons in metaphysics

When David and I awoke the next morning and went to check on Diana, we found a note fastened to her door. It read, “I have gone Out of Body to help Garry. Will explain all later; Love to you both, Diana.”

As we were returning to David’s apartment, Garry, dressed in his summer white uniform, stepped out of a rented antigravity vehicle and joined us saying, “It’s good to see you again.”

“Congratulations,” David said, “on your assignment to the Pentagon.”

We entered the apartment; David and Garry took seats at the kitchen counter bar while I prepared some herbal tea. I looked over my shoulder and commented, “You sure look mighty handsome in that uniform – Commander! After recognizing the new insignia, I exclaimed, “Garry, you got promoted!”

He smiled his little boy smile and asked, “Is Diana back yet?”

David asked inquisitively, “How do you know she’s not here?”

“Before she left me last night, she told me about the attack on the Fleet and that she was going to go to the Universal Guardians for solace.”

Just then, an image started to form beside Beth in the kitchen. It shimmered and faded, then returned and began to take shape and appearance. “Diana!” David exclaimed, “Put some clothes on.” The image disappeared as we all stared at where it had been. Before anyone could say anything, the sliding glass door to the patio opened and Diana, fully clothed, walked in laughing, and said, “It seems I need a bit more practice before I appear in public.”

Garry stood, and as Diana came and threw her arms around his neck, he said, “I prefer the real Diana to any facsimile.” They stood embraced in a long kiss. Garry then held her at arm's length and asked, “Thanks again for saving my life, but how did you know the landing strut was about to fail?”

Diana explained, “Two nights ago I had a vision of you dying in a plane crash. I immediately contacted Valeria. She confirmed that she had sent me the vision and then gave me all the details of the event. I simply used the information to correct the situation and prevented the plane crash.”

“That’s paradoxical,” declared Garry, “if you and Valeria saw it happen, and you then prevented it from occurring, neither of you could have seen it, because you prevented it from happening.”

David laughed and said, “Not at all, since the disaster Valeria and Diana saw actually occurred in our future. By taking preventive actions before the actual event, as relative time moves forward, the disaster never occurred. Since she had the vision of what was the past of the corrective action, the occurrence of the vision did not change. She had, therefore, received the vision even though the disaster was averted.”

“David!” I interjected, “I did not understand a word of what you just said. Will someone please explain it simply?”

Diana said, “With our mortal concept of time, we cannot change anything that occurred yesterday because it already happened. However, if we receive knowledge of an event from a future point in time, and take measures to change it, the outcome will be different. Therefore, if you change a situation so that when the future becomes the present; you would have in effect, changed your current reality of the event.”

“Now I think I understand,” I said, “if you had not made it possible to prevent the plane crash, Garry would not be here right now.”

A cold chill passed through Garry as flashes of what might have been entered his mind.

David then questioned, “What did you mean when you said; Valeria gave you all the details of the event?”

We all sat in awestruck silence as Diana explained, “Valeria told me that Evalin had contacted several entities at the School of Yo and instructed them to find a weak point on that aircraft and affect the structural integrity of that point.”

“But why that plane?” asked Garry.

“Evalin Good knew exactly where you were and what aircraft you would be aboard and why.”

Garry asked, “Why is she so interested in me?”

“I was hoping you wouldn’t ask, but since you did, I am obligated to tell you the truth. I don’t mean to alarm you, but Evalin Good has made you her prime project to see that you do not fulfill your chosen path of destiny.”

The color drained from Garry's face, and then he asked, "Why is she so concerned with what I do?"

"As a daughter of Isis, she is a master psychic seer and has seen where you will present a major problem to the Negative Collective in the future. That is why Jessica assaulted you, and now that Evalin has taken her place, she has picked up the gauntlet to prevent your success."

We all quietly sat until Garry broke his contemplative silence by asking, "What the hell did I ever do that's made the opposition so uptight about me?"

Diana thought carefully before answering, "Garry, my love, it's not what you've done, but rather what you may do in your future that concerns them. Since your path of destiny is your choice and your choice alone, I do not have the right to tell you what you will, or will not do. Nor does anyone have the right to dictate or change your chosen path of destiny and I am here at your side to protect that right of choice."

We all thought Garry might ask more questions, but when he did not, I asked Diana, "Didn't Evalin just perpetrate another act of war, what can we do about it?"

"Yes it was, but before we do anything, I wish to consult with Maven."

David then changed the subject by asking, "Where did you learn how to materialize like that?"

"After I had left the Guardians, I came home by way of Cigna to visit with Valeria, and when I told her about how Evalin popped in and out on us, she taught me the basic concepts of protoplasmic materialization – and while on Cigna, I did rather well." A slightly embarrassed Diana added, "But as I said before, I'll need more practice before I appear here in public."

David commented, "You are also getting good at time travel."

"With help from Marcus," Diana admitted, "I have not yet mistakenly returned to my body before I left."

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After a light breakfast, David and I went back to my apartment so that Diana and Garry could have some time together.

Diana and Garry were sitting on the couch discussing the extraordinary events of the past couple of days when Garry said, "I have been able to remember many past lives in various occupations within the Brotherhood Fleet. True, I was never part of a reclamation project, but the operation can't be too dissimilar to trade vessel escorts."

Diana asked, “What are you getting at, Garry?”

“It’s just that illusion and time manipulation is such a large part of every fleet’s itinerary. Nothing moves any great distance through space without using multiple time dimensions and time tunnels. Therefore, I was wondering what the outcome of that assault would be if the Delta Gamma had been notified several weeks in advance.”

“Garry!” Diana exclaimed as she hugged him, “That’s absolutely brilliant! Why didn’t I think of that?”

“Perhaps you were too busy saving my backside again.”

Diana excitedly sent a thought message, “David, I hate to intrude on any interlude, but would you and Beth please come here? Garry and I have something paramount to share with you.”

Diana received in return, “We’ll be right there.”

I was in the kitchen preparing tea when I intercepted the thought messages. I joined David at the back door, took his hand, and said, “I wonder if they are about to announce their engagement.” David only smiled as we crossed the patio to Diana’s apartment and tapped gently on her sliding glass door.

Diana called, “Come in.”

As we entered, I said, “The only interlude you interrupted was my formulation of a new herbal tea concoction.”

Diana commented, “Beth, you are becoming very proficient at thought reception.”

David said, “And she was wondering if you are about to announce your engagement.”

Garry interjected, “Not quite yet, but something almost as important.”

Diana continued, “Garry just suggested that if I had informed the Fleet of the impending attack well before it occurred, the outcome could be much different.”

David instantly understood and exclaimed, “You are absolutely right! We’ve all been so concerned with the aftermath of the attack itself, no one thought of that possibility.”

Diana went to her room and returned with Maven’s blue quartz crystal. After holding the crystal to her forehead and making a brief contact with Maven, she said, “He was surprised that I am calling him from here, at this time. He is still in the middle of recovery operations and thought I was still with the Fleet.”

David said, “Actually in their reality, you are; for the next 52 of their consecutive days.”

Diana continued, “I told him of our pre-notification idea, and he said it was my choice to do so.”

Diana went to sit on the couch and said, “I’ll be right back.” Her eyelids fluttered twice and reopened as she laughingly said, “That’s the closest I’ve come to returning before I left.”

Garry stammered, “What just happened?”

David said, “She just traveled back in time to inform the Delta Gamma of the details of the forthcoming attack on his fleet.”

Garry went and sat beside Diana and said, “I knew you could do it, but not in the blink of an eye.”

I dryly commented, “It was actually, two blinks.”

When we stopped laughing, David said, “It’s time to contact Maven again and find out the Fleet’s present situation.”

Diana again placed the crystal to her forehead and made mental contact with Maven. Suddenly the room brightened with Maven’s aura as he appeared in our midst. Garry knew Maven well and had seen him in soul state in Edentia but never had he seen or expected to see this magnificent seven and a half foot shimmering entity as he stood in the center of the room.

Maven spoke, “I bring you greetings from the Delta Gamma and gratitude from the members of the Fleet. The information they received from Diana made it possible to avert disaster. There was still an attack, and a brief battle ensued, however, the outcome was far different from what it was before her warning. There are only a few of us, not taking part in the actual battle, that have any realization of what occurred in the altered time dimension.”

I said, “Maven, I understand how Diana alerted the fleet before the attack happened, and I understood everything you said up until – the altered time dimension.”

“Beth,” Maven explained, “That’s what happens during time manipulation. When Diana went back in time to inform the Delta Gamma, she altered their reality because they then knew something they had not known at that same point in time before. Thus, everything that happened from that new knowledge point forward occurred in a different dimension of time.”

I asked, “Does that mean the first attack did not happen?”

“No, that attack happened exactly as was seen.” Maven stated, “But only in the original timeline, not in the altered one. Those involved in the second skirmish have only the realization of what happened during that occurrence.”

“In that case,” I said, “please tell us, what happened in this new timeline?”

“When the Delta Gamma received the knowledge, he had ample time to prepare illusionary decoy vessels that would accompany a couple of manned shuttlecraft into a position that would divert the attention of the attacking fighters away from the main body of the fleet. He also posted three defensive fighter groups in strategic locations in time. At the point of attack, when the Arturian fighters emerged from time-space and began their assault, our defense force swooped in around them. The fighting was fierce but short. The commander of Arturo’s mother craft surrendered and recalled its fighters before they were utterly annihilated. We lost two shuttle craft, and some of their crews sustained multiple injuries.”

Diana asked, “How many command personnel was lost?”

“There was only one fatality where the physical structure could not be salvaged, and that soul has elected to take on an occupational mortality.”

I commented, “You make it sound like recovering a piece of machinery.”

“Beth, I apologize if I seemed insensitive, but with our ability, through the use of the Light, to heal and nearly restore a physical body to its original state, we do, in essence, salvage those we can.” Maven paused, and asked, “Are there any more questions?”

I know my mind was reeling with the information we had just received; everyone else must have felt the same way because we all remained silent.

Maven complimented us on our resourcefulness, “Well met, indeed. Even though the members of the Fleet only know the last scenario, the Delta Gamma, and a few other high-ranking officers are knowledgeable of your actions and send their grateful acknowledgment. I must now return to the Fleet, but if you have need of me, I am but a thought away.” The room returned to its normal state as Maven left us.

By now it was time for lunch, so Diana and I prepared a meal. As we sat at the informal dining table, Diana commented, “Garry sure has gotten more than his share of metaphysical phenomenon the past couple of days.”

Garry replied, “I remember everything from our childhood travels, and since I met the three of you, not much surprises me anymore, but there is one thing that Maven said that I did not recognize.”

“What’s that,” Diana asked.

“He said something about a soul electing to occupy a mortality.”

David conjectured, “I think Garry means an occupational mortality.”

“That’s it,” Garry said, “What does it mean?”

Diana stated, “Universally speaking, occupational mortality is a very complex subject that involves an entire branch of its own academia, but essentially it is a process whereby, one soul who no longer wishes to maintain its physical body, can relinquish it to another soul being.”

“Why would anyone do that?” Garry asked.

“There are many reasons, but in a case such as a highly qualified officer of the fleet with knowledge and experience, who lost his physical body, there is not time for him to go through the rebirthing and educational process, it is advantageous to accept an occupational mortality.”

“I can understand that, but why would anyone give up a perfectly healthy body to another?”

“That’s just it,” David said, “the reason a soul gives up its physical body is usually because its structure has been damaged and the occupying soul does not have the will to remain and fight to regain its continuance, so that soul surrenders its body.”

Diana concluded, “And it is up to the entering soul to heal whatever damage is involved, plus take on any additional karmic responsibilities the evacuating soul may have left unfinished. As I said, occupational mortality is a very complex issue.”

I thought about what I had just heard and questioned, “If extraterrestrial immortals can elect to assume an occupational mortality, does it occur here on the planet?”

“It occurs more often than you may think. There are always more souls than there are physical bodies to house them; therefore, anytime a soul elects to evacuate its mortal structure, there is always another being willing to salvage the body.”

“That sounds like a form of suicide to me,” I said, “and that is contrary to Universal Law.”

David said, “To forfeit one’s body to occupational mortality is a means to end their journey without the karmic stigma of suicide, and is not contrary to Universal Law.”

Diana continued, “If, for example, someone is involved in a drowning mishap, other than an intentional suicide, to where death occurs and the soul actually leaves the body; that soul may elect not to reenter. In that case, another soul could reclaim the body. That’s why, in many situations of near death experiences, friends and relatives sometimes remark, ‘He’s not the same

person since the accident.’ That’s because it’s not the same soul inhabiting the body and may act differently even though he or she has retained all the memories and experiences of that physical structure since its birth.”

Garry interjected, “Now I see why you said it’s such a complex subject.”

David commented, “We have a collection of manuscripts stored on laser disks in our library on the subject. You could learn more from work by Ruth Montgomery entitled, ‘Strangers Among Us.’ She wrote many books about the paranormal during the 1960’s era, and in this book, she referred to these beings as Walk-Ins, but in actuality, she was writing about occupational mortality.”

## Chapter 31

Garry reports for duty in Boulder

Garry stayed his entire leave with us at the Foundation. Mary Shaw Patrick invited us to attend dinner with them on the evening before Garry was to return to duty. On that morning, Diana told David that she had some unfinished business in the office. She then asked him to take Garry and me to their parent's house for dinner, and she would meet us there. When we arrived around three in the afternoon, Diana's gravity car was already there. As we entered the vestibule, Mary greeted us by saying, "Dinner will be ready shortly. Come in and be seated, you are just in time to join us for a preprandial glass of wine."

As we entered the living room, Garry looked around and asked, "Where's Diana?"

"She's upstairs," Mary said, "she'll be right down."

Gordon poured the wine, and as he moved about the room serving, Diana entered from the hallway. Just as Garry began to get up from his chair, Mary walked up to him and said, "Congratulation on your promotion. How do you feel about your new assignment?" Garry settled back in the chair and answered, "Although I don't understand how it all came about so suddenly, I am looking forward to the challenge."

Gordon said, "From what I understand, you will soon be in a favorable position to influence those hardline politicians to a more positive and peaceful approach to the planet's problems."

"I certainly hope so," Garry said, "wars have never solved anything; they only create more reasons to retaliate and escalate. Only with peace, can positive creation occur."

The small talk continued another twenty minutes when Mary emerged from the kitchen with a platter of food and place it on the dining room table. Diana and I went with her to the kitchen and helped bring out the rest of the dinner.

David came and held my chair as I seated myself at the table and Garry assisted Diana. After Gordon had seated Mary, he took his place at the head of the table.

When I noticed that Diana was not eating, I began to sense something different about her, so I asked, "Are you feeling all right, Diana? Aren't you hungry?"

Diana smiled broadly and stated, "I'm just fine; and in fact, I am so fine I am ready to appear in public." Suddenly her chair was empty, and everyone except Mary gasped. A second later Diana walked from the hallway through the living room, took her seat at the table, saying, "Please pass the potatoes, materialization sure burns a lot of energy, I'm famished."

I was amazed at her nonchalant attitude of her accomplishment and said, "Diana, that was fantastic, you were here with us for more than a half hour, and no one suspected anything."

Diana explained, “Mom knew. I had to tell her because I was sure that she would have suspected and might have said something at the wrong time.”

Mary said, “That’s why I stopped Garry from going to her when she came in. I was not sure she had perfected the materialization to where she could be touched.”

I said, “But you helped carry food from the kitchen.”

Diana replied, “I was able to do that because I was prepared for the tactile interaction and if you recall, I only carried the very lightest of things.”

After a delightful dinner, we returned to the living room where Garry asked, “Diana, do you have any more surprises for us?”

Just one,” she said as she revealed a small green velvet pouch attached to a gold chain around her neck. She unclipped the pouch from the chain and said, “Garry, we have loved each other through eons, and once again we find each other as mortals on this troubled planet.” She opened the pouch and removed a small pure white quartz crystal. She placed the crystal in Garry’s hand with hers on top of it and said, “I can find you anywhere at any time, but you have not been able to contact me without going Out of Body. That is, up until now. I have imprinted my essence into this crystal, and with it, you can find me anywhere at any time. I am but a thought away.”

“I don’t know quite what to say.” Garry closed his hand around the crystal and then said, “Thank you, I can feel the connection and always will. I love you, Diana.”

She jokingly added, “Now you won’t have to get Gerome to send a messenger to find me.”

They both burst out laughing and embraced; she and Garry then exchanged a long soulful kiss.

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David and I gave Garry our farewells on Sunday night so that they could be alone together at his departure. Diana wanted to accompany him to the airport, but as they embraced and kissed each other, he convinced her it was unnecessary. Garry, again dressed in his summer uniform, drove off to catch his flight to Boulder.

## Chapter 33

Garry met Lark at the Admiral's ranch

Garry had an uneventful flight to Boulder and reported to the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations. He signed in and received a yellow identification badge along with instructions to report to Captain Newbern the next morning in Building A-5.

At 0700, an armed Marine Sergeant challenged him at the entrance of Building A-5 and checked his ID badge. When Garry told him that he was to report to Captain Newbern the sergeant said, "Yes Sir, Commander, if you will please have a seat in the waiting room, the Captain will be here shortly."

Forty-five minutes passed, and Garry, now tired of sitting, stood and walked to a window while thinking, "This place is more like a naval training facility than what I expected here, rush like hell to be on time, then stand around and wait."

"I heard that Commander Farragut, but you are correct. The wheels of progress around here sometimes grind slowly."

Garry looked around in amazement for it is not every day that someone in the military could read his thoughts. Then he saw her, a tall, attractive woman wearing captain's eagles on her shoulder boards.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Commander; I'm Captain Newbern, and I have instructions to take you through security clearance and if you pass, on to Chairman Tracy's office. Please come with me."

She turned and started walking down a corridor; Garry fell-in to her left and accompanied her to the elevator. Another Marine guard came from inside a secure booth and checked their ID badges. Five seconds later the elevator door slid open. Garry followed the Captain into the lift and asked, "Is security always this tight?"

"You haven't seen anything yet."

"Can I ask where we're going, or is that classified?"

She smiled for the first time and said, "Since your security clearance is presently top secret, you are only authorized access to underground level three."

"How many levels are there?"

“Seven.”

The elevator eased to a stop, and the door slid open. They stepped out into a room no bigger than the elevator. There were several surveillance cameras mounted close to the ceiling in each corner. A glass-topped pedestal stood by the exit door. Captain Newbern, placed her left hand on the glass plate, a blue, green light came on for a second and went out.

The Captain said, “Now you Commander.”

Garry placed his left hand on the glass top, and the light flicked on then off. After a few seconds and nothing had happened, Garry asked, “What’s next?”

“Patience, Commander, since this is the first time you have been here, your palm print is being registered. In a few minutes, you will be undergoing a complete security profile exam. I will see you again later.”

The exit door open and an armed guard escorted him down a hallway and into a room filled with electronic equipment. The guard said, “Please be seated, someone will be here shortly.”

Upon completion of the security interrogation, Garry wore a green ID badge in place of the yellow one. The guard met Garry at the door and escorted him down one flight of stairs. Painted above an archway was Chairman, Military Advisory Board. Just inside the arch was a reception room where the guard spoke to the First Class Yeoman sitting at her desk, “Please inform the Captain that Commander Farragut has completed security clearance and is here as directed.”

“Thank you, Sergeant.” She pressed a lever on a video monitor and reported, “Commander Farragut is here, ma'am.”

Behind the receptionist’s desk was a heavy oak door and when a buzzer sounded, the guard opened the door, and Garry entered a large office to find Captain Newbern sitting before a holographic computer console. He realized this was her office because the brass nameplate on a desk read Captain Brette Newbern.

He quickly surveyed the room. Shoulder high partitions divided the room into three cubicles. On the door in the center of the back wall was a large brass plate with four silver stars. The engraving read Walter Tracy, United States Navy Retired.

As he entered, she looked up and said, “Welcome aboard Commander, I’m Admiral Tracy’s Adjutant.”

When Garry looked puzzled and emanated, “I thought the Admiral was retired.”

Captain Newbern said, “The Admiral is retired; however he prefers to be called Admiral, he’s more used to it, than Mr. Chairman.”

“Is he here?”

“The Admiral is presently in New Mexico and not expected back until Friday. Since we will be working on several critical projects together, we will have a few days to get you briefed on the major ones.”

“Very good,” Garry said. Then changing the subject, he asked, “Tell me Captain; how long have you been reading thoughts?”

“About two and a half years.”

“That’s a most unusual skill for someone born before 2002.”

“Yes I know, but I have a most outstanding teacher. You may even meet her this weekend. Meanwhile, this will be your office.” She left the computer and walked across the room saying, “Your desk is over here behind this partition.”

Garry spent the remainder of the week getting settled in the B.O.Q. And generally indoctrinating himself to his new surroundings. Thursday afternoon, Captain Newbern went to Garry’s office area and announced, “I just received a message from the Admiral; he should be back in Boulder late Friday and wants to meet you. A staff car will pick you up at 1000 hours Saturday morning. The dress is casual; no one wears uniforms at the ranch.” Then added, “Even though it is August, dress warmly, the ranch is at 7,200 feet.”

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Garry, dressed in slacks and a sweater while carrying a parka stood in front of the officers quarters when an antigravity staff car arrived, hovered to a stop and settled at the curb. He opened the back door to find Captain Newbern behind the controls.

“Good morning,” she said, “Why don’t you sit up front?” He closed the back door and slid into the bucket seat beside her.

“Good morning, this is a pleasant surprise. You didn’t mention that you would be the chauffeur.”

“I spend most weekends at the ranch whether he’s there or not. He is there today, and expecting us.”

“You certainly are full of surprises. Can you tell me where we’re going?”

“The Admiral has a 55-acre ranch about 40 miles west of Boulder. As I mentioned, the ranch is at 7,200 feet. At that altitude, the wind blows most of the time and keeps the air relatively clean. It is a beautiful place where one can get away from the pressures of government.”

They left the base and followed Highway 119 west to state road 72 where she increased the vertical thrust and traversed the remaining 12 overland miles to the ranch. As they cleared an outcropping of gigantic boulders, Garry saw the sprawling eight-bedroom ranch house constructed of fieldstone and natural rock. On the far side of a small pine forest, there was a matching barn and stables, along with several more outbuildings.

The captain settled the vehicle on the courtyard in front of the main house, and as they debarked, a beautiful young girl burst from the front door and dashed to greet them. “Hi, Brette,”

“Hi, yourself – I want you to meet...”

“I know; it’s Commander Garry.”

“This is Lark,” the Captain explained, “she’s very informal and means no disrespect.”

“Pleased to meet you Lark, and it’s okay with me providing, you drop the commander.”

Brette put her arm around Lark and said, “This beautiful young lady is my teacher of telepathy and Ontology.”

Lark smiled at Garry and said, “Come on into the house, there’s someone waiting to see you.”

They climbed the flagstone steps, crossed a large veranda, and entered the house. Garry was expecting to meet the Admiral but was surprised when an attractive woman entered the room, as Lark said, “Garry, this is my mother. I believe you know her.”

As the woman approached them, Garry instantly recognized his 12th-grade political science teacher and declared, “Mrs. Larson! You haven’t aged a day since...” and as he paused to calculate, Gloria Larson resolved, “Since you graduated high school fourteen years ago.”

“It’s wonderful to see you again, Mrs. Larson, but what’re you doing here?”

“I live here, Garry, this is my home.” When she saw his puzzled expression, she explained, “My adopted name is Tracy, and the Admiral is my stepfather.” She continued, “No one stands on formality here at the ranch; please call me Gloria.”

Garry glanced at the Captain who cheerfully said, “And I am Brette, everywhere except on base.”

Garry smiled broadly and said, “Yes, ma’am.”

## Chapter 34

Evalin visits her mother,  
Isisthen on to the school of YO  
to develop a sinister plot

After Diana's dramatic departure and Evalin's retort, Prince Rabbles sat silently fuming, "You can't talk to me like that. I'm still the temporal leader of this outfit."

Evalin coolly replied, "You may be the temporal leader, but I am still the one in charge, and I will keep you informed with what you need to know. Now go play with your exports, I have work to do!" As she stood to leave, she added, "I'll be in my quarters and do not wish to be disturbed."

She returned to her apartment to ponder her next course of action. Evalin wondered, "How can this inexperienced novice seer be capable of the acts she has demonstrated? She must be getting help from somewhere."

Evalin relaxed in her recliner chair, closed her eyes, projected her vision back in time, and was instantly viewing the battle between the Brotherhood fleet and the forces of Arturo. All seemed as it had before and she could not understand Diana's comment about misconstruing the facts. She continued to follow the battle forward, and suddenly the timeline ended. She sat up with a start saying, "What the hell just happened?"

She gave the matter some thought and again projected her thought back in time, but this time she went back before the battle began and learned that the Fleet was preparing for the event. Sliding back even further, she saw where Diana appeared on the Mother Vessel and alerted the Delta Gamma of the impending danger. She thought, "That little witch. How did she know to do that?"

Evalin again closed her eyes, but this time she left her body and instantly appeared in the presence of her mother on her home world planet. Isis said, "Greetings, daughter BrIs, what brings you home?"

"I have encountered someone with more ability than she should have and..."

"You mean that little mortal, Diana Patrick," Isis said.

"Yes, where is she getting her information and abilities? She is a split soul, and this is her first incarnation as a seer."

Isis explained, “You have confronted Raven on several occasions, and you defeated her brilliantly at the overthrow of the Isle of Mist. Just because she split her soul for this incarnation does not make her any less of a threat. This time she began her training under the tutelage of Marion of Avalon and continued within the school of the Melchizedek even before the soul split. After the mitosis, the being now known as Diana Patrick displayed remarkable abilities and surpassed even Marion’s expectations. As you know, Marion is the mortal mother of David and Diana. The girl received even more extensive training while in the womb, and her training continues from many sources. As your sister IrIs, (Jessica) learned, that one has become a formidable opponent for one so universally young.”

BrIs said, “IrIs has always been weak, and I am not surprised she has abandoned our house and has accepted the Melchizedek philosophy.”

“She will soon learn that there is little reward for goodness, she will eventually return to her soul’s true nature.”

BrIs changed the subject by asking, “What do you recommend I do about the boyfriend?”

“Since you can no longer attack Drake (Garry) directly, you must identify everyone that could be aiding him and undermine their support. There are too many for you alone, so you must get some assistance in the continued fight to arouse dissension and conflict. You will also need to support all those that would work in your favor. I suggest you seek the assistance of our old friend Oswald in the School of Yo, but before you go, you should contact Darshanon.”

They spent several more hours in planetary wide psychic research. After they had identified seven key people that would present future problems, Evalin sent a messenger to Darshanon with her proposed plans to solicit the required help from the School of Yo. She made another jump through time-space and entered the familiar office of the school’s chairman. “Greetings, Oswald, divine one of great power.”

“BrIs, I thought you were playing at being mortal on that far distant planet, Earth. What brings you here?”

“I need some assistance in resolving some problems.”

“Our facility is, as always, at your disposal.”

“Do you recall the strategy I used during the crusade against the Celtics?”

“You replaced some of the Druid priests with our own and eventually drove the Pagan God worshipers out of existence.”

“And in so doing, we ensured our church’s domination.”

“Are you planning on using that strategy again, if so, what do you need?”

“Yes, and I require my friends and colleagues that were with me the last time I defeated Raven on Earth.”

“I believe some of them are here and we can summon others.”

“Excellent, I will need beings with substantial illusionary powers that can cloak their thoughts and actions from others. I will also need several experts in transmutation. I must have seven entities with secure, undetectable mind control capabilities to function as doppelgangers, plus full supporting contingents. If I have difficulty with my original plan, I have a backup strategy that will require those who can take on an instant occupational mortality.”

Oswald said, “It sounds like you have taken on a serious project, and I am sure that we can provide all that you need,”

“It’s a project of vital importance to our future on that planet and our control of the new Universal Gateway.”

“Very well,” Oswald said, “you taught here long enough to know your way around. So go summon your team and select those who will satisfy your requirements and I will approve their new duties.”

When Evalin made her way from department to department, many of her colleagues had entities awaiting their interview. She then held a general meeting to explain her mission. From that meeting, she conscripted twelve thousand of the best-qualified beings in their specialized fields.

She set up her chain of command and held more meetings to give specific assignments. She explained that since all attempts to prevent the physical arrival of the Brotherhood Reclamation Fleet to the planet had failed, their project was to fractionalize the newly forming UPG (Unified Planetary Government) leaders and prevent their acceptance of the Fleet’s assistance. She spent time identifying each of the seven major targets and assigning groups to infiltrate their governments and neutralize them.

She explained, “We are in a philosophical war on that planet, and if we do not prevent the Brotherhood from beginning their reclamation project, we will lose control of the planet and eventually the gateway to the new universal sector. Every one of you is an expert in your specialized field and to prevent detection; you must cloak yourselves and work from within the

seventh layer of illusionary dimension. You will have about one tenth of a universal year (one and a half planetary years) to establish yourselves in your respective positions, and I expect each of you to accomplish your mission.”

As Evalin was finishing her lecture, Darshanon arrived and spoke to the assembly. He reiterated her warning by adding, “You must be surreptitious in all your movements. You must use furtive cunning, and extreme stealth so as not to be detected because if caught, you will end up before the Universal Guardians for acts of war against a sovereign world.”

After Darshanon had congratulated Evalin on her insight and approach to a solution of their problem, she concluded the meeting and returned home to her body.

## Chapter 35

Garry's enlightening education continues

After Garry's brief interlude of high school nostalgia with Gloria, she said, "Please make yourselves comfortable, we still have a few minutes to talk before Walter returns from his early morning ride."

Garry looked around and admired the Larson's spacious living room. The walls were constructed of massive stones. There were two large picture windows on the east wall, and he could see a dining room separated from the living room by a large open-ended semicircular fireplace that served both rooms.

Brette and Garry took seats on opposite ends of a long couch while Lark sat on the floor opposite them cross-legged on her bearskin rug.

Gloria seated herself in one of the five overstuffed chairs and said, "Garry, Lark tells me that you have never ridden a horse, but you've always wanted too."

Garry looked with amazement at Lark and said, "That's true – on both counts – but how did you know that?"

Brette replied, "I told you; this young lady has many extraordinary abilities."

Lark smiled and said, "Garry, I know all about you. I've been observing you off and on since you volunteered for this adventure a hundred thirty years ago in Edentia."

"You were there!" Garry exclaimed.

"Of course."

"Then you know about David and Diana?"

"Raven is an old friend; we have shared many adventures together."

"Do you know about the death of Sam Havershaw?"

"Yes - and your near-death experience at the hands of a daughter of Isis."

"And my recovery within the Guardians?"

She nodded and said, "That too."

Gloria interjected, “Garry, while you were a student in my political science class, Lark was two and a half years old. That’s when she first told me who you were, and asked me to encourage you toward that course of study.”

“It was because of you and that class that I chose political science as my major at the academy.”

The three women smiled and said, “We know.”

Garry blushed and said, “I am at a definite disadvantage here; can we please change the subject?”

“Brette,” Lark said, “why don’t you take Garry to the stables, Granddad should be back from his ride to the lake shortly.”

Garry walked with Brette as she led the way along a quarter-mile path through giant evergreen trees. The path opened into a large field area where Garry could see a steep hillside behind a large stone building about 300 yards ahead of them. As they drew closer, he could see and hear running water as it cascaded down the rocky hillside to form a small pond behind the stable.

“Do you ride?” Garry asked.

“Yes, I have for years, and my horse is stabled here.”

“How many horses are there?”

“Six,” she replied. “We have a gentle mare that you can ride tomorrow. That is if you’d like to – it’s not an order.”

“I’d like to, but I don’t have the proper attire.”

“You’re not going to get out of it that easily. Lark has everything you’ll need hanging in a closet in your room.”

Before Garry could say anything, they saw and heard a horse approaching from the edge of the trees. Brette said, “Here comes the Admiral now.”

They stood at the stable entrance and watched the stately rider, astride a magnificent blue-black stallion, as he cantered toward them and effortlessly brought his mount to a smooth trot, then a walk and finally to a halt. The wiry man with snow-white hair swung his leg over the rump and stepped to the ground, removed the reins from around the horse’s neck and walked toward them saying, “Hi, Brette, good to see you again.”

Another man Garry had not seen before emerged from the stable, took the reins from the Admiral who said, "Thanks, George, give him an extra measure of grain, he's earned it this morning." George then led the horse into the stable.

The Admiral was just as Garry had remembered him from the academy, tall lean and agile. His alert dark brown eyes continuously surveyed his surroundings, and he made an imposing figure even out of uniform.

As they started the walk back toward the house, the Admiral continued speaking, "Commander Farragut, good to see you here at last; it has taken a while and some manipulation... but enough of that. What's important is that you are here and about to become a member of the team. Brette tells me you've passed all the security rigmarole and are ready to work."

"Aye Sir."

"Good, there's much to be done if we are to succeed."

Garry looked questioningly at Brette who said, "Succeed in landing the Brotherhood Fleet on this planet."

"I didn't realize you – I mean our government..." Garry started to say.

The Admiral stated, "Since the fleet's public broadcast of their arrival and intentions, four primary factions have developed.

First, there's the split religious body. Half are refusing to accept the fact that there is sentient life beyond us and the other half, claim it's the devil incarnate come to destroy them. They both preach that it's all a government hoax to gain more control."

"The second faction believes something may be out there but are terrified for fear their governments cannot protect them from conquering invaders."

"The third and most dangerous faction comes from the hard-core warriors of all the key governments who want to blast them out of existence. "

"The fourth element includes about twenty percent of the planet's population that knows the truth about the fleet and why they came. So you can see we have a challenging task before us if we are to salvage the planet."

"Aye Sir," Garry stated, "I've been aware of all that for some time, but I don't know where I can be of any help."

They were approaching the main house when the Admiral replied, “Up until now, there wasn’t much you could do, but once you start working with my team, you will be in a position to do a great deal.”

Lark was standing on the porch and called, “Come on everyone and wash up, lunch is about ready.”

During lunch, Garry asked Lark, “From what I have seen of your extrasensory talents, I assume you also travel.”

Gloria laughed, “Shortly after Lark was born, I was never sure when she was here or elsewhere. She would spend as much time out of the body as in.”

Lark said, “I knew about this planet’s physical constraints and this being my first incarnation here, I didn’t want to become bound to it as so many mortals do. I stayed fluid; stepping in and out of the physical body until I knew I remained free of restraint.”

Brette added, “There are times when she is Out of Body, and no one knows she is gone because there is no change in her physical abilities.”

Garry asked, “Where do you go?”

“Anywhere I want,” Lark said with a glint in her eye, “but since the attack on the fleet, I have been going there.”

Brette caught the glint and asked, “Why there?”

“To visit with Phi Gamma Phi.”

Garry interjected, “I know that name, Diana has mentioned him on several occasions.”

“Yes,” Lark confirmed, “He and Holms work closely together.”

Brette pressed the issue, “Why do you visit with him?”

Her eyes sparkled again with mild humor as she stated, “Because he’s my friend, traveling companion, and after the fleet’s arrival, my intended husband.”

The room fell silent until Gloria asked, “Dessert anyone?”

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After lunch, Lark told Garry that it was time for them to have a talk. They walked around to the back of the house and into a large apple orchard. As they approached an old wooden glider bench, Garry said, “I haven’t seen one of these since – the one my grandmother had – and even then, it was old.”

“This poor old bench,” Lark remarked, “has had nearly every part replaced over its lifetime.” Then added, “I come here often in the summer just to sit and listen to the birds.”

While the mid-afternoon sun streamed through the tree branches warming the area. Garry asked, “What is it you have to tell me?”

Lark began, “Since you were born before 2002, it is miraculous that you know anything about yourself. Few people ever do. The truth is, Drake, you made your desires and choices known before entering this life. You elected to participate in Libro’s reclamation project. Not all the Reclamators are on board the fleet vessels with him. Some of us are here on the planet, and it is our job to pave the way for their arrival. You specifically elected to act as a diplomatic mediator between the planet and your counterparts on the fleet. Everything you have done since birth had been bringing you to this point. Your immortal guardians and physical teachers, whether aware of it or not, have been working to propel you along your chosen path. As you well know, there have been and will be, those who would deter you from that path for their own diabolical reasons. You have received many freewill offerings along the way that could have changed your direction, but you have held steadfast in your convictions. I am also here to tell you that if you choose to continue on that path, it is fraught with dangers and difficulties beyond belief. However, you are not alone; there are many entities, mortal and immortal working toward the same goal and you will receive all the assistance needed to succeed. We, as a positive force in the universe, will not fail in removing the negative factions and carry this planet to Light and Life as its Creator Son intended.”

Garry sat silently listening to Lark in utter astonishment. While gazing into her dark blue eyes, he saw a calm intelligence, and the longer he looked, the more familiar she became. Along with his feelings of awe for this young girl’s knowledge, he felt her comforting wisdom and yet struggled with what she was saying about his prenatal choices. He recalled that Diana had given him small glimpses, but never with such clarity.

Before he could say anything, Lark continued, “I can tell you are overwhelmed by this news. Understand that you have freewill and the right to change your path of destiny at any time along that path. There are always folks in the pathway, and you are the only one that can select which branch to follow. Say nothing now. Think about what I have told you, for I have just placed another option in your path.”

They continued to sit together, absorbed in their own quiet thoughts until the air began to cool as the sun sank behind the distant mountain. Lark broke the silence by saying, “Time to go,” and they returned to the house.

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After dinner, Walter invited Garry into his private study. Walter sat in his large recliner chair observing Garry as he walked about admiring the diversification of books and literature displayed on the massive bookshelves.

Finally, Walter asked, “What do you think about what Lark told you this afternoon?”

“The news gave me a bit of a start, and I find it hard to believe that I should play such an important role in the future of the planet.”

The Admiral spoke with parental authority laced with humor, “Don’t get a swelled head about it, son, there’s more responsibility and hard, thankless work than glory ahead of you.”

“Aye Sir, I realize that.”

“As Lark told you, this is a bifurcation in your road. You can elect to stay with us, here in Boulder, work your ass off for little gratitude, fight against overwhelming odds, and take a lot of flack from both military and civilian politicians. Your other option would be, return to carrier flight duty and risk getting your ass shot off for ribbons of meritorious service.”

“I recognize the options, Sir.”

“And what is your choice.”

“As much as I love to fly – and I do miss it,” Garry said, “I’ve been seriously thinking about what Lark told me. Especially after everything that has brought me to this point in my life.”

“Then take a little more time before you make your decision. Now, Commander, would you care to join me in a snifter of brandy?”

“Thank you, Sir. I would, but before we do, there is one more thing I must tell you.”

“What’s that?”

”Before I make my final decision, there’s someone I must speak to about all this because she will become part of it and I feel that it’s only fair she be informed.”

Walter smiled and said, “David and Diana are already part of the project, and you are correct in letting them know of her increased, direct involvement in... but I have said enough.” He continued, “Now, how about that brandy?”

As Walter handed Garry the snifter, Garry looked into the Admiral’s eyes and thought, “This old fox may not be personally gifted with psychic abilities, but he’s got the best psychic

on the planet at his side. He knows and understands more than anyone surmises.” With drinks in hand, the Admiral made the toast, “May we be successful in our future endeavors.”

Garry concurred, “Aye aye, Sir,”

## Chapter 36

Garry and Diana visit Holms within the Fleet

Late Saturday evening, after a day of epiphany, Garry reclined on a comfortable bed in his room on the Larson Ranch. He got Diana's crystal, but before he called her, he spent a few minutes reflecting on his entire life.

He held the crystal and sent a thought to Diana who instantly acknowledged, "How are you Garry, is everything all right?"

"Everything's fine; I just wanted to talk to you; can we meet somewhere?"

"Where did you have in mind?"

"I thought the Fleet might be a right place; there is someone I need to meet."

"The Fleet will be fine. Besides, that will give me a chance to see how Holms has recovered from his injuries. I'll meet you there."

It had been a while since Garry had gone Out of Body, so it took him a few minutes to prepare to leave. Once Out of Body, Garry, (who was known as Drake while in soul state.) observed his physical body resting on the bed.

Gerome, his personal guardian, asked, "Are you ready to go?"

Drake observed his 2nd level surroundings and asked, "Why such a large escort?"

"Since your incident with the dark forces, Maven ordered that a full contingent (384 beings) escort us on all travels."

"Maven always knows best; I'm ready to go."

At the speed of thought, they were outside the Mother Vessel of the Brotherhood Reclamation Fleet where Diana and Marcus joined them.

Diana said, "We have adjusted the time of our arrival so that neither Joyce nor Holms will be on duty; that way, we'll have a chance to visit."

Leaving their contingents, Marcus, Diana, Gerome, and Garry, entered Holms' living quarters where they found Holms and Joyce waiting for them. Holms stood seven feet tall and wore the traditional dark blue jumpsuit of a line officer of the fleet. Joyce, matching his height, wore the lime green uniform of the agronomist.

After an informal greeting, Diana spoke to her soul mate, “Holms, it’s good to see how well you have recovered from your injuries. I am looking forward to the day when the healing light technology reaches the planet.”

“I am well and back to full duty,” Holms said, “however my healer still insists that I receive a weekly healing treatment,” then asked, “what prompted your visit?”

Drake stated, “I had an enlightening experience today, and there is someone I need to speak with.”

“Who’s that?” asked Holms.

“Phi Gamma Phi.”

Diana’s aura glowed with surprise, “Do you know him?”

“No, but I know someone who does.”

They heard a chime indicating there was someone at the door. Holmes pressed a button on his wrist control, and the door slid open. A handsome man, near seven feet tall, entered the room. He too wore the dark blue jumpsuit that also included the gold yoke of the Melchizedek teachers. He spoke as he entered, “My guardian just informed me that someone requested my presence.”

Holms announced, “This is Phi Gamma Phi, our friend, and fellow sojourner.”

Phi Gamma Phi and Diana exchanged greetings, and then he said, “I am honored to be invited to this small reunion, but I do not understand why.”

Drake said, “We have a mutual friend, and I suspect she has not told me everything I need to know.”

Phi Gamma Phi said, “I will be glad to answer all questions you ask, but first, who is our mutual friend?”

When Drake mentioned Lark’s name, Phi Gamma Phi’s countenance glowed as he said, “She is a most remarkable psychic and very dear to me.”

“Remarkable is the understatement of the millennium!” Drake exclaimed, “I have never met anyone... there are no words to describe her talent and skills.”

“We are all familiar with her,” Holms interjected, “she visits here with us often, now tell us what concerns you.”

Drake gave a brief account of the day's events from leaving the Naval Base complex; seeing the ranch; meeting Lark and her mother, and the talk he had with Lark. "That's why I have come. I believe there is more to the story."

Phi Gamma Phi said, "There are strategic positions to be filled in every battle plan. There must be coordinated actions between the positive contingents of the Brotherhood Fleet and their counterparts on the planet. It would appear that the planetary echelon is about complete."

"Please explain what you mean." Drake requested.

"I am the number seven directly below the fleet commander. That means I am the diplomatic mediator for the Delta Gamma. Some time ago you chose to be the number seven of Maven's fourth triad. You have just moved to a position where you will become the diplomatic mediator for the planet."

"What exactly does that mean?"

"It means that you could be the chairman and spokesperson for the planet's Unified Government and instrumental in promoting acceptance of our arrival."

"But there is no recognized unified government."

"Not yet, but there will be – you and your new acquaintances will play a significant part in its development."

"Then what?"

"Once we are accepted as your brothers, and allowed to cleanse the planet's atmosphere, lands, and waters of its pollutants, I will come to the surface and meet my counterpart face to face as mortals. We will then work together to mediate mutual logistical problems."

Drake listened and was astounded at the revelation and asked, "Are you telling me that I am that person?"

"If that is your choice, so shall it be," Phi Gamma Phi said.

"Is there anything else I should know about?"

Phi Gamma Phi smiled and said, "That should do for now."

Everyone remained respectfully quiet while Drake and Phi Gamma Phi renewed their psychic bonds as mutual traveling companions.

Eventually, Diana asked, "Have you decided on your answer to Admiral Tracy?"

Drake was not surprised by her knowing of the choices given him by the Admiral and said, “Diana, you of all people know what I am going to do because you see the future.”

“That’s not exactly correct. When I seek the future, I see wavering alternatives because future time is fluid and constantly changing. Everyone has the right of freewill to choose a course of action; each choice, in turn, presents new opportunities for them and those around them.”

“But, what have you seen for us?” Drake persisted.

“I have seen multiple branches in our future paths, one of which will lead to what Phi Gamma Phi has foretold. I also want you to be assured that I will support you in whatever course you take.”

## Chapter 37

### Garry's first equestrian experience

On Sunday morning, Garry awoke to Lark's knock on his door, "Wake up and get dressed, your riding apparel is in the closet."

Garry squinted in the darkness, pressed the button on his watch to illuminate the time, and called back, "It's only four o'clock."

"That's right, the best part of the morning will soon be here, and there's a horse waiting for you."

"I'll be there in a few minutes."

He heard, "We'll see you in the kitchen for breakfast," as she sprinted away.

A few moments later, he joined Brette and Lark at the kitchen table as Gloria placed a stack of whole-wheat pancakes before them. Lark asked, "Did you have a nice visit last night?"

Garry thought, "Nothing gets past this kid."

"No it doesn't – and I'm not a kid."

Brette and Lark laughed, while Garry blushed crimson and said, "I keep forgetting..." Then asked, "Don't you think Phi Gamma Phi is a little too..."

"Tall for me," Lark interrupted.

"Old for you," Garry completed his sentence.

"He is only 401 of our years, but universally, he is a young man of 22. Once the fleet gets here with the Light, everyone will be able to live much longer than our present norm."

Garry changed the subject, "Where's the Admiral?"

As Gloria joined them at the table, she said, "Dad has been up for hours and has already gone to the stable."

After a hearty breakfast, the four of them walked to the stable where five saddled horses stood tethered to the hitching rail. The Admiral and the man Garry had seen the day before came from inside the barn and joined them.

The Admiral said, "Good morning everyone," then to Garry, "I would like you to meet George, our friend of many years and the head trainer of this outfit."

After the amenities, Lark went to the hitching rail and returned with a beautiful strawberry roan dressed in western tack complete with a breastplate.

“This is Thane,” Lark said, “He’s a tough mountain horse. Come with me, and I will get you started on a new adventure.”

Garry went with Lark to a small enclosed pasture where she taught him the fundamentals of mounting, dismounting, and general control. Within ten minutes, Garry was mounted, and as he joined the others he asked, “Where are we going?”

The Admiral said, “Since it is an exceptionally clear morning, I thought we would start out toward Kiowa Peak and how far we go will depend upon how well you feel in an hour.”

Garry found that Thane was very easy to ride and had no trouble as they moved smoothly along the twisting bridle path lined with evergreen trees. After the first hour, Lark asked, “Garry, how are you feeling?”

“I’m just fine. I’ve always wanted to do this and thought it would be much more difficult.”

Brette, carefully blocking her thought from him, “He appears to be a natural, I wonder if everything comes that easy for him?”

They had been continuously moving upward, but now the path began a series of switchbacks that steepened as they climbed higher. They were soon above the timberline; thirty minutes later, they were crossing the summit where the steady wind kept the air surprisingly clear of city pollutants, and the visibility in the thin atmosphere was unlimited.

Gloria, seated on her white gelding, pointed to a large sign that read, “Kiowa Peak – Altitude 13,276 feet.”

The Admiral suggested they dismount and stretch their legs. Garry watched Lark swing to the ground, and he followed her example but with far less grace.

Brette commented, “It’s hard to believe that there are people in this world that are trying to destroy all this.”

“That’s because they have never experienced the joy of nature’s free bounty,” Lark said, “They exist in their shallow, but never ending the desire for power, money, and control of others.”

They spent another ten minutes admiring the scenery before they mounted and began the return trip.

The Admiral was very impressed with Garry's ability to respond and adapt to the challenge. Garry had spent five hours in an activity he had never done before; riding a horse, he had never seen, on a trail that had turned experienced riders for home. He had accomplished all that, with steadfast confidence and without the slightest doubt or complaint.

By the time they got back to the stable and dismounted, Garry, now somewhat stiff, was well aware of the morning's activity. George tended to Gloria's mare so that she could return to the house to prepare lunch. After tending to the horses, Brette and Lark followed Garry and the Admiral from a discreet distance as they walked back to the house. Brette said, "I am glad to see he's not the man of steel he appears to be."

Lark smiled and said, "No, he's just as stiff and sore as you were after your first ride. However, he certainly passed Granddad's test with flying colors."

Before going to his **room** to shower and change for lunch, Lark gave him some of her unique Aloe Vera ointment saying, "You haven't complained about the chafing from the saddle leather. I know it's going to sting even more in the shower, but this ointment will ease the fire and help heal the abrasions."

## Chapter 38

Garry's education continues

As Garry passed the Admiral's study on the way to the living room, Walter called, "Come in my boy and have a seat, we have a few minutes before lunch."

Garry entered the study and said, "Thank you Sir, but I prefer to stand."

With a knowing smile, he said, "As you wish," then asked, "Have you made your decision?"

"Yes Sir, I have. Given the choice of which way to lose my ass, as you so eloquently put it, 'by hard work or combat,' I prefer your hard work because we will be striving to restore the planet to positive creationism. Therefore, I am honored to join your team and accept your offer with pride and humility."

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At the conclusion of the noonday meal, Walter announced, "Garry is now officially part of our team, and Lark tells me that he is ready to see the vault."

Brette looked at Lark and questioned, "Are you sure? It is so soon upon his arrival."

Lark smiled and said, "Everything occurs at its proper time, and if he weren't ready, he wouldn't be here. You can't expect him to function without the proper knowledge."

Garry looked across the table at Lark and asked, "Why is everyone talking about me in the third person?"

Gloria said, "Don't take it personally, Garry; the three of them talk like that all the time."

Walter rose from the table, dropped his napkin beside his plate, and said, "Please come with me."

Brette and Lark accompanied Garry as he followed Walter along a hallway to a steel door recessed in the wall. Walter placed his hand on a glass plate, and the door slid smoothly open, and as he stepped through the doorway, lights came on. They descended a flight of stairs and walked along a narrow passageway. Garry knew they were descending even deeper because the floor sloped downward and he asked, "Where are we?"

Walter answered, "We will be about thirty feet underground when we reach our destination."

“And where’s that?”

“Curiosity is one of your strong points,” Lark said, “but patience is not.”

Just then, a floodlight came on and illuminated another steel door at the end of the passage. Once again, the door opened at the Admiral’s touch.

Walter stated, “You are about to see something unique. It’s Lark’s creation and the only one of its kind on Earth. Such a contrivance is used and well known universally, but there are only twenty-two people on this planet that even know such a device exists.”

Everyone stood aside and allowed Garry to enter the room first. He froze in mid stride as he gazed upon a complex of three-dimensional holographic projection of an eight level chessboard. It took Garry only seconds to regain composure as recollection flooded his mind. “I have seen this before,” he thought, “But where?”

“Where indeed,” Lark said as she walked past him and stood before the display.

He exclaimed, “I remember now; it resembles the battle boards on a Brotherhood’s Mother Vessel.” He paused and looked beyond Lark’s physical appearance and recognized her for more than just resembling her mother, and he declared, “And now I remember you – we have fought, side by side, in opposition to Arturo’s forces.”

Walter walked up behind Garry, placed a hand on his shoulder, and said, “Welcome aboard, son.” Then added, “Even though Brette has been to the vault before, I know that both of you will have many questions and the explanations will take some time, so if you’ll please excuse me, I will leave you in Lark’s capable hands and see you all at dinner time.” The door closed behind him as he left the room.

Brette said, “Garry might know all about this thing, but I don’t.”

“It has been a long time,” Garry confessed, “and I don’t recognize this configuration, so for both our sakes, please start from the beginning.”

Lark explained, “The vast set of eight boards in the center, collectively represent this planet. The top board or First Level displays the hierarchy of soul beings vying for the planet. As always, the white figures represent the positive forces of creationism and the black, the opposing forces of power and control of others.”

Brette said, “I have played conventional chess but never on eight boards, and with so many pieces.”

Garry interjected, “And with each piece specifically representing a mortal or immortal being.”

“Brette, I know you do not understand yet,” Lark said, “so let me explain. Jesus, son of the Ra from OHM in the Pleiades is the Creator Son of this planet, but Artamus, the head of the House of Arturo challenged him for possession of Earth thousands of eons ago. Now that the experimental period has ended and Jesus is now sovereign, Artamus will not relinquish his infiltrated position, and the conflict has yet been resolved.”

Garry asked, “Who are the figures on the Level One board?”

“The White King is Jesus, the White Queen is his personal seer, and the King’s Knight is Michael. The Black King is Artamus; the Queen is Isis, his psychic seer.”

“Where are the rest of the pieces for that board?” Brette asked.

“As on any conventional chess board; there are only the 32 pieces. In this case, each piece represents a group of soul beings. For example, the White King’s Rook, displayed on the fourth level board, represents the Fleet. The King on the Fleet’s board is the Delta Gamma. He has his eight levels of boards with their subsystem boards that extend down seven additional levels. Every soul being involved is representatively distributed among the 512 levels depending on their status.”

“I don’t understand,” Brette said, “what do you mean by status?”

“Status, meaning either a mortal with a physical body or spirit being residing in soul state and each board displays the relative location of the participant. The Level Two board displays only spirit beings. Level Three is for mortal beings on the planet. Level Four is for mortal beings living off world. Level Five is reserved for recovery worlds. Six is for states of altered dimensions. Seven is illusionary worlds, and Level Eight is for transitional holdings and safety. These levels will become clearer when we get to the substructure boards.”

Garry said, “Now that you’ve explained all that, how about showing us something we can understand.”

Lark walked to a console, and pressed some buttons as she said, “Each board along with its related sub-boards has 32 pieces represented, and with eight levels on each subsequent board, there are 256 to the 8th power entities, a number too large to read.”

(18,446,744,070,000,000,000)

The image in the center of the room changed, and Lark said, “You are now looking at the boards representing the fourth of Maven’s seven triads. Notice that the first level board is

empty. The White King is Maven, and Black King is Darshanon, both residing on the second level board because they are spirit beings.”

“Who are the others on that board,” asked Brette.

“They are the non-combatant personal guardians of the mortals on the third and fourth level boards,” Lark explained, “David is the King’s Knight on the third level board, and his guardian, Delta Phi is above him on the second level. Diana is the Queen’s Knight, and Marcus is there above her. Their healer Beth is the Queen’s Rook with her guardian, Francis above her.”

“Where’s the White Queen?” Brette asked.

“That would be Valeria, and since she is a mortal seer on Cigna, she is on the Fourth Level board. Are you getting the idea?”

Yes,” Brette said, “but where am I?”

“You are a Queen’s Pawn on one of Avalon’s military boards with my grandfather.”

Garry then asked, “Where am I?”

“At present, Garry, you are on two boards, one as a Rook on Maven’s Avalon board and the other as a Knight along with Brette.”

“Isn’t that unusual?”

“Not really, my grandfather is the Knight on one board, a Rook on another and a King’s Pawn on still another. If all goes as planned, he will be establishing a final Battle Board in the future. He will be the King; with Garry as Queen, and Brette as the King’s Rook. David, Diana as Bishops and Beth as the healer will become the Queen’s, Rook.”

Brette pondered the information and inquired, “What about you, Lark, where are you?”

Lark smiled and said, “I am also on many boards, but I work from the Seventh Level illusionary realm. That way I can see and function without being seen.” Lark looked at Garry and intuitively asked, “There’s something bothering you, what is it?”

Garry hesitated, then inquired, “If you can project into the future, can you also reflect into the past?”

“Yes, of course; what would you like to see?”

“So far we have only looked at the positive side. I would like to see what happened to Jessica, the one responsible for the attack on me and causing Sam’s death.”

Lark pressed a key on her console, and the chess pieces began to move on the boards. “There,” she said, “your Avalon board is reset to just before the assault. As the Rook on Maven’s board, you haven’t moved yet because you have not received your orders to join the Admiral’s staff.”

As the pieces slowly moved, she continued, “You can see where Jessica, the Black Queen appears as an illegal piece on the Second Level board, move across to position herself above Sam, the Bishop’s Pawn and threatening you with forces of which you were unaware.”

Brette said, “This is amazing!”

“Just watch,” Lark said, “remember Valeria, the White Queen is a seer on Cigna. She saw the treacherous act of war and immediately moves to intercede by notifying Maven. His counter move was to Castle to protect his Rook; that is when Garry awoke in the Bethesda Hospital.”

They stood and watched as the Black Queen disappeared as suddenly as she appeared, but not before the Bishop’s Pawn teetered and fell.

What just happened?” Brette asked.

Lark said, “You just witnessed Sam Havershaw’s death.”

Garry scanned the boards and stated, “There’s no Black Queen –What happened to Jessica?”

“A very rare and unusual event is about to happen,” Lark said, “While Diana was at Garry’s hospital bedside, she learned the truth of the attack. She then had IrIs, or Jessica as you know her, brought before Justice of the Universal Guardians and charged her with illegal acts of war.”

“Then what?” both Brette and Garry asked.

“That is when Darshanon replaced Jessica with another mystic. Garry, you know this one as Evalin Good.”

“I’ve had that dubious pleasure, but what became of Jessica?”

“Here we have a case where a leopard has changed its spots. After her appearance before the Guardianship, she elected to spend considerable compressed time within the Compassion and Humility and then went on to several schools of the Melchizedek.”

Lark changed the image again and said, “She chose to have Brotherhood guardians and accepted a position as a Bishop’s Pawn on Maven’s sixth triad located in New Mexico. Far-seeing discloses that you will hear of her again.”

Garry said, "I think we have seen enough for now, but we do have to discuss where we go from here."

Lark said, "That, you two will have to discuss with my grandfather. He is the strategist, I only report on what I see. Let's return to the house."

They returned to the living room of the main house. After Brette and Garry settled in the comfortable chairs and Lark resumed her cross-legged position on the rug, Garry said, "Now that we have seen the vault, what..."

"You have many questions," Lark said.

Brette and Garry looked at each other and simultaneously said, "We both have." Then Garry added, "Ladies first."

"And who said, 'chivalry was dead,'" Brette commented, then asked, "What strategic benefit does that apparatus have?"

"A great deal," Lark said, "the boards disclose exactly who your oppositions are, where they are, what they have done, what they are doing and where they are doing it, and by projection forward, we learn what they are planning. My grandfather has used this information to prevent several disasters, some of which could have killed millions of people."

Brette said, "Now I understand why he is considered the greatest strategist in the Navy and why he became a Four Star Admiral before he retired."

Garry spoke to Lark, "I gather from what your grandfather said; that you designed and constructed that conceptual structure. I know the holographic technology is basic, but how did you program the computer and how does it stay updated?"

Lark laughed, "As I said, curiosity is one of your strong suits, and I would have been disappointed if you hadn't asked." She continued, "The design and data translation information I got from the archives in Edentia. The actual construction of the device was relatively easy. Upon the removal of the veil in 2002, the universal energy streams carrying such information began arriving to the planet, but without the rods that the reclamation fleet will restore upon their arrival, that data was still inaccessible. The problem of continuous updating required a little more effort. I, therefore, had to build a solar crystal receiver and amplifier of my own and house it in the small structure that is directly over the vault. The structure itself is the receiving antenna, and the computer receives the data via an optical wave guide."

Brett and Garry sat in amazed astonishment as they listened to this young girl casually explain accomplishments that would stagger the imagination of world famous scientific

engineers. When she finished, Brette said, “Lark, I knew you were highly intelligent and gifted with many talents, but you are absolutely amazing!”

“We think so too,” said Gloria as she entered the room, “dinner will be ready shortly.”

Lark jumped to her feet, exclaimed, “Good, we have just enough time to wash up,” and sprinted from the room.

Brette, feeling the results of the day’s activities, slowly rose from her chair and commented, “All that youth, beauty, and intelligence plus unbounded energy at the end of the day. I believe that even Phi Gamma Phi, no matter when he gets here, will have his hands full with that one.”

## Chapter 39

The Admiral conducts meeting with seven world leaders

Several months before Garry's reassignment to the New Pentagon, Lark had identified seven essential people that were in positions of authority within their respective governments, after which, Phi Gamma Phi, sent a personal communiqué to each of them. The Admiral then had Captain Newbern contact each one and provide detailed instruction on how to construct their communications device along with a date and time for their first conference.

At that first meeting, Chairman Tracy, and Captain Newbern sat in the specially designed alcove adjacent to the Chess Room that contained the holographic instrument that received the images of the four men and three women. The seven appeared to be sitting before a small panel of three lights, a green for positive and a red for negative answers plus an amber light for questions. They spent the first few minutes checking to make sure they had a securely encrypted communications link and that everyone was receiving everyone else.

With all communication links and linguistic translators operational, the Admiral began, "Greetings ladies and gentlemen. I am Admiral Walter Tracy, the Chairman of Military Advisory Board for the President of the United States and I have with me, Captain Brette Newbern, my Chief Administrative Aid."

He continued, "I understand that each of you has received a personal message of acknowledgment from the Universal Brotherhood Reclamation Fleet." All green lights blinked once.

He spent the first part of the meeting allowing each of them to introduce themselves. There was the new Russia President, Andrey Sashenka; India's Representative, Bali Aditi; Ambassador of Rome, Durand Quentin; Israel's, First Diplomat; Lexine Adamina; Crown Prince of China, Li Shen Tao; Egypt's Councilman, Penda Chane; and the Ambassador of Japan, Yasuo Kameko.

The Admiral then presented his reasons for a Unified Planetary Government. He laid out his proposal to establish the UPG and was pleased when everyone agreed. When he based the proposed organization on the original U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights, there were several objections, eventually, however, everyone agreed on its pertinence.

When he suggested that they had to convince the remainder of their respective governments and religious leaders to cease hostilities in favor of the UPG, the Ambassador of Rome, Durand Quentin stated, "What you are asking us to do borders on governmental rebellion."

The Admiral answered, "That's precisely what it is, but the alternative to that is a lifeless, devastated planet. I am, however, open to other solutions."

When he received none, he concluded the meeting.

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Two weeks later, the Admiral held the second meeting and began by asking if there were any questions. The amber light in front of President Andrey Sashenka of Russia blinked indicating that he had a comment or question. The Admiral asked, "Do you wish to say something, President Sashenka?"

"Yes, Admiral Tracy. You have mentioned, but only briefly, some of the many marvelous things these aliens are capable of doing. Now that they are within our solar system, can you tell us what they plan to do?"

"Of course, but first let me reiterate that the aliens do not come to invade or conquer. The Brotherhood men and women aboard those space vessels dedicate themselves to the preservation and continuation of all life forms. This world is not the first planet in the universe that has needed reclamation, but never one so close to the brink of total destruction as ours."

An amber light flicked on before Lexine Adamina, Diplomat of Israel who asked, "If they have this capability; why didn't they do something before my country was destroyed?"

The Admiral explained, "By universal law, they could not make contact until after the end of the experimental period in 2002. Even now, they have to wait until we are ready to accept their help. They will not force themselves upon any society."

"Couldn't they see," Lexine said, "that it would have been for our betterment to have started sooner?"

"Of course - if all they wanted were to plunder the planet, they would have come as invaders five hundred years ago when the world was still pristine. Instead, all they will do is offer their assistance and wait until we make the freewill choice to accept or reject their help."

Ambassador from Rome, Durand Quentin's amber light, "And if we do not accept their assistance?"

“They will return home to the Pleiades with sadness at our demise and come back at some point in the future when the lifeless planet has cooled enough to reseed and hope the next batch of creatures develop differently.”

“Now to answer Andrey’s question of the reclamation process; my information is that there are seven primary phases. Phase-1, will begin with the removal of all the atmospheric pollutants and repair the seven protective veils. Once this process commences, we will be able to see the purple fires in the night sky as the pollutants burn.

During Phase-2, they will send machinery deep into the oceans to filter and clean the waters as well as the land. They will replace the seven crystalline rods that were removed after the fall of Atlantis and reestablish communication with the universal broadcasts.

Phase-3 will begin the arrival of their mediators and diplomats to make first physical contact and open communications with the universal. The construction of the City of Alpha will begin. Alpha will be a mortally constructed sphere maintained in synchronous orbit over the nuclear waste of the Holy Land as a vivid reminder of man’s folly.

During phase-4, the new Planetary Prince, Malavatia Melchizedek, and his staff of 100 specialized Melchizedek teachers will arrive and reestablish the original Universal Planetary Government. They will also begin the monumental task of teaching the holocaust survivors how to live in peace and prosper. Their long-range plan will be to educate the people to become citizens of the vast universe by developing interplanetary trade.

Phase-5 will begin with the reseeded and replenishment of all the species lost by man’s stupidity. They will replant the Mana, the biblical tree of life that will eventually sustain all planetary life. All of Adam and Eve’s children removed from the planet after the Garden of Eden default will return and take up where their parents left off.

There will be no doubt when Phase-6 begins. At the completion of Alpha, the Creator Son will return in all his glory.

Phase-7 will begin with our sovereign's lengthy task of bringing his creation, planet, and its people, to the utopian state of Light and Life.

None of this process can begin until the warring factions cease their aggression and the masses request our brothers’ help. Are there any questions?”

There was no response for several seconds. Then all seven amber lights flashed simultaneously, and the Admiral said, “Ladies and gentlemen, I realize that I have given you much upon which to think. I would like each of you to compile a list of questions, and then one

of you present them at the next session. I will now adjourn this meeting until next Friday. However, you may all continue here with further discussion. Thank you for attending.”

The Admiral flipped the transmit switch but left the receiver running. He sat back and said, “Well, Captain, now we’ll see if anyone takes the lead and how well they play together.”

## Chapter 40

### Mid East terrorist attack

Early Monday morning, Garry awoke to Lark's urgent knocking at his door, "Wake up and get dressed immediately, you've got to return to the base."

He scrambled out of bed in the darkness, pressed the button on his watch to illuminate the time; it was three-thirty. "What is it, what's wrong," he called out.

"There's been another terrorist attack. Granddad's in his study waiting for you."

"Be right there," Garry said as he hurriedly donned his uniform.

He was in the hallway as Brette came from her room and they proceeded to the Admiral's study.

The Admiral was seated before a transceiver and talking to someone at the base. "Well, they have done it this time," said a voice from the radio, "there's widespread holocaust throughout the Middle East, but it's too soon to estimate the death toll. The President has reinstated martial law; all military bases are on full red alert and recalling personnel; all leaves are canceled."

The Admiral asked, "Is there any indication of anything inbound?"

"Not at present, but we have alerted our deterrent for such an eventuation."

"What does he mean?" Garry asked.

Brette said, "The Alaskan Air Defense Command will be standing by to activate HAARP as an anti-ballistic missile defense."

They all heard the familiar whop whop whop, of the approaching helicopter. The Admiral concluded the radio transmission, "The chopper is here now; we'll be returning to the base immediately."

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When they arrived at the base, Brette and Garry went to the War Room on the fourth underground level of the new Pentagon where they learned that the ongoing but semi-quiescent jihad of the 2000 era had erupted a third time and was about to escalate into all-out multifaceted religious planetary war.

Admiral Tracy went directly to his office where there was a message for him to contact President Laszlo immediately. He unlocked his security cabinet and used his direct connection to the Denver Capital, and within seconds, he was speaking to the President.

“Good morning Mr. President.”

“I wish it were, Mr. Chairman,” President Laszlo said, “I have just received several messages of grave importance. When I arrived in my office this morning, there was a message on my private immediate response machine. It had come directly from a diplomatic member of the Brotherhood Fleet who said they have withdrawn from our solar system for their own safety. The message was not a threat, rather an urgent warning advisory to the effect that it was past time to take immediate steps to put a positive end to all planetary conflict. Resulting from our atavistic attitudes, that if we did not change direction, we as a race would be facing a nuclear winter that no one could survive.”

“Yes, Mr. President, I received the same message. It came from the Fleet Diplomatic Officer, Phi Gamma Phi.”

“That’s not all,” Laszlo continued, “I also have messages from the diplomatic leaders of seven other countries. Each confirms that they have received the message and want to know what we are going to do.”

“This does not come as any surprise, Sir.”

“Are these the same people you briefed me about?”

“Yes Sir, they’re the seven prime diplomats we’ve been working with to develop a peaceful approach to the UPG.”

“Excellent, I want you to contact them immediately and formalize that plan ASAP. We’ve got to stem the tide of this outbreak before it escalates out of control. Get back to me with a progress report by tomorrow morning.”

The Admiral knowing that they had already come close to completion said, “Aye Sir, it will be done before the day is over.”

He terminated the connection with the President and called Brette, “Captain, I want you to contact our seven and arrange for them to reconvene with us in my Peacekeeping Chambers at 1100 hours.”

He then called Garry, “Commander, I need you to locate and contact the most responsible representative heads of every religious group, fanatic organization, or zealot conclaves on this

planet and arrange for a unified conference. Use whatever resources and whomever you need to gather the information. Then have individuals notified and make it entirely clear that their very existence and the continuation of this planet is a stake.

Lark has already reserved the Denver Auditorium for the 30th. The meeting will be broadcast, commencing at 1500 hours via the PS-HCS. (Planetary Satellite Holographic Conferencing System) Arrange for them to attend, and for those that cannot come, advise them to view the proceedings. Be sure to emphasize that their attendance is essential and everyone understands that this 'request' is more than just a request."

"Aye Aye, Sir. Instructions received and understood."

The Admiral continued, "Then meet me in the Peacekeeping Room at 10:45."

"Aye, Sir."

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Meanwhile, under President Laszlo's secondary contingency plan, other members of the Joint Chiefs gathered in the War Room at Offutt Air Force Base deliberating over what retaliatory weapons to use to combat the marauding hordes involved in the jihad.

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At 1100 hours, Chairman Walter Tracy, Captain Brette Newbern, and Commander Garry Farragut sat before the holographic camera and presided over another meeting via carefully encrypted satellite links that displayed the images of the four men and three women. With all communication links and linguistic translators operational, the Admiral began, "Greetings ladies and gentlemen. Thank you for responding so promptly to this call. I realize we haven't had time to discuss at length the need to set aside all political, religious, ethnic, and racial differences and establish a UPG. In light of what has just occurred, I feel it necessary to accelerate the procedures. Does everyone concur?"

When the indicator light in front of each representative shown green, the Admiral continued, "I see that everyone is in accord – let us continue. Since we have all just received the same message from the Brotherhood Fleet...."

The amber light in front of President Andrey Sashenka came on.

"Do you wish to ask something, Andrey?" the Admiral inquired.

"I do not understand what has just happened. What did that message mean?"

The Admiral stated, "It means that the fleet has withdrawn from our solar system and will await the outcome of this latest escalation of man's destructive atavism."

"Why have they done that?" asked Israel's diplomat, Lexine Adamina.

"For their own protection; we, as a world population, have developed weapons with the capability of destroying the planet, and if we are arrogant enough to start launching missiles at each other, the world will go into a nuclear winter and possibly disintegrate. That would unbalance the solar system's gravitational equilibrium, and the system could collapse. The entire universal sector would become a dead zone and cordoned off for more than 700,000 years."

When there was no response to that revelation the Admiral continued, "I have arranged for a meeting with all religious leaders with the hope that it will restore some point of sanity to the situation."

Lexine said, "I have already tried talking to the priests. They tell me that extraterrestrial life does not exist because their teachings say otherwise. How do you propose to change their minds?"

Captain Newbern addressed the group; "It is a well-known fact that religious leaders have always had more influence over their flocks than any form of government. You may not be able to convince your religious leaders about extraterrestrials, but we know of someone who may convince them otherwise. I, therefore, suggested to the Admiral that a worldwide meeting of those leaders be forthcoming."

The Admiral continued, "I have taken that suggestion and extended the invitation to include the government leaders as well. This could be a means of getting the religious leader's attention and communicate their concerns to the government. That may assist you in convincing the atavistic members of your governments why it is so essential to immediately cease and desist in the use of nuclear devices, to put down all their weapons of mass destruction and return to the peace tables."

## Chapter 41

The Admiral calls for a Community meeting

On the 30th of August 2030, Chairman Tracy and his staff sat before the assembly of 2,137 religious leaders plus an additional 4,782 national leaders via satellite connection. At 1500 hours Garry stood and opened the proceedings, “Greetings ladies, and gentlemen. I am Commander Garry W. Farragut the Assistant Vice Chief of Naval Operation for the United States. We have convened this meeting under the direction and authority from President Laszlo of the United States. We have extended this invitation to all the religious leaders and the heads of governments of the planet to participate in a monumental project. A project, that if not accomplished immediately, could mean the demise of all remaining life on earth. Chairman Tracy and his staff have already held numerous meetings with many of your government leaders, and they agree that the only means to avoid global annihilation is for wars to end and establish world peace and tranquility.

Since everyone knows, that the religious leaders have more influence over their followers than any government dictate, I ask you now to consider putting your differences of faith aside. It’s past the time for all religions to coexist and bring an end to the wanton slaughter.”

A priest in the third row stood and shouted, “You make it sound like it’s all our fault.”

“That’s not what I just said. But since you brought it up, history has proven that most crusading hordes marched with their particular God’s banner before them into the melee.”

Before anyone could challenge his statement, Garry continued, “But that’s not why we’re here today. It is now my privilege to introduce Captain Brette Newbern, first assistant to the Chairman of the President’s Military Advisory Council.”

Brette came to the podium, “Thank you, Commander Farragut.” She stood beside the podium and spoke, “Ladies and gentlemen, as the leaders of your respective governmental bodies, you are about to see and hear from a young lady who comes here this morning to share with you some little known, but vital information.”

Brette continued speaking as Lark slowly began to appear in her shimmering protoplasmic body to stand before the astonished assembly. “She is the most qualified person on the planet to speak to you concerning your very soul’s existence.”

After completing her total materialization, she stated, “My name is Lark, and I come to you in the form of materialized soul’s essence in order to prove to you my capabilities and validity

of being. I appear in this manner and form to assure everyone that the information I am about to present is valid. I must prove to you that I personally have the capability of retrieving this information from the archives of higher knowledge. You must take heed before you eradicate yourselves and the planet.”

A voice from the audience asked, “Where is this place of higher knowledge?”

“From the system’s capital of Edentia.”

“Never heard of it,” Another voice rang out.

Still another, “How do we know that you’re not just a fancy hologram?”

“It is true that your technology is capable of such apparitions, but I invite anyone to come up here and touch me.”

The questioning man went to the platform and approached Lark who said, “If I were a hologram you could pass through the image, but before you attempt that, simply take my hand and feel its solidity.”

The man reached out and grasped Lark’s hand and nearly pulled her off balance. “Are you satisfied?” she asked.

The man released her and stepped back saying, “I don’t know how they’re doing it, but she is solid.”

“To whom are you referring as they?” she asked.

The man said, “Those of the anti-Christ who are trying to deceive and destroy us.”

Lark laughed and said, “The anti-Christ does not have to fabricate such an illusion for you to be deceived or perish. You have all been deceiving yourselves for centuries and are doing just fine in the self-destruction department.”

Lark waited until the man left the podium and the audience’s murmuring subsided before continuing, “Most religions teach that the soul continues after physical death. The soul’s destination after death depends on the dictates of the individual’s belief system. I am here to tell you that the soul does indeed continue after the demise of the physical structure. That is – with one exception – and it is because of that exception that I am here today to present you with some essential knowledge.”

She paused to register any reaction before continuing, “If we place a log into a furnace, the fire consumes its physical structure and reduces it to ashes as its essence becomes more heat

energy. So too with a physical body destroyed by the energy of a nuclear blast, the body instantly vaporizes, as does the log in the furnace. However, there is an even more devastating and disastrous result. Any soul trapped within a physical body destroyed by a blast from nuclear implosion is forever lost. The very essence of that soul also vaporizes and will remain forever as disorganized energy. Without essence, there is nothing left of that soul to go anywhere; it ceases to exist – period – the end. There is no recovery.”

She paused again briefly to listen to the silence that prevailed, and went on, “That is why it is essential that religious leaders and governmental powers convince all hostile forces to cease in the use of nuclear devices immediately. Your future immortal existence remains as always, in your hands.”

At the completion of that statement, Lark dematerialized.

Garry walked to the podium and said, “Ladies and gentlemen, you have heard the gruesome truth about nuclear weapons. I now have some statistics for you. It has been determined that only nine percent of the world population supports the aggressive war machine. Seven percent of the world's population is active in peaceful pursuits. The disconcerting news is that the remaining eighty-four percent of the world's population is complacent. They are too busy in their daily struggle to stay alive to get involved either way.

It is now up to you; the political and religious leaders to convince the eighty-four percent that peace is more than just the absence of war, it is a combined positive effort to build a new civilization, and that requires more concentrated effort than supporting destruction. After you accomplish that; your next most difficult task will be to convince the skeptically frightened leaders of warriors to refrain from aggression and allow our brothers to begin the restoration process. Our future existence, be it a peaceful, cooperative coexistence or total extinction of all life by nuclear winter, as Lark so eloquently stated, remains as always, in your hands.”

## Chapter 42

### Overcoming a severe problem

Donald Raeburn, after having seen the TV show in June 2028, insisted that his mother, Rebecca and his father, Calvin take him to meet David and Diana. After inspecting the facilities and reviewing the curriculum, Donald's parents agreed to allow him to join the Foundation's summer activities. Donald moved into one of our temporary dormitory facilities until he returned home that September. During and after that summer, he managed to get his parents to attend David's introductory classes, and the Raeburn's became deeply involved with the Foundation's philosophical teachings.

Calvin, a retired Navy commander of a Seabee's construction battalion, owned and operated the Raeburn Construction Company. He owned a 640-acre section of land 110 miles southwest of Colorado Springs.

On that fateful Monday morning when the world became aware of the violent outbreak of the semi-quiescent jihad of the 2000 era, followed by the reinstatement of marshal law, Calvin Raeburn came to David and made a fantastically generous offer to relocate the entire Foundation onto his land.

After completing all the required legalese, our design engineers and construction crews worked side by side with Calvin's people and began excavating for an underground survival community.

I still find it hard to believe what they accomplished during those next eighteen months. They completed the major construction by the fall of 2033, and we were able to move into the underground facility. The first two groups of three one-acre domed hydroponics farms were barely producing adequately for our growing population. Several months later, ten of our twenty-one proposed biospheres for the farm animals went into operation.

The engineers centrally located our main school and recreation facilities now located in seven, one-acre domed enclosures. Underground labyrinths of network tunnels link the remote facilities to our main complex. Branching from these massive tunnels are hundreds of smaller passageways that connect all the surface structures and underground homes to the maze. Individual transportation underground was on foot, bicycle, or antigravity scooters.

By Christmas time the fallout from the many months of war and disease-contaminated atmosphere made it impossible to breathe the outside air. Because of the ban on internal

combustion engines, Transportation outside our facility is limited to small self-contained electric carts. Only the specialized military vehicles are allowed to function without restriction.

For several months after we opened the facility to outsiders, people laboriously made their way to the Foundation seeking sanctuary. The number of members of our Foundation living within the installation was approaching eleven thousand, but the influx had dropped. Only twenty or twenty-five people a month made their way to our decontamination area.

Our initial growth was so rapid that we were having problems maintaining proper water and air filtration. When I told David that the condition of the air and water was causing illness within the complex, he called a special meeting of our sanitary engineers. Diana and I were present at that meeting.

David asked, Jordan, our lead engineer, “Where are we falling behind on the filtration of air and purifying the water?”

“The pumps on both systems are overworked and laboring to keep up with the demand. With the increased cloud and smoke cover, there is less solar energy available, and we are relying more on the wind generators. We had already put the reserve banks of batteries into service, but the power demand was greater than the external energy available.”

“That explains the problem,” David said, “now what do you suggest as a solution?”

“I’ve been aware of the potential problems for some time, and have considered a couple of ways to approach them. First is to relocate several of the larger generators to catch the stronger canyon winds. There are problems with that plan because the winds are seasonal. The generators must be made portable, so we can move them as needed.”

“Is that possible?”

“Making them portable is easy enough; transporting them from place to place without government interference is the problem.”

“What is your second proposal?”

“Divert more water from the mountain streams into our enclosed river and build another water turbine generator.”

“I see a couple of fallacies in that plan.” David surmised, “Choosing the streams that will continue to run with enough water to justify the effort and getting out there to make the diversions. Even though we’ll be working on our own land, the government may try to stop us.”

“Then it’s back to moving the wind generators.”

“Maybe not,” Diana interjected.

All eyes turned to look at her as she continued thoughtfully, “Suppose there was an alternative power source?”

“We’re listening,” David said.

“What about the universal energy streams? They have been flowing to the planet with positive energy ever since the lifting of the veil. There must be some way to tap that source?”

“Good thought,” David said, “but how do you propose we do that?”

“With the proper crystals,” she conjectured.

We all sat briefly in speechless silence, when everyone began talking at once. “Hold it a minute.” David said, “Diana, your suggestion is sound, but what crystals and where and how....”

Diana laughed, “Just leave that part to me. I don’t know why I didn’t think of it sooner. Everyone be back here tomorrow at this same time, and I’ll tell you everything you’ll need to know.”

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Since Evalin’s amazing demonstration of Out of Body materialization, Diana had mastered that ability as well as the capability of total control of her physical body while gone. That night David and I sat with Diana in her quarters while she left her body and went to the Edentia Library of Science. While her body sat at her computer and talked to us, she entered the information she was retrieving from the archive. We sat in amazement as a holographic image began to display the beginnings of a crystalline structure. Several minutes passed when Diana said, “Got it,” as she stood up and looked at the hologram. “This device will deliver all the energy we require.”

“Great,” David said, “but how do we control it?”

“With this,” Diana said as she pressed a key on the computer and a three-dimensional diagram appeared. “Have the engineers build the controller distribution box and connect the output to whatever demands the power. The controller will regulate the flow of energy on demand, and we can do away with solar collectors, wind and water generators.”

The next day the engineers received the information, and within two weeks, the entire Foundation’s facility was entirely energy self-sufficient.

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By the spring of 2034, Admiral Tracy's group had managed to establish the UPG, and the planetary fighting had diminished to a few local battles over territory boundaries. As this peaceful trend continued, the Brotherhood ReCompilation Fleet was preparing to return to our solar system

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## Chapter 43

Evalin receives orders of destruction from Arturo

Evalin awoke suddenly to find Darshanon standing at the foot of her bed. “What’re you doing here?” She fumbled for the lamp and then looked at the clock, “It’s three o’clock in the morning.”

“It has come to our attention that you have failed to prevent the UPG from coalescing. The planetary government and religious leaders are weakening in the resolve to fight with each other. The seers from your house of Isis have far-seen that if this trend continues, the fighting will diminish and peace will descend followed by the Brotherhood Reclamation Fleet with all its Melchizedek do-gooders. We will lose control of the planet and ultimately the gateway to the new universe.”

Evalin defends, “I have minions working within the seventh illusionary plain. I have replaced thousands of neutral guardians with those of our own; we now control the thoughts and desires of millions. By replacing guardians, I have managed to seize and replace hundreds of soul beings from within their mortal bodies with souls of our ideology without being discovered. I have also been able to replace two of the seven key members of UPG with doppelgangers. What else would you have me do?”

“There are several high ranking military officials over whom we need to gain complete control.”

“Who are they, and why?”

“They are mostly in the poverty stricken countries but on opposite philosophical sides. If it ever becomes apparent to our God that we will fail in achieving our goal of world domination, it will be necessary to destroy the planet.”

“In other words, what you are telling me is that if he can’t have it, no one will.”

“That’s precisely it.”

“And where are you getting the authority to order such action.”

“How dare you question me, and my authority?”

“You’re not the creator son of this planet nor its planetary prince. What gives you the right to order its destruction?”

“You arrogant witch, I chose to put you in this position of power, and I can also have you replaced; I guarantee you won’t like your next assignment.”

“I didn’t say I wouldn’t follow your orders, all I asked was, who gave you the order to annihilate a race of beings and vaporize a solar system.”

“All second level beings of the negative collective in charge of temporal communities such as yours have received this order. The order came by the usual indirect manner, but I assure you, it comes from Arturo himself.”

“In that case, it shall be done.”

“Good! Go to the Arturian Archives for the identities of those to be replaced and see to it.”  
Darshanon then dematerialized.

Evalin lay back on her bed, left her body, and went to the archives and then on to the illusionary plane to carry out the orders.

## Chapter 44

Iris soulmate RamIsa attends to reclaim her soul

RamIsa, Jessica's soul mate, was furious when he learned that she had replaced her personal guardian Isch, with a Melchizedek teacher, Grisandra. He also learned Darshanon had replaced Jessica with Evalin Good as the psychic seer for Lucifer's Adversaries. He decided to travel to Earth and visit his old friend BrIs.

Evalin was in her office at the Lair when RamIsa materialized and said, "Greetings BrIs, it's been eons since we last spoke."

"RamIsa, what brings you to the planet?"

"I received the distressing news of my soul mate forsaking her lineage. I've come to see what we can do about the subversive methods used on her."

"I'm afraid there's nothing you can do about it because there was no subversion involved. IrIs contaminated thinking began after her abduction by a Grenadier retrieval squad of the Universal Guardianship. She then returned and elected to accept their doctrine of constructive creationism."

"But that's an antithesis to our inherent soul's essence."

"True as that may be, she chose that path."

"You're beginning to sound just like them!"

"On the contrary, one does not have to believe or follow the doctrine of an enemy to be knowledgeable of its concepts. The seventh super universe, as mandated by the Universal fathers, is a universe of free will. I too believe that everyone is free to choose – as long as they decide to follow the predestined path as set forth for them by our God Arturo."

"And what if they choose not too?"

"Then it's up to us to guide their freewill choice back on track."

"Then let's do it – let's get IrIs back on track."

"I have already arranged for her soul's recovery at the time of her crossing. Once we have her, it will be a simple matter to change her thinking."

"I'll accept that. Is there anything I can do to avenge my soul mate?"

“If that is your desire, you may join my subversive force on the seventh level illusionary plane.”

“Will you be attacking those who are responsible for IrIs’ rebellion?”

“Indirectly.”

“Then I accept your invitation.”

“Very well, come to my quarters at sundown, and I will escort you to the seventh level illusionary plane.”

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Evalin left her body resting on her bed while she, in soul-state as BrIs, led RamIsa into an illusionary dimension of dense gray fog.

“Where are we?” RamIsa asked, “I can’t sense anything.”

“That’s the whole idea. We have entered a shrouded area of an illusionary world created and maintained by my elite group of warriors.”

As they passed through the fog, they emerged into a courtyard filled with marble statues of religious deities from the House of Arturo. There were twenty-four black marble buildings set uniformly around a large domed structure.

“What are those buildings for?” he asked.

“Some are the quarters for my seven primary transmogrifiers who are perfecting their individual identities of specific members of the Unified Planetary Government. They also provide housing for the team of seven surrogates for each of the primaries. Others are for a cadre of occupational mortality specialists who are planning several possible scenarios for apparent accidental deaths of their respective targets.”

“I don’t understand. What’s this all about?”

“Come with me to the geodesic dome, and I will explain.”

As they moved toward the dome, she said, “As you know, a subliminal thought has always been our most effective methods for ensuring the acceptance of free will offerings to control the unruly. Since free will offerings are not readily accepted without subliminal thought, we must be covertly prudent in its use.”

“Is that what got IrIs in trouble?”

“Yes, and that’s why I am working here with these talented souls. We will no longer openly use thought control to achieve our goals.”

“What do you plan to do?”

“I am methodically removing and replacing each one of their strategically positioned peacekeepers with its doppelganger. In that way, we will defeat their project from within.”

They entered the large dome structure filled with groups of spirit entities working to perfect their specific skills.

RamIsa asked, “How many beings are involved in this project?”

BrIs replied, “At present, I have twelve hundred spirit entities gathered here. I selected, from the universal archives, the best skilled in each of their specialties. There are seven primary spirit beings gifted in transmogrify. They will eventually replace the remaining five major UPG leaders. I also have three levels of reserve transmogrifies for each of them. In case there is anyone we cannot duplicate and replace, twelve soul beings are preparing to seize and occupy the bodies of their targeted victims forcibly. To protect and prevent discovery; there are 144 highly skilled illusionary operatives to cloak their every move.”

“It would appear that you have planned for every contingency. But how does this invoke retribution on those responsible for IrIs?”

“The primary entity responsible for your soul mate’s downfall is a mortal by the name of Diana Shaw Patrick. She is the split soul of Raven; the other half resides in the body of her twin brother, David.”

“How can I seek revenge on this being – Diana?”

“You must not attempt to attack her or anyone involved with her directly. That was IrIs’s fatal mistake because Diana’s protection comes from authoritative sources. However, I will bring them all down by causing the ultimate failure of their project.”

“How do you plan to accomplish that?”

“I’ve already received orders to take whatever steps necessary to prevent the planet’s populous acceptance of the Brotherhood Fleet. Without that acceptance, they will not commence their reclamation of the planet.”

“Why? From the short time I’ve been here, I’d say this planet is in a hell-of-a-mess and could stand a good cleaning.”

“The trouble is, the Brotherhood infestation would not stop at cleansing. The Melchizedek teachers would arrive, and there goes the neighborhood. The forces of darkness and chaos would be driven off.”

“This is supposed to give me satisfaction for IRI’s contamination?”

“Once all Raven’s support is prevented from accomplishing their souls’ mission the Patrick Twins will have to return home to Avalon in shame,”

“I can accept that as long as we recover IRI’s and return her to proper thinking.”

BRIs concluded, “If you’ve seen enough, we’ll return to the third level of reality.”

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When they returned to Evalin’s quarters, she said, “Since you have elected to participate in this project for personal retribution, I must tell you that I have foreseen where Jessica will become ill and die shortly. I have therefore devised a plan for you, and here is what I want you to do....”

## Chapter 45

Diana thwarts Ranisa's claim on Isi's soul

Diana and I were working in the arboretum on my latest experiment with a new tree splice when she said, "Beth, this graft appears to be bonding beautifully; how long before the new fruit develops?"

"If everything continues to grow at the same rate, I estimate this time next year."

Just then, we heard Marcus as he sent thought to us, "I have just been informed by a messenger that there is a yin soul calling herself Grisandra, who has arrived at the outer perimeter of the Foundation and wished to speak with Diana."

Diana inquired, "Has she given any reason why?"

"The messenger tells me that Grisandra is the brotherhood spirit guardian of IrIs."

"IrIs!" I exclaimed, "Is Jessica Herman's soul name?"

Diana stated, "I remember her with not too fond memories," and then asked, "Marcus; did Grisandra say why she is here?"

"Only that Jessica is in trouble and has asked for your help."

I thought, "What has she done now?"

"Good question," Diana said, and then to Marcus, she added, "Very well, have her escorted to the library; we'll meet with her there."

Diana and I went through the underground passage to the educational complex and climbed the circular stairs to the library. When we arrived, Marcus said, "Grisandra is here." I immediately sensed an ambiance of emotional turmoil.

Diana also felt it and asked, "Grisandra, what brings you here with such troubled emotion?"

"The mortal being you knew as Jessica Herman requested a brotherhood guardian during her visits within the Guardianship. It was my privileged to accept the position. She has chosen to take an entirely different karmic path than she has ever ventured before. As you know, she had been infected with HIV that made her susceptible to other diseases."

"We were aware," Diana said.

"Three weeks ago, she contracted the Ocean Flu, and she died an hour ago."

Diana asked, “Why do you come to us with this news?”

“At the time of her crossing, I was set upon by forces of darkness who told me that they were reclaiming her soul on behalf of the House of Isis. IrIs fought with them, and before being overpowered, she called to me to seek your help.”

“What does she expect me to do?”

“IrIs has spoken of you many times during our brief sojourn together. You two have crossed swords many times in the past, but she credits you with her new enlightenment.

Upon the instant of her death, I was challenged by her soul mate RamIsa. I watched helplessly as her soul was seized against her will. I do not believe she wants to revert to her old ways. Therefore, I have come to ask you if there is anything that can be done to help her.”

Diana removed Maven’s blue quartz crystal from its pouch she wore around her neck. She held the crystal to her forehead, and within seconds, Maven appeared in his natural splendor and spoke, “Greetings children.”

Diana explained the situation and Maven said, “I will take Grisandra with me and look into the matter immediately. I suggest you prepare yourself for a possible journey later tonight.”

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David and I waited with Diana in her quarters for Maven’s arrival. At 9:30, Diana said, “He’s here with a contingent escort.”

We heard Maven’s thought, “We will be going to the Universal Guardians on behalf of your sister IrIs. Justice has been informed and all parties involved will be present. The proceedings should not take too long, and Diana can remain in contact with you.”

Diana closed her eyes and left her body as David and I sat in anticipation of what was happening when Diana said, “We have arrived and are waiting for Justice to admit us into the hall. I don’t believe I will ever be able to describe the splendor of this place.”

Seconds later she continued, “Justice summoned us and once again Maven, Marcus, and I positioned ourselves at the third semicircle from the central shaft of light. I see Jesus and Arturo at the first ring. Grisandra and IrIs are by the second. I am amazed at the difference in IrIs’ aura field. The last time we stood before Justice, it was dark gray and impregnated with angry red stripes, now it is light tan and mottled with blues and greens. Also on the third ring with us, but on the other side of the center stripe, are two other soul beings I do not recognize, so I ask who they were.”

Diana relayed what Maven was saying, “The large wispy opaque being is Isis, and the other is RamIsa, IrIs’ soul mate. They are here to present their claim before Justice that IrIs’ soul is the property of the House of Isis.”

Diana continued, “Justice is saying, ‘I have listened to IrIs’s plea for her right of choice as she passed through Truth, and have heard Isis’ challenge based on the right of a House of Origin’s possessions. If this were a challenge about the right of Origin’s possession over inanimate property, you would have grounds for contention. However, when the soul being known as IrIs walked through Truth and was asked, “Do you know who you are and where you are from?” She answered, “Yes.” When Truth asked, “Have you been subjected to anything against your will that has forced you to change the path you walk?” She answered, “No.” When Truth asked, “Is it your free will choice; with full universal knowledge of that free will, to reside within the 5th level recovery world of Positive Creationism until such time as you elect to leave?” She answered, “Yes.” When Truth asked, “Do you understand that you have the free will to choose, at any time, to change your choice and proceed elsewhere?” She answered, “I do.” IrIs cast no shadow while answering Truth’s questions, indicating that she is absolutely truthful in her resolve.’

Justice spook, “I have listened with judicial regard to the challenge presented by Isis, the monarch of the House of Isis, who contends that any soul created from within a house remains the property of that house. A house does not own a soul; therefore, your demand that your daughter IrIs be forced to return to your house is unfounded.’

‘RamIsa, I have also heard your challenge. As the Yang half of a divided soul, you claim as a birthright, sovereignty over the Yin half. Your claim is invalid because no soul has the right to subvert, dictate, or control another – not even a soul mate. As for your concern over any conflicts her decision would cause, is a matter of karma. Though not common, there are times when adverse parts of a split soul choose to grow in opposite directions. That conflict will be resolved, if and when you and IrIs decide to rejoin.’

Justice then decreed, ‘The Seventh Super-Universe, by mandate of the Universal Fathers, is a universe of Free Will. Therefore, IrIs, having demonstrated her knowledge of universal laws has made a free will choice decision to walk a path of positive creationism. When IrIs is prepared to travel, members of my Grenadiers will escort her, and her guardian Grisandra, to their choice of 5th level recovery. The universal law prohibits and will not tolerate any further interference with IrIs’ past or future choices. So be It.’

Justice closed, and we are back outside in the courtyard.”

Diana began to say, “I do not understand why I was privileged to witness these proceedings,” when seconds later; she opened her eyes and smiled at us.

I asked, “What happened that you’re back without any further discussion?”

“I was summoned by Humility to enter her protection to visit with Irls. Since I could not communicate with you from within Humility, when I emerged, Maven used time to our advantage for our return.”

I asked, “Can you tell us what happen while in Humility?”

“Of course, but what I’m about to tell you goes far beyond anything you can imagine.”

“Why – what did you learn?”

“At the time she gave up the mortality, the Diggers from the House of Arturo seized her and took her directly to a machine.”

I exclaimed, “Wait a minute – Diggers and machines!”

“Diggers are entities whose job it is to escort departing souls to their next destination – normally to the 5th level world of that soul's choice. There are both positive and negative Diggers depending on the essence of the departing soul. Grisandra requested brotherhood Diggers in preparation for their trip to 5th level. However, they were challenged, overpowered by Arturo’s Diggers and abducted Irls’s soul. That’s when Grisandra came to us.”

I asked. “Where was she taken?”

“That’s what Maven had to find out. He and Grisandra went to Cigna to consult with Valeria. Since Jessica was once our adversary and then chose to change her path of destiny, Valeria had kept track of Irls and was able to locate her deep within the confines of the house of Arturo.”

“Why was she taken there?”

“That’s where Arturo hid one of his outlawed machines.”

“OK, now what about the machines?”

“For eons upon eons, the negative collective continuously developed, manufactured, and distributed countless millions of them throughout the known universe. These machines, even though they are mortally constructed mechanical devices, once programmed and activated, are alive with the ability to think, read thoughts and emotions, and are the ultimate living device of subliminal thought and mind manipulation. They can remove all memories and readjust thought

patterns, and subvert a soul's true desire to conform to the controller's mandate of a singular deity, Arturo. Justice had previously adjudicated these machines outlawed, and all were to be dismantled. The negative collective, being what it is, still have a few secretly hidden away for what they consider, emergency treatments."

"Why?"

"In order to maintain power and control over others; the more souls that worship him, the more energy he receives, the more power he has to subvert other souls. That's why it was so important to them to get IrIs on a machine. Ever since she learned the truth of her right to free will of choice, they had lost their control over her."

"What did that machine do to her?"

"It would have removed all memory of her knowledge and experience of the Melchizedek teachings, and she would have returned home to the House of Isis as dark a negative being as when she left. However, once Valeria located her, and informed Justice of the situation, he immediately retrieved her soul to Humility for healing, gathered those responsible for her abduction, and delivered the machine for cannibalization."

"Did you ever find out why you were called to the Guardianship?"

"While IrIs was within Humility recovering from the effects of the machine, she requested that I be present at the hearing. She wanted to thank me for saving her soul from extinction. I then reminded her, that's what love and brotherhood are all about."

"I don't understand – saving her soul from extinction?"

"If the victim does not respond favorably to the treatment, the living machine will overcome such reluctance by emptying the mind totally and leaving it blank, thus reducing the soul to a state of nonexistence – in mortal terms, a vegetable. As we all know, IrIs is strong-willed, and when she sets her mind, mortal or immortal, to something, nothing short of death will change it. She confided to me that during the course of her enlightenment to the truth inherent in universal laws, she became determined that she would never again become a puppet for another, not even her mother. She also knows that if we had not come to her aid, she would no longer exist."

"What did you tell her?"

"I simply told her that if she had come to the point of having to make that final decision, that too would have been her free will choice."

## Chapter 46

Lark sounds the alarm.

When Brette and Garry arrived at the Larson Ranch after duty on Friday, Lark met them as they egressed from the antigravity vehicle.

She said with concern, "I am glad to see you, and we have to talk."

Brette asked, "What's wrong, Lark? You look distressed."

"I am," she said as they walked toward the house. "Do you remember when I told you that I saw multiple impenetrable areas within the illusionary realm?"

"Yes," Garry said, "Have you determined what they are?"

"I've tried, but whenever I seek into one of them, the fog dissipates, shifts in time, and reappears in a different seventh level illusionary dimension. I have to keep searching the past, present, and future just to relocate it."

As they entered the house, Lark continued, "Come with me to the vault. I want to show you what I've seen these past three months."

When they arrived in the room with the eight level chessboards, Garry asked, "What's this display? I don't recognize it."

"That's because it's the universal display representing several galaxies. I've had to expand to this level in order to encompass the scope of the time wars."

Brette asked, "What's a time war?"

Garry explained, "Time Wars occur when opposing forces keep shifting back and forth in time to prevent or accomplish a happening."

Lark read Brette's thoughts of confusion and said, "For example, when Diana foresaw Garry's inevitable plane crash. She had time to locate the cause and made it possible to repair the problem before the event, thus preventing the incident."

Brette stated, "I understand the benefits of using time to prevent mishaps, but..."

Lark continued, "Let's assume the entity who planned the original incident, foresaw the defense and worked in time to prevent the repair. The event would still occur, and Garry would

not be here now. Diana would have to move still further back in time to prevent the further reversal of the repair, in order for Garry to be here. Do you see how it works?"

"Vaguely," Brette admitted.

Lark continued, "Time Wars on a universal scale are incredibly complex. For each event of a time manipulation made by the positive side to neutralize a negative event, the negative forces must move further back in time to prevent the neutralization. The positive forces must then move even further back in time to nullify the prevention of the nullification. This overlapping of time can continue throughout ever expanding, altered time dimensions."

"Why dimensions in time?"

"Beings from the future have first-hand knowledge of their present condition, and by traversing back in time, they hope to change the outcome of events that placed them in that situation."

Garry interjected, "Such as peace descending among men and the acceptance of the brotherhood's fleet arrival."

"Is that what's happening now?" Brette asked.

Garry said, "From the appearance of the boards, I would say we're in the middle of one hell of a multileveled time war."

Lark said, "Let me reset the boards to display Earth three months ago."

She then set the program to display, at twelve-hour increments, the configuration of pieces on the boards. We stood and watched as pieces on the boards moved. Many of them disappeared and reappeared.

Garry asked, "What's going on, Lark?"

"Watch Evalin Good – the Black Queen from the Maven/Darshanon board. She goes everywhere, appearing as an illegal piece on many different boards. Sometimes she even shows up on two different boards at the same time. On other occasions, she disappears into a fog bank on a seventh level illusionary plain, and I cannot find her anywhere for days."

"What have you done with this information?"

"Naturally, I keep Granddad informed, but everything has gotten too large and moving too fast for me. I also report everything I see to Valeria on Cigna. The battle has spread so far into the past and future, and is changing so rapidly; it takes the best seers on Cigna to follow the

action. Valeria and her team of seers keep our Brotherhood Time Teams informed as they battle to stay ahead in the midst of the simultaneous multidimensional time wars.”

Brette asked, “What exactly does it mean?”

“It means that no one has been able to determine what the projected plans of the negative collective are, or when they may be implemented.”

Garry asked, “Do we know who is responsible for all this confusion?”

“Our Time Teams confirm that the entity BrIs, you know her as Evalin Good, working under the auspice of Darshanon in the name of his God Arturo, has set a massive group of beings from the School of Yo onto the seventh level illusionary plane. We have not been able to determine exactly why they’re there, but we do know that spirit beings from that illusory plain have attacked, possessed, and even replaced several positive leaders within many of Earth’s planetary governments. Whenever we move in time to prevent a would-be doppelganger from achieving its goal, it appears to evaporate; however, it is quickly replaced with another from a different time-space dimension.”

Brette asked, “What’s the overall outlook for our future?”

“From what I’ve witnessed over the past six months, the time war, as well as the war in the heavens, encompasses far beyond what my boards are capable of monitoring. However, as you can see by the radical movement of pieces on the boards, our projected future is changing hourly. I would say that right now, the future of positive creationism on Earth does not look promising.”

## Chapter 47

Evalin is offered to step up action.

It is 3 AM on August 26, 2042, in Prince Rabble's lair, when Darshanon is standing at the foot of Evelin's bed suddenly shocked her awake by illuminating the room. She observed the time, glared at him and shouted, "Have you nothing better to do than wake me at this ridiculous hour. Why are you here this time?"

Without apology, he stated, "We are all well aware of the elaborate preparations you are preparing. However, it would appear that young little Lark traced your activities and is also working with the Brotherhood seers on Cigna and it is just a matter of time before they will discover your entire plans."

"That little witch may think she can find out what I have in store for them. She may be collaborating with Cigna, but none of them will decipher the plot I have devised, so let them try."

Darshanon abruptly cut her off saying, "I Have not come here to bicker with you, I have come to bring you a message directly from the House of Arturo. They say it is time to escalate your project and put it into action."

"Very well, consider the message received. Now leave, I have additional work for which to prepare.

Darshanon dematerialized, and Evalin lay back down, took a deep relaxing breath, left her body and traveled directly to the school of Yo to relay Arturo's message.

She returned in time for breakfast to inform Prince Rabbles of Darshanon's visit and the message from Arturo. She informed him that she would be gone a few days and did not want her body disturbed. She went to her quarters and prepared herself for battle, reclined on the bed and again left her body.

She rejoined the combined negative forces from the school of Yo. Now that Evalin was there, they were through practicing their illusionary activities, and she put their plan in motion commencing twelve days in the past.

## Chapter 48

The time wars are about to succeed

It was 3:30 in the morning on August 7, 2042, when a frantic call from Diana jolted David, and I awake. We bolted out of bed and rushed to her room to find her standing under the Plexiglas dome peering into the dark morning sky. David asked, “What is it, Sis, what’s wrong?”

“I just awoke from a psychic vision, and we are – and I mean everyone – is in imminent danger of total annihilation.”

I asked, “What do you mean total annihilation, what did you see?”

Just then, Maven materialized in the room and said, “Greetings children, I come with heart-wrenching news. We will be engaged in an immense multidimensional time/space war with massive illusionary forces of Arturo. In twelve of your planetary days; the negative forces of a middle eastern country will launch a nuclear missile attack on its neighbor. I am coming to you from your future because all attempts to prevent this occurrence have failed. It has happened! Retaliation will be global and immediate; nuclear winter is but a week hence!”

I was about to panic when Maven continued, “Fear not for your mortal lives. We have arranged with the leader of the Ashtar Command and six other allied fleets to assist the Brotherhood in the immediate global evacuation of all positive beings. Transport vessels from the Brotherhood, the Tortoise, and Ashtar Commands are presently maneuvering into planetary surface space. They are, however; still cloaked in dimensional time. In approximately seven days, all planetary pickup locations will simultaneously shift three seconds forward of your relative time, and the rescue vessels will become visible. However, they will be visible to only those within the boundaries of the rescue locations, thus preventing any governmental interference.”

I stammered, “I don’t understand.”

“As you know, time itself is a dimension. We as your primary guardians have the ability to manipulate the universal forces of time-space. By a simple forward shift in time of three seconds, you are actually in another time dimension, same space but a different era. Therefore, anyone outside the shifted area will be oblivious as to what is occurring within yours.”

“What will they see?”

“To them, everything will appear as normal because nothing has changed in that time dimension. It is by the judicial use of these forces that we will make it possible for our universal brothers to rescue you without endangering anyone.”

Maven continued, “An Ashtar Command shuttlecraft has been assigned to your Foundation facility and will appear at the appointed dimensional time shift.”

Diana then calmly asked, “Maven, what do you want us to do?”

“I suggest that you assemble your first three echelon levels of personnel and carefully explain what is about to occur. Tell them about the space vessel that will appear in three hours and activate your emergency evacuation procedures. You can then use your internal communication system to awaken and alert everyone else within your community to prepare for immediate evacuation. As a means to prevent panic, answer their questions individually when asked. You may also tell those with universal understanding that a planetary alert has gone out to all second level guardians with knowledge of the pending disaster. The guardians of mortals of positive creationism have additional information of their nearest evacuation location.”

Maven then added, “David, have the decontamination facility opened for the next eighteen hours and prepared to receive all that make it to the Foundation. Everyone that chooses to leave the planet must be aboard a transport vessel by midnight.”

I questioned again, “If we are shifted in time, and everything appears as normal, how will anyone coming to the Foundation, find us?”

Maven explained, “It is true that everything will appear as usual, however, at the time of the dimensional shift; the entrance to decontamination facility will become a time portal. Anyone entering the facility after the shift occurs will also enter the new time dimension.”

Then I asked, “What about our non-willed animals?”

Maven said, “When you begin to hear reports that your pets and farm animals are dead or dying, understand the process of recovering their souls is of the utmost importance. The process has already begun planetary wide, and we will not lose anyone because of human stupidity.”

David said, “I know that after the initial shock of learning of the evacuation wears off, there will be questions about what they may take with them to the transports.”

Maven said, “Tell them to bring nothing but themselves and what they are wearing to the transports and to be thankful they are retaining their physical structures; for there will be millions who will not.”

As the Foundation's healer, I assigned seven members of my staff to work in the decontamination facility where, during the next eighteen hours, they processed 372 people who managed to arrive before the deadline. To the best of my knowledge, no one remained outside. The rest of my staff and I worked to ensure that anyone who needed medical help before boarding received it.

Once, when Diana came through the clinic, I asked her about Garry, and she told me that she was in constant telepathic communication with him and that he and many of the military would be boarding a transport vessel from the Tortoise Command Fleet. She also told me that everything about our departure was going more smoothly than David had anticipated.

At 2245 (10:45 PM); I was surprised when a grimy and exhausted Brandy Williams staggered into the decontamination chamber. She told me that she became chilled to the bone from having been on the road for hours. After we had gotten her warmed up and fed, she told me that she had been following the development of the Foundation for years and that the night before last, she dreamt that she must come to the Foundation. She didn't know how or why, but she had too. I was going to explain about guardians but decided to leave that for David and Diana.

At 11:45, I closed the decontamination facility and made sure everyone was on his or her way to debarkation. When I stepped from the protection of our domed habitat into the polluted air, I saw for the first time, the Ashtar transport spacecraft as it hung suspended about 50-feet from the ground. A 400-foot boarding ramp descended from the ship where it rested on the ground several hundred yards from the dome's exit door. As we ran toward the ramp, I peered through the murky darkness and saw David and Diana at the base of the ramp with two seven-foot men dressed in lavender colored jumpsuits. They stood like sentinels beside David and Diana, and as I approached, David called out, "Beth, it's good to see you. I was about to come looking for you." He then asked Diana, "Is everyone present and accounted for?"

She entered the names of my staff and I into her pocket computer, checked the roster, and said, "Yes, we have accounted for all 16,312 Foundation members plus 372 late arrivals, including Brandy Williams."

"Then it's time to board,"

As we started to climb the ramp, my bleary eyes burned from the smog filled the air, but that did not stop me from squinting through the darkness at the long slender hull of the Ashtar spacecraft that was the size of an aircraft carrier.

Once inside, we waited while the Ashtar sentinels retracted the ramp and secured the hatch. Diana gave one of them a copy of her computer disk with the passenger manifest. We then followed them along a passageway into a gallery. A uniformed officer directed us to the front of the room where we settled into comfortable reclining seats.

At midnight, a voice filled the room, “Welcome aboard the Ashtar Command Transport vessel, Olympiad VIII. I am Commander Christie, the captain of this vessel. Please, sit back and relax, we are about to depart your homeworld. A few seconds from now, we will be 240 thousand miles from your planet – that is just beyond your moon.”

I only thought I had difficulty understanding how Diana’s soul traversed time, that is until I experienced the miraculous ability of a spacecraft the size of an aircraft carrier that appeared to instantly jump from the planet’s surface to a point millions of miles into space. I asked David, “I think I know what just happened, but how? I was expecting to feel the acceleration of liftoff, but I didn’t feel the slightest vibration.”

David smiled and said, “There’s no sensation of acceleration during a short dimensional shift in space. There is, however, a graying out period while traveling long time corridors.”

I shuddered and said, “That was more than I needed to know, David.”

He and Diana assured me that all would be well.”

Briefly forgetting they could read my thoughts as if I shouted them aloud, I thought, “I don’t know how they can be so damn calm. We just jumped thousands of miles into space on an alien spacecraft. Our world, as we know it, is about to erupt into nuclear winter and I have no idea where we will go from here.”

Without a word, David put his arm around my shoulder, when I turned to look at him, he said, “We are together, Beth, and everything is going to be fine,” and he kissed me tenderly.

Commander Christie spoke again, “Please do not become alarmed. The observation ports are about to open, thus affording everyone an opportunity to see your planet from space. We will be holding this position for about five minutes while we reset our time-space trajectory computer.”

It appeared as though half the hull on both sides of the ship became transparent. I could see the moon in the distance, and far below it, Gaia. As Diana and I stood at the observation window and observed our beautiful blue-green water planet floating in space, she took hold of my hand and said, “Beth, I’m afraid we’re looking at our home for the last time.”

I then looked at her and saw an expression of immense sorrow; and for the second time since I've known her, tears ran down her beautiful cheeks. I asked, "How could anyone wish to destroy a world such as...?" I could say no more.

David came up behind us, wrapped his strong arms around our shoulders, and held us. Despite the situation, I have never felt so loved and comforted. We stood in silence embrace until the observation window again became opaque, and we returned to our seats for the next shift in time-space.

The next time the observation window opened, Commander Christie said, "We are presently well outside your Earth's solar system, and you can see that we are in the midst of many armadas of recovery spacecraft. Located to our starboard is your Brotherhood Reclamation Fleet."

We were seated on the starboard side of the vessel with full view of the thousands of many gigantic stationary silver ships with hundreds of smaller spaceships slowly moving around them. David, sensing my question, said, "The small ones that look like bees around a hive are the highly maneuverable fighter craft. There are also transport vessels, shuttlecraft, supply vessels and lightering craft used for moving equipment from place to place."

Commander Christie continued, "We had carefully calculated all time-space maneuvers so that when we left your planet's space, we also regressed slightly to have ample time to get everyone safely transported to an interim destination before the event."

As the sound of questioning murmurs came from 16,000 concerned passengers, Commander Christie explained, "Understand that the entire retrievable population from your planet is presently scattered among 7,300 vessels. Therefore, this initial distribution of persons is only a temporary arrangement. For those of you who will be transferring to a Brotherhood vessel, please prepare to disembark."

One of the Ashtar sentinel guards approached Diana and asked, "Do you have the list of the transferees?"

She handed him a slip of paper, "There are only three of us transferring at this time."

The Sentinel gestured for us to follow him.

As we stood to leave, David told Jordan, his second in command, that we were going to the Mother Vessel to confer with Brotherhood advisors and temporal leaders of other surviving communities, and that we would be returning soon.

We followed the sentinel along another long passage that ended at an airlock. We stepped through several hatch doors and onto the deck of a Brotherhood shuttle.

Neither David nor I knew what to think when Diana threw herself into the arms of a giant man dressed in a dark blue jumpsuit. He lifted her with graceful ease, held her suspended at arm's length, and said, "Diana, we are all jubilant that you survived."

"Diana!" I exclaimed, "What's going on?"

The man in blue, still holding Diana at arm's length, swung her high in the air, as she called out, "Don't you recognize Holms, our soul mate?" He then carefully placed her back on the deck.

After a brief and solemn reunion, we entered the passenger compartment, but I could not shake Holms' use of past tense when he said, 'we are all jubilant that you survived.' When there was a lull in their conversation, I asked, "Holms, what did you mean, we survived?"

"Didn't anyone tell you? Everyone died when the planet erupted."

I choked, "did you just say, everyone died?"

David took me in his arms and said; "That was then, this is now, and we all survived by the use of an alternate timeline. The same method Diana used to save the fleet from disaster."

I looked at him indignantly and asked, "Have you known this all along?"

"Of course, Maven told us when he first came to Diana's room."

"I didn't hear anything of the kind."

"Didn't you hear him say 'I am coming to you from your future because all attempts to prevent this occurrence have failed. It has happened!'"?"

"No. I guess I was too confused at the time. You should have told me again."

David held me closer and said, "I'm sorry Beth, but I had no idea you didn't know."

I whispered in his ear, "Then promise me this, if we ever die again without me knowing it, you'll tell me."

I then heard Holms say, "Make yourselves comfortable, we have another stop to make before we return to the Mother Vessel."

A few minutes later, we heard the sound of the sliding door of the hatch open and close. Diana got up from her seat just as Garry entered the compartment and they embraced. The

emotional joy of their reunion became overshadowed by the sorrow of the circumstances that brought us all together.

I then heard an authoritative voice, “How about moving your backsides out of the doorway, and letting the rest of us in.”

Garry and Diana quickly stepped aside, and a dignified looking man entered. I instantly recognized Chairman Walter Tracy from the many times I had seen him in news broadcasts. Two women followed him into the compartment and Garry introduced Captain Brette Newbern and Gloria Tracy.

Diana questioned, “Where’s Lark?”

“I’m right here,” came a voice from the doorway.

Everyone turned and saw a seven-foot man dressed in the dark blue uniform of a Brotherhood, line officer. Across his broad shoulders, he wore the gold yoke of a Melchizedek Teacher. Held in his arms, high off the desk was a beautiful young girl with a radiant smile. Lark smiled while saying, “This is my Phi Gamma Phi.”

Garry grinned at Lark and said; “I told you he was too tall for you.”

Diana asked, “Where’s Holms?”

Phi Gamma Phi said, “Someone’s got to fly this thing, now let’s go home.”

“Home,” I asked.

“It’s their home,” said Diana, “He and all the fleet’s personnel have lived on their vessels for more than 110 years.”

We barely had time to converse before Holms entered the compartment and said, “We have arrived in the Mother Vessel. Please follow me.”

## Chapter 49

### Witnessing the destruction

We stepped out of the transport craft onto a ramp that was several hundred feet above the hanger deck. The ramp led to a platform on the interior bulkhead of the massive hanger bay where two other shuttles were offloading their passengers.

We went with Holms and Phi Gamma Phi into a large amphitheater where we joined a multitude of people. Holms explained, "Like yourselves, these people are the temporal leaders, seers, and healers from your planet. The Delta Gamma has gathered everyone here to...."

Just then, a tall man dressed in a dark blue uniform with a gold yoke appeared and his voice filled the room. "Ladies and Gentlemen, Welcome aboard the Brotherhood Vessel Rho Alpha, Nu Iota VII. The seventh Mother Vessel built of the series 6,438. "I am the Delta Gamma, your Fleet Commander. We have assembled the leaders of Earth's survival communities here, for two reasons. The primary purpose is to present you with the many options of where to establish a new civilization. However, before we do that, we are about to witness an unprecedented event in universal history. Throughout the eons, many planets have been lost or became uninhabitable for a variety of reasons: some by natural catastrophes such as meteor showers or a supernova event. We have lost many others because of interplanetary wars, but never in the history of the Seventh Super-universe has a planet's populace ever eradicated itself of its own accord."

The room darkened as a giant holographic image of Earth appeared high in front of us. The Delta Gamma, continued, "Since our position is at a safe distance outside your solar system, we are using one of Earth's communication satellites to view the planet."

A hush fell across the room as all eyes fixed on the projected image. It was high noon on the visible side of the globe, and every detail was plainly distinguishable. The first indication of the assault appeared as several barely visible pinpoints of light streaked eastward.

The Delta Gamma stated, "It has begun; you are witnessing the launch of the first battery of missiles."

Moments later, hundreds of miles to the east, we saw pinpoints of light streak westward, and we knew that the retaliatory missiles were on their way. At that same location, we saw seven distinct flashes blend into one great blinding light that spread over an enormous area from which great pillars of mushroom clouds grew.

We watched in lamentable horror as the retaliatory missiles found their target of the initial launch point. With even more numerous and extensive flashes of light that spread across the land, great mushroom clouds loomed forth, and it did not take long before the two giant

clouds began to merge. We could only imagine the horrific roar of explosions as they grew in rapidity and amplitude.

The image of the planet blinked off and then back on as the Delta Gamma explained; "We are now viewing a transmission from a different satellite."

This image displayed our homeland blanketed in midnight darkness. I stood within the room filled with onlookers and watched as the East and West coasts of both the northern and southern continents lit up with what reminded me of the finality of a 4th of July celebration as barrage after barrage of missiles streaked skyward. Suddenly the image blinked off and returned displaying the opposite side of the globe where another light barrage was occurring.

Within thirty minutes, the image of our birth planet presented before us was aglow with constant explosions from conventional and nuclear ICBMs. Suddenly there was a blinding flash of intense white light, and the room went dark. Once again the Delta Gamma spoke, "The nuclear blasts have just destroyed all the satellites around Earth."

Sitting in the silence of that room and staring into the dark holographic emptiness, I will carry the images of that fateful day indelibly imprinted into my soul's memory for eternity.

Suddenly the room illuminated with the brilliant white light of our sovereign as he materialized before us and spoke.

"I have come to share your sorrow and assure you that all is not lost. Everyone in the universe knows how you have struggled to prevent this tragedy. We are aware of how steadfastly you labored to change the thoughts and attitudes of the spiritually and morally corrupt. It is unfortunate that it is within the nature of some religious teachings there are those cynical souls who would rather perish than change their way of thinking. "

"The forces of Arturo's negative collective has gained yet another hollow victory, for, in their folly, the gateway to the new universe is forever closed to them while tens of thousands of their brethren souls are forever lost, and millions of others suffered the demise of their physical bodies."

However, among the millions who died this day, not one soul of a positive nature was lost. Positive creationism will prevail because as you have all just witnessed, negative attitudes, thinking, and actions will only destroy. Positive creationism only creates.

This entire solar system must be cordoned off for the next three Havona years (600,000 earth years) however, take heart and stand steadfast for we are not defeated. There are three habitable planets within this galaxy from which to choose. We, as your brothers and sisters, will be taking you and your followers to the one of your choosing. Take some time to calm your thoughts. When we reconvene after a short repast, we will explain everything concerning the relocation process."

With our help, you are about to begin a new civilization. We may have lost Earth, but we have lost neither humanity nor the gateway. The outcome of your new world now lies in your hearts and hands.”

## Chapter 50

Where do we go from here?

Later that afternoon, in the midst of a throng of fellow survivors, the four of them stood on the observation deck of this strange craft where everyone remained in stunned silence. Gary, the team leader, held Diana close in his arms; while I, Beth Morison remained nestled in the strong arms of David. Everyone was utterly stunned and devastatingly shocked at the realization of the event that had just occurred. Eventually, I broke the silence by questioning, “I wonder if at the time we answered the universal call to attend that first meeting in Edentia had we known how it would all end, would we have been so eager to respond?”

Just then Marcus appeared and said, “Everyone please come with me. We have just received some revolutionary news.”

Everyone followed him to an elevator that took them deep into the center of the vessel. They stepped out of the elevator into a long passageway that led to a large theater type conference room. There were many mortal and immortal beings already there. Some milling around and others seated waiting for the announcement.

While ushering us to a large section of seats Marcus explained, “You are about to join many members of your fellow triads that survived the rigors of growing up on a bound world.”

David asked, “Is that why we’re here?”

“Partly, but the main reason is to learn how this tragic incident was treated universally and where future events will occur.”

A few minutes later a voice came from the speaker asking everyone to please be seated and remain quiet. The Delta Gamma would be there shortly.

I took that brief opportunity to observe the auditorium. The entire room was large enough to seat several thousand beings and sloped downward to a gigantic stage area. I assumed the slightly inward-curved walls conformed to the curvature of the vessel’s hull. I then heard a barely audible sound of a hydraulic pump and observed a large portion of center stage sink, divide in half and slide beneath the stage as a rostrum with three men standing behind it, rise about a foot above the stage floor. They were the Delta Gamma and his three guardian escorts.

He moved to stand in front of the rostrum before he spoke, “I have requested you here not because of the sorrowful past events but to tell you that all is not lost. As you know the seventh

super universe is inherently positive in nature and because of that positive aspect, the Ancients of Days have made several decrees.

Because of the calculated malicious attack on a sovereign world with intentional destruction of innocence for the purposes of subversion to their way of beliefs and behavior, those immortal negative beings who with full knowledge and forethought planned and executed these deeds are now held in captivity within the Universal Guardians. Those negative mortals that survived their holocaust now reside within the confines of a Brotherhood vessel, more about them later.

“Right now I wish to give you the good news. Their second decree granted permission to all positive entities capable of time and dimensional manipulation who chose to participate could use their expertise to correct the situation. I tell you it is being acted upon as we speak. The resultant will be that the destroyed planet be shifted into another time dimension where all actions will continue. In our dimensional time continuum, everything will remain as normal from just prior to the announcement of planet evacuation. Everyone will wake up that morning with no knowledge of these past several months. That is with the exception of those of you here present.”

A questioning murmur went through the throng and the Delta Gamma continued, “I say those of you here present who wish to remember this experience may do so. For those who wish not to remember may choose to leave this hall after you hear the rest of the Ancients of Days’ decrees. That will give you time to decide whether or not you wish to undergo the cloud of forgetfulness.”

A sigh of relief permeated as he continued; “Now for their third decree, I told you the negative beings which also include their guardians that supported or encouraged those dastardly actions were incarcerated aboard a brotherhood vessel. They too will be given a choice. For those who defiantly refuse to consider modifying their behavior will be returned to the devastated planet to survive the best they can. For those who wish to return to Earth will undergo a modified cloud of forgetfulness. That is, they will not remember the actual destruction but rather receive knowledge of what their future holds for them if they continue on their negative destructive path. They would also lose all knowledge of those who chose to return to devastation as if they never existed.”

“For all of you who choose to remember the event, I ask you to please recall everything that led up to the attack and to assert your best effort to prevent it. I do not be leave we will get a second do-over. For those of you who may consider forgetting the actual destruction, will have twenty-four hours to decide. That will give you time to confer with your friends before

deciding. If so, you must report to the dispensary on D deck before the end of twenty-four hours to receive the treatment. Be advised, this treatment will allow you to remember everyone and everything up to but not the destruction. Thank you for attending this meeting. You are free to return to your duties, I will however, remain here to answer any questions you may have.”

As people began rising to leave I asked David and Diana if they had any questions

David said, “just one, how do we get home and how soon?”

Diana jested, “that’s two questions,”

We looked at him as he simply nodded with a broad grin.

She continued, “I looked into that very question while he was talking and the answer to both questions is by shuttlecraft and three days from now. Hopefully, we will then begin to fulfill our task of preparing the remaining uneducated populous of the return of Jesus.”

Note to the reader: Positive creationism only creates whereas the negative only destroys thus is ultimately destined to fail. Your creator is of the purest positive nature and will not fail to elevate his creation of the earth to the ultimate point of light and life.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Edgar Kitson Southward was born in Newark, New Jersey on August 7, 1933.

Even as a young child, he suspected there was more to life than just living here on earth. He started to question many of his religious teachers because he began to realize there was more to life than what their religious doctrine spouted.

Therefore, over the course of 52 years, he delved into many aspects of metaphysics. He did extensive research into the occult, not the stargazing astrologers, tea-leaf or tarot card readers, crystal gazing fortunetellers, or the witchcraft type of mysticism, but serious study of the unknown.

It was not long before he ascertained the people of the theological persuasion promulgated their propaganda by regurgitating their gospel teachings and expected their parishioners to accept it all on blind faith. They were hiding the rest of the actual story, assuming they knew it. That is when he began searching for the big picture. Over time, the pieces started coming together, and he concluded the reason for their deception was because none of them knew the correct accounting of astronomical events.

In 1985 Kitson finally met the psychic clairvoyant he had sought and learned his soul name was Rani. It was just a matter of time before he got a real glimpse of his big picture. Be careful of what you ask for because you might get it.

Rani discovered that he is not from here and could be considered an extraterrestrial who was born on this planet and inhabits a mortal body. This life is his thirty-third sojourn on earth from his homeworld of Avalon, home of the Melchizedek. He is here on behalf of our Creator Jesus as he has done in several past lives before.

Once again Rani chose to be born on this bound world. Bound and isolated from the rest of the universe as a result of a treasonous rebellion by its Planetary Prince. Prince Calagastia took it upon himself along with Lucifer and Satan to usurp this and other worlds from their Creator.

While attempting to implement certain aspects of the research, he quickly realized he had no personal supernatural talents. Thus he began looking for people with unique gifts of astral

projection, psychometry, telepathy, and clairvoyance of whom he found many. Unfortunately, most misused their talent for financial rather than spiritual gain.

Rani has never had, nor will he ever have an inkling of psychic ability, that is why he has always required a gifted seer by his side to guide and advise him on his correct path while in mortality on a bound world. It was not until 1985 when Rani met Magna, that genuinely gifted psychic he had sought.

However, he did not know this at the time, because she had not mentioned attending the Institute of Vedic Studies. It took several months before he realized she was adept at more psychic abilities than he knew existed. That is when at long last, he learned who he was and why they were here on the planet at this time.

They were living in a remote area in Arizona's Mojave Desert in 1987 when Abaris made his first contact with them. He is a master Melchizedek teacher whose home-world is Avalon. He is a spirit being who provided them with knowledge of universal importance to everyone on this planet. Information that few people have ever heard; that is unless you are a reader of the Urantia book.

As Abaris increased his teaching sessions with them, she refined her abilities. They asked him many questions during their learning sessions, and to ensure they received the best answers; he brought many spirit-beings to speak with them. These spirit-beings traveled great intergalactic distances to share their knowledge and experience. They were experts in their specialized fields and freely shared their knowledge with them and bestowed them with gifts of universal knowledge that can only come from beyond this planet's mortal realms.

Rani established the Universal Brotherhood Educational Center in March 1987. We at the UBEC are dedicated toward sharing our knowledge of the greater universe. Since the demise of their seer, they are no longer able to garner more, so we are making what we have available to anyone who wishes to hear.

Part of what Rani did during their years of association with these spirit-entities, was to record many audio tapes. The material is unbelievably enlightening and contains information about the essence of creation relating to our very existence.

It was from this fount of celestial knowledge that this epic story became a reality because the content presented here came directly from celestial beings.