

A Medical Doctor and her Many Contact Modalities Experiences

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In the past several years, I have attended various conferences where paranormal topics were discussed. Several speakers at these conferences gave great presentations, but when I would ask them afterward whether they themselves had experienced a paranormal event, some would appear shocked and at times affronted by such a suggestion. I came to have the impression that they found the study of paranormal happenings intellectually stimulating and no doubt financially lucrative, but they in no way wanted to be ranked with the “lunatic fringe” that they studied and wrote about, or perceived themselves as the type of person who could witness such occurrences. Some seemed to be frightened by the very thought that they might see, or be abducted by, a UFO/UAP, or cross paths with a “Bigfoot”, or have a Near Death Experience (NDE).

In a search for answers regarding my own paranormal experiences, I stumbled across a reference to The Edgar Mitchell FREE Foundation (FREE). When I initially spoke with FREE Foundation Co-Founder Rey Hernandez by phone, it was in an effort to reach out to someone who could possibly provide insight into the origin of a number of bizarre experiences I had encountered over my lifetime. I had reached a point where the accumulated angst generated by these events was interfering with my life. We had a long chat and the ability to recount many of the paranormal episodes that had plagued me since childhood was very therapeutic. When I finally met Rey Hernandez in person, it was a moment which involved a strange synchronicity, (and even he is not aware of the full story). But then, I have come to understand that such happenings become commonplace for “Experiencers”.

It was very refreshing to speak with someone who, while having somewhat different experiences from my own, was a bona fide fellow Experiencer. When Rey later approached me and requested that I write a chapter for this book, discussing some of my own experiences and my subsequent “take” on what it means to be an Experiencer. I’m sure he saw my immediate “deer in the headlight look” and he reassured me that I could write the chapter anonymously as a “Dr. X”.

Other than a sense of anxiety regarding potential exposure of my identity, and my lack of literary skills, I was quite amenable to taking on the task of writing this chapter. Mostly, I felt this way because of memories and a compulsion I returned with after a near-death experience (NDE) in 2013. I recall being instructed (perhaps impelled is a better term) to relate

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the events of the NDE to others, and I began doing so almost immediately upon regaining consciousness in the CVICU after the NDE. As it had never before been my nature to expose myself to public scrutiny and potential ridicule for other strange occurrences in my life, this need to share my NDE with anyone and everyone was an anomaly.

As I sought further information on NDE phenomenon after my own NDE event, I discovered many amazing sites online. The one that most piqued my interest was the Near-Death Experience Research Foundation (nderf.org). It was founded by a fellow physician, Jeffrey Long, MD, and was a vast database of NDE's from all over the world. Many of the persons who submitted narratives of their own near-death experiences on the site, and completed the questionnaire, did so anonymously. I found it very therapeutic to tell of my own NDE and to use structure of the formal questionnaire to further explore my thoughts and feelings about the event. At some point in the process of submitting a NDE to the website, you must choose to use your true name or be assigned a pseudonym to maintain anonymity. I joined the ranks of many others on the site and chose to remain anonymous.

And so, when I agreed to share some of my experiences in this chapter, I was once again faced with the frightening choice of exposure vs. anonymity. Over the years, I have come to recognize that there are many others out there with similar occurrences who are similarly afraid to share the paranormal events in their life in a public venue.

But the more I mulled over all the strange events that I have experienced since childhood, the more I realized that I no longer wished to be an “Anonymous Coward” in my own life. The thought of stepping away from anonymity, though, created a great deal of turmoil in my psyche. I came to understand how difficult it is for anyone to “step out of their closet”.

There are many reasons for being in the proverbial “closet”. Some examples would be sexual orientation, lifestyle choices, infidelity, peccadilloes, being or having been victimized, even past or ongoing criminal activity. Many reasons involve deliberate choice. Some are due to circumstances beyond a person’s control. All bring the need to hide from scrutiny of others, to prevent the revelation of just what it is you have stuffed, along with yourself, in your “closet”. To expose the contents of your closet to the light of day could bring ridicule, shame, loss of friends/family/employment, with resulting loss of self-respect, and a profound change in the public perception of the persona you project out to the world. And yet, many who have over the years, opened and stepped out of their closets, have found it to be a liberating and transformative experience.

In writing this chapter, I am stepping out of my closet and admitting that I am an Experiencer. Furthermore, I consider myself to be a rational, logical, fairly skeptical person with a background which respects the scientific method. I am also fully aware of the scorn and censure that many other rational, logical, skeptical scientists have for those who step off the path of conformity and are curious about, or give credence to, the study of the “Paranormal”.

To publicly admit that I have had many experiences of the paranormal is daunting. And so, until recently, I have lived a double life, blending in and conforming to provide that necessary anonymity, yet being a party to what has been termed “high strangeness”. The closet provides a sense of safety, but no answers. I realized that have reached the point where the desire for answers, and sheer overwhelming curiosity, outweigh the need to avoid scrutiny and potential upheaval to my “normal” life and career, and so I am taking the plunge. Such a move potentially invites criticism from my peers, my employers, credentialing agencies, and those I serve as a physician. I also risk being labeled mentally deranged, or, in the part of the world where I live and work, under the control of “evil influences”. Yet, I have come to feel that if I continue to deny, and try to suppress and ignore, these extraordinary occurrences that have helped to shape my world view and define my being, I am denying the main reason for my continued existence. Plus, so far on my own, I have yet to find any answers.

I have not sought out these experiences, but rather they have come to me unsolicited, unannounced, and (mostly) unwelcome for much of my life. When I deliberately and consciously try to have similar experiences, I am disappointed.

I have shared the stories of some of these occurrences with friends, family and some colleagues over the years, but the majority of the paranormal experiences over my lifetime have been confined to my own thoughts and memories. As the experiences accumulate, the occasional musings have morphed into rather frequent rumination and mental rehashing of the events, which have become exercises in futility with no definitive conclusions. I thankfully have a wonderful spouse and a few friends with whom I can share the details of these paranormal happenings in their entirety. This has kept me sane.

Credibility, Credulity, and the Incredible

I would be the first to suggest that all my experiences were “incredible”. The term incredible in its original definition is “not credible”, accompanied by a host of similar synonyms such as “improbable”, “inconceivable”, “implausible”, “beyond belief”, and “fantastic”. But the term incredible is also now used to describe events that are “wonderful”, “phenomenal”, “astounding”, “awe-inspiring”, “spectacular”, “miraculous” and “extraordinary”. It is the latter set of synonyms that I resonate with when I use this term.

Since childhood, I have had one or many experiences in most of the categories on the “Contact Modalities” wheel: UFO/UAP sightings with missing time, Communications from Non-Human Intelligences (NHI’s), Near Death Experiences (NDE’s), Out of Body Experiences (OOB’s), Lucid Dreams, Mystical Meditation, Shamanic Journeys, Spirits/Ghosts/Poltergeist activity, as well other paranormal events such as several encounters with what I’ll call HUH (Hairy Unidentified Hominids), AKA Bigfoot or Sasquatch. Also, I have been subjected to an additional category of experiences that I have not, as yet, found reported elsewhere. To write about all my paranormal experiences would require an entire book, and I am not willing at this time to come that far out of the closet. Maybe I’ll write that book after I retire.

Let me say up front, my experiences are anecdotal. I have no proof, and rarely were other humans involved with the experience.

In this chapter, I plan to relay both of my near-death experiences, and one rather profound mystical event. These occurrences, as well as all the others, have shaped my life and my world view paradigm in profound ways, which may be of interest to others. I suspect that there are many others out there like myself (professionals who are afraid to come forward as their credibility is key to maintaining their standing in their professions and their communities), who have had experiences in one or more of the Contact Modality categories. Perhaps, if more of us exit our closets, and look around and realize our true numbers, then we can seek out the answers to the underlying nature of these events and therefore better our understanding of just what is Consciousness, and how does it shape (and create?) our individual and consensual “realities”.

The process of exposure to unusual events, which resulted in multiple profound paradigm shifts over my lifetime, began in my youth. Being a rather naive and sheltered child, these happenings were initially frightening and disruptive. As a child and adolescent, I quickly learned not discuss such events with my family or friends, as I came to realize that these phenomena were not a part of the “reality” that most humans share. Now, with the hindsight provided by my years, I feel gratitude for the opportunity to feel, see, and think about aspects of existence that are beyond the humdrum and ordinary. Because of my experiences, I am constantly analyzing my own personal “reality” on many levels. I can ponder an event in my life as does any typical Homo sapiens: bogged down in fear and the in the communal mire of human existence, bounded by the rules laid out by family, religion, community and government. I can also ponder the same event from several distinct levels above the mundane from which I gain a very different perspective on the event and on what it means to be a **conscious** living entity in the physical, and non-physical, worlds. The latter gives a much larger and longer view of existence which does not seem to be commonly spoken of, or shared by, the majority of other humans in so called “developed” society.

Such a perspective can be a blessing and a curse, but mostly a blessing. I have received several experiences which I can only call “Moments of Grace” for which I am eternally grateful, and three are included in this chapter. Despite my religious upbringing, I had not understood the concept of “grace” until I lived these events. As to Whomever/whatever provided these gifts, I can only speculate.

So, who am I? I was the fourth and last child for my parents who were in their forties when I was born. I recall having a great childhood filled with love, learning, and fun for the most part. I resided in a small Evangelical Christian community in the heartland of the USA. My parents were an integral part of this community and provided the model for all their children to become ethical and moral humans. In my early childhood, I fully embraced the religious belief structure of my parents. Later, in mid to late childhood, I was distressed to find

that I did not resonate with the religion into which I was born. This was a disquieting change that set me apart from family and peers in the course of my otherwise contented childhood, living from birth through college in the same small town.

As an adult, I attended the college where my father was a professor, and attained a bachelor's degree in Biology, Magna Cum Laude. I eventually became a Medical Technologist, then entered Medical School at the age of 33 and graduated "with honors". I am now a Board-Certified Pediatrician in my 60's with 20+ years of experience in this field. Bottom line is that I am a bit of a biological sciences nerd, a MD, and someone that patient's parents trust to care for their infants and children. As far as I know, none of my colleagues or the other medical personnel that I work with, perceive me as having any psychological issues.

Yet, when I talk of the paranormal events in my life, I feel I should wear a hat or shirt stating "I am not a lunatic". I used to tell myself that if someone else told me of similar accounts, I would question their credibility and their sanity. And so I mostly kept these paranormal events to myself. But as the experiences began accumulating over the years, I laid aside those attitudes and have shared at least some of my stories with friends, colleagues, and, more recently, even total strangers. More importantly, I have listened to the paranormal stories of others, accepting them as being, at the very least, a part of their own personal reality. I have also begun to speculate that perhaps at least some of the folks currently or historically labeled as mentally ill or psychotic, could actually be those who are capable of sensing, or co-existing in, and being influenced by other realities. Many may also be perceiving energies beyond the "normal" and currently defined spectrum of human sensory capabilities. I have also come to speculate that we may all be living, to varying extent, separate but equally legitimate realities.

Because of my own NDE experiences, I have come to suspect that my brain merely is part of a biological apparatus to transduce or anchor into physical existence, a small aspect of "my" greater non-local consciousness, which exists beyond the 3D physical world.

These events from my perspective have truly happened as I recall them. I perceived them to be a part of "reality", just as real as is my everyday life. Through extensive reading, I have learned that many other humans have experienced similar events, so I am hardly alone in this, thankfully. Because paranormal happenings and events seldom make mainstream news, we tend to think of them as being rare, but I would speculate that a majority of humans on the planet have had, or will have, at least one paranormal experience in their lifetime.

To illustrate this speculation, consider the incidence of what is called a "rare disease". Any one particular "rare diseases" as defined medicine, may occur only in one in several tens of thousands to several hundred thousand, or millions of humans, but because of the sheer number of different rare diseases (~ 7,000 per the NIH) the likelihood of an individual being in some way affected by a rare disease (as a patient, parent, family member, etc.) is 1 out of every 10 persons worldwide. The total number of persons worldwide with a rare disease is thought to exceed the population of the USA.

Is it the same with the many different types/modalities of experiences that are beyond the realm of normalcy for the average human? Add together, in every culture and time, the small percentages of those who have experienced any of the many categories of paranormal occurrences: NHI (aliens, extra-dimensional beings, jinn, fairies, elves, trolls, dragons, angels, devils, Spirit Guides, etc.) OOB's, NDE's, Ghosts, Poltergeist activity, Missing Time, Shamanic Journeys, Remote Viewing, Cosmic Consciousness, Mystical experiences, verified remembrances of past lives, etc.... and I suspect you would have an impressive overall cumulative incidence of paranormal events planet-wide. And yet, the usual answer of mainstream Science is to systemically ignore, suppress, ridicule and censure, for the most part, those who take seriously the witnesses of such occurrences.

As Experiencers, we deserve a voice. We deserve answers. We need, at the very least, to come together and listen to each other, even if another's persons take on reality does not mesh with our own. We also need to realize our numbers, and demand answers and meaningful research from mainstream Science and our Governments.

That is not to say that there is not a place for skepticism. It is what keeps us from acting upon wishful thinking, or from being up to our eyeballs in unscrupulous researchers conducting "bad science", or from giving additional funding to those creating fraudulent research results. I would speculate, though, that in order to have a paranormal experience, you must have an open mind. You have to be free of the blinders placed upon those who live within the "consensual reality" and cultural paradigms foisted upon humans with their birth into any particular society. Professional skeptics seem to have a particularly hardened shell of rationality and stubbornness that prevents them from seeing beyond their own personal belief paradigm. I have noticed that humans often tend to fall into two major categories: the "I Believe only what I Perceive" type or their "I Perceive only what I Believe" counterparts. The former rejects the sheer number of paranormal events witnessed by others. The latter dismisses outright any declaration or evidence that does not fit their belief system, or, as in the case of some Experiencers, will only validate the testimony of those who share the same category of experience as their own. It is rare to be open minded enough to be able to "Perceive" and "Believe" what "Is" at that particular moment, and to accept the perceptions and beliefs of others as valid even if we have not shared them. For all the skeptics out there, I would say to them: "Feel free to be a skeptic, as I once was, but please understand that unless, and until, you have an experience that truly changes how you perceive reality and your very place within the framework of your existence, you really don't have the ability to shed light upon the issue. Your only contribution is to cause those of us who have had such experiences to remain in darkness, in the closet, full of fear".

Childhood NDE-like or NDE Event

My first recollection of a paranormal event in my childhood occurred when I was quite young. Was it an NDE, or was it a so called "NDE-like" event? I remain uncertain, but looking back, I can say that it triggered a profound change in my life, and afterward, my

experience of life and “reality” in general was not the same.

I was ~ 4-5 years old and recall being badly bitten by our elderly Siamese cat on my right arm. I was carrying him and, while opening the patio door, I must have bumped his arthritic hip and he lashed out, biting me in rapid succession about 3 times. I recall feeling that he had bitten down hard enough to hit bone and I had about 8 puncture wounds around the circumference of my forearm which bled profusely. He had never bitten anyone previously, and never harmed anyone else following this particular occurrence. It was quite unexpected and he was clearly remorseful afterward.

My mother doctored the wounds, but my parents did not seem to realize the severity of the injury. Several days later, my arm was red, hot, intensely painful and swollen. I developed fever, and was “put to bed” as this seemed to fix most childhood maladies at the time and my mother, who usually took me to clinic for serious health issues, did not seem to recognize just how ill I was. From my current adult medical provider vantage point, I suspect I had a cellulitis with a severe deep tissue infection and possible sepsis. As a child, I remember thinking that I was going to die, drifting in and out of sleep or delirium, and at one point singing the “Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep” song with special emphasis on the “If I die, before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take” part.

My next recollection is of being in the vast darkness of space. I was able to “see” all directions at once, yet felt somehow surrounded and embraced by a loving presence who comforted me and showed me the vast wonders of space and Creation. I felt wonderfully cherished as I was shown planets, suns, galaxies and inexplicable brilliant energies. I also heard the most incredible music which far surpassed any music I had ever known. (Even to this day, 57 years later, the experience remains so profound that I am crying as I type this). Unlike my adult NDE in 2013, in this earlier NDE or NDE-like episode, I recall having a sense of still being myself, a naïve small human child. But, unlike my Earthly physical self, I was able to “see” and “sense” in all directions at once. I also had sensory abilities that are not a part of our usual human awareness and perceived and heard energies, and witnessed things that do not translate back into usual human abilities and experiences on the physical plane.

At some point, I was returned to my normal existence and “awakened” in my bed. The sense of loss was overwhelming. There had been so much love and knowledge in that other place and it was devastating to return to my life on Earth. Instead of being grateful that the fever and the infection were gone, I sobbed despondently, alone in my bedroom. I felt such grief because I had been returned to “this place” and had lost all those wonderful abilities and unconditional love that I had in that “Other Place. (I am embarrassed that I was such an ungrateful child. I guess my personality and nature hasn’t changed much over time, as you will observe as I relay the NDE I had ~ 50 years later). Afterward that childhood event, I was changed. It was then that I began questioning the indoctrinations of family, church and society. I also, for many years, continued to have dreams where I would again hear that unearthly music and would awaken, mourning as the notes dissolved into the nothingness of the “real” world. I also had invisible guides that kept me safe, and provided comfort, insight and

assistance on my journey of being “human”. In the privacy of my own mind, I would refer to them as “They” or “Them”. I never visually observed Them, or heard an audibly spoken word from Them, but They would occasionally give impressions and guidance. At times, it was if they inserted packets of knowledge or complete concepts into my brain, in answer to a problem I had been pondering. These knowledge “downloads” were far beyond my years and not a part of my accumulated experience at the time. “They” were also, I suspect, the architects of the “other” category of a Contact Modality that I referred to earlier, one which I have not found to be reported by other Experiencers.

Adult NDE Experience

(Much of the following is based on the information I placed on the Near-Death Experience Research Foundation (NDERF) at the www.nderf.org website under the assigned pseudonym “Gillian M”. I originally completed the form in January 2014, approximately 6 months after my NDE. In this updated version, I have elaborated upon some aspects and memories regarding the event, and I have also corrected some mis-statements that had been inserted when the narrative was transcribed from one of the NDERF archives to another. When a NDE is submitted at this website, you give a narrative of the event and then answer a series of questions, with the option to elaborate upon the experience. I existed as three distinctly different forms of a conscious being during this single event, and this makes the incident difficult to relate to others. To help define the different states of existence, I have designated my current human self without quotes, as I, me, my, etc. The NDE self that existed as an energy-being-in-the-white-light is denoted with double quotation marks, as “I” and “me”. The other self that was a transition between the two existences, is denoted with single quotes, as ‘I’ and ‘me’.)

It was 5/26/2013 and I was feeling rather unwell. Over the past month or so, I had experienced gradually worsening fatigue and ~ 20 pounds of unintentional wt. loss. Additionally, I had symptoms of occasional non-productive cough, right peri-sternal chest pain, fever, and headache. I also had experienced night sweats for about a week. I had managed to continue to work (medical school and residency teaches one to slog along, no matter what), and after a full-time week of work in the clinic, I was making hospital rounds and was “on-call” that weekend. (For the medical personnel and concerned public, let me assure you that I had been checked for communicable diseases including TB, and was wearing a mask when at work during this time).

By Sunday afternoon, I had finished inpatient rounds and, reaching the end of my endurance, headed to the Emergency Dept. A chest x-ray showed a suspicious nodule in my lung and a CT was recommended. The CT report, resulted in a medical helicopter flight to a regional Heart Hospital as I had been diagnosed with a dissecting thoracic aortic aneurysm. The CT also showed hilar lymph nodes and a peripheral pulmonary nodule (abnormally swollen lymph nodes in the right central lung area and a abnormal mass in the periphery of the upper right lung), but this was not the primary concern at the time. After arrival at the tertiary care center, I was met by a thoracic surgeon and a cardiologist. A conventional bedside

echocardiogram in the Cardiac Intensive Care Unit (CVICU) did not support the diagnosis of an aortic aneurysm.

I was then sedated due to erratic and alarming blood pressure swings. (My last memory at this point was of signing a procedural consent form for thoracic surgery, and then seeing the cardiovascular surgeon glance at my vital sign monitor. He appeared alarmed, and then glanced at the nurse next to me making a slashing gesture across his throat. She injected something into my IV and unconsciousness descended.) I was then transported to the operating room with plans for cardio-thoracic surgery. Later I was informed that I had been prepped for a heart bypass procedure and intubated. The team then did a trans-esophageal echocardiogram, which also did not confirm an aortic aneurysm, but showed some questionable anomalies near the aorta, so the surgery was, thankfully, cancelled. The next morning, I woke up in the CVICU with a bad headache, a very sore throat and an arterial line in my left wrist. There was still some doubt as to whether an aortic aneurysm was present, so they ordered another test (MRA/MRI).

It was on the way to this procedure that the NDE occurred. I was conversing with my nurse, who was pushing me down a long underground empty tunnel in a wheelchair. We were en route to the imaging center in another building I felt tired, but recall no other symptoms. We were chatting about the usual inconsequential things that two strangers talk about to pass the time socially – the weather, our jobs, etc. As we approached the elevator to access the MRI suite, I realized that I was losing my vision. As the visual loss worsened, I mentioned it to my nurse, telling her that I felt like I was about to “pass out”. She asked if we needed to return to the intensive care unit. I told her, “I think so”, as I had lost all vision and was beginning to lose my hearing. I recall telling her that I needed to get on the floor and I tried to put my head down, and was about to fall out of the wheelchair when she yanked me upright by my hospital gown and my hair. That was the last thing that I recalled on the physical plane.

At this point, I had been off the blood pressure-lowering drip for at least an hour, and the last morphine injection, (for the bad headache upon awakening that morning) was about 2 hours prior. I don't recall being on any other medications, or feeling sedated, and did not have a fever at the time, so I have no medical explanation for what occurred and the events that followed. [SEP]

“My” next recollection is being in a vast, seemingly endless, space filled with brilliant white light. “I” seemed to have no limits on perception. “I” did not have binocular vision, but rather perceived things in a panoramic/spherical/360 degrees view which is hard to describe, and very much like the experience I had as a child. Also, as with my experience in childhood, there was an incredible sense of being surrounded by an overwhelming experience of unconditional love. Unlike the experience in childhood, though, this unearthly place was full of white light, instead of the darkness of space. The light was brilliant, but diffuse, surrounding me and without a focal source. I do not recall any planets or physical celestial bodies or any distinct forms. Instead, “I” was with a group of energy beings that “I” felt “I” had known for a very long time, since the beginning of “my” existence.

I have a vague recollection of having my Earthly experiences “downloaded” into these other beings, and similarly, other experiences were “uploaded” to “me” to fill a gap in knowledge for the time “I” had been separated from the group. I recall having a wonderful reunion with these beings, with a great period of relaxation and recuperation. I have no idea how long “I” was there. Time in that place was not as we experience it on Earth, at least it was certainly not minutes, hours, days, or years. More like millennia or eons. Time was meaningless.

I retain a kinesthetic-like sense of where “I” was in this realm in relationship to the Others in the group, as well as in relationship to the Source of the all-pervading love. I have some recollection of transferring to other environments over the course of my existence in this place, but it seemed as if those setting were projections created to accomplish a particular task or for teaching/learning or acquiring knowledge.

Communication was non-verbal and instantaneous. It involved relaying not just words and sentences, but of entire occurrences, concepts, and events with associated emotions and context. The entire gestalt of my human existence to that point was instantly transmitted to these other beings. There was no sense of any condemnation for “my” shortcomings and failures while in “my” human existence. Only total acceptance, love, and admiration for having undertaken a daunting task (living as a physical being on Earth). I have no recollection of what is referred to as a “life review” in the NDE literature, but rather a sense that “I” was greatly relieved to give up the burden of the memories “my” life as a human, and return to “my” true form and realm of existence. “My” perception of this place while “I” was there, was that it was “my” origin, and “my” home.

I also recall that “we” performed some type of necessary tasks as a group. “We” had seemingly infinite knowledge available to the group, and operated at our tasks as if “we” were a group mind, although each retained distinct individuality. I recall that “we” had individual personalities. I haven't a clue as to what type of energy “we” radiated, just that “we” were discrete and contained forms of energy, not physical beings. There seemed to be a guiding force that existed outside of “us”. I have no idea just what this force was, but “we” seemed to have given over our individual and collective free will to its guidance. *

At some point, (again, time is meaningless and irrelevant there), a consensus was reached by the group that “I” should return to the physical life “I” had left, as it was unfinished. ^[SEP] The choice to decline the decision of the group was possible, but not something “I” would have considered. I recall my “I-self” feeling an emotion similar to sadness, while contemplating the need to return to human existence.

I don't recall how “I” appeared, but I do recall how the other beings appeared at a distance as “I” departed from them. “We” were all still surrounded by brilliant white light and a sense of infinite love, but against that white surrounding backdrop, “I” saw them as

brilliantly colored, jewel bright points of scintillating light. Like colored stars with radiating long spokes of light coming from a central point. They shone in only two vivid colors - emerald green and deep purple. (I later thought “Why only two colors. Why not all colors?”). “I” recall watching them receding into the distance as I again returned to having binocular vision, while feeling force pulled on “me” from behind. “I” felt a sense of great longing to return to them. (Afterward, I couldn't say how many were in the group, but I had a sense that there were more than a dozen and less than 25 of these colored star-like objects. I initially thought of them as each being individuals in “my” group, but they may also have been a cluster of similar groups, including my own. I only know I felt a great longing to be back among them).

The next memory is being pure consciousness, hovering weightless in a new environment. I was no longer in the expanse of Love filled white Light, but surrounded by a velvety darkness. I don't recall there being any sound in this state of being. I don't recall in this form having any sense of self or a personal past or history. I don't recall this new 'I' having a memory of the Love/Light realm, or recalling the former “I-self”, or anything else.

I'd like to elaborate on this recollection regarding free will. At the time that I completed the NDERF (www.nderf.org) questionnaire, in my answer to the question: “Did you seem to encounter a mystical being or presence, or hear an unidentifiable voice?”, I wrote: “No voices or sounds. Mind to mind communications. Beings encountered were intelligent points of consciousness with which I seemed to have had a prior long-term relationship. We seemed to be like a group mind, but yet separate individuals. It was more like we were united in a common purpose and came to decisions by consensus. It was wonderful to experience the reunification. Yet looking back, the setting where we existed was very simple. There was only the white light everywhere. No other additions to the backdrop, except the beings. We were highly intelligent and had vast stores of knowledge, but were as uncomplicated as our environment. I'm not sure if we had ‘free will’.”

A few days after completing the questionnaire, the founder of NDERF Jeffrey Long, MD wrote: “I have a question that I would appreciate your comments on. In what you shared, you stated **“I'm not sure that we had "free will"'**. Any further comments that you could share on that would be greatly appreciated!” My response was: *“As for the comment on free will: Much of what I recall in the vast white place are impressions, not distinct memories. It felt like the group I was with had access to incredible stores of knowledge and data. We acted as individuals, but there was seemingly no potential for disharmony among us. Almost like a bird species where the individuals always sing the same song - an ingrained, instinctual action. A Cardinal has a different song than does the Goldfinch. It is like, as a human, I am a Mockingbird - able to sing many songs, choose many choices. Not so while "I" was in the white vastness. No deliberating, or decisions being subject to change or even scrutiny. We just were what we were. Again, the bird analogy comes to mind: birds fly as individuals, but when they flock together, they often fly as a unit. Or a school of fish. We were happy, joyous, blissful, content, but were we able to be any other emotion? ^[1]_[SEP]It may be that in that stage of existence, there is no ignorance, no inability to see the big picture, no inability to not know the*

total design. Maybe there just is no doubt. I do feel like I was following a plan. I was not allowed to bring that perspective back to the human existence, so I just don't know. At this point, it would be purely conjecture on my part. The sheer mystery of it all is awesome, but also somewhat disgruntling, as there are no answers..."

I do recall that in this state, 'I' had a sense of up and down, and frontal vision. 'I' was emotionless (compared to my human self), but capable of perception and analysis, and 'I' quickly began analyzing the situation, absorbing data like a sponge. 'My' entire field of vision and total concentration was taken up by what 'I' determined was called a *face*. I recall this 'I-self' examining and trying to understand this *thing* over which 'I' was hovering, and eventually 'I' realized it was the face of living *being*. Again, it was as if 'I' was rapidly retrieving stored data from some vast knowledge base to assist in the evaluation of what 'I' was perceiving.

Then something shifted, and 'I' felt the first emotion. First it was a sense of pity for the *face/being*, as 'I' concluded that *it* was child-like and primitive. As 'I' watched *it* a little longer 'I' had the sudden realization that the eyes of the *face/being* were a "color" called "green" and that they looked somehow familiar. 'I' then felt a shift from a sense of pity to one of compassion as 'I' came to the realization that *it* was suffering (the eyes were blankly staring and the mouth gaping open).

With that feeling of compassion, came an instantaneous sense of remembrance and connection and 'I' was suddenly sucked back into the body below 'me' and the memory of who I was and the circumstances of where I was quickly returned. (It was a very rapid transition. My memory is that 'I' rapidly rotated 180 degrees and was drawn back into my physical body with a vacuum-like sensation). Back in the physical world, I could hear again, and was aware of general chaos and the medical staff yelling orders. I was drenched in sweat and felt awful with every muscle in my body feeling pain and weakness, but do not recall any mental confusion, but was instantly alert and processing the situation.

I was looking toward the ceiling at hospital lights, with a sense that I was looking up out of a well or tunnel. (Hypoxia, or lack of oxygen, can cause loss of peripheral vision with retained central vision). I recall a bald-headed man leaning over me with only his head and shoulders visible due to the tunnel effect. He yelled "she's back!". A man to my right loudly asked "Do you have epilepsy?" I turned my head and told him "No" as my vision cleared and the illusion of a tunnel dissipated. A young man on my left was fumbling gingerly up under my hospital gown trying to put on defibrillator pads. When it was evident that I was conscious, he nervously asked the other staff "Should I leave them off?" Another male voice said "No, we may lose her again!" I recall my medical-doctor-self critiquing the interaction, thinking "Yes, put on the pads, and cut open the gown and quit worrying about my modesty! I just died"!!! With that jolting realization, I began remembering some of the details of the NDE and the memories of the event overwhelmed me and I began crying.

While sobbing, I began berating those around me in the CVICU. I recall babbling: “Why did you bring me back to this place? It was so wonderful there. Everyone was so nice and loved each other. It was so beautiful. Why did you have to bring me back here?” Those near enough to hear me seemed shocked, but remained professional, as I recall. I was then quiet for a while, silently crying, while processing what I remembered of the experience as the medical staff worked. I recall eventually asking them not to tell my husband that I didn't want to come back. I'm quite sure they thought I was an ungrateful lunatic, but they were relieved I was alive.

It is currently embarrassing recalling my behavior at the time, not to mention putting it on paper to for others to read. I have to say that at the time, I was not a bit grateful to God or anyone/anything else that I had been returned to physical life. It wasn't long, though, before I settled back into my human body, personality and ego, and came to somewhat terms with the return to physical existence. But with an additional added layer of mystery as to what it means to be Human.

The rest of what had taken place with my physical body while I was “on the other side”, I pieced together by asking a lot of questions. My nurse confirmed that my heart had stopped (cardiac arrest) en route to the MRI/MRA building, after I had developed hypotension (systolic BP to 30) and bradycardia. This was evident to personnel back in the CVICU as I still a radial artery line in place with telemetry equipment transmitting data on pulse and blood pressure back to the CVICU. I was told that it took a while for the personnel monitoring data in the ICU to realize that the telemetry info was not a malfunction and that there was actually a code situation in effect. I also learned from my nurse that I experienced major seizure activity prior to the cardiac arrest while she was attempting to wheel me back to the CVICU. She was a small, petite person, and managed to wheel me back to the Unit by holding me in the wheelchair with her arms, while pushing with her torso, and with her chin hooked over my head in an effort to keep me from slumping to the floor. Staff came rushing out of the CVICU unit doors to meet her, and several doctors and nurses picked up my cyanotic and unresponsive self out of the wheelchair and “threw” (her words) me onto a bed. This apparently resulted in a return of cardiac activity with spontaneous circulation, and I regained consciousness. Later, another nurse told me that my nurse that morning was one of the most experienced CVICU nurses there. Yet, I was told that she was pretty shaken up by what had happened. She went home early and I never saw her again to thank her.

Seizure activity certainly accounted for my sore muscles (and several days of helpless disability and elevated CPK-MM, an enzyme produced after muscular trauma), but furthered the mystery as to how I could have been immediately lucid after regaining consciousness after a severe seizure and cardiac arrest. Anyone who has witnessed a generalized seizure (irrespective of one associated with cardiac arrest), knows that the victim is not lucid and alert for some time following the event.

Mostly, no one in the CVICU wanted to talk about what had happened, except me. The medical specialists wrote as little as possible in the chart about the event, describing it as “brady arrest”, or “Valsalva with prolonged pause”, or “brady vagal arrest”, or “status post asystole”, as a part of their assessment in their daily notes.

The MRA/MRI procedure was performed later on same day as the NDE, but two nurses were involved that time, and I was transported on a gurney, not in a wheelchair. I remained in the intensive care unit for several more days and was told my heart and cardiovascular system were in perfect shape with no evidence of any plaque buildup let alone an aortic aneurysm. Apparently, the original CT had been “mis-interpreted”.

It was two days before I could roll over, sit up or walk without assistance due to severe muscle strain with debilitating pain from the seizures. After recovering the ability to perform the minimal self-care “activities of daily living”, I was still very weak and having erratic heart rate and blood pressure issues, so I was sent to a cardiac step-down unit for about four more days until these issues resolved and I regained some strength. I underwent a pulmonary work-up with bronchoscopy and trans-tracheal biopsy, and a CT guided biopsy of the lung nodule, but the results were non-diagnostic. I was eventually released after about a week, to continue recovery at home.

At an Outpatient follow up appointment with the thoracic surgeon and pulmonologist, a recommendation was made that I undergo thoracic surgery (posterolateral thoracotomy), to acquire a better lung biopsy, in order to definitively obtain a diagnosis. I initially agreed to the surgery. But after learning of potential consequences of this particular surgery (a significant number of patient's have moderate to severe, long-term to lifelong pain with laughing, movement, or even breathing due to post-thoracotomy neuralgia, and some contemplate or commit suicide due to unremitting pain), I elected to decline the procedure. I called the office of the thoracic surgeon and tried to express how, having died and finding the experience quite wonderful, I was not interested in the possibility of living with severe chronic pain. No definitive diagnosis was ever found for the initial CT findings with associated erratic BP, or of the lung findings. But now almost 7 years later, my heart is just fine, and there is only a small calcified peripheral nodule evident in my CXR's to show for the ordeal.

I call it an ordeal, and physically and financially, it was quite a challenge. But mentally, emotionally and spiritually, it was actually an incredibly transformative experience. To be alive as a human with no fear of death is the greatest gift one can receive. During the NDE, I was able to experience two distinctly different states of non-physical, but conscious existence. Both of these “other selves” were still perceived as being in continuity with my physical self, although absent were my human emotions and memories to various extents, and I had various greater abilities in the other forms of being.

In the case of the first energy-body self which existed in the white light, “I” initially had the memories of my earthly existence, but was able to shed them. “I” seemed to return to a prior existence where “I” was not a physical being, but rather existed as my REAL self. I had

abilities, memories, and connections to a different reality, existing seemingly outside of time that I cannot access as a physical human. I find that the second 'self' that I remember existing as during the NDE, a bit more unnerving to recall. It is even more difficult to try to relay this second form to other people, as I have a hard time relating to this second 'other self' as it seemed so foreign.

Looking back on the experience as this second or transitional 'self', what I recall is more like what others describe as an out of body state. But I had no memories or attachments. No emotions initially. It was like 'I' was pure consciousness, hovering very closely over something that was unknown to me. 'I' was taking in data and comparing it to some huge (??internal or external??) database to determine what 'I' was viewing. 'I' had a sense of time passing in this state, but it seems that the whole process, (data processing and retrieval to determine what 'I' was “seeing” in front of me), was very rapid. It seemed to be a matter of seconds between the realization that 'I' was viewing a living being, morphed into the realization that the “thing” in front of me had a face, with green eyes. Similarly, as the emotions came, the feeling of pity (an emotion that distances one from another) was quickly replaced by compassion (an emotion of inclusiveness) as I made a connection with the “thing” as 'I' realized it was suffering and 'I' felt both empathy and sorrow for it. 'I' was then very rapidly reconnected with my earthly self, memories, etc. and was instantly pulled back into my body.

As stated earlier, I find the recollection of this second OOB - like state to be unnerving. I suppose that I feel this way because it is NOT a state I would choose to return to after I eventually again shed this physical body and ego. The memory of existing even for a moment without attachment, memory, emotion, and connections, as a *tabula rasa*, is very disconcerting.

As for the first “other self” as an energy-being-in-the-white-light, I can emphatically relay to you that not a day goes by since my NDE that I don't think of that wonderful place and that existence immersed in love, and wish that I could return, despite the foreignness of that existence as compared to my life as a human.

For the most part, I am content to wait here, participating in earthly existence. I was made aware, prior to my return from that other realm, that there is something (or many things?) that I need to complete in this life. The main impression that I returned with was that I had to share the experience with others.

As indicated previously, I quickly began fulfilling this assigned task. I immediately told the CVICU staff working on me about it, although I'm not sure how coherent I was at the time, as I was rather upset. My husband, sister, nurses, and visiting friends also patiently listened to my account that first day “back”. As I stated previously, I have often shared my other unusual Experiences with my husband and close friends over the years, but have rarely shared them with casual acquaintances or strangers. I have always abhorred the thought of being ridiculed or having my credibility questioned).

But despite being a fairly private and introverted person, as well as being fearful of the consequences of personal disclosure of such atypical events, since the NDE I have felt compelled at times to share my experience with more distant relatives, colleagues, co-workers, and even total strangers in the check-out line at the grocery store. I say “compelled”, as there seems to be an impulse that is external to myself that nudges me to relay the account. This compelling impulse is almost tic-like in that I can suppress it, but if I do, there is a buildup of tension and stress within me. If I then give up and relay the experience, the tension resolves. I have the same sensation with writing this chapter. I suspect that once it is finish, a sense of a compelling force will be removed. My human ego does not like the idea of being coerced into compliance, but I also suspect that at some level, I have agreed to all of this.

Entangled Light

Regarding this next event, it is unclear as to which category of paranormal types of events, or to which spoke of the “Consciousness Modalities” wheel it should belong. For me, it was a initially frightening, but became transformative, a gift of grace which was indelibly seared into my memory. It involved no episodes of meditation, nor was it a shamanic type event as there was no known mind-altering substances or rituals involved.

Through my husband's work, I had the opportunity to be a guest for an extended vacation on a private island in the Bahamas in November of 2009. I won't disclose the name of our host, the owner of the island, as I have not requested permission to do so, and the person deserves privacy. It was at the close of my first sojourn to this magical place that this unusual experience began, but the effects continued for another day. I have combed my memories for anything that could have triggered this event, but recall nothing especially different about that day as compared to other days spent on the island prior to or since this experience. I have included the few things that do stand out as possible triggers in the narrative.

I was a guest on the island with my own golf cart to tootle around in, but was quickly bored, with little to do that was meaningful. There is only so much reading, photographing, swimming, snorkeling, and beach combing a person can do by themselves on a small secluded Bahamian island before looking for other means to occupy one's time. I began helping with a project being completed by a colleague of my spouse, who I will call Evan (not his real name). It involved building an enclosure for large exotic birds on a lovely and shady island white sand beach.

Earlier on that particular day, I had been at another central island work site, taking photographs of the deep pit that had been excavated. The pit was a part of a planned special exhibit being built on the island. No one else was working there at the time, so I had the place to myself. I had followed the carved steps down into this pit in the heart of the island, with walls of brilliant chalk white limestone from an ancient tropical coral reef surrounding me. It was a refreshing sunken oasis providing coolness and shade to offset the heat and intense sun above. I had been looking up out of the pit and photographing the intensely blue sky against the pure white walls, then settled down to sit at the base of the wall for a time, enjoying the

beauty and the cool environment.

Later that afternoon, I went to help with the bird exhibit. Evan was in the trees above the exhibit in a climbing harness, helping to string the stainless-steel netting to the anchoring branches and guy-wires. I was assisting with anchoring the base of the wire mesh sides of the large enclosure to horizontal metal pipes under the sand in a trench with a team of Bahamian young men. Evan and the majority of the Bahamian workers were then called to another project, and I stayed to assist a wonderful Bahamian gentleman, that everyone called Rasta-Man, finish the anchoring project. I had no previous experience with Rastafarianism, and he had no previous experience with bored middle-aged island guests that chose to dig in the dirt with no expectation of compensation, rather than play in the sun and surf. Both being, therefore, curious about the other, we began conversing as we worked. Initially, we discussed mundane topics, but later branched out to discussions on Spirituality vs. Religion and other more esoteric things. We also talked about living in the Bahamas, growing foods in the challenging local environment, and edible and medicinal plants native to the area. He did show me a local small diminutive palm tree nearby with a cluster of fruit that he reported to be edible, but not very palatable. I picked one of the fruits and sampled a small bite, but quickly agreed with his assessment on lack of palatability (!) after one bite and discarded the rest of the fruit. I have wondered afterwards if it was the conversation on Spirituality, or perhaps the ingestion of this palm fruit that later that evening precipitated the following extraordinary experience. Certainly, none of my research has turned up information on any palm fruits having hallucinogenic effects.

As Rasta-Man's shift ended and the sun was waning, I left the beach work area, heading across the path to the center of the island to meet my husband at the limestone pit worksite. Entering into the semi-darkness of the forested area between the two work sites, I was astonished to see golden-copper wires criss crossing the path. My initial thought was that it was some type of sick joke as this path was the main route back to the paved road, and the wires would cause people to trip and fall in the gloom. Then I realized that the "wires" were semi-transparent, glowing with their own light, and I could put my hand or leg through them. These golden-copper lines were slightly curved, not straight, and seemed to connect everything to everything else in a vast web. It wasn't as if every leaf or every grain of sand was connected, but the main shrubs, trees, logs, and large rocks had lines of connection to each other, and some were connected to me, at my fingertips. After realizing that they weren't tangible, I continued on through the forest trying to get back into the light of the clearing beyond, as I was rather uneasy by this point. As I returned to the brighter light beyond the forest, the effect dissipated. Feeling rather mystified and spooked, I went on to meet my husband and explore what the team had accomplished that day. (My husband had been responsible for the purchase and importation of full-size coconut palms and other flora to the island. They had been barged over from Florida. He was then a part of the team that was helping to install the trees and plants around the planned central island exhibit. Forklifts and cranes were involved, and the noise of jackhammers echoed around the island for days as they dug pockets in the limestone to accommodate the larger specimens).

It was now approaching twilight. As we returned along the path between the island center and the beach, and I reentered the same (now even darker) forest, the glowing wire/web effect was again visible, and in the waning light, was even more evident and astonishing than the first time. Again, I felt as if I was about to trip over the “wires” or collide with their crisscrossed web, and I recall gasping with surprise and grabbing my husband's arm. I then had to explain why I was so amazed/puzzled/frightened. I quickly ascertained that he could not see anything out of the ordinary. Tamping down a sense of panic wasn't easy, but he assisted me in navigating back toward the beach area and again the effect dissipated in the brighter light.

Returning to our isolated lodging at dusk again required additional encounters with dark patches of trees and forest and the interconnecting lines would again be evident. Once inside with the lights on, all was normal again. Later, we went down to the beach and in the moon and starlight, the effect was pronounced. Not just animate, or once animate, objects were connected to me by these lines, but inorganic structures and man-made objects. When I gazed out over the open water or overhead into the sky, though, the lines became patterns. At times the pattern was like a netting with the “wires” in a hexagonal pattern, like giant glowing golden-copper chicken wire in the sky. At other times, it recalled to me the stainless steel netting of the Toucan cage that I had been helping to anchor into the ground earlier that day, and the pattern was diamond shaped (<>) rather than hexagonal. These patterns seemed to morph and transition, as if there were incoming waves from space (?) that affected them, just as the Earthly wind was causing waves upon the shore. Some morphing was into parallel lines or interwoven lines, like the warp and weave of a loosely woven fabric.

Sitting on the beach that night, I tried to describe what I was seeing to my husband. Words could not then, and cannot now, do justice to the phenomena I witnessed that night. It wasn't just the beauty of it all, but the sense of interconnectedness and peace I had throughout the experience. It was exciting, but it was also calming in a way that is hard to explain. It seemed as if EVERYTHING was as it should be, and that there was an underlying order and connectedness to all of manifest creation that existed beyond my ordinary awareness.

We eventually returned to our thatched beach cottage, and under the incandescent lights inside, the phenomenon was not evident. Also, when the lights were turned off, I could not see the effect in the total darkness. I puzzled over the memories of what I had seen that day as I fell asleep. On awakening the next morning, all was returned to normal. It was a busy day, as I had to scramble to pack and prepare to return to the US. My husband was to remain, but I would be returning on the same flight as our friend Evan. Nothing out of the ordinary occurred as we boated South to Exuma International Airport, nor for the initial part of the flight. My seat was disappointingly located on the right aisle, about halfway back in the jet. I was about 5 rows behind Evan, who was in a left aisle seat. Without the benefit of a view, or someone I knew to talk to, I settled down to reviewing photos on my digital camera. As it was late afternoon, the bright sunlight was intense in the plane, and over the ocean, everyone shut their viewports and settled down to nap or watch movies. The cabin lights were quite dim and I was astonished at some point to realize that the glowing lines were back. No longer bored, I began

playing with the phenomena, trying to figure it out. I extended my left index finger out into the aisle, and noted that there was a golden-copper connection between it and every seat and person in my view. If I pretended to stretch, and moved the finger up above my head, the lines anchored to my finger also moved accordingly. If I turned in my seat and looked across the aisle, or to the rows behind, the lines to those seats and persons were evident. In this setting, I did not see lines connecting objects or persons to other objects or persons. There was only a single connecting line from the person or object to my finger. I recall feeling wonder, consternation, and a need to be able to scientific analyze this event, but I didn't have the sense of interconnectedness and “rightness” that I felt the night before. The opportunity to scrutinize the lines was short lived as we approached the Florida coast and folks began opening their window shades to view the coastline.

Then came the mad scramble of de-boarding, Customs, and the dash to the next flight to DFW. On that flight, the lights were never dimmed and nothing unusual took place. Arriving in Dallas, I parted ways with Evan, recovered my luggage and car, and began the long trip home to SE Oklahoma. Nothing out of the ordinary happened on that return trip. I arrived at our isolated cabin in the Ouachita Mountains well after midnight and parked in the circle drive. We had no light pollution there and no outdoor security lights, so nothing but moon and starlight greeted me as I switched off the car lights. Quickly opening the car door to greet the pets, I stepped out of the car and glancing up at the sky was unexpectedly overwhelmed. The phenomenon was back and more spectacular than ever. The sky was not the expected black with pinpoint stars that I had seen on my journey home. Instead, it was alive with swirling currents of light. The stars themselves appeared to be huge, and were surrounded by whorls of golden-copper light that were interconnected with the swirling energy patterns in the sky. The stars seemed to be close, as if the usual vastness of space we experience was an illusion, and I appeared to be connected by a copper-gold strand to each one of them that were in my view. I stretched my hands above my head, and all 10 fingertips were aglow with a seemingly infinite number of incoming lines connecting me to the stars. Again, I experienced an intense connectedness to all things, and a sense that all was as it was intended to be. Eventually, the effect waned, and I began the process of unpacking the car and greeting and counting the noses of the pets. Finding that all were present and accounted for, I eventually made it upstairs for some well-deserved rest. As I turned off the lights, the glowing golden lines and currents were back in the sky outside the window, and the stars were once again ablaze, but with less intensity than what I had seen on my arrival. I fell asleep with my head under this large window, speculating that I knew where Van Gogh had received his inspiration for “Starry Night”. Later, when I read about Vincent Van Gogh, I learned that he was in an asylum at the time he painted that iconic piece of art (NOT reassuring to contemplate). During his voluntary confinement at the asylum, he created many of his most beautiful works. Art historians state that he tended to use blues and contrast when depressed. I certainly was not depressed at the time of this experience, but that particular painting remains visually the closest approximation I have yet to see of what I experienced that night.

The year prior to painting “Starry Night” and two years before his suicide, Van Gogh, in a letter to his brother, said this of stars: *Painters ...being dead and buried, speak to a following generation or to several following generations through their works. Is that all, or is there more, even? In the life of the painter, death may perhaps not be the most difficult thing. For myself, I declare I don't know anything about it. But the sight of the stars always makes me dream in as simple a way as the black spots on the map, representing towns and villages, make me dream. Why, I say to myself, should the spots of light in the firmament be less accessible to us than the black spots on the map of France. Just as we take the train to go to Tarascon or Rouen, we take death to go to a star. What's certainly true in this argument is that while alive, we cannot go to a star, any more than once dead we'd be able to take the train. So, it seems to me not impossible that cholera, the stone, consumption, cancer are celestial means of locomotion, just as steamboats, omnibuses and the railway are terrestrial ones. To die peacefully of old age would be to go there on foot”.*

I wish I could state that the above experiences have resulted in a person that is calm and bliss filled, and full of wisdom. Unfortunately, nothing could be further from the state of my current self. Mostly I go around puzzled about the reason for physical existence. I feel annoyed and miffed with the Universe/ God/whomever is making my life so strange, yet providing no answers. Having seen how everything is connected, well, it does not necessarily translate in to application of that knowledge in day-to-day existence. I still am mostly rooted in the human ego with the associated day to day human dramas and departures from a an ideal state of being. I remain very much a work in progress. Ask my husband.

But, with a memory of having existed in a non-physical state, and now with a permanent sense of “knowing” that I will continue to exist beyond this body, after death, I tend to wonder just what the point is to life in a physical state in the first place. When I left this physical existence in 2013, I took **nothing** of my material possessions with me, let alone my physical self. All the material things I have acquired over this lifetime were meaningless and valueless there. All I took with me were intangible things, such of the memories of the good, the bad, and the ugly of this lifetime. And more importantly, I took the **memories** of the human **emotions** I felt while experiencing the good/bad/ugly. It was those memories **with associated emotions** that seem to have a value (and a useful purpose) on the other side, although I was able to discard the memories/emotions and resume my former existence while there. When you come to suspect that you only exist on this world as witness to (and thereby the means to document) the emotions humans generate when dealing with individual and societal dramas, well it changes you. Because of prior experiences I have had in my lifetime, that I do not plan to relay in this narrative, I have a suspicion as to what the purpose of a “downloaded” human lifetime might be. No proof, just trying to connect the dots and make sense of things.

And so, I am here again as a human with incomplete memories of that other existence. I am left with an even more colossal existential rabbit hole than had already existed in my psyche before my adult NDE. Who am I? Why am I? Why am I here? What is here? Why does human existence and experience here matter when it is so much better There? What/Where is There? What/Who generates that white light? What/Who generates the intense sense of oneness, perfection, and love There? Why do I feel like all humans are a part of that oneness, love and light, but have forgotten? Why are some allowed to remember?

I can't help but feel that, at least for some, human reality is being manipulated. If so, I personally would like to know the means, methods and justification for doing so, as well as the identity, origins and credentials of the architects and engineers of the manipulation.

Anyway, none of my experiences have resulted in answers to any of my speculations. They just generate more questions. They are pretty much only anecdotal and I have little concrete evidence on which I can prove beyond a reasonable doubt that they actually happened. This is the case for most experiencers of the paranormal.

As a human, I hope that in my human lifetime, I will have at least one of my many questions answered. Will it come in the form of Governmental “Disclosure” on the topic of UFO's/UAP's? Will someone definitively find evidence of “Bigfoot”? Or prove the existence of the continuity of mind/consciousness after physical death”? Or prove that everything is connected to everything else at fundamental levels? I can only hope. But this wish is purely a human desire. I suspect that on the other side of life, “I” will be otherwise occupied, and seeing a relatively greater part of the overall “Big Picture, “I” won't really care.

Unanswered Questions

As for the underlying purpose to this chapter, Rey Hernandez asked me, as well as other “Experiencers”, to write down some of our experiences for the upcoming Consciousness and Contact Research Institute (CCRI) book *A Greater Reality: The New Paradigm of Consciousness, the Paranormal, and the Contact Modalities*, and to give our perspective on this question: “What is the relationship between Consciousness, our Cosmology, and Contact with Non-Human Intelligence via the Contact Modalities.”

I have to tell you Rey, I haven't a clue as to what my perspective is about all of this. I just take in and try to process the data and make sense of it. Anything I would relay here as to the causality of the non-ordinary, non-consensual, or paranormal experiences I personally have witnessed, (from hence forth referred to as Experience with a capitol E), would only be speculation. I can only tell of my Experiences as they occurred. I will say that I believe that most Experiences need to be viewed in the context of the filters, such as personal or cultural belief paradigms, of the Experiencer that were in place at the time their experience occurred. Personally, when I recall my own Experiences, they only generate questions, not answers. So, I will explore some of my many questions and some of my speculative musing.

What purpose would a NHI have for exposing humans to non-ordinary Experiences, or differing realities? This question is one of many I have pondered over the years.

For some Experiencers, the events reinforce their belief structures. In my case, it has been the opposite. The various Consciousness Modality events that I have witnessed were at odds with my former rational/logical/minimally spiritual/scientific world view. I have come to assume that these episodes were an endeavor to “rattle my cage” or “wake me up” so to speak, and they certainly did result, over time, in a massive upheaval and overhaul of my own personal concept of “reality”. I further speculate that there is an agency outside of my own human self that has an agenda and is capable of generating all types of anomalous Experiences in human subjects for reasons, and by means which are not at all clear. The particular instances I have relayed in detail in this chapter were positive, awe inspiring and transformative. But I have had other Experiences that have run the gamut from merely startling and mystifying, to frightening and terrifying. I suspect that these events that have intruded at intervals into the fabric of my life, provide the incentive for me to seek further understanding of, and adjustment to, my own personal world-view-paradigm-of-existence. Such research and adjustments would be necessary in order for me (as well as other Experiencers?) to understand and accommodate the bizarre things experienced. This definitely remains an ongoing work in progress, and perhaps that is the reason for the phenomenon. Perhaps it is to make us constantly question our personal and societal “reality paradigms”. Why some Experiences reinforce paradigms and other Experiences demolish them is as mysterious as is the underlying need for, and ultimate purpose of, such adjustments to a person’s psyche.

As previously stated, the process of profound recurrent paradigm changes that began in my childhood, were at times terrifying, mystifying, and disruptive, but there have been many positive benefits from what initially seemed to be negative experiences. I am now grateful for the opportunity to feel and see and think about things that are beyond the superficial consensual reality, and to have had the opportunity to overcome a major obstacle to happiness in human existence - fear. Fear regarding public humiliation and ridicule, well I am still working on this one. But as for the usual fears of loss of possessions, fear of exposure, fear of the death of loved ones, fear of personal death, fear of the unknown - much of that resides in my past. Oh, don’t get me wrong, I can be just as fearful as anyone with sudden trauma, or experiencing some unexpected and frightening event - for example, a “Code Blue” emergency at work, or a stubbed toe, or being witness to “poltergeist” activity. But given a few seconds, or minutes, depending upon the circumstances, I can shift out of fear mode and into a conscious curiosity-with-analysis mode which can then more capably assess the situation and deal with it properly. I also have a much different view on world events than in my past. Taking a long view of history can change one’s perspective. Events viewed as negative in current times, may ultimately have very positive outcomes generations, centuries, or millennia in the future. The whole “where would we be without the asteroid that wiped out the dinosaurs” perspective to existence.

As for my own personal paradigm evolution, my world view is constantly shifting as I encounter new inputs. In the company of many other humans, I have currently come to suspect that there are intelligent, conscious energies that exist in non-physical realms which are trying to communicate with humans for reasons that remain unclear. They seem to choose different ways of communicating depending upon the particular world view of each individual, and the purpose for the communication. I have also come to suspect, that when it comes to the varied ways in which this communication transpires, it comes from various “sub levels” of one ultimate Consciousness or Source of which my current physical manifestation is a small part. As to whether this Consciousness (at whatever sub-level of its own existence) downloads a communication as a NDE, UFO encounter, Shamanic journey, paranormal event, etc.; I suspect that this would depend more upon the purpose of the communication, and the physical being receiving the communication, than the Consciousness directing the communication. What I call “Same Energy, Different Paradigm”. The same external agency (God, Angels, Aliens, NHI, etc., I suspect that personal beliefs on the matter are probably irrelevant) may applying a similar input of data into the perceptive fields of several Experiencers. The resulting Experience may vary from Experiencer to Experiencer depending upon the Experiencer's own personal filters and blinders.

An example of would be the mystical traditions of the world. Mystics exist in all faith groups and religions. They are thought to have a direct connection to, an ability to communicate with, and understanding of, the positive aspects of the “Divine”. They are set apart and revered, as this is an ability that does not usually manifest for the majority of humanity. Their experiences and the “Deity/Deities” that they interact with are often what they would expect to experience based upon the world view and traditions of their society, much as when NDE persons are often met by the iconic and historical persons of their own world view.

What I suspect is that if you took a group of mystics from any of the many regions and faiths and asked them to each describe what they feel when they connect with their God/Goddess/Source/Absolute/Holy Spirit, etc., each would essentially describe the same feeling - Joy, Ecstasy, Oneness, Unconditional Love. But to order to relay their beliefs verbally about what they think/conceive about the Entity causing their mystical experience, they would relay the answer using the lens of the World-View Paradigm in which they are each personally immersed as well as the language of their culture. Words, as well as world views, are always subject to (mis)interpretation and improper translation. If you add that to the ability to perceive extraordinary realities may differ from person to person, then a lot of miscommunications may result on individual and cultural levels with regards to transcendental experiences.

A simple analogy would be that of asking a group of people to imagine a red apple lying on a lush and vibrant lawn. Then ask each to write a description of what they are “seeing”. Some might be describing a Red Delicious Apple. For others it might be a Rome apple. For some the apple might be lying on a dark green Bermuda lawn. For others, it may be on the chartreuse green of crabgrass. We as humans generally agree as to what is an apple, and what is the color “red”, and that growing grass is green, as a part of a consensual reality. Now think of the person who is red/green colorblind. What they perceive is a “red” and “green” are very

different from a person with normal color vision. For them, the colors red, orange, yellow and green may all appear the same. Now imagine a person with monochromacy who is unable to perceive any color and sees all things as black, white, or shades of gray. How would they describe the apple and the grass?

Perhaps, like those rare individuals who lack the ability to see color, the majority of humanity is not capable (or not interested in?) perceiving colors other than what they have been told they can see, let alone non-ordinary realities, or other dimensions. Perhaps a minority do have such abilities, at least under certain conditions. Would the majority believe the minority? Or would they ostracize them, and ridicule such abilities that they themselves cannot perceive?

As for myself, I seem to have developed new sensory abilities over the past several decades. Are they somehow caused by my Experiences. Who knows? Here are some examples of things I now experience as quite real that I am quite sure I was unable to experience in my youth and early adulthood. It is hard to talk about, as it is all so strange, and if you have made it this far into this chapter, I'm sure the following may make you think I am certifiable, but here goes.....

In my 30's, I began to see the sky differently. On a bright sunny day, the sky is no longer appears as what I recall being "sky blue", but it is rather a violet purple with hints of glowing iridescent silvers, golds, and pinks. Blue larkspur and delphinium flowers in our garden now have a similar purple/silver/iridescent glow that makes me wonder if I am seeing somewhat more into the UV spectrum than I did as a child, or is there more incoming UV energy to be reflected than there was in my childhood. Certainly, science would support the latter. The problem is that my husband, family and friends still see the heavens as being "sky blue".

I know that I now sense/perceive additional other things and energies that others around me do not sense or perceive. It can be disconcerting at times, so I know that if others could see these things, they would talk about them and experiment to define the nature of these phenomena. My ability to see some of these "energies" typically requires certain conditions - lower lighting and a relaxed and reflective state of mind. I cannot see them in complete darkness or in extremely bright light. In my opinion, if a phenomenon is reproducible, then it should be measurable given the right instrument. It is too bad that I have always personally detested the study of physics and mathematics, dabbling only enough to get by in the biological sciences and medicine. A better understanding of both could prove useful at this point. To quote Carl Sagan, "extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence". But how can we gather the proof of what the minority is experiencing if no one is willing to listen to our claims and create the necessary testing protocols and sensitive instruments to measure the phenomena, and we don't ourselves have that ability?

Another example of a new-to-me sensory phenomenon is the ability to see what I can only describe as thin, curved, near transparent “lines of force” that enter (and/or exit?) all physical things. It is similar to what is seen with Kirlian photography, only without electrical input, and the lines extend farther from their source than is seen in Kirlian photos. The lines are always subtly curved and are best seen when I am in motion, because they distort what is behind them. I find them best seen in dim lighting, but can see them in sunshine with a little more effort. I have no idea as to what they are, but they remain something I can visualize at will, but I don’t have to see them all the time, thankfully. It would be too disruptive to my day-to-day existence. As for what these energetic lines represent, I can only speculate. A few intuitive flashes have illuminated them somewhat for me, but I have no idea if I am actually seeing a measurable energy.

I have no way to determine if it is anything approaching a measurable reality, but an example to describe such an intuitive insight is as follows: I once watched my cat, Luna, crossing the yard with these lines entering/exiting her. I felt for a moment that I was witnessing an incoming energy that was creating/ assembling matter (my cat) as my cat moved from point A to point B. While experiencing this, I had a sudden strange intuitive sense that ALL that we experience in the “physical” 3D universe is nothing but a huge “Holodeck”-like matrix where there are an infinite number of infinitesimally tiny points which have omnipotential to be ANY thing, or a part of multiple things, depending upon the presence/absence and type of energy that energizes each point. It seemed to me that it was the incoming lines-of-force energy which stimulated/vibrated/ illuminated these points and caused each point to manifest as a component of my cat, or of the chair upon which I was seated, or my hand waved across my face. So that when I move my hand from right to left, it seemed to me that it was the incoming energy that was “moving” through this matrix causing my physical hand to manifest and appear to change location.

There seems to be a corresponding outflowing energy as well, as in a feedback loop. It also occurs to me, when I am witnessing this, that a molecule in my left toe may share the same particle as something existing in another dimension, and that a bio-photon coming out of my left index finger might be exhibit quantum entanglement with one in another galaxy. I certainly don’t pretend understand the phenomenon, I just see it, on occasion, and get these weird intuitive flashes.

As for the concept of bio-photons, I also can at times see incredibly tiny, but bright and extremely rapidly moving discrete particles entering and leaving material objects, especially my fingertips as they are readily available for scrutiny. Can the human eye be capable of seeing a single photon? If not, then what are these bright particles? Are they aberrations of my vision?

Also, the “lines of force” that I can see entering/exiting my fingertips seem to be most concentrated at the tips, and especially at the whorls of my finger prints. They are also visible to me surrounding and at the top of the head of some persons. Sitting in a crowded auditorium, I have the luxury of being able to stare at the speakers, (something considered rude

behavior that would generate askance looks under other conditions), and analyze such phenomena. I also can see these lines as attached to the whiskers and longer guard hairs of my dogs and cats, who don't seem to mind if I stare at them. The only way to describe the appearance to others is that it is like the lines seen around a certain type of coronagraphs of the sun, especially the lines seen in the area of the solar poles.

Another phenomenon that I experience is that when I look at a forked branch on a tree, or a gate made of metal, or a metal fence, or two dead tall grass stems adjacent to each other, etc., I can perceive a membrane like connection, (it appears as visually real and substantial to me as a road mirage or a soap bubble), stretching between the components of the object (s). This is especially evident when it involves vertical objects that are in contact with the ground, especially if they contain iron or copper. The near transparent mirage-like field distorts the image of what is behind it and is also best seen when I am in motion.

When looking at electrical wires, I can see a standing wave-like effect coursing around the wire. It isn't a like a 2D sine wave, like on an oscilloscope, but rather it is like a sine wave in 3D spiraling around the wire. I see this in the cord on my hairdryer, but also around overhead electrical lines of all sizes. These phenomena do not require low light or a relaxed state as I can see them much of the time if I think about doing so. At times, they are so strongly manifested that they intrude upon my day-to-day consciousness and startle me, such as when I am driving and see cell phone tower spires in the distance with sine waves-like distortions coursing around them from ground to sky.

Yet another visual phenomenon can occur when I am examining my hand in a semi-dark room or under a starry sky. In addition to the filamentous lines and fast moving discrete glowing particles, I can see vaguely glowing wisps which exit the upmost elevated part of my hand, curling and writhing like smoke. It rises as would heat and is most closely concentrated next to the hand and dissipates with distance.

Another phenomenon that has me mystified is that when I watch a bird flying in the sky, they appear to be surrounded by a bright energy bubble. Butterflies and other large insects, as well as jet planes are also surrounded with this effect. With the birds, it is mostly slowly flying vultures, crows and eagles that I watch where I live and can easily see this phenomenon. I can occasionally see it around smaller birds, but they typically move too fast for my visual processing to pick up the phenomena. I can witness this energy bubble effect around large birds even as I am driving, so it does not require relaxation or a meditative state. I am always amazed at the brightness of the "energy bubble" around vultures. If sharing the same sky with a Bald Eagle or hawk, the vulture bubble appears much brighter than the Bald Eagle or hawk in the same field of view. When I see flocks of migrating birds in the Fall, the energy bubble seems to surround the entire flock rather than separate individuals. If an individual or small group strays from the flock, a pseudopod-like extension of the energy follows them until they return to the group. In the Spring, with similar clusters of birds, they more often appear as separate energy bubbles even if flying as a flock. The appearance is somewhat like a cluster of frog eggs, with distinct margins between separate individual birds within their individual

bubble.

At times, I seem to see a pattern in the sky of vague iridescent purple parallel lines. Sometimes, these lines appear in conjunction with what I referred to above as “energy bubbles” around other denizens of the sky such as butterflies, and other large insects. Butterflies at times, appear to slip between and along these lines. For example, I once watched a large Yellow Swallowtail butterfly flying rapidly against a very strong wind about 12 feet above the ground. It was encased in this bright vacuole-like energy bubble and seemed to be propelled forward against the wind by slipping between two of these parallel lines. It was as if the lines in front of the butterfly were open, and they then closed up behind the “bubble”, causing forward motion. Frankly the wind was so strong that something as light as a butterfly should have been swept away, rather than being able to oppose it. The large yellow Sulfur Butterflies in our area also seem to zip against the wind along these lines.

If I hold my hand above me in semi-darkness and wave it around, the lines coming from my fingertips seem to intersect with this same type of grid-like energy, and both (the lines from my fingers, and the grid) become more visually evident with any movement. At times, the visual effect is so strong that I feel like a puppet with filaments coming into me from all directions, animating my existence. Visually somewhat like a inside-out wire-frame animation.

The ability to see these things began in the early 2000’s, well before my event in the Bahamas as relayed earlier in this chapter. The ability was just magnified during that event, and involved a golden-copper color which illuminated the distinct connection to other persons and things. Also, at that time there was a timeless and mystical/spiritual quality to that event that does not typically occur in my day-to-day perception regarding these atypical sensory events.

As I age, of course, my vision has changed and I now deal with presbyopia in addition to myopia and a mild astigmatism. I do not require corrective lenses for most things, but wear them to drive or for close-up work. With correction, though, I tend to see all of the above phenomena even more clearly. If pushed to speculate, I would have to doubt that these abilities are due to some up-grade in my hardware (physical sensory organs and brain), but rather an upgrade in the software (mind/consciousness) that allows me to experience the physical plane in a new way. I know that I did not have these abilities earlier in my life, and so I am able to appreciate the difference regarding to what I assume is “normal” for the majority of humans including my past self, and what is “new” for the current “me”. I also, over the years, have asked a few trusted friends and my poor long-suffering husband if they have any similar perceptions. So far, the answer has been “No”.

I know that I haven’t a clue as to what these energies are (??? Biophotons, UV, IR, quantum effects, electromagnetic energies, etc.???), or what has changed to allow me to now perceive them. Furthermore, just what I am supposed to do with these new abilities so far eludes my understanding. Perhaps that seems as ignorant as a person saying “what am I

supposed to do with the abilities to see, hear, feel, smell, & taste.” The problem for me lies in the fact that I have had the usual human sensory abilities lifelong. These are new. I did nothing (that I know of) to cause them to manifest. I did not ask for them. I do not know what to do with them. Without the ability to understand their characteristics/essence, their genesis/causality, or their function/ purpose, I am at a loss and witnessing them only generates unease.

Additional questions

I had some pretty bizarre and profound experiences as a child and I had no

- human confidant to share them with. How many current kids all over the world are enduring similar experiences. How many are also unable to talk about such experiences with friends and family, etc. How many bear psychological labels for a phenomenon that totally exists beyond their individual mind, and of which they are actually, at least on a physical level, victims.
- How many others of all ages are joined with me in this ability to see things beyond the “normal” and commonly measured processes of our 5 human senses?
- Are these new sensory abilities the reason that I have had more than my fair share of experiences of the paranormal (“Ghosts”, “Bigfoot”, UFO/UAP’s)?
- Are those able to see such phenomena as afraid as I am to admit to seeing them?
- Are such faculties a part of our underlying sensory abilities that lay dormant and require some sort of input or trigger to be expressed? If so, what is/are the trigger/triggers. What is being triggered.....is it our DNA? Is it an ability that could be taught? Or artificially stimulated. If so, would it be of benefit to do so?
- What would human society look like if the minority with atypical or paranormal abilities of any type were recognized, accepted, and their skills used for beneficial purposes?
- How would the world change if all humans were able to see such energies and thereby witness the interconnectedness of all things at every moment of their existence?
- How would the world change if all humans knew without a doubt that there is a continuity of existence after death of their physical body?
- How much of what we have already “discovered” in human existence is just a very simplistic and rudimentary understanding of the much greater Universal Laws of Consciousness which are being slowly infused into the physical plane and human conscious awareness, as we develop the educational, technological, and societal infrastructures to

utilize the information? Is that why so many of Science and Technology's greatest minds describe "downloads", dreams, and sudden intuitive leaps which result in great scientific and technological advancements, as seemingly coming from outside their own consciousness? If so, who or what is providing that data infusion? And why?

I obviously have no answers to any of these questions. I can only hope that the efforts of the folks behind CCRI, both scientists and Experiencer's, can at least illuminate the beginnings of how to formulate questionnaires and procedural protocols in order to generate much needed answers. And that these same endeavors will allow those like myself to recognize our numbers, and connect with each other. Perhaps with such collaboration will come insight and understanding of these diverse phenomena that have plagued (and stimulated) human individuals and civilizations through the ages.

Synchronicity and Rabbit Holes

I thought I had finished this chapter a few weeks ago, but then I encountered something from a very unexpected source that had a profound effect on me. I had not intended to relate any of my UFO experiences in this chapter, but having encountered this recent strange information, I have reconsidered. So let me begin with an account of my first encounter with a UFO/UAP.

This occurred in 1984. My husband and I lived near the town of Wewoka, OK, on Lake Wewoka. We were taking photography courses at a local Jr. College in neighboring town of Seminole in SE Oklahoma. He, an experienced photographer, was in an advanced course, and I was in a beginning course offered at the same time. Both were night classes, and were held once a week, and it was about a 30-minute trip from home to the college. I was also taking daytime classes in Medical Laboratory Technology at the same Jr. College, and he was working full time. After we left the classes late one night, I had to be up early the next morning and was trying to catch some sleep in the back seat of the car when I was awakened by my husband's rapid and erratic driving on a very bumpy road. Annoyed, I asked why he was taking this particular road, and he excitedly said "I had to.....look at that light! Nothing that bright should be out here". I crawled over the seat to view what he was so excited about, and saw a cluster of incredibly bright lights in the distance. We had exited OK 270, and were on what the locals referred to as "the brick plant road". This was an area of cow pastures, hills, and swampy/riparian areas of river bottom around the Wewoka River. There was NOTHING in that area that should have had lights as bright as these. We approached the lights as closely as possible on the road and realized that there was a craft hovering over the nearby Wewoka River to the Southeast of us that was generating these lights. I recall that were curious and amazed, but not fearful as we exited the car and stood on the side of the road watching the object. It then began to drift slowly toward us. It was huge, but I could not get a feel for how large it was as I had no context for comparison. I also, was not sure how high it was flying, but it seemed quite low – only a few hundred feet up if I had to guess. There was no sound from it until it was directly overhead, at which time I could hear a soft whirring sound, like a fan heard from a distance. When it was directly over us, it pretty much blocked

out the majority of the sky from horizon to horizon. It seemed to hover over us briefly, but then slowly continued on the same trajectory and was lost to sight behind a bluff to the Northwest of the road.

To describe this UFO/UAP: Again, it seemed huge, but without knowing the altitude, it is hard to guess the size. As for the shape, I have described it to others as being kite shaped, diamond shaped, or manta ray shaped (sans tail) with the side triangular wings in the downward position. The longitudinal dimension was ~ twice the width, and the height was much less than the width. The relative dimensions if you were to build a mock-up of the craft would be that if it was 100 feet long, it would be 50 feet wide and only ~ one to two stories in height. I recall seeing only 4 of the bright lights, and they were on the edges of the craft. The lights pointed outward, not downward, and did not illuminate the ground. The lights were white colored and were as bright if not brighter than modern stadium lights, but much larger. I could not see any protruding mounting for the lights. The underside of the craft had grate like openings in several areas.

Ok, I'll admit that it never even occurred to us to try to take a photo of this craft. I'm sure we had several cameras in the vehicle, but not sure if they were loaded. Also, remember that this was 1984, long before the digital revolution. We had older Minolta SLR's and used conventional 100-400 ASA films at the time which would probably not have captured anything but perhaps the lights. After the craft departed, we excitedly continued our journey home and for several days brainstormed ways to capture pictures of this craft if we ever again had the opportunity. My husband, Jesse, had an extra SLR body which he loaded with infrared film. He spent about a week practicing loading the film in a dark bag, and taking photos with it. We were quite excited and this camera went with us to the night classes every week between us on the car seat. This makes what subsequently transpired even more bizarre.

We were again returning from our night classes about halfway through the semester when we again encountered the craft. I was the first to see it as Jesse was driving and it was on the passenger side of the car. It was again hovering over the Wewoka River, but over a mile distant from the area of our other sighting and less than a minute from our home. My recollection is that while driving along the road, and as we transitioned from a forested area to an area of open fields, I suddenly saw the same 4 bright lights and the same apparent craft over the river. I recall saying to Jesse, "look, there is that UFO again". He then leaned forward to peer around me and said "you're right". What I recall then is quite bizarre. My recollection is that we stiffly turned our heads, facing forward, and resumed driving home, going to bed, and not discussing or even remembering the incident for over a week.

You have to understand that we had planned for this eventuality and had prepared for it with a camera with infrared film on the seat next to us, and would have climbed over gates and fences and slogged through briar patches and fields of angry bulls to have captured this craft on film! Yet I recall us passively going home, our movements almost robot like. I can't get Jesse to talk about this second experience with the craft to this day. He will talk about the first encounter with it, but not the second. I have a tremendous sense of unease when I think about

it myself, but I'm unsure if this is due to some type of suppressed memory involving the event, or our very abnormal behavior during and after the event.

Afterward, we quit going to our classes. I had expected a failing grade, but we had such high grades at the time, that even though we quit about midterm, we both made Cs for the courses. We never attempted to withdraw from the course. I had only had one other C and no D's or F's in my schooling from grade school through college, but was not disturbed enough by the thought of making an F, to impel me to return to the class. I also began to have a vague fear of lights in the sky at night that persisted for decades.

Fast forward to the early 2000's. At this time, we were living further into SW OK in the Talihina area, and in the Western most portion of the Holson Valley to the North of the beginning of the scenic Talimena Drive (OK Highway 1). During the decade of residence in this sparsely populated area, I was witness to sightings of a distinctive dark triangular shaped UFO's on probably at least a dozen occasions. (I have always been loath to formally document the dates/time and particulars of my bizarre experiences over the years, so never kept a diary. One of my few phobias and I certainly regret the lost data).

The first sighting was probably 2003. I was standing South of the house on a old basketball court that the original owners had built. It was a nice slab of bare concrete that I used for stargazing, to avoid the chiggers and ticks in the surrounding pasture. I was alone and standing upright, looking at the star scape while facing SE toward Winding Stair Mountain that forms part of the Talimena Drive, which was less than 2 miles away. I heard a faint sound overhead, and glanced up to see a dark triangular craft. I have excellent hearing, and hadn't heard a sound until it was essentially directly overhead, and it was flying below the level of the mountain. Despite being directly overhead, and less than 800 feet in altitude, the sound was only a soft whine, similar to a very distant jet engine, but very muffled. I was amazed and stood rooted in place trying to process what I was seeing. It wasn't just the craft that was amazing, but what was projecting from it.

The craft was not quite an equilateral triangular shape, but more the shape of a isosceles triangle, with the trailing edge diameter less than the two sides. As the leading part was the front corner, the two rear corners did not have as acute an angle as the front one. The craft seemed to have two bright beams of white light coming from the front corner. One beam seemed shorter than the other and the two converged and crossed. It seemed as if the beams of light were striking an object ahead of the craft as they abruptly terminated. Visually, this was as if seeing the beam from two huge Star War movie "light-sabres" of differing lengths, only the beams were white, or of seeing two large tubular fluorescent lightbulbs projecting from the nose of the craft that were of different lengths, but the same width. If these were white laser like light beams as they appeared to be, then whatever they were striking was not visible to me. As I continued to watch, I was very concerned that the large, slowly moving craft was going to hit Winding Stair Mountain as it was headed toward the ridge (again this ridge was ~ 1 ¾ miles from my position as the crow flies), and was at an altitude that was lower than the ridge. (Winding Stair Mountain is the visible edge of a huge uplifted slab of sedimentary layers

extending miles underground and running for miles along the surface toward Arkansas). At the point where the craft was headed, the ridge of the mountain was about 1000 feet higher than where I was in the valley. I was mentally preparing for what seemed to be an inevitable crash, when the craft began to rapidly gain altitude. I was still watching the white light beams which seemed to become shorter as if the craft was gaining on whatever invisible structure it was striking. (Again, I never saw another craft, but this is how my mind explained these abruptly terminating white beams that appeared to be shortening in length. I really don't know what I was witnessing – no context). The craft gained sufficient altitude to clear the ridge, and then continued to gain altitude as it slowly (compared to a conventional jet aircraft) departed into the distance over the mountain until it was just a point of light.

Although I have focused on the front protruding white lights on this craft, it had another light that was fairly remarkable. This was a large circular area of intense, but diffusely glowing orange-red light in the middle of the underside of the triangle. The closest description of this light that I can use is the color of the light from an infrared heater. The glowing area was fairly large, approximately one fourth to one third the width of the craft at that point, and essentially in the center of the underbelly of the craft. The remainder of the craft seemed to have no features, but was uniformly quite dark in color, seemingly a matte black.

I had gotten over my phobia of lights in the sky by this time, and often was out at night stargazing, so I would see the same appearing craft on several subsequent occasions until we moved away in 2012. Once, I was actually up on Winding Stair Mountain when I saw the craft and it again flew directly overhead. I was at the Panoramic Vista pullout on Scenic Hwy. 1, where I often went alone at night to stargaze, or watch meteor showers. It was about a 10-minute drive from my house and I could enjoy the much cooler temps and mosquito free conditions found up there in the Summertime, as compared to the surrounding valleys. As it was a “scenic drive” with tortuous up and down curves and terrain, so few others traveled it a night, and I usually had the entire mountain to myself). I was reclined in a lawn chair when it flew overhead. It was moving more rapidly on that occasion than on my first sighting, but on a similar trajectory, and with similar minimal sound that was only evident when it was essentially overhead. I had not heard the approach, and once past, I could no longer hear any sound from the craft.

Another close-up sighting was while traveling with my husband. We were taking an alternate route home from Talihina, OK one night, and heading East toward Whitesboro on Hwy 63. I noted a bright light down the valley to the east of us. I pointed it out to my husband and he pronounced it a star. I pointed out that there were no stars that bright other than Sirius, and it was not yet visible at that time of night. He then said it was a planet, but I also knew there were no planets other than Venus even close to being that bright, and Venus also would not be on the Eastern horizon at night, nor was it the right color. By this time, it was apparent that the light was slowly moving closer and was therefore not celestial. We eventually pulled over and watched it approach from within the vehicle. It became evident that it was the same triangular craft I had seen previously, and it was following the course of the Kiamichi River parallel to the road and below and between the ridges of Winding Stair Mountain and Kiamichi

Mountain. Once again it was traveling slowly, about the pace of a small prop plane. Much too slow moving to be any type of conventional craft given its size/shape, and it lacked any of the usual lift providing structures necessary for known aircraft, even the military stealth aircraft. As it approached nearly parallel to our vehicle, it began a slow turn that took it over our car (we had to lean forward to see it out the windshield). I again thought it would hit the Winding Stair Mountain, but it gained altitude and easily cleared the ridge, and was lost to our view.

During the time I lived in that location, I saw this same or similar craft on at least a dozen occasions. The sightings I have relayed above were quite close. The remainder were more distant from my point of observation, but it was clearly the same craft or type of craft: Black, perfect triangular form, central glowing orange-red light, although at times that central light was less intense in color. With most of the sightings, there were lights on the corners of the craft, but they varied from white to amber or even green. On two occasions, the perfect black matte surface of the underside was marred by occasional pixel-like white rectangular patches, as if there was a missing or transparent panel that was allowing interior light to shine through.

I'm sure you are wondering at this point why any of this discussion of UFO encounters is relevant to a discussion on consciousness, altered reality, and interactions with non-human intelligences (NHI). In the particular encounters with the diamond shaped and triangular shaped UFO's that are relayed above, I make no mention of meeting with NHI because I have no recollection of such an occurrence. My husband and I did have aberrant behavior after our second encounter with the 1984 diamond shaped UFO, but I have no recollections that would suggest definite "abductions" or "missing time" with any of these particular sightings.

In fact, unlike two other types of rather bizarre UFO's I have seen, these craft to me appeared consistent with what a human could build, if the craft remained on the ground. The problem was that these craft were airborne, and that they did not appear to have any means of creating lift at such relatively slow speeds, nor evidence of mechanisms for motivation/propulsion, such as external props or engines. I had, at the time, no reason to believe that humankind had achieved the technological ability to create such an air craft. It appeared to be a large, apparently heavier than air vehicle that could hover, or move at a slow to rapid rate of linear motion with almost no sound. I developed an extensive collection of books on the topic of UFOs, after I mentally reconciled the 1984 incidents, but books provided no answers. The sightings from 2003 to 2012 only deepened the overall mystery.

Postscript: Pandemic Era Realities and Reflections

So here it is mid-April, and I am long past the deadline for finishing this chapter. But who would have thought several months ago how quickly our world and world-view would have changed, in so short a time. And all due to something that is unseen and invisible to us without the technological innovations developed in the last century. Imagine the skeptics of centuries past if they had been told that all illness, pestilence, and plague were cause by invisible incredibly tiny marauding invaders of human flesh. Perhaps today's scientists and

pantheon of paranormal skeptics should take note.

Although our state, our local community, and the hospital where I work have seen relatively few COVID-19 cases so far, we still are dealing with the same stressors and fears which have been felt in areas that have had greater impact from the virus. After all, the entire Pandemic began with just one infected person, so having few patients currently is not necessarily reassuring if spread is not proficiently prevented. The additional stressors for our staff and health system have range from early shortages of personal protection equipment; day to day changes in policies and roles at work; shutting down of the hospital to visitors and elective surgeries; daily screenings for illness; and learning new virtual methods of providing medical advice, medications, and care to the isolated and quarantined. It has all been quite challenging for individuals and systems.

In addition, it has been a great “learning curve”, with tremendous chaos on multiple fronts, as well as a time of examination and reflection for many. For me, it has been a privilege to work among so many day-to-day heroes – doctors, nurses, lab, radiology, and housekeeping personnel, among many others - who are caring for patients “in the trenches” at great risk to themselves, and potentially their families. As a pediatrician, I am less likely to have patients who are persons under investigation for the virus (PUI's), or of having severely ill hospitalized children with the virus, than are my Internal Medicine and Emergency Care colleagues. Conversely, as a pediatrician, I have greater risk for exposure to asymptomatic carriers of the virus, as this is more common in children and young adults.

And so for myself, being in a higher risk age group and with “co-morbidities”, I recognize that in the next year or two, I may be facing serious illness with possible hospitalization and even death if I should become infected with the SARS-CoV-2 virus before the development of a reliable treatment or vaccine. But, having previously experienced a wonderful continuity of existence following an apparent physical death, I don't experience the same level fears that the rest of my family, colleagues, and humanity in general experiences, when faced with the prospect of extinction of my human form.

And that is the commonality that for myself at least, connects this pandemic experience, and my experiences with the paranormal. Once you are past the fear, then there is only the dual role of being the Experiencer and the Observer while living with and accepting that so much of our fate in this physical life is unknown. One has little other option than to just carry on, embrace the moment, and make time to enjoy the unique benefits of being on a fecund planet surrounded by vast and still unspoiled beauty, in a body capable of assimilating incredibly wonderful sensory data. And, in doing so, to continue the assigned “mission” of collecting and recording the data – experiential, and emotional - to pass on at some point to “the other side”. For what end? Well, that hopefully remains to be learned, once I permanently transition from this physical life. But, in my current human role, I have the privilege of having a unique perspective regarding physical plane existence, as well as existence beyond the constraints of the physical, and I remain puzzled, but optimistic.

Bio: Dr. Melinda Greer is a licensed Pediatric Medical Doctor in the United States. She has had experiences with almost all of the diverse Contact Modalities since she was a young child yet, until recently, she has not told anyone of her experiences for fear of losing her license to practice medicine. She was convinced to write a chapter for this book because she saw that many other medical doctors have also written chapters for the book “*A Greater Reality*” and many of these medical doctors are also major experiencers of the Contact Modalities themselves. Melinda has had two Near Death Experiences, she has had many Out of Body Experiences and she has seen very large and up close UAPs/UFOs, some with her husband. She has also had 3 encounters with Sasquatch, two of them very close encounters. He has seen Orbs and after her last NDE, she began to see the spirits of many deceased individuals. She has also had many hours of what is commonly called “missing time” where she was driving her car, sometimes with a friend, and then would “wake up” many hours later and many miles away, still in her car. She has also had almost all of the diverse PSI phenomena. She is a classic case of the many experiencers that have written chapters of their experiences with the Contact Modalities that are included in Volumes 3 and 4 of our book, *A Greater Reality*. There are probably millions of individuals around the world with similar experiences as Melinda but unfortunately, the vast majority have remained silent all of their lives because of fear, ridicule, and fear of losing their employment. Melinda, and the more than 75 experiencers that are telling their stories in Volumes 3 and 4 of our book are walking examples of the relationship between Consciousness and the Contact Modalities. As you will read in Volumes 3 and 4, these experiences are not just theoretical, but very real. Dr. Melinda Greer has finally come out of her closet and we are grateful. Thank you, Dr. Melinda Greer!