

My Life with an Alien:

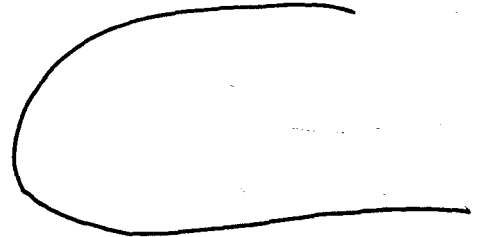
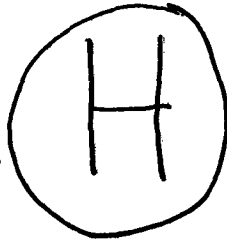
The Experience of Dual Consciousness

The universe is my mother.

My life is her womb,

And there the soul-child evolves

While awaiting the miracle of its birth.



by Jane Bergmark

Four years have passed since I first heard that cryptic verse. I was sitting at the computer, working on my autobiography, when a stream of words suddenly spilled into my mind. They were oddly out of context with my current train of thought. They entered my consciousness in the same puzzling way an old jingle or a hackneyed line from a song will sometimes come back to you.

I wrote the words down on a piece of paper, marveling at the ease with which they fell into verse. Then I read them back to myself, not just on that day, but during the weeks and months that followed, always wondering what they could mean.

My book, *In the Presence of Aliens* (Llewellyn), was nearly finished when I finally understood the verse and its layered teachings. Writing about my lifelong encounters with alien beings and other phenomenal events brought it all into focus. I came to realize that my bizarre journeys in and out of alien worlds and the alien voice that occasionally spoke to me — particularly during hypnosis sessions — were the hallmarks of sharing my life with an alien.

One Body, Two Souls

After a bizarre string of paranormal events, I discovered several years ago that I had been born with two souls: one



human, the other alien. While I believe my human soul has lived on Earth many times, the alien soul is still something of a child, a stranger to the human experience. It is here to learn.

I wasn't always aware of this dual consciousness. I lived in the shadow of the alien abduction phenomenon for three decades before I under-

stood what that was all about. Strange encounters and odd happenings had always been a part of my life. Through the eyes of a child, though, they were merely dreams and unsolved mysteries. But over time, I came to regard the encounters and events as directional signposts purposely left to guide me.

The encounters started when I was a child, and a troop of gray, wispy beings with skinny necks and oversized heads marched into my home one night. I assumed they were ghosts or dream figures. Then little people started appearing. What I remembered most from their visits was the tinge of nausea I felt while floating down the stairs and out of the house. Just weird dreams, I always thought. Later, I started waking up in the middle of the woods at night. I shrugged that off as a recurring nightmare.

It seemed as though a part of my childhood was spent in another world, and though my nighttime encounters were different from other dreams and were perceived as a part of reality, nothing could explain them. Not even a twig or a leaf or dirt on my feet was ever found after my nighttime trips into

the woods. I know, because I looked for evidence that my experiences were real.

I Knew Who They Were

At the age of 10, I shared consciousness with the alien soul-child for the first time. I was playing in the yard just outside my family's Wisconsin farmhouse. Suddenly I noticed a squadron of flat, triangular spaceships in the sky, over fields of cut hay. The ships seemed to appear out of nowhere. Like a hunted animal, I instinctively froze. My mind went wild as I tried to comprehend what I saw: at least 15 spaceships, maybe more, mysterious, silent, and gray. They hung in the air as if weightless, watching, waiting for something to happen. A lightning-quick flash of fear swept through me.

I shifted my eyes from the sky to the ground and gauged the distance between where I stood and the house. Could I make it if I ran?

But as swiftly as fear had engulfed my consciousness, another emotion exploded in the next heart-pounding second. A wave of joy washed through every cell of my body, right down to the core of my soul. It flooded the very center of my being in an instant.

I turned and lifted my head to again view the ships, aware that the fear had washed away. Instead of wanting to run toward the house and into the protective arms of my mother, my mind was suddenly filled with knowledge about the people inside the spaceships. I knew who they were, and I was overcome with excitement at the prospect of being with them again. I also knew why the ships were there.

Other knowledge flowed into my mind, information and concepts far beyond my 10 years. It seemed to hold great meaning for my life. But hours later, when I reflected on the experience, that magnificent knowledge was no longer within my reach.

As I stood under the maple tree in the yard, viewing the spaceships as

they hovered over the farm fields, I wondered how the world would react.

I distinctly remember focusing on that one, single question as if it were critical to the future. Within the time it took to complete a breath, my state of mind had shifted: from fear to a calm debate as to whether or not the world was prepared to see what was there before me.

With my eyes still fixed on the hovering gray shapes, I addressed the people I seemed to know in the ships. "No," I said, telepathically. "The world is not ready!"

Later, I was content to remember the bewildering experience as merely a dream. However, a year later I experienced a repeat encounter.

The second "dream" unfolded exactly as the first, only I

was walking up the gravel road that ran past the yard in front of the house when I first spotted the silent spaceships. The same gray, flat, triangular objects again appeared out of nowhere — only this time they were positioned over a different section of fields. The ships hung in the air at varying heights up ahead and to the right from where I stood on the road.

Again, I was terrified. And once again I wanted to sprint toward the house and to safety, though I was certain such an attempt would be futile; the distance was too great.

But in the blink of an eye I became someone else, someone far different from the terrified 11-year-old girl who

was standing on the road.

My fear dissolved into pleasure. Just as the encounter had played out the year before, I knew things in that moment that seemed to explain it all: why the ships were there in the sky, their purpose, and my purpose. That overwhelming, wonderful knowledge brought me a joy, contentment, absolute bliss. It felt like a homecoming, a celebration of minds connecting after a long time apart.

A Dimensional Awakening

Later, connecting with alien minds would become commonplace. But it was while deep in the dissociative state of hypnosis that I first heard an alien speak. The voice was my own; the consciousness, however, belonged to another.

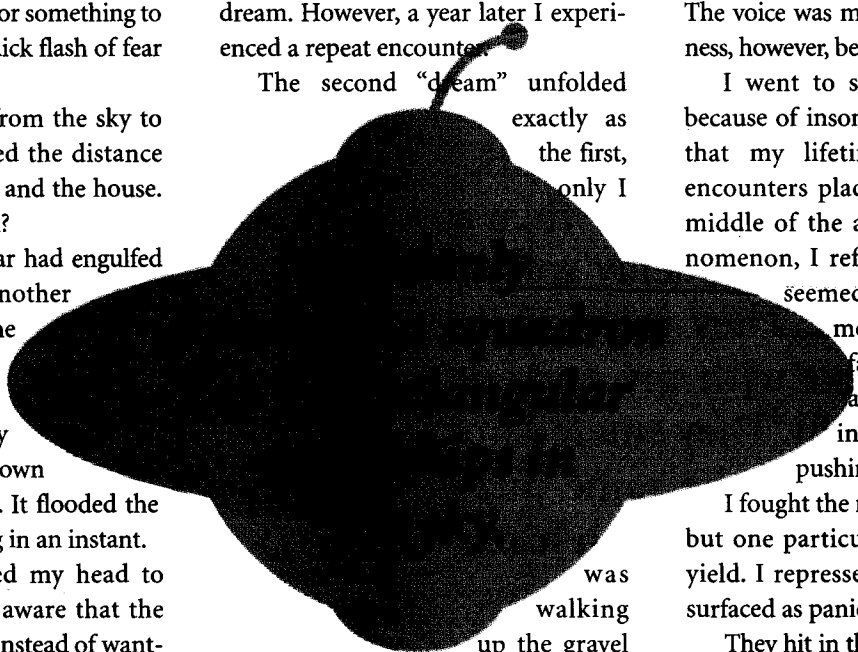
I went to see a hypnotherapist because of insomnia. When I realized that my lifetime of unexplained encounters placed me smack in the middle of the alien abduction phenomenon, I refused to believe it; it seemed so absurd. Still, my memories of gray alien faces and spaceships and mysterious travels into the night kept pushing me to find answers.

I fought the memories with denial, but one particular image refused to yield. I repressed most of it, until it surfaced as panic attacks.

They hit in the middle of the night, blasting me out of sleep. My heart pounded, my stomach ached, and my skin temperature would spike, then fall.

Sleeping became a challenge. When insomnia sent me searching for help, the serendipitous hand of fate brought me to Gary Dallek. Not only was Dallek a certified clinical hypnotherapist, but he was familiar with the alien abduction phenomenon, too. Within days of calling for an appointment, I was sitting in his recliner, relaxing to the sound of his voice.

What happened next seems absurd. About 40 minutes into the session, I found myself standing in a dimensional realm beyond the bound-



aries of time and space, encircled by a group of gray aliens.

Standing in the presence of those aliens and several shimmering beings of light, I was reminded of an agreement I once made.

I had agreed to merge with another life form, a separate consciousness. It was part of a universal plan, an alien experiment, and I had agreed to participate.

My role, as I've since discovered, is only a small part, similar to a stand-in in a grand cosmic play. But it changed my life forever.

Alien Conversations

When aliens suddenly appeared during my first hypnosis session, Dallek knew what to do. He set about to discover why the pesky, unpredictable beings were disrupting my sleep and my life.

Dallek asked question after question during that first session, and one particular inquiry prompted the alien consciousness to speak.

"What information do the little ones seek?" Dallek wanted to know.

"The experience of being human," the alien answered, "what it is like to be in that form. The female assists us in this, and it is important that she knows who she is so she can move on to the next phase of the experiment."

Several minutes later I was standing before a different group of life forms. They were beings of light. I instantly recognized them, realizing at the same time that I was looking at my own true form.

"I see little clouds of light, light beings, and I know them," I explained to Dallek.

The light beings and I merged together, and a mingling of souls took place. It was glorious, magical, enchanting. No words can describe what I felt in that moment. It was beyond human; it could only be described in the language of the soul.

During a second hypnosis session, the alien consciousness spoke again. Dallek wanted to establish the exact rela-

tionship between my human self and my alien counterpart, so he asked the alien a direct question — "Is the essence of her being one and the same as the energy and the essence of your being?"

"No, it's similar," the alien said, then added, "she's been altered."

I didn't have a clue as to what being "altered" meant, and I still don't know. Experience has taught me that alien life forms share information sparingly, on a need-to-know basis.

After learning about the agreement, I discovered that the alien consciousness was only a thought away. While I was meditating one day, the alien's distinct voice suddenly shot through the quiet of my mind.

I was surprised to hear her voice again. I usually only heard it while in a deep hypnotic trance or within the realm of the alien encounter experience. Yet, there she was, as if sitting comfortably in my mind, longing for a chat. I decided to ask some questions.

"What was the significance of the spaceships that appeared in the sky over my father's farm fields?" I asked telepathically.

"Ships. So glad to see them," the alien responded. "They filled the sky above me like angels hovering over, watching, brief contact, then away they go, leaving me behind."

I pressed for more information. "But why did they come? Why do the aliens still come for us?"

"I know why, but I can't tell you. It is still not your time to know."

"When?" I asked. "When will it be my time?"

"Soon," the alien consciousness said. "Be patient. It will be a wonderful surprise."

Life in the Strange Lane

I'm still waiting to be surprised, but then, nothing surprises me much anymore. My old view of reality has been shattered. I've dissolved into light, walked through walls, flown without wings, and stared into solid black and brown alien eyes. In fact, my

entire belief system has expanded.

I now honestly believe that an alien consciousness is sharing my existence. That belief, however, came only after careful consideration. First, I wondered whether I had gone mad. Was I delusional? Was I psychotic?

The answers were all no. After six years of studying alien abduction literature, and after learning the nuances, the strengths, and the limits of my own psyche by existing within it every day for more than 40 years, I've judged my mind to be sound. I'm just one of the growing number of men, women, and children living inside the realms of extraordinary experience.

Still, contact with alien life forms is a strange and mysterious phenomenon. And when contact begins in childhood, continues through adolescence, and follows into adulthood, one's entire world seems to run parallel to the unknown.

I sometimes feel as though I'm traveling down some strange lane of life, with no exits in sight. After years of such travel, I now just keep my eyes on the road. My life has become a fascinating voyage, and I don't want to miss anything.

When the mystery verse about the soul-child suddenly appeared inside my mind, I could have easily ignored it. I could have passed it off as nothing more than a fleeting glitch, a stray remnant of thought that happened to disrupt my concentration. But I didn't. I've learned to pay attention to the unknown.

Human consciousness remains an uncharted frontier. It may quite possibly be the gateway to our future. It certainly is a doorway to the soul. In my life, it's even home to an alien soul-child, waiting patiently for a miracle. ■

Janet Bergmark's book *In The Presence of Aliens (Llewellyn)* will be available in November. She lives near Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she is working on a Master of Arts degree in counseling psychology.