

MY COSMOLOGY EXPANSION

Book 1

By Jonsig Eirik

The teleporting of the rose.

After many feeble attempts at compiling a document that in its proper perspective accurately described Lloyd's journey through life, it wasn't until I moved to a cabin beside the Silmilkameen River in 1999 and then by 2003 that I finally had the courage to start compiling the work you are now reading.

The isolation; a place where I could relax and meditate, or just reflect on the past with no unwanted distractions, played a major part in overcoming the difficult task ahead: to write Lloyds story. Every word I typed took me back fifty years to retrace as best I could remember what I should remember, and skip over what was irrelevant.

After I stumbled over scribed on the net and submitted a few items, I soon found that I had hundreds of friends in more than eighty countries around the world. That number is growing by the hour; the many kind comments I received have shown me that I had friends I hadn't met; they've always been there only I didn't know they were there. Lloyd, in his astral travels may have known much that I am now beginning to understand; maybe I should say trying to understand. Jonsig

Lloyd's early life. A brief summary

Lloyd became a citizen of Canada, on May 26th, 1953. He was a good son that any father should be proud of. By about his tenth birthday and without apparent cause, Lloyd frequently felt ill. Thorough tests proved he had diabetes, a very serious and difficult medical problem to regulate, especially for a ten year old in 1963. But after a few years, he became quite good at it.

As soon as Lloyd could thread an earthworm on a hook without his finger stuck on the hook, fishing became his obsession. He soon started tying, instead of

buying his flies. Then, after he got his first bike, he would be on the banks of the Vedder River by daylight, where he usually caught a steel head by mid morning. The Vedder is one of the finest steelhead rivers in the world.

When into his teens, he started astral traveling. Short trips at first, till a lady in white unexpectedly joined him, soon becoming his regular travel companion. Together, they took longer trips to far away places.

He graduated from high school in 1971, got married in 1974, and became the proud father of two boys. But his health deteriorated, and supporting a family became difficult and then impossible, ending in divorce.

The foregoing has been bare bones, with minimum detail, to acquaint my reader with my son's teenage years, having little to do with the rest of the story.

Unrelated, and unnecessary details about his personal life may cause embarrassment, now or in the future, to his descendents and friends, have been left out.

On April 28th, 2007, I struggled past my 86th birthday. Unfortunately, many small details have been lost from memory. Dates of birth and death are accurate. Most other dates are fairly approximate.

THE TELEPORTED ROSE

I'll take you back to the late seventies; Lloyd was the proud owner of a slightly dinged 68 Ford Torino, equipped with a trailer hitch for pulling the small closed in trailer he had equipped with a bed and propane stove; his personal fishing luxury.

On this particular summer evening he had parked several miles up the Vedder River beside one of his favorite fishing spots; several miles from human habitation, accessible by only a gravel road. After locking the door of his trailer on the inside, he retired for the night. Soon, the lady in white joined him, and they astral traveled---he didn't know where they went---but somewhere in their travels she'd picked a rose. When they got back inside the trailer, apparently she placed it on his chest, where he found it when he awakened at daylight, eager to go fishing. He checked the door of the trailer, found it was still securely locked on the inside, exactly as he'd locked it before he went to bed.

Electrified, he must have plunged his lankly frame into his clothes, dispensed with breakfast, and then jumped into the Torino and tore up to my place, a distance of about 14 miles. I had never seen him as excited as when he showed me the rose, "Dad, you're not going to believe this," were his first words, when he started to

tell me how he got the rose (explained in the above paragraph) and asked if I had a film in my camera. I took a picture on a slide film, which was all I had in my then near new Konica T3.

That momentous episode convinced me that teleportation had to be more than a figment of the imagination. Webster's New World Dictionary defines teleportation as the 'theoretical transportation of matter through space by converting it into energy, and then reconvertng it at the destination'. If Lloyd was with us now, he would tell you it's more than theory, it can be reality. That episode some twenty-plus years ago, was the forerunner of many unbelievable phenomenon, many that I'll try my best to cover in my book.

A few months later, another significant incident occurred in Lloyd's life. The following paragraph is a verbatim copy of the sheet of writing paper, on which Lloyd scribbled the details while they were fresh in his memory.

She was standing there like a model. I've seen her before, I'm sure, but yet I can't be sure. Her blonde hair glistened in the still brightly sun lit air. She was standing on a small knoll. There were flowers of yellow, red, and purple around her. A small tree with pink blossoms was off to the right. Her features were of utmost perfection. She knelt for a moment picking something up. She held it up and straight out in front of her at eyes height and arms length. It was a five-sided object. The numbers 24KXY engraved on it were transformed through a beam of light onto a flat stone. Then she dropped it beside the stone. She slowly started to walk away. I was watching all this time but then when I saw her start to leave I saw myself going after her then it seemed as if she disappeared and so did I and yet I could still see the knoll, the flowers, and the stone, which I was watching. So I did go over to the place of the event and I bent over to pick up the fairly small object, which had transformed these figures, and I was no longer on the little hill. I was in a large room with many instruments. The object with the numbers was getting very hot in my hand, so I dropped it, then I woke up. It was 11:00 pm. I looked at my hand. The numbers were imprinted in my hand and were almost burnt into my skin. But after about 10 minutes they disappeared. Lloyd.

I felt this had to have been more than an ordinary dream or even a lucid dream when the imprint—24KXY remained in the palm of his hand for even a few minutes after he awaked. I asked him if this was the lady he had astral traveled with. He said he wasn't sure, but if she wasn't, she could have been an identical twin. I asked him if he could describe the instruments, in the room he was in. He couldn't describe them in detail, except he estimated there were several, about a foot wide and about three feet high. Each one had several meters and gauges. The one detail he seemed certain of was that each machine had a slot that he figured

would accept the object he had been holding. He said he didn't try to insert the object into the slot on any of these machines---maybe because it was still hot---but he seemed certain it could be done.

After a few years he astral traveled more often by himself to many places on the earth. I recall one place that I was able to visualize which I'll try to describe. He said the lady in white took him down a long hallway with several doors, each door leading to a large room. She showed him into a couple of the rooms; they were large, but they seemed empty. As best as I can recall he thought there were seven doors along the hallway. I tried to take a vicarious journey with him to the many places he described, but I found this to be difficult.

While astral traveling, logically one could visit many places of interest, but for Lloyd it was more than visiting places. He explained how there were cables running from the earth into space. He couldn't estimate how far apart they were, or what they were, only that he had to go around them. I tried to visualize what these cables, as he called them, could possibly be. Yet, there was one thing I felt certain about, while he was astral traveling, they must have been compatible with his state whether it was spiritual, frequency based or whatever, as he had to go around them. I'll try to get back to these cables later in my book and hypothesize on these cables, but for the next few pages I'd like to write a few more paragraphs, a few more details about Lloyd; carry my story along chronologically to give my reader a better insight into the problems my son encountered during the next few years he was with us.

We moved from the Fraser Valley, in June 1984 to a small village in the interior of British Columbia, where I purchased property with three old houses on four 25 x 100 ft. lots. I divided the property so Lloyd had two 25 ft. lots, with two old buildings on it. He carefully took one apart and built a new house with the salvaged material. He moved in as soon as he'd made it livable, plumbing and wiring, and whatnot, but still unfinished inside. After a few nights he found he couldn't get to sleep, because as he explained it, every night two blue spheres about four inches in diameter, were playfully chasing each other around the room, at about four feet off the floor. He said these things were making him feel weird, so he asked me to help him find something, anything, he could live in to get away from these things for the soon approaching winter. I realized this problem was becoming unbearable, so we found a fourteen-foot travel trailer for 1800 hundred dollars. He parked the trailer at a nearby campsite beside the Similkameen River till spring; then he came back and tried living in the house. This time the spheres were gone, so he kept on working on the house.

In 1987 a close friend came for a brief visit. Many things were discussed over coffee, including Lloyd's astral travels, and his problem with the blue spheres

playing in his living room. She suggested The Urantia Book might help me get a better insight into some of these strange phenomena. She felt the spheres that drove Lloyd out of the house were probably playful spirits.

I bought a copy of the Urantia and also the Concordex, which is a requirement to find anything in that 2000 page volume, which took me three months to read. In retrospect I realize it was the most, intellectually written, and in many ways spiritually enlightening book that I'd ever had the good luck to acquire. Many questions that had always plagued me were now answered. It gave me a new slant on the importance of our earth in the universe, where earth is one of thousands of inhabited planets in the universe.

This made me a better person, more perceptive, tolerant, and understanding of cosmology. I was quite certain she had the right slant on the spheres. The cables were still a mystery; even today my theories of those are at best metaphysical. But don't forget, the road to truth often starts out as a metaphysical trail someone reluctantly decides to follow. I'm not sure if metaphysical is the right word; it's all I can think of.

Over the next few years the diabetes ravaged Lloyd's body; his kidneys failed, making dialysis necessary at least twice a week. Soon, his blood vessels collapsed, then dialysis became too difficult. Surgery was performed on his left arm just below the elbow to bring a blood vessel to the surface for better dialysis access.

Then later, in our regional Hospital, a valve was grafted onto his abdomen, through which about a pint or more of fluid was fed, immersing the intestines. After about six hours of absorbing poisons from his body, this fluid was drained from his abdominal cavity and discarded; this operation was then repeated.

The fluid came in plastic bags that he could hang from a stand with hooks at the top--- the ones used for intravenous. The fluid was warmed to body temperature and run in by gravity through a surgical tube, till the bag was empty when he would close the valve and disconnect it. To drain his abdominal cavity, he would reconnect the empty bag and set it on the floor, till it was filled with spent fluid that drained by gravity from his abdomen. He could do this every day at home, saving a one hundred mile round trip to the hospital. But before long his intestines became inflamed from the constant use of the fluid, so this method was discontinued.

The next surgical attempt, to sustain the crucial need for regular dialysis, was to insert a thin tube into a blood vessel below his left shoulder, and thread it down into the heart. I can't remember if it was a double tube or not--probably was-- but it had a valve that was grafted onto the skin for the dialysis machine connection.

On February the eleventh, 1994 after spending time in hospitals totaling years, all options ran out for my son and he passed away in our local hospital in Penticton.

Thirty years of suffering was over. He has been returned to the cosmic.

The forgoing was chronologically approximate. All the details, explained to the best of my ability, are completely true. Even after he has been gone over thirteen years---when I emphasize with the pain he suffered, I wish I could go back fifty years; with what is known about diabetes today, I would make sure he knew which food would protect him as well as those that were damaging his health. Would he have listened; hard to say.

CHAPTER 2

Many years ago, Bob, a good friend of ours about Lloyd's age, told us about the occasional UFO sightings he'd had along the Similkameen River. Bob moved to Alberta, and later, after Lloyd died, I was still living in the village, several miles from the river. The UFOs took their place in memory, but were not forgotten.

It is now thirteen years since Lloyd died, and many waters have run under the bridge. I am living in a cabin by the Silmilkameen River where the Pine Siskin, Chickadees, Nuthatches, Grosbeaks and the noisy Stellar Jays, plus one red squirrel, go through at least fifty pounds of sunflower seeds in one winter. A little Magpie hangs around to see if I'd caught a mouse for her.

A huge bald eagle drops by occasionally, to perch on a cedar limb high above the river. That magnificent bird is about four feet tall; sits there like a statue, watching while a fish makes its way through shallow water. Then---at the right moment swoops down for lunch. The ever-present companies of my feathered friends, and the beauty of the countryside, are now my constant companions. A place where tranquility is the master, and the chaos in the village is no longer an unwanted gypsy in my life. Time, spent alone with nature, instills its beauty in your soul.

Shortly after I moved into the cabin, in April of 99, a large UFO crossed the mountain to the southwest, and disappeared over the mountain to the northeast. I estimated it was about 80 by 100 feet, and 10 feet deep. Picture a pack of cards that huge; silently making it's way across the sky, about 2000 feet above the river. It had the appearance of wood, dark brown in color. It wasn't moving any faster than a small airplane. To say this was a strange looking craft would be the understatement of the century. When I referred to that thing as a UFO please

don't think I mistook it for anything that might navigate deep space, in fact how it could remain airborne left me wondering. But it was a flying object, although I doubt if anyone could identify it.

Less than two months after that, many strange things began to happen. About 3:30 to 4:00 am, my phone would ring with nobody there, also 2 or 3 knocks on the door about that time of night with nobody there. This was a bit scary at first, till I realized it must be of a paranormal nature.

Occasionally, during the night I awaked to the fragrance of flowers, or an exotic perfume, but it seldom lingered. Rarely, I felt a hand lay gently on my arm. I felt it was a friendly spirit, and it gave me comfort.

When we try to examine these phenomena, it becomes apparent that the unknown is inestimable. It's a storehouse of knowledge that must be taken on a belief in something greater than us, which is harder to accept where a scientific explanation is normally demanded to satisfy enquiring minds.

I'll describe a series of events that happened during July and August, of 2003, all completely true and accurate.

Chey Shea, (a pseudonym) my landlady, blessed with exceptionally keen eyesight, kept me informed about a UFO in the western sky. I had difficulty spotting it; my eyesight was not that good and isn't getting any better.

During the time the UFO was there, I frequently kept seeing many faces, most very clearly. I would close my eyes and they would appear within seconds. Anytime, anywhere, but mostly when I was relaxed in my easy chair, or had just gone to bed, but still wide awake. Some faces were close-- others were a few feet away. Also, several people were usually gathered in a small clearing a short distance back. I remember most of them quite clearly unless they were at the far end of the clearing.

One person that seemed intensely interested in me, studying my face intently, generally within arms length, occasionally within about eight inches, appeared to be an African; a heavy set black man; skin tone a shoe polish black, a very kindly face. He never smiled, as no others in that motley crew ever smiled that I recall. Once he leaned very close studying my right eye. I have often wondered if he wasn't an ophthalmologist and was sending a mental picture of my eye to the lady standing by. She might have been keeping a record for him. I don't put anything past these characters.

This woman was of slender build, dressed in what I would best describe as a gray sack dress that came below her knees. She always stood completely motionless

about twenty feet back from the black man; a bit to his right so I could always see her. Unsmiling, with her pallid complexion and almost shoulder length straggly flaxen hair, I considered her a fairly attractive woman, as if her finely chiseled features had been skillfully sculptured from gray sandstone, rather than molded from flesh. I'm sure I had worse looking dates in my younger days, although they might have been livelier.

The others appeared to be mostly Caucasian men of average height and varying hair color. Yet, while I can remember them quite clearly, if you were to ask me to describe 'exactly' how they were dressed I would be at a loss to say. His or her attire was ordinary, no outstanding color or style, no unique space attire as one might expect. I've often wondered about this and can only conclude, that is how they wanted to be seen-- and remembered.

A few days before the UFO was going to leave---which of course I was unaware of—I booted my computer as usual one evening, probably about eight pm, but found something new had happened to my stories. (I kept each chapter as an individual file to edit, then cut and paste later; an earlier version of MS Word) An open golden triangle had been placed on top of every chapter icon in the directory, as many as forty counting the backups. On the screen, the icon, the dog eared square with the blue W and the chapter number below it, now had this golden triangle positioned to fit neatly over the icon with a vertical side of the triangle even with the right side, and on top of the icon.

Later that evening I closed the computer and went to bed. The following morning I booted my computer to see if the triangles were still there, but as I had expected they were gone. I imagine there was a strong connection between all these phenomena, as they were all present about the same time (the triangles, faces, and UFO). I have thought about this hundreds of times, especially the triangles on my computer. It's beyond me how that is remotely possible when the file is inside the hard drive on the PC. But of course as soon as the files were displayed on the monitor, they could have overlaid them with the triangles.

Considering the knowledge we have today, I don't think there is any earthly way a human being can make those triangles appear, only to disappear a few hours later, no matter how clever they are at computer programming. Should you ask, I'm not on line.

Within a couple of days after this triangle appearance and disappearance, several things began to happen; all at about the same time. Chey Shea told me that several small UFOs came from different directions, and seemed to merge with the big UFO. (Mother ship?)

Then the UFO took off, and disappeared in the eastern sky. Since that time I have not seen any more faces; while this might sound strange, I miss them. No, I don't think I'm losing my mind! I really miss them! They were frequently there with me for part of the summer, and I recognized most of them. If they should come back before too long, I will still remember them. I'm convinced that these faces were shown to me to teach me something; a lesson I had to learn in this lifetime-- probably that summer, to spur me along into writing this story. I believe many UFOs are manned by friendly, or at least impartial entities; this was their opportunity to pass along some details that might interest ufologists that hopefully will read this book.

I would like to state here that I know next to nothing about astronomy, but I sense that when these UFOs disappeared in the eastern sky it might have been in the direction of the Pleiades. Perhaps these UFO visitors were Pleadians, a race of extra terrestrials that are reputed by astrologers and ufologists as possibly being friendly. I'm inclined to believe they might have been. After all, these characters came from somewhere, at least I like to believe they came here from somewhere in the universe, that this whole episode wasn't a hoax perpetrated by our own government, as many probing researchers suspect of anything new and different. If all else fails, why not suspect a black budget branch of the government; well hidden from the public.

This experience taught me very convincingly that I must think positively out of the box; let no preconceived notions cloud my mind. I must accept these entities for whatever they are, or whoever they are; realize they apparently can make themselves clearly visible, to those they chose to, in whatever manner they chose to.

I wonder if that was all they wanted to do? I suspect these characters knew I would accept them impartially; without prejudice or bias, regard them as neutral or friendly, so they chose to give me a better insight into the controversial subject of the illusive UFO. They dropped in for a visit while in the neighborhood. Darn it, I should have offered them a coffee.

The following two paragraphs are from my book: On Sunday, May 15, 2005, Chey Shea told me about a UFO sighting. On May the 10th, last week at 10:55 PM, she was watching a big UFO, with several small UFOs nearby. They hovered for a while over the mountain to the west, then the small crafts joined the big one, and it left to disappear in the eastern sky. Editing today, June 21st.2005. Chey Shea saw 3 UFOs at 10:10 last night, June 20th

An entry: October 2006; I have spent many hours thinking about the UFOs and the triangles. The African gentleman with his sack dressed girl friend, with the

others standing around in the clearing. I can truthfully say I feel privileged to have been shown all this, for whatever reason, if only to bring to light a phenomena by having me repeatedly experience the same scene till it was firmly implanted into memory. In other words, Jonsig, don't forget or discard this information. It's very important, if not now, it will be when man finally accepts there is more to the universe than the human mind can imagine.

Some of our so-called intellects, even learned professors, stubbornly hold to the theory that earth is the only planet in the universe supporting human life. I fail to see how any human being can be that naïve. Study the starry sky for moment; admit to yourself that eve if you can't see them, a large percentage of these stars have orbiting planets; surely some of them must support human life. Not maybe identical to earth as the environment, daylight, and the makeup of the atmospheric would be the deciding factor. Urantia tells us that three gas planets are common in the universe; earth will be too, after the trapped methane is released into the atmosphere.

I better get back to my UFO buddies; I'm going to crawl out of the box a bit farther. Apparently these characters had the ability to make themselves clearly visible to me, I like to think the field where they were gathered was similar to the terrain on their own planet. It was an open field with small trees at the back and on the sides. This would be a scene I would relate to and remember.

CHAPTER 3

A lot of thinking people have expounded on the hereafter, and naturally so, as we all face that. Depending on your personal belief, you hope you go to heaven, and not end up in hell. The only way you'll be sure of where you went is when you get there.

When faced with the prospect of an extensive journey to spiritual perfection; apparently some spirits opt to return to the beginning; perhaps to revert to thought again as raw material to be reassembled by nature. Not back into the old body of course, as by now that's probably gone up in smoke, or is resting a six-foot hole hanging around to become a lump of compost. This cycle—from thought to matter, material for flesh and life, is more or less the first half of the cycle. Then drop dead and hope mother earth will take you back is the second half. This is normal, except for maybe one detail that is overlooked. Probably many I can't think of.

There is strong evidence that a lot of information gathered throughout a lifetime, is stored in the flesh. If there were any information retained in the cadaver, would it remain embedded in that compost pile to become part of mother earth, as it should; unless your caring relatives stuffed you into an expensive oak box that never rots?

If a spirit decided not to go on, it might have decided to adhere to the knowledge; remain part of whatever is spiritually retained or however it's retained in the cadaver, to eventually become part of mother earth again.

The next two paragraphs might cast some light on why I brought up this dumb, or not so dumb, question in the first place.

On coast to coast, a fantastic program I never miss, occasionally two guests play tape-recorded voices from the dead. It sounds very authentic; a new tape is always used and it's usually, or often recorded in a cemetery. The voices on the tape are clear enough to understand, although not like you or I would sound on tape--- just different.

A few months ago I heard of an incident following a heart transplant where the recipient of the donated heart went to meet the parents of the donor. The child recipients first words were, "You are my mom and dad." This alleged event was sworn to be true by many parties, all present. That bit of knowledge should shake up some people.

Therefore, it seems the donated heart apparently retained vital family information for months after it had been removed from the body of the donor. I said months, because I imagine it must have been all of that before the recipient was healed well enough to travel to meet the donor parents.

Does that kind of a retained memory now become a permanent part of the recipients' memory; would the recipient always remember both parents, or only briefly--- as at that first meeting---then in time be completely forgotten? A transplant sometime changes the personality; noticeably, I imagine, if the personalities were to clash

Do other parts of the body know its donor, or does only the heart? The cemetery recordings might suggest the information is from more than the heart, but that might not be the case, as most people go to the grave with their heart, hopefully not still beating, so there is little chance of that proving anything.

Science has passed `milestones` in solving innumerable heretofore secrets of the human body; for instance fingerprints and then DNA, where even a hair can identify a person and now the iris. It seems these are unique, our own code,

possibly to the 10th exponent from anyone else on the planet. In the case of the heart transplant, my guess is the DNA possibly contained the information. But the DNA is present, even in a single strand of hair leaving us with the annoying question; just how much memory is stored anywhere in the body? Suppose I had hair follicles donated by my brother, who after looking at my bald dome for years decided enough is enough; our DNA will match, I'll donate some hair for a transplant!

Would I now recognize people he knows, and I don't? Or take a sudden liking to a friend of his I've always detested? Or, is this information stored in only the heart? Besides being the best pump known to man, perhaps memory is a unique factor about the heart. Or was it genetic information, which was passed on where the transplant was a close match; a must to avoid rejection by the little boy that recognized his mom and dad. I doubt that---although, you never know. You go ahead and speculate; I'm getting tired.

I'm certain there is a lot of uncharted territory beyond the end of this rainbow and no matter what new discovery emerges, man will still be groping blindly in some never-ending cloud of mystery. And so it should be. If man suddenly knew everything do you suppose for a moment he'd be happy? He'd me taking out his frustration by beating his wife and kicking the dog.

One of the inherent attributes of man is to seek the unknown. If suddenly there were no unknowns left; mountains have been climbed; oceans have been crossed, then man looks to the paranormal. Good thinking. That will keep him occupied for a while.

Fear not, there are always paranormal happenings weird enough to curl your hair. I hope to delve into these in book 2

CHAPTER 4

I'm certain that you, as I, have heard endless theories on UFOs. What they are, who they are, or where they are from, and of course, their agenda. This proves that a lot of people are interested in something, which is a great start. Sadly, the extreme are those that shake their finger at you for being so stupid as to believe in any of this garbage. Any idiot knows things happen, because they just happen and there are no such things as UFOs and strange thing in the sky. Of course not! Just weather balloons, Jonsig! Don't be such an idiot to believe all this.

I suspect when the UFOs crashed at the ranch close to Roswell, also later in the 70s, the Mexican Roswell, the American army retrieved a lot of technical gear,

such as solid-state technology, as well as much other unknown greatly advanced technology that still remains a well-kept secret, possibly for a good reason, or at the time was thought to be. However, irrespective of the enormous electronics involved, I believe the operators of these craft have the ability to determine our inner nature, if we are receptive to their presence; whether we believe they are friendly, or view them with suspicion.

I believe they can tune in on our natural frequencies, which might very well indicate the extent to which we are able to accept radically new phenomenon. Or become aware of already existing knowledge in our spirit if we believe the widely held opinion that we accumulate knowledge through innumerable lifetimes. The UFOs have been here over eons of time so we've probably had innumerable encounters; a UFO probably had a lot to do with our advancement from the cave man mentality retained in memory. If that memory hasn't been completely erased it might be recalled by regression; probably may have been by many.

Ridiculing any strange, or heretofore unknown or forgotten phenomenon is not one of my attributes. My reaction is to try to understand it, as I feel that all things have a reason to be; either as part of our close presence, yet unknown; or knowledge from some distant part of our universe, now being revealed, or soon to be.

Trying to penetrate the cloak surrounding unknown phenomenon leaves most of us lost in the woods without a compass. We have no reference points to guide us, at least any that we remember, which might be just as well. A perceived reference that might be irrelevant, inapplicable or misunderstood could result in wrong solutions, delaying the right solution, if one were possible.

Good cases in point are the faces and the golden triangles on my monitor. Had the faces been there for just one night, I would have attributed that to a dream or a vision, but they were there repeatedly during the latter part of the summer. This would suggest there must have been a concerted effort on the part of the UFO people to instill something in my mind. Then when they were ready to leave, perhaps it was time to show me something I would never forget; the golden triangles on top of my story chapters. Believe me, I will never forget those.

Why triangles? Why not round, or cigar shaped as many reports years ago described them. This was a common shape for singular sightings, and might still be the most practical when a UFO is employed as a singular craft in space, for whatever reason best known to them and for us to take our best guess at.

In 1943, dad bought a ten-acre plot, about 70 miles east of Vancouver, British Columbia. It was largely timbered but there was a meadow out of sight from the

house. One morning his neighbor lady dropped a pail half full of blackberries and came running to excitedly tell him that a silver colored, cigar shaped object was in the meadow. Dad went to look, but all he found were four places about a foot across, scorched into the grass—about three feet apart and twelve feet between the pair of `feet`.

That was sixty years ago when round UFOs (saucer shaped) seemed to be the most common sightings, but now a triangular craft seem to be the craft of choice. I believe with the enormous increase of UFOs in our skies, the triangle shape is necessary in order to link, to form a homogeneous mini city in space, or perhaps to link into a hexagon to interchange personnel. Was this what they were showing me, not by direct illustration, but to challenge my mind? To see if I could figure it out while they sat by, tuned to my natural frequency, to see if I would graduate from kindergarten? I'll let you be the judge.

Reputedly a UFO can fly over your car and kill the power, bringing your car to a standstill. We would assume this was done electronically which would seem logical, but is it? I have a nagging feeling that a lot of the control of the craft, and of things done by the craft, is by thought control.

Many years ago, probably in the mid 80s, one night about three A.M, I heard a sound like the back-up warning signal on a truck. I thought the sound came from the street beside the house, and yet it didn't seem to. I stuck my fingers in my ears but the sound was still there, till it slowly diminished to fade away completely in a few minutes. Okay. So it was in my head.

Then, some time later the UFO abduction involving Barney and Betty Hill was aired on TV. There was the same exact sound I had heard before. Then the truth hit me. It had been a UFO, most likely right over the house. Hindsight is 20/20. If only I'd slipped into my clothes and went outside, maybe I would have seen it, thumbed a one-way ride to some distant planet.

While Lloyd never said in so many words, I suspect he was aboard a UFO on more than one occasion. If you care to, review the paragraph where Lloyd found himself inside a room with many instruments---where the object he had been holding became so hot he dropped it, leaving the imprint 24KXY burned into the palm of his hand.

It most likely was a UFO, and I believe Lloyd did go inside it, but not necessarily in his physical body. Much of what he related to me about that episode suggested he was either astral traveling or had slipped into some degree of spiritual form. The fact that the letters 24KXY were burned into his hand, for even a few minutes, would suggest he had not been dreaming, at least not the way we define

dreaming. There had to have been some kind of a connection to his physical body, for any kind of a burn to be noticeable, be it only for a few minutes.

Or, was there middle ground that he was not able to understand or wasn't aware of at the time. Did he go outside and experience all these strange events? The thought has often crossed my mind that this couldn't have been a physical burn, as we define a burn where the flesh is cooked by contact with hot metal or by fire.

A simulated burn might have been so hot he had to drop it, but not having physically burned the flesh, would fade within minutes. But I feel there is still another possibility. If the spirit body is temporarily out of the physical body, is it capable of suffering a burn deep enough to show through the physical body after reentering, and then vanish within a few minutes? I must admit I have struggled with these phenomenons all these years.

There is strong evidence that after a limb had been amputated, the amputee often feels its presence. A friend of mine suffered the misfortune of losing his left arm and for years complained that it felt cold in winter. I believe this is called, missing limb syndrome, or phantom limb syndrome. While this might seem unrelated to the burn described in the forgoing paragraph, it points out the existence of a spirit body, a popular view held by many. There are too many questions without conclusive answers. But it is fun to speculate; make ourselves feel good when we think we have found an answer.

CHAPTER 5

In 2004, one column of light always seemed to rise from, or merge into a gap in the mountain range a few miles to the west of here. The light beam appeared to increase in intensity for a few seconds, then wane till it almost disappeared. This might go on for an hour in the evening, usually happening several days apart. Later in the summer, there were two, and then followed three columns till later in the summer when the show ended.

In 2005, there appeared very briefly, five beams to the mountain at the same time. We estimated they were about a quarter of a mile apart, each the width of a pencil held at arm length. Is this a UFO hangout, or was this some other phenomena? I suspect there could have been a connection between the light beams and the UFOs, as they used to appear in the sky over that area. The UFO people are reputed to be able to change the physical material of themselves and their craft to a semi spiritual form so they can disappear into the sea without a ripple, or simply vanish into the side of a mountain.

While it's unlikely that those light beams resembled the cables that Lloyd had to go around, I feel they could have been similar. An airplane flying through them wouldn't encounter anything, unless they were of a magnetic nature. This might generate enough current in the wiring of the plane to cause the instruments in the cockpit to flutter or even malfunction.

I have the feeling that this is what happened in the Bermuda triangle, where we have been led to believe watches lost time and aircraft disappeared. I believe there could be a fair sized crystal under the sea in that area, it being the earth end of a communication link to space. But to only certain areas in space, and only when the earth is suitably oriented to establish a link, as two mirrors facing each other.

On page 487 of *Urantia*, that big book I would urge you to buy, reference is made to a huge crystal on Edentia. It measures some one hundred miles in circumference, to a depth of thirty miles. Smaller crystals are said to be on many planets throughout the universe, so why not earth. I must brush up on my astral travel and look into this. Don't I wish!

The activities during summer of 2003 convinced me the UFOs could communicate with me, or with anyone, anytime they care to. Not by gumming up computers, but in a way that's unknown to us. I think they are always watching many of our so called `important` earthlings, possibly just monitoring their natural thought frequency, in case they're planning to annihilate us, leaving earth a radioactive derelict in space. The following paragraph might be an example.

Some of my readers might recall when early in the 60s apparently the world was on the brink of war with the USSR. The ICBMs allegedly were in a countdown mode, when suddenly everything went dead. The instrumentation showed they couldn't be launched. Meanwhile, in the USSR the same scene was allegedly being played out, with the same result. This was an obvious example of how the UFOs keep track of our planet. There are probably many things they keep track of without our knowledge. If they keep us from destroying ourselves, what more can we ask. Check this out; see if you can find some more information about it. UFOs were alleged to have been seen in both military installations in both countries at that time. But don't be too disappointed if you can't find anything on it. Cover-ups have been quickly created for incidents less serious than that.

Let's assume the UFOs are constantly monitoring the condition of the planet. If that were their main concern, considering how they can control the physical to spiritual `level` of the UFO, they could very well have bases within the earth. There seems to be a strong belief this is more than a theory, in which case they probably have communication from inside the earth to space. I would say this was a reasonably good theory.

When Lloyd was astral traveling he had to go around---cables, as he could best describe them. I think he was going around communication lines between UFO bases on or within the earth, to other parts of the universe. This might sound far out, but if he had gone through these cables he might have interrupted a communication link operating at the same frequency or dimensional level he was at; not necessarily blocking it but perhaps distorting or absorbing it, or worse. His spirit might have been carried along on, or in the beam, if it was a beam, to who knows where. Had that happened, and his spirit couldn't return to his body, he probably would have fallen into a coma and eventually died.

This might pose a unique situation. If it's possible to wander off on an astral journey, and instead of returning home, get lost in space. If the physical body was kept alive and the spirit body returned within a reasonable time, all would end well. If a healthy person suddenly, without any known medical cause slips into a coma I would suspect an astral travel that went astray.

Think about it! When Lloyd traveled with the lady in white, she could have been training him to travel safely, on a dimensional level where she knew he would eventually encounter these `cables` and how to safely avoid them. Knowledge on this level is something we aren't aware of, capable of thinking of or could be trusted with if we understood it.

What is considered strange phenomena was something Lloyd loved to explore. I wish I would have known how to share it with him. He considered astral travel a part of his life---a wonderful escape. I'm not kidding! To him it was. But in retrospect I don't recall that he mentioned a silver cord. In the post war period many authors maintained that during astral travel you always remained connected to your body by a silver cord, and should it break during astral travel, your physical body would eventually die.

But I can't recollect reading anywhere what happened to the astral body if you die. If you are connected by a silver cord during astral travel, what are you? Is it your spirit body out there roaming around, or what is it? It certainly wasn't your physical body; that's still on the bed or slumped in your easy chair with a cup of cold coffee precariously balanced on your lap.

I have heard and read hundreds of times that astral travel is an art you can master if you try hard enough, and no doubt you can. One evening about forty years ago after a day of work I lay back on my bed, relaxed, not thinking of anything, then suddenly I was floating under the ceiling looking down at my body on the bed. I freaked out and was immediately back in my body. When I told this to friends they explained that I had started astral traveling and if I had kept going I could have had an astral journey. That little episode started me reading more about astral

travel. When I realized I had done it, if only to the ceiling, I wanted to follow up on that. But I never could astral travel, no matter how badly I wanted to or how hard I tried.

Now that Lloyd's not tied to his physical body any more, I hope he can enjoy an active part in our solar system, or some other galaxy somewhere. He doesn't have to return to his earth body, as he did many times when he was in a diabetic coma. There have been countless near death experiences where people were brought back by medical intervention. Most described such beauty on the other side that they wanted to stay. My fervent wish is that Lloyd is enjoying that beauty exploring the universe, now that he doesn't have to worry about having his insulin shots.

As I try my best to write about these phenomena, much that Lloyd tried to explain to me the best he could, was information I then didn't fully appreciate, but information I now need as I write. When he was with us, he wasn't keen on divulging much information. He got ridiculed for trying to explain these phenomena to skeptics (I lovingly call them psychops), so he kept this knowledge mostly to himself. I don't blame him. When you try to explain strange phenomena you have perceived, even if some of it can be explained, you get ridiculed for being stupid. I've been there, as have thousands of others. You might be ridiculed for reading this! Go and hide under your bed!

The foregoing was the best I could do, a tribute to Lloyd by letting anyone in the world join with me in respect to his memory, should they care to do so. Also, for anyone interested in teleportation, Lloyds experience might be food for thought. I would be naïve to think that everyone believes my story. I have no problem with that, as I know that many people don't believe man went to the moon, convinced it was a Hollywood production.

Book 2 and possibly Book 3 are on my agenda when I can find the energy.

Jonsig Eirik