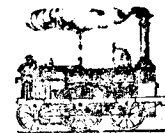


Secret Vows

Our Lives with
Extraterrestrials

Denise Rieb Twiggs
Bert Twiggs



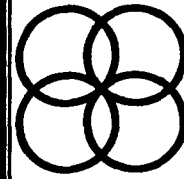
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1

The Lonely Road

It all started Memorial Day weekend in 1989...

The first step seemed innocent enough. We made a quick trip to our neighborhood store to pick up groceries and a prescription for myself, since I had had hand and foot surgery four days earlier. The surgery was for carpal and tarsal tunnel syndrome. I had developed the syndrome in both wrists and ankles. I had had the first surgery the prior September on the right hand and foot, and now had had the left hand and foot corrected. In addition, a sliver discovered in my left hand when I was five years old was removed.

Since it was a sunny Sunday afternoon, the whole family went along. We decided to stop at a bookstore and look at the crystals. We had developed an interest in crystals after reading a book by Edgar Cayce.

We entered the small store and went our separate ways looking over the crystals and other paranormal articles. I am fascinated with rocks and the chiseled crystals, whether paranormal in energy or not, were definitely a geological wonder. I picked one of the crystals, a light amethyst in color, which came with its own carrying pouch. After choosing the rock, Stacey, our four-year-old daughter, and I tracked down Bert and the older two kids. As I walked up to Bert, he showed me a book he had been flipping through.

The book was called "Uninvited Guests" by Richard Hall. I looked up at him and gave him a teasing smile, "We are standing in the middle of all these books on psychic phenomena, and you go and find a book about this?"

He smiled, shrugged his shoulders and put the book back in place. He started browsing through the other books. It had always been a joke between us that if there was anything on space or electronics, he wanted it. This particular book was different because it was not about space flights and NASA, but about UFOs. It wasn't long before he had found his way back to that book.



Finally deciding he couldn't put it back on the shelf, he grudgingly decided to buy it, wondering why, since just a few feet away were several Edgar Cayce books. While Bert paid for our purchases, I was drawn to the shelf full of advertisements. Normally I ignore ads, but I felt compelled to pick a few up along with the bookstore's newsletter.

Once we arrived home Bert sat down and read through parts of the book before putting it down and continuing on a software program he was writing. It was Sunday, May 28, 1989, Memorial Day weekend.

Next our oldest daughter Christy picked up the book and began reading it. She had been reading for approximately an hour when Bert asked her if she found it interesting. She said it was and continued reading for a while before putting it down and going outside to play with her younger brother and sister. Later that evening she picked up the book again and continued reading.

We didn't have anything planned on Memorial Day and I decided that if Christy was going to be reading this new book, then I should read it myself. She is a very intelligent ten-year-old, but this book is intended for adults, and we have always tried to monitor the reading and viewing material of our children. By doing so we can explain any questions they may have, or in some cases, say it is out of bounds until they are older.

I was partly through the first chapter when Christy came in. I asked her if she understood the book, since I noticed that some of the words and phrases might be a little more advanced for her. Her expression was odd, and she agreed that she had gotten stuck on some of the words. I told her that if she needed any help with the words she should ask for help. She agreed she would. She didn't pick the book up again that day, and by the next day we decided that for the time being we wouldn't let her read any more of it. I continued reading the book after Christy left the room. It was good, and it recounted typical sightings that had started in the 1940s—nothing unusual about that, since everyone has heard about these sightings. Although we had never seriously spent hours talking over the subject, Bert and I had always agreed on one thing—logically, if space is that vast, then it is ridiculous and egotistical for us humans to believe that we are the only beings in the universe. If there is other life out there, it probably wouldn't be at the same technological level that we are. This was basically the extent of our few conversations on the subject.

The book also covered abductions, but stories of this type had been circulating for as long as I could remember. We never discussed that issue or went out of our way to find out more about it. I suppose we believed it could happen. We always felt that if aliens landed we wouldn't be frightened or try to hurt them. We are open-minded people and would just go up to them and say "Hi." As I

read on I came upon a particular sentence written by an abducted person who was describing her experience of being in what she called a "cloud." I can't explain how I felt other than it shook me to my very soul. I looked up from the book and said loudly, "My God! That's our cloud!"

Bert looked up from the computer and asked me what I had said. I stared for a moment longer at the book. My body was tingling all over, and a sense of fear and confusion seemed to be settling into my bones. I finally repeated, "Bert, that is our cloud! This book has our cloud in it! It doesn't say the cloud was from God!" We had originally concluded that our encounter with an odd cloud many years before had been a religious experience.

I must have looked the way I felt, because he came right over and I showed him the sentence in the book. He read it and looked stunned himself. He took the book from me, and I gave it up willingly. I didn't want the thing in my hands. He spent the evening reading through the book thoroughly.

We talked it over later that evening and felt it couldn't be! We were nervous and upset. For 12 years we had retained a wonderful memory of our cloud. The comfort that we felt from feeling that God had enveloped us in the cloud for our protection was suddenly crumbling away, leaving in its place a terror we could not understand.

The next day we went to the public library to find out more on the subject. We had to find the answer! We felt almost embarrassed as we found and chose the books we needed on UFOs. These were not the usual reference materials we had gone to the library for in the past. As we walked through the library we tried to hide the books under a couple of other books and hoped the librarian wouldn't read the titles as she checked them out.

Bert spent the evening reading through passages in the books, stopping now and then to ponder on what he had read. Later that evening after the kids had gone to bed we sat down for a long talk. He explained that the books mentioned memory blocks and how people make illogical explanations to themselves about odd events, which later under hypnosis proved otherwise.

We decided that we should review every aspect of that night, 12 years before, when we were in that "cloud." We never had a detailed conversation about it before. For all these years it had just always been our cloud. We had been in it. It had felt weird, so out of time with the world. Bert had said that while we were in the car he couldn't understand how he had maneuvered the car around the last corner. He remembered trying to steer, or that he had been thinking he should turn the wheel to get us safely around the corner. I remembered sitting on the passenger side feeling very relaxed. Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion. Then suddenly we were out of the cloud. We sat for some time wondering what we had experienced. We felt that time had elapsed and that because of the

unearthliness of the cloud, for some odd reason, God had reached out to us to prevent us from dying. Perhaps the highway we were headed for had a drunk driver on it or something and God delayed us. He slowed down our pace so that we wouldn't be on the road until after the danger had passed. He saved us. We went to Bert's home shaken, even thinking that one of the cars we passed on the highway was the culprit. Bert was seventeen at the time, I was sixteen. After we arrived at his house we didn't relate our experience to anyone. We couldn't tell anyone since we hadn't been where our parents had believed us to be.

We decided we had to start from the beginning. We began recounting the events of that night so long ago. Piece by piece, looking for an answer that might leave our memory of a religious experience intact so that we could laugh over our own imaginations.

It all began sometime during Christmas holidays in 1976-77. We can't remember the exact date, whether it was in December or the first few days in January.

I picked Bert up in my parents' car that evening. We were going to spend some time together while I did the laundry at the laundromat for my mother. We had a washer and dryer at home but my mother didn't want to put the larger blankets and throw rugs in our machines. After getting the laundry done, we headed out to a trailer court where I used to live. It was about five miles from Rapid City, South Dakota. This was the first time that Bert had been in my car since we started dating in October. We planned to drive out to visit a friend of mine, but she wasn't home and so we left.

I was going to take a short cut that would take us over to another highway and ultimately to the other side of town where we both lived. The road between the two highways was a long, deserted gravel road, which was exactly what Bert seemed to be looking for at the time. We still had plenty of time before either of us were due home, and the short cut gave us enough extra time to look for a place to park on this quiet road.

Bert gave me quite a time about being driven on a date by a girl, which wasn't part of his upbringing—the man drives, not the woman. I thought that was funny, and that driving this old gravel road would not only show him that I could drive, but that I was actually good at it. The topic was dropped as we tried to find a good place to pull over and park. We slowed down at several prospective spots, but we felt uneasy. The road suddenly had not seemed quiet. We felt anxious, and it seemed that we were not alone. Finally, knowing we weren't far from the last corner before the highway, we pulled off into a field. But we still felt nervous. We had parked a couple of times before in other areas and had felt perfectly fine, but this time was different. We still felt anxious and were sure someone was watching us. We were almost to the point of changing our

minds and leaving, because the feeling was so real. We thought perhaps a farmer was out there somewhere, since the road was an access road to several pastures, but no one was there. Reluctantly we tried to forget our fears and began to neck.

As we recalled the events of that night, we could remember so clearly how paranoid we had been about being watched. As we continued to talk of that night, we began to experience new fears—fears that were very real and confusing.

Soon after we began kissing, we again began feeling very scared. There had to be someone else there besides us. The feeling was too real, too frightening. As I adjusted myself in the seat to start the car, Bert picked his comb up off the floor where he had dropped it. He then scooted himself next to me, moving the rear view mirror so that he could see out of the front window also.

I started the car, the wheels spun in the mud, and we both looked at something off to the left of the car. There was a cow looking at us! I must have said it out loud, because Bert remembers me saying something like that. Oh, those eyes—I remember those eyes! Those weren't cow eyes! I was afraid...so afraid. I was trying to get away from the window—those eyes were at my window. Bert was trying to grab the steering wheel.

Suddenly we were in a cloud, on the gravel road, at the last turn before the highway intersection. The cloud was so calm...so quiet—there wasn't a sound. I felt as if we were in a vacuum. No sound could get in or out, even if I had wanted to talk, which I didn't. The cloud was so soothing. I wanted to stay forever. The gravel road couldn't even affect us, there were no bumps or vibrations, just a slow, forward motion. I could see Bert sitting there mesmerized, just staring straight ahead into the cloud. I looked out the front window.

In a moment the cloud was gone. We didn't remember driving out of it, but we must have, since we were on the bridge heading for the stop sign. We had to stop. Normally I sit with one leg under me, next to Bert, but I wasn't this time. I felt like a Barbie doll sitting there perfectly posed. I could feel my arms by my hips, and my feet were flat on the floor. I was over by the passenger door and sitting straight.

The *passenger* door?

Suddenly I felt my heart hit my stomach, "Oh no! Oh no! This couldn't be, I must be remembering wrong! This wasn't happening, Oh no!"

"My God, Bert, I was driving that night, not *you!*" I almost screamed at him.

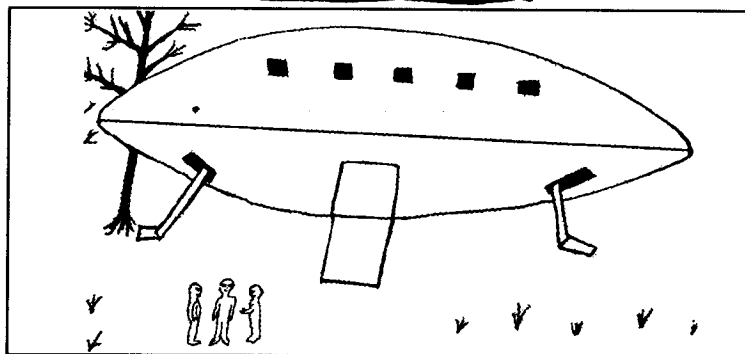
His face went ashen as he realized it too. We were in *my* car that night. I was showing him how well I could drive! When we left the field I was driving. While we were in the cloud and afterwards, *he* was driving!

Neither of us could say anything for a moment as the impact of what this meant hit us. All these years we never thought about it,

He was then led towards a ship that sat approximately 30 feet behind the car. He had an alien on each side of him. They were both female as he recalls—a younger male followed slightly to his right and behind them.

In the spaceship he thought he saw a human male adult and male child off to his right. They seemed dazed. Were there other people on this ship that night?

Inside the ship, he was taken towards his left and down a hallway. They entered the second door on the left. He was undressed and led to a table, which wasn't much taller than his knees. It seemed confusing to him, because all the furniture and equipment seemed to be small, but it seemed to be proportionate to the size of the aliens in the room. They were very short and seemed to stand only mid-level to him. He could recall the two females giggling like teenagers as they undressed him.



A rendering of Bert's memory of the spaceship.

He lay on a table that was like a white box on the sides with the top made of a type of metal material that was neither shiny nor cold to the touch. A male who seemed to be a doctor or something similar talked to him. He was telling Bert that this would not take too long. Bert said he had the impression that the doctor didn't like doing this, and that he seemed to be filled with a great deal of sympathy for him.

Assistants to the doctor moved a large machine over the table, then lowered it between his abdomen and legs. Part of the machine was placed over his penis. He said that at that point he became very erect but couldn't remember what caused it. He also said that a female assistant, the one who had walked him from the car, seemed to be acting just like a teenager with a crush.

After he ejaculated, he was turned over onto his side and at this point he wasn't sure what they did. When he was turned onto his back again they tried to place something in his nose that hurt him, and he could feel blood from the opposite nostril. At this point he tried to move his head to keep them away, but the doctor was very close and sternly ordered him to hold still.

At this point the hypnosis session ended, and Bert couldn't remember any more. His mind needed to adjust to the memory he had uncovered before he could go on.

He told me how it made him feel—not as scared anymore, but curious about what they were doing and why. And he couldn't get over the fact that the two girls were acting like teenagers, all giggly and whispering. What kind of aliens would have such human characteristics? And further, why did he feel attracted to the attention he was receiving from them? Shouldn't he feel terrified? He tried to explain his feelings that there was more to these "beings" than we were able to understand. I could see that he was groping to get to something deeper, some explanation that I just couldn't see. I wanted to know what happened, but I still felt so much fear. I didn't understand why his fear seemed to be turning more into curiosity, or why he was feeling that there was more to what was happening than just alien experiments.

JULY 14, 1989

We had continued to feel the presence, and it had become an almost minute-by-minute feeling. They were using a more aggressive approach with Bert, and he could feel their touches. It started out as a light and fast touch and it became firmer and longer.

It seemed to start the preceding night when Stacey had come crying into our bedroom, so we had let her sleep with us. I woke up early in the morning, and I couldn't remember everything that had occurred during the night. I did remember that Stacey and I were walking in the hallway of a spaceship and that she was asking me questions about things. I thought this was just too real, it couldn't have been a dream. I didn't say anything to Bert about it when he woke up, nor did I tell him that the back of my head and neck were extremely sore. But later in the morning I had to face what had happened during the night. When Stacey woke up, she complained that her head and neck hurt.

Later that evening I had a chance to talk to Bert about it, and he thought it was odd since the back of his head and neck had been sore for two days. He thought the sore areas were related to the cold he had that was becoming severe. Assuming that something might have been done to us, he let me check his head. I was shocked!

His original mark, the lone circle was no longer alone. On the lower part of his head almost in the center was a large area with a rash. Also in the area were three dots of blood almost like needle marks!

Bert checked my head. I didn't have the blood but my original mark had increased. It now also covered the lower center area of my head! We checked the kids and theirs were similar, on the lower center of their heads! Needless to say any chance that it

It was in August of that year that we began to find out. We also discovered what choices we had made.

While the event itself happened in 1978, recalling it for the first time in 1989 was devastating. It was our conscious minds in 1989 that had to deal with the decisions made by our subconscious minds in 1978.

At first Bert couldn't recall this memory—his conscious mind didn't want to learn of it. This memory brought back the physical reactions he thought he had gotten over after the completion of the memory on the lonely road. After dealing with the feelings within himself, he was finally able to remember. I also had a difficult time with the memory and with its aftereffects.

In late winter of 1978 we were picked up for another unscheduled meeting. We were returned to the medical room again, but it looked different this time. There was a second examination table and more equipment. Dets, the doctor, Bert, a female assistant, Beek (the quiet younger male) and I were all in the room. The doctor took a hand-held device and moved it along my lower abdomen.

The doctor then looked at Dets and told him it was confirmed that I was pregnant. Dets took me by the arm and pulled me aside. Bert also came up to us. Dets was upset, and he explained that we had moved faster than they had anticipated. The decisions that were to be made in the future would have to be made now. It was obvious that he felt we were too young to be in the position he was about to put us in. But the choice of time had been taken out of his and our hands. I was pregnant, and it was time to decide.

He went on to explain to us that the Androme people although they could produce children, could not now do so successfully. For biological reasons their race had become, in effect, barren. The weakness that had taken over their genetics had to be overcome, and because of their religious views, they refused to have their scientists work on any type of genetic altering.

Their beliefs also prevent them from coming to Earth or any other world and stealing the specimens of eggs and sperm they need. They fully believe that the right to procreate is a gift given individually by God, and that it is the responsibility of each being to use this means of reproduction as their own. They believe it is no one's right to just take it from another.

It was through their prayers and counseling that they had finally agreed on a way to continue their race. This was to be accomplished by the introduction of another race into their through a complete union of marriage. The intricate details involved in such a solution took many memories for us to understand.

Their solution was to create a new family unit made up of an Androme and a human. In order to do this successfully, specific tests would have to be done on both the Androme and the human to assure compatibility of the genetic makeup. They needed to be sure that the weakness they needed bred out was not already becoming a weakness in the human. Before they could introduce Andromes and humans for possible relationships, they would have to make sure that they "matched."

Prospective individuals were introduced to each other and the natural course of relationships determined who would marry. To provide a full family unit for the children and the adults, the Andromes as well as the humans were allowed to marry within their own kind as well. In more complex marriages, a human couple would marry an Androme couple. These were rare cases, however.

Dets explained that they preferred to work in parallel with the earth female's first pregnancy so that there would be less chance for the conscious mind to ever know something was different about the pregnancy.

I was asked to join in marriage with Beek and to carry his child along with Bert's. Both Bert and I agreed.

Dets performed the wedding immediately. There was no time for delay. The doctor then took an egg from one of my ovaries, and Beek and I were left alone to consummate the marriage. Sexual intercourse between Andromes and humans is very similar to that between humans. The purpose of the act is the expression of love between us, and for fertilization. When we had completed our union, the doctor returned. He placed the egg in my uterus, drawing it through Beek's semen left from the joining. With the addition of a new passenger in my womb, I began a double motherhood.

Once this memory had been uncovered there was no going back. Bert and I knew now what they wanted from us—children. The next few days were hard ones for us.

I tried to understand why I would marry an alien. The moral implications of this tortured my mind for days. I didn't believe it was possible to love and marry more than a single person. I tried to reason logically that all I really had done was to help someone. That didn't work, though. I also knew I had feelings for this alien named Beek.

Bert began to deal with feelings of intense jealousy as he tried to comprehend the memory. He fought the anger and jealousy. Yet inside he knew there was more to learn. He knew he too had made the same choice to help later. He had to understand this anger and jealousy and reason it out, since it would not be logical for it to be OK for him to help them this way, but not for me to do the same.



Double Motherhood

In July of 1978 Bert and I were married. He then joined the National Guard, and while he was in training I moved to Colorado to stay with my parents. I was seven months pregnant.

My pregnancy had been an unusual one. During the first four months my uterus wouldn't grow properly. By the fourth month the doctor was sure that I would lose the baby. Before the end of the fourth month my uterus not only began to grow properly, but I looked more like I was six months pregnant.

I didn't see another doctor until after the move to Colorado in early September, 1978. I was due in late October. After the examination the doctor told me that although I wasn't officially due for almost two months, he thought I could deliver any day. He explained that it wasn't unusual for a first pregnancy to be early, and that upon examination he could feel that the baby had already dropped into position. He also suspected twins as he listened to the heartbeat monitor. After listening awhile, he finally decided it must have been an echo.

To everyone's surprise, however, I carried the baby not only to the due date, but also nearly two weeks further. Our daughter Christy was born November 3, 1978. She was only six pounds, but the doctor had guessed that she would be over seven pounds at birth.

The night before Christy was born, I had been in the bathtub. I felt a rush of water and thought that my water had broken. I knew that labor would start soon thereafter, yet nothing happened. So I had gone to bed thinking that whatever it was that I felt must not have been the water bag.

By 3:00 A.M. I was up with labor pains. I was in labor for a total of 23 hours.

Four days after the birth, I was at home with the baby when I had a very vivid dream that I was in labor. The room was strange, not like the hospital I had been in. There were little doctors all around me.

and other people I couldn't identify. I gave birth to a very small, dark-haired boy. I woke up shaking—the dream had seemed so real to me. I thought I must be crazy to relive labor pains, but it seemed so real.

After thinking about the dream for a while I decided that because of the vividness of it, perhaps it had been a premonition. Perhaps our next child would be a little boy with lots of dark hair.

Now through the use of hypnosis I went back to this "dream."

The evening of November 2, 1978, the night of my bath was when the first labor had started. Shortly after I had gone to bed I felt the first cramps of labor, but before I could do anything about it, the Andromes came in. There were four beings, and I was put under quickly with a flash of light. I was floated out of the room, with two of them holding their hands under my waist and bottom. They were supporting the weight of the babies so that it wouldn't hurt my back as I was floated to the ship.

At the ship I was taken straight to the medical room where the doctor and his assistants were waiting with Dets and Beek. The next few minutes were the hardest for everyone. The doctor would have to help deliver Beek's baby, while leaving Bert's child untouched in my womb.

A baby boy with lots of dark hair was born several minutes later. It was his water bag that had broken earlier that evening.

When I first recalled this memory under hypnosis, I had a terrible time with my emotions. I didn't want to accept that I was having all the same feelings for Beek and his baby as I did for Bert and our child.

The new baby was given to Dets for a type of baptism and naming. Beek had chosen the name "Ankra." The baby was then given to Beek, and he and I both shared a few moments gazing at the tiny baby.

As soon as the doctor finished with me, he told Dets that I would be in labor soon with my second child and that I needed to be returned home immediately. So I was taken back home, and Beek stayed on the ship with Ankra.

I woke up in labor. Unknown to my conscious mind or any of the humans around me, the extraterrestrial doctor stayed with me until well after Christy's delivery.

While I was in the hospital, Dets, Beek and the doctor came to visit. It was late one night during a black out. The only lights that had remained on in the hospital were the emergency lights in the nursing stations and hallways.

The beings entered through the window of my room. An Androme security being came with them to watch the door while we talked. They were checking to see how I was doing and to admire the new baby girl. She was in a bassinet in the room with

me. It was like any other family gathering to coo over a new arrival, except that these were beings from another planet.

A few days after Christy and I were back home, Beek returned late at night. He took me to where they had parked the ship in the field. He took me to see Ankra, and my double motherhood began.

Beek told me that he would soon marry an Androme female named Magna. His new bride would be as much the mother to our child as I was. I felt joy at his words instead of jealousy. Or at least this "night" time part of me felt joy. My conscious mind was very confused.

The memories I recalled into consciousness while under hypnosis were only throwing more confusion at me. Now I would have to accept that in addition to Bert, I was also married to an alien with whom I had produced a blended child. Furthermore, my ET husband was planning to marry someone else as well.

At that point of our awakening Bert and I went through some very stress-filled days. There were days when we would snap at each other and days when we would cry on each other's shoulders.

How could there be parts of our minds that seemed so separate from the conscious parts? How could we be separate within ourselves? Were these our souls? Our subconscious minds? Who were they? And how could we get in contact with them? How could we introduce ourselves to ourselves?

Bert began to read of this entity we call the soul through the Bible and the writings of Edgar Cayce. We began to discuss the different levels of the brain. Even in the books we had read on hypnosis we had learned that there are several levels to the brain and that none are completely understood.

This became an important part of our awakening. The goal, we learned, was to minimize the differences in the levels of the brain and to literally become at one with ourselves. In order to awaken we needed to discover and unite every part of our mind and soul. This is a long process with no easy steps.

Bert and I worked harder at remembering. The next memory we uncovered occurred during December, 1978. He was on leave and was coming home to see Christy for the first time. What we didn't know at that time was that he was also going to meet his other child, Ankra, the son from Beek and myself.

It was during Bert's first night home that Beek came and took us to the ship. On this visit we noticed that the ship's legs were of uneven lengths. The legs, it seems, adjust and keep the ship level on sloping ground.

We followed Beek into the ship, and he took us to the crew's quarters, where we entered one of the rooms. It was a small room with just enough space for a bed, a small kitchenette table, a built-in dresser and a small bathroom.

who was sleeping. I was frightened and felt a raging anger towards this ghost who dared to threaten my child.

The ghost left at the appearance of Beek in the doorway. Beek then told me that he and Magna would return at a later time with someone who could help us understand this ghostly presence in our home.

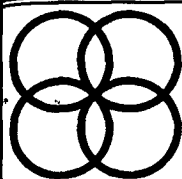
One night after we had gone to bed, Beek and Magna returned with Dets and the equivalent of a priest. This priest began to tell us about God, referred to Him as the "One Maker," and as the "Creator of all." He explained that by "all" he was not just referring to Earth or Andromeda. He was referring to all of everything in the entire universe.

He explained that although there are differences in environments for the different creations, we must all live by the same rules set by the Creator. We all have the same goal, to grow and to return to the Creator. We are all souls from the Creator. Just the packaging, the physical body, is different.

This priest went on to say that in the form of a soul the ghost has no boundaries. A soul can go where it wants to at anytime. Then he seemed to call for the ghost in our house, and she came forward. Her attitude was less aggressive. The Andromes understood her and were not intimidated. This apparently took the fun out of her pranks.

The priest explained that this soul, or ghost as we called it, needed a lot more growth than she had experienced, and she continued to hang onto hurt feelings and anger from her previous life. She had so far refused the chance for rebirth, and we were not to let her lack of growth interfere with our own growth.

The ghost did not bother us anymore, but she did not leave the house. The Andromes did not intend to exorcise her from our home. Rather, they wanted to explain to us her presence in it. What seemed amazing to our conscious minds was the ease with which Andromes handle such things as "ghosts." They seem to have a deep understanding of Creation, which helped us accept this ghost's existence.



10

Building a Blended Family

Not long after the meeting with the priest during the autumn of 1980, Bert and Magna's child was born. Beek rushed into our bedroom late one night. Talking in an excited, hushed whisper, he said it was time—Magna was in labor.

Androme security guards again stayed to baby-sit while we headed for the window. Our apartment was the second story of the house, and just outside of one of the windows was the roof to the first floor porch. We stepped out onto it and floated up to the ship.

We ran to the medical room where the doctor, Dets and a team of assistants were preparing for the birth. Magna lay in labor on a table and smiled as we came in, happy to see us. We all stood around her, encouraging her through her labor pains.

Minutes later she gave birth, just as humans do, to a baby girl. The baby girl was handed to Dets for a type of baptism and naming. The baby was named "Zeema," and she was passed around to the four of us to cuddle and coo over.

This episode was another of the many events that neither Bert or I had any recollection of consciously.

As we progressed through the hypnosis, each session helped to draw our conscious minds closer to our subconscious minds and to the ET family it was involved with. The joy of having another child added to the seriousness of the situation and created new responsibilities. We agreed that we had to rise above any of our petty jealousies and feelings of hurt if we were to consciously pull together the entire bi-cultural family. There were complex feelings and other people besides ourselves that we needed to think about.

So we continued with the hypnosis, letting the memories teach us about our newly discovered Androme family and the feelings we held for them.

Slowly the touches and light shows increased. The touches, although they were still somewhat unsettling to my nerves, did help. Both Bert and I agreed that the touches were a physical occurrence

that helped us during the times we felt we were simply going crazy, rather than discovering truth. We knew they were helping us return our memories, and it was comforting to know that they were monitoring our sessions. They never seemed to let us remember too much at one time. We were always given only what we could emotionally handle.

Over the course of our awakening we realized that we also helped ourselves subconsciously. It was through meetings with them during the night that the four of us discussed the progress of our conscious minds. At first, the realization that part of ourselves had been working openly with alien beings to help our conscious mind wake up to them was odd. But it is your own inner self that knows how you are accepting the situation emotionally. It knows at what point you need to slow down the input of information. It gave our conscious minds the time they needed to assimilate what they had learned.

We discovered that the times when we were frustrated and doubted the situation the most were either times when we were going to have trouble emotionally dealing with a memory in an upcoming hypnosis session or times when the memories and situation had been raised a level higher towards the conscious mind.

During September of 1989, Bert was the first to discover a new development in our situation—telepathy. One day as he was driving, he felt the presence of Magna in the car, and he thought he heard something. Then he heard it again, but the voice was in his head rather than in the car.

Both Bert and I began testing this new possibility. Telepathically he would ask a question of Magna, and would not tell me the answer. I would then ask Beek the same question telepathically. We would consistently get the same answers.

We tried telepathy with each other but didn't get the same results. It seemed that between the two of us, I was able to receive Bert's thoughts either in actual words or by picture image fairly often. He could not receive me as well. It seemed that he was able to send the thoughts, while I was able to receive them.

Receiving thoughts from other people wasn't totally new to me, however. Occasionally I had been able to do that with certain people that I knew very well. Usually it happened during a crisis in their lives, and I would be able to perceive that there was something wrong. Occasionally I would even pick up the problem itself, such as a car accident or other emergency involving a family member.

The ability to sense that something is wrong with someone you know isn't that unusual. There are countless stories of a loved one sensing a disturbance with another loved one. But now Bert and I had entered a new dimension in this psychic phenomenon and we were trying to develop it in order to enable us to better understand these other beings.

We continued to exercise this new talent for a few months. Gradually we used it less and less, however, since we discovered that it wasn't always accurate and that one had to be wary of one's own desire to hear the answers one wanted, instead of the truth. Humans can be somewhat self-oriented and it can be difficult to set one's needs and desires aside. We continued to use telepathy, but we used it more slowly and with much greater care.

Another factor slowing us down with telepathy was that the hypnosis sessions themselves kept us busy with all of the new knowledge we were gathering and with the emotional impact the knowledge was having on us.

Other memories of being with Beek and Magna were times of sharing and watching our three children—Ankra, Christy and Zeema—grow. Physically the children all developed normally, or what we would consider normal, except that to Bert and me, Ankra and Zeema seemed smaller and thinner than a human child would be. Ankra and Zeema were actually developing more quickly than Beek and Magna had expected. However, Ankra and Zeema seemed to us to develop more quickly mentally than Earth children, probably due to the child-rearing methods of the Andromes.

One interesting fact came up during one of the sessions. Magna not only breast fed Zeema, but she also bottle fed her. The blended Androme/human child requires slightly different nutrients than the Androme female can supply through breast milk alone.

We recalled sharing Christmas of 1980 with our extended family. Although they don't celebrate Christmas, they recognize our religious beliefs of the birth of our savior, Jesus, regarding this special holiday. The Androme people do celebrate a day similar to our Christmas. It is the day of Creation. The holiday is to honor the Creator and the universe and souls he created. This holiday is a very spiritual time for them and is shared by their society as a whole.

During these meetings we also came to understand that the Andromes do indeed speak a separate language. When two-year-old Ankra and his near-twin Christy played with a toy that Ankra had brought with him, he spoke to her in both English and Androme. The toy Ankra had brought to our home with him was very similar to an earth child's toy truck, except that this truck floated through the air. Later we discovered that the Andromes have some amazing "floating" toys for their children to play with and ride on.

We were slowly learning that we were a family. We spent what time we could together just doing family things. Sometimes we would visit with them and the other crew members on the ship, while at other times we were together in our home.

During one visit both Beek and Magna were very sad. An Androme crew member, who also had a relationship similar to ours, lost her human mate, apparently in a car accident. It was a tragic loss for everyone on board the ship, because they all knew him well. It also meant that even though our Androme friends seemed to

number and the second number a private number. The woman who was with him is actually a joint partner. Of the two, he is the photographer.

We finished that night's meeting and went back home. We were going to get back into bed in different positions from those in which we had gone to bed, in order to give our conscious minds further physical proof. Bert was going to lie on the outside of the bed, while Stacey and I were going to lie on the inside near the wall. But I realized the wall was cold when my hand touched it and I didn't want Stacey exposed to it. Magna also pointed out that we shouldn't switch positions with five-year-old Stacey involved. She felt that it was one thing for us to awaken on the opposite side of the bed, but it might shock Stacey too much if she noticed. At this point in her awakening, Stacey was still alternating between easily remembering her visits with our "extended" family and remembering nothing. Therefore, we had to follow Magna's suggestion and protect Stacey's conscious mind.

As we switched back into our original positions, Beek, who was standing near the end of the bed, said that he had the other children in bed. He also said that Christopher would probably be in soon to sleep with us because he was complaining about his stomach hurting. Between the snacks he had on the ship and his slightly raised consciousness level, he had gotten an upset stomach.

It wasn't long after Beek and Magna left, as we slowly slipped from the subconscious state into a normal sleep, that Christopher did come into the room. He came up to the bed and said he had a stomachache. I forced my eyes open and was about to reply that it was because of the snacks on the ship but fortunately I realized what I was about to say and stopped myself. I may have remembered why he had an upset stomach, but his conscious mind knew nothing about it. I got up and got him some medicine for it and then I let him sleep with us. Needless to say we were crowded for the remainder of the night.

The next night was similar. This time Bert woke up remembering what had happened, while I couldn't remember it easily. The meeting was a simple visit, and we didn't even wake the kids. What interested me, though, was that I remembered that as I was floating down from the ship past the roof of our house, I saw our neighbor's cat running across our roof! He seemed oblivious to Beek and myself.

When I first woke up I felt frustrated, believing that I had been dreaming. A cat on the roof! It was later that week when we discovered that our neighbor's cat did use the roof of our house as a path around the yard where our dogs were.

Bert and I also discussed another interesting point of the memory. The cat had been oblivious to us and the ship! We had

been invisible to him! We had come down from the ship in a white, sparkling light that apparently masks our presence. This light can also mask the ship and a large group of people and can be used on a belt to make an individual invisible, allowing him to walk or float around unseen among conscious people.

We discovered later, through telepathy and memories that the light can be used during the day as well as the night. The Andromes also can shield their spacecraft by projecting a three-dimensional scene to anyone around. For instance, if they land during the day at a house, they recreate a hologram-like image of the house's environment as a disguise. To the passer-by it looks like any other house with no activity around it.

We began to learn many more things from Beek and Magna through the awakening. We realized, by observing their ways, that these were a very spiritual people. We had discovered their beliefs through hypnosis but being able to recall the nightly memories seemed to reinforce our understanding of these beliefs.

We looked harder at our own beliefs and at our world as a whole. Why couldn't our world join in their beliefs? Why must we have so many religions? There was only one God, one Creator. The Andromes and apparently several other alien cultures had joined together, believing in one Creator. Why couldn't we?

Bert studied the beliefs of several religions, and he discovered that some of the main differences come from society itself. Each religion subjects its followers to its own societal rules and beliefs, as well as to the laws of God. He discovered that people have edited the holy books of all religions, and at times they left out what they felt did not belong. People decided which prophets portrayed God's word.

Religions may have their place on this Earth, but perhaps the reasons for the divisions should be re-examined. Perhaps the reasons for revising, editing and deleting information from the holy books should be re-examined. Perhaps the reasoning for the division of our cultures should again be thought through carefully.

What we learned from the Andromes and from our own experiences is that God, the Creator, is the Creator of all. We found that we could reach Him easily from within. Each time we prayed, meditated or entered hypnosis, we walked with our Creator. It is with His love and guidance that we have made it through our experiences with the Andromes.

One of the Andromes' main concerns is that Earth people will tend to look upon them as gods or angels or, in some cases, demons. But once we discovered that the Andromes were real, we didn't confuse them with God. When we needed guidance through the trying times of our awakening we turned to our Creator, and turned within for His help.

The spiritual beliefs of the Andromes prohibit them from interfering with humans' conscious minds. Because of the highly

spiritual levels the Andromes have achieved, they cannot publicly and consciously interact with our Earth. Humans would make them into another religion rather than continuing their own learning and growth process as individuals.

The Andromes may become involved with certain humans whose subconscious and soul levels have achieved a certain level of growth. They may even become known to the consciousness of such a person if his or her conscious mind has sufficient growth potential. The Andromes and the person's subconscious decide whether the conscious mind can handle this growth.

Through our awakening we learned that as we consciously gained more information about the Andromes and other humans, we also were subject to the same non-interference law set down by God. We cannot interfere with another person's growth process by pushing what we have learned onto them. Each person travels his own path.

On October 26, 1989, we received a full monitor change during our waking hours. We sat still for two hours late that evening as Beek and Magna operated the equipment that caused our monitors to release more of our suppressed memories into higher levels of our consciousness. Again, although we felt physical effects, we did not see anyone. After we went to bed we were awakened at 3:00 A.M. by Christopher coming into our bedroom with a sore throat. After taking care of him, we discussed what we had remembered. Beek and Magna had taken us to the ship to talk over the conscious contact we were working towards and the way that our relatives would handle this situation in our lives. We knew the situation would not be easy for anyone.

The Androme babysitter could have zapped Christopher to sleep so as not to disrupt our meeting that night, but they care very deeply about us and our children and what our conscious mind needs. They consider our Earth children to be as much their children as our blended children are, so it was arranged for us to handle Christopher's problem consciously.

As we sat in the kitchen talking over what we could remember about our interrupted meeting, I noticed that my T-shirt was wet. I told Bert that I couldn't think of anything more embarrassing than to remember being with our Androme mate and discover that I had spilled something on my shirt! We laughed and went back to bed. When we were all settled back in bed, Beek and Magna returned for us.

We completed our original discussion. When we returned to bed the second time, Beek turned our alarm off so that it wouldn't ring in the morning. I explained to him that I had some appointments in the morning and that I couldn't afford to be late.

What would I say, after all? "Excuse my tardiness, but I was up all night flying around in space with aliens?" I didn't think that would go over well.

Beek told me that he would wake me up at 7:00 A.M. instead of the 5:30 A.M. I had originally planned. The alarm didn't ring that morning, and I woke up to the telepathic urges from Beek at 7:13 A.M. He apparently had been trying to rouse me telepathically since 7:00 A.M. I was very tired.

Although I was rushed to get ready for my appointments on time I realized that here again I had received a type of conscious verification. Had these been very vivid dreams instead of actual memories, I wouldn't have found a spill on my night shirt, nor would my alarm clock have been shut off, nor would a telepathic voice have been trying to wake me for over ten minutes.

On October 28, 1989, we discovered that we each were experiencing the same thing, and we realized it had to do with the Andromes. On the inside of our noses we had both been feeling an odd kind of fluttering all day. Bert described it as feeling as if that a bug had flown up his nostril and was fluttering its wings, except that there was also an odd tingling with it.

Bert understood telepathically that the doctor was the one causing this sensation. It had to do with some of the changes that were being made to our monitors.

The next day I awoke at 4:05 A.M. I remembered much of the meeting this time, so when Bert woke up later that morning, I had him tell me what he remembered first. It all seemed so clear that I still had conscious doubts that it could have happened. I wondered if I had been dreaming instead of remembering. However, Bert recalled what I had, and that set my doubts aside.

He remembered that we had left an elder Androme woman to sit with our sleeping children while we went to the ship. Beek and Magna had told us that the awakening was going well and that our conscious minds were adjusting fine. We looked through the ship and at the changes they had made with their compartment. These changes were to help accommodate us. We thought they had said it was for us to live on the ship with them.

Then Bert and Beek went to the engine room to discuss Bert's position there. Magna and I stayed and continued our talk. I remembered helping her heat up some type of tea for us to drink. Later we came back to the house, woke up the kids and took them to the ship to show them the changes in Beek and Magna's compartment. Even though both Bert and I recalled the same thing, it was confusing. Were we really going to live with them?

The next evening we recalled that during our meeting with them we had discussed how our conscious minds were handling the situation and how we would accept the situation. We recalled that our subconscious selves had been talking over the doubts and fears that our conscious minds were struggling with. We were working



with the Andromes at night in our subconscious to help our conscious minds accept in broad daylight the reality of what was happening to us. During the day we would remember what we had talked about the previous night. This process helped us to consciously sort through our problems.

Bert also helped me to sort through the relationship. Although he was accepting it very well, I was having a problem with it. Now that I was starting to remember consciously, I was having a harder time with the reality of it.

Bert was very helpful by letting me discuss with him feelings of guilt. He shared with me how he had overcome his own feelings of guilt by concentrating, not on Earth's customs, but on how we all were together and how they were as a people. We shared our concerns consciously during the day with each other and at night subconsciously with Beek and Magna. We worked through our fears and theirs.

Yes, theirs. They too feared that in the process of our awakening they would lose the relationship we had all shared for years, and if we were unable to cope with the reality of the awakening, they could lose us forever.

The awakening was not only hard on us, but on them as well. They too lost sleep because of the hours we were all keeping. They too lost sleep worrying about their doubts.

On November 1, 1989, I awoke with a splitting headache. It was just after 3:00 A.M. in the morning. After I took some medication, my head finally seemed to stop hurting so badly, and I went back to bed.

In the morning, I didn't remember anything, and Bert was too angry to say a word. We were both extremely agitated, and my head still hurt somewhat. After Bert went to work I lay down again, and I prayed to God for help. I couldn't remember what had happened the night before, and in my anger and agitation, I wanted to again doubt what was happening.

I went to sleep very quickly—it must have been induced by Beek or Magna. I then recalled the memory of what had occurred the night before. Both Bert and I had been to see the doctor on the ship. The new adjustment in the monitors required him to physically go into the head and relocate the monitor. I recalled suddenly becoming conscious during the meeting. The room seemed dark, but I could feel them doing something to my head. I panicked and tried to get up. Beek and Magna both grabbed me and at that point I was put out completely.

When I awoke from my nap, I felt shaky. If this was not a dream and was actually a memory, how would I know? I again prayed to God for help. Within two minutes Bert called me.

He was no longer in a bad mood, and he explained to me that he had had a nightmare that had caused his foul mood. He

said that in his nightmare some doctors had opened up his head and looked at his brain. He also thought that he had awakened and that they had asked him to help by controlling himself and staying calm. His subconscious then seemed to regain control, because he lost the memory from that point on.

His memory was similar to mine. They had apparently done the same adjustment on him, but he remembered his as it had happened that night. When the doctor opened my brain, Bert had been present. Later after his surgery was done he combined the memories of seeing my brain with memories of the work done on him. This excessive stimulus temporarily shocked his conscious mind and gave him the impression of a nightmare.

Once we had our memories sorted out we understood what had happened. Our agitation was caused because the monitors had allowed more of the reality to seep into our conscious minds. The conscious mind seems to find this irritating and fights the process. The conscious mind seems to take these new levels as reality shocks and will fight the change.

This process of raising reality into the conscious mind became a pattern over time. The agitation, confusion, and occasional temporary loss of memory would be replaced by a period of being able to recall our meetings in clearer detail. This reaction was repeated many times during the awakening process. For example, when we look back on the original memory of our encounter in 1976, the picture is fuller than it was before. When we were taken to the craft, we felt as if we were being led around like robots. In reality, we were actually carrying on complete conversations with the Andromes and were told completely of all that was happening.

During November of 1989, the Androme doctor had been spending more time with me and the position of my monitor. The monitor had been in my head since I was three years old, it had woven itself into the physical growth of my brain over the years. This condition had caused a medical problem when the monitor had been slowly adjusted and removed. We also understood that this problem didn't relate to the pressure headaches or dizzy spells I had been going through. Those symptoms were common to anyone going through the awakening process.

Later in November we spent a weekend away from home. We had at first believed that this would be a great opportunity to see whether or not we would still recall the memories each morning.

The biggest surprise that weekend wasn't that we did remember. The surprise was that we discovered that we had truly accepted the changes in our life, but others around us had not changed. We found that the games of society, the games people play for each other, seemed very false. We watched as people gathered together in celebration, drinks in hand. They smiled from their lips,

invisibility. It wasn't much of a conscious contact, but it was a beginning, a physical voice in the room. There was no telepathy and no recall of a meeting.

The next morning Bert was awakened by a voice next to him that whispered, "Good morning, Love." Thinking it was me, he turned over to answer, but found that I was just waking up myself. He then realized that the term "Love" was one that Magna used often, not me. The female voice he had heard was Magna's. This contact too had been in the light of day.

The next couple of weeks were difficult as the balance between our subconscious and conscious minds began to change rapidly. The monitor adjustments became physically tiring and were therefore made over the weekends.

Along with the physical changes came emotional ones. We would go suddenly from a state of agitation to near tears. By the first part of each week, however, the confusion would clear a bit and the meetings would again be easier to recall.

Each weekend became tougher for all of us. Bert and I were getting sore in different areas of the skull, and I began to get bloody noses each day. The children began to sleep restlessly, and to experience bloody noses as well. New marks began to appear on all of our heads.

Then on August 11, 1990, a new conscious shock hit us. I wakened early at 6:30 A.M., and the sun was up. I rose and came into the kitchen. Then I decided that since it was a Saturday I could treat myself to some more sleep. Not wanting to wake Bert up by getting back into bed, I lay down on the couch instead. A few months earlier we had adopted an orphaned kitten. This kitten decided that he wanted to cuddle up with me on the couch and purr in my ear as I tried to drift off to sleep.

Suddenly the kitten stopped purring and jumped out of my arms, landing on my rib cage. He was looking at something just behind me over the arm of the couch. Slowly he backed up and over my side towards the back of the couch. I didn't need to turn to know what he was staring at. At that time on a Saturday morning with everyone but me sleeping, there was only one possibility.

My next thought was, "Not now, I haven't got my glasses on and I haven't even showered and dressed yet. I'm not ready yet." Slowly I turned and sat up, and there was Beek, standing near the end of the couch, watching me and my reaction. I stood up and, walking past him, I went to the table where I had placed my glasses. If I was going to meet him I needed to consciously see him clearly!

When I turned and walked back to the couch, both Beek and Magna were there. They sat down together on the couch, leaving me enough room to sit down next to Magna. At first my heart pounded in my ears, but now it seemed to be under control.

The flow of adrenalin had quieted, too. My mind was conscious and my body felt calm. Too calm—it had received help from Beek, Magna and the monitor.

I leaned over close to Beek, comparing his reality to what I had been able to recall from the subconscious meetings. Although he was similar to my recollection of him, no hazy memory compares to a physically present person. He smiled a huge smile at me, and he spoke to me, but my ears didn't seem to be listening. I continued to stare first at him and then at Magna.

She sniffled slightly, and I heard Beek explain that they both had colds. I looked at Magna's hands and thought that her index fingers looked much longer than I had been recalling. I know I heard them talking to me, but I didn't seem to be able to find my ears or my voice—I only seemed to be able to stare. Then everything was black. When I opened my eyes two hours later, I was lying on the couch again.

Later, after reviewing my conscious contact, I could have slapped myself. Finally I was able to meet extraterrestrials in my living room consciously, and I stupidly froze. Out of the ten thousand questions Bert and I wanted to ask them consciously, I couldn't voice even one!

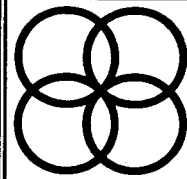
Bert and I hoped that soon he too would have a conscious contact with them, but it wasn't to occur just yet, however.

The weeks following were marked by weekly changes again, and the effects were very tiring physically. Emotionally they almost seemed to whirlwind us through the confusion and on into clearer memories.

As the weeks continued to flow, our memories and lives began to change even further. The memories were clearer, yet they began to contain so much detail that its very mass caused confusion. It seemed all wrong to recall Beek, Magna, the children and we having meals together and sharing our days. A part of our conscious minds still reached out and said this can't be happening, that these visitors from another planet wouldn't waste time or resources on us. Why would they make such an effort to pick us up at night just to share a meal, a conversation or a hobby? Wasn't there a world crisis that they should be solving?

The answer though has been there all along—they do it for love and for family. They are not here to solve the problems of our world that we have created. They are here because they need help, and for those of us who have chosen to help them in one form or another, they have imparted to us a greater understanding of all life.

Our understanding continued to grow as we shared our nights with Beek, Magna and all of the children in their two-story home. By our standards, their houses resemble a generation gone by, the 1920s through the early 1940s in architectural design. Some even seem to belong to our late 1960s and early 1970s. As our



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Balancing on the Edge

Retaining a balance during the awakening is a matter of enormous concern to the Andromes and both the conscious and subconscious selves. During the awakening the conscious mind is faced with integrating a vast expanse of information. Sensitivities of emotions develop, as do faith, psychic abilities and concerns about world and universal affairs. How do you balance and harmonize the subconscious self's involvement with people from another world with the conscious self and its strict, unbending Earth rules? How do you get up in the morning and get ready for work or household chores when you remember flying in an extraterrestrial transport? How do you concentrate on the customer at the other end of the phone line, or shop for groceries when your mind is recalling the recent birth of your blended baby? How can you coexist with a monetary, prejudiced, self-destructive type of society, knowing that you also live in a society that by comparison seems almost perfect, even with its shortcomings?

Balance is walking the tightrope, precariously perched on a fine line between the conscious and subconscious minds. We've learned to listen to the inner self, but to not be hasty. Perhaps someday we will live with the Andromes on a permanent basis, but until then we aren't going to quit work, sell off all of our worldly goods or sit in an empty house, waiting.

The meetings in which we've recalled discussing living with the Andromes have caused us to want to pack a suitcase and stand by for the ship to pick us up. Part of the reality shock to the conscious mind is an overly exuberant excitement, which must be contained. We feel that we know what is coming, but until that time we must live our conscious day-to-day lives. We can't plunge off either side of that tightrope. Rather, we must retain a balance between the two sides, continuing straight ahead until we accomplish our goal.

We wanted acknowledgment without prejudice from both worlds, but the majority of people here on Earth don't react well to

THE CHILDREN

By Parentage

By Date

Beek & Denise

Ankra (male), b. November 2, 1978
 Unnamed (male), miscarried May, 1981
 Beek, Jr. (male), b. October 12, 1984
 Danny (male) b. October 16, 1991

Ankra (male), b. November 2, 1978
 Christy (female), b. November 3, 1978
 Unnamed (male), miscarried May, 1981
 Zeema (female), b. autumn 1980-
 d. autumn -1985

Bert & Denise

Christy (female), b. November 3, 1978
 Christopher (male), b. November 24, 1981
 Stacey (female), b. October 15, 1984

Christopher (male), b. November 24, 1981
 Teaka (female), b. January 21, 1982
 Anthro (male), b. January 1, 1983
 Beek, Jr. (male), b. October 12, 1984
 Stacey (female), b. October 15, 1984
 Kehalma (female), b. October 21, 1985
 Bert, Jr. (male), b. December 8, 1988
 Einga (female), b. November 14, 1989
 Mary (female twin), b. October 21, 1990

Bert & Magna

Zeema (female), b. autumn 1980-
 d. autumn -1985
 Teaka (female), b. January 21, 1982
 Anthro (male), b. January 1, 1983
 Kehalma (female), b. October 21, 1985
 Bert, Jr. (male), b. December 8, 1988
 Einga (female), b. November 14, 1989
 Mary (female twin), b. October 21, 1990
 Marion (female twin), b. November 8, 1990

Marion (female twin), b. November 8, 1990
 Danny (male) b. October 16, 1991

Summary of "The Awakening"

The following is a brief summary of the various phases through which the Andromes lead us. The "awakening" is a very individualized process and does not necessarily follow the steps in sequential order. Depending on the person going through the awakening, some of the phases can be combined. But it has been our understanding that no one who has been involved with the Andromes for a lengthy period can complete the phases to the goal of a full, permanent conscious contact until all of the phases have been fulfilled. The phases, although broken down here into a very brief summary, are neither simple nor quick. Our awakening has taken over three years and we understand that we have progressed fairly quickly. The process of the awakening encompasses every portion of one's personality, beliefs, faith, and emotions. It is a complex adjustment to body, mind and soul.

Phase One:

The beginning of the awakening is also known as the first shock. It is the time when the subconscious mind decides that the conscious mind is capable of safely handling the knowledge that it is involved with people from another planet. This phase will typically last until the person either moves into phase two or the subconscious mind decides that the conscious mind cannot be awakened and slows the process down or stops it altogether. Starting a daily diary of the events and keeping a firm faith in God will ease the shock of this phase.

Phase Two:

The second phase of the awakening is known as remembering your involvement. Prayer, meditation and hypnosis can be used in this phase to allow the conscious mind to understand further the involvement of the subconscious with the ETs. It is very important that this memory process begin with the earliest memory and work sequentially into the adult years.

Phase Three:

This phase of the awakening is marked by changes in personality, life style and learning of the Andromes. Recollection of meetings with the Andromes or possibly other ETs usually begins in this phase. These meetings begin as very vivid dreams until the levels of the subconscious have merged with the conscious and the meetings are at a fully conscious level.

Phase Four:

Full, permanent conscious contact.