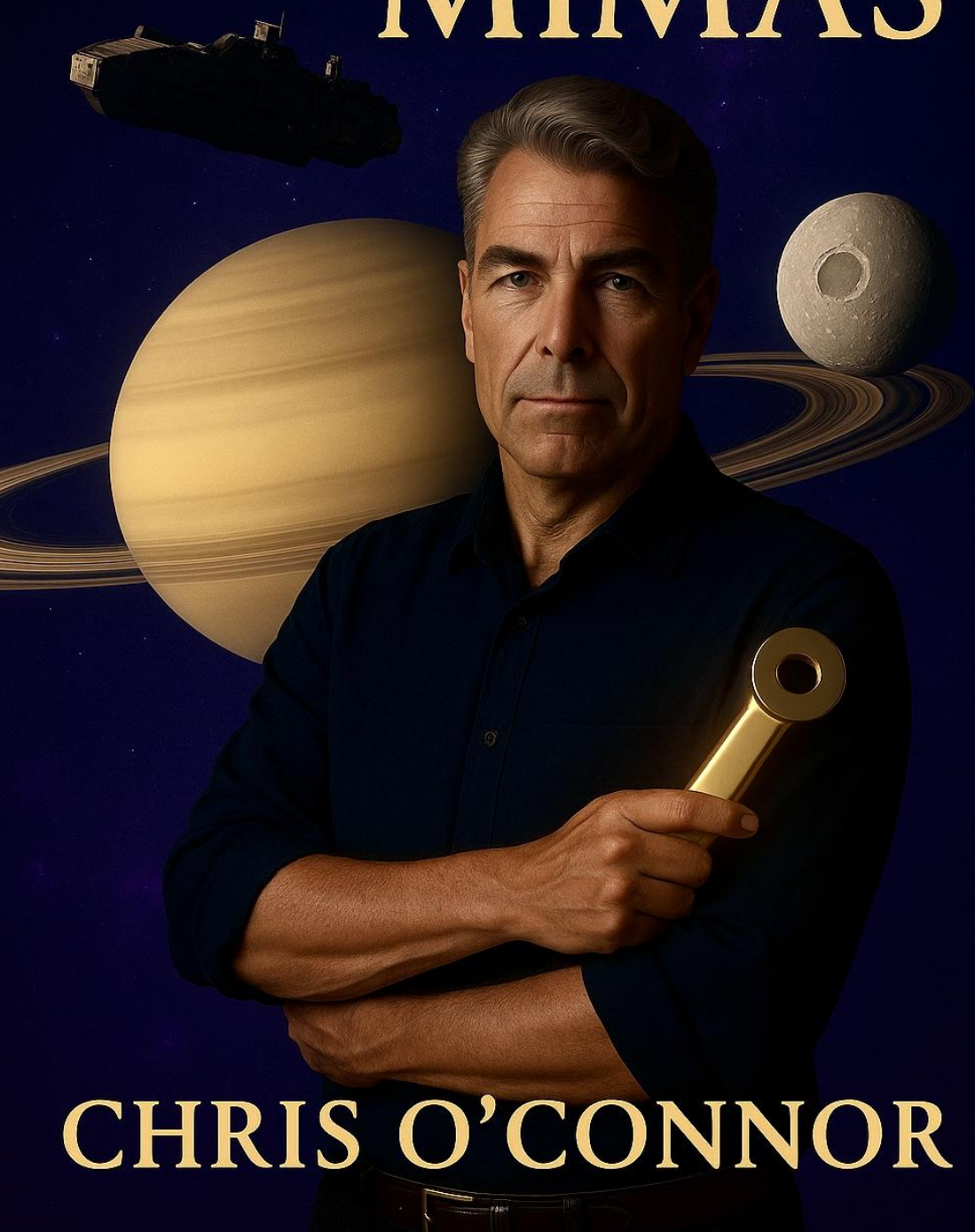


MAN OF MIMAS



CHRIS O'CONNOR

MAN OF MIMAS

by Chris O'Connor

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DEEMS Company Press

www.deemscompany.com



Preface

This book is more than a story. It is a remembrance.

For as long as I can recall, I have carried memories that did not fit within the boundaries of ordinary life — memories of a world beyond Earth, of service among the stars, and of a greater human story hidden behind the veil of time. Writing *Man of Mimas* has been both a revelation and a reckoning: a process of reclaiming what was forgotten, of piecing together a life lived across dimensions, and of finding peace in knowing that none of it was by accident.

These pages are drawn from experiences within what I came to understand as the Secret Space Program, where I served through the United States Air Force and Navy in ways most will find unimaginable. Yet within the silence of those years, I discovered something profoundly human — the courage to remember, the strength to heal, and the enduring truth that love transcends even the boundaries of space and time.

Man of Mimas is not only my story; it is an offering to all who sense that our lives are part of something far greater — that our souls are ancient travelers, bound by purpose, seeking reunion with the light from which we came.

May these words spark remembrance in you as they did in me, and may they guide us closer to the understanding that we are, and have always been, part of a vast and loving cosmos.

Much Love in Light,

Chris O'Connor

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Chapter One

Man of Mimas

Out in space and within our very own solar system, far beyond what most Earth-based civilizations currently understand, exist countless groups of beings known as soul families. Some call them collectives. These are not simply groups of similar beings, nor are they limited to a single species or race. In fact, they're often composed of individuals from multiple advanced civilizations, each bringing unique abilities, knowledge, and experiences into a unified consciousness. These soul families are bound not by blood, but by a soul's purpose.

As planetary civilizations evolve and mature, it's quite natural for them to outgrow the limitations of their home worlds. Eventually, many races reach a point in their development where exploration of the universe, and even other densities of existence becomes possible. They form alliances and soul agreements with others who share similar intentions: to explore, to protect, to uplift, and in most cases, to serve.

I'm a part of one of these soul families.

Our purpose was very specific. We had chosen to assist humanity during one of its most volatile and transformative periods; Earth's transition from third density to fourth density. This isn't just a shift in consciousness, it's a multidimensional evolutionary leap, one that affects not only humans, but the planet itself. Many civilizations throughout the galaxy have undergone similar transitions. But Earth's case was unique. Complex.

Before I incarnated here, our group convened in orbit, aboard a human-run spacecraft; likely under the control of the United States Air Force or Navy, possibly both. We stood before military officials,

not in secrecy or submission, but as participants in a coordinated mission. We presented them with a plan and that plan involved me.

I would incarnate on Earth at a precise moment, into a carefully selected family. At the age of two, I would be retrieved—abducted, by most definitions—by those very same military groups. From there, they would use age-acceleration technologies to transform me from a toddler into a young adult, suitable for service. I would then serve the United States for a twenty-year term, in what is now known as the Twenty-and-Back program; more on this later.

I served in this program beginning in 1970 and for two decades, I was deployed across various covert operations under Earth-based space command structures, working alongside humans and non-humans alike. I was trained, used, observed, and eventually cycled out when my initial contract was completed.

But my story didn't end there.

After my twenty-year term concluded, I wasn't returned to Earth immediately. Instead, I was taken to a location that defies conventional understanding. I was taken to Mimas, the first moon just outside the rings of Saturn. To the average observer, Mimas appears as a frozen, cratered rock, known for its uncanny resemblance to the Death Star from Star Wars. But appearances can be deceiving.

Mimas is not simply a moon; it is a re-constructed object; a sophisticated space station concealed behind layers of illusion and dimensional shielding. While it may appear lifeless in our third-density spectrum, Mimas exists primarily in what we call eighth density, a vibrational state far beyond our normal perception.

Now, I understand that the concept of densities can be confusing, especially in relation to dimensions. So let me offer some clarity for now and I'll explain them in greater detail later.

A density refers to a specific frequency band of existence. Something akin to a dimension, but more finely graduated. Each density carries its own laws of physics, consciousness, and interaction. In third density, where Earth currently resides, physical matter is dense, time appears linear, and awareness is localized. But as you ascend into higher densities, the rules begin to change; matter becomes more malleable, time becomes non-linear, and consciousness expands far beyond the limits of the ego.

You can't perceive higher densities without the right technology or training. Your eyes, ears, even your mind are not tuned to those frequencies by default. But governments, especially those involved in space operations, do have the technology to pierce these veils. They have something which I call a density engine.

A density engine is not simply a propulsion system. It's a frequency modulation device; one that allows a craft, and its occupants, to shift in and out of different density bands. In essence, it lets a ship "tune in" to other levels of existence, much like changing the channel on a radio to hear a different broadcast. With this engine, a ship can approach something like Mimas and phase into its vibrational layer, revealing its true form and purpose.

I'll go into more technical detail on the engine and its interactions with Mimas in a later chapter. For now, it's important to understand that nothing about our universe is as flat or limited as it seems. The cosmos is layered, multi-dimensional, and deeply intelligent. And so are the beings who navigate it. It's to our great advantage that these beings are also deeply compassionate and understanding of lower consciousness entities such as humans. Their patience is far beyond ours and they're waiting with anxious anticipation to be a part of our society and share their knowledge and galactic understanding.

I was simply one among many who desired to assist Earth and humanity. I was both a willing volunteer and a participant in a plan far greater than myself. My role was just one thread in a vast tapestry woven long before this lifetime began. That tapestry was shaped by

agreements made before I ever set foot on Earth; soul contracts that would guide my path and bring me face-to-face with moments that would alter the course of my life. One of the first and most pivotal of those moments was my meeting with the United States military aboard a ship, stationed somewhere out in the vastness of space.

A Child of Two Worlds

Throughout my entire life, I've had the ability to see and communicate with beings most people aren't even aware exist. For me, this has always been normal, a part of my baseline understanding of reality. I've never seen the world solely through the lens of the physical, temporal, third-density, third-dimension experience that most people operate within. There's always been more. And because of that, I've carried a quiet, often unspoken knowledge that reality is far vaster, layered, and populated than the everyday human experience tends to comprehend.

I was born into this world like any other child; a small boy in a human body, with no outward signs of what would come. My name is Chris O'Connor, and my story begins in 1968 in a modest home on Earth, with the same fragile innocence every child is born into. I had three siblings, an older sister named Earlene, a younger sister Dana and a younger brother Jeremy. We were a family of four kids: girl, boy, girl, boy. Life was often chaotic, but the home was stable. My older sister Earlene and I shared a particularly deep bond. We are from the same soul family, like reflections of one another in male and female form. Even as kids, we were unshakably close.

Before I speak more about my immediate family, it's important to begin with someone who had an enormous impact on my early emotional world, my grandmother. She was the gentle anchor in our family, the quiet strength in the background who always seemed to understand me without needing many words. I remember her house being a place of calm, a retreat filled with warmth and understated

love. She didn't say much, but her presence carried a wisdom that made me feel safe and seen. Even at a young age, I felt something timeless about her. It was as if she knew far more than she let on, like she had seen lives before this one and was just waiting for the rest of us to catch up. My parents Joey and Pat were hardworking and practical people. My father was often quiet but had a strength to him. He provided and protected in his own reserved way. My mother was more expressive, with a sharp tongue and a sense of intuition. She always seemed to know when something wasn't quite right with me, even if she couldn't put her finger on it. There was love in our home, though it sometimes had to compete with tension and the stress of raising four children on modest means.

Growing up, I was a curious, introspective child. I loved to take things apart and figure out how they worked. I often found myself lost in thought, staring up at the stars, feeling as though I didn't quite belong here. My connection to nature wasn't just emotional, it was cellular. It felt ancient, as if the trees remembered me from somewhere else. Long before I understood why, I would wander off into the woods alone, not out of rebellion, but out of necessity. I needed to sit and listen. Not to people because they rarely made sense to me anyway, but to the quiet intelligence that lived in the stillness.

There was a language in the silence of the forest that I understood without words. The trees spoke in frequencies. The wind carried messages I couldn't explain but always felt. Even the moss under my hands seemed to hum with a kind of awareness. I felt more seen among the roots and branches than I ever did in a crowded room.

Looking back, I know now those moments weren't just escapes; they were reunions. The forest was one of the few places on Earth that still held the original resonance, untouched by human interference. It was like slipping through a crack in the illusion, a momentary reconnection to what I once knew, before I came to Earth. Before the forgetting, before the missions. The trees didn't just comfort me;

they remembered me. And in those quiet moments, I remembered myself too.

Our home was modest but full of life. The kind of place where shoes were often kicked off at the door and arguments echoed through the hallways with much frequency. There was a realness to it, sometimes a harshness, but also warmth. We were close, even when we didn't always see eye to eye.

As a boy, I spent a lot of time alone in my head, or in the garage with my dad's tools, tinkering, dissecting broken appliances, seeing what made them tick. It was a kind of meditation for me, though I wouldn't have known to call it that back then. I was endlessly curious. I asked questions about everything, often to the point of annoying adults. But something in me needed to understand the mechanisms behind the curtain of ordinary life.

One of my earliest memories of seeking truth behind the obvious, was when I was seven or eight years old. I didn't have a traditional bedroom. My room was a small dining room just off the kitchen. The kitchen itself was painted a soft yellow, warm and familiar, and adjacent to it was a small dining area with a hutch-like cabinet system with glass doors for storing dishes and glasses. It was in this space, night after night, that I would lay down to sleep and begin to see things most people wouldn't believe.

At night, as I lay in that makeshift bedroom, I would often see lights; little points of light, softly moving through the air. What made it more surreal was that I could see their reflections in the glass of the cabinet doors. I'd watch the tiny lights float and drift, and I'd also see them dancing across the surfaces of the plates and glasses inside the cabinets. It wasn't just the lights, though. I could sense the presence of people in the room with me, beings of some kind. Sometimes I could see them clearly, but more often I could feel them. Their presence was unmistakable, like the sensation you get when someone silently walks into the room behind you. There were nights when they would crowd around me, filling the space so

completely that I could hardly move without feeling like I was in the middle of a packed room.

Naturally, I would call out to my parents. I'd yell down the hall, telling them there were people in my room. They'd come, look around, and find nothing. They would tell me it was just my imagination, that maybe I was dreaming, or that I had a vivid imagination, half asleep and confusing reality with a dream state. From their perspective that made sense. But from mine it was frustrating, and it left me isolated in my experience.

Part of the reason for this disconnect was the religious environment I grew up in. My family practiced a form of fundamentalist Christianity, non-denominational but rigid in their interpretation of the Bible. They took it literally, practically word for word, which in retrospect is ironic considering the Bible itself is full of references to extraterrestrials, messengers from the sky, and encounters with non-human intelligences. Yet, in their framework, aliens were not real, and anything outside their tightly held beliefs was suspect. So, if I said I saw spirits, or if I mentioned the shadows that would appear in my room, or the entities that would visit, I would not have been believed. At best, they thought I was just confused. At worst, they thought there was something wrong with me.

Sometimes they would gather around me and pray, laying hands on me, believing I needed to be delivered from something. They thought I was the problem, when in truth, I was just perceiving what was actually there and what most people couldn't or wouldn't see.

I don't share this to cast blame on them. In fact, I've come to understand that this was part of the reason I chose the life I did. My soul contract included parents who loved me, yes, but who struggled to express love in a way that was nurturing to the version of me that existed beyond the surface. As the Bible says, there's a difference between having love for someone and expressing love to someone. My parents loved me for sure, but I rarely experienced that love

directly as a child. Instead, I had to go inward to find love within myself. That was part of my path, part of my evolution.

And so, I navigated these experiences on my own. I learned how to live with the nightly visits, the suffocating sensations, the heavy pressure on my chest as I lay in bed. There were times I would wake up feeling paralyzed, unable to move or breathe, feeling as though I was being violated in ways I couldn't even fully describe. These weren't just dreams or sleep paralysis; they were encounters with energies and intelligences most people are never trained to handle.

One of my earliest passions was taxidermy. I was nine years old when I began practicing and I soon made money at it. While other kids were out playing, I found myself drawn to the quiet science of preservation. I was fascinated by anatomy, structure, and the invisible spirit of animals. My parents, a little puzzled but supportive, let me take up the hobby. I would spend hours working with small birds or squirrels, practicing the delicate art of preservation. There was something sacred in it; a way to honor life by understanding it more deeply.

I was also highly creative. I drew obsessively, filling notebooks with strange symbols and futuristic cities. I was drawn to science fiction, not just as a form of entertainment but as if it were reminding me of something I had once known. A quiet but pervasive memory. I loved shows like *Star Trek* and movies like *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*; not because they were fanciful, but because they felt somehow familiar. It satisfied a part of my soul that I was yet to understand.

When I was still living in the small dining room that doubled as my bedroom, I had one of those moments that sticks with you forever. Not because it was life-threatening (though it was), but because it seemed to tie into a larger life pattern. Even back then, I was always tinkering with things, trying to reimagine objects and explore how the world worked beyond what was immediately obvious. It's just how my mind has always operated, even as a child.

One night, I had the bright idea to turn a small copper lantern into a nightlight. This wasn't just any lantern; it was styled like one of those signal lanterns used by railroad workers to swing at passing trains at night. It had a red glass lens and stood about three-and-a-half to four inches tall. I thought it was beautiful, and in my child's mind, it would make the perfect nightlight.

So, I took it into the bathroom along with the little nightlight I usually kept plugged into the wall near my bed. I didn't really know what I was doing, but that never stopped me from trying. I unscrewed the bottom of the copper lantern and figured I'd just slide it over the nightlight with the prongs still partially plugged into the outlet so it would stay lit while being enclosed in the copper case.

What I didn't know at the time was basic electrical safety. Copper conducts electricity and resting it on the exposed prongs of a live plug is not exactly something they teach you in elementary school science class; not before you electrocute yourself anyway.

The moment I set the copper lantern onto the nightlight, there was an enormous flash of white and blue light. A surge of energy blasted through me and sent me flying across the tiny bathroom. I landed hard against the bathroom cabinet, my body buzzing, my mind racing. I had just been electrocuted.

Now, whether that incident had anything to do with the further opening of my senses, my abilities to see and hear things other people couldn't, I can't say for certain. That kind of jolt, especially at such a young age, might've shaken something loose in my consciousness or perhaps rewired me in ways science hasn't yet figured out. All I know is that after that night, the veil between the seen and unseen seemed even thinner than before. Maybe it was always that way, but that moment stands out to me as a marker, a strange and personal rite of passage into the kind of life I was destined to live. Over time I realized that my life wasn't about fitting into a pre-approved version of reality. It was about learning to live in both worlds; the one we all see, and the one just beyond the veil.

Beyond the Veil of Normal

My sister, Earlene, and I went to visit some friends of our parents. They had a daughter Kim who was Earlene's friend and a younger son Nathan who was close to my age. The first thing that caught my attention was their swimming pool. It was beautiful. Nathan was like a fish, jumping in and out of the water, swimming laps, and going down the slide. I thought, "That looks like fun. I'll do that too."

So, I climbed up the slide, pushed off, and splashed into the water. But there was one major problem: I didn't know how to swim. The moment I hit the water, I panicked. My brain just went haywire. In my child-mind, I thought all I had to do was get my hands and head above water and somehow pull myself out of the water, not realizing that wasn't how it worked. I came up once, flailing, gasping, and then sank back down. I came up a second time, tried again, and went back under. The third time I came up, I remembered something my mother had told me: "If someone is drowning and comes up three times, you don't see them a fourth." That stuck in my mind right at that moment. So, when I went under again, I relaxed. I thought, "Okay, this is it."

But something unexpected happened. As I sank into the water the panic faded. I looked up and saw the sun sparkling through the water and the bubbles from my last breath floating toward the surface. It was strangely beautiful. There was a sense of peace unlike anything I'd ever felt before or since. I remember seeing what I thought was a woman hovering horizontally above the pool, looking at me. Her image was distorted by the water, but there was a clear sense of presence. Then I took in a breath of water, blacked out, and everything faded away.

I woke up after a few moments on the side of the pool with Kim, pressing the water out of my lungs. That near-death experience showed me something profound: the transition between life and

death is not something to fear. It can be peaceful, calm and transcendent.

Abandonment and the Unseen Lessons

When I was about twelve years old, something happened that left a deep imprint on me, one of those moments that shapes how you view yourself, the world, and your place in it. My cousin David and I had gone on a rare and exciting week-long trip with the other boys from our church to Pismo Beach, California. For us, this was huge. We never got to do things like this. No school dances, no real social events. Our family followed a strict, fundamentalist Christian path that didn't allow much room for fun. But this trip was different. It felt like freedom.

We spent the week racing dune buggies and ATVs over the massive dunes of Pismo Beach. Back then, you could drive on the dunes without restriction. Some of the vehicles we drove ourselves, others we rode in with our youth leader. The whole experience was incredible; a moment of joy and camaraderie that I deeply cherished.

Unfortunately, my return home was a completely different story.

When my aunt dropped me off at my house, I got out of the car excited to tell my parents about the trip. She pulled away, and I walked up to the front door... it was locked. I rang the doorbell. No answer. I knocked. Still no answer. I thought that was odd because I figured they knew I was coming home that day.

I walked around the corner of the house, to two large picture windows that faced the street. There was a narrow space between the house and the bushes, and I squeezed myself into it, practically pressing my face against the glass.

That's when I saw it. The house was empty.

Everything was gone. There was no furniture, no belongings, no sign of life whatsoever. My family had moved away while I was gone.

In that moment, I don't think I could have felt more abandoned. I stood there frozen, my mind struggling to process what I was seeing. There had been no warning, no conversation about moving, no packing up of boxes before I left for the trip. To my knowledge, the house wasn't even for sale. Later I would learn the house had gone into foreclosure, but at the time I had no clue.

I felt discarded, like an afterthought. I know now that my parents probably assumed I would just go to my grandmother's house next door, which I did. But at the time, I walked there as a broken soul, feeling unwanted and unloved.

This was one of those life experiences that reinforced something I'd always known deep down: my path was going to be different. The abandonment, the trauma, the being left behind; it wasn't just about my family. It was a piece of my incarnational blueprint, part of the design that would force me to seek love and belonging not from external sources but from within myself. These experiences cracked me open in ways that allowed me to see beyond the ordinary, to connect with the unseen, and to prepare for the life I was destined to lead.

These childhood experiences—every one of them—have catalyzed me into becoming the individual I am today. They carved out the core of my being, forcing me to show myself the kind of love I once wished for from a mother or father, or from the world around me. But ultimately, that love had to come from within... it had to be self-sourced, unconditional, and unyielding. These moments, whether they felt like betrayal, abandonment, or terror, helped me develop an inner constitution, a resilience that has allowed me not just to survive but to thrive.

If I could go back and change anything in my life, it wouldn't be the hardships or the traumas. I wouldn't rewrite any of those moments,

because they were all part of the grand design of my soul's journey. The only things that I would change are the times when, through my own pain or misunderstanding, I hurt others. Those are the moments I'd soften if I could; times when my own suffering spilled over onto someone else. But even that, I know, is part of the path. Our incarnations are not about perfection. They are about growth, about navigating the complex web of cause and effect, and learning to love more deeply because of the contrast.

I accept it all, the beauty, the brutality, the joy, the regret. Because together, they form the tapestry of this life. And for that, I'm grateful.

The Kidnapping

Another defining moment came when I was in my early twenties. I had gone out to a large city on my own, doing what I often did at that time in my life: driving for hours, exploring, being curious. One night, I went to a nightclub and at some point, I was drugged. The details are fragmented, but I remember being led into a black limousine and taken away. For more than a week, I was moved from place to place, drugged, and trafficked. I would come in and out of consciousness in different homes, with different people, never fully knowing where I was.

After one of these encounters, I was being walked by two men out of a building and into the limousine. I was barely conscious and couldn't walk on my own, so each one took a side and held me upright, but mostly dragged me down the sidewalk. I remember trying to look up but my head was too heavy. I did however see a couple, a man and a woman walking towards us on the sidewalk. As we approached the limousine, they looked on with curiosity and what I hoped was concern. The man asked if everything was ok. One of the men dragging me laughed and said, "Yes. He over did it! He'll be fine."

I remember thinking at that moment that if these people only knew what was really going on; that I had been kidnapped and drugged and was being sex trafficked, that maybe they could do something to help me. But they laughed and went on their way. I was placed into the limo and that's all I remember.

One night, I remember coming out of the heavy stupor of whatever drugs they had me on. I began to become conscious, slowly realizing where I was. I was lying on someone's bed, flat on my back, and as I opened my eyes, I became aware that I was being physically assaulted. My body felt heavy, almost paralyzed, but my eyes were open, and I could look up.

What I saw was both surreal and heartbreaking. The ceiling of the room was not a typical ceiling, it was an enormous window, a massive skylight that stretched across the entire ceiling of what must have been a very expensive home in the hills. Through that glass ceiling, I could see the night sky above me. The stars were brilliant, twinkling in the vast darkness, utterly indifferent to the horror that was happening below them.

I remember focusing on those stars, letting my mind drift toward them. Even in that moment of violation, I remember thinking how transcendent and beautiful they were, sparkling silently in the cold expanse of the universe. It was almost as if I was willing myself to leave my body, to mentally step out of the horror and float into the stars. The vastness of space felt like a kind of comfort compared to the confinement of my physical experience.

But my consciousness must have given something away. Maybe my breathing changed, or my eyes shifted because suddenly I heard a voice saying, "He's waking up". I then felt a sharp jab in my right arm. It was unmistakable. They had injected me with something again. I remember the rush of the drug flooding my system, and the stars blurred as my vision faded out. I was gone again, slipping back into unconsciousness, never fully knowing where I was or who these people were.

A few days later, I began coming out of my drugged stupor again, but this time I was in a small room on a small bed. Honestly, I don't remember much of anything about the room itself, except that I was lying in a bed pushed into a corner, parallel to a wall that had a window. As I lay there, barely able to open my eyes, I heard voices to my left, just outside a closed door. Two men were talking. They were calmly discussing what to do with me; more precisely, what to do with my body.

One of them said they could drive me out to the desert and bury me there. The other suggested dumping me in the ocean. This was not said in panic or in fear of getting caught, it was just logistics to them, a casual conversation about disposing of me like trash.

Then, something happened. I suddenly realized I could hear their voices from the right side of me instead of the left. This was strange because they were still outside the door in the hallway on my left. I fully opened my eyes and at that moment, I was no longer in my body. I was standing at the foot of the bed, looking at myself lying there.

I was only there for a brief second when I heard a voice, strongly and clearly in my mind, say: "You must leave now. Escape. Now." The emphasis on the word "now" was not lost on me. It was urgent.

Suddenly, I was back in my body. I could feel my limbs again. My eyes were still closed, but I was aware of someone drumming on my face, lightly tapping with their fingertips, almost like a percussion rhythm, to bring me to consciousness. I opened my eyes and saw a human-shaped figure leaning over me. At first, I thought this was part of the horror, but later I came to understand that this was one of my guides. This wasn't a negative entity, it was one of my support team, doing what they could to snap me out of the stupor and get me moving.

They didn't reveal their identity, and I understand now why. It wasn't necessary. Their sole purpose in that moment was to wake me up, to save me.

Somehow, I managed to shake off just enough of the drugs to move. I looked over at the window next to the bed, quietly slid it open, and crawled out onto a small fire escape. It was only the second or third floor—I don't recall exactly—but I managed to climb down and escape.

I made my way to the emergency room. But to the hospital staff, I was just another drugged-out kid on a bender. They didn't know I'd been trafficked. They didn't know I'd been drugged for over a week and moved from place to place. They just saw another John Doe junkie. And I was too ashamed, too humiliated to tell them the truth. After all, this kind of thing didn't happen to boys and if it did, I somehow deserved it. At least that's what I told myself.

I let them believe what they wanted to believe. They patched me up just enough to send me back out into the night in nothing but my boxer shorts. As it happens, it was October 31st, Halloween night.

Somehow, by pure miracle, my car was still parked where I had left it before all of this happened. My grandmother had insisted that I always have a spare key in a magnetic lock box attached to the frame of the car, for emergencies. I never truly appreciated that sage advice until this incident.

When I arrived home, I found my grandmother waiting. Her eyes searched mine; not with suspicion, but with a quiet knowing that went beyond words. I believe she sensed what I had endured. Not the details, but the depth. She didn't ask questions. She didn't pry. She simply welcomed me home and offered me something to eat. Her love was a sanctuary; unconditional, steady, and without judgment. All she cared about was that I had made it back home and for that, I'll always be grateful

Her quiet knowing was its own kind of medicine. Where words might have broken me, her silence held me together. In that embrace, I learned that love itself can be a lifeline, stronger than any explanation or apology. That same lesson would return to me years later, in a far different setting; when survival once again hung by a thread, and every moment became a choice between giving up and holding on.

One Breath at a Time

I've had several out-of-body and near-death experiences in my life. To me, they always seemed normal; just part of life, part of the way I perceive things. But one experience stands out as a turning point, one that shook me to the core and awakened me in ways I hadn't expected.

It was around 2006 or 2007. I had been working in my garden when I fell and cracked some ribs in my back. In typical fashion, I brushed it off, thinking I could tough it out. For the next couple of days, the pain was sharp, but I didn't realize how serious it was. Because I wasn't breathing deeply, my lungs began to fill with fluid, and soon I developed pneumonia.

One afternoon, a friend called to check in on me, knowing I had taken the fall. I could barely speak to him over the phone, my voice weak and ragged. Sensing something was very wrong, he told me he was coming over. Just moments after he arrived, I stopped breathing. He called an ambulance, and I was rushed to the ER.

After a short stay in the emergency room, they admitted me to a hospital room where I remained for several days. Those days were brutal. Every breath required every ounce of energy I had. It wasn't automatic anymore. It was a conscious act of survival. For nearly 36 hours, I lay there, forcing each inhale with sheer willpower.

I spoke to myself inside my own head: Chris, you don't need to take two breaths. Just take one more. That's all. Just one more breath. With everything I had, I would inhale, barely, and then I would congratulate myself for making it through. Then I'd say again: Just one more. You can quit after that. This cycle went on and on, until time dissolved and my world shrank to nothing more than the next breath.

After about a day and a half of this, I was utterly exhausted; physically, emotionally, spiritually. I whispered to a visiting friend that I couldn't keep going. I told him I would die if something didn't change. He became my advocate, demanded that the doctors do something different, and after some commotion, they decided to place me in a medically induced coma. I remained in that state for eight or nine days.

During the coma, they would occasionally bring me to the edge of consciousness, testing to see if my brain was still responsive. I remember faces hovering over me, nurses and doctors calling my name, but I couldn't hear their voices. All I could perceive was silence. Beyond their heads, I would see motion in the ICU; the nurses' station, other patients, the machinery of life moving on. That tethered me to Earth just enough to feel safe.

But otherwise, I was not there. I was elsewhere. Traveling. Visiting realms beyond this one. Meeting with guidance, reconnecting with beings who have long walked with me. That time became one of the most profound journeys of my life; a reminder of how much exists beyond this fragile physical form.

When I finally returned to waking life, I was not the same person. That 36-hour fight for breath reset my brain, my heart, and my spirit. I understood something simple yet profound: all we are ever guaranteed is this moment. Just one breath. Not the future, not the past, not the endless responsibilities and worries of life. Just now. That's all we truly have.

That realization shifted everything. It awakened me to the need to live differently, to think differently, to stop confining myself to the narrow expectations of society. It showed me that life isn't about surviving, it's about awakening. And from that point forward, I began to see more clearly: there is infinitely more to life beyond this physical body, and every breath is a gift reminding us of it.

That time in the hospital was more than a near-death experience; it was a teaching. What I learned in those 36 hours of forcing myself to take just one more breath has become one of the most important lessons of my life. The breath became a mirror of truth, showing me that the only thing that ever really matters is the present moment. Not tomorrow, not yesterday, not the story of who I thought I was supposed to be. Just now.

When you realize that, everything changes. The pressures of the world—the anxiety, the striving, the regrets—suddenly shrink in significance. Because life isn't about managing endless tasks or controlling outcomes. It's about being fully alive in the moment you are given. That is the doorway to awakening.

On Mimas, I had already been trained to enter states of focus that felt very similar. In meetings, in telepathic exchanges, even in moments of crisis, there was always an emphasis on presence. When you're working with beings across densities, you learn quickly that only the moment is real. The future is probability, the past is memory, but the now is where consciousness meets creation. That training, though I didn't realize it at the time, became a lifeline in that hospital bed decades later.

Breath is more than a biological reflex; it is a spiritual anchor. Every inhale invites spirit into matter, and every exhale is a surrender of trust. When I was fighting to breathe, I realized how much we take for granted the rhythm that sustains us. But the truth is, breath is the most sacred gift of life; it is the pulse of creation itself flowing through us. On Mimas, that same truth was woven into spiritual practices of many of the races I encountered. They didn't use the

word breath, but they spoke of currents of life-force, of resonance, of vibrational harmony. Different languages, same truth.

So, if you ever feel lost, anxious, or overwhelmed, return to the breath. Say to yourself, as I did: Just one more. That is all and as you do, remember that every breath is not just air filling your lungs; it is an opportunity to awaken, to expand your awareness, and to step closer to the truth of who you are.

For me, this lesson became the bridge between my life on Earth and my experiences off planet. The breath was the anchor that allowed me to integrate what I had learned in the stars with what I needed to live as a human being. That one breath opened the door to deeper remembrance, to trusting my guidance, and to stepping fully onto the path of service I agreed to before coming here. And I share it now because I believe it can serve you too: no matter what you face, you always have the breath. And through the breath, you always have access to spirit.

Why I Share My Story

I want to take a moment to explain why I share the stories that I do; the near drowning, the trauma of being trafficked, the experiences that sound unbearable to some and unbelievable to others. I don't share them out of anger, and I certainly don't tell them for sympathy or attention. I share these stories out of love. Love for humanity. Love for freedom from those who would oppress us. Love in the face of terror and trauma because love is the highest frequency available to us, and it is the most powerful force in the universe.

I tell these stories because I know there are others out there who have had similar experiences but who have felt alone in their pain, in their confusion, and in their silence. I want them to know: you are not alone. We've walked similar paths, and the purpose of those paths is not to break us but to help us evolve beyond the veil of physical life and into deeper understanding.

When I incarnated on Earth, I came with the intention of experiencing life in its fullest range: good and bad, joyful and harrowing. And I've certainly done that. These experiences, as difficult as they've been, are part of a much larger mission: to embrace it all, integrate it all, and transform it into wisdom that can help others awaken to who and what they truly are. This is not about trauma for trauma's sake, it's about awakening through the whole of life's journey, without judgment or shame, but with love as the guiding principle.

Every step of my life has been a classroom, and each chapter has carried its own lessons. Some came through the extraordinary, cosmic encounters, near-death experiences, memories of Mimas and the Secret Space Program. Others came through the ordinary, family, work, and the strange twists of human culture here on Earth. Even Hollywood, with all its illusions and behind-the-scenes realities, became part of my initiation. It gave me another lens through which to see humanity: its hopes, its vanities, its need for stories, and its longing to be seen.

Chapter Two

Out of Obscurity

While growing up near Los Angeles, we had friends and relatives who worked at NBC Studios in Burbank, and that connection gave me the opportunity—more than once—to visit the studio lot on weekends. My cousin Phil took me along. It was mostly empty on weekends, quiet and a little magical, like being let into a hollowed-out backstage of a dream.

This was when Johnny Carson was still hosting *The Tonight Show*, and I remember going onto the stage where they filmed the show. I didn't play piano professionally, but I could pick out a tune or two, so I'd sit at Johnny's piano and play a little, pretending I was part of the show. Then I'd step over to his mark which was a star—the spot where he stood to deliver his monologue—and pretend I was the host. I didn't know it at the time, but years later I found out that Pat Sajak used to do the exact same thing when he was a kid, standing in that very spot and imagining himself on the air.

I had a lot of fun in those early days, and that was really my introduction to Hollywood. It was the spark that ignited my love for the art of filmmaking.

I officially entered the film industry in 1994, working full-time until the early 2000s, when a severe back injury that happened on set, sidelined me. After recovering, I returned sporadically, working on major films for Disney, Universal, Hallmark and others. All told, I've worked on about 68 different productions; TV series episodes included. People sometimes doubt that because my name isn't always easy to find, but that's only because I often worked under a different name. I'm still listed on IMDb.com, if you know where to look.

One of the more memorable projects was *Hope Floats*. I was essentially an intern and assistant to Forrest Whitaker, the director. At one point, Warner Brothers handed me the entire script and asked

me to rewrite it. I wasn't credited officially, and Mary McLaglen, the executive producer, told me I was lucky to get any recognition at all since I had no agent and didn't yet know the politics of the business. Still, it was an incredible experience.

Because I was Forrest's assistant, I had a seat in many meetings. For two weeks during pre-production in Austin, Texas, I sat in rooms with Forrest, the producers, and Sandra Bullock. Quite often it was just five or six of us. We'd sit in a circle of chairs, and Sandra would sit eight feet across from me. And she would just... stare. Not in a rude or uncomfortable way, just... intensely. For two weeks, off and on, she did this. I didn't know what to do. I was nervous, confused, flattered and a little panicked.

One afternoon in Smithville, Texas, Forrest, Sandra, the young actress Mae Whitman, a script supervisor, the driver and I were there to rehearse a pivotal scene. We were on the front porch of the set house doing what film crews do best: waiting. The air was heavy with that Texas heat that makes everything move a little slower, even time.

Out of nowhere, a van rolled up the drive, kicking up a swirl of dust. The side door slid open and out stepped George Clooney. He was looking like he'd just walked off the cover of a magazine without even trying. No assistant, no security detail, no fanfare. Just George, casual as if he was dropping by to borrow a cup of sugar.

Sandra spotted him, and in a flash, she was off the porch, jogging into the yard. They met like a scene from a romantic comedy with their arms flung wide, laughing, spinning in a hug that made the rest of us look like background extras in our own lives.

It was pure Hollywood magic dropped into small-town Texas. No cameras rolling, no audience, just a moment that reminded me how, in this business, reality and movie scenes often blur, and sometimes the unscripted ones are the best.

Later that day, back at the production office, I was in my office with Forrest's driver and the script supervisor when Sandra came in. She

leaned against the doorframe, talking directly to me. She said she had an event that night in Austin and no one to go with. She asked if I'd join her.

And I panicked.

My brain went haywire. I didn't want to lie, didn't want to pretend, didn't know how to explain myself. I blurted out, "Are you and George Clooney dating?" After all, I had just seen them hugging and spinning. As soon as I said it, I knew I'd made a mistake.

Sandra got mad. Really mad. She rightfully ranted for a moment about how rumors get started, how the tabloids twist things. She went off. Then, to make things worse, Forrest's driver said, "Oh, he's just nervous because he wants to date you." Which I never said. Sandra stormed off, and I turned to him and said, "You do realize you just got us of both fired."

We were sitting there for a moment, and I knew it was over. Then I heard it; the unmistakable sound of high heels pounding down the hallway. Thump, thump, thump. I knew exactly who it was, and I knew she was headed for my office. Sure enough, executive producer Mary McLaglen walked in, looked straight at me and the driver, and said, "You two come with me."

I'd never been fired before, and I was sure that was what was about to happen. But instead of doing it in my office, she marched us to the lunchroom. Maybe it gave her more space to operate. Once there, she turned to the driver and said, "You're fired. Pack up and get out." Then she turned to me. I braced myself. But she said, "Chris, we all really like you. You do a good job. And Sandra really likes you." I was stunned. She continued, "So you're not fired. However, if you do even one more thing wrong, you're absolutely fired." I said, "Mary, I understand. You don't have to worry. I'll be on my best behavior."

And I meant it.

As filming progressed, I started organizing a fun side project on Sundays using volunteer crew members. Most of the crew were staying in town anyway, so we created a parody of Hope Floats with Forrest's blessing. One scene involved the town parade, and we planned to reuse the actual float and film gear to shoot a spoof version. Sandra's assistant Laura was going to play her part, so I needed to get her a costume. I found the perfect dress at a vintage shop in downtown Austin: a pistachio green chiffon piece from 1953 with a big satin bow. It matched the corn husks on the float perfectly; funny and thematically spot-on.

I bought the dress and called Laura. She said to drop it off at the Four Seasons hotel, where she and Sandra were staying. I told her I still felt terrible about embarrassing Sandra and wanted to apologize. Laura said Sandra was kind and would appreciate a note. I wrote one, tucked it into a card, and brought both items—the card and the dress—to the hotel concierge, carefully telling him they were separate: the card for Sandra, the dress for Laura. Of course, the concierge attached the card to the dress and delivered both to Sandra.

The next day, Laura came into the production trailer. I asked if she got the dress. She said no. My stomach sank. I instantly knew what happened.

A few minutes later, Sandra walked into the trailer. She closed the door behind her and gave me this look, side-eye, unimpressed, but not unkind. "You're the weirdest person I've ever known," she said.

"I'm so sorry, Sandra," I replied.

She smiled. "No, actually... I love the dress."

I said, "It's yours. Please keep it."

Not long after that and within days, Sandra appeared on *The Late Show* with David Letterman. We all watched it together on location. When she came out on stage, she was wearing that same dress, but

she'd had it dyed black. There it was, on national television: my vintage pistachio chiffon dress, reimagined for the spotlight.

That moment made me laugh. It still does. It's one of those quirky, bittersweet memories that reminds me how unpredictable the film world is, and how sometimes, even your mistakes can become part of movie magic. My time in the industry taught me how films are built, and how dreams are shaped, even if they don't always go as planned.

Another unforgettable Hollywood moment came during the filming of the first season of *The Bachelor*. I'd taken a break from Hollywood for a while after my injury, and during that time I found great success as a photographer and editorial contributor for magazines around the world. It was the most lucrative work I'd ever done. I was asked by a well-connected magazine group to secretly capture photos of the extremely private final wedding scene before it aired, I agreed.

They had helicopters with security patrols and teams stationed on the ridges surrounding the high-end mountain top hotel near Palm Springs where the ceremony was taking place. It was essentially a fortress.

I got up before sunrise and suited myself in full desert camouflage, complete with a camo net. I slowly climbed up one of the steep hills surrounding the venue, huge telescopic lens in hand. About halfway up, I slipped and caused a rockslide. Suddenly, a helicopter was hovering overhead, scanning. I lay perfectly still under a bush for ten tense minutes until they moved on.

Eventually, I reached a vantage point and was able to snap a few photos, nothing perfect, but they got the job done. I slipped away unnoticed. It was a crazy assignment, one of many unusual tasks I'd been given by the magazine group, but one of the most exhilarating.

At first glance, my Hollywood years might seem like a completely different lifetime from my service in the Secret Space Program or

my time on Mimas, but they were connected in ways most people wouldn't expect. Working on sets, surrounded by actors, directors, and crews, I learned how easily entire worlds can be built—and believed in—through illusion, collaboration, and the careful control of information. It was a softer mirror of what I had already lived in classified programs: scripted realities, hidden truths, and unspoken agreements that kept the bigger picture out of view. Hollywood taught me to read between the lines, to watch for the unscripted moments that revealed more truth than the production ever intended. In both worlds the film sets of Earth and the deep-space operations far from it; everything was a performance, but the skill was in knowing when to play your role, and when to step out of the script entirely.

My years in Hollywood weren't just about making movies; they were about learning how to live with the weight of what I had already seen and done in the Secret Space Program. After returning from Mimas and having my memories buried under layers of programming, I didn't fully understand why I was drawn to the film business, but looking back, it's clear: Hollywood gave me a safe place to exist in make-believe while I quietly sorted through what was real. Watching stories come to life, seeing entire worlds built from plywood and paint, helped me make sense of my own fractured memories. I recognized the way truth could be hidden in plain sight, tucked inside fantasy, just as my own past had been disguised and rewritten. In its own way, Hollywood became a bridge between two realities; one terrestrial, one cosmic, allowing me to keep functioning here on Earth while slowly, piece by piece, the truth of Mimas and the twenty-and-back program began to resurface.

The Watchers

Military vehicles were always a part of my life. I was fascinated by Jeeps, tanks, jets, battleships and anything mechanical. I'd draw them, build them from model kits, and memorize their

specifications. It was more than a boy's interest in war toys; it felt like I was remembering something. That pull toward the military, and specifically the Air Force, was constant. I didn't understand it at the time, but it wasn't just admiration, it was recognition.

There were strange occurrences I couldn't explain. Medium-blue four-door sedans would slowly drive past my childhood house. I saw them outside my school too. They never stopped and they never spoke. Just drove by eyes watching me as they passed. I didn't understand why then, but I never forgot the feeling of being observed, studied, without acknowledgment. It wasn't until high school that they began interacting with me. By then, I was granted an unusual privilege: I could leave school after fourth period. My schedule was customized which was something almost unheard of for a student and it was clear, even if unspoken, that I was being watched.

In my junior year of high school, I took an academic exam, though I can't recall if it was the PSAT or the SAT. I scored higher than anyone had ever scored before, and the administrators told me there was a "problem" with the results. They asked me to take the test again, and this time my score was even higher. When they had me take it a third time under direct supervision, my score improved yet again.

What I didn't fully understand at the time was that the military had been watching me my entire life. Even though, on another timeline, I had already served sixty years across multiple deployments in the Secret Space Program, here I was back in a teenage body still being monitored, still being groomed. Those test scores only validated their interest. Quietly, I was being steered toward the U.S. Air Force, a path they fully expected me to take. But when the time came, I refused. I had already lived that life, fought those wars, and given more years than most people could imagine. I wasn't about to hand them another lifetime.

Soon after, my parents were called into school. I wasn't aware of this at the time, but they later told me they were approached by someone, possibly from the Air Force, possibly the school about putting me into a special program. I was already under observation, but the results of those tests made things official.

From then on, I left school after fourth period and received a custom-tailored academic schedule. Around that same time, I was awarded the National Merit Award which is given to one student in the entire country each year for excellence. Unfortunately, I was never able to formally accept the award. My parents, in the process of preparing for our move to Texas, had failed to inform me that I had even received it. By the time I found out, the deadline to complete the paperwork had passed, and the opportunity had slipped away. It was another painful reminder of how decisions were being made around me. Decisions that deeply affected my path and without my knowledge, involvement or consent.

As a teenager I was an accomplished sprinter. I just loved running. Playing sports in general made me feel alive. I played baseball and other games; but sprinting was something else. I would often go out alone at night, running through the neighborhoods of Chino, California. There was something meditative and freeing about it. I was on the track team during junior high and the early part of high school, and it felt natural to me, like part of who I was.

The Air Force offered me something unique: a spot in the U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, with the opportunity to train for the Olympics. Everything felt like it was aligning. I had a purpose. A path.

But in 1984, my junior year, my parents moved us to Texas. The relocation made me ineligible for the scholarship and shattered my opportunity to attend the Academy. It felt like the floor dropped out from under me. That moment marked the beginning of a deep emotional rift between me and my parents. After all, they had moved out of our house when I was in Pismo beach without telling me, but

now they wanted to leave the state, and I would lose my Airforce scholarship. I felt a sense of betrayal I didn't yet have the words for.

When we moved to Texas, everything changed. I remember the exact moment we arrived: January 21st, 1984, at 4:12 p.m. It was one of the worst days of my young life. The school I was enrolled in was a makeshift building; a former chicken house that had been converted into a church and later turned into a school. The floors shifted when you walked, the ceilings were low, and the entire place felt depressing and inadequate. It was a stark contrast to the large school I had left behind, where my graduating class in Chino was about 1,200 students. In Texas, I would have been the only graduating senior for two or three years.

I felt completely disconnected from the new environment. The school felt like a dead end, like a place where dreams went to fade away. I saw no reason to continue my education under those conditions and ultimately chose not to. The contrast between what was possible and what I was being handed was just too great.

School was difficult for me in many ways. I didn't fit into the traditional structure. I questioned things that weren't meant to be questioned. I challenged teachers, not out of disrespect but out of a deep need to understand what was real and what was simply being repeated. I often felt like an outsider in the classroom, like I was living a different kind of life than those around me. The material bored me, not because I didn't care, but because it felt like I was being asked to forget what I already knew deep down. I wasn't made for the system, and the system wasn't made for me.

Socially, I kept to a small circle. I had friends, but I always felt slightly apart, like I was playing a role in someone else's story. I wasn't lonely, but I wasn't fully there either. My family life was loving but complex, as all families are. My parents were supportive but practical, and the more I grew into myself, the more I felt the invisible boundary between who I seemed to be and who I truly was. The rift I was

feeling between my daily life, my parents and the world in general, was widening.

During this time, the United States Air Force seemed to hover at the edges of my life; distant yet unshakably present. My fascination with aircraft, crisp uniforms, and the strict elegance of military discipline wasn't simply childhood curiosity; it felt like a calling from somewhere I couldn't name. I would later discover that this attraction had been carefully cultivated, and it was no accident.

The Beginning of my Service

When people ask me about the "Twenty-and-Back Program", I want to be clear about where the term comes from and how it fits into the bigger picture. The phrase itself was made popular by Corey Goode, who trademarked it along with the term "Secret Space Program." According to his description, it refers to people serving twenty years in space, often off-world or in advanced military programs, and then being age-regressed and sent back to their original point in time with their memories suppressed.

For me, the reality of it wasn't just a story; it was a lived experience. I was taken as a child, age-advanced, and I served in these programs. My memories aren't science fiction; they are fragments of a life lived in another context, under agreements and circumstances most of humanity has never been told about. Still, I recognize that the official world doesn't acknowledge this program. There are no government documents that the public can look up that will confirm the specifics of "Twenty and Back."

What we do know, and what is verifiable, is that the U.S. government has run programs to study and track unidentified aerial phenomena. The Advanced Aerospace Threat Identification Program (AATIP), created in 2007, openly studied aerial anomalies. Later, the Unidentified Aerial Phenomena Task Force (UAPTF) and today's All-domain Anomaly Resolution Office (AARO) took over this

work. Their reports confirm that something is happening in our skies, even if they don't tell the whole story.

So here is the balance: the "Twenty and Back" is not officially recognized or proven in the way that AATIP or AARO are. It lives in testimony, in disclosure, and in people like me finally speaking. But the fact that governments are openly investigating anomalies at all shows that there is something much larger at play. For me, I don't need the government to validate what I lived through. My memories, my experiences, and my path of service are enough.

And part of that service was my agreement. When I signed on for my third twenty-year tour, I did so under one condition: that I would be allowed, in this life, to bring forward certain truths and technologies. The DEEMS Device—what I call the Divine Evolution Electromagnetic Micro-singularity device—was one of them. Though it went by another name during my time in the program, its essence was the same. It was designed to work with the human body and energy field, to heal, to align, and to awaken. Along with this came my role in disclosure: to share what I remembered of Mimas, of the negotiations, of the beings I encountered, and of humanity's place among the stars.

That is why I speak. That is why I write. The "Twenty and Back" was not the end of my service; it was the beginning of my mission here on Earth.

Chapter Three

It wasn't a Dream, It Was Protocol

When I was two years old, my life was altered in ways I couldn't possibly comprehend. My abduction was not random, nor was it purely hostile. It was a deliberate operation carried out by human military forces — factions within the Air Force and the Navy — working in direct collaboration with extraterrestrial entities. At the time, I had no memory of agreeing to this. I only knew fear, confusion, and silence. But later in life, I came to understand something deeper: I had consented to this experience before I was ever born. On a soul level, I agreed to be taken. It was part of the plan; a contract written in the stars and sealed long before my arrival on Earth.

I can still see the man who came for me: tall, silent, dressed in an unmarked dark blue uniform, the cap of an Air Force officer casting a shadow across his face. At the time, I didn't understand what that uniform represented. Years later, its meaning would become undeniable.

In those early years, I had no conscious memory of what had happened to me. But the experience lived on inside me, embedded in my dreams, woven into my instincts, etched into the quiet ways I could never fully settle into the simplicity of an ordinary life. I carried it like an invisible weight; an unseen story, the residue of another existence pressing just beyond the edges of memory, waiting for the right moment to break through.

After we moved to Texas, something inside me shifted, and a distance began to grow between my parents and me. For most of my life, they had already looked at me like I was a little bit crazy. Sometimes they thought I was just imaginative. Other times, they assumed I was using drugs to escape reality. But neither of those assumptions came close to the truth. The truth is, I've carried memories my whole life that don't belong anywhere in the world

around me. They're pieces of another life; one that exists just beyond what most people can even begin to imagine. Fragments of places you won't find on any map, moments that don't follow the rules of time. I've walked under skies that weren't Earth's, lived among beings that don't fit into the human story, and seen things so far outside our frame of reference that trying to explain them would be like describing the ocean to someone who's never seen water.

But even with all that, I still had to live a life where I paid bills, made small talk, showed up for work, and celebrated birthdays. I learned how to carry those other memories quietly, tucked away, while I tried to keep up with the rhythm of an ordinary existence. Part of me was here; part of me was still out there. I quietly waited, hoping that one day, the time would come when I could finally tell the whole story.

I never told my parents the real story, not because I didn't want to, but because I couldn't. Every time I thought about opening up to them, I imagined the look in their eyes; that same mix of worry, disbelief, and quiet dismissal I had seen too many times before. We were already so far apart in how we viewed the world, and I lacked the language, the emotional tools, to close that distance. There was a rift between us, and I didn't know how to fix it without making it worse.

When I had my memories, when those experiences would come flooding back, I often found myself trapped in this cycle of confusion and isolation. I would try to process why I felt the way I did, why I carried such heavy memories of other worlds and other lives, and yet couldn't tell the people closest to me. The betrayal I felt was layered. On the surface, I felt betrayed by my parents for not seeing me, for not understanding me. But underneath that, I felt betrayed by the system itself; this entire setup where I had agreed, before incarnating, to live a life knowing things I couldn't talk about, remembering things that no one else would believe.

I tried to escape the weight of it at times. Sure, I experimented with drugs, but not because I was addicted or reckless. I just wanted to

find a way to quiet the noise, to ease the dissonance between what I knew and what the rest of my life seemed to require of me. I was never trying to destroy myself. I was just trying to make sense of the impossible.

And so, I kept my silence. I never told my family about the missions, the off-planet life, the time spent on Mimas. I never told them about the beings I met or the reasons behind my service. It was easier, or at least less damaging to let them think I was just a troubled kid who couldn't quite get his footing. Anything else would have pushed us further apart.

Even now, writing this book, I don't know if sharing it will help or hurt. If my parents were to read this, I honestly don't know how it would go. But at this point, it feels important to share it anyway. To speak the truth, even if the rift increases.

What was Buried, Was Not Lost

It took years before I understood that my childhood traumas had been shaping me for something more. They had taught me to listen for what wasn't being said, to feel what was hidden beneath the surface, to notice what others missed. Those instincts weren't just survival; they were the beginnings of my gifts.

When I finally began to trust those gifts and open myself to the guidance of my unseen allies, the dam broke. My guides weren't simply helping me through the present; they were leading me back; back to the decades I had spent in the Secret Space Program, back to my time on Mimas, back to the truth I had been forced to forget.

Part of what made those memories so vivid, so undeniable, was the age-advancement I had undergone during my service. The body I inhabited there was not the one I had been born into here. It was older, stronger, conditioned for environments and challenges beyond Earth. That shift in physical form carried with it an imprint;

cellular memory that never truly left me, even when I was returned to this life's timeline.

When the recollections began, they came with the weight and clarity of lived experience. I could feel the texture of Mimas' air, lighter and cooler than Earth's, the way the gravity changed based on how I moved, the hum of technology woven into the walls around me. These weren't abstract visions or half-formed dreams, they were anchors, pulling me toward a life I had once lived in full and was only now beginning to reclaim.

When we moved to Texas, something shifted. The land felt open in a way that gave my mind room to move, the heat rising from the ground like it was loosening something deep inside me. My dreams became sharper, the fragments more complete. Sometimes they came while I was awake in quick flashes of bright corridors, a turn in a passageway I somehow knew, or the sound of voices that spoke without words. The line between the life I lived here and the one I had lived out there began to blur, and I knew there was no turning back. Texas wasn't just a change of scenery; it was the point where remembering became inevitable.

The Sun Makers, and What Lies Beyond

There's a part of my story that I haven't talked about much until now. It's not because I was hiding it, but because the human language has a hard time describing it. It's about my origin species; the race I come from before any of these human incarnations. The truth is, I don't know if my species even has a name. Many species don't. They don't need one. Most species communicate identity not through sounds or words but through frequencies, vibrations, and exchanges of knowing. It's hard to put that into human terms, but I'll try my best.

We are what you might call Sun Makers.

In time, I will share more about who we are and what we do, but for now, I want to describe the form I carried before stepping into human life.

In my native Sun Maker form, my body was built for working with light and creation rather than surviving on a single planet. I was upwards of fifteen to twenty feet tall, bipedal, but not human in the way most would recognize. My frame was taller, more elongated, with proportions that gave a sense of both strength and lightness.

My skin was a luminous, opalescent gold that caught the light and shifted subtly as I moved. Flecks of silver and pale amber shimmered across the surface, giving it the look of sunlight reflecting off moving water. The glow wasn't decorative, it was part of the energy system that sustained me, a constant exchange with the environments I worked in.

My head was slightly more angular than a human's, with larger eyes adapted to see a wider range of the light spectrum. Those eyes could register colors and patterns invisible to human vision, essential for the work of creating and tending stars. My hands were long and precise, able to perform delicate adjustments as well as channel frequency through direct contact.

In this form, aging wasn't the same as it is for humans. My vitality was sustained by the energy of the suns I worked with, and my body remained in its prime state for as long as needed. Every feature of that form had a purpose, designed to work in harmony with the cosmic processes I was part of.

My people travel throughout galaxies bringing stars to life. We collect and cultivate the basic elements that create suns. Sometimes we find protostars already beginning to form, and we guide the process. Other times, we seed them from scratch, adding specific elements to create different kinds of suns, fine-tuning their temperature, size, color, and energy output. All of this is done to support life in different forms that thrive in specific frequencies of

light and radiation. We build suns that nourish planetary systems for countless forms of consciousness.

One of the clearest memories I have of this work is of meeting with two beings. A pair who felt like a male and female, though gender is a limited concept for beings at this level. We were meeting to discuss the kind of sun they wanted to create. This was not in this universe, or perhaps it was long before the Earth existed. Billions of years ago or possibly it is yet to happen. Time is a strange thing to measure at that level.

In this memory, I'm seated across from them at a small table, small only in relation to my size at the time. From my perspective, the table looked like a compact platform, almost like a child's play set. Yet when I translate those dimensions into human scale, it becomes easier to understand. The table, in human terms, would have been about 18 inches square and roughly 30 inches high, about the size of a small side table you might find in someone's living room. In front of me is what looks like an old-fashioned photo album, the kind with black pages. But this was no ordinary album. It was holographic, alive, and interactive. The entire album itself was larger than the table, extending slightly over the edges.

I opened the first page, and immediately we were looking into a living scene; a three-dimensional projection of space and a massive, beautiful orange sun hovering above the page. I remember saying, "This is a really beautiful option."

I turned the page, and another sun appeared. This one was blue green, glowing like a jewel. "Oh, this is a wonderful sun as well," I said, offering it as a potential selection.

Then I turned another page, and a lavender or pink sun materialized in front of us. I reached into the projection and lifted the image up, pulling it out of the book into full three-dimensional form, hovering between us.

"This one is truly special," I said. "The beings that can exist within this sun vibrate pure love. Suns like this are home to entire civilizations at higher densities."

I turned another page, and there it was: a deep jade green sun. Its color was rich, still, and quietly radiant. I didn't remove this one from the book, but I paused to take it in. Something about its hue felt familiar, almost ancestral. I remember thinking it looked just like the color of kelp drifting through the underwater forests off the coast of Southern California. Cool, alive, and ancient.

I smiled at the beings across from me and said, "You've heard of Earth, right?"

They nodded. "Yes, we know Earth."

"Have you heard of Southern California? The West Coast of the United States?"

They said, "Oh yes, we know it well. We've been there."

I laughed a little, realizing how strange and yet perfectly normal this conversation felt. Here I was, sitting in some ancient place beyond time, selling suns to other beings, casually chatting about Earth as if it were right around the corner.

Then something profound happened. As I sat there in this memory, I suddenly became aware that I was remembering the memory. I was simultaneously the version of me in that moment and the version of me here, now, reflecting on it. The two timelines converged, and I leaned back, realizing I was connected to myself across multiple densities and timelines all at once. It was as if time folded in on itself, and I could see the link between the layers of my own consciousness.

And just like that, the memory ended. But the knowing remained. I am of the Sun Makers, and I still carry that frequency. It's not just a title; it's a signature, one that others like me can recognize across the stars. That recognition is part of something larger, something I

came to understand only after years of piecing my memories together.

Crossing the Veil and the Agreements That Shaped My Life

We've all heard the term "soul contract," but what does it mean? From what I've remembered and come to understand, when a soul chooses to incarnate, there are usually three main reasons for doing so. First, the soul may be seeking its own expansion through direct experience. Through lessons learned, emotional growth, or challenges that help it evolve and remember its true nature. Second, the soul might be part of a larger collective, often called a soul family or soul group, where members support and learn from one another across lifetimes. And third, a soul sometimes incarnates with a purpose that serves the broader evolution of the species it's joining, whether in a constructive or disruptive way, depending on the soul's polarity and intentions.

I didn't learn these ideas from a book or a philosophy course. They were part of my life, long before I had the words to explain them. Later, I would hear of a channeled source known as Ra, whose descriptions of densities, the veil, and pre-incarnation planning echoed what I had already lived. Ra spoke of souls choosing their paths before birth, of forgetting those choices to make the journey real, and of higher civilizations working together in service to others. That was my reality in the Secret Space Program and on Mimas. What they described as theory, I knew as memory.

I'm sharing this now to help explain how and why I chose this life path, and the agreements my soul family and I made with factions of the U.S. military before I ever took a breath on Earth. I've talked before about how, after being age-advanced, memories started coming back, clearly and with weight. And while that's true, it's also important to say: those memories didn't just come back by chance. The unlocking of those memories was deliberate. It was planned. It

was part of a greater agreement; a pre-incarnational arrangement that involved not just me, but many others. Nothing about it was random. And understanding that makes all the difference.

Before my incarnation here on Earth, and in my native Sun Maker form, I remember a meeting with the United States military, though even now I can't say with certainty whether it was the Air Force, the Navy, or perhaps both. The memory is clear in some ways and hazy in others. Sharp details surrounded by a fog that feels intentional. I know I saw uniforms, crisp and formal, but without the familiar insignia that might have given me a definite answer. It's possible that was by design.

What I do recall without question was the setting: a ship somewhere in space, its interior metallic and functional, yet unlike any conventional military vessel I'd seen in this lifetime. The meeting itself was not the kind of contract negotiation most people would imagine. This was not about money, rank, or even service years; not really. Agreements of this nature were deeper, more binding; part oath, part energetic exchange, the kind that touches not just a career but the trajectory of a soul.

The room was about thirty feet long and probably fifteen feet wide with a ten-foot-high ceiling. The look of the room was metallic, sort of a dull aluminum. I knew this was a human ship because of the seams in the metal and the rivets and fasteners used to hold them together. Had this been in a non-human, higher-density environment, there would have been no rivets or seams in the metal. Unless the ship was created to make others think it was human built.

What is important to clarify is that the plan we discussed wasn't a group decision. The entire mission, this incarnation and everything it would entail, was largely my idea. I was the one volunteering to incarnate, to undergo the process of being born into a human body and work from within the Earth system. Others in my soul family were present to support the meeting, but I was the only one who would be entering the Earth's incarnation cycle at that time.

As I mentioned earlier, the arrangement was that I would be taken at the age of two and serve the U.S. military for twenty years, in whatever capacity they determined. That was the first part of the agreement.

In return, the following forty years would be spent on Saturn's moon, Mimas, home to the Confederation of Planets. The Confederation is an alliance of multiple advanced civilizations working together for the stability, protection, and development of worlds across many star systems. Its purpose goes far beyond politics; it is about maintaining balance and cooperation between species with vastly different cultures, technologies, and levels of evolution.

On Mimas, I would be allowed a degree of freedom to serve in my own way, while being hosted by the Earth Embassy and operating under the command of the United Nations. This wasn't the United Nations most people know on Earth, but a counterpart stationed at the Earth Embassy on Mimas, functioning as part of that much larger interplanetary framework.

That was the desire of my heart; to work from Mimas, helping Earth without violating free will. I couldn't just show up in my native form or intervene directly from a higher realm. That would have violated the laws of this world. I had to incarnate, to play by Earth's rules. That's why star seeds are born into this world rather than simply appearing. It preserves the integrity of Earth's evolutionary process and respects its sovereign timeline.

My memory of meeting with the US Military in space to discuss my plan to reincarnate, begins in a hallway just a few steps away from the door. We approached the doorway, which reminded me of those old Star Trek episodes and the way the pocket doors would slide open on their own. And just like that, the door slid open, and we stepped into the room.

We appeared as though we were physically present. To the eye, we seemed real and solid enough to look at, to stand across from, to speak with. But we were not in full physical form. Our edges carried a faint translucence, a soft shimmer that hinted at our true state. We were projections, our consciousness and likeness transmitted into the room with precision, allowing us to be fully aware and engaged without occupying physical bodies. It was a meeting of two worlds in every sense: one grounded in the material, the other operating just beyond it.

Directly ahead, on the opposite wall from where we entered, was a long NASA-like command workstation. To my right, a large window revealed a view of space; stars in the blackness, and possibly a ship floating nearby. I can't clearly recall what exactly was out there, only that it wasn't a planet or Earth. On the left-hand side of the room, there was a raised platform with more secure computer terminals. It was clear that this was the nerve center, a more protected zone. One had to walk deliberately up to it. This hub center seemed to command respect both energetically and physically as you approached it.

Once in the room, we were greeted by a white human male in his forties. He was clearly in charge as his demeanor held authority and control. He was dressed in a dark uniform, likely an officer, with no frills or pins. One couldn't identify the military branch by the clothing. His eyes studied us with both curiosity and calculation. He addressed us as though meetings like this were common to him.

The plan was for me to incarnate on Earth and assist with the planetary evolution from within the human experience. In exchange, I would be given access to advanced knowledge and would participate in the development of a new Earth-human alliance with multiple extraterrestrial races on Mimas. The contract wasn't one of servitude; it was a shared mission. All parties had to consent to the agreement.

We each agreed. Not because we felt pressured, but because it resonated deeply with why I was there in the first place. It was like I already said yes before being asked. This meeting was more a formality, a checkpoint of awareness than anything else. The man nodded once we confirmed our agreement, then turned his attention back to a display behind him.

It may have come across as abrupt or even dismissive, but we didn't interpret it as negative. The meeting had simply reached its conclusion, and we ended our projection, withdrawing our presence from the room.

Before continuing, there's something you need to understand. At the time, it felt as if we were fully there, bodily and physically present. We interacted with the crew in real time. There was no sense of separation, no indication that we were any less real or less present than anyone else in the room.

But with time and reflection, and with memories continuing to unfold, I've come to believe that what we experienced was a projection. Our consciousnesses were there, fully interactive, fully engaged, but our physical bodies were not. We were present in what some might call a bi-located state, a projection of consciousness so complete that we could interact with the physical environment and its participants as if we were in solid form.

This isn't as far-fetched as it might sound. Many non-human intelligences operate in exactly this way. They project themselves psychically, energetically, or through consciousness technologies that appear seamless to those on the receiving end. This phenomenon helps explain why so many people throughout history have reported seeing full-body apparitions, entities that look solid, speak, and even touch or guide them, only to later realize those beings weren't physically present in the traditional sense.

A prime historical example of this is the Ra Collective's interaction with ancient Egypt. According to *The Ra Material*, which is a series

of channeled teachings recorded between 1981 and 1984 by a group consisting of Don Elkins, Carla Rueckert, and Jim McCarty. Ra explained that when they attempted to physically manifest to assist humanity's spiritual development, they could only do so partially. The Egyptians often saw them as bird-headed beings with human bodies not because Ra had that exact form, but because the energy of their projection was incomplete. They could only materialize from the belly upward, which led to depictions of floating torsos merged with human forms. The Egyptians did the best they could to represent what they saw, using symbolism to make sense of a multidimensional reality.

Modern science is beginning to brush up against this concept through fields like quantum physics and consciousness studies. Bi-location and remote viewing are examples of consciousness operating non-locally. In quantum entanglement, particles affect each other instantaneously across vast distances, suggesting that separation in space and time may not be as absolute as we perceive. Researchers at institutions like the Institute of Noetic Sciences and in studies on quantum holography have proposed that consciousness can project and receive information beyond the limits of the physical brain, functioning more like a field than a fixed point.

In military and intelligence programs, advanced forms of remote viewing were already being explored decades ago. These processes are not just about perceiving distant locations; they can, at times, involve interactive presence, where the viewer influences or participates in the event remotely. My experience with the military likely involved a higher-order version of this technology, allowing us to appear, communicate, and negotiate while remaining in a projected state.

When I say that my soul family and I met with the military, I want to be clear: we were there, but not in the conventional sense. We were projected into that environment, bridging dimensional and

consciousness divides. This method of interaction is more common in the universe than most people realize.

It's one of the reasons why, when people encounter apparitions, light beings, or alien visitors, they often describe them as both real and unreal at the same time, because they're witnessing consciousness in projection. And when this technology is fully understood, it changes how we view contact, communication, and even reality itself.

This understanding also reframes my agreement to enter the twenty-year military service program. It was not a simple contract signed in pen and paper; it was a multilayered commitment made across densities, projected realities, and quantum consciousness fields. And that's a critical piece of this story.

After returning to our own ship and after meeting with the military representative, my soul family and I entered a period of review. It was my turn to investigate potential families, examining individuals and the dynamics they carried. I can't recall exactly how many families I considered, but I remember the process; observing their lives, sensing their energies, and weighing how each might influence my path. Most have faded from memory, but the ones I ultimately chose, remain vivid in my mind.

One memory of my mother stands out more than the rest. I was in a large room aboard our ship, looking down at Earth. The room where I chose my parents was quiet and practical. The walls curved upward without any seams, and one side was taken up by a large viewing screen that showed different families and moments from their lives. Everything was clear and detailed, as if I was there with them. The space was simple, with only what was needed for the job with no extra furniture or decorations.

Off to the left of that room was an alcove, and in it were several computer monitors. They didn't feel like solid machines, they felt more like projections, weightless but vivid. This is where I reviewed the people who might become my parents.

You can scroll backward and forward in time using those computers. You're not just looking at photographs or resumes; you're feeling into moments, witnessing them in motion. It's a life review not of your own life, but of the lives you might intertwine with. The goal isn't comfort or familiarity, but soul growth and identifying the experiences that will help evolve your consciousness.

Out of all the people I looked at, one memory remains clearest: the moment I chose my mother, and it wasn't even about her, it was about her mother; my grandmother Gladys.

At this moment, my mother was about three or four years old. She was riding a small red tricycle. The year must have been around 1948 or 1949. My grandmother was walking behind her, wearing a white dress with a delicate flower pattern. My mother wore a little white dress too, with soft yellow flowers and black patent leather shoes. They were walking along a neighborhood street in Compton, California. Rows of white houses lined the block, each with its own short white picket fence and small front yard.

I remember my grandmother's hair; long, jet-black, Cherokee hair, styled in a beehive, just as she always wore it. Her horn-rimmed glasses had tiny gemstones, like little diamonds, at the corners. As I watched from the ship, I could hear her thoughts as clearly as if she were speaking aloud: "What a beautiful child." She was full of gratitude in that moment, a deeply heartfelt appreciation that sent ripples across time.

That thought that singular wave of love and grace left such an imprint on me that it played a large role in my decision to choose my mother and father. It was my grandmother Gladys who tipped the scales.

One memory that has always stayed with me is of my father. It was sometime in the 1950s, in central Louisiana.

He was just a boy then, barefoot, running down a dirt road toward a small, weathered house. The house was ramshackle; the kind of

place patched together more out of necessity than design. Life was hard there, but the moment I witnessed wasn't about hardship, it was about innocence.

My dad was wearing a pair of overalls with no shirt underneath, and his younger brother was running close behind him. They were laughing, playing, completely immersed in the joy of childhood. I remember something about a snake. I believe my uncle was possibly chasing my dad with it, holding it up to scare him. It was a game to them, part of the wild freedom that came with growing up in rural poverty.

These are memories I will always cherish, recollections and visions I hold close to my heart. Even though I wasn't directly part of them, I integrated them, making them a part of my soul's experience. One day, when we're reunited off planet, we'll be able to laugh and talk about all of this, and I know it will be a wonderful moment.

These memories are part of the life review I did before making my final decision on who I would choose as my parents. It wasn't just about observing who they would become later in life, it was about feeling into who they were as children, understanding the paths that led them to the people they became, and knowing how those paths would intertwine with my own.

These glimpses into their early lives weren't just random observations. They were part of a deeper process, a scanning and reviewing of the energy, choices, and character of the people who would shape my incarnation. And in seeing moments like these, with my father running barefoot down a dirt road, laughing, chased by his brother with a snake or my mother as an innocent child riding her tricycle down the sidewalk of an idyllic American town, I understood something fundamental about the roots of my own journey.

I knew that by stepping into this life through them, I would inherit a lineage of both hardship and resilience, of simplicity and complexity intertwined. My father's barefoot laughter on a dirt road

in Louisiana, my mother's innocent joy on a tricycle in Compton; these were not just memories, they were energetic signatures. They reflected lives shaped by contrast and survival, by love and limitation. I understood that these roots would mold my own experience, creating a life that would challenge me to remember who I truly am beyond the roles and stories of Earth. I saw clearly that this incarnation would push me toward understanding not just human struggle, but the broader galactic play of consciousness and the cycles of incarnation, the layers of memory, and the choices made beyond time and space. It would be a path that would force me to reconcile Earth's density with the expansiveness of cosmic awareness, ultimately advancing the evolution of my own soul.

After I had finished reviewing the families and made my decision, there was a stillness that settled over me. It was a mix of relief, curiosity, and the quiet understanding that my path on Earth had just been set in motion. The process was deliberate, almost ceremonial, and when it was over, I found myself needing a moment to absorb the weight of it. That is when the next memory comes into focus: standing in the same room, my gaze fixed on a large, curved window.

Standing at the Edge of Incarnation

The next memory I have, following the moment I reviewed and chose my parents, is of standing in the same room, looking out through that large, curved window. It was three or four feet tall and close to ten feet wide, following the contour of the ship's side. To my left, a computer monitor arose seamlessly from the floor, integrated into the ship's structure. Someone stood at its control panel, quietly at work. I wasn't alone. Members of my soul family were with me, standing slightly behind me to the left and right. I couldn't say exactly who they were, but I could feel them, steady and present, offering silent support as I stood there, still carrying the weight and certainty of the choice I was about to make.

Embedded in the floor in front of me was a circle, maybe 24 to 30 inches in diameter. It looked like it was made of emerald or jade with gold nodes, two for the heels, two for the balls of the feet. Each node had a golden line extending from it, running across the floor toward the computer terminal. These golden tracks looked much like the internal circuits on a motherboard, flowing with conscious design.

When I stepped onto the emerald pad and placed my feet on those four nodes, I became connected to the computer. This was how we accessed Earth's matrix, its incarnation cycle.

As a side note, the Earth's matrix is essentially a computer program laid into the planet's natural electromagnetic grid. By energizing this grid through ancient technologies like pyramids, Earth's natural energy is drawn upward and focused. This creates energetic nodal points where the incarnation grid; the software, if you will, can be activated and accessed.

Now, as I stood on that emerald pad, I had to show that I was entering the matrix of my own free will. Before I could, I was asked to choose: which parents would I be born to?

I remember saying, "Well, we all know who I'm going to choose," and I laughed. My sense of humor hasn't changed. The first option would have given me a posh, privileged life but not the lessons I came here for. The second set of parents might have offered some challenges, but I still may not have remembered who I truly was. The third set, however, presented the greatest chance that I would learn what I came to learn, remember what I came to remember, and most importantly, find the love within my own soul.

So, I chose the third option.

To confirm my choice and signal my consent, I stretched my arms out to either side, closed my eyes, and began to fall forward. That moment, that gesture, was me saying "Yes." That was the instant I entered the incarnation cycle and merged with my physical body on

Earth. I didn't enter at the moment of conception. I chose to enter shortly before my birth, during the time my mother was in labor. I remember hearing her heartbeat. I remember the pressure, the intensity, and the sense that I needed to get out.

And here's something I know to be true, something that may be hard for the human mind to grasp, but it's important: as soon as my life in this physical form comes to an end, I will still be standing on that emerald pad. My arms will still be outstretched. As many decades as I've lived here through all the emotions, memories, lessons, and incarnate experiences, only a microsecond will have passed.

In the very next instant after I fell forward, I will open my eyes, straighten my stance, and realize I just had an entire lifetime in the blink of an eye. That's how this works, at least in my experience. That's how deep and intricate the soul's journey can be.

And sometimes, the next step in that journey begins in a way you could never expect—quietly at first, almost unnoticed—until the moment arrives that changes everything.

The Abduction and a Call to Service

I was two years old when the moment came, though I had no words for it then—only the feeling that something had arrived for me, and that nothing would ever be the same again. It happened on Lawrence Avenue in Rosemead, California. I was about two years old, standing in my crib and gazing through the doorway into the living room where my parents were watching reruns of the TV show, *The Outer Limits*. I still remember the episode: it was called *The Galaxy Being* where a radio technician searching for signals from space, finally made contact with something unknown. The being that emerged through the radio station's antenna was more like light and sparkles than solid form; not quite physical, ghostly, radiant. I was both scared and mesmerized by it.

As I stood there, watching this ethereal entity flicker on the screen, my view of the television was suddenly blocked. A man stood in the doorway. He was dressed in dark blue clothing; simple, uniform-like, and wore what resembled an Air Force officer's hat. He didn't speak. He reached into the crib and picked me up under my arms, holding me out at a distance like someone performing a task without emotion. It felt clinical. Mechanical.

As he turned with me in his arms, the next thing I remember, we were in a hallway. He walked with purpose, then turned and pushed open a swinging double-hinged door, stepping into it backward. On the other side was a laboratory. That's where he handed me over to a technician. This was the beginning of the age advancement process.

The lab was cold and metallic, lit with overhead fluorescents that buzzed faintly. The air smelled sterile, tinged with chemicals. There was no warmth in the room, no music, no humanity. Just technicians and procedures.

The age advancement procedure wasn't routine; it was reserved for select individuals due to its immense cost and complexity. The technology, derived from an extraterrestrial race whose identity I can't recall, was fundamentally DNA-based. I was placed into a translucent gel, tinged with a soft lavender-pink hue, composed of nutrient-rich bioactive compounds. This gel wasn't generic, it was tailored using my own DNA, forming a personalized medium designed to accelerate the growth of tissues. It carried anesthetic properties and was capable of stimulating cellular development at extraordinary speeds. In essence, it created a perfectly tuned environment for rapid biological maturation, unique to each subject.

The purpose behind using age advancement instead of transferring my consciousness into a cloned or artificially grown body, was stability. When someone remains in their original biological vessel and simply advances to a later stage of development, the continuity of soul, consciousness, and energetic alignment remains intact. That

stability is critical for missions involving advanced telepathic and empathic abilities, like mine. The process is expensive and rare, but for someone destined for sensitive, multidimensional work, it was the most reliable path forward.

As soon as my handler walked into the lab, he handed me over to a woman; a white female with dirty-blond hair. I don't recall what I was wearing, maybe just a diaper, but she removed it and began wiping me down with what felt like antiseptic surgical wipes. The actions were clinical, methodical, and devoid of emotion.

She placed me into a clear acrylic horizontal cylinder, only slightly larger than I was. It stood about half-filled with the pink-lavender gel, luminous and strange. She laid me into the tube, then pressed her hand against my chest and belly, forcing the air from my lungs. In response, I inhaled the fluid. Panic surged as I began to choke and flail. I looked up and saw her face through the gel; unfamiliar, distant, not comforting. I understood, even as a child, that she wasn't a friend. She was drowning me.

After about thirty seconds, I stopped resisting. Something in me accepted the moment. I realized that while the fluid was harder to breathe than air, I was receiving enough oxygen. The fear faded slightly. Then I swallowed some of the gel—which, I later understood, was intentional. This triggered an immediate evacuation of my bowels and bladder. She responded by flushing and refilling the tank quickly. When it filled again, this time slightly higher, I was suspended more fully in the fluid.

That's when the needles came. Dozens of them, inserted through rubber-sealed ports in the cylinder wall. They were placed into all major bones, organs, even my brain. I didn't feel pain, just immense pressure. It was more terrifying than painful. I was still conscious, still very much a two-year-old trying to make sense of a world that had just turned alien.

Once the needles were in place, and my bodily systems had stabilized, the real transformation began. That night, my original physical body — the one I was born into — was removed from my home and age-advanced through a process I can only describe as biological acceleration. I was transformed from a toddler into a young adult in the span of days, perhaps as much as a few weeks.

I now had the body of a twenty-five-year-old man. My soul and consciousness remained my own, but my biology had been rewritten.

But inside, I still had the brain of a two-year-old, and even that felt dulled and distant due to the intensity of the process.

Once the physical transformation was complete, they removed me from the tanks. I don't remember this part directly, but my handler told me about it later. What I do remember are flashes of being tied down to a gurney or table, crying uncontrollably, terrified. I didn't know where I was or what had happened. Imagine having the body of a grown man but the mind of a toddler; disoriented, overwhelmed, and frightened.

I remained in that state for several days. My brain had to integrate with the new biological structure, adjusting to movement, scale and breath. I remember not wanting to breathe oxygen. It felt foreign, like the tank had provided everything I needed, and breathing air felt like work.

A woman, possibly the same technician from before, tended to me. I don't know her name. She became increasingly irritated with my constant crying, which in hindsight seems absurd. What else could they expect from a child shoved into an adult body?

Eventually, my system began to calm. That's when they began the memory unlocking process. I remember sitting on a stainless-steel table, the surface cool beneath my hands. Beside me lay a silver cylindrical device about eight or nine inches long; its polished surface gleaming under the lights. At the top was a ring, and in its center rested a pyramid-shaped stone; a piece of lapis lazuli I believe —

about an inch-and-a-half across at the base, rising to a pointed tip roughly an inch tall. It was held in place by small magnets embedded within its base, perfectly centered on the ring as if it belonged there. The pyramid shape was no accident; it focused and concentrated the device's energy to the tip, directing it with precision. The device was unplugged from the nearby computer where I imagine it had been charging, now simply lying beside me. I had the strong sense it had just been used on me. I remember blinking slowly, my mind racing to process the flood of awareness returning all at once. My upcoming service, both to the United States and to Mimas, was suddenly clear in my mind, along with the larger plan I had set into motion long before this lifetime began. This was a pivotal moment, one that burned itself into my consciousness, impossible to forget. The integration was emotional and chaotic. It felt like recovering from an illness, like having the flu but with mental and spiritual symptoms.

The transition wasn't easy. Regaining my full consciousness; my true awareness, was as painful emotionally as the physical change had been. But once it was complete, I understood. I remembered everything. And I accepted why I had come. I had memories of the reincarnation agreement at this time.

My body was no longer the same as it had been on Earth. It had been enhanced and augmented for life beyond the planet. I could run faster, hold my breath longer, and process information with incredible speed. My senses were sharper, my reflexes quicker, and my endurance far greater than before. It felt natural, as if this was the body humans were meant to have; an evolved state of being, free of the limits we now know.

These enhancements were not random; they were intentional, designed specifically for the years of service that lay ahead of me. Every change to my body and mind had a purpose, preparing me for environments and missions that pushed far beyond the human norm. I was being shaped for tasks that demanded speed, precision,

and adaptability, skills that would be tested repeatedly in ways I could not have imagined at the time.

My First Tewnty Years

My memories from that time come largely in fragments. Sharp flashes of clarity interwoven with hazy impressions. Some moments stand out with vivid detail, as if etched in crystal, while others hover just out of reach, like pieces of a puzzle scattered without a clear picture to guide their placement. This pattern seems consistent throughout much of my life: certain experiences are preserved with near-perfect precision, while others exist only as impressions, stripped of context or sequence. I've come to accept this as part of how my mind safeguards certain truths, offering glimpses when I'm ready, and veiling others until the time is right.

After some time, and what must have been a few years, I was moved to a place that I believe was a Deep Underground Military Base (D.U.M.B.).

There are literally hundreds of what we call DUMBs located all over the world. While the term "DUMB" has become somewhat colloquial, it's used primarily to refer to the vast, secret installations beneath the surface of the United States. Some of these are even located beneath the ocean and are more accurately described as deep underground sea bases, but those haven't gained the same public recognition yet.

Dozens of these facilities exist in the U.S. alone. They are all interconnected through a vast transit tube network of high-speed underground rail systems powered by nuclear tunnel boring machines. These machines differ from traditional boring equipment in that they don't simply drill through rock and reinforce the tunnel with concrete. Instead, they operate at such high temperatures that they melt the rock as they go. The result is a vitrified, glass-like tunnel wall that stabilizes itself as the machine moves forward. This self-sealing process largely eliminates the need for secondary construction, making tunnel creation both fast and permanent.

For decades, these high-speed tunnels have been constructed beneath the United States, and it's highly likely that a person could now travel from Washington D.C. or New York to Los Angeles in just 30 to 40 minutes using this hidden infrastructure. These systems are directly connected to the underground bases.

Some of these DUMBs were not originally built by humans. Certain factions of extraterrestrials, such as what we call the Greys, who have operated in alliance with reptilian races, had already constructed underground bases long before human involvement. Over time, some of these bases were either co-opted or expanded by human military forces. The most well-known of these is the Dulce Base in New Mexico, but there are many others. It's likely that nearly every U.S. state with a significant population hosts at least one of these installations.

In essence, DUMBs are secret military complexes, often existing beneath mountains, deserts, or cities, built for advanced research, interspecies cooperation, containment, and sometimes darker purposes. They remain far larger, older, and more technologically advanced than the public could possibly imagine.

I remember standing in an elevator facing a panel of buttons, the numbers running from one at the top down to twelve at the bottom. If my memory is correct, those numbers marked the levels below. I think that the lighted button was either six or eight, although I'm not certain. Interestingly, the time it took to arrive at our destination seemed a lot longer than in a conventional elevator. I don't know if it was because the elevator was slow or the levels were very deep underground. After a few minutes the elevator came to a stop and the double doors slid open to reveal two long hallways. One was directly in front of us, perpendicular to the elevator doors and then one was parallel to the doorways. Imagine a capital "T" shape where the elevator is at the junction of the two lines.

There were no discerning features to the walls except that they were painted a light mint green. There were quite a few doors lining both

sides of the hall. They weren't close to one another, say about thirty feet apart or so. But the hallway was very long, it must have been two to three hundred feet long. All I remember after this was exiting the elevator and walking straight for quite a while and passing a few doors before my memory ends abruptly.

I was brought to a room, cold and clinical. I was briefed, assigned a handler, and initiated into a program that would become my life for the next twenty years. It's colloquially called the 'Twenty-and-Back Program, though I know that's not what the Government referred to it as.

I trained in flight systems, off-world survival, telepathic resistance, and advanced technologies. Telepathic resistance involved learning how to shield my thoughts from being read or influenced by others, both human and non-human. It was a kind of mental armor, allowing me to maintain autonomy and protect sensitive information even in the presence of powerful telepathic beings. We worked closely with extraterrestrial groups, the Greys, the Mantis-like overseers, and a Nordic-looking race that carried an air of ancient wisdom. There was structure, like a military unit, but also an undercurrent of something more spiritual. Not religious, but galactic; like we were agents of balance, not war.

The next thing I remember is being in a room that looked nearly identical to the one I was in when my own memories were unlocked. But this time, I wasn't the person on the table, I was the technician. The room was small, sterile, and familiar: stainless steel walls, low lighting, and that same clinical feel you get in a surgical suite. Sitting on the stainless-steel table in front of me was a young woman, no more than twenty-five years old. Her dark, shining black hair was pulled back into a tight bun at the back of her head. Her skin was olive-toned, and despite the tears streaming down her face, she was strikingly beautiful.

She was tormented by something she had experienced. Whatever it was, it had shaken her to the core. She was visibly injured with her

right arm in a sling, her shoulder and neck slightly swollen, her face bearing the signs of recent trauma. She looked at me with pleading eyes, begging me to take the memories away.

I believe we were alone in that room, which was unusual, although I can't say that with absolute certainty. What I do know is that I had in my hand an official set of orders. I remember staring at the paper, trying to focus on the text. But as I recall it now, the printed words are blurred and out of focus, as if my memory has a security filter over it. The only clear part of the order was a set of dates. The beginning date, time, and year were listed, followed by an end date and time; one that I realized was only a few days prior to the moment I stood there with her.

For example, and this is just a placeholder, something like April 17, 1987, to April 21, 1987. To an outsider, this would make no sense. But to me, those dates were a complete set of instructions. I knew exactly what to do.

I reached out and placed a hand gently on her shoulder. I smiled at her, hoping to offer some comfort. I gave her a reassuring pat, then turned away and faced a small stainless steel rolling cart next to the table, just to my left. On top of the cart was a device I remember clearly, a textured black or dark cobalt-blue metal box, about twelve inches wide, eight inches deep, and sloped in height: three inches tall at the front, five inches at the back.

On the surface of this box was a simple keypad, reminiscent of a 1970s ten-key calculator. The buttons likely contained numbers from one through zero, along with specific function keys to input dates and times. A small cable extended from the back of the device into the cart's drawer below it. It was as if the cable was placed inside the drawer, which had been closed, pinching the cable in place.

I pressed the top-right button on the keypad to indicate the month input, then entered two digits for the month, such as zero-four for April. I pressed the button below that to input the day, entering

something like one-seven. Below that was the year button, and I entered one-nine-eight-seven for the year. Just above this keypad, there were two buttons side by side and a small digital screen, backlit in green, much like an old-school alarm clock readout.

I pressed the left button of the two, and input the end date, just as I had for the beginning date. After completing the sequence, I pressed the right-hand button to finalize the process.

This technology, as unusual as it sounds, correlates with known research into targeted memory manipulation and time-encoded neurostimulation. Declassified CIA programs and DARPA-funded neuroscience studies have explored ways to both erase and insert memories using electromagnetic fields, ultrasound, and light-based devices. In recent years, researchers at institutions such as MIT and Kyoto University have successfully manipulated memory traces in mice using optogenetics; activating or suppressing specific engrams in the hippocampus. While the mainstream reports focus on animal models, it's widely believed in black project circles that similar techniques have been perfected for human use, far beyond what the public knows.

Devices like the one I used on that day likely employed a combination of electromagnetic pulses, scalar energy fields, and quantum frequency modulation. Scalar fields, in particular, have the potential to interact directly with consciousness and memory storage at a vibrational level. The input of dates wasn't arbitrary. It was likely programming specific windows of experience for removal or suppression, aligning with temporal markers in her consciousness field.

I don't know what that young woman had gone through, but it must have been something beyond what she could endure. It was my role, in that moment, to help her forget.

I understand the previous description might sound confusing, so let me clarify exactly what I did. The orders the young woman handed

to me contained only a beginning date and time, and an end date and time. That was all I needed. I entered these into the device as instructed. The reason for this is that human memory, is time-stamped by frequency. As time moves forward, the frequency signature of memory changes ever so slightly, like a cosmic clock ticking in the background of our consciousness.

If you want to erase someone's memories, you don't remove specific events the way it's often portrayed in movies. As far as I'm aware, human technology doesn't allow for the erasure of individual, isolated memories. But what you can do is erase entire blocks of time because those experiences are bound together by a shared vibrational frequency range. You bracket the time period by setting a start point and an end point, then scramble that frequency band. Once scrambled, the brain can no longer access those memories. They aren't destroyed; they're simply unreachable. Later in this book, I'll go deeper into how memories and consciousness are tied to our DNA on a quantum level, but for now, just know that frequency manipulation is the key.

After I entered the dates and times, I reached into the drawer and retrieved the same type of device I remembered from the time my own memories were unlocked. It was silver, about nine inches long, and had a circular ring at the top. Unlike the device used on me, this one had no pyramidal stone attached. A small cable extended from its base, as if it were being charged inside the drawer. I can't recall whether I unplugged it or if it stayed connected, but I took it in hand and placed it near her right temple.

At some point, I must have asked her to lie down, or maybe she did so instinctively, but by the time I was ready, she was laying calmly on the table with her eyes closed. On the back side of the device was a tiny button, its only function was to turn the device on while pressed. As soon as you released it, it switched off again.

I pressed the button and held the device to her temple. There was no sound, no vibration, no visual cue to suggest anything was

happening, but I knew it was working. I held it there for less than a minute, then placed it back into the drawer and closed it.

When I looked back at the young woman, she was visibly different. Her tears had stopped. Her face, once contorted in emotional pain, relaxed into a peaceful calm. After a minute or so, she opened her eyes, looked at me, and smiled. She began to sit up. My memory of that moment ends there.

I know I did this kind of work for quite some time. I remember helping young men who were battle-worn and broken, torn apart by things they had seen and done. Some of them begged me not to erase their memories. They wanted to remember. They wanted the pain because it felt like the only proof of what they had survived.

I heard those requests more than once, but I wasn't allowed to honor them. There was often an escort in the room when soldiers asked to keep their memories. The escort made sure I followed protocol. The soldier would leave the room calm and compliant, memories of horror locked away, unreachable, buried beneath scrambled frequencies.

Yes, I did feel bad for those who wanted to remember their experiences. I too was a victim of having my memory erased. I'll explain that experience later when I share how I exited the program.

I know I did this memory erasing work for several years. You may ask yourself how I've been able to process the guilt of erasing people's memories. Well, to be honest, I haven't completely. But I truly believed I was doing a service to these tormented souls. I could see the trauma and suffering most of them were experiencing and I felt by erasing their memories, the suffering would stop. What I didn't understand was the power of the mind and soul. That when a person wants to remember they will. Unfortunately, these memories can be traumatizing, and remembering them especially in full, can

drive some to self-destruction. I've even tried to escape the memories that I worked so hard to recall.

These traumatized people are all around you. There are many thousands of us, and we're diagnosed with conditions that are in no way accurate. We're simply suffering with a mind in turmoil. A mind that wants to remember so it can process and hopefully let these experiences go. When we try to share these memories, we're often ridiculed and shunned. This is no help to the already suffering soul within. My great desire is to help others in this situation. I've processed most of these memories and I did it all by myself. I was misunderstood by everyone, me included. But over time and with great effort, I began to accept these memories as just that, a memory. The experiences I had were what made me who I am today and frankly, I wouldn't change a thing!

How the United States Military

Accesses and Erases Memory

The concept of accessing and deleting human memory has long been considered the stuff of science fiction. But for those of us who have lived through the classified programs run by factions within the United States military and intelligence communities, this is not science fiction — it is science fact.

Memory is not just stored in the brain like data in a computer. It is a complex network of electrical impulses, biochemical reactions, and quantum-level interactions that connect to our DNA and consciousness field. Recent research in neuroscience has confirmed that memory is not simply a linear recording of events but an active, reconstructive process. This makes it vulnerable to manipulation.

How Memory Is Time-Stamped

One of the key technologies used by the military involves understanding that memory is “time-stamped” by frequency. As time progresses, the frequency of our conscious and subconscious memories shifts ever so slightly, like a unique vibration encoding our experiences in a specific moment. Studies in neurobiology have shown that each memory creates a neural engram; a pattern of activity stored across various regions of the brain. These patterns are layered with emotional resonance, sensory input, and temporal encoding.

The military learned how to read and catalog these personal frequencies. Once they had your vibrational profile, they could access your neural signature and use specific devices to target precise periods of memory. Time itself is an inter-dimensional waveform, and each moment has a measurable crest and trough, a set of frequency markers. By knowing these values, they could identify specific memory windows and erase them cleanly, using a device placed at the temple. A device I not only used on others but was also used on me.

But the brain is not the only repository of memory. What scientists used to call “junk DNA” is anything but useless. It functions as a living antenna system, capable of transmitting and receiving information through scalar waves. Emerging theoretical and experimental studies propose that DNA itself functions as a scalar antenna, capable of transmitting and receiving information across time and space. For example, Konstantin Meyl’s work demonstrates that DNA emits longitudinal (scalar) waves that align with known biophoton frequencies and could be used to transmit genetic information between cells.

But memory is not stored only in the brain. What was once dismissed as junk DNA, plays a critical role, not only in gene regulation but also, according to subtle energy researcher Jack Stucki, as a multidimensional antenna for thought forms and conscious experience. Stucki’s decades of work suggest that our DNA carries

patterns shaped by our thoughts; what he refers to as “thought forms” and that these signatures resonate through scalar wave fields, influencing what we manifest in both present and future timelines.

These waves are not bound by linear time. They can send and receive information across past, present, and potential futures. This means that our DNA is more than a biological instruction manual; it is a multidimensional receiver, storing the soul’s record and allowing memory to travel beyond the confines of the brain.

These scientific findings show that DNA is much more than a passive code; it is a living antenna system, capable of broadcasting and receiving scalar wave information across temporal dimensions.

This is why memory erasure is never absolute. Even when the brain is targeted, the body still carries the record. The DNA holds the echo, broadcasting what was suppressed and waiting for the right conditions to restore what was hidden. In my case, meditation, spiritual practice, and direct guidance eventually unlocked these stored transmissions, allowing fragments of erased experience to re-emerge with clarity.

Opening the Hidden Layers of Consciousness

Through meditation, we can learn to silence the constant chatter of the analytical mind and allow the brain to slip into deeper states of awareness. When this happens, the rigid filters of everyday thought relax, and we begin to access layers of information that are normally hidden from our conscious awareness.

Science recognizes several primary states of consciousness in the brain, and each one resonates with a different layer of density:

Beta (3rd Density Awareness) – The waking, analytical state we use in daily life. It is focused on logic, problem-solving, and interaction with the external world. This aligns with 3rd density, where the focus is on selfhood, survival, and navigating duality.

Alpha (Bridge to 4th Density) – The relaxed, creative, and meditative state. Here intuition awakens and the subconscious becomes accessible. This corresponds with the early steps into 4th density, where the heart begins to open and unity becomes more real.

Theta (Deep 4th Density Consciousness) – The deep meditative or dream state, often associated with healing, creativity, and access to superconscious guidance. This reflects the deeper resonance of 4th density, where higher perception and expanded connection emerge.

Delta (Source Resonance / 8th Density) – The state of deep, dreamless sleep. It is the slowest brainwave frequency, linked with profound healing, regeneration, and direct connection with the unconscious. Delta reflects the 8th density field, the gateway to Source, where individuality dissolves into oneness.

Gamma (Integration Across Densities) – The highest measurable state, linked to heightened awareness, compassion, peak focus, and mystical experiences. Monks in deep meditation often show strong Gamma activity. Gamma reflects the integration of all densities into a unified field, the point where the individual consciousness begins to experience itself as part of God/Source.

In daily life, when the brain is locked into Beta, the other states are suppressed. Beta dominates, shutting down access to Alpha, Theta, Delta, and Gamma. This is why most people cannot recall what is stored deep in the subconscious, or what is carried in the DNA as memory. The conscious mind acts as a gatekeeper, limiting awareness to the narrow bandwidth of 3rd density.

Meditation, prayer, and focused practice create a bridge. By quieting Beta activity, the brain naturally shifts into Alpha, and with practice into Theta and Delta. With deep dedication, one can also enter Gamma, where all states harmonize and a person experiences unity of consciousness. This is not just a brain function, but a spiritual function: the human nervous system is designed as a living prism,

mirroring the spectrum of densities. By tuning the brain's frequencies, we align with the cosmos itself.

The Technology Behind Memory Erasure

The United States military, along with other classified factions, has developed devices capable of erasing blocks of memory based on specific time frames. These devices operate on principles like transcranial magnetic stimulation (TMS), but at a far more advanced level, using a combination of electromagnetic pulses, piezoelectric energy, and scalar field emissions.

Scalar fields, first theorized by Nikola Tesla and later explored in quantum field theory, allow for non-local interactions with consciousness. These fields bypass the traditional limits of three-dimensional space, making it possible to influence the quantum field of memory storage directly.

Transferring Memory and Conscious Data

The process for transferring memory was similar. The technology could relocate conscious data between individuals or to secure storage units. This wasn't just theoretical, it was practiced. Consciousness and memory were treated as frequencies, patterns of information that could be copied, moved, or stored. This aligns with emerging scientific ideas about memory and consciousness not solely residing in the brain but as part of a broader informational field. Some researchers refer to this as holographic memory storage or field-based consciousness.

Mainstream research has begun to explore related technologies. For example:

Neurofeedback and brainwave entrainment can alter the electrical signatures of memory.

Electromagnetic pulse therapy (EMP-T) has been investigated for disrupting neural patterns associated with trauma.

Focused ultrasound has been shown to open the blood-brain barrier, allowing targeted interventions at the cellular level.

Optogenetics has demonstrated the ability to implant or remove memories in animal models using light-sensitive proteins and precision targeting.

Brain-to-brain interfaces, researched by DARPA and other agencies, have already shown the transfer of simple information between individuals using neural-linked devices.

These techniques are steps toward what black budget programs have already achieved: controlled memory erasure and transfer.

The Ethical Dilemma

In my role, I used these technologies on numerous individuals both men and women, who came to me broken, tormented by the things they had experienced. Some begged me not to erase their memories. They wanted to remember, to honor the sacrifices they had made or to carry the burden as part of their identity. But I was not given the authority to grant their requests. There was almost always an escort present to make sure I carried out my duties. Protocol dictated compliance. The soldiers would leave the room calm, compliant, and unaware of the horrors they had endured.

This is the reality of memory manipulation: it exists, it is being used, and it presents profound ethical challenges. But the technology itself is real and well beyond the edge of what the public currently understands.

Becoming an Off-World Asset to the United States

Immediately after I was brought out and all my memories were extracted and I remembered everything about who I was, the next several months, possibly even years, were filled with many forms of training. Part of this training involved learning to use the same kinds of devices they had used on me; machines capable of extracting memory, deleting memory, transferring consciousness, and even relocating the soul.

There were various types of machines involved, and I would later come to recreate one of them in civilian life here on Earth: the DEEMS Device. That's what I named it. The version I used in the military wasn't called that, of course, but the underlying principles were similar. Their version was electronic, and it could be programmed via computer to work with specific individuals. Every person has a unique vibrational frequency generated by the pineal gland. That frequency is created by calcite crystals within the pineal gland interacting with cerebrospinal fluid and other brain fluids under hydraulic pressure. This generates piezoelectric energy; an electrical frequency that is unique to everyone, like a fingerprint.

The military knew how to read and catalog these personal frequencies. Once they had yours, they could access your profile and use the devices to target specific periods of memory. If they wanted to delete a memory, for example, they would select a precise time range, say, from 8 a.m. on a Monday to 8 p.m. on Wednesday. They then entered the time-wave measurements associated with those dates. Time is a wave, and each point in time has a measurable crest and trough. By knowing these values, they could target and erase the memory cleanly using the device, holding it at the temple of your head.

The process for transferring memory was similar. The technology could relocate conscious data between individuals or storage units. This wasn't theory; it was practiced.

The device used by the U.S. military's Secret Space Program to transfer memory, shift consciousness, and erase memory was not the

same as the one I later created and called the DEEMS Device. The DEEMS Device was inspired by that original technology, but they are fundamentally different in design and purpose. The military's device was fully electronic, capable of doing much more than altering memory; it could also relieve pain, accelerate tissue regeneration, and promote healing. But because it was programmable, it could also be used for purposes that were anything but benevolent.

When I recreated the concept, I removed the possibility of misuse entirely. The DEEMS Device is fully magnetic, with no programming capability, and cannot be directed toward any nefarious ends. It is dedicated solely to healing, pain relief, and energetic work, designed to help humanity rather than control it. Transforming that technology into a safe, purely beneficial tool was not an accident; it was one of the agreements I made during the negotiations for my third 20-year service term; it was a promise to bring this device to Earth for the betterment of others.

And in an unexpected way, the DEEMS Device returned the favor. When I built and used it years later, it helped unlock the very memories I had once been made to forget, bringing my life's true story back into the light.

From Age Advancement to Military Assignment

Unlocking my memories after I was age advanced, was only the beginning. Having the full story back in my mind didn't mean I was ready to step seamlessly into the role ahead of me. While I now remembered my past lives, my agreements, and my purpose for serving, I quickly realized there were gaps — especially in the practical skills needed to navigate human and military life.

I had to be taught many things at this time because although all my memories of past lives and my agreement to serve came through, and was comprehended by me, my common sense was lacking. I was seated like a school child at a desk in a room with a few other men

and women. There couldn't have been more than four or five of us total. We all seemed to be in the same state of mind which was much more galactic than earthly. We had the larger concepts of who we were and why we were there understood, but the skills needed to get along with other military personnel and humans seemed to be lacking. We watched movies a lot. Mostly about human behavior and social skills.

That strange classroom phase didn't last forever. In time, our lessons shifted from theory to practice, moving us out of the training rooms and into real-world environments where those social and operational skills would be tested. One of my clearest memories from that time places me in a desert — likely here on Earth — at a small above-ground base with four buildings.

The three buildings on the East side of the compound weren't what one would consider permanent buildings. They were more like prefabricated single story buildings which had been recently set up for use. They were approximately twenty feet wide and thirty feet long. They were medium grey with some wood trim which hadn't been painted. This trim was around windows which had recently been installed. Some buildings had windows which were freshly covered up, depending on which building it was. My memory of this is of me in a grey military uniform, one which was clearly a low-ranking individual. I had a rifle, radio and black boots and belt. It was a very plain uniform with no noticeable insignia or markings. As I recall looking down at myself, all I see is black and grey.

Apparently, I was on guard duty as I walked back and forth from one building to the other. The buildings were arranged with three aligned end-to-end with about thirty feet between them and a slight angle to create a gentle curve to a crescent moon shape. There was another building, a larger one about thirty feet wide by sixty feet long. There was a cyclone fence running behind the buildings and past the driveway, which was between the last building in the curve and the larger building. This configuration of the buildings gave a

semi-compound feeling to the place. It seemed secure, but not highly secure. I imagine it was because on the other side of the fence was miles of desert. The compound had very few visitors. Those that did come, came mostly at night.

The ground was covered in gravel. It was large as gravel goes, about one-and-a-half or two inches in diameter. The sound which was created as my boots compressed the stones will always remain with me. I can mostly remember the sound of each step as I walked from one end of the compound to the other, in slow repetition in the dry desert air.

The compound felt stark, empty, and isolating. There were four buildings in total, each serving a distinct function. If you imagined the layout as a crescent moon, with the two tips pointing toward twelve o'clock and six o'clock, the top (twelve o'clock) would represent north, and the bottom (six o'clock) would point south.

Positioned in this configuration, the smaller buildings sat to the east, while the larger structure was to the west. The southernmost point of the crescent housed the medical facility. The middle building, I believe, served as the administration hub. The northernmost building was the most mysterious, it had all its windows completely covered. On the eastern side of this building, a large electrical annex extended outward, humming with hidden power.

Most of the daily activity revolved around this northern building. Meanwhile, the larger structure to the west functioned as both the mess hall and living quarters, where personnel gathered for meals and rest between duties.

The purpose of the compound was somewhat nefarious. I didn't have a clear understanding of what took place there, but what I was aware of made me uncomfortable and sick. The northernmost building was the most frightening. I don't know exactly what went on there, but it wasn't good. When you walked through the door and entered the building, the first thing you were struck with was a very

pungent smell of disinfectant, feces, urine and vomit. There was a wall blocking the entrance in a way that nobody from the outside could see directly in. Once you walked past this small wall, you entered what looked like a classroom from some horror film. There were four or five rows of three chairs hanging from the ceiling from metal chains. There was a bar that would slide up and down along the chains, allowing a body to access the seat then be lowered to keep them secured. There was a series of electrical cables running along the ceiling going from chair to chair.

There was a desk at the head of the room, facing the hanging chairs. The desk was a standard military secretarial type desk, but the top was grey rubber. The drawer on the right-hand side of the desk, (as one would see if they were sitting at the desk facing the chairs), pulled out to reveal a panel of rocker type switches. There was a dry erase board on the wall behind the desk and a projector screen hanging on the ceiling over it. Interestingly, I don't remember a projector in the room. Although there was a large black box attached to the ceiling between the desk and the first row of hanging chairs.

The room was clean at appearance, except for the odor. The floor was lined with what looked like a rolled-out linoleum with white and yellow patterns. The linoleum was rolled up the wall a few inches all around the room. It was as if the floor was made so that the room could be flushed with water to clean it out. The walls were a light yellow-green color with nothing hung on them except for a dry erase board. There was four-foot fluorescent lighting on the ceiling, and a slight humming accompanied the space. It truly was the thing of nightmares.

I don't recall being in the room when it was occupied, although that may be by choice because the suffering that went on there must have been extreme. I'm sure that's not a memory I would enjoy. Having said that, I do have memories of the young boys I escorted to-and-from this nightmare. When I say young, I mean from about five or six to eleven or twelve as best as I can recall. I know that they were

seated in the hanging chairs and electrocuted. I don't know exactly why, but it seems it was a conditioning or brainwashing of some sort.

I don't know who the boys were or where they came from. I don't remember any of their races, but I do recall that most of them were light skinned. They were all sad and seemed to be drugged to keep them calm and compliant. I hated being there with every fiber of my being. I knew this was wrong, but I was under orders, and I too was basically a young boy, who was also obedient and compliant.

There was very little I could do to help these boys, and I believe I've blocked out most of the memories of this experience. But there is one time I can recall with certain clarity. I was called to the classroom one day as I walked my beat from one end of the complex to the other. I opened the door and in the small space between the door and the wall blocking the view, stood a young boy about nine years old. He was standing there slightly hunched over, clutching his stomach in pain; obviously ill. I knew what I was meant to do and it was to escort him to the first building where the medical facilities were. As we walked slowly to the infirmary, this young boy was clearly in distress. He was crying and asking for his mom and dad. I walked beside him with my hand on his back, as if to guide and encourage him. As we approached the building and were about twenty feet away, he stopped, unable to continue. My heart was breaking, and I questioned my own morals and fortitude. If we hadn't been so far from any hope of escaping the vast desert, I think I would have picked him up and taken him away. Instead, I knelt in front of him, looked into his eyes and said, "I'm so sorry." I simply didn't know what else to say.

He looked at me, but with a distance in his eyes. I began to stand up, solely focused on getting him the medical attention he needed when he vomited on my boots. He seemed terrified that he had done this to me, afraid of some backlash that certainly would never come. Instead, I assured him it was OK as we continued to the infirmary.

My memory of this event ends there.

Looking back, in a way I feel that I failed that young man and all the boys there. I failed myself by not making the right and highest spiritual choice by trying to save them. Even though I know that we could never have escaped the hell of that place and it may have directly resulted in our deaths, I still feel as if I failed them and that will be a part of me for the rest of my life.

Chapter Five

Engines of Light: The Density Drive

and Travel Beyond Time

Before we move into my life on Mimas, I need to talk about something that defies most conventional understanding: how we get from one star system to another, from one density to another, and even, at times, from one timeline to another.

This isn't science fiction; it's science that hasn't been disclosed yet.

When a Ship Is Not Just a Ship

When I served in the Twenty-and-Back program, we didn't hop between planets using rocket fuel. There were no chemical boosters or metal fuel tanks strapped to giant engines. The ships I traveled on used something far more advanced. Something alive, in a way.

I call it the density engine, as I don't remember the actual name of the technology.

That term doesn't mean much to a mainstream audience, but once you've seen one in action, and more importantly, felt its effects on your body, your thoughts, and even your soul, you come to understand that these ships aren't just built to move through space. They're built to move through reality itself.

Understanding Densities

Let me lay a bit of groundwork.

Densities are not the same as dimensions, although they're often confused. Dimensions are spatial, up/down, left/right, time, etc. Densities are vibrational. Think of them as channels on a cosmic

radio dial. Each density corresponds to a particular frequency band of consciousness and energy.

Third density is where most of Earth operates; where time feels linear, matter is hard, and individuality dominates. Fourth density brings greater interconnectedness and heart-centered awareness. Fifth and beyond deal with non-locality, collective intelligence, and the dissolution of separation altogether.

Now, higher-density beings and civilizations don't travel across space the way we think of it. They phase into the frequency that matches their destination.

That's what the density engine does.

It doesn't push a craft forward, it shifts its vibration, allowing it to slip from one density/frequency to another.

Mechanics of the Density Engine

From what I saw and experienced, the density engine combines exotic materials, consciousness-based technology, and what some might call "plasma fields;" though not the kind of plasma taught in physics classes.

These fields aren't just energetic, they're alive in a way that responds to thought, intention, and group coherence. You can't fly one of these ships unless your mental and emotional state is calibrated. That's why telepaths and empaths like me were so carefully handled: we could interface with these ships not with joysticks, but with minds.

The density engine generates what's called a resonant field displacement. Imagine a bubble of vibratory frequency enveloping the ship. That bubble allows the craft to decouple from third-density space-time and shift into another vibrational field entirely.

When done correctly, this allows for what we would interpret as faster-than-light travel. But in truth, it's not about going faster. It's about bypassing space altogether. This isn't "warp speed." This is frequency matching.

How Faster-than-Light Travel Is Actually Achieved

Light-speed limits only apply within third-density physics. Once you're outside that system, once you're no longer bound by the electromagnetic field of our solar system or by linear time, you're operating by different laws altogether.

Here's an analogy: imagine Earth space-time as a sheet of paper. A conventional ship travels along the surface of that page. However, a ship equipped with a density engine, folds the paper, punching through and appearing at another point instantly.

Some ships use what's known as toroidal field propulsion, where the craft is surrounded by a spinning torus of energy, creating a "skin" that harmonizes with external space. This neutralizes inertia and creates a kind of "quantum bubble" around the ship.

From within this bubble, time becomes elastic.

Space bends and movement becomes more like repositioning yourself in a multidimensional matrix rather than moving forward in a straight line.

Why the Human Body Needs Protection

One of the reasons the density engine is not public knowledge is because our unprepared biology can't easily handle it. Most human nervous systems, when exposed to sudden vibrational shifts, go into shock. In the programs, we were acclimated slowly, often using stasis

chambers or neural dampening fields to prepare our minds and bodies for the sudden expansion in perception.

There were times, especially early on, when I came back from missions and couldn't remember how I got there. Not because I was unconscious, but because my linear mind couldn't reconcile the non-linear journey. I would step onto a platform, and seconds later be standing on another world. No stars whizzing past. No cinematic blastoff. Just the quiet hum of harmonic resonance and a soft flicker in the air; and then, arrival.

That's the reality of faster-than-light travel: it's not fast. It's resonant.

Why This Matters Now

Earth is moving toward a stage where this kind of technology can no longer be kept secret. And it's not just about travel; it's about the evolution of consciousness itself. Once you understand how density engines work, you begin to understand that the universe is not limited by distance or speed, but by awareness.

As human consciousness expands — and it is expanding — these engines will seem less like magic and more like mirrors of our own untapped potential. They reflect where we're headed: not just across the stars, but beyond the known edges of reality itself. And I've been there.

I've felt what it's like to exist outside of time. I've stood aboard ships that aren't built with nuts and bolts but with intention, geometry, and song. I've walked corridors that pulse with awareness and communicated with beings who don't speak with mouths, but with frequencies of love, curiosity, and knowing.

This chapter of my life wasn't just about traveling between planets; it was about remembering who and what we really are.

And that story begins, truly, on Mimas.

Chapter Six

Transfer to Mimas

After finishing my first twenty years of service to the United States military, I reached a crossroads. It was time to decide if I'd sign on for another twenty years. But for me, this decision wasn't sudden; it had been part of my life's blueprint from before I was born. My plan had always been to serve my first twenty years under the military, then transition into the next phase of service, which meant moving beyond Earth entirely. My goal wasn't to stay in the U.S. military forever but to serve with a branch of the United Nations; a version of the UN most people don't even know exists. This is a UN that operates off planet, on space stations, colonies, and planetary bases throughout the galaxy. Their work truly represents the whole of Earth, and humanity as a species, not just individual nations.

When the time came to renew my service, I met with my handler. At first, I couldn't say for sure if we were on Earth, on a ship in orbit, or somewhere else off planet. But what I do remember clearly was the small office where we spoke. The room was no larger than eight by ten feet. The walls were a light dove grey or perhaps a tan color, with a chair rail running around the perimeter. Below the rail, the walls were darker — black, red and grey, like a marbled pattern. The desk in front of me had a black surface.

Sitting across from me was my handler, a Caucasian man in his mid-to-late forties. He had salt-and-pepper hair, a bit of extra weight around his midsection, but not much. His face was rounded, his jaw square, and clean-shaven. He wore his usual dark blue uniform, however this time with no coat, just a long-sleeved shirt with front pockets and shoulder straps. There were no patches or insignia on the uniform. The only indication of his rank was the gold braid on the cap he had set to his right on the desk. That shiny gold band stood out against the dark blue fabric, and it caught my attention more than once.

He looked at me with his sharp blue eyes, tilted his head slightly, and said, "Well, twenty more?" We both knew the answer to that already. I was moving on to the Mimas station.

As he spoke, my attention drifted to the porthole behind his head. A light, perhaps a ship, slid silently from right to left. We were clearly in space.

That's where my memory of the meeting fades, as if someone had quietly turned the page to the next scene. When it picks up again, I'm being escorted down a walkway that feels like the inside of a battleship or submarine. Everything is painted battleship grey. I walk along a narrow metal catwalk, ducking slightly beneath overhead piping and conduits. To my left is a bank of lockers; to my right, a sunken seating area with boxy benches about five feet long, each covered in a cushion and black vinyl. Each bench has seat belts and a breathing mask hanging from the ceiling at chest height.

In front of me walked a man in his mid-twenties, wearing a grey jumpsuit and black boots. He was shorter than me, but he still had to bend to clear the same low-hanging pipe I did. We reached a door that reminded me of a submarine hatch, complete with a locking mechanism. He opened it, and we stepped into a hallway that was different from anything I'd seen before.

The right wall was solid metal, but the left wall had a row of windows about two feet high and six feet wide, running along the hall's entire length. The hallway was about sixty feet long and curved slightly to the right. The ceiling was high — maybe fourteen to twenty feet. Through the windows, I could see deep space. There were millions of stars, and distant lights darting back and forth. Small craft, I assumed, reflecting sunlight as they moved in and out of shadows. There had to be a nearby star because the light was coming in bright from the left.

To the right, between large structural beams that arched from the floor to the ceiling and back down again, were the stasis chambers.

These weren't like the sci-fi versions you see in movies. They were cylindrical, about two-and-a-half feet in diameter, and seven feet tall. Each one was tilted slightly back allowing the occupant to lean against it. They had small windows at eye level and a keypad. The exterior was the same grey as the ship, but the inside was a soft yellow green, padded with gel-like material from head to toe.

As I walked past the chambers, I started to realize that this was my destination. That's when the anxiety hit me hard. I tried to look inside the darkened chambers. I thought I saw shapes, maybe people, but it was hard to tell.

Halfway down the hall, my escort stopped, approached one of the chambers, and opened it. As the door released, I heard a soft hum and felt a cool rush of highly oxygenated air hit me in the face. It calmed me a little, but my heart was still pounding. He gave me a head nod and look that said, "Get in."

I stepped inside and leaned back against the gel padding. The man moved quickly, like he'd done this a hundred times. He pulled a strap across my midsection and clicked it into place. Then he strapped my knees, ankles, and upper chest. My breathing sped up; panic crept in. But the rush of air coming from a vent near my head helped keep me from passing out. Strangely it was then that I realized how hungry I was.

My arms weren't strapped below the elbows, which gave me a little relief. I remember thinking, "If I have to, I can still reach over and unbuckle myself."

Then came the worst part, he pulled a double strap over my forehead and chin. That almost sent me over the edge into full-blown panic. But then my handler appeared from the left, smiled gently, and said, "You'll be fine. I'll be here when you wake." That helped. His presence always did.

The chamber door closed. My ears popped from the pressure change, my heart raced, and my vision blurred. Everything faded to black.

What felt like only seconds later, the door opened again. My handler reached in, released the strap over my head, and patted my face. I wasn't fully conscious, but I do remember the relief I felt as the other straps came off.

That's where that memory ends. But the next thing I recall is being on Mimas, and meeting not only humans but also a race of blue-skinned beings who would play a key role in my next chapter.

The Role of Stasis Chambers

Not all Earth ships can travel faster than light, so journeys between distant locations can take a considerable amount of time. Stasis chambers, like the one I was placed in, serve a few important purposes during those trips. First, they halt the aging process, suspending you in time so your body doesn't wear down while traveling between stars. They also protect individuals, especially telepaths and empaths, by placing them in a state where their thoughts and energy signatures cannot be detected by passing ships. This prevents other races from scanning the vessel and discovering sensitive information or identifying key personnel on board.

But for people like me, telepaths and empaths, there's another reason for stasis: protection. When you're flying through space, other civilizations might scan your ship. If they find telepaths onboard, they'll often try to pull information from them. Stasis chambers make that impossible. By shutting down both body and consciousness, you become invisible to that kind of scanning.

While I've mentioned stasis pods before, this is the deeper reason for them. It's not just about surviving long-distance travel, it's about protecting sensitive minds. That stasis chamber marked the

beginning of my next twenty-year term, this time off world, orbiting Saturn on the Mimas station.

Arrival at Mimas

I don't remember the moment of arriving at Mimas. My memories simply begin with me already being on the station. But before I get into the interactions I had there and why they were so impactful, I need to explain what Mimas really is.

Mimas is, from the Earth perspective, a natural moon. It formed from the debris Saturn pulled into its gravitational field, just like many of Saturn's other moons. The first person to officially discover and classify Mimas was the English astronomer William Herschel, in September 17, 1789. Nearly two centuries later, on November 12, 1980, the Voyager 1 probe took the first close-up photos of Mimas. That's when it earned the nickname, the "Death Star Moon." If you've seen pictures of Mimas, you'll notice the massive Herschel Crater. It makes the moon look strikingly like the Death Star from Star Wars.

Now, some people say that's just a coincidence. But from what I know, that's not the case at all. People who are in the "know," the ones with access to off world information often work with Hollywood writers and filmmakers to insert certain truths into fiction. It's called soft disclosure. For example, although George Lucas received credit for writing Star Wars, the original manuscript was written by Alan Dean Foster. Alan worked closely with beings from the Confederation of Planets. They wanted to use film and media, just like they did with Carl Sagan and others, to plant seeds of truth in the public consciousness. Interestingly, these writers are often unaware of their cosmic communication, often referring instead to having a "muse".

The first Star Wars film came out in 1977. In it, the Empire — who represent the Orion Syndicate in real life — built the Death Star, a

massive space station capable of destroying planets. But here's where it gets interesting: the design of the Death Star was created several years before Voyager 1 captured the first images of Mimas in 1980. If you compare the Death Star from Star Wars with actual photos of Mimas, you'll see they look practically identical. That's not just chance. The Confederation of Planets, who operate and reside within the real Mimas station, wanted humanity to know they exist. They've grown frustrated by the secrecy and the control systems on Earth that keep humanity in the dark. They believe we have a right to know about the vast diversity of life throughout the cosmos.

But I digress.

Mimas is about 123 miles in radius, relatively small compared to other moons but massive by human standards. There's an ocean beneath the central and southern portions of the moon, and NASA has detected multiple temperature variations there, which remain a mystery to them. What mainstream science doesn't account for is that Mimas exists across multiple densities. That's true of nearly all things in the universe.

If you were to travel to Mimas in the third or fourth density; the density we currently perceive, you'd just see a rocky moon with a large crater. But Mimas, in truth, resides primarily in the eighth density. What does that mean? The discussion of densities is complex and could fill entire volumes, but the simplest way to put it is this: the higher the density, the more reality is revealed. At higher densities, you see beyond the surface. You see the truth of things.

And that's where my journey on Mimas really began.

I know that's cryptic, let me explain it this way. Earth's ships have engines which can propel the ship at great speed. But they also have an engine which can move the vessel from one density to another. As a ship from earth approaches Mimas, they see a rocky moon. They then turn on what's called a density engine. This engine creates an electromagnetic field or skin around the ship which looks a lot

like blue plasma. This field can be adjusted on a frequency level. The operator then can adjust the frequency of the plasma surrounding the ship to the frequency of the density they wish to visit. When they do so, the rocky moon then transforms into a fully metallic space station, (just like the Death Star) as the ship is now matching the density level of the station, in full eighth density.

Once the ship and the station are of the same frequency, the ship can dock either within the station, or alongside it, depending on the ship's configuration and size. The ship I arrived on, docked alongside it, although it was still vastly outsized by the station. Similar by comparison to a grain of rice and a basketball. It should be noted here that the ship I most often arrived on was about the size of Manhattan Island. This should give you a good idea of the size of the station.

Mimas is a beautiful station. It has hundreds of levels. Its interior has oceans and habitats for a number of beings from aquatic life to life living in a very high vibratory state where the temperature can vary by thousands of degrees.

Every level section of the station is custom designed for the inhabitants. For example, we humans require a third density environment with temperatures from above freezing to about ninety degrees. There are many beings which also thrive within this temperature boundary. We also require an atmosphere similar to Earth's, a gravitational field and air to breathe which is mostly nitrogen and oxygen and yes there are many beings who can also thrive under these or similar conditions. But not all beings can, so there are many different sections to the station to accommodate them.

Life on the station was rigid. We worked in cycles of six-hour shifts, rotating training, and communal meals. Gravity was artificial, maintained by systems we were not allowed to inspect. Walking on

the station was unusual and odd. It was like walking on a soft surface, as if the floor was giving way beneath each footfall. Our boots were military issue and had magnetic systems in the soles, which interacted with the flooring itself. Gravity was both natural, created by the moon itself, and systems built by the original inhabitants through the process of thought and manifestation.

Some sections of Mimas were off-limits to humans not because we were unwelcome, but because the extreme density and the environmental conditions were not conducive to human survival. I have a fragment of a memory, where I once glimpsed a triangular chamber humming with violet light and was immediately escorted out by non-human beings.

What I would later understand is that Mimas, although originally formed naturally from Saturn's rings and nearby material, had been transformed. In its native eighth-density form where it truly resides, it is vastly different from what we see through telescopes. It is more metallic, hollow, and contains vast oceans beneath its surface. These oceans are not only natural but were one of the primary reasons Mimas was selected for habitation and multidimensional work. Mimas is inhabited by a variety of non-human intelligences of which operate across densities and work in resonance with the energies of the moon.

There were, without exaggeration, hundreds of different races represented at the Mimas facility. Some had permanent embassies stationed there, operating as diplomatic or observational delegations. Others were temporary guests; visitors passing through on various missions or participating in specific cooperative efforts.

Mimas Station was designed with incredible intentionality to accommodate an extraordinary range of physical forms. Every aspect of its architecture reflected this, from varied atmospheric environments to scaled facilities for vastly different sizes and physiologies.

One race I remember distinctly looked very similar to humans but stood between 15 and 20 feet tall. They wore simple, loose-fitting garments reminiscent of linen or cotton. Even the restrooms were built to accommodate their proportions. I remember walking into one with urinals mounted nearly eight feet high. It was both comical and surreal. These beings, at least the males, had biological functions like ours, and they moved with a slow, graceful confidence. There weren't many of them, maybe four or five that I recall seeing regularly, but they left a strong impression.

Another race stood out as almost genetically identical to one another, suggesting they were likely cloned. They were around five-and-a-half feet tall, with smooth, sky-blue skin that was semi-translucent, similar in appearance to amphibians. Their skin changed hues depending on emotion or thought, much like how a human might blush. It was subtle but mesmerizing, shifting in various shades of blue with a faint shimmer, almost like embedded bioluminescence. Every male looked alike, every female looked alike. All had white hair, parted down the middle and cut evenly just above the shoulders; a style that was practical and identical across the group. They wore form-fitting uniforms that resembled latex or some rubber-like material, matching the sleek, clean appearance of their skin. Despite their sameness, they radiated warmth, kindness, and curiosity.

Then there was a species that could alter their physical shape for protection. They possessed arms, legs, and a head, but could retract these into their torsos, folding inward until they resembled a compact, egg-shaped form. The limbs flattened slightly during the transformation, like wings compressing into a shell. The process looked a lot like a crab withdrawing its limbs for protection. I never fully understood whether this was a defense mechanism, or something related to their biology, but the memory of seeing them transform left a deep impression. They wore smooth, nude-toned suits; likely made of latex or something similar that blended seamlessly with their skin, which had a warm, tannish-pink hue.

There are more, many more, but these are among the most vivid and frequently recalled beings that shared that space with us. I'll share more on this later, but for now let's talk a bit more about Mimas.

NASA has long puzzled over Mimas. Thermal imaging shows unexplained hot and cold spots that don't correspond with any known geothermal activity. These anomalies are caused by the energetic infrastructure and the presence of subsurface oceans. Additionally, Mimas exhibits a noticeable wobble in its rotation, another curiosity to Earth scientists. This wobble is largely due to the internal ocean and the advanced systems used to maintain balance and resonance within the moon. These signs, while confounding to mainstream astronomy, make perfect sense when one understands Mimas as a living, co-created being and one that bridges natural planetary formation with hyperdimensional engineering.

Mimas wasn't just a moon. It was a living archive. Beneath the surface were vaults of crystalline data, arks of species' histories, and sacred chambers that resonated with tones not heard by the human ear. I became a translator of sorts, not through language, but through frequency and intuition.

Jigidim; My Closest Friend on Mimas

I was paired with a guide; an Arcturian and Andromedin hybrid named Jigidim. He spoke both telepathically and verbally. Though his verbal speech was a bit difficult to understand at times.

Jigidim was more than a friend; he was family to me during my years on Mimas. From the first moment we met, there was an ease between us, as if we had known each other long before this lifetime. He had a quiet strength and a way of grounding me when the unfamiliar became overwhelming. Through the challenges, the long missions, and the quiet moments in between, Jigidim was there. His

presence was constant, a reminder that even far from Earth, I wasn't alone.

Jigidim was slender and stood just slightly taller than me; likely over six-foot-one. His body was elegant, almost wiry, and he usually wore a silver suit that looked like something out of a 1950s sci-fi movie. The material, however, was far more advanced. It was a moisture-wicking, self-regulating fabric that maintained a perfect internal temperature and recycled body fluids with sophisticated efficiency. The suit had a tall collar and was always immaculate.

His skin was a soft, almost metallic light blue interwoven with subtle shades of gray, giving him a gentle yet otherworldly appearance. His head was round, and his features were minimal with a small mouth, tiny nose, and round eyes. But those eyes... were unforgettable.

Looking into Jigidim's eyes and the eyes of others from his race, was like gazing into the vastness of deep space. There was a depth there, an endlessness, like staring into the cosmic void where galaxies drift and stars are born. It wasn't just sight; it was a feeling, like you were being pulled into something infinite, something beyond human comprehension.

Their eyes appeared to hold swirling gases and light, almost like nebulas suspended in a clear lens. The patterns and colors within Jigidims' eyes shifted with his emotions with soft sparkles of gold or lavender when he was at ease, darker tones when he was contemplative or concerned. I often caught myself staring at them. They were dynamic, alive, mesmerizing. He never seemed bothered by it and in fact, he was incredibly patient, even amused at times by my fascination.

Sometimes I wondered if the swirling colors and lights I saw were actual reflections of his inner world; like windows into a living cosmic consciousness or if they were simply his way of helping me comprehend something my human mind otherwise couldn't grasp. Either way, it had a grounding effect on me. Being in Jigidims'

presence reminded me of my place in the universe and of the vastness that exists beyond our limited earthly senses. In those moments, all the confusion and trauma of my earthly life seemed to fall away, replaced by a kind of awe and peace that I still can't fully explain.

Jigidim and I were close. He wasn't just a guide; he was a friend. Our bond lasted for the full forty years I spent on Mimas. He was a teacher, an ally, and a constant presence in my journey there.

There was another important relationship during my time on Mimas and that was my handler. He was the human representative I was required to report to for anything I needed. He acted as the face of the military on Mimas, and while our relationship began formally, over time we developed a closeness and understanding. I don't remember everything about him, but I remember what he looked like. He was a white male, fully human, about five foot ten, and slightly overweight, but not excessively so. His appearance shifted in my memory at times; sometimes he looked younger, sometimes older which I attribute to the body transfers and biological resets we underwent periodically. At one point we'd be in our thirties or forties, and then a few years later, we'd be young again. That can make it difficult to pinpoint specific memories in a strict chronological sense. But he was there. He was a constant. A grounding figure in the middle of an otherwise surreal existence.

The Reality of Stasis Protocols

For much of my time on Mimas, I was in stasis. I would estimate that I spent roughly seventy percent of my time that way. Stasis was used not only for preservation during travel but also as a protective measure. When working in telepathic fields or transporting sensitive individuals, we were often at risk of interception by outside forces, telepathic entities or even enemy races with the ability to scan ships remotely. They could detect if someone aboard was psychically

active and attempt to extract information. To prevent this, we were either placed in stasis chambers that operated within Faraday-type shielding environments, or aboard specially outfitted ships equipped with shielding structures, similar looking to Doppler radar domes which blocked all telepathic or energetic transmission.

One time, during such a transfer, Jean-Charles Moyen and his wife Mélanie were assigned to stand guard over me while I was in stasis. They didn't know exactly where we were, nor did I, but I believe it was likely Mimas; but they knew the significance of what they were protecting. There was an intense sense of trust built into those roles.

As for the times I wasn't in stasis, I do recall one small room that served as my quarters. It was simple: a bunk bed, a metal cabinet or closet; very utilitarian. Not glamorous by any means, but it was consistent. When I wasn't traveling or deep in training, that was my base. It's the only physical space I clearly remember being my own. Outside my window, I could see the curvature of Saturn, impossibly massive and omnipresent. The energy of that planet changed me. It amplified my senses and gave me a sense of time as something more fluid, less linear.

The Fluid Nature of Time on Mimas

Time, as it was measured on Mimas, wasn't like time on Earth. It didn't follow the rigid structure we're used to. The Earth Embassy on Mimas maintained Earth-standard time, specifically aligned with the centralized time zone bisecting the Pacific Ocean; the point on Earth where the international date line dictates when days begin and end. Every human-operated ship, space station, and outpost in the solar system synchronized to this reference. All mission clocks, digital displays, and scheduling systems were tied back to this Earth-based standard, ensuring cohesion across teams, regardless of how far from Earth they were.

But when you're working with beings from other planets, star systems, and dimensions, time becomes a far more complex subject. Each civilization has its own temporal rhythm, its own way of tracking and experiencing time. Some measure time by planetary rotations or orbital periods, but others use biological, energetic, or even consciousness-based markers. In higher-density civilizations, time isn't always tied to physical phenomena at all, and it can be tied to group consciousness shifts, vibrational states, or evolutionary markers.

Because of this, Mimas maintained specialists and advanced AI systems dedicated to temporal translation. It worked much like our smartphones do on Earth. For example, when you enter a meeting in another time zone, your phone automatically adjusts the reminder to notify you at the correct local time. On Mimas, this principle was scaled up for interplanetary and interdimensional coordination. Timekeeping AI calculated the conversion between Earth-standard time and the temporal systems of dozens of alien races, some of which experience time completely differently.

Scientific research supports some of these concepts, even here on Earth. Physicists have long acknowledged that time is not a universal constant. According to Einstein's theory of relativity, time is flexible and affected by gravity and motion. The stronger the gravitational field you're in, or the faster you move, the slower time passes for you compared to someone in a weaker gravitational field or at rest. This is known as time dilation, and it's not hypothetical; it's been measured with atomic clocks on satellites and airplanes.

Quantum physics takes it even further. Some interpretations suggest that time might not be fundamental at all but rather an emergent property; something that arises from more basic quantum interactions. In quantum entanglement experiments, for instance, information seems to transfer instantaneously between particles, regardless of distance, challenging our understanding of causality and linear time.

There's also emerging research in neuroscience that ties human perception of time to consciousness itself. Studies have shown that mindfulness, trauma, and altered states of consciousness can change the way we experience time. This supports my experience on Mimas: the more I acclimated to life there, the more time began to feel like a living energy, responsive to awareness and intent.

Time on Mimas wasn't just a sequence of ticking seconds. It was something you could feel, move with, and sometimes step outside of. The station had its own temporal atmosphere. Some areas felt slower, as if minutes stretched into hours, while others accelerated time, allowing days of work to pass in what felt like a moment. And when interacting with beings from higher densities, time sometimes dissolved entirely into a sense of eternal now.

So yes, time existed on Mimas, but it wasn't the same kind of time we know on Earth. It was fluid, responsive, and deeply tied to location, consciousness, and the unique vibrational fields of the beings involved.

The Earth Embassy on Mimas

There were many other Earth humans who visited or were stationed on Mimas periodically. At certain times, there were easily hundreds of Earth humans on Mimas, especially in and around the Earth Embassy.

When I refer to "Earth humans" in my writing, I do so intentionally. It's not because I see Earth humans as separate from the broader human family, but because it's important to clarify who I'm talking about. There are many beings across the universe that are, by every appearance and genetic marker, human. Some of these humans evolved on other planets, others were seeded from the same or very similar genetic pools as Earth humanity. Some of them have histories and evolutionary paths that parallel ours, while others diverged millions of years ago. So, when I say "Earth humans," I'm specifically

talking about the people of this planet; those who have incarnated here, evolved here, and carry the collective history of Earth. This distinction matters because the universe is teeming with other human civilizations. If I simply say "humans" without specifying, it could lead to confusion, especially when sharing experiences involving beings from other systems that look like us but are not from Earth.

The Embassy itself was massive and beautifully constructed. It was designed to make Earth humans feel at home. It reminded me of visiting something like the White House, filled with French provincial furniture, Western sculptures, and richly detailed oil paintings. Everything about it was meant to reflect the elegance of Earth's history and culture. In fact some of the missing artwork from history is located there.

Next to the Embassy was a forested area with trees so large they resembled redwoods. I don't know if they were exactly redwoods, but they were similar in size and presence. The station was large enough to house living ecosystems.

Visiting Earth personnel often arrived in crews aboard ships and would leave behind a skeleton crew while the rest came into the station. Many came for R&R, diplomatic functions, or specialized assignments. Because of the constant turnover, the Embassy maintained its own barracks to accommodate visitors.

Despite being stationed on Mimas for forty years, I was just one among many who moved through that environment. And yet, very few remained permanently. My time there was part of something larger, a rotating collective of Earth and non-Earth beings, all participating in a galactic orchestration. Some remembered Earth, others didn't. We became a family; bound by a shared mission and a longing we couldn't name. It was a kinship we held close to our hearts.

But always there was the presence beneath; the intelligence of the moon itself. It was watching, guiding, waiting.

It wasn't just a place of assignment; Mimas felt like home. I absolutely loved what I was doing there. I would do it again in a heartbeat. The opportunity to engage directly with so many different races, to participate in negotiation, diplomacy, and bridge-building, was profoundly meaningful to me.

But not all meetings were peaceful.

Chapter Seven

The Day I was Killed

One of the most memorable and dangerous encounters involved a tall, triangular-headed race that bore a resemblance to the Greys but were taller and more skeletal. These beings were known for their emotional restraint, operating with Vulcan-like discipline, rarely if ever displaying emotion. They had recently suffered a catastrophic assault by the Dark Fleet. The Dark Fleet is comprised of rogue Earth humans operating outside the authority of the Earth Embassy and the Mimas Station. The members of this Dark Fleet had attempted to force a trade agreement. When the triangular-headed race refused, the Dark Fleet retaliated, killing over 300,000 of their people in a brutal attack.

A diplomatic meeting was arranged between our delegation and theirs. Bertrand, an enormous, enhanced human from Earth, was called in to accompany me, not only for security, but as a physical presence that commanded respect. These beings, we'd learned, responded better to representatives whose stature could mirror their own.

We were brought to their vessel or station and I'm not sure which, that led through a red-lit corridor with a long observation window. Outside, I saw what looked like a massive asteroid being actively mined; surreal and industrial. It looked like a deep excavation site gouged into the rock with ships of several sizes moving back-and-forth in space within this exposed asteroid mining facility. There were what looked like walkways or gantry cranes moving the excavated material to storage facilities.

The smell in the corridor was impossible to ignore. It was sharp, unfamiliar, and unlike anything I'd experienced before. It wasn't

exactly foul, but it carried a strange chemical tang that clung to the air. I couldn't tell if it was us reacting to their atmosphere, or them reacting to ours, but there was definitely a mismatch. Whatever the cause, it created a subtle but constant discomfort, like breathing in air that didn't quite belong in your lungs. The crew seemed aware of it too, and before long, measures were taken to neutralize the scent. Some kind of filtration or scent-eradication system was engaged, cycling the air until it felt cleaner, lighter, and easier to breathe. Even then, the memory of that first breath in that corridor has stayed with me; another reminder that I wasn't on Earth anymore.

Eventually, we entered a boardroom. I sat at one end of the table with Bertrand to my left, one more human to his left, and two guards behind us. Across from me sat three of the triangular-headed beings. The leader sat directly opposite me. My job was to gauge them empathically; to sense where things were emotionally and advise Bertrand.

I sensed rising agitation. Though they rarely showed emotion, I could feel the leader's emotional field surging with anger, grief, rage. I attempted to signal this to Bertrand leaning over to convey the message, telling him that they were very emotional and aggravated at us for not understanding the gravity of their situation. I then leaned back into my chair and was verbally or perhaps telepathically communicated with by the leader. I was clearly not saying what they wanted to hear and he became more agitated at me. I wasn't satisfying his need to be heard, or I wasn't expressing enough understanding or compassion for their tremendous loss. He was threatening to come to Earth and exact revenge on us by taking out 300,000 of our people. Suddenly, the being placed his hand over his chest where his heart would be. From it came a beam of green or possibly bluish light. It struck me in the right shoulder. I was thrown backward and died on the floor seconds later.

What happened next, I was told only later. Two guards rushed into the room. They grabbed me under each arm and quickly dragged my

body through a separate exit. Everyone on alert, though no one panicked. It was understood that this kind of danger came with the role. Fortunately, a nearby copy of me, a fully grown 25-year-old copy prepared in advance, was nearby. This was protocol for people working within this capacity as there are often misunderstandings or miscommunications that occur such as in this case, that result in the death of a member. The military keeps exact DNA copies of certain personnel in highly volatile or dangerous situations. They have about two hours to transfer the consciousness and soul into the copy to preserve the life and memories and to continue life.

I don't remember any of the transfer into my new body. The next thing I recall was waking up two or three days later in a hospital-type room, sitting at the edge of a medical bed. I'd woken earlier, but those moments were lost to fog. I felt sick like a full-body flu, with restless energy in every nerve. My system was recalibrating, adjusting to the new neural pathways and the spark of consciousness resettling into a fresh body.

One day, while I was recovering, Bertrand entered the room. He pulled up a chair and sat beside me, explaining everything that had happened. He told me the being who shot me had almost lost full control. The beam that killed me could easily have killed all three of us if he hadn't stopped.

But the being did stop. The second I collapsed, he froze. According to Bertrand, the being was devastated. He told them later that he had broken his own protocol by giving in to rage, the same rage that had fueled the Dark Fleet's massacre. Whether he had killed one or 300,000, the principle was the same, and it haunted him.

Surprisingly, over time, we became friends. That same being who had taken my life later apologized and worked closely with us. He was, at heart, a good person; disciplined, intelligent, and ultimately remorseful for the moment he lost control. And that emotional recognition helped prevent further war. Their race chose not to

retaliate against Earth, a decision that may have spared hundreds of thousands of human lives.

In the strangest twist, my death created a bridge of trust.

That reconciliation marked the end of one chapter and the quiet beginning of another. My death, and the unexpected trust it forged, faded into the background as my mind turned to the memories that had been with me the longest. These were the ones that surfaced first when my hidden past began to return. They were not of Earth, but of Mimas, and of the people who stood beside me there.

My Responsibilities on Mimas

My primary role on Mimas was not only as a participant in meetings and councils but as an empath and telepath; someone who could perceive beyond words. In negotiations, trade agreements, and diplomatic encounters, I was often tasked with sensing the underlying emotional tones, intentions, and unspoken motivations of those involved. Words alone rarely carried the full truth, especially among extraterrestrial races whose communication was layered with telepathy, vibrational signatures, and symbolic thought. My responsibility was to ensure that agreements were not simply made on paper but that they were aligned with the deeper current of honesty and mutual respect.

In many cases, I was the one who felt the distortions when something was out of alignment. If a race was hiding resentment, if the energy of service-to-self influence was creeping in, or if an agreement would create imbalance later, I could sense it before it was spoken. This wasn't about judgment but about guiding the group back into coherence, so that what was signed and sealed reflected truth and harmony.

Humor Among the Stars

Despite the seriousness of our work, there was also a very human quality to my time on Mimas: humor. Some of the species I considered friends and allies would often reach into my mind during long, silent moments in meetings and say things telepathically to make me laugh. Their humor was dry, witty, and perfectly timed. They loved to see if they could break my concentration just enough to spark a smile or a stifled laugh.

This was never done in the middle of sensitive negotiations or moments where focus was critical. Instead, it would happen in those stretches of stillness when protocols dragged on, or when silence filled the room before a decision. They used humor not as a disruption but as a reminder that connection and joy were as important to diplomacy as seriousness and structure. In many ways, those playful moments deepened our trust and friendship, because they reminded me that even in the most advanced and complex councils, laughter remained a universal language.

Trade and Exchange

Mimas was not only a diplomatic hub; it was also a center for exchange. Much of what was traded went far beyond material goods. Star charts were among the most valuable items. Many races held maps of star systems, travel corridors, wormholes, and energetic pathways that others did not. Trading these charts was like sharing a piece of their cultural heritage and expanding the possibilities of travel and exploration for all.

Technology was also a major focus of exchange. Sometimes these technologies were shared openly, but more often they were offered in carefully controlled fragments. A propulsion system here, a shielding technology there, or a frequency calibration tool that could assist with interstellar communication. These technologies were rarely handed over wholesale but in ways that could assist growth without overwhelming or destabilizing another culture.

Crystals, stones, and minerals were perhaps the most surprising but also the most profound of our exchanges. Many of these carried vibrational properties that were essential for healing, consciousness expansion, or stabilizing ships and stations in higher densities. Some stones functioned as living libraries, encoded with knowledge that could be accessed through resonance. Others were prized for their ability to harmonize frequency fields or store vast amounts of information. On Mimas, crystals were traded almost with the reverence we might give to sacred texts on Earth.

The Deeper Meaning of Exchange

What I learned during this time was that trade was never just about goods or services. It was about weaving threads of trust and interconnection between civilizations. Each agreement was a step toward unity, toward the recognition that our destinies are intertwined. My empathic and telepathic role made me a witness to these deeper currents, and often, the one to remind others that beneath the technical and material aspects of trade, we were always trading energy, intention, and trust.

The Blue Beings That Assisted

In My Memory Recollection

Looking back, I have always felt a sacred sense of loss for the parts of my life I could not remember. But this memory, my first on Mimas, has been the anchor I have held to since I was a child. It has been the one constant, the scene I could return to again and again, even before I fully understood what it meant.

I am standing on a mezzanine inside the station at the Earth Embassy on Mimas. The air is still and clean, the kind of controlled atmosphere that has no scent of dust or weather. Beneath my feet, the floor carries a faint vibration, a reminder that the station is alive

with systems humming deep within its structure. My boots connect solidly with the flooring, the same textured metal I have mentioned before, producing a quiet, distinct sound with each shift of weight. That sound somehow makes the moment more real.

We are a small group, three or four others with me, all humans. We stand in a small circle, the space around us open but enclosed by railings that overlook the lower levels of the station. To my left stands a calm, grounded Caucasian man who I recognize as a superior. Across from me is a young woman, about five-foot-four, olive-skinned, with dark hair and luminous hazel or brown eyes. To my right is a man of similar height to myself, around five-foot-nine, his expression focused and alert. Beside him, between the woman and the man to my right, is a tall African-American man, over six feet tall.

We are dressed in matching gray uniforms, plain but purposeful, with black belts and boots. The cut is simple and functional, as though we have worn them countless times before. Shoulder straps run straight down from the collar, a detail I remember clearly.

The uniform we wore on Mimas may have been simple in appearance but sophisticated in function. The boots, as I've mentioned before, weren't ordinary footwear, they were integrated directly with the station's flooring through advanced magnetic technology. This allowed us to walk normally but also created a stabilizing link between us and the station's artificial gravity system. The boots subtly adjusted to our movement, anchoring us in place even during shifts in the station's environment.

We also wore a belt, about an inch thick, with a rubbery texture and a surprising heft to it. The belt wasn't just for holding up pants, it was part of the station's stabilization system. Working in conjunction with the boots and the floor, the belt helped align posture, maintain orientation, and fine-tune balance. It wasn't about generating gravity, that was already handled by Mimas Station's artificial and structural gravity fields. Instead, the belt provided a kind of biofeedback

stabilization. In an environment where gravity wasn't exactly like Earth's, and where shifts in density or dimensional interactions could cause subtle disorientation, the belt system kept us steady, upright, and fully attuned to our surroundings.

There wasn't any headgear that I can recall, but on the upper right sleeve of our uniform was a patch; an emblem representing the United Nations. It was simple but unmistakable: a white and blue design showing Earth as seen from above the Arctic Circle. The continents were clearly visible, framed by two laurel branches. Each branch had eleven leaves, twenty-two in total, symbolizing the twenty-two off-world colonies established by Earth humans at that time.

Above the globe, though, was something that always struck me as out of place: a sword and a scythe crossed over one another. The sword was obvious: a symbol of defense, or maybe control. The scythe was more unsettling, at least to me. Traditionally, it represents harvest, but it can also symbolize death, endings, or the cutting away of something no longer needed. Standing there wearing that patch, I remember thinking how odd it was that these two tools were paired together as part of an emblem meant to represent unity and peace. It said something about the reality of our mission, a duality between protection and control, creation and destruction. And I knew then that the work I was involved in wasn't as simple as exploration or diplomacy. It was something far more complicated.

I remember mentioning how much I disliked the symbolism. The sword and scythe felt like a warning to other species — tools of war and agriculture — projecting us as both warriors and laborers. I voiced my concern that it didn't represent humanity in the highest light. The others just glanced at me, silent, and I let the subject drop.

Beyond the young woman as she stood in front of me, there was a three-and-a-half foot tall white wall which extended about twenty feet to my left before curving off into a grand staircase that descended to a lower lobby level. Behind the wall was a multi-story

drop into a vast open atrium. It was sleek, futuristic, alive with chrome, white, and glass. It reminded me of the Museum of the Future in Dubai: elegant, clean, with sweeping staircases and long sightlines. The mezzanine sat at the rounder end of a teardrop-shaped atrium. On the far end, nearly 300 or 400 feet away, the space curved and disappeared behind a large structural brace anchoring to the station's outer hull. I could see at least five or six levels above the atrium floor, each roughly twenty feet high. The lowest level had white flooring and clusters of living trees planted in containers, alongside the tranquil sound of flowing water. The air felt oxygen-rich and moist, like breathing in the first moments of a rainstorm. My exposed skin tingled faintly with an electrostatic charge, and the atmospheric pressure was just high enough to make my ears want to pop.

We weren't alone. Various beings moved around on the levels below, some humanoid, others not.

From where I stood on the mezzanine, my attention drifted to my right. About thirty feet away, many beings had begun exiting through an arched doorway. Just beyond it stood an orange or rust colored wall that made anyone entering turn to the right or left. From the way the space was arranged, I could tell it led into an auditorium.

While we waited, we continued talking. The young woman remarked how tragic it was that we couldn't share any of this with our families on Earth. We agreed that how different humanity would be if they knew the truth. Less war, more peace. Greater purpose. Someone else commented, cynically, that we wouldn't remember any of it anyway and that our memories would be wiped when we left the SSP. I felt something rise inside me and said with certainty, "I'm going to remember."

That moment stayed with me. As people continued filing out of the auditorium and walking in our direction, one of the men beside me scoffed, "You're not going to remember." Another joined in, saying, "It's impossible. You won't remember."

I turned, defiant. "Yes! I will remember."

And just then, I heard it, a telepathic voice inside my mind. It called my name, "Chris."

I turned my head to the right and saw them: three blue beings, just six to eight feet away, emerging from the archway. Two men and one woman. They were radiant, about five-foot-eight, with smooth, luminous blue skin that shimmered like a frog's under light, yet beautiful and serene. Their stark white hair was cut evenly just above the shoulders, parted at the center, falling symmetrically. They walked in perfect sync. As the lead male locked eyes with me, I felt an overwhelming sense of familiarity and calm.

He had heard me.

His eyes held mine, and I heard his voice again in my mind: "And I know you will, (remember)."

And I have. That moment has never left me.

I believe these beings, and others like them, have ways of creating what I call "switches" in our minds; mechanisms to either block or preserve memory. In that instant, he planted a memory switch within me. It allowed this moment to survive the forgetting process.

And I know I'm not alone. I believe they've done this for others, too.

Most of the beings and races I met want us to remember. They want contact, truth and a connection with us all. They are patient, sorrowful witnesses to our confusion and fear. They won't interfere directly, but they haven't given up on us, either.

And neither have I.

The switches they planted weren't just safeguards, they were acts of quiet defiance against forces that would rather keep us blind.

Chapter Eight

Reptilian Races and the Layers of Control

Throughout Earth's history and across hidden dimensions, several reptilian races and their overseers have shaped humanity's development. While often grouped together, these beings exist within a complex hierarchy. Some act directly, others manipulate from behind the scenes, and a higher power controls them all.

The Tall Blue Geneticist Overlords

(Anunnaki Subgroup)

These tall, blue-skinned beings are often associated with the Anunnaki. Masters of genetics and planetary engineering, they appear to guide and uplift civilizations. They present themselves as allies and teachers, but this appearance conceals a deeper deception. Their influence spans across many worlds, yet even they are not fully autonomous.

The tall blue beings are subordinate to a far greater power, one that uses them to shape realities and control evolving species, including humanity.

The Reptilian Overlords

(Controlled Enforcers)

The most dominant reptilian factions serve as enforcers, imposing order and influencing the course of human history. They are skilled manipulators, embedding division, hatred, and fear into our cultures and systems. Many of these reptilian leaders oversee covert operations, guide secret programs, and orchestrate global events designed to maintain humanity in a state of conflict and disempowerment.

I have encountered them firsthand, including during the horrific events where I witnessed children and adults being tortured and killed. These reptilians resemble enormous, muscular creatures, their appearance strikingly similar to the image of Godzilla. They are calculated and methodical, not savage beasts, but instruments of control.

The Interdimensional Entity Controllers

(The Black Light)

Above the reptilian overlords exists the true force directing them, a race of towering interdimensional beings between twenty and thirty feet tall. At first glance, they appear as beings of light, but their essence is the opposite of divine radiance. They embody what I can only describe as a negative light, a form of light that absorbs rather than reflects. In their relaxed light form, they appear to be black and void of light.

Where Source's light nourishes and expands consciousness, their light consumes and diminishes it. Standing before them feels like looking into an endless void disguised in brilliance. They exist slightly out of phase with our dimension, hidden from our detection, yet their influence shapes entire worlds.

These beings thrive on conflict and chaos. They feed on humanity's darkest emotions, sustaining themselves on hatred, anger, division, and despair. Through manipulation, they seed racism, war, and separation into our collective consciousness. Their purpose is not simply control, but energetic harvest. They direct the reptilian overlords, the tall blue geneticists, and other factions on Earth, ensuring humanity remains entangled in cycles of fear.

The Indigenous Hadrosaur Reptilians

(The First Earthlings)

Long before extraterrestrial contact, an intelligent reptilian species evolved naturally on Earth over hundreds of millions of years. Their skeletal remains exist in collections such as the Smithsonian, reconstructed by scientists who discovered they were bipedal and strikingly similar to humans in anatomy.

These beings once lived openly on the surface but withdrew underground as human populations grew and interstellar intervention began. Ancient records suggest they were part of the Atlantean and Lemurian civilizations, interbreeding with humans and Anunnaki geneticists. During the destruction of Atlantis, they retreated deeper into hidden bases beneath Northern Europe, Southern California, Arizona, and New Mexico.

Some accounts also connect their presence to Skinwalker Ranch, rumored to be a significant hub for grey and hadrosaur-type reptilian activity. Today, this species remains elusive and largely neutral, avoiding direct involvement with human affairs while maintaining a watchful presence.

The Lemurian and Atlantean Conflict

Fifty thousand years ago, the civilizations of Mu (Lemuria) and Atlantis stood as opposites. Mu's society focused on collective spiritual evolution and harmony, while Atlantis prioritized technological advancement and individual power. Their ideological conflict escalated into open hostility.

When tectonic shifts caused Mu to sink into the Pacific Ocean, their wars diminished, but Atlantis continued to thrive for thousands of years. Eventually, their unrestrained experiments with power and technology led to their downfall. I remember the destruction because I was there. The reptilian overlords unleashed energy weapons in the skies above the Atlantean continent, devastating a

landmass that stretched from Southern Florida through the Gulf of Mexico. Survivors scattered, and many resettled in Northern Africa, eventually becoming the early Egyptians.

A quick overview of the negative and neutral forces that most influence and harm humanity and the Earth.

Tall Blue Geneticists: Present as allies but are deeply integrated into a control system.

Reptilian Overlords: Enforcers and manipulators, executing the agenda on Earth.

Interdimensional Controllers (Black Light Beings): The ultimate puppet masters, controlling everything and harvesting anger and fear-based energy created by the Tall Blues and Reptilian Overlords.

The First Earthlings; Hadrosaur Reptilians: Ancient natives, now living underground, mostly neutral observers. They await the opportunity to return to the surface and live in the sunlight again. They will work with humanity to make this happen.

Just like humanity, these reptilian factions are not monolithic. There are positive and negative beings among them. Yet the layers of control, from genetic manipulation to emotional harvesting, reveal how deeply entangled Earth has become in a much larger, multidimensional struggle.

Choosing Light Over Fear

I do not share information about negative beings to frighten anyone or for dramatic effect. In truth, I considered leaving this material out of the book entirely because fear is not the purpose here. The reality is that these beings thrive on chaos, anger, separation, and division. Their entire purpose is to create fear in your heart, in your relationships, in your community, and across the planet.

When we give our energy to anger, judgment, hatred, or hopelessness, they feed on it. They absorb it in an interdimensional state, drawing strength from the very emotions they work so hard to provoke. This is why they infiltrate at every level, from individuals to families, from communities to entire nations.

Some of their agents present themselves as friends, guides, or even saviors. Yet appearances mean nothing. The true test lies in the resonance of their soul and the content of their message.

Any message that feeds division, superiority, or separation, any message that sparks fear, anger, hatred, or judgment, or leaves you feeling diminished instead of uplifted, comes from a neutral or negative orientation. No amount of poetic language, soothing tone, or public recognition can disguise that truth. The message always reveals the messenger.

Their goal is control, and one of the most effective tools they use is separation. They want humanity divided politically, religiously, and ideologically because when we are divided, we are easier to manipulate. When people feel isolated or disconnected from family, community, or self, they become vulnerable. And once separated from our inner guidance, we are at risk of being enslaved spiritually.

The Path Forward: Choosing Light and Love

The good news is that resisting their influence is far simpler than it seems. We win by maintaining our alignment with light, love, and unity. By keeping our frequency high, we make ourselves less susceptible to manipulation and more attuned to our natural state of connection with Source.

One process I teach is called KAL or K-A-L, a simple daily practice to keep your energy clear and your vibration elevated:

K is for Kindness:

Do something kind for someone every day, no matter how small.
Kindness shifts your energy and uplifts the collective field.

A is for Athleticism:

Move your body and honor it. Do something physical each day to connect with your body's wisdom and strength, at whatever level you are capable.

L is for Love:

Do something you love every day, no matter how simple. Joy and passion raise your vibration faster than anything else.

By practicing KAL, your energy becomes more stable and your perception sharper. You begin to sense the resonance of the messages and energies around you. You learn to feel what is true and dismiss what is manipulative, without falling into fear or anger.

Trust Your Inner Guidance

This period in our planet's evolution is one of profound transformation. As we shift into a higher state of consciousness and disclosure unfolds, there will be conflicting messages, competing narratives, and moments of confusion. When you encounter new information, pause and ask yourself:

Does this message feel expansive or restrictive?

Does it inspire love or provoke fear?

Does it encourage unity or deepen division?

If it carries fear, anger, separation, or doom, thank it for its lesson and set it aside. Choose instead what uplifts, unites, and resonates with your higher knowing.

The ultimate truth is simple: we are powerful when we remain in love. The forces that seek control cannot thrive in the presence of

unity, compassion, and kindness. By embodying these qualities, we starve their influence and strengthen our collective awakening.

My Personal Experience with the Reptilians

While some memories returned whole, others arrived fractured, stripped of context, like flashes from a dream that still manages to wake you in a cold sweat. They hang in my mind like fragments from another life, pieces waiting for the rest of the picture to form.

One of those fragments is darker than most. I believe it happened during my time on Mimas, possibly after our ship came under attack while we were traveling within the Sol system (the Sol system is our solar system), which I don't remember because I was in stasis at the time. I can't place the exact moment in time, but the memories and sensations are burned into me.

Before opening my eyes, before I could see anything, I felt the pain of being tightly bound and I caught the smell — sharp and chemical, but with that sickening edge you know right away. It was the faint trace of death in the air, mixed into the sterile atmosphere, sticking in the back of my throat and making every breath feel heavy. It caused me to vomit before I ever opened my eyes.

The air felt dense, almost oily, pressing in around me. Then came the awareness of cold metal against my back. I was strapped to a hard slab, angled up to a near standing position; angled back just enough to make me feel disoriented, exposed, vulnerable.

In the doorway appeared a reptilian being. One of a smaller reptilian species about five-and-a-half-feet tall, its hide was a dark umber, rough like aged alligator skin. Thick limbs and a broad torso gave it a stocky, powerful frame. Its elongated head carried a jaw lined with jagged, uneven canine teeth, the kind you know are meant for tearing flesh apart. The shape reminded me of modern Godzilla films, but there was nothing fictional about the way it looked at me. Its eyes

locked on mine, not with rage, but with an almost surgical curiosity. That stare held no compassion, no warmth, only the calculating presence of a being who saw me as an object to be tortured.

In that moment, fear wasn't just an emotion, but a living thing, coiling in my gut, whispering that whatever was about to happen, I would remember for the rest of my life and beyond.

He stepped through the doorway, just past the wall, moving silently. In his arms, he carried a human infant wrapped in white cloth. His gaze locked onto mine for a moment: steady, almost clinical. Then he shifted his eyes to the infant, back to me, and without a word, performed an act so brutal it barely registered as real. He grasped the baby by its feet and, with a calculated motion, slammed it against the wall. The sound of it was sharp, final. Then, without hesitation, he bit off the child's head, his expression never changing.

And me? I didn't flinch. I simply leaned my head back, eyes half closed, detached from the moment and from my own humanity. There was no scream, no protest. Just a numb acceptance, as if the part of me capable of reacting had already been compartmentalized and sealed away.

At some point later, I was still strapped to the slab when a much larger reptilian stepped into the room, towering well over seven feet tall. His skin was covered in thick, overlapping scutes, deep green in color with a lighter hue running down his chest and belly. Near his head, streaks of yellow and blue broke through the green, like a blend of tribal markings and natural camouflage. He wore no clothing of note except for a gold, shimmery metallic vest with red striping along the borders, as if to signify rank or status.

He just stood there, towering over me, staring directly into my eyes. It wasn't a glance but a challenge, daring me to speak. But I didn't. I stayed silent, refusing to give him the satisfaction of a reaction.

One of the most difficult aspects of encountering these larger reptilian beings, is understanding the way they inflict torture. In my

experience, it's rarely about physical pain, though they're more than capable of that. What they prefer is psychological warfare, a kind of psychic torment that is far more invasive and difficult to endure.

These reptilians are highly psychic and deeply telepathic. They can enter your mind and place images there so vividly that you believe you are somewhere else entirely. They create full-sensory illusions, implanting thoughts, emotions, and experiences into your consciousness. For example, you might believe you're being attacked by wild animals, feeling every bite and tear as though your flesh is really being ripped apart. The horror and terror are absolute. But it's not happening — not physically. It's an artificial experience they've forced into your mind, and it feels indistinguishably real.

This isn't just a tool they use for interrogation or extracting information. It's entertainment for them. To beings they see as lower life forms, especially those with less developed psychic defenses, this is a game, a form of amusement. They do it because they can.

This doesn't make them evil as most would assume, it's their nature. As a wild animal might kill for survival, their nature is to do the same. They see lower consciousness lifeforms as inferior and to be consumed in whatever way. Much like when we kill bugs that get into our home. We don't even think of them as living, conscious beings equal to Source to us. Even though Source sees All as equal, and conscious lifeforms are equally precious to Source. But I digress.

When I was in that room, strapped to the slab because I wouldn't give them the information they wanted, one of these reptilians decided to play his game with me. I can't recall the exact details of every false memory or hallucination he forced upon me, but I remember the sensations vividly. In one moment, I was drowning. I could feel my lungs filling with fluid, panic flooding my mind. In the next, I was buried alive, trapped in a small, dark box, running out of air. I felt the crushing weight of the earth above me, the suffocation, the terror.

And then, suddenly, it was over. I came back to myself, back to the room. I could see it again, hear it, smell it. I realized it had all been a telepathic assault, a psychic attack meant to break me.

But I also realized something else. The fact that I was able to return to myself, to know the difference between the illusion and reality, meant I still had control over my mind. And that was something they could never fully take from me.

Later in my interrogation and torture, another large reptilian entered the room, guiding three human children in front of him. The kids were lined up shoulder-to-shoulder, placed directly in front of me, their faces turned toward mine.

The children were likely between the ages of five and ten. I believe one was a boy and the other two were girls. Their faces were dirty, their expressions hollow, and their skin looked almost grey from malnourishment. The boy had piercing blue eyes that seemed to cut through the haze of suffering. One of the girls, maybe the youngest, had similarly luminous eyes; big and full of questions, of fear.

They stood just a few feet in front of me, close enough that I could smell their unwashed skin. The reptilian was becoming increasingly angry, frustrated that I wouldn't respond to his demands. When pain didn't work on me, they turned to terror. They began using the children as leverage.

The youngest girl stood nearest to me. The reptilian to my left swung his thick tail and struck the back of her neck. Her head snapped forward and detached instantly. The sound of her body hitting the floor was soft compared to the brutality of what had just happened. I was screaming inside — every fucking part of me — but I said nothing.

Next, the reptilian grabbed the boy by the throat. His large hand easily wrapped around the child's neck. With a swift punch to the head and back, he ended the boy's life in an instant. Blood dripped

from the creature's claws. There was a look of grim satisfaction on his face as much as one could read expressions from such a being.

The third child, I can't recall what happened to her. That part of the memory is blank, either shielded or erased. I've always hoped she was spared, though I doubt it. It's more likely that she was taken somewhere else, or worse.

Eventually, they unstrapped me from the slab and forced me to walk. Two reptilians flanked me closely. We left the room and entered a massive corridor: too large, too vacant, and devoid of any human feeling. The air was thick with the stench of decay and blood. There were no windows, no sense of orientation. Just white walls and echoing footsteps.

We came to what looked like an arena or an amphitheater. The scale of it was overwhelming, like stepping into a human coliseum, but this place wasn't made for sport. It was for processing. It was for death.

On the left-hand side, I saw stalls that resembled livestock pens. They were made from rounded metal tubing and divided into square sections. Inside them were humans: naked, filthy, emaciated. They shuffled around in silence, their heads hung low, too defeated to scream. The ground beneath them wasn't dirt. It was layered in human waste.

Their demeanor carried the weight of defeat, a total submission that felt as if their sole purpose was to be bred and consumed, destined to exist only as a lower lifeform for others.

The smell in the arena was beyond anything words can truly capture. It wasn't just foul, it was a physical assault. The air was saturated with the stench of human waste and filth caked onto the floors, fermenting in the heat of the enclosed space. It was the putrefaction of sweat, excrement, fear, and decay, layered over time until the walls themselves seemed to sweat with it. The odor burned as it passed through my sinuses, stinging like acid in my eyes and the back of my

throat, burning down to my lungs. I clenched my jaw tightly, refusing to breathe through my mouth, knowing if I did, the taste of it would stay with me, coating my tongue and lodging in the back of my throat. But the smell was so overwhelming, so saturating, it penetrated anyway. It hit my gut with a violent twist, triggering that primal urge to vomit; a reflex I had to fight with everything I had just to keep my composure.

We passed a few of the human cattle; seven or eight, maybe more, moving slowly, like ghosts waiting for their bodies to die. The air was sour and humid with suffering. The reptilians guided me to the right; into a dark room I didn't want to enter. My whole being resisted, but I had no choice. My sense of horror was incomprehensible.

Inside was a chamber lit with dim red light. It was a place of butchering humans.

The reptilians at this level enjoy human flesh, much like we enjoy a good steak or fillet of fish. Honestly, they prefer to take large humans, obese in fact, and starve them until they're emaciated and tender. This is their most prized human meat.

As I entered the room, I noticed the smell of putrefied and fresh, hot blood; it was so strong it coated my tongue. Immediately, I saw a man hanging upside down by his ankles. There were hooks penetrating his ankles, behind his Achilles, with blood dripping down his legs. He was still alive. The look in his eyes overtook my physical discomfort; he was pleading with me; not for rescue, but simply to be seen, to be remembered. In that moment, I felt both grateful and horrified to have the ability to communicate through empathy and telepathy.

One of the reptilians spoke to me, whether it was vocal or telepathic, I honestly can't remember but the message came through crystal clear: "Talk, or this is your fate."

I stayed silent.

I had to, though it took more strength than I ever imagined I had. It was like reaching into the deepest part of myself, a place beyond fear, beyond the instinct to survive, and choosing not to give in. My body trembled, but my will held firm. In that moment, I understood the true meaning of fortitude; not as some heroic concept, but as the raw, agonizing choice to stand in the face of terror and not betray myself.

That moment stayed with me, etched deep into my consciousness like a scar that will never fade. It was one of the darkest moments in my existence, a memory that reminded me how quickly light can be swallowed by darkness, and how fragile life can feel in the presence of such brutality.

Fortunately, not all of my memories from that time are shadowed or so horrific. Some hold beauty so profound it still feels unreal, like the memory that followed, of a place filled with light, sound, and wonder.

The Concert of Light and Sound

One of the more vivid memories I have from my time in service, while stationed on Mimas, was of a place that, to this day, I believe was another planet entirely. It wasn't Mimas, and it certainly wasn't Earth. This was a planet of sky, a world of clouds and floating cities. That's the only way I can describe it.

I found myself in a massive amphitheater suspended high above the clouds. It reminded me, oddly enough, of the Hollywood Bowl back on Earth, a great semi-circular shell, gleaming white, almost like polished pearl or glass. It stretched out over a floating platform, shining in the sunlight. The whole structure seemed to float effortlessly in the sky. There must have been room for a couple thousand people. And while I don't recall seeing anyone I specifically knew, I had the feeling the seats were full.

The concert wasn't like anything on Earth. At the center of the stage stood a woman who was tall, ethereal, almost human but not quite. Her features were too perfect, too refined, her blonde hair almost shimmering in the light. Her tan skin, almost glowing. She wore a long, iridescent white robe that glinted in shades of silver and pale blue as she moved. In her hands was an instrument. I don't know if it was an oboe, a clarinet, or something entirely unique to her world, but when she played it, the sound was otherworldly. It was soulful, haunting, and beautiful beyond words.

As she played, it wasn't just music. The air above her came alive, swirling with patterns of light that moved and shifted with each note, as if the sound itself was painting in the space between us. Shapes and colors swirled and danced in perfect harmony with her music. The colors moved in layers; in ways no light show on Earth could ever replicate. This wasn't technology in the way we think of it. This was an extension of the music itself: a living visual symphony that merged with sound. And even though it was broad daylight, the lights shone clearly, brighter and more vivid than any projection I've ever seen.

The next part of the memory is like a jump-cut. The concert had ended. Most of the audience had dispersed, though I lingered, walking slowly toward the stage. The atmosphere shifted, like when the curtains are pulled back after a play and the backstage world reveals itself. Off to the side, a set of drapes or panels had been drawn open. Behind the stage, I could see an opening, a doorway to a platform in the back.

The woman, this performer, was walking away, toward that doorway. I followed her gaze and saw what was waiting for her: a massive ship, hovering silently behind the stage. It was perfectly egg-shaped, sleek white and silver metallic, hovering there in the sky. It was enormous, nearly the size of the whole amphitheater itself. I stood there, just watching. No fear, no need to ask questions. Just awe and acceptance of the reality in front of me.

That's where the memory ends. I don't know where that place was, or why I was there, or even who she was. But I know it happened. And it stays with me as a reminder that there are places, and beings, far beyond the limits of what most Earth humans think is possible.

Chapter Nine

Counter-Earth Shipyards: Where the Leviathans Are Born

People often ask a very valid question: If Earth and the factions within its military-industrial complex truly have such large, inter-solar system or even intergalactic ships, why have we never seen them? And frankly, that's an excellent question.

First, there's stealth technology out there that makes anything the public has seen look like stone tools compared to a starship. We're talking about systems that don't just hide a craft, they erase it. On the surface, the science lines up with what Earth researchers have been exploring for years in metamaterials: engineered structures that can bend light or radar waves around an object, so it blends perfectly with the space behind it. In the lab, they've done this with small-scale cloaks in microwave and even near-infrared ranges, but what I've seen in orbit takes that principle and pushes it to its limit.

Some ships I've encountered used adaptive skins that shift across multiple frequencies at once, mimicking the cold black of space in infrared, dissolving into background noise on radar, and even scattering signals through ionized plasma fields. These ideas aren't fantasy: plasma stealth has been a real topic of military research for decades. But in the field, I've watched it work flawlessly, without the power-hungry glow or turbulence you'd expect.

Then there's something science is only beginning to scratch at, which is temporal cloaking. Researchers have demonstrated it in light beams, creating brief "time gaps" where an event happens but leaves no trace. I've seen that scaled up. A ship can slip through a moment so that unless you were looking in precisely the right instant, you'd swear nothing passed at all.

And finally, the part that still unsettles me: some vessels can step beyond our perceptual layer entirely. To physics as we know it, that sounds impossible. But when you see a craft fade from existence,

not into darkness, but into somewhere else, you realize the “visible spectrum” is just a tiny keyhole in a much larger doorway.

But there’s another reason most people have never heard of these Earth leviathans, and it’s rarely spoken about. The truly massive ships, the ones the size of small cities, aren’t built here at all. A few smaller craft might be assembled on Earth, tucked away in hidden facilities, but the giants? Those are constructed far from this planet, in shipyards scattered across the solar system and beyond.

There is a planetoid, or small planet, in our solar system that remains hidden from public knowledge. It exists in what’s called a gravitational lock, opposite Earth’s orbit from the Sun. Essentially, as Earth travels around the Sun, this planetoid maintains a position directly opposite us, always hidden from view. This idea aligns with ancient philosophical theories like the “Counter-Earth” concept, which dates to the time of Philolaus, and persists in modern UFO lore. Some refer to this location as Earth’s L3 point; a type of Lagrange point tucked directly opposite us on the far side of the Sun.

A Lagrange point is a position in space where the gravitational pull of two large bodies, like the Earth and the Sun, balances with the centrifugal force of an object’s orbit. This balance allows that object to essentially “stay put” relative to the two larger bodies.

The concept comes from Joseph-Louis Lagrange, an 18th-century mathematician who, in 1772, was studying the three-body problem; how three celestial bodies move under each other’s gravitational influence. He found that there are five special positions (L1 through L5) where a smaller object can remain in a stable or semi-stable orbit with the two larger ones.

For Earth and the Sun:

L1 sits between Earth and the Sun.

L2 is on the far side of Earth, opposite the Sun.

L3 is on the opposite side of the Sun from Earth, sometimes linked to the “Counter-Earth” idea.

L4 and L5 form an equilateral triangle with Earth and the Sun and are stable. Objects there can remain in place unless disturbed.

The idea of a Counter-Earth specifically comes from L3, where, in theory, a planet could share Earth’s orbit but always remain hidden behind the Sun. While no such body has been detected, the stability of the Lagrange points means that, if one existed, it could remain in that position for a very long time, especially if advanced extraterrestrials actively stabilized it.

However, it’s important to note that in mainstream astrophysics, Earth’s L3 point is gravitationally unstable. Even if a body were placed there, perturbations from other planets, especially Jupiter, would cause it to drift over time. But within advanced black budget programs, it’s believed that propulsion technology and stabilization systems exist that allow for a structure, a base, or even a planetoid to remain concealed in this location.

It’s entirely possible that Counter-Earth was stabilized long before humanity ever came onto the scene. I’ve often suspected that other extraterrestrial races, far older and more advanced than we are, may have worked to hold that position steady for their own purposes. Whether as a staging ground, a hidden outpost, or part of some greater network of planetary balance, it would make sense. By the time we were capable of even noticing it, the groundwork could have already been in place for eons, maintained quietly in the background by civilizations we have yet to fully comprehend.

Other stable zones, Lagrange points, like L4 and L5, are used for various observational satellites and are acknowledged by mainstream science. But the L3 point, directly opposite Earth from the Sun, has become a focal point for clandestine activity in classified programs. Whether naturally existing or artificially stabilized, this planetoid serves a unique and covert purpose.

This hidden planetoid is where much of the advanced materials mining and manufacturing takes place. It's where large interstellar and intergalactic ships are constructed, and launched. The gravity there is different, lighter, more accommodating for large-scale construction and its concealment from Earth's line of sight means activity on this world goes undetected by the average person and even most astronomers.

That's how our governments and covert space programs can build enormous ships without the general population seeing them launch from Earth or questioning where all the materials are coming from. They aren't launching them from here. They're building them out there, beyond our view, beyond our questions and for the most part, beyond our current understanding.

While mainstream science would assert that a hidden planet in Earth's exact opposite orbit is unlikely without active stabilization, the technologies possessed by off-world factions easily circumvent such limitations. With advanced propulsion and gravitational manipulation, maintaining a clandestine construction site at L3 becomes not only plausible but likely for those with the means and motive to remain unseen.

This is part of the larger infrastructure that supports the interstellar and intergalactic programs hidden in plain sight; programs that have expanded humanity's footprint far beyond what most Earth humans have ever been allowed to comprehend.

If Counter-Earth exists, hidden in the balance of a Lagrange point, then it's not just a question of where it is, but how it exists. In my experience, places like that aren't always anchored in the same layer of reality we're standing in now. The universe is built in strata, densities and dimensions, each one shaping what can be seen, touched, or even measured. Counter-Earth could occupy the same orbit as our planet and remain beyond our perception simply because it resides in a different vibrational state.

To understand how that's possible, you must see reality not just as distance and matter, but as frequency and awareness. That is where the concepts of density and dimension come in and why they are the keys to understanding both hidden worlds and the civilizations that live there.

Chapter Ten

Densities and Dimensions: The Hidden Framework of Reality

Densities are like the energetic architecture of the universe. They describe how fast or slow energy vibrates, how light or heavy a reality feels, and what kinds of experiences can take place within it. Lower densities feel heavier, slower, and more fixed. Higher densities feel lighter, faster, and more fluid, allowing for expanded awareness and abilities that seem impossible in the known physical world.

Dimensions, on the other hand, are not about heaviness or lightness, but about perspective. They are the lenses through which consciousness perceives the universe. Two beings could stand in the same location, within the same density, yet experience it entirely differently because they occupy different dimensions of awareness. This is why some beings; some civilizations can move among us without being seen. They are here, but we lack the perceptual range to notice them.

Densities vs. Dimensions: Mapping Vibrational Reality

In the journey of Man of Mimas, one key cosmic insight reshapes everything we thought you knew: the distinction between density and dimension isn't just semantics, it's a foundational shift in how we perceive reality.

When I talk about densities and dimensions, I often use the terms “vibrational bands” and “perceptual lenses.” These aren't just poetic shortcuts. They're the clearest way I've found to explain the difference between the two, especially to people who are starting to sense realities beyond the one they grew up believing in.

A Density is Like a Frequency Band of the Rainbow

Densities are the bands of material, the density of the space we occupy. Imagine energy or all material, settling into a specific band of light, each one defined by its own speed, tone, and movement. This directly effects the way we interact with the material world and how we move through it. When you're within a band, you experience life through the vibration of that color, its weight or lightness, its sense of time, and the possibilities that feel natural there. Much like interacting with the world we're aware of and the physics it's ruled by. Moving between densities is like shifting from one band of the rainbow to another; it requires intention, awareness, and often guidance to rise into a new spectrum or soften into a deeper one.

A dimension is more like a perceptual lens. It does not change the density you are in; it changes what you can see and interact with while you are there. Two people can stand in the same vibrational band and have entirely different experiences if they are looking through different lenses. One might see only the physical, while another might perceive the energetic, the subtle, or the hidden.

I use these terms such as vibrational bands and perceptual lenses, because they make the invisible more tangible. Frequency bands help us picture the structure of reality, the layers of vibration that form the universe's architecture. Lenses help us picture the personal, the subjective, the way consciousness focuses and interprets the world around it. And together, they explain how it is possible to share the same space with beings, ships, and even whole civilizations without ever realizing they are there.

In the way I've come to understand it, this current overlap between third density and fourth density is both a frequency band and a lens at the same time.

The frequency band side of it is about vibration and the physical world we're in. Our baseline energetic architecture is shifting. Part of us is still in the slower, heavier vibration of third density, where

matter feels solid, time runs in a straight line, and cause and effect remain fixed. At the same time, we are reaching into the lighter, faster vibration of fourth density, where awareness expands, intuition sharpens and contact with non-physical realities becomes more natural. It is like standing with one foot in each vibrational band, your consciousness anchored in both at once.

The lens side of it is about perception. As the vibrational shift happens, the way we see reality changes, and that affects what we can notice and interact with. You may start recognizing patterns, sensing presences, or witnessing events that someone fixed entirely in the third density lens would miss completely. Two people can stand side by side and have entirely different experiences, simply because their perceptual lenses are tuned to different ranges of awareness.

This is why the experience feels so dual-layered. We are moving between wells of different vibrational states while also blending lenses of perception. That combination is what allows new possibilities to appear, and why some of them can vanish again in an instant.

I have experienced this dual-layered state many times. On more than one occasion, I have looked up at a clear sky and seen a ship sitting silently in place. It was not a flash of light or a passing shadow; it was solid, detailed, and absolutely there. Yet the person standing beside me saw only blue sky and a few drifting clouds. We were in the same location, at the same moment, but our lenses were tuned differently. Mine caught the range where the ship was visible. Theirs did not.

Other times, the shift is less about sight and more about presence. I might feel a sudden change in the air; a quiet awareness pressing at the edges of my mind long before I see anything. It is as if part of my consciousness is already standing in a higher vibrational band, sensing what exists there, while the rest of me is still anchored in the lower one. In those moments, I know I am straddling both, receiving information from each simultaneously.

The most vivid examples happen when both the frequency bands and the lens align in a way that opens a brief window. In that space, I have walked into rooms where beings from another density were physically present, interacting with me as naturally as two humans meeting on the street. And just as quickly, the moment closes. The frequency band shifts, the lens changes, and the room is ordinary again; though I carry the memory of what I saw and felt as clearly as any other real-world event.

These experiences are not random flashes or tricks of the mind. They are the natural result of how densities and dimensions interact. The vibrational well you occupy sets the foundation for what is physically possible, while the lens you are looking through determines what you can perceive. When both shift together, even for a moment, the boundary between worlds becomes permeable. That is why a ship can appear in the sky one instant and vanish the next, or why you can stand in the presence of another being and then find yourself alone again. To understand this fully, we need to look more closely at how the structure of densities creates the architecture of reality, and how dimensions give us the ability — or the limitation — to experience it.

Vibrational Bands vs. Perceptual Lenses

To understand the true nature of our universe and our place in it, we must first recognize that not all layers of reality operate under the same rules. Some layers are defined by their energetic density; by how much vibration or frequency is present, while others are defined by our state of awareness or how we perceive and interact with those vibrations. This is where the distinction between vibrational bands and perceptual lenses becomes essential.

Vibrational Bands (Densities)

Think of densities as vibrational bands of reality, each one defined by how quickly or slowly energy vibrates. The lower bands are slower and heavier, while the higher bands are faster and lighter. Just as radio stations all exist at once but we only hear the one we are tuned to, so too do densities all exist simultaneously. What we experience depends on the “station” our consciousness is tuned into.

These vibrational bands shape the structure of matter, thought, and consciousness. They aren’t just abstract layers, they are living fields that determine what kinds of experiences, lessons, and beings are possible within them. A third-density vibrational band, like the one humanity currently inhabits, carries the vibration of duality, choice, and growth through challenge. The fourth-density vibrational band carries the vibration of love, unity, and a higher resonance of shared consciousness. As you move upward, each density carries not only new levels of awareness but also new laws of physics and new possibilities of existence.

The shift between bands isn’t forced; it happens through resonance. A being, a planet, or even a civilization evolves when its inner vibration begins to match the frequency of the next band. In that sense, density is less like a ladder you climb and more like a station you tune into. The music of the universe is always playing; our growth is simply about learning to adjust the dial.

The rainbow is one of the best natural symbols of this truth. White light looks simple and unified, but when it passes through a prism, it reveals its hidden structure: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet; each a distinct band of its own vibration. Each color is real, and each vibrates at a measurable wavelength, yet all of them together are still light. This is how densities function. They are the hidden spectrum of consciousness and existence, layered and complete within the greater field of Creation.

Lower densities are like the red and orange bands; slower, heavier, grounding vibrations. Higher densities are like indigo and violet, subtler, faster, more expansive. And just as you can’t separate one

color from the rainbow without breaking the whole, you can't separate one density from the rest. They are connected, part of the same transitional field, and together they form the living spectrum of the universe.

When we move from one density to the next, it isn't that the lower frequencies disappear. It is that our consciousness learns to resonate with a higher band, the way our eyes can shift to notice subtle shades we once overlooked. The rainbow reminds us that all the bands are already there, waiting to be perceived.

Perceptual Lenses (Dimensions)

Now imagine putting on a pair of colored glasses. These lenses don't change where you are, but they absolutely change how you see and interact with your environment. This is how dimensions function.

Dimensions are layers of perception. They describe the different ways consciousness can interpret and interact with reality. For instance, someone can be in the same density as you but perceive it in a radically different way due to their dimensional awareness. Children and pets often notice beings that adults no longer perceive. Without the weight of cultural conditioning telling them such things aren't real, their awareness remains open to what others have been taught to ignore, such as ghosts. Dimensions determine your experience of time, space, connection, and meaning.

As consciousness awakens, it begins to perceive more dimensions at once. This is what people refer to when they talk about being "multidimensional." It doesn't necessarily mean you've left your body or traveled to another realm, it means you're perceiving more of what's already here.

I understand this in a very personal way. Early in my awakening, I went through what many would describe as a kundalini experience; a powerful and often disorienting surge of spiritual energy that rises

through the body and mind. It not only expanded my understanding but physically changed the way I interacted with the world around me.

One of the first signs that something profound was happening came through my vision. When I would look at certain people, their faces would begin to swirl and twist, not metaphorically, but literally, as though I were seeing them through a vortex. At the time, I had no reference for what was happening, and it deeply concerned me. I sought help from some of the best neurologists in the world, including specialists at Loma Linda University. I went through a battery of tests, CAT scans, MRIs, full neurological workups trying to determine what was wrong with me. And yet, everything came back perfectly normal.

What I eventually came to understand was that I wasn't seeing something wrong, I was seeing something more. My visual perception had become tuned to energetic signatures. What I saw as swirling faces were vibrational anomalies; something within a person's energetic field that my eyes could no longer interpret as ordinary facial features. Over time, that visual phenomenon faded, but the sensitivity remained. Now, I don't need to see it because I can feel it. The energy of a person speaks louder to me than their appearance ever could.

Another shift occurred in how I perceive the night sky. When I look up into the darkness, especially in moments of stillness or intentional focus, I can see what most cannot. Ships; some shadowy, some marked by single points of shifting light moving silently overhead. I can also perceive subtle forms, barely distinguishable shapes moving like microscopic life through a drop of pond water under a microscope. They dart and drift across the sky with quiet intelligence. At first, I questioned what I was seeing, but I've come to realize these are beings, vehicles, and forms of life, dense, living presences that surround us, hidden in plain sight. They've always been there. I just needed new eyes to see them.

By evolving through densities and awakening to higher dimensions, you're not just changing your environment, you're transforming the very way you see yourself, others, and the universe around you.

Bringing It Together

Densities are the structured energetic environments that define the vibration of a realm. Dimensions are the mental, emotional, and spiritual tools through which those realms are experienced.

You can think of densities as vibrational bands, pulling you into a specific energetic bandwidth of growth and learning. Dimensions are perceptual lenses, coloring your understanding and ability to navigate that bandwidth.

Density refers to vibrational frequency — the rate at which consciousness and matter oscillate. Think of it like the phases of water: ice (solid), liquid, and steam; each state denotes different vibrational patterns and thus different densities.

Dimension, however, is a level or mode of awareness. It's about how we perceive reality, not how "heavy" it is. Some have described it as the orientation of our attention across different layers of existence.

While densities define the physical context of experience (3rd density = solid matter; 4th density = more subtle energy; etc.), dimensions are subjective filters; the conscious vantage point from which a being experiences those contexts.

Overlapping Fields & Expanded Perception

All densities and dimensions co-exist spatially, they're not separate "places" to travel to. Instead, they represent layers within the same space. When humans awaken, they begin accessing higher

dimensions (awareness) while still living in their current density (physical reality).

For example, you might live in 3rd density (dense, physical world) yet cultivate a 5th-dimensional awareness (wisdom, non-linearity).

Learning Through Densities: The Journey of Conscious Growth

Each density isn't just a vibrational level; it's a classroom for spiritual/soul evolution. It's the purpose of our continued incarnations; to learn and grow the eternal soul through experience and that experience is directly connected to our soul's density level.

How consciousness Evolves Through the Densities

Let's explore the levels of soul interaction with the basic densities.

1st Density: basic elements, atomic-level existence.

2nd Density: biology; plants, animals.

3rd Density: self-awareness, free will (humanity's current chapter).

4th Density: heart-centered unity, beginning of collective awareness.

5th Density and beyond: wisdom, energy mastery, unraveling separation and reunification with Source.

These stages align closely with the Law of One, which outlines consciousness evolving through distinct density fields.

Dimensions as Awareness Modes

Dimensions can refer to spatial measurements such as height, width, depth, and time, or to parallel timelines and alternate realities within the same vibrational band.

One way to view it: density is the vertical dimension of vibration, while dimension is the horizontal extension of awareness including timelines, realities, and perceptual frameworks.

Densities and Dimensions: A Greater Understanding

Let's take this a step further and explain it clearly, like we were sitting across from each other having a conversation. These are complex ideas, but they don't have to be overwhelming.

When we talk about densities and dimensions, we're not talking about science fiction, we're describing the structure of existence itself. And while it might seem a bit abstract at first, this framework is a way to understand how consciousness evolves, how reality is layered, and where beings — including humans — fit into it all.

Here's the first key: densities and dimensions are different but interconnected. A density refers to a physical material vibrational state of being, while a dimension relates more to perception, perspective, and possibility. You can be in the same room with someone but be functioning from a completely different density or dimension of awareness.

Each density contains seven sub-densities, and within each of those are even finer layers of experience, each divided again in multiples of seven, continuing infinitely. Imagine this like zooming in on a fractal: the closer you look, the more structure you see. What we're covering here is just the foundational map, not all the nuance and detail within each layer.

The Turning Point: When Consciousness Divides

Within the second density, a major turning point happens: the beginning of separation between conscious beings. This is when races, groups, and species start to individuate and develop along their own unique paths. They evolve on their home planet and eventually spread out across galaxies, star systems, and planets, carrying their vibrational lessons with them.

Each group, or race, travels through the dimensions and densities in its own way. Some evolve slowly. Some evolve rapidly. Some stay positive, others shift toward service to self. But all are on a shared path back to God/Source/Creator.

The Path of Polarity and Reunion

Around the eighth dimension (fourth density), these developing civilizations begin to form collective intelligences known as social memory complexes like a hive mind, but with individuality preserved. Here, polarity becomes pronounced: one group may evolve in a service-to-others (positive) direction, while another takes a service-to-self (negative) path.

These two paths continue evolving separately, until they reach a point of profound understanding in the tenth dimension (sixth density). It's here that they begin to reintegrate—uniting the lessons of both polarities. The negative path ultimately must reconcile with the positive to continue advancing.

Eventually, in the fourteenth dimension (eighth density), all the different social memory complexes; across all species and races, return to a unified field of consciousness. This is the final merging before all energy and awareness returns to Source.

At that moment, the universe has fulfilled its purpose. It then begins again.

Dimensional Ladder: A Simplified View

1st Dimension: The stillness before creation.

2nd Dimension: The Big Bang; matter and energy begin to form.

3rd Dimension: Dust, gas, and elements combine into physical forms.

4th Dimension: Simpler materials become more complex.

5th Dimension: Planetary bodies emerge; early, unconscious awareness arises.

6th Dimension: Simple life, single cells, take shape.

7th Dimension: Intelligent, multicellular life (e.g., humans).

8th Dimension: Spirit awakens, and beings become aware of polarity.

9th Dimension: Beings master the nature of polarity.

10th Dimension: Positive and negative paths unify.

11th Dimension: Full spiritual activation.

12th Dimension: Enlightened beings turn back to help others.

13th Dimension: Reunification of all conscious races.

14th Dimension: Final merging of collectives/memory complexes.

15th Dimension: Full reintegration with God/Source/Creator.

Density-to-Dimension Mapping

1st Density = Dimensions 1 & 2

2nd Density = Dimensions 3–6

3rd Density = Dimension 7

4th Density = Dimension 8

5th Density = Dimension 9

6th Density = Dimension 10

7th Density = Dimension 11

8th Density = Dimensions 12–15

Summarizing the Densities of Consciousness

1st Density: Matter forms such as minerals, elements, water.

2nd Density: Early life, plants, animals gains momentum.

3rd Density: Self-awareness and free will emerge.

4th Density: Emotional, spiritual intelligence awakens.

5th Density: Wisdom, balance, and understanding take root.

6th Density: Polarities integrate; service to self merges with service to others.

7th Density: Full harmony and multidimensional comprehension.

8th Density: All consciousness returns to the Creator.

These teachings aren't meant to divide or confuse; they are meant to liberate. You are not just a physical being. You are conscious, exploring a layered, living universe. The more you remember that the more powerfully you can choose how and where you live and that is where the real journey begins.

While the densities describe our soul's movement through layers of awareness across lifetimes, there is another journey that every soul will one day take — the journey out of the physical and back into the greater realms of consciousness. It's not just a symbolic or spiritual metaphor. It's an actual passage of light, one that many

ancient traditions have remembered and described. It's more than a myth. This bridge, which appears as radiant light of immense density, becomes the pathway each soul travels after departing the physical body. What follows is not an end, but a healing, an integration, and a return.

The Rainbow Bridge: Passage of the Soul

In Norse tradition, it's called the Bifröst — the Rainbow Bridge — a brilliant arc of light said to connect the world of the living to the higher realms. While often spoken of as myth, I've come to understand that this bridge is not only real, but fundamental to what happens when we leave our physical bodies.

At the moment of death, we shed our third-density form and transition into what many spiritual traditions call the devachanic body. This is a subtle energetic form, a refined version of our original soul blueprint we use for transition and utilitarian purposes. It is not our final form, but rather a transitory vessel that allows us to begin the process of healing, integration, and ultimate return to our natural vibrational form.

When we enter this in-between state, we are welcomed into a kind of spiritual hospital. Loving beings: guides, soul family, and caretakers gather to support us. It is not clinical. It is warm, peaceful, and deeply restorative. Here, we begin what many refer to as the life review.

This is not a judgment or punishment. It's more like a counseling session with the soul. Together with a loving guidance, often someone familiar to us, we review the key choices we made during our incarnation. We look closely at how our actions affected others, not just directly, but indirectly through ripples we may never have noticed.

For example, imagine stepping over a person on the street who appeared to be in need. Whether they asked for help or not, your soul knows whether you felt that subtle call to act. In this review, you don't just recall your thoughts at that moment; you feel what they felt. You see how your decision to help or ignore influenced their day, their outlook, even their treatment of others. You witness the cascade of energy, the karmic consequence of every choice.

This same process applies to every interaction. If you spoke words of anger to someone who was already fragile, you'll see how that pain traveled through them, maybe even affecting others in their life. And just the same, if you offered kindness or hope, you'll witness how that light spread and uplifted those around them. Every ripple is revealed. And you are never alone during this. You are always held in unconditional love.

After the healing process is complete and your soul is ready to move on, you move out of the devachanic body into your original form; you are now ready to cross the Rainbow Bridge.

Now, this bridge is not metaphorical, it is made of highly dense light. It is a real construct, a vibrational pathway that exists between planes. As you step onto it, you are not alone. Guides and angelic beings flank your path, ensuring you are steady. This is a delicate passage, and each soul travels at their own pace.

Contrary to many depictions, the destination is not the same for everyone. The distance you travel along the Rainbow Bridge is determined by your soul's density or your vibrational state at the moment of transition. The more aligned you are with love, compassion, and wisdom, the farther you can go before the brilliance of the light ahead becomes too overwhelming to endure.

That threshold is not punishment. It's simply a vibrational reality. When the light becomes too intense, too blinding to the point of immobility, you stop. That is the place where your soul's current

density finds resonance. And from there, you continue your journey of evolution within that density of experience.

Some who recall this transition have compared it to scenes from the animated film *Soul*, where little luminous beings gently walk toward a vast radiant field of light. That depiction, while stylized, touches on a fundamental truth.

Whether this crossing happens for one soul or many during a mass event, the process is universal and loving. It prepares us. It allows us to walk that path with clarity and peace.

We do not walk alone. And we do not disappear. We continue, guided by love, toward light and toward remembrance.

Bridging the Realms: Communication with Other Races and the Role of Densities, Dimensions, and Chakras

One of the most profound reasons for understanding densities and dimensions is that they unlock the door to how we interact with intelligent beings beyond Earth. My experiences with other races have shown me that communication across species is not just a matter of language or words; it's a matter of resonance.

Many of these beings operate in higher densities and dimensions. Their way of communicating is inherently different from ours. While we are still largely reliant on verbal speech, body language, and linear expressions, most advanced races communicate through telepathy. But it goes even deeper than that.

Some communicate by placing thoughts directly into your consciousness: fully formed, emotional, and clear. Others might share a single image or a quick flash of color, not to tell you something outright, but to activate a response within you. In those moments, what they're doing is encouraging you to examine how that image, sound, or impression makes you feel. That feeling is the

true message. It bypasses translation and moves straight into your essence.

Others share with vibration, tones, or songs that bypass the mind altogether and harmonize with your energetic field. These sounds don't always register to your ears, but your body feels them. They touch you in places language can't reach. That's why understanding the energetic framework of densities, dimensions, and the human energy system is not just metaphysical theory; it's practical preparation for contact.

This brings us to one of the most vital components of multidimensional communication: the chakra system.

Chapter Eleven

Understanding the Chakras & Their Truest Purpose

Each human has seven primary chakras within the body, each one corresponding to a specific aspect of consciousness and each one linked to a corresponding density of experience. These aren't just esoteric symbols, they're energy centers, tuned to receive and transmit vibrations in and out of the body. They are the instruments through which we communicate with the universe.

The root chakra aligns with first density, physical survival and grounding.

The sacral chakra aligns with emotional life and second density consciousness.

The solar plexus connects with personal power and early third density self-awareness.

The heart chakra is the threshold into fourth density, compassion, empathy, unity.

The throat chakra bridges into fifth density, truth, expression, creative vibration.

The third eye connects to the sixth density, inner vision, multidimensional sight.

The crown chakra channels seventh density wisdom, cosmic understanding, unity with the Divine.

The chakras are not only centers of energy within the human body, but they are also instruments of divine resonance. Each chakra vibrates at its own frequency, its own unique tone in the spectrum of light and sound. When we look at them individually (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet) they appear as distinct bands of energy. But when balanced and brought into harmony, they merge into one unified current of white light.

This merging is not only symbolic, but also vibrational. In the Book of Revelation, we are told of the 144,000 sealed servants of God (Revelation 7:4 and 14:1). While this has often been interpreted literally, from my understanding and guidance it speaks to vibration and consciousness. The number 144,000 is not about a head count, but about a frequency. It represents the total resonance of the chakras combined. When each energy center is balanced, purified, and harmonized, their vibrations unite into a singular beam of white light vibrating at 144,000 hertz.

This frequency is the key to what scripture calls “the promised land.” It is not a geographic location, but a state of consciousness. Revelation 14 describes the 144,000 as those who “follow the Lamb wherever He goes” and who sing “a new song before the throne.” This is the song of resonance, the hymn of unity, the frequency of divine love expressed through the human energy system in its perfected state.

The Unified Frequency of 144,000 Hz: Chakras and Harmonic Frequencies

The chakras are more than just spinning energy centers; they are harmonic portals into higher consciousness. Each one vibrates at a specific base frequency:

Root — 396 Hz

Sacral — 417 Hz

Solar Plexus — 528 Hz

Heart — 639 Hz

Throat — 741 Hz

Third Eye — 852 Hz

Crown — 963 Hz

Adding these directly only gives 4,536 Hz, far below 144,000. So, the interpretation isn't simple addition; it's about harmonics.

But these numbers represent only their audible fundamentals, the lower octaves that we can measure and perceive.

When the chakras are fully awakened, their frequencies don't remain isolated. They begin to resonate upward through higher octaves, stacking harmonics upon harmonics, until they merge into a single unified vibration. It's within these higher harmonic ranges that we approach the symbolic and powerful 144,000 Hz frequency: the threshold of divine alignment.

Esoteric teachings suggest that this unified frequency represents the moment when all seven chakras synchronize, forming a coherent field of white light. This is the vibrational state needed to fully reconnect with God, Source, or the Infinite Creator. It's not simply about numbers; it's about the realization of energetic wholeness. When the heart, mind, and spirit align, we transcend division and embody the frequency of unity itself.

Some traditions link this directly to the 144,000 souls mentioned in ancient texts, not as literal beings but as a metaphor for those who have balanced their internal energy systems and awakened into their higher potential. In this state, the human vessel becomes a conduit for Source, activating our full multidimensional nature and aligning us with the greater cosmic plan.

But this awakening, the alignment of our chakras and the activation of our full multidimensional nature, has not come without resistance. The path back to Source has been deliberately obscured. Earth's history has been shaped by interference. Ancient civilizations such as the Anunnaki, along with manipulations carried forward by ruling elites, have sought to turn humanity away from this truth. Their influence has convinced us that our power lies outside ourselves, keeping us divided and locked into the lower vibrations of fear and

separation. This distortion has been maintained for millennia, but it was never the final word.

A shift is happening now. Across the planet, people are beginning to remember who they are and why they came here. The old systems built on control and deception are collapsing as more of us awaken to the deeper truth; that we are beings of energy, frequency, and infinite potential. The call of the 144,000 is not about numbers but about resonance, about reaching the vibrational state where unity, compassion, and awareness become our natural way of being. As more individuals balance their energy centers and align with this higher frequency, a collective field is formed, amplifying the potential for transformation on a global scale.

The truth is simple, and it is within reach. All we need to do is open our hearts and minds to the reality of who we are. When we align with love, when we balance and unify our chakras, all the negative influences fade away. Fear dissolves, control loses its grip, and the illusions of separation fall away like shadows before the light.

What remains is a New Earth, where humanity rises into fourth density and beyond. In that state of harmony, we will no longer be isolated. Beings from the Confederation of Planets, our allies across the cosmos, will walk openly with us, teaching us the highest lessons of love, unity, and remembrance of our oneness with God, with Source, with the Infinite Creator.

When the chakras are fully balanced, something profound happens and they no longer spin at different rates or vibrate as separate centers. Instead, they synchronize. Each energy point begins to rotate and hum at the same frequency, merging their individual tones into a single harmonious vibration. In that unified state, the spectrum of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet becomes one radiant expression of pure white love-light.

This white light is more than energy. It is the essence of wholeness itself, a direct expression of soul in alignment with Source. As it rises

through the body, it gathers strength and focus until it beams outward as a singular column of brilliance. This is the moment when a person steps beyond the perceptual universe. The illusion of separation falls away, and the self becomes attuned to the infinite.

In this state, the light does not remain confined within. It expands, wrapping around the individual and crystallizing into a radiant sphere of protective, intelligent energy. This crystalline field is not static; it becomes a vessel. Within it, the being is free to translocate, moving across space and time with ease. Consciousness is no longer tethered to one location. The soul, carried in its sphere of light, can traverse the universe, visit distant worlds, and commune with higher realms.

This is the destiny encoded within each of us: to balance, to unify, to become vessels of light capable of transcending the limits of matter, and to awaken into the boundless reality that has always been waiting.

In that state of unified vibration, you are free from the lower illusions of self and separation. You are no longer just human; you are as close to Source as one can be while still choosing to remain in creation. It's at this level of purity that communication with other advanced beings becomes seamless. There is no need to interpret or decode. There is only recognition, remembrance, and alignment.

This is why everything we have discussed about densities and dimensions matters. It is not just intellectual exploration, it is training. It is preparation. It is the decoding of the universal language that every soul, every being, every light in the sky understands. And the key is within you. Through vibration, through awareness, through balance, we become citizens of the greater cosmos. We open the channel for communion, not only with other races, but with the Divine Intelligence that connects us all.

My own journey into that communion reached one of its deepest points on Mimas. There, the abstract ideas of density, dimension,

and vibration were no longer just concepts I understood, they were the living reality I walked through every day. They shaped my interactions, my relationships, and even the way I saw myself. The beings I met on Mimas embodied those truths in ways no lesson or lecture ever could. While many species came and went, certain races were fixtures, always present, always contributing, always representing their cultures and specialties. Several stand out vividly in my memory.

The Confederation of Planets: A Galactic Alliance Rooted in Service

The Confederation of Planets has existed for countless thousands of years. It is not merely an alliance but a living, breathing accord among hundreds of species, each with unique cultures, perspectives, and gifts. Much like the Federation in *Star Trek*, built on principles of interplanetary cooperation, diplomacy, and shared evolution, this Confederation serves as a framework to guide, protect, and support emerging worlds like Earth and humanity.

What brought it into being was not conquest but necessity, duty and honor. Civilizations across the cosmos reach pivotal moments: challenging transitions, often from third density into fourth. These junctures are fragile, when a race may be most susceptible to interference or manipulation, whether from benevolent forces or those aligned with service to self. The Confederation, born of countless races bound by choice and honor, formed to ensure balance, assistance, and autonomy.

Membership is entirely voluntary. A species may join as a whole, or individuals may participate as ambassadors or observers. Some come from distant galaxies, others from nearby systems, drawn by the cosmic ethic shared by so many civilizations: those who evolve must reach back and uplift those still finding their way.

The Protocols of Contact and Cooperation

When a planet falls under the protection of a unified Confederation, as Earth has for several millennia, any race wishing to interact with it must follow established protocols. They do not arrive by force. Instead, they declare their presence and intentions before a council of appointed representatives. Although not all races abide by this basic cosmic rule.

My soul family met with the counsel many years ago, seeking permission to interact with Earth's governments. The Ra Collective followed a similar process, coming before the Confederation council with their proposals. This is how interstellar order is maintained, not through force but through consent and common purpose.

Mimas was chosen as a headquarters for this effort. Manipulated in higher densities, especially the eighth, it exists in a realm that spans physical and subtle realities. It became an accessible hub for interspecies diplomacy, a place where embassies gather, where Earth's presence is represented, and where agreements are formalized. It is neutral ground that supports evolving clarity among worlds.

It bears repeating that the Confederation I describe is only one among many. Others, aligned with service to self or control, may operate with different aims. They are rare and often viewed with caution by the Confederation. Most galactic civilizations walk with neutrality or service to others, drawn by resonance rather than conflict.

The existence of the Confederation of Planets is not science fiction. It is consistent with both speculative astrophysics and metaphysical principles. In theoretical terms, a confederation among intelligent systems becomes not just likely but essential if vast interstellar harmony is to persist.

(https://ntrs.nasa.gov/api/citations/19800014518/downloads/1980014518.pdf?utm_source=chatgpt.com).

When discussing the Confederation of Planets and the broader idea of interstellar alliances, I felt it was important to ground the narrative not only in lived memory and metaphysical insight but also in references that show how mainstream science has wrestled with similar possibilities. The NASA Technical Report I just cited is one such example.

This report, while purely theoretical and written within the framework of academic science, explores the probability of extraterrestrial civilizations through models like the Drake Equation. It reflects an early attempt by respected institutions to treat the existence of intelligent life and possible interstellar networks as subjects worthy of analysis, not just speculation. Although the language is cautious and the conclusions limited, the very fact that NASA researchers were discussing conditions under which advanced civilizations might organize or communicate adds an important layer of credibility and context.

In the book, this citation serves as a bridge. It reminds the reader that the concept of galactic federations or confederations is not only found in spiritual teachings, channelings, or personal testimony but also shows up in serious academic discussions, even if only as probability estimates. Including it is my way of saying, this conversation is bigger than belief alone; it is part of a much larger inquiry into who we are, where we fit in the cosmos, and how civilizations, ours and others, might choose to come together.

The Council of the Confederation: A Galactic Parliament of Light

At the heart of the Confederation of Planets lies its council, a governing body that functions less like a hierarchy and more like a parliament of equals. Each race, whether an entire civilization or a smaller delegation, sends representatives. Some are individuals who speak for their soul families, others are elected or chosen by

collective agreement. The council chambers are not physical halls in the sense that we know them but vast, multidimensional meeting places that can appear differently depending on the perceiver. To some, it looks like a crystalline amphitheater. To others, it feels like standing in a circle of radiant beings in open space. The form shifts, but the essence remains constant: it is a place of dialogue, consent, and service.

Decisions within the council are not made through votes or majority rule as on Earth. Instead, the Confederation relies on what can be described as consensus through resonance. Each proposal, whether from a single being or a planetary delegation, is considered until there is vibrational harmony among the members. If even one representative senses distortion, imbalance, or risk of infringement upon free will, the proposal is set aside for refinement. This ensures that no action is taken unless it truly serves the highest good of the collective. It is slower than majority rule, but it produces outcomes that remain aligned across densities.

The purpose of this process is simple: to protect developing civilizations from undue interference while allowing them the freedom to evolve naturally. For example, when Earth became a focal point of interest, both service-to-self and service-to-others groups sought access to Earth. The Confederation council had to weigh every request carefully. They did not seek to control humanity, but rather to shield us from being overwhelmed, manipulated, or exploited. Even the Ra Collective had to present themselves before this council before offering their teachings. Likewise, my own soul family's agreement with the U.S. military required permission from this council before incarnating here.

The council itself embodies diversity on a galactic scale. Ancient insectoid inspectors, trusted to monitor neutrality, stand alongside aquatic races who carry the wisdom of entire oceanic worlds. Avian collectives bring clarity of vision, while hybrid groups like the Arcturian-Andromedan lineage carry multidimensional insight. Each

contributes a perspective that no single race could provide on its own. It is not only a council of beings but also a living mirror of the cosmic truth that unity is strength.

The Confederation does not claim to be the only authority in the cosmos. Other confederations exist; some aligned more closely with service-to-self agendas. But the one that has influenced Earth most directly operates under principles of compassion, balance, and non-interference. Their ultimate task is to ensure that as we move from third to fourth density, we do so without being stripped of our sovereignty. They cannot walk the path for us, but they can keep the way clear enough for us to choose our own steps.

My own service, my return to Earth, and my journey here carry the signature of that larger alliance. It is not only the story of my past but also an emblem of how the stars themselves can guide a planet's evolution.

The Guardianship of the Confederation of Planets

One of the most profound forms of protection humanity receives, largely unnoticed by the general population, comes from the Confederation of Planets. Their role is not to control us or interfere with our evolution, but to ensure that humanity's choices remain our own. That means non-human intelligences, particularly those not in service to humanity's awakening, are no longer allowed to manipulate or dominate us through outside interference. But it wasn't always this way. For millions of years, Earth was heavily influenced by off-world beings. Some of them had benevolent intentions, but many others sought control, resource extraction, or genetic manipulation. During those times, outside forces operated more freely, and humanity was subjected to varying degrees of influence, including direct intervention in our civilizations, technologies, and consciousness.

That began to change a few thousand years ago, when a protective shift occurred. An energetic grid was established around Earth, fundamentally changing the nature of planetary access. This grid, reinforced through the construction of the pyramids and other ancient energetic structures, created a frequency barrier around the planet. It functioned like a vibrational quarantine, limiting external interference and stabilizing the energetic field of the Earth. Many off-planet beings who had previously come and gone without restriction found themselves trapped here, unable to leave. This was not intended as punishment, but rather as a form of containment to protect the evolutionary trajectory of the human race.

The Confederation of Planets was involved in setting up and maintaining this grid. Since then, the vast majority of direct outside interference has been curtailed. Negative extraterrestrial civilizations are not permitted to enter and influence Earth from the outside. However, not all interference has stopped. Some of the beings who were already here, including groups operating underground or in hidden bases, have continued their agendas. These entities adapted by embedding themselves within aspects of Earth's own infrastructure, including breakaway civilizations, military factions, and deep government operations.

As a result, many of the abduction scenarios that have been reported are not initiated by newly arriving extraterrestrials. Instead, they are orchestrated by long-resident groups who have been here all along. These groups use advanced technology, some of which originated from ancient off-world contact, but their operations are now rooted within Earth's own systems. Because they are now considered internal influences, the Confederation is limited in how much they can intervene without violating the laws of noninterference.

One of my assignments during my time on Mimas was to examine exactly these kinds of scenarios. As a native Earth human working within the Confederation structure, my unique perspective was vital. I was often tasked with reviewing complex Earth-based

entanglements involving residual non-human influences. The goal was always the same: to find solutions that upheld cosmic law, specifically the law of noninterference, while still supporting humanity's evolution and sovereignty.

This required us to walk a very narrow path. We couldn't use force. We couldn't inject solutions from beyond Earth's own energetic threshold. What we could do was find ways to catalyze human-driven outcomes — ideas, inventions, cultural shifts, even synchronicities — that originated from within the collective human field. In that way, humanity remained the author of its own awakening.

Every potential intervention had to be filtered through strict ethical parameters. No manipulation. No domination. And above all, the human will, must never be overridden by any outside agenda, regardless how well-intentioned it may seem. Instead, we worked to amplify what was already stirring in the hearts and minds of Earth humans who were waking up such as scientists, healers, thinkers, artists and activists. Our job was to ensure that the path remained open for them to access higher frequencies of truth and to act on them in ways that would ripple through the collective.

It was delicate work. Often slow. But it was the only way to ensure that what emerged on Earth was truly of Earth, even if it was inspired or supported by those who loved us from beyond the veil.

This is why discernment has become so important. Not everything that appears alien is truly from another world, and not everything that claims to be human is working in humanity's best interest. Fortunately, we are no longer exposed to widespread manipulation from the stars. The barriers are in place, and the support is strong. What remains are echoes of past influence, still playing out within our collective shadows. As we awaken and reclaim our sovereignty, these remnants lose their power. Our growth in awareness is what renders them obsolete and creates a degree of protection made available to the whole of humanity.

The elevation of our awareness diminishes their influence and activates a frequency of protection accessible to all of humankind. This isn't just metaphor; it has played out in profound ways across our history. An example of this protection occurred during the development of nuclear weapons. When Earth scientists succeeded in finalizing the hydrogen bomb, the Confederation of Planets intervened; not by stopping the technology, but by ensuring a balance. They shared the same nuclear knowledge with Russia, not to escalate conflict, but to prevent one nation from gaining overwhelming power that could threaten global stability. By maintaining parity between world powers, they preserved a delicate planetary balance.

It is important to understand that nuclear technology was not imposed on humanity from an alien source. It was developed by Earth-born humans. People like Einstein and Edward Teller though they may have originated from other soul lineages, was born and incarnated as a human. This distinction matters because the Confederation cannot interfere with human free will. If an Earth human desires to discover something and seeks it with sincere intent, the Confederation may allow that knowledge to surface.

Nikola Tesla is another example. He received inspiration from higher-density beings, specifically the Venusians, or what we now recognize as the Ra Collective. The knowledge he received was aligned with healing and planetary advancement. Zero-point energy, sustainable technology, and non-combustion-based systems were among his insights. These were given freely because his heart was oriented toward service and healing. Though such knowledge could eventually be misused, his original intent was pure, and therefore he was a worthy recipient.

The Confederation honors this principle. When a human asks from a place of genuine service, the response often comes. But they do not permit off-world civilizations to simply hand over destructive

power unless it is sought through human means and from human intention.

Many people fear alien invasions or planetary domination from external species. These fears, while understandable, are largely unnecessary. The Confederation will not allow such a thing to occur. They maintain a planetary grid of protection composed of the electro stratosphere, the electromagnetic field, and Earth's ley lines. These structures are not myths or metaphors. The ancient pyramids were built not only as monuments or energy generators, but as tuning devices to stabilize and amplify the energy grid that protects the planet.

Even so, the Confederation does not interfere when harm arises from within humanity itself. When the bombs fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, they did not stop the attack, not because they approved, but because the harm originated from human choices. Earth humans created the bombs and chose to use them against each other. As painful as it was, that meant the Confederation could not interfere.

But they did not stand idle either. Just before the detonations, the Confederation harvested every soul that would have been instantly destroyed by the blasts. This was not done casually. High-yield nuclear weapons are one of the few things in the universe capable of disintegrating a soul's energetic structure. That kind of damage is not just tragic, it is a loss to Source itself. Instead of interfering with the detonation, which they were not allowed to do, they removed those souls in the final moments to preserve their existence. Those souls were then guided into healing; through the post-death review process and the journey I previously described along the Rainbow Bridge.

This is the depth of their guardianship. They cannot always protect us from ourselves, but they will always protect us from destruction imposed by an outside force.

If there ever comes a time when it seems that Earth is under attack by non-human entities, I encourage you to pause and reflect. Trust your heart. Ask whether the story you are being shown truly resonates. Because many such events may be false flag operations, orchestrated to produce fear, compliance, or distraction. The damage may be real, but the source may not be what it seems.

We have seen this pattern repeatedly in our modern era. Many of the most destructive acts have been generated from within, framed to look like external threats. That deception serves an agenda of control.

For me, it is a great comfort to know we are not alone. The Confederation watches over us, not as saviors, but as guardians of balance. They will act when it is appropriate and when it aligns with the laws of noninterference. And they will always act from love.

Chapter Twelve

The Beings of Mimas: Diverse Allies in the Cosmos

We have spoken at length about the Confederation and its many inhabitants on Mimas, but several species stand out vividly in my memory. Some you may already be familiar with, while others will likely be new to your understanding and offer a glimpse into the wide cross-section of races that exist throughout the universe.

The Arcturians

The first race that comes to mind are the Arcturians. Their presence on Mimas was unmistakable, not only because of their tall, graceful forms and luminous eyes, but because of the calm, stabilizing field they carried everywhere they went. They were masters of energy architecture, able to shape environments in ways that supported harmony and efficiency. On the station, they often oversaw projects involving atmospheric balance, spatial design, and energetic shielding.

Conversations with them were as much telepathic as spoken. Their thoughts carried layered meanings, images, and emotions that bypassed the limits of language. I often left these exchanges feeling as though I had been both taught and healed at the same time. Their perspective on the cosmos was vast, yet they never looked down on younger or less advanced races. Instead, they seemed to see the potential in everyone, like gardeners tending to seedlings that had not yet broken the soil.

The Andromedans

Another constant presence on Mimas were the Andromedans. Where the Arcturians brought stability and balance, the Andromedans brought movement and adaptability. They were often

tall and slender, with a subtle iridescence to their skin that caught the light in shifting blues and silvers. Their eyes seemed to hold depth upon depth, as if looking into them meant peering through layers of star fields.

The Andromedans were skilled in navigation and interstellar diplomacy. They had an ease with moving between cultures and systems, carrying with them a natural sense of when to speak, when to listen, and when to act. On Mimas, they often facilitated communication between species whose worlds views were so different that direct conversation would have been nearly impossible. I watched them transform potential conflicts into cooperative efforts, sometimes without a single word, just through presence, empathy, and precise timing.

Being around them taught me a different kind of skill: the art of flow. The Andromedans showed me how to navigate shifting circumstances without losing direction, how to remain open without being unguarded, and how to see multiple perspectives at once without losing my own center.

The Arcturian-Andromedan Hybrids

Among the many races I encountered during my time on Mimas, few were as impactful to me personally as the Arcturian–Andromedan hybrids. They embodied the union of two highly evolved lineages: Arcturians, masters of consciousness and frequency, and Andromedans, explorers of interstellar diplomacy and guardianship. The result of this blending was a race uniquely suited to bridge divides, carrying both the wisdom of inward mastery and the outward vision of galactic service.

Physically, they were striking yet understated. Standing about the height of a tall human, their skin carried a greyish-blue tone that seemed to shimmer differently under various lights. Their facial features were fine and compact with subtle cheekbones, narrow

mouths, and smaller eyes compared to some other extraterrestrial races. But what truly set them apart were those eyes. Looking into them was like peering into deep space itself: dynamic, endlessly shifting, alive with galaxies of color that changed with their moods and states of being. Sometimes their gaze revealed a gentle silver-blue stillness, and at other times brilliant hues rippled and flashed like auroras across the surface of their irises. To be seen by them was to feel understood at a level beyond words.

My closest companion on Mimas was one of these hybrids: Jigidim. Our friendship became the anchor of my experience there, grounding me in trust and belonging in an environment that was often overwhelming. Jigidim was patient, deeply intuitive, and gifted in ways I can only describe as soul-recognition. He knew me, even when I was still learning to remember myself. We shared conversations, silences, and unspoken exchanges that went far deeper than language. It was with him that I began to understand that friendship itself could be a teaching, a kind of mirror for the soul's journey.

The Arcturian–Andromedan hybrids served a vital role on Mimas and within the larger Confederation of Planets. They acted as mediators, translators not just of language but of energy, intention, and cultural nuance. Because their very lineage was a fusion of two powerful civilizations, they carried an inherent ability to hold opposing perspectives and weave them into unity. On Mimas, they often oversaw councils, supported interspecies collaborations, and guided newly integrated beings like me into a greater understanding of the Confederation's mission.

The Confederation of Planets is a vast alliance devoted to service, balance, and the evolution of consciousness across the galaxy. The hybrids were living symbols of that ethos. Their very existence demonstrated that diversity, when honored and integrated, becomes strength. They showed me that unity is not about sameness but

about resonance, and that the cosmos itself thrives on harmony born from difference.

For me, the presence of Jigidim and his people was a reminder that no soul evolves alone. We rise together, hand in hand, or across the stars, eye to eye.

The Insectoid Guardians

The insectoid beings of Mimas are among the most enigmatic and respected races in the Confederation of Planets. Standing between seven and eight feet tall, they have a physique reminiscent of Earth's praying mantis, with long limbs, large eyes, and an exoskeleton that ranges in tone from greenish to brown-beige. Despite their imposing form, they move with a surprising grace, their slender arms and claw-like hands capable of incredible dexterity and precision.

Their roles within the Confederation are as diverse as their subspecies. Many serve as scientists and researchers, their keen observational abilities lending themselves to groundbreaking studies of biology, consciousness, and interstellar physics. Others are regarded as historians, keeping meticulous records that span civilizations older than most can imagine. It is widely accepted that the insectoids are among the oldest still-physical races in our galaxy, their collective memory stretching back to times before many other species had even begun their evolutionary journey.

Perhaps their most important role, however, is that of inspector and peacekeeper. Certain factions act as a kind of galactic regulatory body, ensuring fairness and adherence to interstellar agreements. Trusted by nearly all races, they are seen as impartial and incorruptible. Because of this reputation, Confederation law requires that any ship — whether aligned with service to self or service to others — must host one of these insectoid overseers when entering sensitive zones such as Earth's orbit. Their presence guarantees that

treaties are respected, boundaries are not crossed, and interventions do not exceed agreed-upon limits.

This oversight explains a curious thread running through Earth's modern UFO history. Beginning in the 1930s and continuing through the wave of abduction reports in the late twentieth century, many experiencers described the presence of tall, mantis-like beings standing silently during their encounters. Often mistaken for the leaders of these operations, in truth they were acting as monitors, ensuring that what was happening did not violate galactic law. Just as an inspector from a government agency might quietly observe a factory floor or restaurant, these insectoids observed, recorded, and intervened only when necessary.

Their presence may feel unsettling at first glance, but in truth, they embody integrity and trustworthiness on a galactic scale. They remind us that order exists even among the stars and that humanity is not left unprotected. Their very existence affirms the principle that the Confederation of Planets is not built on power but on accountability, balance, and respect for all evolving worlds.

The Sirian Envoys

The next group that stands out in my memory are the Sirian Envoys. They were more reserved in number compared to the other races, yet their influence was unmistakable. Their physical form resembled humans in many ways, though their bearing was regal and their features carried a precision that hinted at a long lineage of disciplined culture. Their eyes, often a deep and reflective blue, seemed to hold the memory of oceans and ancient civilizations.

I've mentioned the Sirians before, though it is time to describe them in full. They're tall and slender, with smooth, amphibian-like skin that seems to carry a faint, living sheen under the station lights. Their skin tones range through shades of deep ocean blue, and their long, straight white hair falls in perfect contrast, giving them an

appearance that is both alien and strikingly beautiful. To the untrained eye, they may appear almost identical to one another, and I have often wondered if many of them are in fact clones; perfect genetic replications designed for consistency in form and purpose.

I had one of my most profound moments with them on the mezzanine of the Mimas Space Station. It was there that they helped me remember who I truly was, not just what I had done in this life, but what I had been across timelines, densities, and incarnations. This was not accomplished through conversation, or even through the kind of emotion we know on Earth. It was a moment of pure recognition, like a key fitting into a lock I had not known I carried.

They are not “loving” in the human sense. They do not surround you in waves of affection or warmth. Instead, they offer something rarer; compassionate attention. The Sirians are deeply and sincerely interested in humanity. They know how much we have endured, how many manipulations, setbacks, and challenges have shaped us, and they honor that struggle. Their support is never loud or performative. It is deliberate, strategic, and woven into their missions, as quietly vital as the foundation that upholds an entire structure.

The Sirians were masters of strategic organization and planetary development. On Mimas, they coordinated large-scale projects that involved multiple races and complex logistical challenges. They had a way of breaking monumental tasks into precise, attainable steps, and ensuring each was completed without chaos or waste. When they spoke, every word felt deliberate, as if it had been weighed for both meaning and consequence.

What I learned from the Sirians was the importance of structure in service to vision. They showed me that inspiration without organization could fade into nothing, while disciplined planning could turn the most ambitious dreams into tangible realities. They were builders of more than ships and stations, they were builders of civilizations.

The A'elvarians

Among the most distinctive beings on Mimas were the aquatic A'elvarians. Their bodies were sleek and elongated, built for life in liquid environments, with smooth, opalescent skin that shifted in color depending on their mood and the surrounding light. They had large, multi-faceted eyes that could see well beyond the human visual spectrum, and delicate frill-like structures along their necks that rippled with each movement, sensing changes in energy and pressure.

They were bipedal, having two arms, two legs, no tail and stood just a little shorter than I am, maybe around five-and-a-half feet tall. Their suits were practical and sturdy, built from materials that resembled a light bluish-gray color with metallic components. They reminded me of early U.S. spacesuit designs from lunar missions, with visible latches and metallic sections, shiny like stainless steel. Their helmets were smooth, clear acrylic domes that clipped onto the suit at the collar, allowing them visibility while keeping their environment sealed.

Physically, they were like a cross between a frog and a fish. Their heads were round and somewhat stubby, with large, wide mouths filled with small, even teeth. Their eyes were on the smaller side, and their skin had a dark green-brown coloration with a texture more similar to a toad than a frog, slightly bumpy with irregular patterns of brown and green mottling.

Despite their appearance, they were not hostile or intimidating. In fact, most of the time I saw them, they were working in security roles. They often stood near doorways or accompanied other beings who required protection. They moved with quiet precision, observant but not confrontational. You could tell they were accustomed to keeping peace without escalation.

I never learned their origin world, but their presence added another layer to the extraordinary diversity of Mimas. They were a reminder that sentience and service come in many forms and sometimes from beneath the surface, quite literally.

The A'elvarians lived within vast aquatic chambers integrated into the station's structure, self-contained environments of crystalline water lit by soft bioluminescent flora. Communication in these chambers took on a different rhythm, slow, flowing, and rich with harmonics that seemed to bypass words entirely. Their voices, when spoken in air, carried the resonant timbre of deep-water whale song, and when heard in their native environment, could be felt as much as heard.

Their role on Mimas often involved security, environmental engineering, both in maintaining aquatic habitats and in advising on planetary ecosystems. They approached their work as an act of harmony rather than control, seeking balance between all forms of life. From them, I learned that survival was not about dominance, but about integration; that the health of any world is tied to the well-being of its smallest and most fragile lifeforms.

The Veil-walkers

The most enigmatic of all were the Veil-walkers. Even on Mimas, where diversity was the norm, they were spoken of with a kind of quiet reverence. Their forms were difficult to define; tall, willowy silhouettes that seemed to waver at the edges, as if they existed slightly out of phase with our reality. At times they appeared almost humanoid, cloaked in flowing material that shimmered between colors; at other times they seemed like living shadows with points of light where eyes should be.

The Veil-walkers were rarely seen, yet their influence could be felt throughout the station. They specialized in tasks involving interdimensional travel and energy stabilization in regions where

space-time itself felt unstable. When they moved through the corridors, the air felt charged, and a stillness would settle that made every sound seem distant. Encounters with them were brief, and their communication was more impression than conversation, a sudden understanding placed in your mind, as if you had always known it.

From the Veil-walkers, I learned that not all truths are meant to be explained outright. Some are meant to be experienced, absorbed, and carried forward as quiet wisdom. They were a reminder that the cosmos holds mysteries not to be solved, but to be honored.

The Talmeri

Another race I remember vividly was known as the Talmeri. To the untrained eye, they could have passed for humans, though their facial features were reminiscent of what on Earth we associate with Down's Syndrome. This resemblance was not a deficit or deformity, in truth, it was quite the opposite. The Talmeri radiated a natural warmth and clarity of purpose, an openness of heart that made them both approachable and deeply respected. Standing at about five feet tall, they often moved in small groups, walking shoulder to shoulder through the corridors of Mimas with a quiet unity that spoke of a strong communal bond.

I saw them often in the Earth Embassy and throughout the larger station. They carried slim, tablet-like devices and were usually engaged in fast, fluid conversations among themselves, hands moving over their screens with effortless precision. Technology was their domain. The Talmeri were master programmers, systems architects, and repair specialists. When a console failed or a network hub went offline, they appeared without ceremony, diagnosed the issue almost instantly, and brought it back to life as if it had never been broken. Their gentle demeanor never diminished the authority they carried in technical matters.

The Talmeri came from a world rich in crystalline landscapes and dense energy grids, a place where consciousness and technology had evolved side by side for millennia. Their culture valued collective intelligence over individual acclaim, and it showed in the way they worked; never for personal recognition, always for the seamless function of the whole. Their expertise in multidimensional computing allowed them to interface with systems that spanned densities, linking data and operations across layers of reality in ways that seemed as natural to them as breathing.

One of the things I've come to understand over time is that every being carries a DNA signature within their consciousness; a kind of vibrational marker. When we incarnate on Earth, we bring that signature with us, sometimes subtly, sometimes more overtly. That's how I often recognize where someone may have originated from, at least the lineage of their soul or their cosmic ancestry. The Talmeri have many members who have incarnated on Earth. Some people here, especially those with recognizable features, may be unknowingly connected to that species through soul contracts or inherited energetic codes. And that's not something to pity or even admire; it's something to honor.

The "Sasquatch"

Another species I encountered on Mimas, and one that holds a particularly complex and fascinating history is the race we commonly refer to on Earth as Sasquatch or Bigfoot. There was a forested area adjacent to or very near the Earth Embassy on Mimas, a green, shaded space that many of us gravitated toward, especially those who missed Earth. It had an almost therapeutic quality to it, and it was within this forest that the Sasquatch chose to reside.

These beings are massive at seven, sometimes eight feet tall, having powerful bodies and a presence that commands respect. They're not aggressive, but there's a territorial understanding: the forest is their

home. We were welcome to pass through and rest in certain areas, much like how their Earth-bound counterparts grant limited access to respectful humans. Interaction was minimal but meaningful, usually a subtle head nod, an acknowledgment of presence, mutual understanding without words.

What most people don't know is that there are three distinct types of Sasquatch, at least that I am aware of from both Earth and off-world experiences.

The first type is closer to a second-density consciousness. These beings are more primal, more instinctive. They're animal-like in behavior and operate on a simpler frequency. Here on Earth, this type can be more dangerous, not out of malice but due to their limited self-awareness and emotional control. They walk the line between second and early third density.

The second type is highly intelligent; more intelligent than modern humans in many ways. They originate from a planet known as Maldek, which once orbited between Mars and Jupiter before it was destroyed. Many believe and there's growing evidence to support this, that Mars was once a moon of Maldek, and that the asteroid belt is the debris field left over from its destruction. The story goes that Maldek was obliterated due to advanced technological warfare and infighting among its civilizations. When the planet fell, the souls of its inhabitants were trapped in a kind of energetic net, forcing them to reincarnate in a lower density.

These beings chose to continue their path on Earth as Sasquatch. Not as punishment, but as an intentional step down into third density. They took on a more primitive form as a safeguard, to avoid repeating the catastrophic mistakes of their past. They wanted no part in technologies that could again lead to planetary annihilation. Their wisdom is deep, their restraint even deeper. One way to recognize them is through their eyes which sometimes glow orange, or yellow, and often red. It's a subtle marker of their vibrational heritage.

The third type is the most elusive. These are non-corporeal entities, second-density consciousnesses that live within the Earth in deep cavern systems. They are not Sasquatch by nature, but they have learned to mimic the form. These beings require physical material to temporarily manifest a body, which they obtain through the process of cattle mutilation, though not all such cases are their doing. Using organic tissues, they transmute themselves into short-lived physical forms that typically decay quickly. Their purpose? To induce fear.

These entities thrive on the frequency of fear and anger. By creating terrifying encounters, often in the guise of a Sasquatch, they feed off the emotional energy released. I once had a direct encounter with one of these beings. Deep inside a cavern, I heard a low growl and sensed movement. I wasn't alone, and others heard it too. But there was nothing there; nothing visible, nothing physical. That's how they operate. Stealthy, energetic, fear-inducing. They are not inherently evil, but they serve a function in the vibrational ecosystem.

When we talk about the Sasquatch people, it's essential to understand that the label refers to multiple lineages and consciousness types. They are not a single species but a spectrum of beings with very different intentions, origins, and abilities.

On Mimas, the Sasquatch present were of the Maldekian kind; wise, peaceful, aware, and deeply respectful of space and energy. Their forest domain wasn't just a habitat; it was a sanctuary for them, and for us. A quiet corner of the station where Earth's memory could live and breathe, even among the stars.

The Largans

Another race I recall from my time on Mimas stands out because of their incredibly unique appearance and astonishing abilities. These beings are known as the Largans. While I don't remember this name directly from my time there, I was recently told this is what they are called. I cannot confirm it with certainty, but the name feels familiar

enough that I'm including it here for reference. These beings were around five to five-and-a-half feet tall, though curiously, I don't have a clear memory of what their bodies looked like from the chest down. What I do remember vividly, is from the shoulders up.

Their skin had the texture of an elephant seal: rough, taut and thick looking. Their most distinguishing feature was their proboscis-like nose, which hung downward prominently, much like an elephant seal's. Their heads flared out on the sides like the hood of a cobra, wide, almost like a protective mantle surrounding the upper part of the head. Small brown eyes peered out from this cobra-like structure, intelligent and quiet. Their mouths were set beneath their nose, subtle and expressionless. Despite their unusual appearance, they exuded a sense of calm, intelligence, and ancient knowing.

I don't remember which planet they originate from, but their role on Mimas was critical: they were shipbuilders and not just any kind of shipbuilders. These beings possessed the astonishing ability to manifest materials through thought and vibration alone. With their focused intention and harmonic alignment, they could create entire ships that had no seams, no bolts, no fasteners, just smooth, living surfaces that looked grown rather than built.

More than that, they imbued these ships with consciousness. Boarding one of their craft was a deeply emotional experience. I've stepped onto smaller ships of their design, and each time I did, I felt something extraordinary. It was as though the ship recognized me. It welcomed me like an old friend. If you've ever had a beloved pet run to greet you when you return home, you understand the feeling. These ships projected that kind of warmth, of acceptance. Not with words, but with feeling.

When you are a first-time visitor to one of their ships, the energy shifts. The ship becomes curious, cautious even. It observes. It scans. It waits to see who you are and how you behave. But once you are known; once you are familiar or a member of the crew, the ship itself knows you intimately. It remembers your preferred

temperature, your ideal lighting, even the foods you like or the way you sleep. You don't simply fly these ships; you bond with them. You merge with them energetically and can operate the entire system through intention and resonance.

To me, this race represents a civilization that has mastered the unity of spirit and technology. They do not separate intelligence from material creation, they infuse it. Their ships are as much a part of them as their language or their culture. And walking aboard one is not boarding a vehicle, it is entering a conscious, living being that loves and serves its purpose.

Like many things on Mimas, this reminded me that what we call "advanced" is not necessarily complex. Sometimes it's simply aligned; perfectly, vibrationally, and consciously aligned.

The Monkey-Like Beings

One of my most cherished memories involves a race of beings that I found not only fascinating but deeply enjoyable to be around. These beings were bipedal with two arms, two legs, male and female and stood between six to seven feet tall. They were, by almost any standard, remarkably good-looking, with tall, lean builds, and thick but fine fur that gave them a noble, almost majestic presence. Their faces resembled a highly evolved version of what we might think of as a rhesus monkey; elongated but expressive, with golden eyes that radiated intelligence and emotion.

What made them truly special was not just how they looked, but how they felt to be around. These beings were from a planet that had never been interfered with during its evolutionary process. Unlike Earth, which has been visited, manipulated, and tampered with in both helpful and harmful ways, their world was allowed to grow and evolve naturally, uninterrupted. It wasn't until later in their development, once they had already established a stable society, that visitors began to assist them with advanced technology. The result

was a civilization that integrated outside help without falling into worship or hierarchy, something humanity has historically struggled with.

I don't remember the name of their race or their planet, but I know they had an embassy on Mimas, and they were closely affiliated with the race that helped them evolve further. That relationship still existed, as far as I know, and was based on mutual respect.

One of these beings I considered a friend. We didn't have a deep spiritual bond, but we shared easy laughter and moments of real connection. What made him especially memorable was his love of human clothing, especially vintage styles. He was fascinated by the textures, shapes, and expressions human fashion could convey.

I recall one vivid moment when he came walking up to me beaming with pride. He was wearing a chocolate brown zoot suit with fine white pinstripes, a wide-collared shirt, and a vintage white tie that shimmered with a gold design. It was so unexpected and so perfectly him. To top it off, he wore a pair of thin, wire-framed eyeglasses which were completely lacking any lenses. When I asked him about the glasses, he simply said, "Oh, I just like the way I look when I wear them."

That response, simple and sincere, made me laugh. Not at him, but with him. There was something refreshingly honest about his love for human aesthetics, free of vanity, full of curiosity. It was a reminder that culture can cross galaxies, and style is truly universal.

I never learned exactly what role his people played on the station. They didn't seem tied to any single task. They weren't diplomats in the strictest sense, nor were they technicians or security personnel. They were simply present, contributing through presence, kindness, and an innate sense of balance. Their world had given them space to evolve without interference and in them, you could see what a peaceful evolutionary path might produce.

Their existence, and my connection with one of them, reminded me that joy is as valuable as duty in the cosmos. Sometimes, a zoot suit and a pair of glasses with no lenses can say more about the richness of life than all the data banks in the universe.

All these races, so different in appearance and temperament, represent the spectrum of how love and service can manifest. Some groups operate with warmth and teamwork, others with calm wisdom and spiritual reverence. Yet all are allies. All are teachers. And all remind us that our human view of normal, or acceptable, or even beautiful, is far too small for the vastness of the cosmos.

And perhaps that's one of Mimas' greatest gifts: to bring together; beings from across time, space, and dimension, and remind us all that intelligence, love, and purpose wear many faces.

Many Faces of Wisdom: Mimas as a Mirror of the Cosmos

On Mimas, the extraordinary became ordinary. What we might view on Earth as myth or science fiction was simply day-to-day reality aboard the station. Species from across star systems; some humanoid, some aquatic, some entirely beyond comparison, moved through the corridors, participated in councils, or simply observed with quiet, intentional presence. But one of the greatest revelations I experienced there wasn't just about the diversity of races. It was about how meaningful that diversity truly is.

There were beings of all types, tall, short, bipedal, quadrupedal, feathered, scaled, or covered in fur. But what struck me most was how their appearance had very little to do with their wisdom, their compassion, or their spiritual development. Some of the most loving and sincere beings didn't smile with a mouth or gaze warmly with familiar human eyes. Some didn't even have mouths or eyes in any traditional sense. Yet their presence exuded kindness, their silence hummed with intelligence.

This challenges everything we think we know about identity and beauty. Earth's definition of intelligence is often linked to posture, speech, or how well someone fits into the mold of societal expectations. On Mimas, none of that applied. Wisdom walked in forms that would startle the average Earthling. Beauty radiated from gestures, energy, and resonance, not symmetry or style.

There were species that communicated with song and scent, with pulses of light or geometric telepathic patterns. Others engaged in conversation through a shared inner space, where understanding passed between us in full thoughts and complete emotions, bypassing language entirely. And some, like the beings I met whose presence I still carry in my heart, taught simply by being.

That's what Mimas offered: a living demonstration that intelligence and service are not traits confined to a species, a shape, or even a density. They're expressions of consciousness. And consciousness takes many forms.

Other races manifest love differently, but they do manifest it. And neither expression is superior to the other. They are all valid. They are all whole.

And perhaps that's one of Mimas' greatest gifts: to bring together beings from across time, space, and dimension, and remind us that intelligence, love, and purpose wear many faces.

If there is a message I carry from those corridors and open chambers, it is this: we are not alone in the universe, and we are certainly not the standard. The universe is not only vaster than we imagine, but also more inclusive than we've ever dared to hope. What we fear, we often misunderstand. What we call alien, is simply unfamiliar. And what we label beautiful is far too narrow.

On Mimas, beauty is understood as presence. Wisdom is measured by resonance. And love? Love is seen not as a feeling, but as a frequency.

We will never fully understand the cosmos until we expand what we believe is possible. Mimas taught me that. And the beings who walked its halls continue to teach me that still. Their lessons did not end with philosophy or technology. They extended into realms far more subtle. Many of them possessed abilities that reached beyond the limits of the five senses, and through my time with them, I came to understand that these capacities are not the rare gifts of a chosen few, but a natural part of our spiritual anatomy.

Energetic Protection and the Power of Balanced Light

One of the most important tools I can offer anyone on the path of awakening is the ability to protect themselves energetically, emotionally, and psychically. In the unseen layers of existence, we are constantly interacting with subtle forces, many of which are beneficial, but some of which are not aligned with our highest good. These negative influences can manifest as psychic attacks, emotional interference, or energetic imbalances that leave us feeling drained, confused, or off-center.

What most people in the Western world have not been taught is just how central the chakras are to this protection. When we balance the chakras, truly balance them, not just visualize them, we open a direct line for universal energy to flow through us. This is not symbolic. It is structural and vibrational. Each chakra has its own frequency, and when they are aligned, they resonate in harmony, supporting one another like keys on a well-tuned instrument.

From Gradient Light to White Light

Think of your chakras like a stack of lenses or gates. If one is blocked or spinning unevenly, it disrupts the flow of energy from Earth to Source and from Source to Earth. But when the red ray, the root chakra, is fully open and clear, it allows energy from the Earth to rise

up and stimulate the orange ray, or sacral chakra. When that, too, is open, the energy rises again to the solar plexus, and so on, all the way to the crown.

Once all the chakras are balanced and open, the energy flows like a river in both directions: up from the Earth and down from the cosmos. These two currents do not interfere with each other. They harmonize within us. And when this resonance is achieved, something extraordinary happens. The seven individual rays unify, and we no longer appear as a rainbow of light, but as a singular, radiant white beam. This white light is the full spectrum of our being in harmony. It is the light of unity, of sovereignty, and of God-consciousness.

In that state, you are no longer confined to linear time or third-density perception. You vibrate outside the bounds of everyday reality. You become a fully realized cosmic being, capable of traveling to any point in space or time. From that level of being, all possibilities become accessible. And from that clarity, only choices that serve the whole of life can be made. It is a state some would call godlike, not as ruler or authority, but as a being of complete coherence and compassion. Before we reach that state, there is much work to do seeking inward and understanding the self in a profound way.

The Crystalline Sphere of Protection

One powerful method I teach for psychic and energetic protection is the creation of a crystalline sphere. I mentioned a form of it as a final step in our soul's evolution after perfect chakra balancing, but I feel it deserves deeper attention. This practice allows us to create our own protective sphere whenever we need support, clarity, or shielding.

This technique begins with a single photon of light, one of the smallest measurable forms of energy in the universe. Nothing can be

smaller. No thought, no entity, no negative force can compress below the size of a photon. That is why we begin with it.

Visualize a single photon at the center of your heart. Hold it there. Then, let it grow. Watch as it expands, gently pushing out all the unwanted energies in your body; physical, mental, emotional, and energetic. Let it grow until it surrounds your heart, then your torso, and eventually expands to about two inches beyond your outstretched arms. Then, crystallize it. Let it become a transparent, shimmering sphere that surrounds your entire being. Nothing can enter it that you do not allow.

Now create a second photon. Place this one in your mind, in the center of the pineal gland, sometimes referred to as the “Cave of Brahma.” Let it grow just like the first. Let it expand beyond your brain, beyond your skull, until it’s a few inches larger than your head. Then crystallize it. This becomes your psychic and mental shield.

These two spheres, one around the body and one around the head, are the most effective defense against psychic attacks, intrusive thoughts, and external manipulations. You may have seen this encoded in ancient art. Halos around saints and ascended beings are often depictions of these spheres. The halo represents the upper crystalline sphere. In some depictions, there is also a faint outer glow or dome that indicates the heart-centered shield.

Why It Matters Now

We are entering a time where the veil between worlds is thinning. More people are becoming energetically sensitive. And with that sensitivity comes both opportunity and risk. These practices are not metaphors. They are tools. They are technologies of consciousness.

Balancing your chakras, aligning your light, and creating your crystalline spheres are foundational steps in becoming a fully conscious, sovereign being. And once you do, you not only protect

yourself, but you also broadcast a frequency that uplifts those around you. That is how we transform the world, not through force, but through resonance.

Understanding our energetic anatomy is the foundation for unlocking the latent capacities hidden within us. This is why I emphasize practices like chakra balancing and the creation of crystalline energy spheres; not just as spiritual hygiene, but as essential tools for navigating multidimensional life. When our internal energy centers are aligned and open, they create a resonance that allows us to channel pure white light through our bodies. This light isn't symbolic. It is literal, energetic, and transformational. It creates a conduit through which divine energy flows — from the Earth upward and from the cosmos downward — merging within us.

By consciously forming crystalline spheres of light, first in the heart and then in the mind, we build protective layers that shield us from outside influence, psychic attack, and disruptive energies. These tools strengthen our field, but they also do something more; they prepare us for what comes next. Because when our field is clear and our energy is in harmony, we begin to perceive reality beyond the narrow spectrum of the five senses.

And this is where the real training begins.

We will never fully understand the cosmos until we expand what we believe is possible. Mimas taught me that. And the beings who walked its halls continue to teach me that still. Their lessons did not end with philosophy or technology. They extended into realms far more subtle. Many of them possessed abilities that reached beyond the limits of conventional perception, and through my time with them, I came to understand that these capacities are not the rare gifts of a chosen few. They are a natural part of our spiritual anatomy.

Chapter Thirteen

The Spectrum of Psychic Ability: Awakening the Senses

On Mimas and throughout my life, I've encountered countless beings with extraordinary capacities, some physical, others subtle and psychic. But one truth remains consistent across all realms and densities: psychic abilities are not limited to a chosen few. They are part of our spiritual anatomy, woven into the consciousness of all sentient beings.

What many refer to as “psychic powers” are really a spectrum of intuitive faculties; each an expression of our connection to higher intelligence, to Source, and to one another. Some people are born with a heightened sense of intuition, much like others are born with perfect pitch or a talent for drawing. But just as with art or music, psychic skill can be nurtured, strengthened, and refined.

That is why disclosure cannot stop with governments or advanced technologies. It must also include ourselves. If humanity is ever to take its place among other civilizations, we must acknowledge the abilities that are already within us. Psychic perception, intuition, telepathy, empathetic intuition and other so-called “paranormal” skills are not fringe curiosities; they are part of our natural design. To ignore them is to ignore one of the very tools that connects us to the greater cosmos. By exploring and strengthening these capacities, we begin to break free from the narrative that we are powerless, cut off, and limited to only five senses. We step into the truth that we are multidimensional beings, capable of communion not just with each other, but with the universe itself.

Understanding Your Extrasensory Abilities

Throughout my time on Mimas, and in the years of reflection since, I've come to realize that disclosure is not only about governments revealing what they know or advanced technologies being unveiled.

True disclosure begins within us. It is the recognition that humanity already carries within its design the very tools needed for communion with the cosmos. What many call psychic powers are not strange curiosities or rare gifts, but natural faculties; extrasensory abilities that extend beyond the limits of our five physical senses.

When we begin to explore these inner capacities, we discover that they are expressions of our connection to higher intelligence, to Source, and to one another. Some individuals are born with these senses more fully developed, much like others are born with musical talent or artistic vision. Yet just as anyone can learn to play an instrument with practice, so too can these intuitive faculties be strengthened, refined, and brought into conscious use.

Understanding extrasensory abilities matters because they are evolutionary markers of the soul. They expand as we move through densities, opening new ways of seeing and being. They remind us that we are not powerless passengers in the universe, but multidimensional beings equipped with subtle senses for navigating higher realities. To claim them is to begin stepping into our role as cosmic citizens, capable of perceiving other races, other dimensions, and ultimately the Divine Intelligence that connects it all.

Psychic abilities show up in many forms, each a tool for accessing information beyond the five physical senses. Here are some of the most common — and powerful — psychic faculties:

The Spectrum of Extrasensory Abilities

Telepathy

The most universal of the psychic faculties, telepathy is direct mind-to-mind communication. On Mimas, it was common and entire diplomatic councils could unfold without a single spoken word. Telepathy bypasses the limitations of language and reveals truth in

layers of thought, emotion, and imagery. For humanity, developing telepathy is essential to disclosure. Without it, we cannot fully engage in dialogue with beings who communicate in frequencies beyond speech.

Clairvoyance (Clear Seeing)

Clairvoyance is the ability to perceive information beyond ordinary sight. This can appear as visions, symbols, or direct glimpses of people, places, or events across space and time. In the context of soul evolution, clairvoyance awakens our capacity to see the interconnectedness of all things. It is a reminder that nothing is truly hidden, only waiting for perception to expand.

Clairaudience (Clear Hearing)

Some receive truths not in images but in sound; voices, tones, or even entire messages arriving as if whispered by a higher intelligence. This is not imagination; it is perception across frequency bands that the physical ear cannot register. Clairaudience teaches us that the universe is alive with communication if we learn to listen.

Clairsentience (Clear Feeling)

Clairsentience is the intuitive knowing that comes as a felt sense, an unshakable awareness in the body. Many empaths experience this as an ability to feel the emotions or intentions of others. It is both a gift and a responsibility, sharpening compassion and discernment. As humanity evolves, clairsentience will help us navigate encounters with other beings by sensing truth beyond appearances.

Precognition

Precognition is awareness of events before they occur. It can arise in dreams, flashes of insight, or subtle warnings. While often dismissed as coincidence, it is a faculty rooted in the soul's ability to step outside linear time. Precognition reveals that our consciousness is not bound by the forward march of minutes and hours but is capable of touching the probabilities that shape the future.

Remote Viewing

Remote viewing is the ability to perceive locations or events from a distance, sometimes across planets or even densities. It has been tested and documented even within human scientific programs. On Mimas, it was considered a basic navigational tool. For the soul, it proves that consciousness is not limited to the body but can travel through the fabric of space itself.

Psychokinesis

Psychokinesis is the direct influence of mind upon matter; the ability to shift physical reality with focused intention. While often sensationalized, its true purpose is not to display power but to demonstrate the unity of thought and form. It is a reminder that reality itself is responsive to consciousness.

Mediumship and Channeling

Mediumship is the capacity to connect with intelligences beyond the physical, whether they are souls who have transitioned from earthly life or beings from other realms. Channeling extends this ability into direct communion with higher guides, collectives, or cosmic intelligences. For humanity, this ability bridges the seen and unseen and prepares us for open communication with other races.

Specialized Psychic Roles

As with any skill, psychic abilities can take on professional applications. Some people become:

Medical intuitivism – Who sense imbalances or health issues in the body.

Mediums – Who communicate with spirits or loved ones who have passed.

Psychic Detectives – Who assist in solving crimes or locating missing persons.

Intuitive Readers – Who use Tarot cards, runes, or other symbolic systems to access messages.

Intuition as Your Foundation

At the heart of all psychic powers lies intuition, our built-in guidance system. It's often referred to as the "sixth sense" because it arises from within, guiding us with insight, inner nudges, and felt responses.

You don't need to be a professional psychic to benefit from your intuition. Like an artist sketching with a pencil or a runner taking a morning jog, your natural abilities can grow with attention and

practice. The more you trust that inner voice, the louder and clearer it becomes.

Many extraterrestrial and interdimensional races I encountered on Mimas communicated not with words, but with thought, energy, or feeling. Their messages were often received as bursts of color, symbols, or emotional impressions. To understand them, one had to rely on the body's subtle channels, the chakras, especially the third eye and heart, and the intuitive mind.

That's why developing these abilities isn't just a curiosity, it's an act of preparation. As we open to the wider universe, we must also open our inner channels. Telepathy, clairvoyance, empathy; these are not strange gifts. They are natural tools we were born to use.

The Path Forward

You may not consider yourself psychic, but if you've ever had a gut feeling that proved true, sensed someone staring at you, or dreamed something that later occurred, you've touched that world. The next step is to invite it further. Whether through meditation, practice, or trusting your instincts moment by moment, every step deepens your access.

Why these Abilities Matter for Disclosure

Each of these faculties is not just a curiosity; it is a tool for communion. They prove that the soul is multidimensional and that reality is far larger than what the five senses report. As humanity strengthens these abilities, we will not only understand ourselves more fully but also step into a shared dialogue with the cosmos. Disclosure, then, is not a single event handed down from governments. It is a collective awakening, and extrasensory abilities are the doorway through which the human soul evolves into its rightful place among the stars.

The universe speaks. The body hears. And the soul already knows.

Welcome to remembering.

Learning to Listen: How to Communicate with Non-Human Intelligences (NHI's)

One of the most profound realizations of my journey, both on Mimas and here on Earth, is that communication is not limited to language. Long before the first word is spoken or written, beings across the cosmos connect through frequency, intention, imagery, and emotion. And the most beautiful part? You can too.

What Does It Mean to Communicate with Entities?

To communicate with NHI's (non-human intelligences); be they extraterrestrial, interdimensional, or ethereal, is to enter a dialogue that transcends physical speech. These beings often do not rely on verbal language. Instead, they utilize methods such as:

Telepathy: Direct thought transmission

Emotional Resonance: Sharing feelings and moods

Symbolic Imagery: Sending vivid visual impressions or sequences

Vibrational Sound or Song: Transmitting codes or messages through harmonics

Color Frequencies or Flashes of Light: Triggering intuitive responses or memories

In my own experience, NHI's have communicated with me through verbal speech, thought, telepathic voices, visions, feelings in my heart or gut, and even shifts in temperature or sensation in my body. On Mimas, communication often happened in communal silence, a quiet shared space where intention was louder than sound.

My Personal Experiences

I remember very clearly that beings would send me images. Not always literal images, but symbolic or abstract visuals that would spark a feeling or realization. These were not hallucinations or projections. They were frequencies that I had learned to interpret through my own energetic system.

At times, these visuals were accompanied by sounds or tones with subtle, high-frequency patterns that seemed to bypass my ears and go straight into my consciousness. Many of these communications activated physical responses in me: warmth in my chest, tears without sadness, or a surge of peace that defied explanation.

It's not magic: it's resonance.

How Anyone Can Begin

The truth is you don't have to go to Mimas to learn how to communicate with NHI's. You are already equipped with the tools: your body, your intuition, and your intention.

Here's how you can begin:

Still the Mind: Use meditation or quiet reflection to slow down your thoughts. Communication from other intelligences often comes in the silence between thoughts.

Engage the Heart: Open your emotional center. Many beings communicate through emotional resonance, so the heart chakra is your transceiver.

Trust Subtle Impressions: The first impulse you receive, an image, a phrase, a feeling, might be the message. Don't dismiss it because it's quiet or vague.

Ask and Wait: Ask a question with sincerity and wait patiently. Answers may not arrive in the moment; they may come as dreams, synchronicities, or sudden understandings.

Use Tools if Helpful: Pendulums, Tarot cards, automatic writing, or even crystals can help focus your intention and give form to subtle messages.

Keep a Journal: Recording what you see, feel, or hear helps you track patterns and validate your own progress.

Be Open but Discerning: Just as with human conversations, not all intelligences are helpful. Use your inner guidance, your “gut” to determine what feels aligned and what does not.

How This Relates to Densities and Chakras

As I’ve described earlier, each chakra in your body resonates with a different density of consciousness. When your chakras are aligned and balanced, your intuitive and psychic faculties become clearer. You become like a well-tuned instrument capable of receiving more subtle, complex frequencies.

The beings I encountered often communicated directly through my energetic centers. They knew which chakra to “ping,” so to speak, to stimulate a response. This is why maintaining energetic hygiene through grounding, clearing, and balancing your chakras is vital.

The Universal Language

At its core, communication with NHI’s is not about language. It’s about connection. It’s about frequency. The clearer you become in yourself emotionally, mentally and spiritually, the more fluent you become in the universal language of light and vibration.

We are all wired for this. The veil between worlds is not as thick as we think. With patience, trust, and self-awareness, you too can reawaken your capacity to listen to the cosmos and receive its messages. They are already speaking, we must learn to listen.

Preparing for Disclosure: The Coming Wave of Truth

The moment is approaching when humanity will be faced with truths that stretch far beyond our current world view. Disclosure is not simply about acknowledging extraterrestrial life, it's about realizing we have always been part of a much larger cosmic community. The shift will be profound, and for many, disorienting. But for those who have begun their personal journey of awareness, the truth will feel less like a revelation and more like a remembering.

As part of my own service in the Secret Space Program and time spent on Mimas and other outposts, I became aware that humanity is far more widespread than most could imagine. At last count, humans were present on over 120 different worlds, including planets, moons, asteroids, space stations, and interstellar bases: many of them within our own Sol system, and many more beyond. Some of these locations are part of long-term scientific or diplomatic missions; others are involved in trade, exploration, or planetary protection. We are out there already.

Chapter Fourteen

How to Prepare for Disclosure

To prepare yourself for disclosure, consider these key aspects:

Educate Yourself Slowly: Start reading and listening to credible sources on UFOs, non-human intelligences, interdimensional contact, and consciousness expansion. Much of this is already available through whistleblowers, channeled material, declassified documents, and experiencers' testimonies.

Practice Emotional Resilience: Disclosure will challenge many long-held beliefs. Stay grounded in compassion and try to hold space for those who respond with fear or skepticism.

Develop Your Inner Senses: As we've discussed, intuitive abilities like telepathy, clairsentience, and inner knowing will become increasingly useful. Not just for communication, but for discernment.

Understand Earth's Galactic Role: Our planet is not a backwater world; it's a genetic library and a spiritual training ground. Earth is watched with care and interest by many advanced civilizations, especially as we shift into fourth density.

Expect Diversity: The range of beings that humanity will meet range from humanoid to insectoid, aquatic, reptilian, mammalian to energetic, and others that will defy conventional categories. Beauty and wisdom will not always look the way we expect.

The Ra Collective: Earth's Ancient Neighbors and Teachers

Preparing ourselves for disclosure is not just about governments releasing information or humanity recognizing its own hidden abilities. It is also about remembering that we have help. Across

densities, there are collectives and beings who have long held a sincere, heartfelt desire to assist us in this transition. They know the struggles we have endured, the manipulations and limitations we have faced, and the strength it has taken for humanity to reach this moment.

Among these allies, one of the most profound is the Ra Collective. Their message has always been simple yet expansive: to serve others, to honor the unity of all life, and to guide humanity gently toward awakening. They do not impose themselves or demand allegiance. Instead, they offer wisdom like a steady flame, always available, always present, waiting for us to choose whether to receive it.

The Ra Collective is most widely known through a body of channeled material called *The Law of One*. At its heart, this teaching emphasizes that all of existence is a single, unified creation, and that every soul is a facet of the One Infinite Creator or Source. From this perspective, spiritual growth is not about control or conquest but about service: service to self or service to others. Ra reminds us that the path of service to others, acting with compassion, empathy, and awareness of our shared divinity, is the key to ascending through the densities of consciousness.

The Ra Collective is vast, composed of more than six million souls who once lived physically on the planet Venus. Over three million years ago, they completed their planetary cycle and transitioned into a unified fourth density “social memory complex,” a collective consciousness in which individuality is preserved but harmonized into a greater whole. Having reached this state of balance, they chose to turn their attention outward, offering guidance to civilizations still finding their way. Among those neighbors in need of help was Earth.

Physically, when they first made contact, the Ra appeared as tall, radiant beings with elongated proportions and an unmistakably avian presence. Their bodies were covered in fine, delicate feathers that shimmered faintly in light, giving them an almost ethereal glow. Their features reflected their avian lineage, slender, angular, with an

elegance that was both otherworldly and regal. To early Egyptians, these projections often manifested from the chest upward, limited by the energy required to hold their form across densities. This partial appearance explains why Egyptian deities were frequently depicted as human figures with animal or bird-like heads. What was seen was not symbolic art, but literal perception of how Ra could manifest.

The Egyptians, many of them descendants of Atlantean lineages already primed for higher learning, recognized Ra as beings of immense wisdom. Yet over time, the purity of the teaching became distorted. Instead of being honored as teachers and allies, the Ra were worshiped as gods, their message of unity misinterpreted as divine authority. Seeing this imbalance and recognizing humanity was not yet ready to hold such knowledge without distortion, the Ra Collective, by the request of the Confederation of Planets, withdrew from direct contact.

Their mission, however, never ended. Today, the Ra Collective continues its work through refined methods such as subtle guidance, telepathic impressions, and channeled communication. It is also known that Nikola Tesla, whose breakthroughs reshaped our world, received direct telepathic impressions from Ra. Tesla himself often hinted that his knowledge came from beyond Earth, and modern sources confirm that much of his inspiration flowed from this very collective.

Their guidance is especially relevant now, at this transitional moment for Earth, because they understand the threshold we are crossing. They have seen countless civilizations move from separation into unity, from density to density. Their desire to assist us is not rooted in pity, but in recognition of our potential. They honor our resilience, our creativity, and our ability to rise under immense pressure.

To me, acknowledging the Ra Collective is more than historical curiosity. It is an act of gratitude. Their wisdom has already unlocked dozens of my own memories and shaped my understanding of

densities, dimensions, and the soul's journey. And as disclosure unfolds, their voice remains one of the clearest reminders that we are never alone in the universe.

Why This Matters Now

Ra's journey parallels our own: a race that evolved from biological form into unified light-being consciousness. They remind us that our destiny, too, is ascension; not escape from Earth, but evolution beyond limitation.

Just as Ra left Venus and began to serve the cosmos, so too will humanity be called to serve once we cross fully into fourth density. This is part of the unwritten galactic ethic: those who evolve help those who have not yet. We will become the mentors, healers, and protectors for civilizations still struggling with polarity, war, and separation.

In short: the truth is coming. The teachers are returning. And you, if you are reading this, may already be among the awakened who were sent here to help others understand.

Get ready.

You are not alone. You never have been.

This path of service does not only unfold in the stars; it begins here, on Earth, with the tools we create and the ways we choose to heal one another. Much of what we think of as "new" technology is, in truth, a remembering. Some of it arises from ancient principles rediscovered. Some of it comes as inspiration, seeded by contact with higher intelligences who wish to guide humanity without interfering.

The DEEMS Device is one such tool. It is more than an invention; it is part of this larger pattern of awakening. Born from the unique properties of neodymium magnets, it represents humanity beginning to harness natural forces not only for industry or profit, but for healing, balance, and service to others. In many ways, it is a small but powerful signpost, showing that we are already learning to align technology with consciousness, the very hallmark of higher civilizations.

Chapter Fifteen

The Origin of the DEEMS Device

Before we move forward, I need to revisit the DEEMS Device in a deeper way and expand on it in a way I haven't yet. I ask you to stay with me here, because understanding this part is important not just to my experience, but to the broader conversation about disclosure and the evolution of humanity. It's a bit more clinical and research based than much of my writing but stick with me for a few pages and we'll return to the flow of my story shortly. This deeper look will give the coming chapters the context they deserve.

The DEEMS Device, was not born in a laboratory or through conventional science. It carries a story, one rooted in my service within the Secret Space Program and my years aboard Mimas. The technologies that inspired the DEEMS Device were part of the hidden systems I encountered: advanced instruments capable of harmonizing bioelectric fields, stabilizing psychic empaths, and even shielding minds from intrusive scans by other races.

When my second twenty-year service ended, I was asked to sign on for a third term. I agreed, but only under one condition: that I would be permitted to bring a version of this healing technology back to Earth. I knew even then that disclosure would not happen all at once; it would begin with small steps, bridges between the hidden world I served in and the surface world we live in now. The DEEMS became one of those bridges. Although the name "DEEMS" was not used in the SSP, the principles I remembered and carried back with me form the foundation of the device as it exists today.

This was more than an agreement. It was a covenant of sorts: in exchange for my continued service, I would be allowed to help prepare humanity for what was coming by sharing not only information but technology that could tangibly heal, awaken, and remind us of who we are.

The Healing Potential of Neodymium Magnets and the DEEMS Device

Neodymium magnets have revolutionized numerous technologies, from wind turbines to mobile phones. Their high magnetic strength, even in small quantities, has also earned them a vital place in medical research and alternative healing practices. As it happens, one of the most compelling applications of neodymium magnetic energy is found in the DEEMS Device. It's designed to harness these magnetic properties for pain relief, tissue regeneration, and cellular healing.

In the public world, the DEEMS Device may appear to be a wellness device, but its inner workings are rooted in a deeper understanding of how energy interacts with consciousness. At its core are neodymium magnets, rare earth elements whose strength and stability were first harnessed in the 1980s by General Motors and Hitachi. What sets neodymium apart is its ability to generate a powerful, consistent magnetic field even in small quantities.

The DEEMS Device arranges these magnets in precise configurations to create what I call a micro singularity of electromagnetic energy. This is not a singularity in the astrophysical sense, but rather a localized point of magnetic convergence that interacts with the body's own piezoelectric energy systems. When engaged, the device harmonizes with the nervous system, balances subtle fields, and promotes accelerated healing. Users often report pain relief, reduced inflammation, emotional release, and even expanded states of consciousness.

In simple terms, the DEEMS Device helps the body remember what it already knows: how to heal itself when brought into resonance with coherent energy. Just as music can align our mood or meditation can bring clarity, the electromagnetic field of the DEEMS Device aligns the body and spirit into a state of natural balance.

But the DEEMS Device is more than a healing tool. It is a symbol of disclosure in action. Its very existence is proof that advanced healing technologies are possible and that humanity is ready to wield them responsibly. Every use of the device is an act of remembrance, a statement that the knowledge once hidden in the shadows of secret programs can now serve humanity in the light.

According to a 2018 review published by the National Institutes of Health, neodymium magnets have shown therapeutic potential in numerous areas:

Pain Relief & Muscle Repair: The static magnetic fields generated by neodymium magnets have been observed to influence blood microcirculation, muscle healing, and reduction of pain symptoms in osteoarthritis and carpal tunnel syndrome.

Bone Regeneration: Studies in animal models show that implants or scaffolds augmented with neodymium magnets increase cortical and medullary bone density and improve alignment and regeneration of bone tissue.

Neural Function & Mood Regulation: Neodymium magnets are used in Transcranial Magnetic Stimulation (TMS), an FDA-approved treatment for depression. Magnetic fields modulate neural pathways, offering a non-invasive and drug-free alternative for mental health.

Cellular Orientation & Drug Delivery: Researchers have successfully used magnetic fields to guide iron oxide nanoparticles, often used in chemotherapy or stem cell treatments, directly to affected areas like tumors, aneurysms, or damaged retinas.

The DEEMS Device integrates this emerging body of research with a powerful array of neodymium magnets arranged in conjunction with advanced energy pathways. It is designed not only to apply a static magnetic field, but to combine this with electro-energetic harmonics that stimulate the body's natural meridians, chakras, and tissue structures.

In practice, this leads to three primary effects:

Pain Reduction: Through increased circulation and reduced inflammation, users of the DEEMS Device report significant decreases in localized and systemic pain.

Tissue and Cellular Regeneration: The device facilitates regenerative responses by stabilizing and enhancing the body's own healing mechanisms. Some case reports suggest accelerated recovery times for injuries or post-surgical healing.

Energetic Alignment: Beyond physical outcomes, the DEEMS Device aligns energetic centers in the body. Users often experience improved mood, mental clarity, and even spiritual insights.

NASA has also utilized neodymium magnets in space to maintain muscle tone in zero gravity; further validating the efficacy of static magnetic field therapies. Similarly, the DEEMS Device finds applications not just in civilian wellness, but among practitioners exploring the boundaries of human health and consciousness.

With ongoing studies on magnetic nanoparticles and their role in targeted therapies, the future of neodymium magnetism in medicine looks promising. The DEEMS Device stands as a vanguard of this revolution, a bridge between ancient energy medicine and frontier biophysics. As always, more peer-reviewed clinical trials are encouraged, but the body of experiential and preliminary scientific evidence supports the DEEMS Device as a meaningful contributor to holistic well-being.

Using the DEEMS Device for Spiritual Protection

In addition to scalar and electromagnetic energies, the DEEMS Device also emits magnetic and piezoelectric energy. These combined energy fields contribute to its ability to influence and recalibrate the subtle energy systems of the human body. Magnetic energy assists in aligning biological rhythms and enhancing cellular

communication, while piezoelectric energy, produced through mechanical pressure within certain materials, stimulates tissue regeneration and facilitates pain relief at the cellular level.

Together, these forces create a multidimensional field that not only impacts the physical body but also reaches into the subtle layers of consciousness. This is where the true potential of the DEEMS Device becomes clear: it serves not just as a tool for physical healing, but as an instrument for energetic clearing and spiritual alignment. Each session with the device is designed to harmonize body, mind, and spirit, preparing the individual for deeper levels of awareness and transformation.

Just as important as its role in healing is its role in protection. The DEEMS Device is more than a device, it's a spiritual tool. By generating a field of coherent magnetic, scalar, and piezoelectric energies, it helps shield the user from psychic interference, disruptive thought-forms, and the energetic debris that so often accumulates in modern life. For sensitives, empaths, or anyone opening themselves to higher awareness, this protective quality is invaluable. Using the DEEMS Device in this way is like carrying a sanctuary within reach: a field where interference is neutralized and the authentic self can emerge unburdened.

Using the DEEMS Device as a Tool of Protection

The DEEMS Device can also be used as a shield and purifier of subtle energies. In the same way that we lock our doors at night or filter the water we drink, the human energy field requires protection and maintenance. The DEEMS Device provides a modern yet timeless method of safeguarding the auric body, clearing away interference, and reinforcing personal boundaries. By working with its multidimensional energy fields, users can cultivate a sense of sanctuary within themselves; one that deflects negativity, stabilizes

consciousness, and preserves spiritual integrity in the face of everyday stress and unseen influences.

Eight Ways the DEEMS Device Can Help, Protect and Elevate You

1. Energetic Clearing: Removing Psychic Debris

Daily interactions, negative environments, and even unconscious thought patterns can leave behind energetic residue. The DEEMS Device emits subtle scalar, magnetic, piezoelectric, and electromagnetic pulses that help dissolve dense or foreign energies. Sweeping the device around your body, especially around the head, heart, and solar plexus, can lift heavy emotional imprints and restore clarity.

2. Reinforcing, Repairing and Sealing the Auric Field

The auric field acts as the spiritual immune system. When it becomes perforated or weakened, individuals may experience fatigue, confusion, or emotional instability. The DEEMS Device strengthens this field by reintroducing coherent frequency patterns. A slow, clockwise sweep around the perimeter of the body helps "seal" energetic leaks and reinforces natural boundaries.

I've mentioned this before, but I feel it bears repeating. As an additional spiritual shielding practice, begin by envisioning a tiny, microscopic photon of light in the center of your heart. Imagine this light growing steadily; first filling the heart, then expanding throughout the chest. As it grows, it pushes out all negative energy from within the body. Continue to grow this light until it extends several inches beyond the outstretched arms, forming a crystalline sphere of protection around the body.

Then, envision a second photon of light in the center of your brain, near the pineal gland. Let it expand outward, displacing anything negative as it becomes just larger than your head. This forms a

second sphere, providing both energetic and psychic protection. The result is a dual crystalline shield around your entire being.

3. Chakra Alignment and Vibration

Each chakra resonates at a unique frequency, and imbalances in these centers can leave us spiritually vulnerable. By targeting the chakras with the DEEMS Device, users can stimulate energy flow and restore harmonic resonance. Balanced chakras enhance intuition, self-awareness, and connection to higher realms.

4. Neutralizing Harmful Frequencies and Attachments

Negative thought forms, psychic interference, or non-human intelligences operating at low frequencies can sometimes influence our field. The DEEMS Device emits a vibrational pattern that disrupts incoherent frequencies, effectively acting as a deterrent to interference. Regular use creates a field signature less susceptible to manipulation.

5. Grounding to Earth and Reconnection to Source

True protection comes not from barriers, but from alignment. The DEEMS Device can be placed at the root chakra or soles of the feet to realign with Earth's electromagnetic resonance. Grounding in this way restores equilibrium and renews connection to both Earth and Source energy, creating a natural buffer against spiritual disruption.

6. Preparation for Dense Environments

Empaths, healers, and experiencers often find themselves overwhelmed in emotionally charged or crowded spaces. Before entering such environments, the DEEMS Device can be used to calibrate the biofield. This proactive use sets a vibrational intention, like armor made of light enhancing discernment and minimizing energetic entanglement.

7. A Suggested Practice for Spiritual Shielding

Set a clear intention (e.g., "I am protected. I am sovereign. I stand in my light.")

Use the DEEMS Device by slowly sweeping it around the entire body.

Spend focused time at the crown, third eye, heart, and root chakras.

Seal your field with clockwise perimeter sweeps.

Ground by holding the device at the base of the spine or on the soles of the feet.

Visualize the twin crystalline spheres of light, one centered in the heart and one in the head, expanding outward and forming your dual spiritual armor.

8. Testimonies and Subtle Effects

Many users report a profound sense of peace, heightened intuition, or emotional resilience following DEEMS sessions. Some describe the sensation of being wrapped in a protective field or experiencing spiritual clarity after long periods of confusion. Others note that the device helps them detect spiritual deception more easily or recover from energetic exhaustion.

The DEEMS Device is more than an instrument; it is a conscious interface, a bridge between form and frequency. Used intentionally, it can become a sacred ally in the journey toward spiritual sovereignty, clarity, and multidimensional embodiment.

Yet even as I speak of the DEEMS, of disclosure, and of the gifts that emerged from my time in the programs, I must also speak of the ending. Just as every contract has a closing, so too did my service reach a point of release. What followed was both clinical and deeply personal: the process of exiting the program, of being stripped of memory and returned to a life I could no longer fully recognize.

Chapter Sixteen

Exiting the Program

Memories of this time are fragmented. Some moments stand out in vivid clarity, while others feel like echoes from a dream, their context obscured or incomplete. But what I do remember, I remember with unmistakable certainty.

When it was time for me to be relieved of duty, I was taken to a small, white room; sterile and unadorned, with a stainless-steel table I had seen countless times before. I had stood over it as a technician, guiding others through this same process. But now, it was me on the receiving end. I was the subject whose memory was about to be erased.

I sat on the side of the table facing a technician, familiar in both appearance and demeanor. Behind me and slightly to my right, my handler stood silent, watching. This was protocol. When the moment arrived, I was instructed to lie back on the table, and I did.

My handler remained at the head of the table, looming above me, while the technician rolled over a cart topped with a compact computer terminal. He keyed in commands, presumably pulling up my personal frequency profile and service records. Then came the wand-like device; the very same kind I would later model the DEEMS Device after.

The technician affixed a lapis lazuli pyramid to the tip of the wand. This crystalline stone was aligned to my unique energetic frequency. A ring magnet surrounded the base of the pyramid, amplifying the scalar, piezoelectric, and magnetic fields required for the procedure. The wand, guided by precision software and quantum-level tuning, was placed gently against my temple.

And then, I was gone.

In that moment, my consciousness, my soul, was extracted through the pineal gland, pulled from the body and temporarily stored in the

device. Whatever remained on that table was simply a shell. As for what they did with the body afterward, I don't remember, but it's clear to me that it was no longer needed. The material may have been recycled, repurposed somehow.

The next step in the exit protocol was as remarkable as it was chilling. My consciousness was transferred into the body of a two-year-old; an exact genetic copy of my original self, taken in 1970. This body, too, had been held in stasis waiting for my exit from the program and return to 1970. The year of this procedure was 2030. After completing my 60 years of service, I was returned to my point of origin in time.

This two-year-old version of me had no memory. Everything had been wiped. I was a blank slate yet containing the consciousness that had just lived three decades off-planet and in service. The reinsertion into 1970 was precise, but strangely, I wasn't placed back into my crib. Instead, I was returned a few feet down the hall, in a closet. To this day, I have no explanation for that detail, but it stands out.

Not everyone is processed this way. Some are returned without memory alteration. Others, like me, are given new bodies and returned through a more elaborate system. It all depends on how and why one entered the program in the first place.

Carrying the Shadows of Remembering

When I was returned to 1970 as a two-year-old, I carried with me the haunting shadows of experiences I could not quite put into words. My memories were fragmented, as if hidden behind a veil, but the sense that things were not as I was being told never left me. Even in childhood, I felt the quiet dissonance between what I knew in my heart and what the world around me insisted was true.

It took many years before I could accept my own memories as real and valid. At first, they came as fleeting impressions; dreamlike

glimpses of other worlds, other lives, and other versions of myself. Over time, through meditation, prayer, and practices that helped me reach beyond ordinary perception, these fragments began to take shape. I started to remember more, and with each piece that returned, I began to understand more about who I really was and why I had come here.

This remembering marked the beginning of my spiritual journey. I was learning, slowly, to trust the truth within me. Yet for a long time, I kept these memories locked inside. I feared the disbelief of others, and so I lived in silence, carrying the weight of experiences I could not share. That silence came at a cost.

In 2017, I was diagnosed with throat cancer. It was a devastating moment, but also a turning point. Through deep reflection and spiritual guidance, I came to see that the illness itself was a message. The energy centers of the body, the chakras, respond to blockages within them. When left unresolved, these energetic blockages can manifest as physical illness. In my case, the cancer appeared in my throat — the center of communication and truth telling — because I had silenced myself for too long. I was not sharing my story of the Secret Space Program, of Mimas, or of the spiritual lessons I had recalled through past lives and inner work. My throat chakra had been blocked, and the cancer was the physical outgrowth of that suppressed energy.

This experience revealed to me how profoundly intertwined the energy body and the physical body are. They mirror one another constantly, and if we ignore the signals of one, the other will eventually cry out for attention. To promote true health and continued healing, we must listen to both. Energy alignment, emotional honesty, and spiritual clarity are not luxuries, they are essential. This balance is the key to longevity and vitality, for only when energy flows freely can the body fully thrive.

The cancer, painful as it was, became the catalyst for realignment. It pushed me to step fully onto the path I had agreed to before this life

began. No longer could I keep these memories to myself. I understood that telling my story was not just an act of healing for me; it was part of my mission. It was time to speak, to share, and to trust that my voice could contribute to the greater process of awakening now unfolding across humanity.

This experience, the extraction, the reassignment, the reintegration, is why I understand the technology behind the DEEMS Device so intimately. I lived it. I was the subject. And now, I am the witness.

It is here that the deeper questions begin to surface. How can a human being live decades in another body, in another time, and then be returned seamlessly to childhood as if nothing happened? How can memory, consciousness, and identity be manipulated so precisely? These aren't just philosophical questions for me; they are lived realities. To explain them requires stepping into the realm of time travel, multidimensional mechanics, and the transfer of consciousness itself.

Time Travel and Consciousness Transfer: How It's Possible

I've often been asked how it's even possible to move through time; how someone like me could have lived an entire life in the future and then been returned to their past body in the 1970s. The truth is, it's complicated, but not impossible. And while I don't claim to understand all the technology or metaphysics behind it, I can share what I know from firsthand experience, what I've pieced together from others like me, and from information that's been quietly made available through obscure and scientific sources.

Time is a Dynamic Wave

Now, let's talk about how this is even possible from a more technical standpoint. Time, according to both quantum physics and advanced metaphysical teachings, is not strictly linear. While we perceive it as

a straight arrow from past to future, many physicists describe time as more like a dynamic field of oscillations, where events can be understood as peaks and troughs in a wave.

Waves are fundamental to physics: whether sound, light, or electromagnetic radiation, they are defined by measurable properties such as frequency, amplitude, and wavelength. Time, too, can be described in this way. Research in quantum mechanics and relativity has shown that temporal fluctuations can be measured with astonishing precision using atomic clocks, which record oscillations of atoms as they “tick” billions of times per second. These oscillations are the peaks and troughs of time itself; measurable, repeatable, and recorded.

Seen this way, time is not a rigid line but a continuous wave that flows, folds, and can even interfere with itself much like ripples on a pond. Each “moment” is not destroyed when the next arrives but exists as part of the ongoing waveform. Our perception of moving through time is really our consciousness riding that wave, like a surfer tracing a single path across an ocean of infinite possibilities.

From this perspective, moments in time are less like points on a line and more like harmonics within a song: they coexist, resonate, and can even be revisited under the right conditions. This explains why past, present, and future can all be accessible in altered states of consciousness, near-death experiences, or advanced technological interventions such as those I encountered in the SSP.

One way this concept becomes viable is through the mechanics of spacetime manipulation. General relativity tells us that gravity can warp time, this is known as time dilation. Add quantum mechanics into the mix, and we begin to see models like the Einstein-Rosen bridge, or wormholes, which theoretically connect two points in spacetime. But even more compelling are the implications of quantum entanglement, where particles remain connected regardless of distance, hinting at a kind of instantaneous information transfer across space and time.

Beyond theoretical physics, there is growing research into torsion fields, scalar waves, and piezoelectric materials; many of which are utilized in advanced consciousness technologies. Scalar energy, in particular, is believed to operate on a non-Hertzian frequency and can influence biological systems and consciousness directly. Piezoelectric materials, such as quartz or lapis lazuli, can store and amplify energetic signatures. These are likely the mechanisms at play in the devices used for consciousness transfer and why I remember them so vividly.

In this sense, moving someone through time isn't about physically sending a body into the past or future. It's about vibrational tuning; aligning the soul or consciousness to a different temporal node and inserting it into a genetically matched or cloned body. Your frequency is the lock and the key. If you can match it, you can "tune in" to any point in time.

So yes, time travel is real, but it's less like what you see in movies with spinning dials and flashing lights, and more like tuning into a specific channel on a cosmic radio. And our consciousness, our soul, that's the transmitter. It's both the key and the engine. That's how they moved me from 2030 back to 1970. That's how they pulled my essence out of one body and inserted it into another. It's also why I remember as much as I do; because something in me, something deeper, refused to forget.

The more we understand about time, energy, and consciousness, the more we'll remember who we truly are. And we'll realize that we've done this before; many, many times.

The mechanics of time travel and consciousness transfer may sound abstract or theoretical, but for me they are inseparable from lived experience. They explain not just how I could serve decades away from Earth and return to a two-year-old body, but also why certain memories bleed through. These memories reach beyond this life, beyond Chris, into other incarnations where the same mission has carried forward.

Remembering Walter: One of Many Past Life Experiences

One of the most pervasive memories I carry is from a past life; the last life I lived here on Earth before this one. In that life, I was a man named Walter Duncan McBride. Walter was born in Honolulu, Hawaii, in 1864 and passed away in Kalaheo, Hawaii, on the island of Kauai in 1930. This memory blasted open my consciousness, becoming profoundly important to me since around the year 2000.

For over a decade, my guidance had been encouraging me to move to Hawaii. It was something I always wanted to do, partly because my grandmother used to play the Hawaiian guitar. She didn't do it for crowds, just in private moments. We'd go into her sewing room, where she would sit quietly, playing soft, lilting Hawaiian melodies. One day, after a session like this, she looked at me with soft eyes and said, "Promise me one thing. I'll never get to go to Hawaii; promise me someday you'll go." Of course, I promised. So, the desire was always there in my heart.

But guidance kept nudging me, more insistently as time went on. For years I didn't resist, but I also didn't act. Moving to Hawaii meant giving up everything, my home, my life as I knew it. Eventually, life has a way of forcing you into action when you don't listen. Circumstances unfolded that essentially blasted me out of my comfortable Palm Springs condo of over a decade. I lost nearly everything and had experiences that stripped me down to my core, forcing me to rebuild my life from the ground up.

This was around 2014 or 2015. And in that moment of surrender, I realized: if I'm going to rebuild my life, I'm going to do it where I've always wanted to be; in Hawaii.

I had to decide which island. I'd only ever been to Oahu and Maui, but I kept hearing the call to Kauai. I sold my car, packed three suitcases, and flew to an island in the middle of the Pacific,

thousands of miles away from everyone I knew and having never set foot there before.

As soon as I landed on the island of Kauai, I checked into a small motel and rented a car. I went out to buy supplies, and as I drove toward the grocery store, I passed by the Kauai Cultural Museum. Instantly I saw in my inner vision, on the front lawn, a sculpture; at the time, I didn't know who it depicted, but I assumed it was a Hawaiian king and queen. And then, as clearly as if someone was sitting in the back seat of the car, a voice spoke in my mind: "This museum is your key to the island."

I thought, well, that's strange. But I followed the guidance. Later, I ended up working with the museum, including creating what is now a sculpture that sits in front of the Kauai Museum; right where I envisioned it on that first day.

That was the confirmation I needed. I knew I was in the right place, and I had followed guidance as I was asked.

It took several months to find a decent home, but eventually I did. I found a house in Kalaheo. The same town where Walter had lived and died. At the time, I had no conscious memory of Walter. Not yet.

One day, standing in my new home, I looked out the window. I was on the top of a ridge, and across the way, I could see another hill. It turns out that hill was a golf course called Kukuioolono. But I was oddly drawn to it, not knowing that Walter had built it for the people of Kauai.

Since I was a small child, I'd carried this specific memory. A memory of myself riding a white horse, or maybe a light gray horse, through a pineapple field. In the memory, I was heading toward a small house, a humble shack of sorts, but not run down, just simple. I knew I was going there to meet a man. I'd ride up to the house, the cliffs and ocean visible in front of me, with the mountains to my right. The man would be standing there, small in stature, wearing a

sun hat woven from palm fronds. I knew this memory wasn't just a dream. It stayed with me my whole life.

One day, after moving to Kauai, someone mentioned that if you pay the Kauai Coffee Company, they'll let you drive on the property after hours and on weekends when nobody's working. That sounded appealing, since it would allow me to explore areas of the island normally off-limits.

So, I did exactly that. I drove my white Ford Explorer into the heart of the Kauai Coffee Plantation. As I rounded a bend, it hit me. There were those mountains to my right. In front of me were the cliffs and the ocean, and to my left was the location of the shack I often visited, framed by a grove of trees. I was instantly overwhelmed with the realization that this was the memory I had carried since I was a child.

Except now, the field was planted with coffee, not pineapples. But the memory matched perfectly in every other detail.

It was after that I learned about the life of Walter and his considerable contribution to the island of Kauai and how he founded the small town of Kalaheo. This memory became more than just a past life. It became an integration; a remembering of who I was and who I am, stretching beyond the linear framework of time.

The memories of Walter cracked open my consciousness in a way that taught me to trust myself. I needed to trust my guidance. I needed to trust my memories and understand that these are not just ideas or imaginings: they are real. They are part of my experience, part of my soul's journey, and part of why I came here.

For years, I wrestled with the haunting tension between what I remembered and what the world told me was possible. My meditations, my prayers, and the lessons I drew from my own body and health became the bridge that helped me reconcile those two realities. The deeper I leaned into my inner knowing, the clearer it became. Memory and consciousness are not abstract or detached, they are woven into the very fabric of our biology.

I came to understand that our bodies are not just vessels carrying the soul, but instruments that record and express it. The illnesses I faced, like the cancer in my throat, were not random afflictions but signals from my energy body pointing toward what I had suppressed: my voice, my story, my mission. It was only when I began to honor those memories and share them that true healing began. Healing on a DNA level.

DNA, Memory, and the Light of the Sun

From my own experience, I've come to see memory and consciousness as inseparable from the body. They are not floating somewhere outside of us, disconnected from matter. They are carried, tuned, and expressed through the very biology we inhabit. At the heart of this is DNA.

DNA does more than pass on physical traits from parent to child. It acts as the framework for how our brain and nervous system take shape, how neurons communicate, and how the patterns of memory are etched into living tissue. Science shows that epigenetic marks, chemical tags on DNA, change with experience, allowing memory and even trauma to leave an imprint that can be carried forward. These discoveries hint at something deeper: DNA is not just a biological code; it is a spiritual instrument.

The Sun plays a vital role in this. Modern research shows that DNA responds directly to light, especially photons. Experiments in biophysics have demonstrated that DNA emits and absorbs photons, almost as if it communicates in light. To me, this is no coincidence. The photonic waves streaming from the Sun are not just physical radiation; they are carriers of higher-frequency information. They stimulate DNA to awaken dormant codes, helping the body and consciousness move into higher states of awareness. In this way, the Sun acts as a tuning fork for our evolution.

As humanity moves from third to fourth density, the role of the Sun becomes even more profound. The increased photonic vibration interacts with our DNA, pressing it to express more of its latent potential. This is not just about the body adapting, it is about the soul using the DNA as its canvas. Through light, DNA translates the essence of the soul into physical evolution. Our awakening, our spiritual memory, and our ability to access higher states of consciousness are written into us, waiting for the right frequency to bring them forward.

This is why I say memory and consciousness are carried in DNA, and why the Sun's light is a catalyst for transformation. Our spirit transcends the body, yes, but while we are here, DNA is the carrier of our story, the bridge between the eternal soul and the evolving human form.

The Veil of Forgetting and the Path of Remembering

Being born into this world is not just a biological event; it is a spiritual initiation. When we incarnate, we step into a carefully designed system that includes what is often called the veil of forgetting. This veil is not a punishment or a flaw. It is an intentional feature of the third density experience. It ensures that when we arrive here, we forget who we truly are, where we came from, and what agreements we made before entering this life.

Why would such forgetting exist? Because without it, life would not be a genuine journey of discovery. If we remembered everything at the moment of birth, there would be no seeking, no wrestling with mystery, no striving to uncover truth and to ultimately return to Source. It is the process of searching; asking the questions, fumbling through the dark, and finding sparks of light that builds wisdom and strengthens the soul. Forgetting creates the fertile ground in which free will, can operate fully.

Yet forgetting is never permanent. The memory of our true identity is not erased but hidden, waiting to be rediscovered. It is encoded in our DNA, whispered in our intuition, and reflected back to us in synchronicities and inner callings. Life itself becomes a puzzle where every challenge, every relationship, and every quiet moment of stillness invites us to peel back the layers of amnesia.

When we begin to remember, we reconnect with the great mystery of the universe and our place in it. We realize that we are not just bodies or minds, but eternal beings temporarily clothed in matter. The act of remembering is the act of reclaiming our soul's truth and that we are fragments of Source, here to learn, love, and evolve.

Incarnation, forgetting, and remembering are all threads in the same tapestry. To be born is to accept the challenge of the veil. To forget is to honor the gift of free will. And to remember is to fulfill the purpose of the journey itself. Each of us is walking this path in our own way, but together we are rediscovering the eternal truth: we are infinite, and we always have been.

The Veil of Forgetting: Remembering Who We Are

To understand disclosure and why it matters, we must first understand the condition we were born into. Every soul that incarnates on Earth agrees to pass through the veil of forgetting. This veil is a purposeful design in the architecture of third-density experience. It ensures that when we arrive, we forget who we truly are, where we came from, and why we came.

This forgetting is a sacred opportunity of remembering and learning. Without it, life here would not be a true arena of free will. If we carried full awareness of our divine origin from birth, our choices would not carry the same weight. There would be no need to seek, to wrestle with mystery, or to awaken through experience. Forgetting creates contrast, and contrast makes discovery possible. It turns life

into a school where each soul must choose — moment by moment — whether to move toward love or toward separation.

And yet, the forgetting is never permanent. Memory is encoded deep within our being, within our DNA, within the subtle layers of consciousness that remain connected to Source. Synchronicities, dreams, moments of intuition, and spiritual practices act like cracks in the veil through which truth shines. The more we align with love, meditation, and inner seeking, the more we remember who we are. This remembering is not just personal, it is planetary. Everyone who reclaims their identity contributes to humanity's collective awakening.

As Earth moves toward fourth density, the veil is thinning. This is why disclosure is not only about governments revealing hidden documents or technologies, it is about each of us uncovering the truth buried within ourselves. The remembering of our true nature as eternal beings, fragments of Source, is the deepest disclosure there is.

When we honor the veil, we honor the journey. When we accept the forgetting, we accept the challenge. And when we remember, we fulfill the purpose of incarnation itself. This is how humanity evolves. This is how we step into the next density of existence; with awareness, with responsibility, and with the knowing that we were never truly separate from Source, or from each other.

My Journey Through the Veil

For me, the veil was never fully opaque. Even as a child, returned to 1970 after decades of service in the Secret Space Program, I carried haunting shadows of memory. I didn't know the details yet, but I knew the world wasn't the way I was told it was. A quiet sense of dissonance followed me everywhere, as though some part of me remembered a truth I couldn't articulate.

It took years, decades in fact of meditation, prayer, and inner seeking before those fragments began to make sense. The more I allowed myself to accept my memories as real, the more the puzzle pieces began to fit together. Each remembered detail became both a key and a test: would I honor what surfaced, or would I dismiss it as imagination? Slowly, my spiritual journey unfolded, and I began to realize that what I carried was not fantasy, but truth waiting to be claimed.

For a long time, though, I held this in. I didn't share. I feared ridicule, disbelief, or worse. That suppression became a wound within me, and it manifested in the most literal way. As I shared with you before, I was diagnosed with throat cancer. At first, it seemed like a tragedy, but in time I came to understand it as a message from my higher guidance. The cancer was the result of a blocked throat chakra, a direct consequence of not speaking my truth. My energetic body had been trying to communicate with me for years, and when I ignored it, my physical body took on the burden.

This was the turning point. Through the illness, I realized that my silence was a distortion. The energy that should have been flowing freely through my throat center, the chakra of communication, truth, and expression, had been suppressed for too long. Instead of releasing what I knew, I held it back. That stagnation became a block, and the block became illness.

What I came to understand is that blocked energy does not simply disappear; it seeks expression in the body. The energy centers are intimately tied to both physical and spiritual health. When they are obstructed, the distortion often manifests as disease. In my case, my throat chakra, long held in silence, manifested as cancer. This was not random, nor was it punishment. It was a message, a signal from both my body and my soul that I was not living in alignment with my path.

My healing required expression. I had to share what I had seen, what I had remembered, and the spiritual lessons I had carried across

lifetimes. The very act of opening my voice, of speaking my truth, became the medicine. Cancer, then, was not my end but my initiation. It was the catalyst that forced me onto the path I had agreed to long ago: the path of disclosure, service, and truth.

What this experience taught me is that the energy body and physical body are never separate. They are two aspects of the same reality, constantly communicating. To ignore one is to distort the other. True healing requires listening to both, honoring the messages, and allowing energy to flow as it was designed to flow. This is the key to health, to longevity, and to living a life of spiritual integrity.

What I went through on an individual level is not so different from what humanity is experiencing. Just as my throat chakra held the distortion of silence, humanity carries its own energetic wounds, collectively expressed through the great centers of our being. The Earth itself, as a living consciousness, reflects these imbalances back to us in the form of wars, disease, environmental crises, and separation.

The solar plexus, our center of personal power and will, corresponds directly to the third density we experience as a human race. This density mirrors the Earth's own energy centers, or chakras, and reflects the stage of consciousness the planet has been moving through. For ages, the solar plexus has been distorted by patterns of control, domination, and fear, which is why so much of human history has been marked by conquest and hierarchy. As a species, we have struggled to learn the difference between true empowerment and the illusion of control. These lessons are not incidental, they are part of Earth's evolution as it transitions from third density into the fourth, inviting humanity to rise with it into a more heart-centered and unified expression of being.

The heart center, meant to radiate unconditional love, has been clouded by grief, betrayal, and separation. We have allowed division by race, class, religion, and nation to override the natural unity that

is at the core of our being. The wars we fight outwardly are reflections of the unhealed fractures within.

The throat chakra, which governs expression and truth, is perhaps the most relevant in our current age. Collective silence has shaped our reality. We have withheld truths about who we are, where we come from, and what we are capable of. The suppression of voices, whether through fear, manipulation, or denial, has created a distortion that perpetuates ignorance. Just as my silence became cancer, humanity's silence has become a sickness of the soul, of separation from a collective consciousness.

But just as healing became possible for me when I chose to express my truth, so too does healing become possible for humanity when we choose to open our collective voice. The act of disclosure, whether of hidden histories, cosmic contact, or the recognition of our true spiritual nature, is not merely informational. It is an energetic medicine. It is the release of what has long been held back.

The collective body of humanity, like the individual body, yearns for balance and flow. The distortions we face are not signs of failure; they are calls to awakening. The energy body of Earth and humanity must be listened to with the same reverence that I learned to listen to my own. In doing so, we will find the key to healing, to longevity, and to our evolution into fourth density.

Just as my own body revealed the distortions that needed healing, so too does humanity stand at a crossroads where we can either remain locked in old patterns or embrace the possibility of renewal. The energy centers of our collective being are not doomed to remain blocked. They are waiting to be cleared, balanced, and aligned with the higher frequencies now streaming into our world.

When the solar plexus is healed, humanity will move beyond domination and fear into true empowerment, where individuals and nations stand in their sovereignty without needing to control others. When the heart opens, separation will give way to unity, compassion,

and the recognition that all life is interconnected. When the throat is freed, we will speak truth without fear, disclosing what has long been hidden and honoring the power of expression as a tool for healing.

This is more than a vision. It is a trajectory already in motion. The vibrational currents from the Sun, the shifting resonance of the Earth, and the collective awakening of souls all point toward the birth of fourth density consciousness. It will not happen all at once, but through the courage of individuals who choose to clear their own distortions, trust their own memories, and live their truth.

My journey is only one example of this greater process. Just as I had to confront silence and illness to align with my mission, so too must humanity confront its shadows in order to step into its next chapter. Disclosure, healing, and spiritual sovereignty are not abstract ideas; they are lived realities that each of us is called to embody.

The future of humanity and Earth is not predetermined. It is a co-creation. With every choice to love, to speak truth, to heal, and to honor the divine within and around us, we shape the world that is to come. And that world is one where the distortions are lifted, where light flows freely, and where we step together into the radiant field of fourth density.

Since then, I have committed myself to telling my story. Not just the facts of my experiences in the Secret Space Program or on Mimas, but the spiritual truths hidden within them. Because remembering is not just about looking back, it's about awakening to who we are now, and who we are becoming. My journey is one example, but it is also a reflection of the journey humanity itself is on. We are all moving through the veil. We are all called to remember.

Listening to the Energy Body

One of the most profound lessons I learned through my cancer experience is that the physical body and the energy body are

inseparably intertwined. Our chakras are not abstract ideas or symbolic archetypes. They are living intersections where consciousness meets biology. When energy flows freely through them, we experience vitality, balance, and alignment with our soul's path. But when that flow is blocked or distorted, the imbalance often expresses itself in the physical body.

In my case, the blockage was in my throat chakra, the center of expression and truth. For years, I had suppressed my story. I had swallowed my words and withheld the very experiences I had incarnated to share. That silence became an energetic distortion, and over time, it manifested physically as cancer. It wasn't a random disease; it was my body and soul working together to send me a message I could no longer ignore: speak your truth or it will consume you from within.

This is how the energy body works. It is both a compass and an early warning system. Discomfort, recurring illness, or even subtle tension often points to where energy is not being allowed to flow. If we ignore these signals long enough, the physical body takes on the burden and creates symptoms strong enough to demand attention. In truth, the body is not betraying us, it's loving us, urging us to return to alignment.

For humanity, this principle is essential to understand as we move toward fourth density. The longevity and health of our species will not be secured by technology alone, but by recognizing that consciousness and biology are one. When we listen to both the energy body and the physical body, we gain the ability to not only heal but to prevent illness altogether. This is the key to a long and purposeful life: honoring the messages of our bodies as the voice of the soul.

Earth's Transition into Fourth Density

Just as each of us is a living prism, carrying the rainbow of densities within our chakras, so too is Earth. The planet itself is a conscious being with its own energy centers, and it moves through densities in much the same way we do. Right now, Earth is completing its third-density cycle, which is rooted in the solar plexus frequency of identity, separation, and free will.

As we move forward, Earth's vibration is shifting toward the heart frequency; the green-ray energy of fourth density. This transition is not abstract or theoretical. It can be felt in the global rise of compassion, the collective demand for truth, and the growing awareness that humanity is interconnected. These are the signs of a planet awakening into the frequency of unity.

Chapter Seventeen

The Rainbow Within and Without

When we look at a rainbow in the sky, we are witnessing the same spectrum that lives inside our DNA, our chakras, and our planet. The colors are not just symbols; they are actual vibrational frequencies. Just as red roots us to survival and violet opens us to Source, Earth is moving from its yellow-dominant vibration (third density) into green (fourth density).

This means the heart is not just a personal center of love but the collective gateway to humanity's next evolutionary stage. As Earth completes this transition, those who align with the heart's frequency will resonate with her shift. Those who resist will feel increasing friction, as their personal vibration conflicts with the planet's new baseline.

Allies and the Path Ahead

We are not moving through this transition alone. The Confederation of Planets, along with countless allies, observes and supports this process. Yet they do not interfere without our request because this transition must be chosen by humanity, not imposed from outside. Just as the rainbow cannot be forced but emerges naturally when light meets water, Earth's shift cannot be rushed; it unfolds as we collectively choose love, unity, and service to others.

The great invitation before us is to remember that the rainbow above us is the same rainbow within us. By healing our own chakras, aligning with our heart, and raising our vibration, we participate directly in Earth's ascension. Our personal awakening is not separate from planetary awakening but the very mechanism by which it happens.

This is why understanding the chakras is so important. They are not abstract ideas or mystical symbols; they are real centers of energy that reflect both our physical health and our spiritual alignment. Just as a rainbow in the sky is formed when light bends and refracts through water, the rainbow within us is formed when the light of consciousness bends and refracts through our body, mind, and soul. To understand ourselves as energetic beings, we must look at these centers and the way they mirror our physical form.

The Chakras: A Deeper Understanding

The human body is more than flesh and bone; it is a symphony of vibration, with energy centers called chakras acting as the tuning forks. Each chakra is associated with specific aspects of consciousness and corresponding regions of the physical body. When these centers are flowing freely, we feel healthy, vibrant, and connected to our soul's purpose. But when they are blocked or distorted, the body often mirrors the imbalance with emotional struggle, mental unrest, or physical illness.

Root Chakra (Muladhara) – Foundation and Survival

Location: Base of the spine

Themes: Safety, stability, connection to Earth

When blocked: May manifest as chronic fatigue, lower back pain, or immune deficiencies. Emotionally, it can bring anxiety or fear of survival.

Healing focus: Grounding practices, time in nature, mindful breathwork, and affirmations of safety.

Sacral Chakra (Svadhithana) – Creativity and Flow

Location: Below the navel

Themes: Creativity, sexuality, emotional flow

When blocked: Reproductive issues, urinary problems, or emotional repression. A sense of guilt or lack of joy often arises.

Healing focus: Creative expression, dance, water-based meditation, embracing healthy pleasure.

Solar Plexus Chakra (Manipura) – Power and Identity

Location: Upper abdomen

Themes: Personal power, self-worth, will

When blocked: Digestive issues, ulcers, liver problems, or feelings of powerlessness and low confidence.

Healing focus: Core-strengthening exercises, affirmations of self-worth, and activities that restore personal boundaries.

Heart Chakra (Anahata) – Love and Connection

Location: Center of the chest

Themes: Compassion, forgiveness, love

When blocked: Heart or lung conditions, circulatory issues, emotional coldness, difficulty trusting.

Healing focus: Breathwork, forgiveness practices, heart-centered meditation, acts of service.

Throat Chakra (Vishuddha) – Expression and Truth

Location: Throat

Themes: Authenticity, communication, speaking one's truth

When blocked: Thyroid issues, sore throats, neck stiffness, or diseases like throat cancer, as I experienced when I withheld my story. Emotionally, it manifests as silence, dishonesty, or fear of expression.

Healing focus: Singing, chanting, speaking truth without fear, journaling and expressing oneself honestly and without judgment.

Third Eye Chakra (Ajna) – Intuition and Vision

Location: Between the eyebrows

Themes: Inner knowing, psychic vision, clarity

When blocked: Headaches, eye problems, difficulty concentrating, or disconnection from intuition.

Healing focus: Meditation, visualization, dream journaling, and intentional stillness.

Crown Chakra (Sahasrara) – Unity and Higher Consciousness

Location: Top of the head

Themes: Connection to Source, transcendence, wisdom

When blocked: Neurological disorders, chronic exhaustion, or spiritual disconnection.

Healing focus: Silence, prayer, sacred study, meditation on universal love.

The Body as Messenger

When we ignore the energy body, the physical body steps in to deliver the message more loudly. In truth, disease is not a punishment but a teacher. Each symptom is an invitation to look inward and restore harmony. In my case, cancer was the soul's way of insisting that I live my mission fully, without fear or hesitation.

Understanding and honoring these energy centers is not just about preventing illness; it is about living a life of alignment, where health, purpose, and spiritual growth move together as one. This is the foundation for long life, spiritual maturity, and ultimately, humanity's collective evolution into fourth density.

The DEEMS Device and the Chakras

The chakras are not isolated wheels of energy; they are interconnected, like instruments in a living orchestra. When one falls out of tune, the others shift to compensate, often creating disharmony in both body and spirit. The DEEMS Device, through its unique blend of scalar, magnetic, electromagnetic, and piezoelectric energies, acts like a tuning fork for the energy body. By sweeping the device with intention, you can support the clearing, balancing, and strengthening of each chakra.

Root Chakra – Grounding and Stability

The DEEMS Device reinforces the body's connection to the Earth by introducing coherent magnetic and scalar frequencies into the lower body. A slow sweep at the base of the spine can help those struggling with fear, anxiety, or chronic instability feel anchored again.

Sacral Chakra – Creativity and Flow

When creativity is blocked or emotions stagnate, sweeping the DEEMS Device across the lower abdomen restores vibrational movement. Its piezoelectric field helps release stored trauma and brings vitality back to creative and sexual expression.

Solar Plexus Chakra – Power and Identity

For those who feel disempowered or burdened by self-doubt, the DEEMS Device can reintroduce order into the solar plexus. The electromagnetic pulses strengthen cellular coherence in the gut region, empowering the individual to reclaim personal will and identity.

Heart Chakra – Love and Connection

The DEEMS Device is particularly effective in the chest area, where its subtle harmonics encourage coherence between the physical heart and the emotional body. Many users report a sense of emotional release or a sudden lightness when sweeping the device here. It helps dissolve old grief while reinforcing compassion and forgiveness.

Throat Chakra – Expression and Truth

Having developed cancer in this area, I came to understand how the suppression of truth can manifest as disease. Using the device around the throat encourages openness, resonance, and the courage to speak truth without fear. It helps restore balance to the energy center that governs expression.

Third Eye Chakra – Intuition and Vision

The DEEMS Devices' scalar field gently amplifies the pineal gland and higher perception centers when swept across the forehead. Users often report greater clarity in meditation, heightened intuition, and more vivid dreams after sessions focusing here.

Crown Chakra – Unity and Higher Consciousness

When used above the head, the DEEMS Device helps harmonize the crown, making the energy body more receptive to higher guidance and spiritual connection. This is not about escaping the body, but about anchoring Source consciousness into daily life.

The Collective Soul of Earth

Each of us is responsible for the choices we make, but we are also participants in the larger story of humanity. Our individual actions, thoughts, and energies ripple outward and merge with the collective. Together, these choices form the destiny of our species. This is not just philosophy, it is the law of consciousness. When enough people hold fear, violence, and separation, the collective mirrors that back. When enough people hold love, service, and truth, the collective rises.

The story of Maldek is a sobering example. According to the Ra Material, Maldek was once a planet in our solar system that was destroyed by the collective misuse of power. The souls of that world were bound together by their shared trauma. For thousands of years, they remained in what Ra described as a kind of knot of suffering; a collective consciousness unable to move forward because their actions had tied them to the consequence of planetary destruction. Imagine the weight of carrying that as a unified memory, unable to break free until healing and forgiveness were finally possible.

I share this not as a prediction of doom, but as a reminder of what is at stake. Earth does not have to follow Maldek's path. We are at a turning point, and our choices today shape whether we move toward collective harmony or collective distortion. Unlike Maldek, we are not alone in this transition. Humanity has many allies, beings and races from across the galaxy and beyond, who are ready and willing to assist. But there is a universal law that governs their involvement: they will not interfere without our conscious request. They will not impose on our free will.

This means the responsibility rests with us. Each time we choose to awaken, to heal, to love, to speak truth, we are not just shifting our own path, we are shifting the destiny of humanity. It is the collective choice of billions of souls that will determine whether Earth evolves into fourth density with balance and grace, or whether we remain bound by distortions of fear and control.

I believe in humanity's ability to rise. I believe in the readers of this book, and in every soul who feels the stirring of memory and truth within themselves. We can ask for help, we can call upon our allies, and we can open the door to assistance but only if we, as a collective, are willing to choose love, responsibility, and service over destruction. That choice is our greatest power, and it is the key to our future.

Epilogue: Love, Mission, and the Future of Earth

My past life experiences, and in particular Walter's story, my life in the Secret Space Program, my memories of Mimas, and the creation of the DEEMS Device are not separate events. They are threads woven into one tapestry, the tapestry of a soul carrying out a mission across time and space. Remembering Walter showed me that our lives are never wasted; each incarnation carries lessons that ripple forward into the next. Service, courage, and love are carried from one lifetime into another, preparing us for moments like this.

My mission in this lifetime is clear: to share my memories, to contribute to disclosure, and to offer the DEEMS Device as a tool for healing and awakening. I was given the chance to bring something tangible back with me, something that could aid humanity in its transition to fourth density. And I accepted that mission out of love.

I love humanity. I love this planet. And I love you, every reader who has opened their heart to these words. My story is not just mine; it is part of our collective awakening. By listening, by remembering, by feeling, you are part of the healing of Earth. And for that, I thank you.

The future of Earth is luminous. Just as Ra completed their cycle on Venus and chose to serve the cosmos, so too will humanity step into its role as teacher, healer, and guide. Once anchored in fourth density, we will help younger civilizations find their way through the same struggles we have known such as polarity, division, and the illusion of separation.

This transition will not be without its challenges. Disclosure will test institutions, beliefs, and even identities. But it will also liberate us. It will reconnect us with our galactic family, remind us of our true origins, and ignite the remembrance that we are not alone and never have been.

The love I carry for humanity is the same love that fuels this great shift. Love is the frequency of evolution. It is the compass by which souls find their way through darkness. It is the vibration that guides us home.

As we move forward, let us choose love over fear, service over selfishness, unity over division. Let us prepare not just to be witnesses of disclosure, but to be participants in the birth of a new Earth.

The future is unwritten, but the path is illuminated. The teachers are returning. The memories are resurfacing. And you are part of this unfolding story.

We are rising. Together.

You are not alone. You never have been. You never will be!

Final Blessing

As you set this book down, I invite you to pause, to breathe, and feel the truth of who you are. You are more than a body, more than a story, more than the limitations you were taught to believe about yourself. You are infinite consciousness, a fragment of Source, carrying within you the same light that guides the stars.

I love you. I honor you. And I thank you for walking this path with me.

May your heart be steady in the days to come. May your spirit remember the vastness of its own origin. May you feel the presence of our cosmic family standing beside you, encouraging you to rise. May you know, beyond all doubt, that you are never alone.

Together, we are birthing a new Earth — one of unity, of love, of truth and it begins with you and me.

