

My first memories of encounters were very frightening and misunderstood by me as a young child. At the time my family lived in a sparsely populated timber wooded area of East Texas near the small town of Jasper. My father was an honest hard working man and my mother a housewife. She managed our home in those days. We were a happy family for the most part.

I was the only one of my siblings that was often taken by the extra-terrestrial visitors in the early morning nighttime hours beginning in 1957. I remember how a hypnotic paralysis would overcome me in my sleep. The powerful force would disable my ability to control my own body's movements. The fact that I was a sleepwalker was not the basis for concluding that I was being abducted by alien visitors. After my sleepwalking excursions were over all I could clearly remember was that there had been humanoid creatures in my room. I would be able to remember some experiences in vivid detail. At that time I had never before watched a television show or looked at a comic book that could have input images such as I was seeing into my subconscious imagination.

The area that we resided in had wild animals such as Bobcats and poisonous snakes in the woods. It was not an area that would be safe for a child to be walking in the wooded area late at night. There had even been a reported sighting of a rare Black Panther close by to the area. On some occasions my parents would have to hunt me outside the house to find out why I was not in my bedroom sleeping. They would find me sleepwalking with my eyes wide open. These events greatly perplexed my young parents. They were very concerned about all this unexplainable activity. My sleepwalking excursions most often would occur after midnight but before dawn.

On one particular day my mother was examining my head. While examining me she asked "Alan what in the world has happened to your head"?

She was examining above and forward of my left ear as she said “there is another one”. She found the same type marking on the back of my head just above the hairline. She asked me “Alan what did this to you”? I had no answer to give to her because I did not know the answer. There were two incisions about one inch in length on humps perfectly rounded and each about one quarter inch high. Both incisions looked identical. My mother used two hand held mirrors to show me the incision marks. There was no inflammation, no hint of pain and no signs of blood. No hair had been removed around the incisions in either location.

My mother purposed to take me to the doctor’s office the next day but the next day the incision marks and the round shaped humps were completely gone. No trace could be found of the mysterious incisions on my head. It was a mystery that my parents did not know how to investigate at the time. They did not call the police or consult a medical facility. Then a few weeks later the same type incision marks were again found on me in the exact same places on my head. This time my mother was worried and wanted to take me to a hospital for a full examination. My dad talked her into waiting until the next day. She was angry with him about the decision to postpone the trip for me to have a medical examination.

The next day (as was the case before) no trace of the mysterious incision marks or evidence of the accompanying humps was detectable. Again they completely disappeared and healed overnight. A few days later while drying me off after a bath my mother found a unique etching on my body. It was an etched symbol at my genital area. The symbol was somehow surgically etched in perfect detail into my flesh. The symbol remained recognizable until I was thirty years of age. Then the symbol just seemed to disappear as if it had never been there.

My father became very uncomfortable discussing anything to do with the unexplainable things happening to me. He forbade that we discuss any of the uncommon happenings (as he called them) with any family. He took a position of ignore it all and maybe it would all just stop occurring.

At the time I had no idea or thought that these visitations may be coming to me from outer space or other dimensional realms. As a young child I did not have an understanding of such complex explanations. It soon was to become clear to me that I was being visited by more than one type of intruder.

On one memorable night a noticeable quite came over my surroundings as I lay alert in my bed. Then an invisible force of some sort seemed to force my eyes shut and paralyze my movements. For a moment I could not breathe and I panicked while consciously struggling to open my eyes and free my movements. Then in an instant I was able to set up and open my eyes. That is when I consciously and awake saw for the first time several of one of the types of creatures (alien beings) that were intruding into my life. There in my room was four very short and unique looking creatures surrounding my bed while another was at the doorway. They looked like nothing I have seen in any pictures or depictions of aliens since that time. They were very short in stature I would estimate only about three feet tall. They had ears that could easily be mistaken as being horns as a little devil might be thought to have. They had heads that were kind of scary looking from a child's perspective with no neck. It was as if their heads were fixed on their shoulders and they could not turn their heads without turning their body. They had very short legs but long arms. I did not count their fingers because I was too frightened by their appearances. They did not wear clothing and their bodies were of a two toned color pattern. It was dark but I could see them well enough to determine them to be dark gray with darker spotting all over.

They had white areas around their eyes as we human's do and dark centers where the iris and pupils would be located at on humans. After a moment of hesitation I screamed as loud as I could and they all ran out of my room very swiftly. I screamed again and in about fifteen or twenty seconds my mother and father appeared at my bedroom and turned on the lights. I told them I had seen monsters in my room.

My parents stayed with me a few minutes to calm me down telling me it was just a nightmare and for me to go back to sleep. I pleaded with them to please let me sleep on a pallet in their bedroom but they insisted no to that. I stayed awake until I finally dosed off to sleep. My parents would only accept the nightmare explanation. It was the only way they could cope with my experiences at the time.

A few weeks past and I started sleepwalking with a regular frequency. My parents talked about taking me to a doctor about the problem but never did. They were always strapped for money and doctors were expensive. Besides that my father had already diagnosed my condition as the product of an active imagination.

I had one experience where I remember was outside in front of the house at some time during the night. I was being hugged by a little female hybrid grey holding to my left leg with her arms wrapped around it. There was an adult female hybrid grey with her arms embracing me like a mother would hold her own child. There was a taller adult male with his right hand on the adult female's right shoulder and his left arm was on my left shoulder. It was as though we four were sharing a very special time together. It was a deep sharing of emotion on a kinetic and telepathic level. I could sense a real feeling of strong bond of emotional sharing between the four of us. The little female was like a little sister I had never got to know. She had long hair that was thin and blond and she was very petite only about twenty six inches tall. She was so sweet I cherished her. The adult female was also petite about thirty eight inches tall with human and grey features. She was like an older version of the one I refer to as little sister. The adult male was like a father figure he had a reddish pigment to his grey appearance. He seemed quite mature in age but appeared strong in his health. Above us was a light of low intensity shined all about the front lawn area from above the trees. Looking up I could see the very large shape of a disc craft above the tree tops silently hovering above us. The craft looked to be very large approximately sixty to eighty feet in diameter. The disc was a silver metallic color with some streaking marks on the under surface area.

I do not remember much else about that night in particular. None of the animals of the area were disturbed by the appearance of the craft. Normally the animals would make noises over anything unusual in proximity of the area dwellings. Even as a young child I noticed this as unusual and uncommon. I did not at the time think to attribute it to some alien technology but I did notice that something was causing everything and everyone else to sleep through my experiences with the night time visitors.

All of the adults began to take notice of my unusual interest and habits that were developing at the time. I was becoming a dedicated sky watcher and star gazer. My father had a father-to-son talk with me about my unique habits. The way he put it to me is “son everyone thinks something is wrong with you”. “Why don’t you just play like a normal kid does”? My feelings were hurt very badly by that conversation. I did not understand how my father could so misjudge me as a child.

I wondered why my experiences were only in partial memories and not in complete sequences of active events? Why were the visitors blocking out my total memory abilities and only allowing certain parts to be remembered by me? I wanted to know and understand more.

On one night I remembered being inside a large circular chamber and I and the one I call “little sister” were playing a sort of game similar to hide and seek. I remember a few adult hybrids and greys just ignoring us as we played together as children do. The adult greys went about their activities not paying us much notice. I assume this was onboard the disc craft but I cannot say for certain where we were at the time. I remember we were having fun. When I would try to talk to my parents about these experiences they would pass them off as dreams. My father started forbidding me to talk about them in private or in public. He shut it all down with absolute denial with no exceptions allowed. He told me that he did not believe that such things exist.

Then came the day when everything would change for me and affect my awareness for the rest of my days on earth.

The First Alien Flying Machines

I was the age of five years old and visiting my grandparents in Jasper Texas in 1957. Their home was on the edge of the forest in a sparsely populated area located by a sand dirt road. There was an old sawmill and lumberyard with railroad access across the road from my grandparent's home place.

It was early on a cool sunny morning as I went to play outside. As I went out and stood in the sand of the road I was about to set down in the sand to play. I was looking down at the sand and a sound like that a bell makes was heard by me inside of my head. It did not come through my ears. It was just inside of my head. A sensation of some force was then all over my body that somehow was controlling my physical movements. It was very comfortable I remember how good it felt all over my body. It felt like electric water flowing all around and throughout my body. Without thought to initiate any movements my body was responding to some outside control and I stood up erect slowly turning 180 degrees around facing to the north. Then my head rose up and I could see in the sky above me a unique machine in the sky at approximately 35 degrees above the horizon. I estimate its distance to be a few hundred feet away from where I was standing.

The flying machine was rotating in hesitating incremented short movements of approximately 10 degrees of rotation per movement. It was changing shape as I observed the machine in the air. I remember hearing a faint sound emanating from the machine. It was a varying low frequency sound. I know of nothing that sounds comparable in tone to what I heard coming from the machine. It was not a very loud audible sound.

An appendage seemed to just appear out of the side of this vertical cylinder shaped machine at its end was a crystal clear sphere facing me. The sphere was large enough that it could accommodate human sized occupants easily within its dimensions. I was looking directly at it and was attempting to see what or who was inside. I could not make out what was inside the sphere by detail, but I felt that whoever or whatever was inside was somehow observing me. I sensed an emotional telepathy exchange that caused me to desire to be taken by the machine. I wanted to go to it and was not fearful of it at all.

There was a childlike emotional yearning within me as if by instinct somehow drawing me toward the machine by my thoughts and feelings. As I stood fixated looking at the flying machine above me in the sky, I caught out of the corner of my eye another craft approaching to the east of my position. This second craft made no sound that I could detect and its shape characteristics were quite unique by description. The first machine craft that was above me, made a rapid vertical ascent using an erratic flight pattern as it ascended upward disappearing out of my sight range, exiting by vertical flight maneuvers in an erratic vertical flight path.

The other craft was shaped like a giant wing and was in a steep banking turn at low altitude turning from east through north toward west. The craft flew right in front of me at approximately the same altitude that the other craft had previously been at in front of my position. It was not a very aerodynamically efficient shape wing body by our technology standards. It was very fat shaped and not sleek looking by description. It did fly very fast and there was no sound heard by me at all. Not even the sound of aerodynamic friction was detectable by my hearing. There was an energy field (foggy by appearance) enveloping the craft as it flew in front of me. The craft was light gray in color and the enveloping field around it was white in color. I did not see any windows or any propulsion devices evident on the craft. No ports or openings were visible to me. It was very fast as it departed rapidly across the sky toward the west.

Then I just caught a short look as a flying cigar shaped craft was flying very low over the tree line, to the northeast of my position as I still faced to the north. I could clearly see an opening at the aft end of the flying cigar shaped craft. The craft was metallic gray in color and I was not able to see any windows or ports on the craft other than the aft end port. I saw what looked like rings of smoke forming around the aft end of the fuselage but it was not coming out of the aft end port. I could clearly see it was forming around the fuselage and then expanding aft as it expanded in ring shapes behind the craft. It was slowly flying out of my sight disappearing over the tree line.

Suddenly I ran into my grandparent's house to get my father to come out to see the things I was watching in the sky above. I went in to find my father working in the kitchen and asked him to come out front of the house and see the things up in the sky. He told me to go back outside and play. He seemed annoyed in his attitude and distracted by some other issues of interest. I went out to the front porch of the house and then decided to go back in and ask him again to come see the flying machines. I went to my father again and said "Dad please come look"! At that point he scolded me angrily telling me to get back out side before he took a belt to me. I then went out side and the flying machines were not visible to be found anywhere within my visual area.

I attempted later to describe what I had seen to my father but he never would take it seriously for some unknown reason. My father was sort of set in his ways. I speculate that he really did not understand the implications or significance of what I as a child was attempting to communicate to him that day. I sort of gave up even trying to tell him anything after that. I could never understand his lack of curiosity.

My father had been reared on a family farm. As a child he had seen some lean times growing up. He was taught to keep conversation limited to subjects easily defined and understood. He was never much for theoretic subject discussions. For him to have a son who was always asking questions about scientific subjects was not comfortable to him. He would buy us boxing gloves and would make us fight so we would become tough in life. I would often lose on purpose because I did not like to hurt people even a little bit. He would get very frustrated with me when I would not try to win the boxing matches. Such things were boring and trifle in my view. Dad was a protective father and a good provider in most his ways though. I talked to him on his death bed about the encounters of my childhood before he died. He did pay attention the last time I told him the recounting of events. It is very sad it took so many years for him to accept what had taken place so many years earlier in life.

The next morning after the multiple sightings and interactions of the previous day I discovered a strange gray residue had settled and deposited all over the ground and trees close to my grand parents home. I got my mother to come outside and investigate the substance. We both tried to figure out what this residue was. My mother said she had never seen anything like it before. It was a gray fibrous looking substance that would turn to a sticky slim when touched by our hands. It evaporated away by noon time. We did not know to collect and save samples.

My second encounter with a cigar shaped craft happened two years later in Beaumont Texas. I dreamed a cigar shaped craft was parked above our rented home. When I exited the house to walk to my second grade classes at school I saw the residue again as it was seen before in Jasper. It was all around the house and on the trees and power lines close to our house.

One year later we moved to another house near Cheek Texas. On day while outside I just got a notion to look up. There high about me at about the 11:30 altitude angle to horizon was another flying cigar. This one was at extreme high altitude. I decided to go in the house and get my mother to come see the craft and help me figure out what it was. She came outside and when I pointed to where the craft was in the sky she saw it immediately. I asked her “what is that”? She replied to me “I don’t know what that is”. It was at too high to be a blimp or any such craft she said.

We could plainly see the cigar shaped craft as it was ascending until it went out of sight. We both stood there watching it with interest until it just disappeared and got to small for us to see it above us. We both watched it for several minutes before it was to far away above us to be seen by us without the use of a telescope. We did not own any binoculars or telescope instruments at that time. We had both seen several weather balloons before and knew what they looked like. This was no weather balloon.

It had no wings and was dull gray in color. We did not see any rings forming this time. It ascended out of sight as both of us watched attentively.

The Glowing Red Creature

We were still living in the same house there near to Cheek Texas. My two brothers and I were in our small separate beds asleep late one night. Our parents were asleep in their bedroom at the other end of the house separated from us by a short hallway and restroom between the two rooms. We were asleep when all of a sudden a red glow appeared from the hallway I and my younger brother Fred both became alert and awakened by it. Before either of us had time to speak a glowing bright red right hand and arm reached around the door and made grabbing motions in the air as we both looked on with terror. The hand and arm we were seeing had long fingers and was moving very rapidly. It was slim in physical appearance and we only saw the arm and hand movements. We did not see any other physical body parts of the creature that was intruding our home. It was like nothing earthly that we had ever imagined or seen before in our lives. The intruder was giving off a red glowing effect that looked like what coals of fire look like in a fireplace. I cannot say if this intruder entity was a mortal being or an immortal being based on my limited examination. I do know it scared me like I have never been scared before by anything else. My brother and I were both so scared by this sight that neither of us could even scream out to our parents down the hallway from us. This intruder was also physically between where we were and where our parents were asleep in their room. It made for a terrifying situation. The adrenalin was so strong in me that I just could not even move for the moment out of sheer fear of what I was witnessing before me.

Then the intruder left rapidly without making any noise and the glow disappeared as the intruder exited. I have no clue as to how the intruder got in or out of our house. When the glow was over my brother Fred and I both screamed and I ran as fast as I could exiting by where we had seen the intruder. I ran to my parent's room and jumped into their bed with them hysterically pointing back to where my brother and I had seen the intruder. Fear was overcoming my speech. My dad got up quickly to go investigate and see what had caused us to be in such a state of fear.

My father first checked our bedroom as my brother was setting up in bed crying and also overcome in a state of fear. My dad looked all through the house and checked the doors and windows before coming back and asking us what had terrified us so badly? When we collected ourselves enough to speak we described to him what we had seen. I remember the perplexed look on my father's face as he stood there considering what we both told them we had seen. As I told him what we had seen my brother Fred was nodding in agreement with my descriptions as my father and mother both sat confused by our report. After a moment of looking at each other my father said, "It must have been nightmares". My brother and I both were too scarred to go back to sleep. By this time our younger brother Joel was awake and dad told us not to talk about it because it would cause him fear. My parents forced us back to our beds and told us to stay there. My father had decided it was all a common nightmare that my brother and I had experienced and he was satisfied with that conclusion to the matter.

I can only say that I thank God that I have never seen another creature like that one. I never want to see one like that again unless it will be willing to approach me in a more dignified and courteous manner. I have no respect for any intelligent being that just wants to entertain it's self by scaring the living daylights out of children. I would be glad to ask questions of such a creature if it would give me a dignified opportunity for an interview. Otherwise it suits me just fine for such as them to stay the hell away from all of our children and us if they behave in a manner as what my brother and I have witnessed.

A short time after the above described encounter experience my brother Fred was seriously burned by a gasoline fire accident while burning trash that caused him much pain and suffering as a child. That event which happened only a few weeks after the encounter overshadowed everything else for a time for our family.

My Fourth Encounter

A few years have passed since my last remembered encounter. I am now eleven years old and we are on family trip-visiting relatives in Corrigan Texas. We are at the home of my uncle Carl and aunt sissy. My second cousins John Michael and Sue (their children) were there.

It was after dark on a starry night and we children were outside playing behind their country home. I went over by the cow pasture and leaned on a fence post to look up and enjoy the view of the stars and the moon. As I was peering the stars I saw movement of an object entering the atmosphere at about 10:30 O'clock entry position altitude with position proximity in the sky to where the crescent moon was visible.

As I first noticed the object I suspected it to be a slow entry meteor but it formed a plasma contrail as it entered the atmosphere that did not look typical to what a meteor would be expected to produce. I had seen a lot of shooting stars and meteors by this time in my life and this looked different than any I had seen before in my observations. As the descending object was being observed by me it developed a sharp detailed heat print which enveloped the forward side of the object. As the object got lower in altitude the color shifted to a white heat silhouette enveloping the object. I could clearly see the disc shape of the craft by this point of observation. The craft was very large and was on a descending flight path from northwest to southeast. It was a most beautiful thing to witness.

I watched the craft until the heat signature diminished and it was no longer in my field of view. This was an educational event for me. Now I knew that the alien materials did react with friction if reentering at high speeds into our atmosphere. This was the first time I was able to witness a high speed reentry of a disc. I had seen the news coverage of the manned space program missions by this time and I had an understanding of such science. By the age of twelve I was no novice and knew how to evaluate such sightings objectively.

My Fifth Encounter

Later that same year I was at my grandmother's home on my father's side of the family. Her home was set in a wooded area in a more remote section from the small town of Jasper Texas. While the family members were inside watching the Porter Wagoner show on television I went outside to do some stargazing, as was my custom as a twelve year old adolescent in those days. There was not much ground light outside my grandmother's home and the sky visibility was very good that night.

I positioned myself lying back on the hood of my dad's car looking up to the night sky with my arms folded behind my head for personal comfort. I had only been there for a few minutes transmitting my thoughts to the sky above. I decided to attempt telepathic transmission to the skies above. I told the skies above these words telepathically "I know your there so show yourself". I then saw what appeared to me to be three sequenced meteorites zip a short distance overhead. It originated at a specific noted point visibly and terminated after only a short travel distance above me. Then again three more were seen exactly as before. Then after a few seconds I heard an unexpected sound "zip, zip, zip" was heard. Then again I heard "zip, zip, zip". Man that got my attention. I realized it could not have been meteorites at all but had to have been projectiles fired from some platform above.

I did not see any visible craft but knew one must be up there and not to distant from me. The sound only took a few seconds to be heard (no more than five seconds). I knew the craft must only be about one mile above me. This was another educational experience for me. I now knew that they would not only hear my telepathic transmissions to them but also demonstrate a response. For the first time I understood that I could communicate with the aliens at distance using telepathic transfer of thought and language. This was a milestone in my search for connection with the aliens. My connection was becoming more and more personal now.

I could not see a craft or target object even though I looked for such with diligence to find them. This event has been examined and rehearsed in my personal interrogations of myself over and over again. The implications and assessments of these particular events have had a great impact upon my personal awareness and thoughts concerning overall extraterrestrial agenda. My conclusion and assessment leads me to believe that some of their craft types are armed with projectile firing weapons. What was it firing at? Or! Was this all just a response to me telling it to show itself to me?

I stayed there that night transmitting many questions to my unseen friends for a great length of time telepathically. I also realized that if these visitors had weapons it must mean or imply that they expect to engage enemies. That conclusion would have profound implications to say the least.

I pondered over the next few days many things about that night's events. I wondered if the reason I was able to communicate with the visitors was a common ability or if some unknown gift was at work. If it was common ability that would mean that anyone could communicate with them the same way. If it was not common ability then it would mean that something had been altered in me personally and I was just now discovering the benefit of it. Was it the mysterious cuts and humps found on my head years ago by my mother? Had something been transplanted inside me that allowed me to accomplish the communication? To find the answers would require more extensive experimentation and evaluations on my part. But how do I proceed from here I thought? I decided to follow my natural instincts in the experiments.

I will admit to everyone that most efforts were uneventful and to grow in my understanding about how to continue was a challenge for me. My interactions with the visitors has become more seldom and hindered the older I get. Is it because of me or them? I think it is because I have become more preoccupied with my life and human concerns. I want to renew my hunger for more interactions and be excited like I once was before. Maybe it's because I'm getting older? Maybe I'm too content in my human ways?

My Sixth Encounter

This encounter is going to be difficult for the reader to come to terms with because it is my first inter-dimensional encounter experience. It is also an encounter of immortal and mortal interaction. I am going to recount it to you by detail as I experienced the inter-action without exaggeration of any parts of testimony given by me in this report. My report is an accurate report of the experiences with valid accuracy of details as best as can be described by me with written words.

I was fifteen years of age and going through the typical changes of life that all teenagers experience socially going through adolescence toward adulthood. I was missing some structure in my life and character definition at that time. I wasn't making the best choices with friendships and really was not very happy at the time. I felt a lot was missing from my personal life and did not know where to go to find my answers. I did pray short prayers everyday but my level of understanding was very limited at that age. I understood how to transmit telepathically to God in prayer but I did not know how to receive telepathically and especially how to interpret inter-dimensional communications.

Some things were at work around me that I was unaware of at the time. These things I refer to involved key people as well as agents unseen by me and unknown to me from the inter-dimensional realm. This will become more understandable after reading the remainder of this report. These encounters events were made possible through cooperative efforts on my part as well as many other key participants and agents. Things people would say to me and things I heard stirred in me a desire to seek answers from a higher than earthly authority. The only authority that I had confidence that I could go to was the invisible God almighty himself. The problem was my human self was getting in the way of such an endeavor or quest for answers. At times I felt like a child locked away in a dark building stumbling to find his way without a light to guide his path.

I was yearning to learn more about my total self and seeking answers that would satisfy the yearning of my inner being and find self-identity. I consciously took my search in the direction of the inter-dimensions to find a connection of communication with God. If there was a way to reach him I was determined to find that way.

One day two ministers came by the house. When I answered the door they asked if my father was home and identified themselves as ministers. They said they had come by to invite him to come to a revival meeting at their church (Lamar Pentecostal Church) in Beaumont, Texas. I said that I would tell him they came by to see him. As they were turning to leave I asked them “May I come”? They looked at one another with agreement and said to me “sure you can”.

I then determined to go to that revival. I attended every night and went down to the front as the altar call was given and knelt seeking the gift of the Holy Ghost that was being preached about almost every night.

I was now fifteen years of age and had been struggling with family issues resulting from my mother leaving my father for another man. They eventually settled their divorce and the ordeal was very hurtful to me as a teenager. I no longer had the functional family base that I loved and appreciated. I missed having both parents together and I was heartsick for a very long time. I mourned the disintegration of my family household as a whole. I now had to grow up and accept reality as the harsh thing it sometimes is here on earth.

I was hurting and lonely. I was longing security, self worth, self destiny and self respect. I needed a friend who could understand and related to my complexity. I experimented with my self identity in and attempt to find my true self or selves. I knew and recognized my inner pain and frustration. Like a caterpillar efforts to cross the road to become the butterfly. I came to know emotional pain on a level I had never before experienced. I even considered suicide. Thank God I did not carry it through. These were tough times for me personally.

I continued praying and going through every detail of what the church people would tell me to do in an effort to meet God halfway. At times I would exhaust myself and everyone else attempting to pray through to the experience. This all continued night after night for about seven weeks. Then one evening I stayed overnight at my uncle and aunt's home. I had determined to pray until something happened that night. I started my prayer marathon at about 8:00pm and continued on past midnight. Everyone else had gone to bed but I continued praying. Then at about 2:30am Sunday June 16th I heard and felt a telepathic voice inside myself say, "Tomorrow you will receive it". I immediately went and woke everyone up and informed them both I would get it tomorrow. They looked a little puzzled but were glad just the same to hear me say it.

The next morning I decided to fast without food and only drink water for the day. I went to church that morning with faith knowing that today would be special for me. That morning as soon as the preaching was done I headed down to the altar and felt absolutely nothing at all. After only a minute or two I got up and announced to everyone that I would get it for sure that night. We all left church and went to our respective homes. That was a long difficult day for me. The day just seemed to stretch out to be the longest day of my life.

I walked to church that night. It was about two miles from where I lived and it was a good walk. I liked that walk that evening. I remember looking at the moon on the way to church and seeing signs of a thundershower approaching from the east. I got to the church house on time for service just before the nice thunderstorm started. I remember seeing the soft flashes of lightening light up the beautiful stained glass of the church as the storm continued. The storm seemed to fit in so perfectly with everything that night.

The service started with some very meaningful old gospel songs. I still remember the titles to this day of every song we sang that night. Then at 8:30 pm right in the middle of congregational singing it started. I felt the comfort and power of God come over my total being. I submitted my every thought and emotion to this presence.

I slowly stood up with my disposition fixed and focused on surrender. Then I felt an inter-dimensional hand reach in from outside my chest slowly reach inside me and grasping my rib cage physically. I stood as a statue surrendered to this power. The hand started to pull my body from where I was at the pew and pulling me out into the aisle. Very slowly pulling me toward the altar step by step ever so perfectly I did not blink, I did not cry, I did not speak. I only followed obediently the pulling of this angelic hand.

As I rounded the last pew to be pulled down to the altar, people began to gather around me to pray and I saw a single tear hit the altar from my eye. I saw a man's face (Valance Bronson) his motions froze like a statue. For a brief moment everything was completely quite and all motions around me stopped as if frozen in time. An inter-dimensional door had opened for me from the other side. Everything went black I was outside of my body. Then I felt a being grasped hold of me and covered my vision. I did not feel my body but I was aware of my total out of body self and could sense that I was being transported at an immeasurable velocity through what seemed like space. I could not see because the being was covering my vision with what felt like hands over where my eyes should be.

I was for the first time now free of my body but being held by this powerful being. I sensed forces about us as if the dimensions themselves were tearing as a force of lightning makes thunder. The velocity of shifting dimensions about me was evident and more than my mind could assess or fully comprehend. I have never been more vulnerable yet absolutely trusting of the means of my transportation. What power could be so magnificent to experience? I desire to see but my vision is blocked intentionally by this powerful angel sent to bring me to God. What place so wonderful is this? I desire to see it. I do not feel my body and I do not miss it at all nor do I want it back!

This is a better existence and a better place than the life I have previously known and experienced. Such a wonderful rescuer is my God and so sweet is his ways to send this angel to bring me to him.

The voyage through this dimensional portal seemed very rapid. The angel that was grasping hold of me then let go of me and just left me floating unable to orient myself. I had no hands and no feet or legs. I was like a spirit cloud, but had collective senses and could see without eyes. I could feel without skin. I could see a small dot of light way afar off from me and that was all I could see. Then I desired to navigate toward the dot of light and somehow moved rapidly towards the dot of light just with thought propulsion. Then the light got bigger and bigger very rapidly and overtook my being. I was being bathed in the energy of this light and could see myself being transformed by the light. I know that that light being was the presence of what we call the Holy Ghost. I saw what looked like a fountain of water energy flowing up out of me and from me and I felt clean like never before I had ever experienced. The light was a perfect white unlike any white we can see with natural eyes, but I was seeing as with perfect eyes without eyes for the first time and it was beautiful.

Then the light passed from me and I found myself to be floating with a determined direction over a solid surface. I was in a gigantic room so big that it is unable to be measured by our standards. I floated (transported) over to what looked likened to a large granite platform and I saw a large book on the podium platform standing in front of where I was. Then I saw the physical glowing arm of our Lord Jesus with a writing instrument in his hand write a name in the big book. The name had seven character letters and was in a language that I do not know by knowledge experience. His hand and arm were beautiful and glowing, as gold or polished brass would shine under sunlight. His arm and hand gave off light. He was glorious and beautiful to me. The names were written in blood.

Then I was being rapidly pulled back from where I was and I wanted to resist and stay where I was because it was so wonderful in every detail. I felt myself being transported back and grasped by the same type angel again. I struggled not to be returned but to no avail. Then I felt myself being lowered down into something.

I felt my feet doing down into my body's head and resisted because I did not want my body back again. I felt myself going down in through my body and did not want it at all. I could feel the sensation of repossessing my own body for the first time. I could feel the hair and skin as I passed down through my body and I despised it. I did not want to return but understood that I must.

This retransformation was an inevitable part of the baptism of fire I was experiencing. My traverse through the dimensional realms of reality and back again, my designer and creator has lead me to this place in destiny. He has found me lost wanting to be found. I was taken from my body and now returned again.

Then everything stopped again for a moment and was quiet and calm. Then I woke up in my body standing back at the back corner of the church house. My eyes were out of focus and I had difficulty getting my correct speech back.

Then I realized how different I felt and was excited and told a man standing close by me (Earl Harrington) "I got it". He said "I know you did I saw it all". I asked him how did I get back to the back corner of the church where I currently am standing? He said to me "Son for the last ten minutes you have been all over this church building". I then realized that something else was controlling my body while I was away from it.

What did my body do while I was away from it? How could I exist in two places at the same time and be one person? I had heard and read about this beautiful experience many times. I never knew it would be as I experienced it. I then came to an understanding that our body is like a house that we live in. It should be kept from evil as best as we can and treated with dignity and respect. It is my earthly habitation. A place to live and exist in I marveled? I then realized that I was in a state of physical shock. That the wonderful experience had been more than my human mind could keep up with. I then tried to calm myself and relish the moments and savor what I was experiencing. I thank God that Jesus made a way for me to come to this place. A place he has prepared for us all to know.