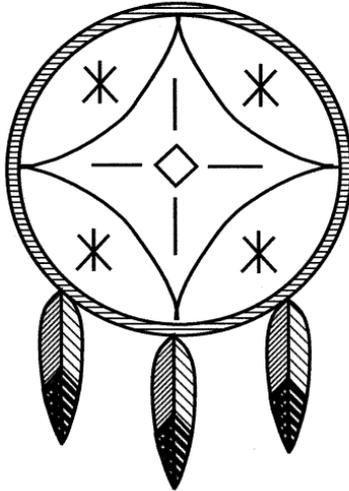


**THE FOURTH COYOTE:
A PERSONAL SEARCH FOR
THE HIDDEN HISTORY OF EARTH**

BY

KAREN DEGENHART

THUNDER STONE DREAM WOMAN



**THE FOURTH COYOTE:
A PERSONAL SEARCH FOR
THE HIDDEN HISTORY OF EARTH**

This book is dedicated to Robert Morning Sky, Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, and all my Spirit Helpers, from this or any other world.

(C) Karen Degenhart, MA., M.Div., PhD., 1995, 2010.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS:

ONE: The Fourth Coyote ... 4
TWO: Going Farther “Out on a Limbo ... 6
THREE: Three Journeys ... 11
FOUR: The Establishment of a
New View of Human History... 23
FIVE: The Sedona Connection ... 39
SIX: Wolf Medicine: Discovering the Dulce Base ... 43
SEVEN: Loose Ends That Make It All More Real... 54
EIGHT: New Revelation ... 61
NINE: The “Morning Sky” Connection ... 69
TEN: Pyramids All Over The Place ... 84
ELEVEN: The War In The Heavens ... 91
TWELVE: More About Ancient History ... 102
THIRTEEN: More Of My Process ... 110
FOURTEEN: I Already Had The “Key”:
Bringers of the Dawn ... 116
FIFTEEN: The Gift--of Black and White ... 126
SIXTEEN: “Releasing the Eagles:”
The True Meaning of the Fourth Coyote... 144

ABOUT THE COVER

Front Cover Photograph of Monument Valley, Arizona, by Karen Degenhart, 1988.

Back Cover Photograph of Karen Degenhart at Canyonlands, Utah by Don Devore, 1998.



Karen Degenhart, Fall 2009

CHAPTER ONE:

THE FOURTH COYOTE

The day I picked up my first book, *A Medicine Story*, from the printer, I went right over to Colorado's Psychic Center, and they bought the first two copies for their store. Then, I saw some small figurines of animals in onyx and other stone materials. I remembered one of my "Medicine dreams" in which I had seen fetishes such as these, and especially white onyx ones. In fact, the white fetishes were in the very dream which told me to do a Vision Quest. Now that my book was completed and printed up, I realized that I needed to "act out" more aspects of my dreams, in order to complete the Power available from them. So, I bought three small **coyote** fetishes, a white one, yellow one, and a brown one.

When I got home, and was setting them out on my dresser, I realized that I could have made a Medicine Wheel if I had gotten four coyotes! I should have gotten a red coyote, too," I thought. Then I'd have one for each Sacred Direction--Brown for West, White for South, Yellow for East, and Red for North." (Sometimes the White and Red are switched, depending on the Medicine Person. West is usually Black or Dark Blue, but Brown is also a dark color, so could be used in their place, I figured, as there were no Black coyotes at the store.) This was in January 1994.

I didn't go back to Colorado's Psychic Center until July 1994, the day I had turned in my *second* book to the printer! That day, they had a dish with items you could take for a **free gift**, and there was a **red coyote** in the dish, for the taking! I thought this was a strange coincidence, as I was going to buy one, anyway, to complete my Medicine Wheel. I had seen a coyote during my second Vision Quest, and it was one of my Totems.

When I turned in book number two, only six months after having printed my first one, the printer was surprised that I had done another one so fast. It actually took me a year to write the second book, but the typesetting went much faster, as I now had my secondhand computer to write on. All I had to do was hire someone with a laser printer to print the final manuscript from my disk. I also designed the cover, from a black and white photo of a painting I had done years before.

I told the printer, “Well, I’m not writing anything now.” Yet, on my drive home that day, the words, “The Fourth Coyote” came into my mind, as the title of my next book!

When I picked up the new books, *Beautiful Simplicity: The Journey Into a Hidden Reality*, about my awakening to UFO’s, ET information, and The Secret Government, I again went right to Colorado’s Psychic Center, since they are just down the block from my printer. I was delighted when they again bought two of the first copies hot off the press.

Then a lady appeared, who worked there as a psychic reader. She saw my books on the counter, and expressed interest. I ended up talking with her, showing her my first book (still on the shelf), and told her it was about my awakening to Native American Spirituality, and leaving behind the mainstream church after that. She said that she was part Indian.

Then, she wanted to give me a brief “reading,” as a gift. She asked my birthday, and tuned in. The first thing she said was, “Are you writing a third book?” I said, “Not yet, but I have been thinking about it. I was hoping to take a vacation from writing for a while!” She said, “You should do a third one.” Something about her earnestness convinced me to start this third book, *The Fourth Coyote*, even though I really had no idea what it would be about.

Within a week, I came across some information that gave me a main insight for this book. It has to do with a re-writing of history on this planet! After I got this idea, I remembered that my Vision Dream in Boulder had said at the tail end of it, “If you like history, there is a lot that hasn’t been written.” The Vision Dream seemed to be alluding to a Hidden History of the Native Americans, but it goes beyond just that. There is a Hidden History of the Planet, and some Native Peoples have stories and artifacts that can provide us clues. Suddenly, and unexpectedly, I was off again on another journey of discovery. August 5, 1994.

CHAPTER TWO:

GOING FARTHER "OUT ON A LIMB"

I turned in the manuscript and cover illustration for *Beautiful Simplicity* to the printer on July 1st, 1994. On that day I got the fourth coyote fetish, a red one, and the idea for the title of this book.

That evening, I rented the video of Shirley MacLaine's metaphysical classic, **OUT ON A LIMB**. The last time I had seen it was in 1987, when I was in my final year of seminary, and it was first on TV. At that time, I was trying to be academic and mainstream, but this movie opened a crack in my thought. Perhaps it was "OK" to be metaphysical, believe in past lives, and UFO's--as well as to go beyond what the traditional church teaches. For some reason, I had suppressed these aspects of my own inner spiritual journey during the years after my Christian conversion, and while I was attending a seminary. This was a seminary which, even though it taught a radical modern theology of liberation, and allowed the student to come up with their own final theological interpretation of Christ, still occasionally made joking remarks about crystals and "New Agers" in the classroom. Of course, this was 1987--who knows what's popular among seminarians today, in 1994-'95?

I did in fact write a paper on Gnosticism, and one on the early Church Father Origin's view of reincarnation--and probably got A's on both papers for my scholarly approach. Yet, I still felt uneasy really sticking up for these beliefs in public there.

I remembered that there was something about UFO's in **OUT ON A LIMB**, and now that I had just published a book on that topic, I wanted to view the video again from my new perspective now seven years later.

I found it very interesting that one of the channeled readings Shirley had had, I think the one by Kevin Reyerson, told her that her British lover had been a diplomat with **extraterrestrials** during the time of Atlantis! I'm sure that did not seem as plausible to me when I first saw this video as it does now. In fact, his socialist leanings--taken to an extreme-- could even contribute to the "New World Order," (or **One World Government**, the evil

one, which could easily give the bad aliens world control--not to mention what normal evil or control-oriented humans could do without the help of aliens!)

Her lover had a hard time believing in God or other spiritual concepts, too. Somewhat related to this, I had a strange experience the day before my UFO book came back from the printer, when I was at The Tattered Cover Bookstore here in Denver, feeling high at seeing my own *A Medicine Story* book for sale on the shelf there. I got into a brief conversation with a man standing there, and he looked over my book. He started to talk about how he didn't really believe in God, just in "getting on with life." Yet, he said something like, "The Universe is too big for there to be One Being in control of everything." He seemed to be responding to the mention in my book that I had once wanted to be a Christian minister. I said I thought it was probably only a matter of theological interpretation (as I know from my seminary training.) Then we parted ways, to look at other books.

I went to the UFO section next. Then, the weird thing was, just as he was about to leave the store, he came up to me again, and said, "The answer to your question, is 'Yes, UFO's are real.'" His eyes twinkled in an unusual way, and his remark seemed to be more than a joke, but a **confirmation** of fact. Then he left. I almost suspected that maybe he was some kind of alien, himself. And, if so, we can see, there are aliens who do not like the concept of God that we have here on Earth. I don't know if there is any connection between the strange man I met, and the atheistic beliefs of Shirley MacLaine's lover, but for some reason the connection between these two characters, and their trouble believing in God, struck me.

However, the Pleiadians are considered to be the Good Guys of the aliens by many metaphysical-type UFO buffs. (At least some Pleiadians are.) In Shirley's account, a Pleiadian woman had influenced Shirley's friend David to give her the three stones that she had put on a necklace. Later in the movie, when they were in Peru, David's Pleiadian woman friend, Mayan, telepathically guided him to find Shirley when her jeep was stranded -- and then guided him back, in total darkness, with no marked roads to follow. That was quite a feat--in the dark, I have even been lost on back roads between Idaho Springs and Central City! (And that was near houses and civilization!) August 10, 1994.

But, now I am seven years past 1987, when I and many others

have become open to the possibility of extraterrestrial contact. There is even the Fox TV show “The X-Files,” which brings this whole thing out to the public for anyone to examine. The collective consciousness has moved forward. There have been so many sightings now, world wide, that most intelligent, open-minded people are probably ready and eager for some public announcement to be made, that **something** is “out there,” --and for the Government to give up their need for any further cover-up of this information.

It was this year, 1994, that Dr. John Mack, the psychiatrist who has worked with “Alien Abduction” victims, and written a book about his cases, was on TV several times. We are being primed by the media to be open to the possibility of contact with aliens or extraterrestrials. We know by now (especially those who have read my book, *Beautiful Simplicity: The Journey Into a Hidden Reality*,) that nothing like that gets in the media unless it's being **allowed** out on purpose.

I've read in various places that an announcement that we have made contact with extraterrestrial life is supposed to take place in 1995 or 1996! As I write this chapter in September 1994, I hope that this book is done by then, **or** that I am able to chronicle these events during the course of my story.

Keep in mind, there are two points of view of this 1995 ET contact announcement. One is that it will be a wonderful revelation, a historic moment! The other is that it is being “staged” as the lead-in to the creation of an Evil One World Government! Thus, as remarkable as such an announcement will seem, we will still not be told the entire Truth!

One purpose for my writing this book at all is to reveal **information sources** that are difficult for the average person to come across, especially through regular media channels. To give more perspective, I tell **how** I came across this information. Thus, you can see how much time, effort, and “chance” play in the way I discover the things I write about. It is a lengthy learning process, and one never knows exactly where it will lead.

In my journey, I started attending a group called, “Global Sciences,” which is a catch-all name for the avant-garde, cutting-edge, thought in politics, science, spirituality, and health. I first heard of this group from announcements at the Denver UFO Society meetings. Later, a man who attended the Koda Maka Dakota Spirituality classes, given by Grey Owl, told me he was a

member of Global Sciences, and urged me to attend sometime. When I moved back to the city to take an apartment manager position in '93-'94, I started attending the Global Sciences meetings, since they were not too far from where I lived.

At one Global Sciences meeting in Spring of 1994, someone shared how great this magazine called, *NEXUS*, was! It was started in Australia, but has subscription offices in many countries, and now also in the USA, in Illinois. I looked at the copy they had that day, and knew I had to subscribe.

This *NEXUS* magazine has all the underground information one could want (or not want): UFO, Secret Government, conspiracy information, medical cover-ups, plus book reviews, and ads selling very unusual videos. It's a fascinating, informative source for news about the sinister, Shadowy, side of just about everything that is being covered-up, especially in the United States. It is international, so people across the world probably know more about what's going on **here**--on the Shadow side-- than Americans do!

NEXUS isn't paying me for this advertisement--but it is well worth the \$25.00 a year subscription to have this information. Write to: *NEXUS*, P.O. Box 177, Kempton, Illinois, 60946-0177, USA. This is the kind of information that will change your entire way of seeing reality, and politics.

I find it interesting that *NEXUS*, comes out of Australia! Australia is also supposed to be where the New World Government is going to be headquartered! (According to George C. Andrews in his book, *Extra-Terrestrial Friends and Foes*, the New Parliament Building in Canberra, Australia, is large enough to be used for a New World Government.) (Pg. 215, 216.) I have family who have immigrated to Australia, and a half-brother who actually works for the Australian Government now. I have been there twice so far to visit them. So many connections.... (September 18, 1994.)

Through *NEXUS Magazine* I discovered another important source for alternative information, and this is worth your trouble to get, as well. Adventures Unlimited, 303 Main Street, Post Box 74, Kempton, Illinois 60946. They may ask a dollar for the first catalog. This is where I first heard of David Hatcher Childress, a writer on "unorthodox" archeology and travel books. There will be more mention of his work later in this book.

The final source I will mention in this chapter is **Illuminet**

Press, P.O. Box 2808, Lilburn, Georgia 30226. From this source I discovered books such as *Casebook on Alternative 3*, by Jim Keith, and *Extra-Terrestrial Friends and Foes*, by George C. Andrews. They also put out the famous *The Gemstone File*, book, about Mafia Connections, and the JFK Assassination. There is some significant information in that book.

More of this later on. Time to switch gears. 10-6-94

Please note: Jim Keith has already died by 2010, so this address may no longer be functional. Some of his books can still be found at [www.AdventuresUnlimited Press.com](http://www.AdventuresUnlimitedPress.com).

CHAPTER THREE:

THREE JOURNEYS

For the Summer of 1994, I had a chance to take three camping trips. As I write this chapter, I am on the third one, sitting at a picnic table, by a rushing mountain stream, near Mt. Princeton, on the way to St. Elmo.

The first trip I took was to attend the Sun Dance, lead by David Swallow, Jr., at Buffalo Creek Campground, near Pine, CO. It is a very beautiful drive getting there. I pitched my tent there, instead of sleeping in my camper truck as I often do, and stayed three of the four nights.

For some strange reason, I have noticed a pattern of my boyfriend, Don, getting more emotionally confusing to me just before I go to the Sun Dance! Just before I left, we had a fight, and I wondered if I should consider not living with him, anymore. So, while I stayed at the Sun Dance Sunday and Monday nights, I went home Tuesday to take a shower, and attend Don's Nietzsche discussion group. I also hoped to be able to mend any bad feelings between us. Somehow, this effort helped, and I returned to the rest of the Sun Dance feeling more assured that we could work things out. Don was getting worked up because he wanted to quit his pizza waiter job to spend all his time perfecting his new building technology ideas, but he couldn't quit yet, since he needed the money. The Summer was now half over, and he hadn't completed as much as he had hoped.

I'm glad to report that Don really became more considerate and relaxed once he finally quit the pizza waiter job sometime in August. Because his Rammed Earth Home is paid for, he can live quite cheaply on some savings for a few months, and even afford to travel to places like New Zealand or Australia for part of the rugged Colorado Winter.

I was lucky to get a small amount of unemployment from mid May through most of September. I had lost my HUD Resident Apartment Manager job because of being too zealous in my

attempts to get enough evidence to evict the mentally ill residents who were actively using and selling drugs. They would prop open the security door, and there would be traffic day and night, disturbing other residents, who were even too frightened to call the police! So, I would call the police, for them, and my good deed led directly to my being fired, as somehow one cop found a “crack pipe” and gave it to me for “evidence.” The day after I gave the “evidence” to my Property Manager Supervisor, I was fired! I later heard that the Mental Health Corporation of Denver wanted to contest our evictions of the drug dealers, who were scaring, and keeping awake all night, the other residents.

Some of the residents involved were just being used by the drug dealers, and had lost control of their own apartments, anyway. I could sit in my office and see groups of people all “visiting” the same apartment during the broad daylight, and yet the police could not do anything to catch them!

One time, I was helping out the under cover cops, and they just took a chance on catching some action. They called and told me they were on their way, and for me to buzz them into the building. By chance, the residents opened the door, and the cops found a warm crack pipe, and someone flushing some white stuff in a bag down the toilet!

After the guy who was caught was evicted, then things got worse. The traffic just moved to other apartments. The detective who had helped me get that “evidence” was put on some other kinds of cases, and my supervisors were obviously being pressured by the Mental Health people to stop trying to evict the residents. Anyone evicted from HUD Housing for drug use can never get it again, and these people had to live on SSI checks of around \$400. a month. Where would they go? Sure, that would be a problem, but the ones being used by the dealers already could hardly sleep in their own beds; it was no mercy to allow them to stay in this situation, either. And the whole building was in turmoil because of it.

So you see, once again I tried to do the right thing in a corrupt system, and lost my job because of it. My resume is filled with such bizarre incidents, such as the time I was fired because I called a psychiatrist to have a woman hospitalized who was constantly cutting her wrist with tin can lids, and I was the only staff on a 26

½ hour shift, and I had to watch a houseful of other clients, as well, plus get some sleep during the night. My decisions always seem to rub someone the wrong way.

The day I was fired from the HUD Apartment Manager job, I was forced to move out of my apartment, supposedly in “three days,” (though it took longer, because of all the stuff I had there on a third floor apartment with no elevator.) Luckily, I had Don to move back in with, but it was also an hour drive each way to bring truck loads of my things to his place.

The management company who hired and fired me also got out of paying any unemployment benefits to me because the building itself was supposedly my “employer,” and the building was a small non-profit corporation! It was strange that the same group that owned this building also had some other buildings for the mentally ill, but they were incorporated separately. The rents for the studio apartments in my building were outrageously high for that area of Denver: \$674. a month for a studio apartment! Maybe you'd pay that in Evergreen, but this was unusually high. However, you see, the management company would get a percentage of the monies they took in, so even though I got a free apartment and a final salary of \$525 a month for working more than my supposed part time hours, the rent for the other apartments was guaranteed by HUD, and part of this Federal funding went to the management company, and the rest went to the utilities and the owners. Even with high utilities, there had to be some pretty good, stable profit being made by this “non-profit” building. Even empty apartments would be paid 85% of the rent by the Government, to the owners.

However, I lucked out, and got some unemployment, because a former job I had was in the right time span for that income to count. I had prayed with my Pipe for a good “vacation” during the Summer, so I guess I got an even longer one than I expected!

At the Sun Dance, I noticed an Eagle flying, and prayed to it, asking, “Eagle, please drop me a feather as a gift.” The Eagle was not near where I was, and I knew it would be a miracle to find an Eagle feather, anyway. Then, I forgot my prayer.

A while later, the same day, I was sitting by my tent reading *Extra-Terrestrial Friends and Foes*, (by George C. Andrews, IllumiNet Press, GA.) when a lady came up to me, and gave me a small Eagle feather!

She said, **“Spirit told me to give you this Wamblei feather.”**

It was actually three very small feathers still attached together. My jaw dropped in surprise. I told her, “I prayed for an Eagle to drop me a feather just a while ago!” So, of course, my prayers for healing in my relationship also came true.

As I hadn't had a “real” vacation yet this Summer, by mid August I decided to take a four day camping trip during the Full Moon to get the wanderlust out of my system. Don could not take time off from his work on the concrete building panels, so I decided to go by myself. I enjoy taking some trips by myself, to meditate and reflect.

This trip ended up being more of an expensive chore than a vacation, as I ended up driving long hours through dry, barren land in Northwest Colorado, on hot days, without air-conditioning in my vehicle. It was still an adventure, however.

The most memorable time was the first night, camping at Dinosaur National Monument, Utah, after driving for eight hours. The moon was full, and the landscape was primeval. I felt a strong, peaceful energy at that campground.

I also enjoyed the lecture at the dinosaur dig sight. Here I learned that there was a “new” dinosaur that had been discovered, which was a meat-eater, and yet was found in a layer of earth much older than the plant eater found previously in the same area.

As the lecturer was speaking about the discovery of this dinosaur around 1990-1991, I suddenly remembered how the Native American Tony Shearer had phoned me, maybe in 1989, while on his way to Dinosaur National Monument to see some new discovery there. I thought it might be the same discovery, but that he could have heard of it before it was announced to the public. Tony Shearer always seemed to know about archeological discoveries that few people knew about. He was mentioned in my first book, *A Medicine Story*, as an expert on the Mayan Calendar, and the original person who pin-pointed the Harmonic Convergence dates. In that book, he was telling me about ancient sea fossils he had seen in Utah, in the Canyonlands area. From being there myself, I could see why Tony would be fascinated by Dinosaur National Monument.

On this trip, I went to “Blazing” Gorge, but it was too hot, and I was too worn out from all the driving, so I didn't do much there

but visit the Visitor's Center, and photograph the Gorge. A video about the construction of Flaming Gorge Dam was quite interesting. President Kennedy was in the video, joking about not liking to push buttons, since they could lead to a nuclear war, as he was asked to push the button to get the dam's turbines started.

Then, in September, I decided to take one more trip, because my Unemployment had run out, and I knew I would be starting some work soon. This would be the "third journey" I mentioned in the chapter title. The last week of September was gorgeous, sunny, and the Fall colors were extremely powerful in mid and Southern Colorado during this week.

On September 26, I camped the first night of my trip at a gorgeous spot just off 285 South, the road on the way to St. Elmo. The National Forest Campground was FREE this time of year, and I found a spot next to a rushing mountain stream, near Mt. Princeton. The trees were all yellow, and the towering mountains surrounding the area were powerful. I took out my lantern, got on my jacket, and wrote for a while, sitting in the dark at the picnic table. It wasn't long before I began to get nervous of the sounds of the night, as a sign was posted warning campers of bears. Then I moved to the back of the truck, and wrote some more by candle light (as it's dangerous to use propane lanterns in closed areas, and I eventually closed the truck up to keep warmer.) The moon did not come out until later, so it was very dark, and I had to go to bed around 9 p.m. due to the dark and the cold, and nothing else to do.

Don couldn't come camping with me again because he had an important appointment with a licensed Engineer friend who was helping him to get the concrete panel idea approved as a marketable building technology. This is Don's best hope now of becoming self-employed, and maybe even wealthy, so that he doesn't have to go back to being a 43 year old pizza waiter with an engineering degree. As I was leaving, he hugged me close and promised to be able to come along next time I took a trip. That was sweet.

This is the life context around which my research into UFO's, Secret Technology, and the Hidden Side of Ancient History is occurring. As I discover more Secrets, you, the reader, will discover them with me. (9/26/94)

Still near St. Elmo, I woke up the next morning, thinking strongly about how some Indians may respond to the parts of my book *Beautiful Simplicity: The Journey into a Hidden Reality*, which mention them. Surely, they can see that I am philosophically “on their side.”

I then drove to the ghost town of St. Elmo--an **extremely beautiful** drive because of the perfectly blue sky and bright gold aspen trees everywhere.

On my way to Pagosa Springs, I stopped at a little metaphysical and used book store called, **And Books, Too**, in Del Norte. The lady there encouraged me to have more faith in myself, and in my books. She said she would put up a flyer in the store, and would try to order my books later, once she got caught up from just moving there from Mexico. She does psychic readings, and makes medicine bags and dream catchers. She mentioned that the San Luis Valley was a “Sacred Valley.” She reminded me of the people I met at the **Light Within** store in Estes Park, Colorado, who encouraged me to get my books listed with New Leaf Distributing Company, the distributor many metaphysical book stores buy from.

It took me until 4:30 p.m. to get to Pagosa Springs, Colorado, where the group that puts out the “MASH Unit,” for awakening Extra-terrestrials, and the author of *ET 101: The Cosmic Instruction Manual*, are now located. Finding out more about this group was what drew me to Pagosa Springs.

Since I hadn't had a shower since I had left Idaho Springs, I paid \$4.00 to swim in a Hot Springs pool. Then I had to back track a few miles to find an isolated National Forest area to camp in. As it was getting dark, I missed the regular campground, and instead camped up Turkey Creek.

Each night I camped on this trip, it got spookier and spookier. This time, I was in an isolated area that wasn't even a campground, all by myself! I had wanted to heat up something to eat, but instead, it was getting dark and cold so fast when I got there, that I just changed into my sleeping sweats, and snacked on some graham crackers and peanut butter, in the back of the truck. I made notes by candle light for this chapter, and went to bed by 9:00 p.m. just to keep warm, and hidden in my sleeping bag.

Pagosa Springs is not far from the Dulce, New Mexico area, near where an entrance to a secret underground military base is said to be located. This is an area where UFOs are seen, and cattle mutilations found. There were cattle not far from my camping spot, too.

As I was writing, a moth suddenly killed itself by diving into the candle wax! Isn't it strange that moths are attracted to that which kills them?

When I'm camping alone, I feel safer in my truck than in a tent, as there are wild animals, and even cows, often around. I keep the food locked in the front of the truck. And, I am happier if I don't see any people, as out here one never knows what they are up to. One man in a truck drove by both ways, apparently also seeking a campground, but I got the only spot that had a bit of an indentation from the road, enough to pull in and camp with some privacy. So, now I prayed for safety during the night. I had my Sacred Pipe with me, which hopefully was providing some spiritual protection, but hadn't even had time to smoke it, yet this trip.

If there were UFOs here, I wouldn't even see them, hiding under covers in my truck camper top. My Hopi/Mexican friend said he had seen some UFOs a couple weeks previously, near Trinidad, Colorado. They were like moving stars, and did some maneuvers together before darting off in their unusual (non-conventional air craft) way. He believes they were "ours," and possibly from "Area-51." "Distance isn't a factor," he said.

I heard some coyotes yelping as I was getting ready for bed that night. The coyote is one of my power animals. The moon came out later in the night, but it was no longer full.

The next morning, I went back to Pagosa Springs and phoned the "MISSION CONTROL" people from a convenience store. Zoaz answered, and I was able to set up a meeting with some of them at a near-by coffee shop, since they were about to go there, anyway. I ended up talking mostly with a woman who now calls herself, **The Gaella Elan Rah**, which was something like her Inter-dimensional name. It turned out that she was formerly a social worker from Denver, and she had even worked for one of the agencies that later became the Mental Health Corporation of Denver. She use to frequent the same metaphysical bookstores that I know of there.

I decided to buy a T-shirt from them, since they spent time with me, and it would be an unusual souvenir. I later went to her home, and saw the base of operations for selling their books and tapes out of her garage. One whole wall of the garage was nothing but boxes of books containing, *ET 101: The Cosmic Instruction Manual*. I was told that this book was bought by a large publisher, Harper-Collins, and that these last few copies of the original self-published edition would be collectors' items. The author was Diana Luppi, now going by Zoaz.

The **Mission Control** group also offers a kind of spiritual counseling that goes by such names as "Device Removal and Activation, Light Body Alignment, Multi-incarnational Alignment, Genetic Code Adjustment, and Free Form Sessions." There are some suggested donations for this, as, in tiny lettering the brochure they sent me also says, "The Mission Control Mash Unit is an outreach project of Universal Life Church, Inc." I did not try these sessions out, primarily due to just barely having enough money to buy food on my trip home, while charging all my gasoline, but I congratulate this group for being creative and different, and even humorous, in their presentation literature, books, and services. I also met a woman who was planning on designing specialized and individualized clothing for those who want to dress for their inter-dimensional identity. They will soon have a store front and possibly be offering retreats and workshops. For further information, you may write to **MISSION CONTROL**, P.O. Box 2066, Pagosa Springs, CO. 81147. (In 2010, this may not longer be accurate.)

I would like to give the book *ET 101* a positive recommendation and review here in this book, and consequently thought it would peak your interest even more if I quoted one of my favorite pages from it. This quote is from page 37 of the 1990 edition, and is talking about how the history we know is mostly lies and distortions.

"An example of this can be seen in American history's rendition of its bloody conquest of the West. Every account will tell you that the white man won his war against the heathen and savage Indians. Not only are these reports unabashedly biased (and the lie of separation that fueled the event carefully hidden), but the fact that the allegedly defeated Indian Nation was the true

victor is never acknowledged at all."

You read that sentence correctly. The Indians won their war with the white man. That was a struggle for spiritual ascendancy, not a battle to determine who would subjugate the land. The Indian peoples, who are fifth-dimensional representatives, sacrificed themselves with their very blood to assure that this nation would become the spiritual giant it was meant to be. History books are incapable of recording that fact because their function is to meticulously gather material in support of the fear-filled national egos they represent. Because they serve human self-deception, historic accounts totally ignore the grander and deeper movement of Spirit that is always the only truth behind any fact.

The Planetary Liberation Organization is here to assure that the fifth-dimensional victory the Indian nation actually won is finally demonstrated, and that the third-dimensional wounds sustained in that battle are fully healed. America will then assume its true spiritual identity and discover what Manifest Destiny really means." (Diana Luppi)

This confirms my own belief that the true power of this country comes from its Native American spiritual and cultural wisdom. My first book, *A Medicine Story: The Return to Native American Consciousness*, discusses this at length, in the context of my own personal spiritual journey.

I left Pagosa Springs around 3:30 p.m., and drove over Wolf Creek Pass, stopping once to take photos, since the colors were so beautiful, and just could not decide whether to go through Crestone, where I had camped several times before, or to strike out for a new location, and head toward Walsenberg, and Trinidad. I had sold some of my books to the **Moonlight Bookstore** in Pagosa Springs, and was happy about that, and was tentatively aiming to find a bookstore someone had told me about in Alamosa. So I headed in that direction. However, it was past 6 p.m. by the time I got near Alamosa, and I felt the urgency of finding my next camp spot before it was dark. My truck was also, for some reason, driving as if a tire could go flat, or it was out of alignment. That scared me, as I was driving in fairly rural and isolated areas between small towns, I had about \$20.00 cash, and no major credit cards! I couldn't even afford a tow! All I needed was a breakdown, especially as it was going to be dark by 7:30 or 8 p.m.

So, I had a very nervous drive over the vast flatlands of the San Luis Valley. I wished I could have stopped to sell some of my second book, *Beautiful Simplicity: The Journey Into a Hidden Reality*, in that area, as it mentions UFO sightings in the San Luis Valley. So, I drove madly toward one of the few camp sites on the map, just South of La Vita, trying to get there before dark.

It was dark by the time I got to La Vita, and I still had twelve miles to go to find the campground. I knew that I was not too far from Trinidad, and Walsenberg, both areas of UFO activity. Thus, I was also nervous about that, while driving in the dark to the campground. I really don't like night driving, and especially since I can't see the scenery, or know what my final camp site **really** looks like in the light.

I finally got there, and the sign said "Campground 4 Miles" down this dirt road. I could not imagine driving another four miles on a dirt road, as it was nearly 8:30 p.m., dark, and cold. I just decided to pull over in a picnic area, since this time of year everything was deserted, anyway. I did not have any dinner, in my rush to get there. Now it was too dark, cold, and scary for me to want to set up a cook stove and prepare anything warm to eat. So, I ate some snack food, after moving all my stuff into the front seat so I could sleep in the back. In fact, it was so cold and spooky, that I just went right into my truck. I put on some candles, but it wasn't really light enough this time to read or write very well.

Suddenly, a dark truck with one man in front came barreling down the dirt road, heading in the area of the campground, deeper into the park. I heard him coming, instantly blew out my candles, and hid under my sleeping bag! Not that that would do any good, as my truck flap does not even have a latch that works right, let alone a lock. I decided that was an omen to go to sleep. It was hard to go to sleep at 8:30 p.m., but it was too cold to do much else.

Just before the man drove by, I had gotten the thought in my mind, almost like a message, "You will have the scare of your life tonight." Then the man drove by, so I was not going to take too many chances. I thought it could mean I would have some kind of an "encounter" with a UFO or aliens. I was not ready for that. So, I slept, to put it all out of my mind.

The next strange thing was that it seemed I heard a motor

going during the night, like possibly a motor boat on a lake. There may be a lake in the area, but I wasn't sure. And, then why would they be out at night, when it was so cold out this time of year?

Then, at 2:30 a.m., suddenly I was awakened by something brushing the front or top of the truck! I could not tell what it was, and I could not see anything out of the side window I was facing. I did not want to go looking for anything, so I laid still. For a couple of minutes, the sound continued. I thought it was perhaps a squirrel or racoon walking on top of my truck, or on the front part. I did not hear any footsteps. It was spooky!

Then the sound abruptly stopped, and I calmed down, and went to sleep.

In the morning, near the stream that I was camping close to, I did see hoof prints, and later that morning, saw cows! Once again, people were using public land to graze their cows. I even had cows on my second vision quest. They were turning up every where on this trip, too. Still, I don't know if what brushed my truck was a cow, because it seemed to be on top of the truck. So, I'll never know.

After this adventure, I said to myself, "That's enough of dark, spooky, cold nights sleeping in my not-so-comfortable truck! I'm going home today."

It was another beautiful day for a drive. I stopped in La Vita for a \$3.00 shower, had breakfast in Walsenberg, and continued up I-25 to a turn off by Colorado City. Past there I drove through a National Forest, and stopped for a lunch snack in a lovely park along the way. That drive was also memorable. I took more photos.

After this, I just had to keep driving, and it was becoming tedious. I had to go back the way I had come, up 285, and as I was nearing Breckenridge, it started getting cloudy. The trees nearer home were more bare, and less colorful, and it was getting colder. I guess it was time for this vacation to end.



Coming down Wolf Creek Pass toward Pagosa Springs, CO