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-- from the Lear Briefing

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when this
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Out of This World



The Wonder, The Mystery, and the Awe

by Margaret Wendt

After my last article in this magazine, I realize that I have more in common with my friends than I could ever imagine. You see, my little confession about my favorite Martian (*UFO Magazine*, Vol. 18, No. 2) made some of my most interesting and intellectual friends come forward with secrets of their own.

I had a news anchor I worked with many years ago call and tell me his experience with UFOs; I talked with the head of a major television network about his sightings; and then I had a long conversation with a really good friend who admitted talking to "Star People." I've known these people for years, and never once had anyone ever brought up the subject UFOs.

The only man she was going to be discussing with me was the little gray man she had seen.

Then, if you can imagine this, I was having dinner with six powerful and fascinating women in the business community. We were talking about legal issues, politics, a new business venture and our spiritual beliefs. It was a night of great food, laughter, and fun. By the end of the evening I was exhausted and just about to leave when one of the women asked if she could have a few minutes of my time alone. I said sure, thinking we were going to talk about some issue that dealt with—what else?—a man. Boy, was I wrong. The only man she was going to be discussing with me was the little gray man she had seen. The ones I know nothing about.

After a few short stories of sightings and communications with kind creatures from other places, my friend Sophia started to show me her journal and drawings having to do with UFOs. A very impressive set of documents indeed. Some of the drawings and strange lines that Sophia drew in her journal dated back many years. The year 1989 seemed to dominate a large part of what I read.

As she began to share her experiences about her "friends in high places," I thought UFO readers might be interested in what she had to say, so I asked her to write it down. The following is her response.

Friends in High Places

By Sophia Larson



It was late at night; I sat up in bed and stared at the two intruders in my bedroom. Their milky-white skin and black, luminous eyes caused the adrenaline to pump through my veins. The fear was paralyzing and it felt as if my heart was going to pound out of my chest. "You have nothing to fear," I heard telepathically as one

walked toward me. As I swung my legs around to get out of bed, I heard the words of my spirit guides in my head. "You must meet them with equality," the voice said. "You must see yourself every bit as wonderful as they see you." At that moment, I made a very conscious decision to go with the wonder, the mystery, and the awe of the experience.

We walked down the hallway with Norman, my basset hound, leading the way. "Norman likes them," I thought to myself as I observed his little