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February/March 2004



Vol. 19 No. 1

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

tail wagging back and forth. We entered the living room and I caught a glimpse of another being in my peripheral view, slightly shorter than the others, who was standing by the doorway on my left. I felt a growing sense of wonderment and as I turned my head to get a better look at him, I felt a grin emerge on my face. "Greetings," he said, telepathically. There were two more standing by the French doors that led to the backyard, a total of five in my home. We walked outside.

The house shook with a jolt, the windows rattled and instantly I was jarred awake with my heart pounding. Either we just had an earthquake, I thought to myself, or a craft had taken off. That exact sensation was one that I would encounter over and over again as the experiences increased with growing frequency. I thought back to the time when contact had begun.

It was November of 1989. I was living in the desert at the time; it was late at night, the house was still and I was sitting on the couch staring at the vastness of the universe. The stars were magnificent—clear and bright—the silent questions endless, and I felt that all-too-familiar feeling of homesickness tug at my heart. "If any of you are out there and can hear my thoughts," I said silently, "I'd love to communicate with you." More than a thought, it was a statement, a feeling, a resonance, and it came straight from my heart. I never gave it much thought after that; however, contact began almost immediately and unfolded in a variety of bold encounters varied by species and experience.

My mother, an avid believer, would have given her eyeteeth to wave goodbye to planet Earth as she sped off in a craft towards another dimension. My brother once drew a cartoon of Mom sitting in a UFO, a cup of coffee in one hand, a cigarette in another, smiling at two confused aliens who were engaged in telepathic communication. "This earthling," Zolatre said, "calls herself Nanni, and states that black holes are comprised of hairnets, coffee grounds, and bobby pins."

Mom read anything she could get her hands on; she always had a pile of *Fate* magazines next to her bed and persuaded me once as a teenager in the late 1960s to drive her to a little church in which a docu-

mentary was being shown on a UFO case. I remember viewing a picture that was projected on a screen of a strange little creature that two bewildered farmers held up by its arms, posing for the camera with its limp little body and drooping head. The farmers were completely perplexed and dumbfounded, and I will never forget the look on their weather-beaten faces.

1989 presented itself in such a way that for the first time, I began to piece together the sequence of events that began for me as a child of nine when a large craft hovered over our car in broad daylight. I was with my sister and her friend, and we were going to the beach that day. I remember getting out of the car; my sister remembered nothing. The sight-

ing was followed by a year of nosebleeds, and progressed to very lucid dreams in my 20s and 30s, in which I would witness UFOs at night flying in formation. Without fail, their presence would ignite excitement and fear within me. This I see now was a prerequisite to all that was to follow—upon my invitation.

To a greater than lesser degree, my experiences have been positive. Not all—but most of them. I am highly telepathic by nature; however, I cannot help but feel my conscious decision to redirect the energy from fear to fascination created the platform for greater communication to take place. I believe Planet Earth is a school; the path not always easy, and the lessons hard. And the more I have been able to shift my perspective from that of victimhood to creator, then all things in my personal universe begin to shift as well, even the way I engage other forms of life. I see things less from threat.

In my pursuit of illumination and understanding—that "no man is an island entire of itself," all life is a part of life—it occurs to me that perhaps our mutual curiosity about how life expresses itself in its multidimensionality is seeded by the same driving need: to feel that greater connection with all that is. There is a lot of magic in wonderment. UFO

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