

A CHANNELING EXPERIENCE

By Regina Ochoa

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(Transcribed from Regina's handwritten manuscript with minor editing by Bob Shacklett)

Wow, what an incredible weekend I have had. Just incredible!

On Friday, February 13, 1987, right on a full moon, I left for Michigan to see my dear friend Jeanne. She sent me a plane ticket prior and said it was my Birthday Present and that I needed to get out to Adrian as soon as possible. We set the dates from 2/13/87 through 2/18/87. For the two weeks before, I had to cancel everything because I just couldn't function. I needed to sleep constantly, but I didn't know why. (My husband) Jerry kept telling me that I must be preparing myself for something to happen when with Jeanne.

This sleeping bit continued even during the day of my flight. I got on the plane at 11:30 in the morning, slept until they served lunch, and then slept until I arrived in Denver. I switched planes, slept until dinner, then slept until I arrived in Detroit at 8:30 p.m. Tom Love and Roy Kalmbacher were there to meet me. I felt now — for the first time in over two weeks — full of energy.

We arrived in Adrian about 9:45 p.m., whereupon we saw Jeanne and the girls. It was terrific seeing my friends, but I did notice Jeanne looked quite weary. She said the children had all been ill and were keeping her awake most nights. She said she too had been quite tired for the past couple of weeks and had been grabbing as many naps as possible.

At the house I met their house guest of 18 months, Sam White. He has been able to help the household out with some finances, and they in return have let him stay there. Anyway, we were all together basking in our friendship.

Jeanne and Tom got the children tucked away while I settled in. Roy was antsy and Sam was, all of a sudden, wide awake after feeling exhausted from the day. We decided we needed to meditate. We sat down in the older girls' bedroom giggling and hashing out our feelings after not seeing each other for so long. It felt so good to sit with my two good friends and two new ones.

As our meditation began (at approximately 11:30) we all began to feel the energies. Roy begins to "jump" when sitting. I start feeling internal movements and my heart starts pounding (a sure sign for me that my energies are changing — I always know that I will

be channeling when this occurs). Anyway, as Jeanne and I sat across from each other, we were both being removed so that entities could speak.

I spoke first. It was Christa McAuliffe. She identified herself, and then the fireworks began. Jeanne channeled Seth through. Seth wanted Christa to speak about and relive her death. As Christa was doing so, my body went through incredible sensations. I remember crying out in desperation with no sounds — just feelings; and then my body started drowning, my head fell back and was gagging. Tom moved over to hold my head up so I wouldn't fall or choke; but even though he was holding me up, I could still feel myself slipping away.

My body felt very thick and swollen or larger than big — completely expanded, and I could feel sensations as if all life was being drained from me. I didn't have the feelings of being cold, yet something was telling me all internal temperatures were dropping, and that to touch my body one would feel a deathly cold to it. I could no longer hear my heart beat nor my breath, except when I would be gasping — only to feel fluid running down my throat and not air.

I kept thinking to myself, "So this is what it feels like to die." I could feel how easy it was to let go, but also how hard Christa wanted to hold on. I kept saying to her, "Let go, let go!" in my mind, but she continued to struggle, gasp, and refuse. She kept fighting for her life even though her life was gone. Finally she could hold on no longer; she was exhausted from fighting and she let go. Slowly she began to leave her body behind. Seth told Tom and Roy to both hold my body. I could begin to feel my life come back in me. I could slowly feel sensations of my physical body returning. I knew Christa was here yet she was gone. She had finally let go of that body of hers and was fully with her spirit. My body slowly returned to normal and I resumed my original position in our prayer circle. I had come to learn what the "Christa experience" was all about.

We all sat staring at each other when we were done. Sam kept telling us how scared he was for me. Roy was amazed and excited and still a little unsure about the certainties of it all. Tom was without words at first, but then kept speaking of how cold and lifeless my body felt. He felt different because of the whole experience. Jeanne and I sat facing each other, silently aware of the impact that had taken place. She knew I was touching a part of myself that I wouldn't look at before, and now it was thrown in my face. What was I going to do with this new insight?

Roy went home to Toledo; Sam and Tom retired for the night, and Jeanne and I talked of many things. We both knew the changes in our channeling were — and are — affecting both our lives. We weren't sure how we were going to handle this change, but knew we had to rely on God for help. We finally retired ourselves around 2:30 a.m.

It was 4:30 a.m. when I awoke totally refreshed from my sleep. The children were coughing in the room downstairs, and the oldest had gotten up to get some water. I lay

in the silence of my room with my mind filled with thoughts of the evening before. What did all this mean? Where was this going to take me? I drifted back to sleep with dreams of being with my parents in Nebraska.

Six o'clock came along quickly, and the twins were running up and down the stairs. My head was swimming with the energies. I had to get up and exercise. Good mornings were exchanged with the family; hash browns and sausages were on the table, and the bustle of full morning was all around me.

I felt so removed, so distant, but still quite in the middle. Jeanne tells me Tom has a new respect for me because of what happened the night before. I can hardly remember. What did really happen? Only small bits and pieces do I recollect. Was I in a dream? "Never mind," I tell myself, "It's not important."

Later, as the day moves on, Jeanne and I keep passing glances. She wants me to see some tapes of hers and listen to some previous recordings of her channeling. I'm not yet interested — maybe a little curious. I was downstairs in the basement trying to find a TV show to tune into, but it was a futile effort since Tom had the VCR all connected.

I started hearing Jeanne play the piano and sing, which I so much like to do, so I ran upstairs to sit and listen. But just as I arrived at the top, I noticed a change in the tone of the music. Her singing had stopped and her fingers were working with such exuberance that I knew she must be channeling. It was so familiar. I recognized it because it was playing the music in a quality of a man who loved to perform. It was Lee Liberace who was sitting at the keyboard. He continued to play for a full hour. The music was tremendous and I felt so moved by the event.

I knew I must continue my work with channeling. I need to bring this gift to the world. I want to show others that there is a greater existence on earth and we can all be a part of it. I was envious of Jeanne's talent to bring such a great artist through her, but that envy was also turned around to respect. Respect for a woman who has worked very hard to develop that self which allows spirit to pass through her without judgment of her abilities. I knew at that very hour that I too must do so if I am to grow any closer to myself.

As Saturday continued, Jeanne kept reminding me that we needed to rest because tomorrow would be a big day. She and Tom and the four girls all lay down for a nap. I tried to rest but was still full of energy. Tom got up because he couldn't sleep with all his coughing from his cold, and invited me to go with him to pick up a valentine for Jeanne. We went to the flower shop where he picked out some white carnations. (I tried to get him to buy a salmon azalea but to no avail.) Then on to Adrian College where we had a good visit on all that was happening with each other. Tom gave me some writings and thoughts he had been working on and wanted me to read them. We returned home. Tom tried to rest again; I lay down with the papers and started reading.

There was one piece in particular about flying (Tom was a pilot) that caught my attention only because of what was happening as I read the material. I would begin to doze off and then my body would jerk or wake suddenly as if I had read a clue to some puzzle.

As I kept falling asleep and re-awakening throughout this written work, I kept thinking how funny my body was reacting to this story. I finally drifted off for about 20 minutes.

The house came back to life quickly, and the bustling of kids, dog, and friends was all around, excited about the following day. What was going to really happen I didn't know. Jeanne finally informs me that we are going to do a taping, a VCR taping. Well, I asked her what's so important or great about that?! Then she informs me that this is going to be a professional shoot where we are going into a studio with lights, sounds and cameras.

She tells me we are going to do a double channeling to let the astronauts speak to each other and interview themselves on camera. Now she tells me! I don't think I would have come if she told me all this; but I was here, and I just made a commitment to myself in the morning to improve myself. There was no choice in the matter that I did not already make. I was going to help if this is what they needed to get their messages out.

Jeanne decides to check out my clothes to see if they will work in front of the camera. The answer: NO. So off to the mall to purchase a new top. We both end up finding something quite compatible for each other and the cameras. Roy had come up from Toledo to help us out. I think he just likes to be in the vibrations or excitement of it all.

Roy is a strange fellow. Nice, very nice. He is a young man of around 38 or so who is a homosexual. Very straight, no boyfriend as such because he doesn't want to be involved with the sexual problems of disease, etc. He has given up everything to help Jeanne and Tom with their work for the astronauts. He feels it is very important for his existence — this mission with the Challenger crew. He seems to act as a director or manager, maybe even as an agent for the Loves. He has artistic talent and a creative ability which he would like to share with others.

He is fixing his house up in Toledo to be used as a center for the Love's Circle Press and the NASA Foundation (Network for the Advancement of Spiritual Awakening). I liked Roy and found him an extremely comfortable person to be around. Anyway, we found something to wear for the taping. We returned home, settled the children into bed, and decided to sit down for just a moment before retiring. It was a short meditation in the basement and Seth spoke. He wanted to thank us for helping Christa with her struggles of releasing the body and spirit. He had more kind words to say and then bid us goodnight. It was lovely.

We retired at 10 p.m. that night. As I lay in bed I begged Spirit not to let me think of the taping the following day. I was nervous and I wanted my mind to sleep. I wanted to be a

clear channel for the seven. I slipped silently into sleep.

Wow, it was 8 a.m. Sunday already! And we were to be in the studio in Toledo by eleven. I must hurry! I went downstairs to iron my clothes and exercise while listening to a Jewish church program to keep my mind occupied. I was beginning to feel quite nauseated. My head felt 2 feet thick, and my body felt like it wasn't there. I didn't know.

I felt confused only to the extent that reason had me saying, "What the hell do you think you're going to do, Regina? You don't know anything about these astronauts. How are you going to channel them? How will you know who is who when you haven't experienced them yet? The only one you are a little familiar with is Dick Scobee, and that was only twice. And Ellison — that was only once! Who is going to come through today? What are you doing here? Go home where you know it's safe! No one will ever know. You channel today and the whole world may know! Do you really want to do this?"

The funny thing is my reason never wins against my intuition and guidance. It kept telling me that this was part of my duty to myself. I am supposed to be here, today, at this moment. I am doing what is right. I knew that. I cannot deny that which is in me. It has never lied or told me untruths. I must follow my heart.

I sat down to have breakfast. I gagged down half a pancake and some orange juice. My stomach began to settle in a short while. We made sandwiches to take for later. The taping wouldn't begin until 1:00 p.m. and both Jeanne and I knew we would need some food for energy before that.

We boarded the van. Tom drove, Jeanne sat shotgun, and I sat behind the driver with Sam White to my right. All I could do was gaze out the window. The music was going. Jeanne was chattering with excitement and beginning to "space out." Sam kept staring at me, wondering. Tom fiddled with the stations. I no longer felt nauseous or lightheaded — stage 2 was beginning and I was becoming quiet. My mind wandered far away to pleasant thoughts.

Jeanne asked me if I could hear the chattering or am I getting any pictures from the crew of astronauts. I said, "No." I saw and heard nothing. It was as if they were keeping everything about themselves out of my view so that I would have no idea what was going on. I continued to gaze, wonder, and feel all alone in my mind. What was really going to happen on this Sunday, February 15, 1987? Was this really going to change my life as Jeanne kept telling me? I had no answer.

We arrived in Toledo. We went to Roy's house to pick him up along with the chairs and part of the props that we would need in the studio. Jeanne took me inside to show me the house. As I looked at everything, I felt nothing. There was no response left inside me. Who was this person looking out my eyes, I thought. Is she really me or am I

already being removed? I did not want to think about it — I just wanted to get the day over. I was feeling so very different. Even the cold air outside had no effect on me, yet it was -5°, crisp and clear. It was beautiful.

Back in the van and off to the studio. They were all bubbling with anticipation of what the day had in store for us. Roy was busy pointing out the sights of the city as we passed things. Sam was filling in with little facts and trying a little levity with jokes. I was now entering phase 3 (I call it limbo-land) — not a care in the world, no worry, thoughts, no anticipation, just existing.

Trying hard just to do the menial task of buttoning my coat and putting on my hat and scarf was taking every bit of concentration I could muster up. It was hard for me just climbing out of the van when we arrived on Pine St. at the studio of Greg Bolin. I started walking toward the front door, then I felt myself turn around and face directly into the sun. I just stood there tilting my head back trying to catch every particle of light upon my face. I felt the energy just surge through my body and a tremendous upheaval take place within me. It was going to be OK. Everything was in order. I could feel it.

Once inside the studio Roy introduced us to Greg, who was going to run the cameras, and Ron, the sound man. The studio looked terrific. It just felt good. I knew I was in a safe place and we could work here. I just needed to sit down and not think about anything.

Jeanne and I visited, speaking of insignificant things, trying to keep from leaving our bodies, what little left we had hold on. I kept running to the bathroom because the energies always seem to "clear me out" just before I channel. The two hours passed quickly as the time drew near to taping. The light and chairs had been placed, and the cameras were in position. There was a small table placed between the two chairs where Jeanne and I would sit. On it Roy placed a young salmon colored azalea! This is where I was feeling the need for a live plant!

Jeanne and Tom's friends would arrive just before taping. They would help in our meditation. But this time it was going to be quite different than our other meditations, since Jeanne and I would be sitting under hot, bright lights, in front of cameras, with microphones attached to our shirts, and cords running down our backs. Tom, who was going to lead us in prayer, was sitting about 20 ft. away in the back behind the equipment with another mike. The rest of our friends would be tucked away in the back room so that none of their sounds or movements could be recorded.

The unusual thing about it all was that I remained sure. The fear was gone; and I just wanted to get started, because both Jeanne and I were having a time of it trying to remain ourselves. Spirit was strong, and they were ready to roll with the cameras.

We got into our chairs, and Greg and Roy fiddled a few more minutes with the sound.

My mouth was dry and the heat from the lamps was beginning to make me perspire. Jeanne tells me then that I have to introduce myself after she does her introduction. She said she wasn't sure what she was going to say but knew it would come out right when the time was ready. I decided to take her advice. It was too late to be nervous. As it was, I could barely concentrate to think what to say, let alone make sense. I kept running over and over in my mind, "God will take care of everything. You are with your friends, Regina, and are in good hands."

The signal was given. Everyone was quiet. The camera was on Jeanne and she began to speak. I could hear some of her words, and I knew it was not her that spoke but Seth. His words are always direct and concise — very explanatory and comprehensive. This was not Jeanne. I am going far away, I thought. I was glad. I did not want to influence my channel. I wanted only to be there enough to hear the words that were to be spoken and feel their personalities. I asked God to take me and make me a pure channel, to protect me and guide my body with safekeeping as the different crew members would enter and exit.

My turn — the camera was on me. It was White Buffalo that came through. He is a spirit of few words but chooses carefully. No fear is ever present with this guide. I have not been with him since my trip to New Mexico in '82. I am in good hands.

Tom began the meditation. I could not hear his words for I was already changing. My heart was changing its beat (a sign for me that a spirit is entering). It was in and felt impatient. Although nervous about speaking, it knew its position. Commander Dick Scobee was ready. He began when Tom finished the prayer, leading off the next hour of channeling with his introduction.

What I was feeling most was his uneasiness in front of the camera, but also his sense of responsibility. He felt that this was an important job and that he again was in charge. Throughout the next hour he would be the director of the seven astronauts. He knew he had a limited amount of time and did not want any one of them to get too carried away with speaking. For the next hour as the different crew members would speak, I could hear him in the background giving directions.

Christa McAuliffe came through Jeanne. Dick and she spoke of her death experience and a few other things. He related information about the explosion and the space program. It was his turn to leave.

I could feel my heart again as I began to shift positions in the chair. "Who was this?" I questioned. I was given no clue. Christa began to beam and feel exhilarated. I could feel her energy. Something was going on between the male (that much I knew because of the posture I was in) and her. She couldn't wait to address mine. Mine, all of a sudden, wasn't sure he wanted to be there. He felt a little stand-offish, something, some

emotion he had not had since being a young man in high school. I could not peg this feeling, yet I knew that he did not like — or want anyone else to see — it either.

Then he spoke. It was Mike Smith. He listened to Christa very distantly and would not allow me into his thoughts, only his emotions — that is, until it was time to speak. Finally he related an incident that occurred with his friend Bill. He spoke of Bill's uneasy feelings about Mike going up prior to the previous scrubbed mission. Mike spoke of his feelings concerning this and a few other things. He was anxious to leave. There was something he did not want to be found out about. He knew Ron McNair was anxious to talk so there was no hesitation when it was time for him to bow out.

Ron had a difficult time entering in. He kept telling me that I wasn't big enough. I could feel him holding my body in a very "large" position. Finally he adjusted and tried to work in me. Christa was still present and began to interview Ron. At first he didn't want to speak because he was still trying to adjust to my body. He finally got comfortable and settled.

Ron wanted to speak about himself coming through a medium in the Carolinas. He spoke a little about liking the South and the Black people. He was comfortable thinking about those things. He spoke more on a few other things and then was told by Scobee that he would have to wrap it up because it was Ellison Onizuka's turn. Ron was a little disappointed because he was enjoying being in the spotlight.

Again my heartbeat changed rhythms and I could feel my personality and memories change. It's a curious thing when channeling. Each entity one brings forth carries with it a personality and memory unique to it. As each being came through, its feelings and emotions were definitely different from my own. I could often feel the frustration that would occur when it would search in vain for a word in my vocabulary that was in its memory. I know I must read more in order to supply my brain with a larger vocabulary so that they have the correct and proper words to use when explaining something or simply speaking through me.

Scobee was patient yet frustrated with me because of my limited vocabulary. He did not want to come across on the tape recording not knowing words that were second nature to one in the space program. With the other crew members I did not feel this frustration as much; but I think it was because Scobee was in command, and he did not want to appear at a loss for words. As it was, he felt there was so much to relay and so very little time.

Ellison felt comfortable when he came into my body. I enjoyed his thoughts. As he spoke of his wife and children I could feel such a tremendous love and honor. There was total respect for his family but also protection. He still felt quite the father and husband in his house.

Ellison also wanted to relate information concerning UFO's. He is fascinated by man's thoughts and perception of them. Yet he is fascinated even more by the information he has received and learned since his death. He wants to teach others about this. His other great love is on spirit guides. He is trying to learn to be one.

I forgot to mention that while Ron McNair was in me, Judy Resnik was in Jeanne. She spoke so beautifully on things of the spiritual nature. I had a hard time listening to her because Ron didn't want to forget what he had to say, so he was concentrating hard and interrupting at times. Judy Resnik left about the same time Ron did and was replaced with Greg Jarvis. Greg and Ellison chided back and forth a little.

After Ellison spoke, then Greg gave a short message. It had to do with information related to his personal identification. They both spoke a little about their families, and then their time was over. Dick Scobee entered back into my body. He is so gentle when he comes in it is hardly recognizable, but I do feel a difference. He more or less wound things up with a few words and then was gone as quickly as he entered.

Jeanne and I were back. It took me less time to open my eyes than my friend. As soon as I did, I immediately felt the heat from the lamps. I was amazed at how I was so unaware of them when in trance. I could not believe that I had not even perspired (when I normally perspire heavily). I felt so aware of the heat so suddenly. I commented to Jeanne about this (as soon as she was back in her body); she said she was aware of it the entire time. I thought it was strange that we should channel so differently.

The next thing I did was kind of fall out of my chair. I just lay there with the mike still attached to my pants and shirt. I set my feet up on the chair lying there laughing. Jeanne and I were feeling good. The session was over and we were able to deliver the messages they wanted known.

Everyone in the room was standing around the monitors commenting and watching the playback. I asked the camera man how he felt. He said "dizzy" but then quickly added that it was because he stood behind the camera for an hour and a quarter. I kept feeling that maybe it was the energy in the room. He looked like he was going to go home and have a nasty headache from all the changes that had occurred this Sunday.

Finally, things were wrapped up in the studio around 3:30. We loaded the van back up with all our paraphernalia and headed out to Portside in Toledo for some dinner. Jeanne and I were very excited about the taping and were curious too, since there was so much new information that was released from them. I wondered where this was all going to lead.

We got to Portside, made reservations for dinner and then walked around the mall. We were accompanied by Roy, Tom Love, Sam White, Jan, Marybeth, and Eva.

Jeanne and Tom suddenly disappeared and came back with a new book. It was Christa's, *I Touch the Future*. Jeanne was so excited that she immediately sat down and started to read. I could tell Christa was inside her again, because she wanted to read the book (for I knew Jeanne was already tired from the channeling). I also noticed how much Jeanne loved to have Christa in her and how much they mirrored each other. They were comfortable with each other's mind.

My mind by now had a splitting headache — from being hungry, I thought. I decided to take my mind off it and look around to see if I could find a little something to take home to my girls. I finally spotted something — a pair of giraffe earrings for Addie, since she loves giraffes and a winged pewter lion for Lici. I would come back after dinner to pick them up since we were being called for our reservation. Dinner was superb! And so enjoyable looking out at the frozen river. I had never seen anything like it. Funny thing though; I was among friends having a wonderful time, yet I felt so emotional. All I wanted to do was go in and have a good cry.

I got up from the table to go to the washroom. I met Jeanne in there. I related how I felt. She said I was just realizing the impact of what we had done that day, that I was becoming aware of the fact that this is going to change my life. I was going public. She kept reminding me that it was a part of my destiny as well as hers. I did not want to see it that way. I was confused. All my emotions were mixed. Maybe I wasn't quite all back from the taping, I thought. Maybe I ... So many maybe's and no real answers. Maybe later they would come.

I picked up the gifts for my children and we returned to the car. We took Roy home. There Jeanne decided we needed to sit and meditate. So sit we did.

Seth came through and congratulated us on our work. He said he was going to come through on March 15, so we needed to set up another taping appointment. He spoke a little of our destiny with this project but mostly wanted to encourage us for our efforts. It was a nice "atta boy" for a long day's work.

We left Roy and headed off to Adrian — home. It was good to arrive. It was already 7:30 and I was willing to go to bed. The problem: everyone else was still awake. The children were all sick and the second eldest, K.L., had a fever. I needed a grounded person, someone who would be sane.

He was home. "Thank heaven," I thought. Just to hear his voice seemed to calm me. I felt better. Everything is OK now. There is no more panic within me. Time for sleep.

I woke up, the middle of the night sometime. Wow, was I really with the seven astronauts just now? Seth was there too I remembered. What a dream! I had been among them since I laid my head down on the pillow. They whisked me off and I had

been in "class" ever since. I must remember everything they are teaching. Off to sleep again.

Eight a.m. and I was awake once again — just returning from another marathon session with the crew members. I must remember what they were teaching me all night. What was it they were saying? I can't remember! I can't remember anything! Just me, their faces, and Seth all placed in a circle teaching, questioning, learning. But what did I learn? Why can't I remember? Oh, how frustrating!

Jeanne said I looked exhausted! I felt exhausted. My brain was like an oversoaked sponge and I was trying desperately to collect all that was dripping from it.

The children would have to go to the doctor's in Tecumseh. They were all needing care and antibiotics. The eldest now was with an ear infection. So off to Tecumseh we drove. It was 0° but the cold was refreshing to me. I felt like I was getting replenished. Maybe they were giving me a new and larger sponge. I don't know. I just felt better after being outdoors.

We did some grocery shopping next, and Jeanne was spacing out royally. She couldn't concentrate at all. Why does she allow this? Why doesn't she tell them to back off until later? They will still come through if they have an important message. Why doesn't Jeanne hold her ground when it comes to taking away her prime time? Maybe she enjoys their energy too much. Maybe she doesn't mind. Oh well, I'm sure I'll find out later. I too, can feel this powerful energy but I don't let it absorb me. Maybe it's because she is going to channel it. Maybe it's urgent information.

We finally arrive home and get the children settled with their medicine. Jeanne and the girls take a nap or just rest. I thought Jeanne was going to take care of this energy. She has shifted gears, I notice, and is with another presence. It's Christa again. I recognize it. She is going to go read her book. I would feel like a human yo-yo if I were Jeanne. She must be very strong. I lay down too to catch a few zzz's.

I got up, bundled myself up and took a nice walk. The energy was back in the house and it was powerful. I needed to breathe and feel that cold again. When I returned, Roy had arrived. He brought the tape from the previous day to be reviewed. Jeanne was up now. She came down, sat at the piano, and began to play. Liberace was there in full force, and Jeanne was gone once more. He played for about 40 minutes with Jeanne struggling to keep up with him. His hands are so intense, and Jeanne is unaccustomed to playing so fast and furiously; her hands ached by the time she was finished. I love hearing music played that way and I was oblivious to Jeanne's pain. I was being very selfish because I wanted to hear more of that man's music.

We stopped long enough to have dinner, then went down to the basement to preview the tape. That was fun. I kept looking at myself on TV thinking it doesn't sound like me

or feel like me. I wondered if anyone else who did not know me would be able to tell the same thing. Oh well, I won't worry about it. I did what I needed to do, nothing more. Jeanne and Tom put the children down after the tape and returned to the basement. That immense energy had returned.

We began our meditation. It was hard for me to focus or relax. Something ... I couldn't put my finger on it. And then it happened.

Martin Luther King, Jr. started to speak. This was incredible! I had to open my eyes, for I could swear he was sitting there next to me. It may have been Jeanne's body, but that was about it. He related some information to us that he said would by no means be allowed to leave the room. For that reason I will not repeat any here. But I can say that I was moved incredibly. The force and power of that man was tremendous; and the good that he bears in his heart alone is more than I've seen in a lifetime if I were to accumulate in one room all the love that I have seen. And his words of that evening would not be repeated; for when he had left after an hour of channeling and Roy went to play back the recorded tape (there is always a tape recorder on when Jeanne channels), the tape went blank after the initial meditation prayer! The message was not recorded! Spirit works in strange ways. Needless to say, we were all overwhelmed. We sat and discussed what happened and then retired for the night. It was already 12:30 a.m. Tuesday morning already. Jeanne kept the girls home from school another day. This was going to prove to be one of my biggest days but I was given no clues as to the turn of events.

I looked outside. Gone were the crystal clear skies we had the previous days. The temperature was rising: it was already 20° but the air was heavy. I had no desire to go outside today, just be indoors and relax. Last night was still hanging heavy on me. I felt OK, just pensive.

There was a lot to be done too. Today we were going to celebrate Tom's birthday. The actual day is Wednesday the 18th; but this would be my last full day with the family, and Jeanne wanted to have a party. I had promised enchiladas, so I set off to get the meat ready shortly after I finished breakfast. Jeanne was preparing her famous Spanish chicken. She put a tape into the tape deck for me to listen to. It was one with Dick Scobee. Interesting. It showed me that we both were channeling the same entity. How could we have known, felt, and acted alike and spoken about the same issues when we related none of this to each other. And this being was so male. Such a person I did not know before the Challenger incident. Such a loss. But these people are doing their greatest work now. Even if they should touch no other lives but Jeanne's and my own, the change of thinking that has occurred because of this encounter has been great. And for that I thank them for sharing their paths with us. I will never forget them. I have come to know the seven astronauts, some more than others. Before their channeling, I was not particularly involved with their lives. Even on the day of the blast-off, which I normally enjoy watching, I had forgotten to view. I turned on the TV late but in time to

see the re-runs. I kept thinking (as I told others throughout the day) that it was a terrific way to die. "Instantly, no problem. Their bodies would be released, their souls would go over. Don't worry about them. They're fine!"

Little did I know. Little bits and pieces of information were shown to me from them that implied, "Hell, it was a problem! A BIG problem!" I still paid little mind to it. I channeled Scobee through me about two weeks after the explosion, and he explained the why, where, and what of the incident. I still ignored much emotion — tried hard to let it go.

I refused to read any information or articles that were being written at the time. All of a sudden I was getting a feeling that the articles were false, that I had already been shown some of the real truth. But still I refused to get involved.

Reason told me this was one can of worms I wasn't to open. Intuition told me Reason was wrong. What was I to do? Keep quiet, I guessed. Little did I realize I would be channeling a year to date from the incident in front of people of science. Information would come through me that would spur the search for the truth about the shuttle. Where this was leading, I couldn't possibly know.

Then Jeanne, my dear friend, sends me a ticket to come to Michigan to do a dual channeling. She says she was instructed to send me out. Plans were made, but still I balked at the thought that they (the astronauts) would speak through us simultaneously! Ha! Oh well, it did mean a free trip to see my best of friends, and I would try if it meant that much to Jeanne. I have been surprised by Spirit many times before; who am I to deny Spirit when there is a need for truth to be shared.

So here I am, at the kitchen counter, listening to Scobee, making enchiladas and realizing truth was spoken. I still cannot grasp all the impact this has on my life, but I can no longer remain distant from the situation. I can no longer ignore papers or writings that are concerning the Challenger crew. I'm hooked and there is no turning back. There is an importance for me to be here, and one day I will realize where this is leading.

As for now, Tom is complaining of a headache and has asked me to work on his head. We sit down. I can feel his pressure in my fingertips. I feel his trusting of me and an assuredness that he allows me into his vibration. Tom is easy to work with but keeps shutting off important information. He reminds me of myself. This headache will last him for the rest of the day. He is feeling the energy in the house. It's different. I feel it too. He needs to take a walk.

I help Jeanne clean house then go downstairs to view a video tape that the Loves sent to a senator in Washington, DC. The tape had all seven astronauts channel through Jeanne. Again, I see the similarities that the entities have when coming through the two of us. Here we were channeling halfway across the United States. The tape I was viewing was made on December 22. The characteristics of the beings were the same as

when we channeled on February 15 through me, yet I had never seen this tape or any other video of them. It was more verification I needed to see to show me that I was a clear channel, and what I was delivering was information from them, not from my head. I suddenly felt very proud.

Jeanne left to teach her self esteem class at the elementary school and I was alone with the children. I put them down for their naps and felt the need to sit and write. It was Christa. She needed to speak to Jeanne and let her know her thoughts about the book and about Jeanne herself. I was happy I could get the information out and so quickly.

It was getting near dinner time, and their friends were already arriving. Roy, Marybeth, and Jan were helping along with the children to get the kitchen and table set up. It was fun. Dinner looked terrific. Jeanne was due home soon. Marybeth asked if she could work on me and give me a massage.

We went downstairs and she began to work. It felt good to be on the receiving end. It wasn't long before I had myself turned over and was talking and teaching her about her hands and her gifts. She had beautiful hands, strong ones at that. They would be able to help her the rest of her life when dealing with people. When I looked at Marybeth I saw myself 10 years ago and realized how much I had changed because of a special person who told me much of what I'm telling this one.

I saw her amazing gifts that she too was given; but, unlike me, she was just beginning to know of them. I, on the other hand, was well aware of some (not all) of my capabilities. I needed refinement, then I could begin to develop the lesser known gifts I would encounter within myself.

When looking into Marybeth's eyes I saw her innocence and naiveness. But also there was so much beauty and wisdom. Such perplexing thoughts with such tranquility. The human nature with spiritual awareness is a quality greatly sought after. And yet here it sat before me looking at me for answers. The answers I have, though, are only for myself. Our experiences and feelings may be similar but our understanding and comprehension of them may be worlds apart. Oh, we are so fortunate to be so different yet so much the same. How else are we to be challenged!

Marybeth and I returned upstairs for dinner. Everyone had arrived and already the food was being served. It was a great meal with lots of laughter and fun. Afterwards we chowed down on a delightful cheesecake Roy had made for Tom.

It's 6:30 p.m. and the doorbell begins to ring. From now until 7:30 people are arriving. "Where are they all coming from?" I ask Roy. "Toledo, Ann Arbor, Tecumseh, or just around," was his response. "What are they doing here?" I thought. Roy fills me in. "They usually come about 7:00 bringing different friends and acquaintances. We sing songs up here in the family room until 7:30, then go downstairs where we do healings and then a

meditation, then Jeanne starts channeling." "But so many," I questioned. "They heard you were going to be here. They all knew about the taping on Sunday and they want to see a dual channeling tonight. I haven't seen so many people here before though," Roy explained. "You are going to heal with Jeanne too!"

"Oh I am?!" I thought. "Enough is enough!" I ran upstairs and sat in the bathroom. I wanted to cry. How? Why? Who was in charge of this show? Where is my decision? Had I made it already? I guess I did when I agreed to come to Michigan. I said I would be ready for anything. I just wasn't expecting anything to happen quite like this. I wanted to disappear, but I knew again it was Reason who was chickening out; Intuition and Spirit suddenly stepped in.

I could feel myself transforming right there in the bathroom. This was a new transition. There was all of a sudden a wash of confidence that befell me. I could not remember ever having this feeling before, yet I wore it with comfort. I bit my tongue so as not to say anything when I went downstairs to what was now a packed living room. Everyone was singing and filled with expectation. Jeanne, who normally plays the piano and sings so beautifully, could not carry her notes. Her fingers seemed to be tangling on the keyboard. She was already in transition. Who would she be tonight? Who would I be tonight? Would I even be? Too many questions; I shook my head and sat down on the couch, then moved closer to Jeanne at the piano. Everything would be OK. I must trust that.

Downstairs in the basement we gathered for the healing service to begin. Tom led the meditation, then I took over when he was interrupted by the dog.

Soon Jeanne spoke and called out to those who would like a healing to take their place in our chairs. Tom, Jeanne and I sat in front of a half circle of maybe 20 people.

I was literally shoved from my seat by Spirit so that I would start my share of the healings. Roy was working at Tom's chair and Jeanne worked in the center.

I felt a strange awareness in my hands from the moment I stood up. My hands, body, eyes are normally very perceptive, but this was different. There were no choices, no decisions of placement or what to do first when there was a complex situation. The energies moved fast and furious but were received with feelings of calmness and comfort. There was a peace within me and a love within me that I had to share. I could feel each receiving it openly and wanting more. I could feel it traveling through me and into them. I knew that the others watching could see the energy moving and could feel it or wanted to feel it, for they would come up next to me and try to touch me while I was healing another. I heard comments, "Just touch her shirt," "Feel her hair," "Move next to her."

I wanted to yell out. I didn't like that! It reminded me of Jesus and how people groped at

him. I was not Jesus! "Don't treat me this way! Everyone can do this. Just listen to your heart." Then I heard a voice within me that told me to be patient, to calm down and try to understand them, that I have always known God and not everyone has shared the experiences I have to learn what I know. I must be loving and share with them what God continues to bestow on us all but not all are capable or willing to accept and receive.

I calmed down and returned to my chair after there were no more requests for healing. Jeanne and Tom returned to theirs and Roy found his in the back of the room.

We began the third part of the evening with another prayer and slipped out of our bodies. I had a harder time letting go of mine than Jeanne did because Seth wanted to speak through me. I kept thinking how could I let Seth speak here when Jeanne normally does it? I resisted until finally I was shoved right out. By this time Michael Smith was already speaking.

Seth clearly had control of the evening. He led Mike through insights of himself and then called Christa in. Seth made her recognize how much anger was buried inside her. He helped to show that even though Mike and Christa were dead, they were still very human; that when one dies it does not make them a god or saint; that there are lessons to learn in both worlds, and by sharing these we would learn to grow through each other's lessons.

Seth answered questions from the group while Ellison entered. El was most entertaining and informative. Then Judy Resnik came and spoke to the room. She addressed the subject of reason with UFO's and added other unique insights. The session was concluded with Seth speaking briefly about the ideas that were presented within the last hour. Finally we were let back in. Jeanne and I opened our eyes to an overwhelmed audience. Immediately the visiting began. What started as a whisper quickly changed to a dull roar. The room was filled with excitement. Everyone was sharing what he or she felt.

What did I feel? I felt very distant. It seemed as though I had just gone through a day of final exams. I had passed them all with flying colors. I was exhausted and overwhelmed with emotion. I wanted to cry, scream, shout for joy. I could barely move. People were coming up to me and talking. I could hear them. I said some words but I was not here. I was far, far away. All I wanted was to talk to my husband. I ran out of the room.

Upstairs, I dialed the number. My palms were warm but numb. I felt lightheaded. "Jerry? I love you!" was all I could get out. I wanted to tell him everything, but I could barely speak. It was so good to hear his calm voice. Everything was OK. I knew it was, now that we could touch each other, even if there were 2400 miles between us. I was safe again. In his presence I'm always safe.

Jeanne pokes her head in and says I have to go downstairs to say goodbye.

She's right I know, but it's hard to hang up. He reminds me about tomorrow. I'm going home. I'm ready.

Downstairs everyone's still gathered at the door. Jeanne was in her glory — this is where she belongs. Me? All this is too much. I'm not sure if I could do this all the time as she does. I must say my goodbyes.

Everyone was gone; I could go to bed finally. I am spent. This has been a true experience, and I would not have changed one thing. My tests are over for all the training I've just been through. Will I be able to carry the load of responsibility that comes with the knowledge that I have received? If God can entrust me with it then I, too, must trust myself. Tomorrow I return home and it will be a long flight. Why don't I feel like I am going directly home? It is already 10:30 p.m. I must sleep now.

It's already 6:30 in the morning, and we have to be out of here by 8. Exercise, shower, breakfast, pack. Take pictures. All set. Something's still going to happen. Tickets? Right: Detroit to Denver to San Jose. Let's go!

At the airport Jeanne and I try not to hug. We are too emotional. A lot has happened in the last 5 days, and our bond is stronger than ever. I need to write my autobiography quickly for the brochure needed for the video tapes. Jeanne helps me. I feel I can barely write. Then the announcement comes: "All passengers on flight 383 headed for Denver will be rerouted due to snow conditions. Please stand by."

That's it! That's why I'm not going straight home. I'm getting rerouted! I ran to make sure they made my connecting flight in Chicago. I would spend the day there and fly home in the evening. Perfect, I can stop and visit Elisa. That was going to be a perfect gift. Thank you God! I ran like a crazy woman around the airport settling details, phoning Elisa then Jerry, letting them know the details. I was gone 15 minutes later — I barely had time to say goodbye to my dearest friend. Our few days together, which had covered years of information and growth, were over in a few minutes. I regret to say I could not hold Jeanne long enough in my arms. I did not want to. I was crying inside, and I didn't want her to feel my sadness. I love her so very much, and I know it will be some time before I see her again. Goodbye my dear friend, I love you. Thank you for opening me up and bringing me that much closer to myself, my God.