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Missing Time Part Two

By Rod Davis, Author of *"River of Fear: Encounters"*

www.riveroffear.com

All of the information in Part One (SU September 2003) brings me to describe the unexplainable event that happened to me. As I was driving east on Desert Inn Road, on my way to the meeting at the Rio Casino, I decided to make a call to a friend of mine that I adopted over a year ago as a mentor. His daughter answered the phone and told me to call back in about two hours. I was at a stoplight on Rainbow Blvd. and Desert Inn. The light turned green as I disconnected from the call. As I stepped on the gas, I checked the dash clock to determine what time I should call back. I noted that it was 10:30 AM.

As I crossed Rainbow, I suddenly had the feeling like water passed through the upper half of my body, front to back. I shook my head trying to understand what the heck that was all about when I saw a street sign coming up. I was in total confusion when I noted that it was Arville Street, especially since the next intersection after Rainbow is Torrey Pines.

Arville was past the point that I had intended to turn off Desert Inn to cross over to Flamingo Road, and my confusion exacerbated when I saw that the clock on my dash still read 10:30 AM. Arville is a little over 2.5 miles from Rainbow, and light Saturday morning traffic or not, it is not possible to travel 2.5 miles through Las Vegas in less than a minute. As luck would have it, Arville was an OK place to be since the next major intersection was Desert Inn and Valley View Boulevard. The Rio Casino was on the corner of Valley View and Flamingo.

One of the individuals that I was meeting at the Rio is an accomplished dowser, and I have a deep respect for his skills. I explained to him what had just happened to me, and after asking me a couple of questions he nonchalantly said that I went through a portal. A long time friend of his sitting at the table agreed with him. His explanation satisfied my need for an answer at that time.

Two days after that meeting, I left for a book signing tour in New England and shared my experience with many people. A few asked me if I lost any time. I said no because when I disconnected from my call with my friend's daughter it was 10:30 AM, and it was still 10:30 AM when I found myself at Arville. So, no lost time, right?

However, something started gnawing at me after I talked with the woman that had lost almost two hours whose story I shared last month. I began to see flashes in my mind that the dash clock said 9:30 AM when I talked with my friend's daughter. Shortly after my wife and I returned to Las Vegas, one of the first things I did was to ask her for my cellular phone bill for the month of April. When I checked it to see

the exact time that I had talked with my friend's daughter, a chill ran through my body. According to the itemized bill, the call was made at 9:40 AM. **I lost 50 minutes**, and I wish I knew what was going on during that period of time. Then again, maybe I don't want to know.

There is more to this incident. During the book-signing trip, on more than one occasion my wife told me that she woke up during the night and saw someone standing over her, and when she went to wake me they disappeared. To our knowledge there was not any loss of time during those occurrences. Something else DID happen that was not part of our norm. Whenever I return to Vegas from a long trip it usually takes me only a couple of days to get my old zip back. However, that wasn't the case this time.

We had been back for a week, and each morning when I got up, I was very tired. When I woke up on the eighth morning, I was not only dead tired, my body ached like I was coming down with the flu, or a very bad cold. Fortunately, the only symptom I had was the aching; I never developed either a cold or the flu. As I was standing at the kitchen sink filling the coffee pot I looked out in the backyard, and I was mystified when I saw our lawn carpeted with a circle of oleander flowers 15 feet in diameter outside our bedroom window. Oleander flowers *never* end up on our lawn, even when we get a good windstorm. They always end up in the desert landscape in front of the bushes. For the next 10 days after I saw that circle of oleander flowers on the lawn, I got a metallic taste in my mouth whenever I talked about my loss of time, Dulce, or Archuleta Mesa.

Lots of thoughts have gone through my mind since I discovered that I lost time. It occurred to me that I did most of my research regarding Dulce and Archuleta Mesa on the Internet. We all know that the Internet is an open media that can be easily monitored. I just wonder if my loss of time on April 26th, and the metallic taste in my mouth later had anything to do with the considerable amount of time that I

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Resources

<http://www.ufolab.info/>

This website is one of the most unique sites that I've had the pleasure of visiting. Dennis Bossack has a very interesting past that allows him to get first hand knowledge in certain sensitive areas, and he is not shy about sharing that information in his "DNA LIVE Newsletter" with those that venture to his website. Dennis also has a live radio talk show, and the guests are extremely interesting people. If you happen to miss a show that was very important to you, don't be disappointed, because you can still listen to it, and you can listen to it over and over again. Simply log onto the list of past guests in the ufolab.info website where you can purchase the show that you missed, plus many others. It just may be that one of those prior shows contains that specific information that you've been seeking.

<http://paranormal.about.com/>

The "What You Need To Know About Paranormal Phenomena" website has something that grabbed my interest right off the bat ... a ghost caught on camera in Willard Library located in Evansville, Illinois. It is a picture worth looking at. The site also has a news article in which a police expert claims he has Bigfoot proof, plus many other thought provoking areas to quench your thirst for paranormal information.

http://www.jerrypippin.com/UFO_Files_On_Demand.htm

This is a sight that has been featured before as a resource, but I thought that some of you might like to learn more about me by listening to the two live interviews that I had with Jerry Pippin. Just log onto his website, scroll down to and click on my picture. It's easy to find ... I'm the only person wearing a cowboy hat.

Join Our Email List!

Sign up for this newsletter and get \$2 off *River of Fear, Encounters!* Go to www.riveroffear.com to sign up, and tell your friends. The on-line version contains additional stories and links - the on-line October issue includes contributions from Monarca L. Merrifield, Lisa Rocco, and internationally known desert dowser Edward E. Schultz.

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had spent on the Internet researching Dulce and Archuleta Mesa.

There is an old saying, "Where there is smoke, there is fire," and I for one am totally convinced that many UFO appearances and abductions that have been reported are real. It's obvious to me that they haven't stopped. I have concluded that I was a new kid on the block spending a lot of time digging into something that the government obviously wants to keep under wraps, and whomever or whatever wanted to know what I was up to. I believe that I was pulled aside for interrogation, a mind probe, or to implant something in my body. Whatever happened to me, my instincts tell me that the experience was not random. It happened for a specific reason.

There is one piece of knowledge that crystallizes my firm conviction that all of this is probable. I know a former NSA agent, and during a casual conversation he told me that he was involved in the Roswell, New Mexico cover up during the Eisenhower Administration. He had a far away look in his eyes when he said it.

If you wish to learn more about Dulce, New Mexico and Archuleta Mesa, simply type each name in your favorite search engine. If you do decide to do a lot of digging, keep a close watch on your time. You, too, may find that you have a segment of time that you can't account for.

*Rod Davis is the author of **River of Fear, Encounters** the first book of a trilogy. It is a novel based on true paranormal, unexplained experiences he and others have had. You can download the first three chapters of the book for free at www.riveroffear.com.*

Understanding the Biblical UFO Hypothesis

By David E. Twichell

Since the release of my book, (The UFO - Jesus Connection. Infinity Publishing © 2001), I have been a guest on several radio, television and webcast shows. Invariably someone will call in to tell me how blasphemous such a concept is. I had the honor of being interviewed on the Lou Gentile Show on February 6th, 2003 (<http://www.lougentile.com/feb03.html>). A gentleman called to tell me how I must "read my Bible more." Another simply said, "I just want to say that the guy you're talking to is an idiot!" That was it. No debate. No imparting of his own wisdom. Just insult and run. I could only laugh. Fortunately, Lou is a gracious host who, after going to an unscheduled break, apologized for the behavior of his caller. I assured him that I expect some people to judge the book by its cover and not to worry about it.

I am not saying that God and Jesus were nothing more than aliens in flying saucers. Far from it! I am saying, if Ezekiel's *wheel within a wheel* and Moses' *pillar of fire and cloud* were forerunners of today's UFOs, then the Star of Bethlehem and that brilliant cloud to which Jesus ascended must be treated in the same vein.

My book is divided into three sections. The first shows examples of anomalous aerial phenomena that were witnessed and reported in the Bible. The second addresses spiritual phenomena; near death experiences, out of body episodes, spirit communication etc. I have included several personal experiences to emphasize my personal acceptance of a spiritual God - the source of all things in the universe. And the third makes the connection between the two.

When I was fourteen years old, a paradigm-shattering experience set me on a course that I have not veered from to this day. In the summer of 1962, at about 11:00 PM one Saturday evening, I was going off to bed when something caught my attention out of the corner of my eye. I looked out the dark, open window to find a large patch of billowing smoke with seemingly bright green lights behind it in a cloudless sky. I called to my parents to come and look. In a matter of seconds, my parents and older sister and I were outside gazing skyward.

It was dead quiet. Even the incessant chirping of the grasshoppers was absent. By this time the object was about two hundred feet directly above our house. It was no longer green but multicolored. The thick smoke was illuminated from the other side by huge electric lights. As the smoke began to clear above our heads, we could see giant round floodlights of yellow, red and white. Off to our right, a pillar of smoke was descending slowly to the ground. It was as if a jet of air was forcing it down. "It's the Second Coming!" my mother declared.

We looked back up over our heads to find that the lights had receded. The smoke had been so thick that it made an outline of this silent craft impossible to

The Dutch Master : Part Two

By Wes Bateman, Author of "Through Alien Eyes" and "Knowledge from the Stars"

Last month I described my preteen years and the e.s.p. experiences that I had while living with my grandparents. At the center of my attention was my bedridden, paralyzed grandfather who always supported me when I demonstrated any sort of extrasensory ability.

Grandfather actually lived two lives: One as an expert on things that go "bump in the night"; and a second where scholars came to him in order to hold in their hands and discuss the contents of a diary written by a family ancestor who played a part in establishing the colony of New Amsterdam.

Grandfather insisted that I attend Sunday school and church every week. He didn't see any conflict between his occult beliefs and the teachings of the Methodist Church. I had to pay very close attention to the sermon because upon returning home it was my job to repeat it word for word to grandpa and grandma. These recitals uncovered an ability that has served me very well throughout my life, my "photographic memory".

This ability came to light when I was assigned to give a book report on Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. I gave the report orally, beginning with the first word on page one and ended it with the very last word of the story. This recital took about 2 1/2 hours, during which time the principal and every teacher in the school came into the classroom, and a few of them followed me with an open copy of the book in their lap. After this event things really hit the fan.

Quizzes were arranged wherein I (a 4th - 5th grader) would compete with high school students on a variety of subjects. I would easily win, hands down. My classmates soon began looking at me as if I was some kind of freak. Well-meaning teachers suggested that I should be taught various advanced subjects ranging from the violin to physics. I rebelled, and soon I not only began to fake illness, I also invented any excuse I could think of to keep from going to school. Only grandfather Becker understood my feelings and problems. He could recite *Treasure Island* word for word, and probably 100 other books as well!

It wasn't very long before my refusal to be a party to any sort of pet test subject for this teacher or that psychologist bought me unexpected trouble from another area. It started with my father's sister (aunt Elsie) - the girl's physical education director for the largest high school in the city, and her husband, the school's principal. Aunt Elsie was sure my reluctance to go to school was some how due to grandpa Becker's influence over me. She suggested to my mother and father that I should leave my grandparent's home and move back with the family.

Then the most unheard of thing happened. My grandfather Bateman came to meet with grandfather Becker. It was a closed-door meeting. When it was over I was allowed to stay with grandpa and grandma Becker if I agreed to return to school.

After this grandfather began to teach me about Native American culture. He knew the names and homeland location of every tribe that existed, and he could look at an artifact and immediately know what tribe had created it. Soon I was making beaded moccasins, turkey feather war bonnets, and tom toms made from empty Quaker Oats containers.

The summer of 1947 when I was ten years old, grandfather had finished reading the evening paper and passed it on to me. While looking through the newspaper, I came upon a picture of a local hotel with what looked like an image of a coffee cup sitting on a saucer above it. The caption read: "Flying saucer reported over Hotel Bethlehem". I asked grandpa what the accompanying story was really all about.

"Those circular 'planes' are flown by people from another planet. They have been coming to our world for thousands of years. They also have an underground base in the country of Tibet," he told me.

I asked, "Why are they coming here?"

He replied, "You will learn why they are coming to Earth at some point in the future. We will not discuss this subject again, and I don't want you to form any false conclusions."

Grandpa once asked me what I wanted to do when I grew up. I told him that I wanted to be an archaeologist and find a treasure. My inspiration came from a Saturday matinee of "The Mummy" starring Boris Karlof. Grandfather complemented me on the choice of my future profession, but added that one did not have to be an archaeologist to find a treasure. He told me how Jake Wetzle discovered a gold mine in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona. It saddened me to hear that Mr. Wetzle died before he could enjoy his wealth or tell anyone the location of his mine, now known as The Lost Dutchman.

Grandpa said, "To find a treasure you have to look for it, and the best places to look are close to home." I took his statement literally and began to think of every place around the old house where I could possibly find a treasure. My thoughts kept coming back to grandpa's backyard and my grandmother's "Victory Garden". When I told grandpa about my feelings, he said, "Take a spade and ask grandma to go with you. Dig where you think the treasure is buried."

Grandma resented the fact that I wanted to dig up her vegetables, but dutifully obeyed Grandpa's instructions. After digging up about two shovels full of soil I found a much-deteriorated small leather pouch. It was brittle and had separated in several places, but four blackened coins were still inside. Three were the size of a quarter, and one was the size of a half a dollar, which had a dark gum like coating on it.

After fingering and looking at the coins and pouch grandfather proclaimed that they were pre-Revolutionary War British coins. The three smaller ones were silver and the largest was gold. This find made sense, because the first street behind the house was called "Garrison Street" It was once lined with barracks in which pre-revolution British soldiers were housed.

Grandpa asked me what I wanted to do with my treasure. After some thought, I decided that I wanted to sell the coins and give the money to my father, mother, brothers and sisters. I gave the coins to Uncle Lass. A few days later he returned with them, each sparkling clean. They were beautiful to see, and after a period of reverent joy the coins were placed into a matchbox, never to be seen by me again. In the weeks that followed, I received some new clothes and shoes, and several maintenance trips to the dentist.

While burning trash one day, one of grandmother's felt slippers caught fire and her foot was burned. She was unable to tend to grandfather any longer and he was moved to a nursing home. His last words to me consisted of a statement often used by the Pennsylvania Dutch: "Be careful out there among the English." Less than a week later, I learned that he had died in his sleep.

Fifty-six years have past since I studied and learned from my grandfather, who was a true and very wise Dutch Master. I had learned much during those years, and some of this knowledge can be found on my web site.

Please visit Wes Bateman's web site at:
www.geocities.com/CapeCanaveral/Hall/3324/

discern. Yet the huge, round, colored lights had still shown through. As bright as those lights were, they never illuminated the ground where we stood directly below.

We continued to watch in silence as the smoke slowly dissipated, leaving only the cloudless, starry sky. We returned to the safety of our house, unscathed. I do not remember talking at length with my family about the amazing “smoke and light show” we had just witnessed but it was over now and there was church to attend in the morning.

The following morning my father bought the Sunday morning Detroit Free Press to see if there was anything on this strange event. Sure enough, others had seen it and had reported it. The authorities wasted no time in explaining: *It was the northern lights!* With all the confusing technical jargon they could muster, a weak case was made for the northern lights making it all the way down to southern Michigan.

“Those weren’t the northern lights,” I argued. “I’ve seen them in pictures and in movies. Northern lights are ribbons of different colored lights that streak across the sky. And they don’t have smoke with them either!”

“Well,” my mother assured me, “if they say they were the northern lights, then that’s what we must have seen.”

A fourteen-year-old boy might not know the northern lights from a sack of onions. My mother was born and raised in northern Michigan, and my father had spent two years in Alaska. They had seen the northern lights on more than one occasion. Yet my father had stared into the night sky in awe and apprehension. My mother was all set for Judgment Day!

It was at that very instant that I realized that we were being lied to. Not *us* in particular. Not anyone who had witnessed the event and knew the difference. They were lying to those who did not see it. Whom would those people believe? The United States Government or us? *They* were the experts on the matter. The ones who are sworn to serve and protect. The ones who are paid with our tax dollars to tell us the truth about everything - especially what goes on in our air space.

The matter was dropped as far as my family was concerned. I have never dropped the matter. Nor will I! Those who have not had a close encounter sighting or abduction experience may dismiss such claims as misidentification, fantasy or outright lies. Some of us don’t have that luxury.

There are many eyewitness accounts of brightly illuminated “chariots” or means of conveyance that flew through the sky mentioned in the Bible and elsewhere throughout history. These craft were intelligently controlled and their occupants interacted on many occasions with Earth’s inhabitants. Their highly advanced technologies qualified them as “gods” or “masters of the stars” to the ancients. They claimed to have come to this planet to set moral standards for a primitive society and to tell us about the one true God of the spiritual realm. But mankind, in his ignorance, continued to revere the messengers of God as God himself.

These non-terrestrial visitors claimed to have created our race on this planet. The book of Genesis suggests that this claim is valid: *And God said, “Let ‘us’ make man in ‘our’ image, after ‘our’ likeness.”* (Genesis 1: 26.) Orthodox religions teach that God made man in “*his*” image, but the scriptures clearly use the plurals, “us” and “our.” To whom was God speaking?

When people had spread all over the world and daughters were being born, some of the heavenly beings saw that these young women were beautiful, so they took the ones they liked. Then the Lord said, “I will not allow people to live forever; They are mortal. From now on they will live no longer that 120 years.” In those days and even later, there were giants on the Earth who were descendants of human

women and the heavenly beings. They were the great heroes and famous men of long ago. (Genesis 6: 1 4)

Numbers 13:22 refers to a place called Hebron where the descendants of a race of giants called Anakim, lived. Actually, the Hebrew word that was translated as giants is *nephilum*, which literally means, *those who came down*. A Dead Sea Scrolls text refers to angels interbreeding with human women. Whether this was accomplished through normal intercourse or via genetic engineering, the end result would be the same.

Surprisingly, this theory would not detract from the teachings of the Bible. We humans procreate yet we do not claim to be God. If we were to go out into space, find a primitive race and introduce our genetic makeup to theirs, the resulting hybrid would not make *us* God. Although they would, no doubt, regard us as such due to our comparatively miraculous entrance into their low-tech world. They could only relate what they witnessed and experienced within their limited scope of reference.

There are many examples throughout history where a more advanced race of earthbound humans happened upon a more primitive race. Invariably, they were revered as “gods”. Captain Cook’s arrival in the Hawaiian Islands is one example. The arrival of Christopher Columbus to the New World is another. In all such instances, the natives had felt that *their* island was “the world” and there was neither anyone nor anything beyond its borders.

In the past fifty years, our view of the universe has greatly expanded. We are now aware of the limitless regions of space where life might manifest and evolve. We also realize that our planet is nothing more than an island in outer space. Knowing this, is it so outlandish to conclude that a more advanced civilization from another celestial island has come to this one in the past? Wouldn’t it be logical, indeed normal, to conclude that our forefathers would revere them as God, gods or angels of God?

Yet, if this is the case, where does that leave the three thousand different religions of the world? About twelve hundred of them are based on Christianity. All of them feel that theirs is the correct one. All of them know that not all can be correct at the same time. Would the acceptance of the Biblical/UFO hypothesis threaten them all? I would venture to say that such a hypothesis would verify, clarify, strengthen and unite them all. For once and for all, the world may come together in the understanding that all beings in God’s vast cosmos are under the same umbrella. It has been widely reported by alien abductees that, when they asked their captors, “Is there a God?” the reply has been, “We are all of the same God.”

It has become clear to me how our ancestors of thousands of years ago would invariably regard such a miraculous display as nothing short of divine intervention. The same parallel was unwittingly drawn by my mother, an unshakably devote Christian, in 1962. “It’s the Second Coming!” she declared, as our family stood on our front lawn, one silent summer’s night, and gazed in awe upon technology . . . millennia beyond our time.

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