

about seven days of totally lost memory -

but then something happend

and he began to remember

his CONNECTION to his higher dimentional body:

more from Orfeo Angelucci's

Contact Story

MY AWAKENING ON

ANOTHER PLANET

By – Orfeo Matthew Angelucci
As told to Paul M. Vest.

"Because of the enormous interest expressed by the readers of MYSTIC (-magazine) - in the flying saucer experience of Mr. Angelucci, we present still another of his experiences with the beings from space.

COINCIDENTAL WITH the publication in MYSTIC (May, 1954) of "I MEET THE FLYING SAUCER MAN", a continuation of my true experiences with the extraterrestrial beings, I resumed my Sunday talks at the Hollywood Hotel.

Although for some months previous there had been but few publicized sightings of saucers, I was told confidentially by a Los Angeles newspaper reporter that the wires had been "hot" with reports of flying saucer activity. But, he stated, editors of many papers had been requested either to ignore such stories or to "play them down".

Thus with the attention of the public apparently diverted from the saucers by McCarthy; the experimental destruction of islands in the Pacific by the hydrogen bomb and other disquieting news events, I was genuinely surprised at the number of people who were present at that first Sunday meeting. Not only were they still interested in the saucers,



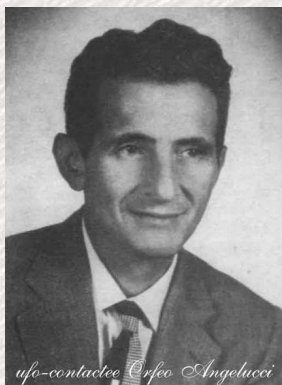
level and to the HIGHER consciousness at that level

but seemed more eager than ever to understand our mysterious visitors.

Similarly, the hundreds of letters I received through MYSTIC magazine, written by persons in all walks of life from scientists to ministers of the gospel, convinced me that many persons intuitively realize that the coming of the saucers in our time is highly portentous and will ultimately prove the most profound event of the 20th century –and in all probability of the last twenty centuries! Despite the assiduous efforts of certain agencies to keep many of the true facts from the public “for its own good”, the truth will eventually come out.

In this article I am going to tell you about the most bizarre, the most astonishing of all my experiences. So incredible, so far beyond the normal realms of human experience are these events that I have never before dared to relate them except to a few of my most trusted friends. Not even in the single issue of my own Twentieth Century Times did I include this experience.

Now only the faith and understanding of the persons who have heard me talk and read my stories in MYSTIC, give me the courage to reveal not only the identity of the etheric beings who contacted me, but also some astounding information about their world. Also an answer to the question why THEY—of all the entities in the boundless depths of the time-space continuum are interested in us now and visit our tiny, inconsequential planet. This experience occurred in January, 1953.
—Orfeo Angelucci.



IT was Monday, but I did not go to work as I was just recovering from the flu. During the afternoon, while Mabel was at work and I was alone, a rather strange, detached feeling came over me. I was aware of a familiar odd

prickling sensation in my arms and the back of my neck which usually announced the proximity of space beings.

But I discounted the strange symptoms thinking they were the result of my illness. I suddenly felt so drowsy that I could scarcely keep my eyes open. I recall starting toward the divan to lie down for a nap. But I have absolutely no recollection of ever reaching that divan! Apparently, I blacked out!

My next conscious perception was a kind of peculiar "awakening" or regaining consciousness while on my job in the Plastics Department of the Lockheed plant. Stupefied and bewildered I looked uncertainly about the factory. Dazedly, I saw the familiar faces of my coworkers, and noticed the tools in my hands. I caught my breath sharply and an icy shiver quivered over my entire body as quite involuntarily I suddenly recoiled with a shudder from the entire scene. I didn't know why then, but everything seemed hopelessly wrong... primitive and crude.

In a daze I rubbed a hand across my eyes hoping to eradicate the scene. Then I was seized with a blinding vertigo and thought I was going to lose consciousness. Dave Donnegan, my working partner, looked at me sympathetically and there was genuine concern in his eyes. He didn't say anything but quietly took the tools from my hand and in his quiet, understanding way went ahead, carrying on alone.

An involuntary outburst of utter disgust came from my lips—disgust with everything I saw! I remember hearing Dave say, "Are you all right, boy?"

But I didn't reply — I couldn't! In a kind of panic I turned to rush out of the door, but in my blind haste I bumped roughly into Richard Butterfield, the temporary lead man in my section. I must have looked acutely ill because I vaguely remember seeing the sudden alarm in his eyes as he grasped me firmly but gently by the shoulders and exclaimed, "Angie! Angie! What's wrong with you?"

I-was breathing hard. Both emotionally and mentally I was confused and uncertain. My thoughts were in turmoil and I had only one objective—to get out of that place! But the presence of Butterfield had a stabilizing, quieting effect upon me. He arose superbly to meet the

situation. In some mysterious, intangible way I was enabled momentarily to share his great inner resources of strength and stability which calmed me and cushioned the terrific emotional shock I was undergoing –the cause of which I was not to know for many days.

He smiled reassuringly while keeping his hands upon my shoulders. "Calm down, Angie, old boy," he said gently, "Go upstairs and take a break. You look beat!"

I mumbled my heartfelt thanks and stumbled up the steps—not yet aware of what actually had happened to me.

I got a cup of coffee. Never before had I needed one so badly. My hands were shaking and every nerve in my body was quivering. As I drank the hot, aromatic stuff I tried to think back –to remember why I was so shaken and upset. But my last recollection before my strange, perturbed "awakening" on the job, was walking toward the divan in my apartment. The intervening period was a total blank,

Noticing a copy of the Los Angeles Times on one of the tables, I nervously picked it up and glanced at the date. Perspiration broke out on my forehead –the date of the paper was January 19, 1953
–SEVEN DAYS HAD ELAPSED OF WHICH I HAD ABSOLUTELY NO RECOLLECTION! But even the date on the paper couldn't convince me. Trying to keep my voice casual, I asked a fellow at a nearby table the date. He confirmed the date on the newspaper!

My body was bathed in cold perspiration. In fact, I was on the edge of panic as I sat there, my hands trembling as I tried to take a sip of coffee. I just couldn't believe that seven days and nights had passed leaving not a trace of memory in my mind.

Later in the afternoon when I was feeling a little better I went back downstairs on the job. But it was a real effort to behave in a normal, rational manner with my thoughts in turmoil. Cautiously and discreetly I questioned Dave and other fellow workers about those seven previous days. From their replies I gathered that I had been on the job every day and had apparently behaved in my usual manner until my strange "awakening" and violent outburst that afternoon.

At home I didn't mention my inexplicable loss of memory to Mabel.

And apparently she had noticed nothing unusual in my behavior during that entire week. It seemed that in every way I had behaved in my accustomed manner— I had eaten my meals, slept, gone to and from work and helped Mabel out at the Snack Bar, as usual. It was fantastically incredible!

I told no one what had happened to me. But in my own mind I was utterly baffled and deeply troubled about those seven lost days out of my life. Imagine yourself in my place. Suppose that for an entire week your waking consciousness had been obliterated so that you could not remember a single event. Wouldn't you be deeply disturbed? Wouldn't you begin to wonder if you might not be psychopathic? Well, in all sincerity I can tell you that you would—for those were my own panic-stricken thoughts!

But as the days passed I gradually settled down into the routine of daily life. Often I tried hard to regain the memory of those seven lost days—but it seemed hopeless.

About a month later I was feeling unusually restless one night. Shortly after ten-o'clock I went out for a walk. As always my feet seemed involuntarily to carry me toward the Hyperion Avenue Freeway Bridge. In its dark, mysterious shadows I always found a kind of spiritual peace and comfort for it was there I had met and talked with "Neptune"—the great, etheric being from another world!

I was thinking of these things as I clambered down the concrete embankment into the almost dry bed of the Los Angeles River. Walking over to the spot where "Neptune" had talked with me I sat down disconsolately upon the ground.

I rested my head upon the stone where he had sat and gazed thoughtfully up into the heavens and thought of the spiraling endless wonder of the universe. Lost in reverie, a feeling of deep inner peace and tranquility came over me. Noisy, clattering earth with all of its troubles, dissensions and animosities seemed remote and relatively unimportant.

As my thoughts drifted pleasantly, I felt again the odd sensation which was always my first awareness of space visitors. But I was deeply puzzled for "Neptune" had last told me, "We will return, Orfeo—but not to you."

Nevertheless the odd tingling in my arms and back of my neck was unmistakable. Hopefully, my eyes

scanned the heavens, but I saw nothing that in any way resembled a saucer. I was not troubled as I had implicit faith in THEM. The intensity of the vibration increased dimming the awareness of my conscious mind much as it had the night I first encountered the saucer,

An ineffable feeling of harmony, tranquility and peace possessed me. As in a dream my thoughts drifted back to that mysterious Monday afternoon when, feeling much as I did now, I had walked toward the divan to take a nap. But now, as I lie there upon the ground under the stars – **astonishingly I was BEGINNING TO REMEMBER!**

The ponderous shadows of materiality dense as a prison of heavy steel, were dissolving into their native nothingness. Memory was returning faintly, hazily at first, like the sun's golden rays breaking through black clouds. **Like a man confusedly awakening from an anesthetic I was remembering THOSE SEVEN MYSTERIOUS LOST DAYS!**

As memory flooded back I clearly recalled again that Monday afternoon. I was walking toward the divan my eyes were so heavy I could scarcely keep them open . in a daze I sank down upon the divan and immediately fell into a deep sleep!

Only now I could remember waking from that sleep – **BUT MY AWAKENING WAS IN A STRANGE AND WONDERFUL WORLD!**

I was no longer upon earth –some fantastically incredible transition had taken place. I awoke in a huge, fabulously beautiful room—a room the substance of which glowed ethereally with soft, exquisite colors. I was lying upon a luxurious kind of couch, or lounge. Half awake, I glanced down at my body – but it was not familiar! My body was never so perfectly proportioned or of so fine coloring and texture.

I noticed that I was wearing only a fine white garment, closely fitted and covering my chest, torso and upper part of my thighs. A finely wrought gold belt was about my waist. Although the belt appeared to be made of heavy links of embossed gold, it was without weight. My new body felt amazingly light and ethereal and vibrant with life.

Full consciousness did not come to me at once. My first thoughts upon waking in that shining world were nebulous and confused. Somehow the thought persisted in my mind that I was recovering from 2 long and serious illness. Thus I lay there in a kind of pleasant lethargy as one does who has been very it.

Strange random thoughts drifted in my consciousness. Everything was so new and different and yet it was hauntingly familiar. My handsome new body was not my body—and yet it was! The exquisite room with its ethereal, softly glowing colors was like nothing ever dreamed of upon earth—and yet somehow it was not strange and alien to me. Only one thing seemed unfamiliar—far away outside the huge windowless room I could hear the continuous rumble of distant thunder.

Gradually the dark mists cleared from my mind. Incredible memories came back to me—memories of another world, a different people—another life! Lost horizons, deep buried memories, forgotten vistas were surfacing to my consciousness.

“I remember this world!” I thought rapturously. I remember it like a condemned prisoner remembers the sunshine, the trees, the flowers of the outside world after an eternity chained in a dark and odious prison. This is MY REAL WORLD – MY TRUE BODY, I thought. I have been lost in a dimension called “Time” and a captive in a forbidding land called “Earth”. I have come home—like a lost son. All is serenity, peace, harmony and indescribable beauty here—the only disturbing factor is the troublesome half-memory of an unhappy shadow named “Orfeo”, a bondsman in a prison world of materiality called “Earth”.

As the disturbing thoughts of this lost “Orfeo” troubled me, a portion of one wall noiselessly divided making an imposing doorway and a woman entered. She was dazzlingly beautiful. Somehow my mind understood that she was the one placed in charge of me, even as I also understood that the mysterious door opened and closed automatically by means of electro-magnetic controls.

She looked down at me and smiled warmly. Her beauty was breathtaking. She was dressed simply in a kind of Grecian gown of glowing silvery-white substance; her hair was golden and fell in soft waves about her shoulders; her eyes were extremely large, expressive and deep blue. Soft shimmering colors played continuously about her apparently varying with every light change of her thought or mood.

Hauntingly, the thought was in

my mind that I remembered her from somewhere. She seemed to sense my perplexity and reassuringly said that I was looking very well and would soon be up and about. Then she touched a control on mysterious crystal cabinet near my bed. In response a large section of the opposite wall opened revealing a huge mirror. I looked into its crystal depths –but the man I saw was not Orfeo –nor yet was he a stranger to me. Paradoxically, I remembered and yet I didn't remember!

I have gained weight," I remarked, not knowing just why I made such a statement, then added, "Also, I feel much better now."

She smiled and replied, "On the contrary, you have lost weight. According to all earthly standards you are now almost weightless."

Her strange words puzzled me. I glanced down at my body which

appeared to be solidly substantial and surely I was much larger and finely proportioned.

"It's all a matter of the scale of vibration in which you are functioning," she explained. "The vibratory rate of dense matter which makes up the planet Earth, is extremely low – hence earthly bodies are sluggish, dense and cumbersome. Vibratory rates here are quite high and matter so tenuous that it would seem non-existent were you in a dense physical body. But because you are now in a body of a corresponding vibratory rate, the phenomena of this world is as real to you as your earth world.

As I listened to her speak, I thought I remembered her name. "You are Lyra?" I said half questioningly. *She nodded her head.*

I was about to ask her about herself when I was conscious again of the continuous, low rumble of thunder from outside. I became curious to go out of doors and look around. Turning to Lyra, I asked, "May I go outside now?"

She shook her head. "You are not yet strong enough, but I promise that before the seventh day you shall see all, Neptune."

Her words startled me. Why had she called me "Neptune"? I wondered. I was not Neptune –neither was Neptune ill! And what did she mean by the seventh day?

I was on the point of asking her

these questions when she turned and looked expectantly toward the far wall. In a moment the mysterious door appeared and a tall, strikingly handsome man entered. It was Orion! In some confused way I recognized him at once and felt a surge of affection for him in my heart. As with Lyra, shimmering waves of translucent color played about him seemingly reflecting his thoughts. He smiled warmly and said, "We have missed you, Neptune."

I brushed my hand across my eyes in a dazed way as I replied, "But I am not Neptune –there is some mistake."

"Are you certain?" he asked gently. "You will recall that 'Neptune' was the name you gave to our brother who first contacted you upon earth, That name has always held a strange, deep significance for you –perhaps because it was once your own name."

As he spoke the odd realization possessed me that he was indeed speaking the truth. In their world, I was –or had once been Neptune! "But the other 'Neptune'?" I asked. "Who then is he?"

Orion glanced at Lyra and a scintillating wave of golden light seemed to enfold them both. Then Orion replied slowly, "With us names are of little significance.

The brother of whom you speak is sometimes known as 'Astra', but in the higher octaves of light individualized aspects such as you know upon earth are non-existent. Even now in this most tenuous of materialistic states of being, you are not aware of us in our true eternal aspect. We are, you might say, staging a dress-show reception for you, our lost brother. Before The Destruction our existence was much as you see it now –that is why you seem to remember all of this. In that phase of the time dimension you were known as 'Neptune',"

Something was wrong .. terribly wrong, somewhere, I thought. If only I could remember clearly, but everything was so confused. As I gazed at those two superbly magnificent beings standing side by side developed in shimmering waves of golden light. I felt intuitively that I had known them well sometime, somewhere! I had known them on an equal level –I had been one of them! But now they were like gods to me –and I a straggler somehow, far, far behind them –and my mind deluded by a loathsome illness. I pressed my

hands to my eyes trying with all of my strength to remember something important, and terrible, that I had forgotten.

Neither of them spoke. Lyra took a white wafer from the crystal cabinet while Orion poured a sparkling liquid into a crystal goblet. These they handed to me. As I ate the delicately flavored wafer and drank the delicious beverage I felt renewed vitality and strength flow through my body and with it a dreamy languor of body and mind. Relaxed, I rested my head on the cushions. Lyra and Orion smiled upon me and the scintillating waves of golden light reached out from them and enfolded me in a warm, comforting glow.

"Sleep for a while, Neptune," Lyra murmured softly. Then the mysterious door appeared and they left arm in arm, leaving me alone. The light in the room dimmed and -waves of soft, exquisite music flowed from the walls. I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

When I awoke light was streaming brilliantly into the room. One entire wall had miraculously vanished revealing an outer balcony. I sat up and looked out beyond the balcony upon an incredibly wonderful and fantastic world. It was radiant with light and yet there appeared to be a heavy moving cloud bank overhead. A kind of continuous sheet lightning flashed through the rainbow-hued clouds and the constant rumble of distant thunder was slightly louder. Also, I saw brilliant slow-moving fireballs, bollides, vari-colored flares and showers of brilliant sparks.

I was puzzled for all of this phenomena did not seem at all familiar -as had so many other things in this world. I jumped up from the couch and ran out onto the broad balcony, marveling at the marvelous feeling of lightness and vibrant strength in my body.

What a glorious world I looked upon! A dream world -beyond the wildest flights of imagination. Ethereal, scintillating color everywhere. Fantastically beautiful buildings apparently constructed of a kind of crystal-plastic substance that quivered with continuously changing color tones. As I watched, windows, doors, balconies and stairs appeared and just as miraculously disappeared in the shining facades of the buildings. The grass, trees and flowers sparkled with living colors.

I caught my breath in awe. And yet, somehow, it was familiar—a world I had once known and forgotten. A few statuesque and majestically beautiful people were walking in the pedestrian lanes. Then I saw Lyra and Orion conversing with each other near a circular flower plot, almost directly below me. They both looked up and smiled, calling out a friendly greeting. I ran down and joined them exclaiming, "What a magnificent world!"

"Do you remember it, Neptune?" Lyra asked gently.

I hesitated, then replied, "Much is familiar, but other things are not. I can't recall the lightning and the constant thunder. And the horizon appears to be only about a mile distant and it should be I seem to remember it was almost limitless!"

For a moment there was silence. Lyra glanced at Orion and a look of deep pain crossed their faces as the golden waves of irridescence light about them changed to misty purple. I realized immediately I had said the wrong thing.

Lyra touched a crystal she held in her hand and the sound of the thunder was muffled until it was barely audible. Then drifts of exquisite harmony filled the air—the same incredible music I had heard in my trip in the saucer. Only here in this world each tone manifested in the atmosphere as waves of glowing color.

As I listened spellbound, Lyra and Orion sat down upon the grass and motioned for me to join them. When we were seated Lyra laid her hand tenderly upon mine and Orion put an arm about my shoulders.

Then Orion spoke, saying, "Time is a dimension as your scientists now correctly surmise. But it is only a dimension when applied to the various densities of matter. In the Absolute, Time is non-existent.

So let us say that in one of the Time frames, or dimensions, there once was a planet in the solar system called 'Lucifer'. It was of the least material density of any of the planets and its orbit lay between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Among the Etheric Beings, or heavenly hosts, it was the Morning Star. Among the planets it was the most radiant body in the heavens and its life wave was incarnated in the

most tenuous forms of matter.

"The name of the Prince of this radiant planet was also 'Lucifer', the beloved son of God. Well..."

Orion paused and the sadness deepened in 'his eyes. Then he continued, "Earth's legends about Lucifer and his hosts, are true. Pride and arrogance filled his heart and the hearts of many Luciferians. They discovered the secret of the Creative Word and sought to turn this omnipotent force against their brothers. Against the Etheric Beings and against the Father, and to rule the universe. You know the rest of the legend –how Lucifer and his followers were cast down from their world. In simpler words, the Luciferians who were embodied in the least dense manifestation of matter, fell into embodiment in one of the most dense material evolutions which is the animalistic evolution of earth."

I dared not look at him as his frightening words struck dark chords in my heart. "Then you mean that I. . was one of them

"I said slowly as shamed tears of realization blinded my eyes.

"Yes, Neptune," he said gently, as both he and Lyra put their arms around me.

Waves of bitter shame and sorrow flooded over me as I realized the terrible truth of Orion's words. At last I said haltingly, "But Orion, you and Lyra and these others walking here in the garden – who are they?"

"We were among those who did not join the Luciferians in their revolt against the etheric hosts," he explained gently. "Thus although the Luciferians shattered our radiant planet in the holocaust of their war, we entered the etheric, non-material worlds in the higher octaves of light, while the Luciferian hosts fell into the dream of mind in matter upon the dark planet of sorrows."

"But this world?" I asked in bewilderment, "Isn't it the world I half remember?"

"Yes, Neptune," Lyra said compassionately. "This is a tiny part of what is left of that world. You mentioned that many things were unfamiliar such as the thunder and lightning and the nearness of the horizon. These conditions are new to you. For we are on one of the larger planetoids of the shattered

planet Lucifer. It is only a few hundred miles in diameter –hence the nearness of the horizon. The thunder and lightning and constant play of colors in the atmosphere are the result of magnetic disturbances because of the close vicinity of other asteroids. The clouds you see above are not clouds as you know them upon earth, but they serve to obscure the drifting debris of our former planet. Only rarely do we leave our etheric state of being and enter our former time frame in individualized manifestations of the most attenuated form of matter, as you see us now.”

I was stunned into utter silence and the deepest sorrow. I bowed my head as I thought of the magnificent world I had lost –the shining heritage I had cast away to become a bondsman chained in the steel-like dungeon of dense matter with its erroneous manifestations of sin, sickness, corruption, evil, decay and repeated deaths. Sobs wracked my body as I thought of my blinded, lost fellows of earth. At last I murmured hesitantly, “Then all of the peoples of earth have fallen from this former high estate?”

Orion shook his head slowly, “No, not all, Neptune, but vast numbers of earthlings are former Luciferians. About the others we will explain to you later.”

Suddenly a terrible thought came to me, almost causing me to collapse in horror as I recoiled from it. Stark terror was in my eyes as I looked first at Lyra and then at Orion. I dared not voice what was in my mind.

Orion, discerning my thought, shook his head and his wonderful eyes radiated sympathy and understanding as he said, “No, Neptune –have no fear, you are not in reality Lucifer. In fact you are one of the Luciferians who least wanted to join the others.”

Relief flooded over me leaving me weak and shaken, as I heard Orion's voice continuing ‘Lucifer is presently incarnated upon earth, but we may not disclose to you his present identity. He has incarnated many times upon earth and every name is familiar even to grade school children.”

I sighed heavily, trying to comprehend all the shattering truths which had been revealed to me by

Lyra and Orion. Rather incongruously then I remembered the phenomena of the flying saucers upon earth, which caused me to ask, "But if we destroyed your great planet, why are your discs visiting earth now? – why did Astra contact me? Why don't you leave us to the fate we deserve –each one of us buried in his individual grave of living death?"

Lyra's hand gripped mine and Orion's arm tightened around my shoulders, "Love is stronger than life and deeper than the boundless depths of time and space," he said softly. "While our brothers are lost in the hell of unreality and turn their blinded, imploring eyes to the mute heavens, we can never forget them. We intercede unceasingly for your people's liberation.

Thus today every bondsman upon earth has within himself the power through the mystery of the Christ to cancel his captivity. Eventually all of mankind, deep-drowned in time and matter, may surface to reality if they but recognize their basic unity of being. When man is for man honestly and sincerely and not selfishly arrayed against himself, the hour of deliverance from the underworld will be close at hand. We wait beyond the great, sad river of Time and Sorrows with open arms and hearts to receive our lost and prodigal brothers."

"Our discs, or saucers as earthmen term them, are in your space-time frame as harbingers of mankind's coming resurrection from the living death. Although our discs are essentially etheric; that is, non-material, they are controlled in such a way that they can almost instantaneously attract atoms to any degree of material density necessary. Other space craft are also visiting earth. These are from other worlds of various densities of matter, but all are operated by intelligences which are highly spiritual in nature. All are on a mission of love to the Brothers of the Dark World, but mankind's understanding of their intent and purpose will only become apparent further along in earth's time dimension."

When Orion finished speaking there was silence. I sat with bowed head as realization of the full import of his words came to me. As Neptune, fleetingly restored to my lost timeless, deathless state, I saw that we of earth are in reality in an underworld of illusion where we mistake shadows for reality and dream false dreams of separateness for our brothers.

As these thoughts were in my mind the ringing of musical chimes sounded from the sea-green building. As though this was a signal everyone arose and entered the building. Orion led us to a large dining hall. Five men and five women were already there standing at their places at a huge table. At one end of the table was a cross wing with three vacant places. Orion indicated that I should take the middle place while he and Lyra seated themselves on either side of me.

It was an exquisite room and although there appeared to be no direct source of light the room was brilliantly lighted as the substance and colors of the room and everything in it seemed to glow with a soft, radiant light of its own. Vaguely, I seemed to remember the other persons present and they spoke to me as to an old friend. It was soon apparent, however, that the conversation was for my sole benefit as it was obvious that everyone else exchanged thoughts telepathically. As they did so, iridescent clouds of color about them changed swiftly in shimmering hues and patterns.

No servants waited upon the table. Yet it was laid out exquisitely with the most delicate plates and shimmering silverware. On each plate were three portions. A triangle portion of pale amber; a square portion of varying shades of green; and a round portion of lavender. The beverage was clear and sparkling in a crystal goblet. These strange delicacies were the most delicious and delicately flavored foods I had ever tasted. And the sparkling drink seemed to give immediate renewed strength and energy.

When the splendid meal was finished and everyone was preparing to leave the table, I turned and looked at Lyra. Suddenly, I was fully aware for the first time of all her exquisite feminine beauty and loveliness. Involuntarily, a wave of desire for her swept over me. She turned away from me and all conversation in the room ceased. I glanced hastily about; all of the others were standing silently with bowed heads. On an opposite wall I saw my reflection in a huge mirror and embarrassment flooded over me as I saw an ugly mottled red and black cloud enveloping my head and shoulders. I felt impure and unworthy to be in that shining assemblage. The others left quietly, but I had the comforting feeling of their deep sympathy for me and their understanding for my sudden human weakness. Also, I

had the strong telepathic impression that sexual desire is merely another of the erroneous manifestations of materiality. Upon earth it is in itself neither wrong nor sinful except as it is used for selfish or destructive purposes. If motivated by love, altruism and unselfishness, the 'sexual appetite is no more erroneous than any of mankind's other desires. But in the higher spiritual worlds it is non-existent.

Orion touched my arm as we were leaving the hall. "We understand," he said kindly. "It is nothing, as you understand now."

I smiled gratefully at him. But I felt tired and very sleepy. He and Lyra accompanied me to my room where I lay down upon the couch. They sat beside me until I fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke I was alone. I walked outside onto the terrace, but the grounds were deserted. For a long while I stood there alone on the balcony marveling at that fantastically beautiful world. Apparently it was a world of eternal youth, eternal spring and eternal day although the rainbow hued clouds were always moving overhead shot with soft waves of sheet lightning and the far-away echo of thunder never entirely ceased. The trees, the flowers and the grass were miracles of color, fire and light which in comparison made the remembered counterfeits of earth seem like gross and dull shadows.

As I stood there marveling, I saw Lyra come out of the adjoining building. As she called a warm greeting I saw she was holding a small crystal object in her hand. When she joined me she said mysteriously, "This is the seventh earth day, and through ourselves we shall take you back."

Her strange, beautiful eyes were upon me seeming to look through and beyond me. She did not address me either as "Neptune", or "Orfeo." For some unaccountable reason this saddened me, for it made me realize that I was now a stranger and an imposter in THEIR shining world. Understanding my thought, she put her hand gently over mine and I saw a mist of tears in her eyes. Then she raised the odd crystal in her hand to her forehead. As though in magic response, a flood of exquisite melody arose from the sea-green building – not the ethereal music of their world, but a hauntingly familiar strain. As in a dream I recognized the stately melody of Albert Hay Mallote's musical setting of the Lord's Prayer. Tears flowed unrestrainedly down my cheeks for a

half-remembered sad people who dwelt in a strange, shadowed region called Earth.

Softly she said, "You will remember this, Orfeo!"

The name sounded strange upon her lips—like the name of an utter stranger. I bowed my head in bitter regret for Neptune who was — and who now was not. And for the false shadow of Orfeo who is! Confused and perturbed I turned hastily from her and hurried into my room. Somehow I had the feeling that the secret of liberation lay in the mysterious crystal panel near my couch. But as I reached eagerly for the controls on the panel, I felt a gentle restraining hand upon my arm. I turned and looked into Lyra's wonderful eyes shining with sympathy, compassion and purest love. My own heart swiftly responded. Then suddenly, miraculously we were as one being—enfolded in an embrace of the spirit untouched by sensuality or carnality. Intuitively I remembered that this was the embrace of the spirit — shared by all of those in the light of God's love throughout the entire universe. What tragedy, I thought, that I and my lost brothers of earth know only the counterfeit embrace of desire and animal passion.

At that moment Orion came in the door and as he stood transfixed his vibrant love too enfolded us in its pure, golden unselfish light. "Our lost brother is home at last," he said softly.

After a while Orion and Lyra seated themselves near the strange crystal control panel and I rested upon the lounge. Orion touched a crystal disc and immediately an entire wall of the room opened up into a huge three-dimensional void. The room darkened and I saw within the void a view into outer space. But all of space was shining with light; the stars and suns glowed with a deep reddish glow and only the planets were dark. The scene was focussing upon an unfamiliar part of the heavens. A sun and a number of encircling planets were in view.

Then the scene centered upon a single planet in this unknown solar system. It was a smug, sleek planet and apparently as efficient as a billiard ball. But it was exceedingly dark in tone and surrounded with concentric waves of darkness.

A tangible vibration or emanation

came from it – evil, unpleasant and utterly without inspiration or 'hope. Approaching this world I saw a glowing red dot with a long, misty tail. The fiery dot seemed irresistibly attracted to the dark world. The two collided in a spectacular fiery display. I felt Lyra's hand upon mine as she whispered, "It is an immutable Law of the Cosmos that too great a preponderance of evil inevitably brings about self-destruction."

The scene shifted to a different part of the universe. Another dark, misty world was in view, although it was not as dark as the first world. And about this world there was a vibrant feeling of life and hope. But again, I saw a fiery red dot approaching and it was evident that this world too was doomed. I shuddered to think what would happen.

But then I beheld two tiny dots coming forth from that world to intercept the fiery comet. Intuitively I realized that the dots were remotely controlled by intelligent beings who were concentrating the magnetic impulses of the dots upon the comet. Suddenly the comet apparently exploded leaving the world unscathed.

Once more the scene shifted and focused upon a third world. Obviously, this was an "in-between" world –neither as dark and hopeless as the first, nor yet as light and inspired as the second. To the left of this planet appeared another smaller body –I recognized it as our Moon and the planet as Earth. From the earth planet several tiny space ships went out to the moon and did not return. Then a tiny fleet of space craft went out to the moon –but these returned to earth.

Suddenly, terrifyingly, to the right of the planet earth, appeared the fatalistic, red, fiery dot. Swiftly, it increased in size leaving behind it a fiery tail of flame. It was evident that the comet was being drawn irresistibly toward earth. Neither Lyra or Orion spoke, but a strange voice said, "In the time dimension of Earth it is now the year 1986."

As I shuddered and waited anxiously, the portentous scene slowly faded from the screen. I turned excitedly to Orion, "But what happens to earth?" I implored him.

Orion and Lyra both looked compassionately at me as Orion gently replied, "That depends entirely upon your brothers of earth and their progress in Unity, Under-

standing and Brotherly Love during the time period left them between the so-called Now and the year 1986. All spiritual help possible will be given to them, not only by ourselves but by others in the universe. We believe that they and their world will be saved, but in no time frame, or dimension, is the future ever written irrevocably. If their planet is destroyed, it means another fall for the entities of earth into even denser meshes of materiality and unreality. As you love your brothers of earth, Orfeo, fight to your dying breath to help them toward a world of love, light and Unity."

With those awful and awesome words, he got up and slowly walked from the room, leaving me alone with Lyra.

She smiled gently into my eyes and touched the mysterious crystal panel. Immediately the incredible, huge, three-dimensional screen became active again. But no longer were we looking into the boundless depths of space and time. Instead, I saw the familiar outlines of the Lockheed plant in Burbank.

There was the shop in which I worked. Then the scene shifted inside the plant – I, Dave Donnegan and Richard Butterfield. I saw the radomes and my working companions. An unpleasant sensation came over me as though I were fainting as though I were fading into the huge screen and becoming an active part of the scene I was viewing. Terrified, I turned to call to Lyra, but she was no longer there only a mist. Then I blacked out!

My next conscious perception was my strange "awakening" on the job at Lockheed with all of my incredible experiences of those seven days seemingly utterly obliterated from my mind.

Oh, as I lay there beneath the stars that night, it was all suddenly crystal clear to me. My bewildered, frightening awakening upon earth. My sudden terrible revulsion with everything I saw upon earth as compared with the wonder world I had left, although as yet only my subconscious mind understood.

I remembered my fellow workers, Dave Donnegan and Richard Butterfield and their reactions to my strange behavior and sudden apparently unreasoning outburst. In the greater scope of my new understanding I realized how nobly they had caught me up and sustained me by their own strength through those critical moments of my "awakening". It was so clearly evident to me then that both Dave and Richard had the same basic inherent qualities of goodness and nobility as those godlike beings of that other world. They are both

simple, humble men –average workers like myself
–and yet POTENTIAL GODS! If only they and
others like them KNEW and could
REALIZE their DIVINITY –
their kinship with God and the
greater world of TRUE REALITY! If every man and woman
upon earth could but grasp the great essential basic truth that
WE ARE ALL ONE AND AN INTEGRAL PART OF GOD, ([more on that](#)) - then
indeed all of mankind's difficult
trials and bitter tribulations would
be over. If only in the abstract
we could momentarily attain this
illumination the heavy chains of
material bondage would fall from
our burdened bodies and our counterfeit
world of darkness would vanish in true light.

Today, I believe with all my
heart, soul and body in my brothers of earth.
Because of the innate goodness, honesty, nobility and
helpful fellowship of the countless
other men and women like Dave
Donnegan and Richard Butterfield, my undying
faith in and love for humanity is forever instilled.
Even though our greater brothers
of that shining, lost, wonder world
should offer to take me back to my
former place among them, I should
have to refuse. My lot is forever
with my fellows of earth! I will
fight courageously with them and
for them in the undying belief that
the good in our hearts will triumph
over the evil. In the conviction
that every human being upon earth
trapped in Eternity and granted
only one small awareness at a time,
will be liberated from the prison of
unreality and attain again his great lost heritage.

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