

## Close Encounters in Columbia

By Robert M. Stanley

Carrisa (not her real name) is a friend of my sister. One day, the subject of UFOs came up in conversation. I was amazed by her story and wrote down the details as she recalled them to me.

I was nearly nineteen years old when I first became aware of my contact with ETs. One night while I was asleep, I was having a dream where I was on the roof of the apartment that I used to live in. All of a sudden, that dream changed into a memory and the intensity was very different.

I remembered ETs telling me to forget our contact on board their ship and that I had been there. Odd as it may seem, I recalled the event from the end first, then began to piece the sequence of events together. When I remembered them telling me to forget, it scared the hell out of me. I didn't even try to remember any of the other stuff right away.

This was before Whitley Strieber wrote his books and all those other people had begun to share their stories. It was 1981, and I didn't really care about UFOs or ETs. The whole alien abduction things were not heard of.

What I remembered was being on their ship and having an ET saying to me, "You're not going to remember this conversation. You're not going to remember anything about this." They didn't threaten me, they just told me not to remember, but I was afraid that they may hurt me. As a matter of fact, the memory I had during the dream woke me up and I was in a panic. I really believed that they were monitoring my thoughts and because I had remembered, they were immediately going to come to my window and harm me.

I was sixteen when the experience occurred. It happened one night in South America, in Bogota, Columbia. I was living there with my father and stepmother and we had gone to a restaurant for dinner in town. After dinner, we were driving home and I remember seeing a large orange-colored ball of light glowing behind the car. It was extremely large, about the same size as the full moon.

I had the feeling that I shouldn't be looking at it. For some reason it made me feel very giddy, almost like something secret or exciting was going to happen. I had a strong sense of anticipation. The next thing I remember is a feeling of lying on wet grass and then I was inside the ship.

I was lying on a metal table face up in a brightly lit room and although I tried to lift my head and speak I was unable to move any part of my body except my eyes. I have no idea if they did any medical exam or not - that's not part of my memory. I do recall a female alien walking through the room. She was frightening looking with greenish skin and red eyes. Her face was a strange elongated shape, almost like a lizard or a dog's face without the hair.

She was very unusual looking. Her ears were round and didn't have any lobes. I think she was a reptilian being of some sort. She was wearing a long white tunic that almost touched the floor. I didn't get a very friendly feeling from that being. I think she was a nurse. It seemed like a medical setting in that room.

The other person I met while on board the ship was a male. He was extremely human looking, almost Chinese, except his nose was flatter and the tip was very close to his face without much nostril flare. His eyes were large and almond-shaped, and they didn't appear to have a pupil. They had an unusually large iris that was a cloudy grey almost bluish color and it had the white area like we do. He had skin that a pale blue color and his hair was black which he wore in a bowl cut.

We met in a different room that was not as well lit and I was able to move and speak. He seemed to be more of a commander . in charge of things. He was wearing a dark black or blue-colored jumpsuit that was form fitting. I think there was a triangular insignia on it, but I'm not sure what the details on it might have been.

He asked me some scientific questions. He wanted to know what I knew about photosynthesis. He was not asking me to get the answers for himself . I felt that he was testing me. I was a teenager at the time and didn't like to study much. I only knew the basics. I was embarrassed by my simple explanations, but I just didn't know any more about that subject.

Then he asked me about stomach acids, if I knew their names and how they digested food. I barely knew anything about that. I certainly didn't know the individual names of all the stomach acids. Again, I felt embarrassed that I didn't have that information, and I believe he didn't think it was good that I didn't understand this process. He told me that those were things that I should know.

I'm not sure if he was speaking to me with his mind or his mouth during all this time, but I do know I was speaking out loud. However, I know he could read my mind because when he told me that I could ask him a question, I said, "Well, why don't you show yourselves openly to us?"

He told me that the reason they don't show themselves openly in public is because they can be injured. They are not all-powerful. He felt that some people believed they could shoot bullets at them and the bullets would somehow pass right through them with no effect. Actually, it's easy to injure them or kill them as it would be a human being. They fear for their lives while they are visiting our planet.

He told me that they monitor our media and that is why they feel they would be killed if they revealed themselves to us publicly. I wanted to ask him another question, because I wondered where these being were coming from. Right after I thought this, before I could ask him, I heard his voice and felt this almost physical

presence stopping my thoughts about that question. It was as if there was no way he was going to answer that question and I never asked it.

After that exchange he told me to forget our encounter, which I very obediently did until a few years later. His exact words were, I'm going to give you a suggestion. I'm going to suggest that you will remember this, but it will be an ordinary memory, it won't be anything important to remember. You will remember this the same way that you remember what you had for breakfast last Wednesday, and that you put your shoes on this morning before you left the house. It will be such an ordinary memory that it will not stand out in your mind, it will just float to the back of your mind like it was never anything important.

It seems as though we had a longer conversation and I am only remembering part of it. One thing does stand out and that was something he showed me about the psychological effects that colors have on children and even adults.

I remember that pink had a very calming effect on people. He showed me something that was like a book. It was made of clay pieces of some sort of semi-clear plastic substance that had tiny symbols or writing and photographs on them. The symbols were not in any language I had ever seen before. The closest thing to it on earth would be Russian.

The print was quite small and the photos were of humans. It was while he was showing me this that he spoke of the different effects that different colors have on us. The pictures had a holographic quality to them, almost three dimensional looking.

They were kept piled loosely in a folder, like a file of some kind. During that time he asked my opinion about the effects that different colors have on humans. All the photos were of humans doing different things while being shown colors. I'm not sure if this was an experiment that occurred here on Earth or if it was something the ETs were doing elsewhere.

Before I had remembered anything about my encounter, my memory had experienced a period of missing time. I saw the UFO behind us and the next thing I knew I was standing at the door of our apartment with my parents.

For some odd reason the bottom of my feet were really sore, I could barely walk. I have no idea what that means. I can't remember why they hurt so badly. We had just left the restaurant and for some reason we didn't go home toward the apartment.

That's when I noticed a big, round light in the air behind us. Suddenly, we were off the main road in Bogata and into the country. I knew something was happening. My step mom and my dad didn't seem like they saw anything and I didn't say anything because I got the feeling that we were not supposed to be looking at it. Nobody was saying anything, which was kind of unusual. Years later, after I had taken some time to think about it, I called my dad in Columbia

and asked him if he had any unusual memories of that night, but he didn't, he couldn't recall anything about that night.

When I told my mother about what I thought was going on she told me she had an experience late one night. A ball of light about six inches big, came in through the window and floated around the room. She looked at it, but could not believe it was there and watched it go back out the window.

I felt for a couple of years after I first remembered this experience that there was a continuing contact or monitoring going on. One night, while I was living at my mother's house in Malibu, before I had recalled the other things, I was lying on my bed near a window and was just falling asleep. As I looked out the window, a pencil-thin beam of blue light came down from somewhere through the window and onto my stomach. I thought that one of my brothers or cousins were playing a joke on me with a flashlight, so I held up my hand to block this blue light, but it went through my hand into my stomach. I thought that was so weird and then I just fell asleep.

Another time a girlfriend and I were looking out at the ocean at night. We were in a room that had floor-to-ceiling windows when we saw something unusual. At first we thought that we may have been imagining it because it was moving very quickly up-and-down and all around.

We kept watching as it performed and it seemed as if there were two glowing green objects that moved together. They moved all over the sky. My girlfriend reminded me one day while reminiscing how that UFO was huge, about the size of a football field with flashing lights all around it. It was shaped like a submarine and hovered for about ten minutes. We first saw it in the mountains near us then it moved south over Point Dume and stayed there for a minute, then it moved west over the ocean and all of a sudden it accelerated so quickly it seemed to disappear.

For a long time I had this feeling that I was being monitored; that I had things to look at or study in some way. Before I had met the ETs, my grades in school were not so good, sometimes I wouldn't even go. After our encounter, my grade point average went up to a 3.9. From then on, I did especially well in biology. I think there are some positive aspects to this relationship although it frightens me sometimes. I am glad I am not in contact with them now; however, I do feel that they could contact me or my daughter any time they wanted to. She is nine now and reads at college level. She is working math six grades higher than her classmates.

I think that people are hearing about these alien abductions and may be getting the wrong impression. The aliens don't mean to disrupt us. They want this to be more of a quiet thing. We are supposed to be the ones to change our society. The ETs want us to change from within. They are not going to change it from without.

They are definitely influencing us, but I don't feel they will step in even if we were to have another world war. I do think that they are studying us. We need to study the basic sciences, know ourselves better and learn to appreciate the planet more. It could be that is the ET's form of religion, a deeper understanding of how the universal forces operate.

END

## Close Encounters at Lake Titicaca

This next story was written by my wife Irene Chen.

This is only one of the multi faceted experiences I had in Peru. Our tour group flew into Juliaca, Peru. From there we took a bus to Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable lake in the world at 13,000 feet above sea level. Upon arriving at Lake Titicaca, for some reason I missed the boat going to the floating islands of the Eros Indians.

By this point in our tour of Peru, I had learned to trust the synchronicity of divine time. I was slightly disappointed having missed the boat, but I knew I would discover something else. I decided to leave behind my logical mind and allow my intuition to access my own inner knowledge of Lake Titicaca. I proceeded to go for a walk up on the hill behind the hotel.

As I climbed to the top, I noticed two monuments sitting on top of the hill. As I got closer, I could see a large stone pillar and a tall steel rod next to it. The four-sided pillar was inscribed with three circles and a rectangle. At the base of this monument was a curious logo design. It read, REVELACION Alpha y Omega - Los Ingenieros Celestiales, with a visual of a flying saucer. The steel rod also had the same logo stamped on it.

I decided to place my third eye located at the center of my forehead directly on the rectangle on the stone pillar. I chanted the word remember while drawing out each syllable with a tone. With my third-eye vision, I realized I was looking through a dimensional window. I knew the three circles represented the three worlds present at Lake Titicaca. I could see two of the circles were in direct alignment with the mountains to my left and right and the last circle faced the center of the lake. I felt this was definitely an extraterrestrial base of some kind.

The following morning, I boarded a boat headed toward the center of the lake. It took nearly three hours to get to our destination. The mode of transportation was very primitive. By mid-afternoon, it was hot and breezy. We turned off the motor to the boat and floated adrift. Everyone was in silent meditation.

I laid down at the front of the boat with my head hanging over the edge to get a view of the water beneath me, when I began to see a whirlwind in the water. It

spiraled upward from the depths of the lake to the surface. It appeared to be about six feet in diameter, and was being led by what appeared to be an ethereal-looking sting ray.

As the ghost-like sting ray swam alongside the boat, its tail created a vortex. Suddenly, the water around the vortex started beaming light blue and lavender rays of light to the surface. I blinked several times to check my vision. I watched it for half an hour as it followed the boat. I began to drift off to sleep.

I awakened to the sound of a splash. I realized someone in the group just jumped into the lake. I put on my bathing suit earlier at the hotel and quickly took off my clothes and dove in. I have never experienced such an exhilarating feeling. It was as though my third eye was being blasted open. The water was cold and invigorating. It felt like every cell in my body was being energized with coded data. Due to the lightness of the air at this elevation, I could not swim much without getting breathless. I floated in ecstasy engulfed in the liquid crystal waters of Lake Titicaca.

That evening, we headed into the nearby town of Puno for dinner. There was a power shortage in town, so we ate our dinner by a lantern. My hotel room was situated on a hill overlooking the lake. The wall-to-wall window view was spectacular. Around 9:00 p.m., my roommate and I decided to watch for UFOs through our window. We agreed we were not looking for proof of their existence, we knew they existed. We also were not looking for the thrill of it. We both felt we had been contacted through dream states and now we were intending for unconscious contact.

As soon as we turned off the lights, the light show began. It started with 5 lights appearing across the lake on the mountain in front of us. At first it looked like cars driving on the mountain, but then we remembered there was no road up there. Also, the moving lights traveled much quicker than a car could and these lights did not weave in and out on their path. They traveled on a straight horizontal imaginary line.

The lights were a variety of colors including blue, yellow and red. The interesting phenomenon was how these lights moving toward each other from opposite directions seemed to merge when they intersected. Together they would pulsate light in the form of geometrical shapes that were 10 times brighter than any stars in the sky. As the pulsating dimmed, I could count 5 light sources. How could this be created by two lights intersecting?

My roommate and I witnessed this activity for an hour. Within that time period, the initial five lights had multiplied to twenty-four lights. We clearly saw disc-shaped moving vehicles traveling in and out of a cave located in the mountain.

Three times during the course of the evening we saw the clouds light up, but there was no lightning. We felt as if we were watching a maneuver of some sort: possibly recharging their drive systems or a technique of cellular division of

ships. Or perhaps they were simply allowing us to witness this phenomenon for conscious contact.

After an hour of being mesmerized by the pulsating rhythmic lights, I could no longer keep my eyes open. I lay down in my bed facing the window. The last thing I remembered as I was falling asleep was my roommate exclaiming, "Look! Look at that gigantic ball of light!" I managed to open my eyes and saw a huge ball of white light shining about five inches from my face.

What happened next felt like a dream. I was flown in the ball of light across the lake and into the mountain. To my surprise, there was a city inside that mountain! It was an unassuming primitive city similar to Puno. It was really interesting to see people living in the mountain. I exited the ball of light and walked into a cafeteria. Inside, standing behind a counter was a man with his back turned. When he turned toward me, I knew this was no ordinary man. His physical appearance was human, but his eyes were extraordinary.

His eyes had an energy that pierced through me making my heart feel hot. It was in that moment that I realized he could read my vibrations in seconds. He smiled at me with unconditional love and acceptance. I felt totally humbled in his presence and very aware of my earthliness. I had to divert my eye contact with him. His energies were too powerful. I proceeded to check out the rest of the city and established eye contact with several other light beings. The last thing I recall was looking into the eyes of a woman that was working in a garden.

When we awoke the next morning, my roommate and I felt we had been contacted the night before. I know the pulsating lights activated something within my subconscious. The essence of the contact was beamed through light energy. My brain does not understand this type of energy, but my body feels it. It was a demonstration that focused intention does create manifestation.

We seem to have established a relationship with the light being I met in the mountains. He appears to me in my dreams and guides me through learning experiences. I am becoming accustomed to looking directly into his eyes for longer periods of time.+

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