

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES

THE STORY OF MENNO PAULS

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THIS VOLUME IS NOT FOR SALE

as written by Ray Hudson in 1981 and told to Dr Ki (George Markin) and Yashah and Group.
at Salmon Arm, British Columbia, Canada, March 18, 1982.

My Personal Comment: In 1989 I was given a copy of the Gathering of Eagles. It comes back to me every so often. October 2007, I received another copy of The Gathering of Eagles. Re-reading Menno's story is a confirmation of how important it is to follow the inner promptings, clean up and be of service. The mission is what is important, not my ego.

November 2007, I decided to contact Menno and ask permission to add the story to my website. In our discussion, he shared his personal perception of the work. He believes the story is not for everyone, "less than 200,000". He talked about when he was telling his stories and how people tried to tape record them. Yet the audios would be blank. The story eventually was recorded and eventually transcribed. As far as me putting the story on my website, he chuckled. "If it is meant to be there it will be. Somehow those that are to not read will never see it and it does have a life of its own. So if it is on your site it is meant to be.

Menno believes the story is a code and triggers people to remember their role in the movement of humanity to a multidimensional world. He told me of people who had contacted him from around the globe. Some told of how they had learned to fly and translocate. He told me there were not many in this 3D world preparing for the movement to the new world. "but there are many, many more, in the other dimensions helping humanity to get there.

Menno has a very gentle voice and a feeling of softness. Humble and "just part of the team".

At first I was correcting all the typos in the story and decided to leave them alone. Enjoy and please remember this story is copyrighted and is not for sale. Permission is granted to copy and quote any or all of this text.

November 10, 2007

Linda Taylor www.taylyn.com

Comment by Yashah: The story of Menno Pauls, a 'seer' and an enlightened being, an 'angel' working uncover as a window washer. For ten years, Menno travelled the world over telling certain people, whom he called 'eagles', who they really were as spiritual beings and the role they were to play in the Days to Come.

The main theme of Menno's message to people was that someday they would find themselves in perhaps a beautiful mountain valley setting and they, along with their families, would be safe. Menno talked of the "pockets" or the "thrones" or the "energy vortexes", where the eagles would gather.

"The Gathering of the Eagles" is the story of Menno's journey. It is considered a classic in metaphysical and New Age ideology.

As Menno requested from the outset in 1981, there never was a copy of this book in any bookstore and there has never been a copy sold. Yet many hundreds of copies have been provided to others. Over the years, since 1981, I have personally photocopied and passed along well over 100 copies at no cost.

Although written in 1981 and tells of Menno's journeys in the 1970's, this book is not outdated. It is highly recommended reading. Even in the 1970's Menno talked about entering the 4th and 5th dimension ([interdimensionality](#)). Folks, we are there now.

As I write this in the latter part of 2004, we are closer than one can imagine to "the Gathering of the Eagles".

Yashah.

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES INTRODUCTION

by Ray Hudson

The hands of the doomsday clock have been moved to within two minutes of midnight, the theoretical time of the great nuclear holocaust. Never before has man been so close to annihilation by his own hand. Every day the various news media bring more news of disaster from all around the world. Disasters such as earthquakes, tornado, flood, drought, wars and threats of wars, economic collapse, ecological contamination by increasingly horrendous chemicals, and on and on and on.

It's not hard to understand why so many people give in to the overwhelming tide of negativity in the world and resign themselves to whatever the fates hold in store, convinced that they have no role to play and certainly no hope of changing anything anyway. They've lost hope in a better world, a better tomorrow.

It shouldn't come as a surprise. The Old Testament has chronicled these times for thousands of years. The New Testament as well, deals with these times in the final book, the Book of Revelations. The French physician and psychic, Nostradamus, wrote about these times almost four hundred years before they arrived. And in the last fifty or so years, there has been an unending stream of prophecies and warnings from psychics and scientists alike, who say we're in for big trouble now, not at some future time, if we don't get our act cleaned up as far as our treatment of our fellow human beings, not to mention the Earth that sustains us.

We are, I firmly believe, falling headlong into the Age of Tribulation, as the Bible calls it, or in a contemporary term, the transition period leading to the New Age.

Many people on this Earth are selfishly perpetuating the old ways, the old order, despite its short comings of racial and social inequality, irresponsible use, and abuse of power and wealth, and rampant greed and corruption.

Those who have a material stake in this old order choose not to look, or are blind to the changes, even now, starting to take place around us. Others, who are the victims of the systems of the old order have in many cases given in to feelings of futility, that they don't count and thus, can do nothing to improve the world and expecting nothing more than its eventual collapse with nothing beyond. Many have forgotten the promises of the new and beautiful age to follow, or else they simply cannot believe that such a thing could happen.

This book is for those who have clung steadfastly to the hope that somehow, things will indeed get better, even if they have to get worse first. Those that believe that the world can be cleansed

and reborn, that the Age of Aquarius will indeed see 'peace guiding the planets, and love steering the stars'.

This book is for those who have lifted themselves through HOPE and FAITH, above the low and negative forces at work in the realm of twentieth century planet Earth.

This is a book of HOPE, and a story of FAITH. It tells the story of the last ten years in the life of Menno Pauls, and his family. Menno is, to all appearances, a most ordinary man. By profession he is a window cleaner. He doesn't drink or smoke but harbours an incredible passion for hamburgers. He is married to Sharon, and they have two boys, Steven and Sean. Menno is simply a quiet, unassuming, non-judgemental, gentle man.

As you will read in this account, they have, as a family, been called upon by powers far beyond our plane of existence, to do a job in preparation for the coming of the New Age.

In reference to this book, Menno has pointed out; "Right from the start we must understand the difference between FAITH and HOPE. FAITH is something personal that comes into being.... in the relationship between my human self and my spiritual self. HOPE, is something that I can convey to those around me. To me, the happenings of the last ten years have been an on-going development of personal FAITH. To the reader, the message is one of HOPE."

Those of us who are working to bring this awareness to those around us, to get the message conveyed, are involved in a project so large that it boggles the mind. Yet we have our jobs assigned. Now, you too, are becoming aware, and your role in the scheme of things will be defined when the time is right. In addition, ponder this; somewhere, at sometime, beyond your conscious memory, you volunteered your services. We are simply telling you, now, to stand by for action.

The responsibilities that Menno and his family have shouldered comprise their own unique task in this project. You probably will never be assigned anything quite so arduous. Then again, you might!

The vitally important aspects of this text are that you become aware, and build that awareness, hope, and faith, and prepare spiritually for what's to come. Just as an athlete must be in top physical condition to take on the challenge he has before him, so too, must you be in top spiritual condition to fulfill your assignment when the call to duty comes to you.

Rest assured also, that if you are reading this book right now, it's probably because you are already on the team. The option that you have now, as one of the aware, is to opt out. You will always have the free will to choose whether or not you'll participate. But it would be sad indeed if you chose not to walk into the New Age with us.

In this time of cults and false prophets, one must be very careful of the path taken, and the cause espoused. What we have in these pages is nothing more than a message, powerful though it is. Menno leads no group. There is no organization to join. There are no monetary dues to pay. All that is asked of you is that you develop your spiritual self so that you, in turn, may help others when the crunch comes, as it surely will.

You are not expected, or asked, nor is it even suggested that you divest yourself of what you have, or change what you do. If things are to be discarded, they are the mental things. Those things that are the self centered methods and philosophies of the age that is now passing away must be discarded. The important divestment right now is a mental, not a material, one. In return the acquisition should be a greater spiritual awareness, a positive attitude, and a love of all things. This, in turn, will clear your mental channels so that you may better hear what your conscious, your guides, and your God, have to say to you. Listen carefully.

All indications are that the end of the age is upon us and the time remaining to the final scenes is very short indeed.

Menno's story is being presented in this medium now, because there are many who must still be made aware; many that Menno cannot otherwise reach. This story is a living demonstration of FAITH and HOPE, and how it has been used to accomplish so much. It is certainly an eloquent example for us all.

Christ said, "He who seeks to save his life shall lose it, and whosoever seeks to lose his life will preserve it". In other words, concern yourself not with the material things, have HOPE, and concentrate on developing FAITH, and to your amazement, you'll find that all the things you require will be provided, that you are cared for!

Some people when 'awakened' want to get at it. They want something to do right away, to get into action. The often quoted lines by Milton are appropriate here, "They also serve who only stand and wait". This, in fact, is what most of us will be doing, waiting. But this isn't idle time.

This is a time to develop and stretch and exercise those spiritual muscles that you'll be relying on later. A few have tasks to do now. Some, like Menno, will continue contacting people and passing along the message. Some are learning about survival. Others still are learning about and practicing healing arts, and others, such as myself, are writing about it. Yet, by far, the greatest number of the aware will have little to do until the major changes, discussed in the book, occur. It's then, after the apocalypse, that the real job begins, the job of building a new world, to go along with the New Age.

There has been much written and published concerning the awesome events, that have been predicted, to bring about the end of this age. Part of this book deals with those events, but only to establish reference points for the discussions of what will occur in the positive arena, while the tide of negativity and destruction sweeps the rest of the globe.

The goal of this book isn't to dwell on the events that end the world as it now exists, but to deal with those people who are of the New Age, the seeds of the future, the seeds of time, and how they will traverse this winter of humanity.

We are ultimately concerned with the birth of the New Age, not the dissolution of the old. We deal with it only as a jumping off point to the future.

We seek to be positive wherever possible. There is far too much negativity afoot in the world as it is. Indeed, that is the very fuel upon which the apocalypse will feed, and although some of the events we must deal with in the book are, by their very nature, negative, the structure of this book is one of positivity and love, FAITH and HOPE. Take the positivity from it and build a positive attitude in all things. Build your stock of FAITH and HOPE. For, although it is generally agreed by many, that the major earth upheavals that have been predicted cannot now be averted, their intensity in terms of their effect on you and those around you can be much lessened. The power of positivity!

Lend this precious positive energy to everything you do. Don't dwell on the negative because your positive input right now will make all the difference in the world; this one, as well as the one coming up. Use what you read here to assist in your development, but don't make this your only source. Clear those channels within so you can really hear what's being said. Remember, the best source for the necessary inspiration is within you, not in this book. You have only to seek it out.

Be careful to avoid, what is a human trait, conferring some special status upon Menno, because of his experience and work on this mission. He's simply part of a team. A team that goes much

but that there were enclosures to protect certain people. He assured me that me and my family would be protected. We'd be safe.

"Well, here's my order," I said, and prepared to leave. But before I could, he looked me straight in the eye for the first time since he started talking, and he said, "I'll see you later." Then he touched me on the shoulder and an electric like shock went through me. If he hadn't done that, I probably would have dismissed the whole thing as some poor old lonely soul wanting a bit of an audience. But that shock like sensation simply underlined the whole thing.

I took my lunch and left, but as I was leaving, I looked back at this character once more. I was really puzzled about the encounter and seriously wondering just what the heck it was all about. He just stood there for a moment where I'd left him, then he turned a circle. He turned right around in a circle and walked out the door and along the side of the restaurant. He disappeared! He just sort of vanished into thin air.

"Well. That's pretty weird," I thought to myself. He never ordered. The waitress never asked him if he wanted anything, just as if he wasn't there. I shook my head as if I were dreaming the whole thing. Day dreaming, you know, but he touched me. And there was that electrical jolt. I couldn't deny that.

"Then I thought, "He's probably gone to the washroom." And I wanted to go into the washroom just to confirm that indeed he'd gone in there. But I got a countering thought. It said, "No, you don't want to go in there, because if you go in there and discover that he's not in there, how are you going to handle what's just happened?" What was going on was I was being told to leave things as they were. I mean, you could always rationalize that he's in the bathroom, and that he was just some farmer that wanted to talk, right? So that's where I left it, unresolved.

"About two years later, I'd just about forgotten the restaurant incident, when it happened again. This time there were two of them, looking like skid road bums. I was cleaning windows in downtown Vancouver at the time.

One of them stood back about thirty feet and watched while the other came up to me and said, "Careful for the height".

What did he mean? Was he referring to my work as a window cleaner? My work on scaffolds, ladders, or hanging off of buildings? I turned to him and he repeated the phrase, "Careful for the height." Then he said it a third time, and went on, "Me and my friend," and he pointed to the other fellow standing off a bit, "Me and my friend have been here a long time. We've seen people come and go. We've seen people born and die." Then he said, "Everything's going to be okay. We're close by all the time." Then he touched me on the shoulder and said, "Just take care." And when he did that, a warm electric sensation went through me, just like the time in the restaurant. He turned and walked to his companion and the two of them just sort of faded off the street right in front of me. Like they weren't there. That was in 1973.

In 1974, a wino came up to me on the sidewalk by one of those little parks in downtown New Westminster (British Columbia) right near the skid road area. He walked right up beside me, looking for all the world like a wino, or a hobo. Even more strange, he had a wad of gum wrappers in his hand. Juicy fruit and Spearmint wrappers. And he had them separated into two piles, one yellow and one green. He was just picking them up off of the street, and I couldn't help thinking that he must be pretty weird to be doing that.

As if to reply to my thought he said, "I collect these you know. You should know about that." And he looked right into my face and pointed at the wrappers. "These are the Protestants and these are the Catholics," he said, indicating the two colors, "You know, you can't get just any. They can't be torn or dirty." He said, "These are special wrappers."

Well, he kept on beside me as I was walking, and he was jabbering about something or other, and all the time I was thinking, "This guy is cracked."

"You know," he said, "there's this wagon, and it's pulled by some horses, this wagon load of wheat. And it comes to this elevator and goes up a ramp, and the horses are skittish, 'cause they don't like going up the ramp."

Bang! My mind is blown away! He was going right into my head, into my memories of when I was a boy of about four. I was riding on this wagon load of wheat in Saskatchewan, going into the elevator with my dad. And, as the wino had said, the horses didn't like going up the ramp into the elevator. When they get inside a hoist comes up and tips the wagon off of its front wheels and dumps the grain.

I was astounded because this guy is describing what occurred one particular day. He described the whole thing. I could remember going to the elevator and what happened there. But I don't remember coming home.

"You got frightened of the machinery in the elevator," he said.

Well, you know, there were three things I had been frightened about, and right there he told me all about the three of them, talking about the equipment and all. I was amazed. Now I'm really wondering who this guy is. What he isn't I thought, is a skid road bum. This guy is no wino. He has to be coming from some other dimension, some other level. But why? What for?

Questions aside, I was so astounded, and so excited about it, that I wanted to phone Sharon right then and there and tell her about it. I saw a phone booth and turned to it to make the call. But I discovered the phone cord was broken. When I turned back to the wino, he'd vanished.

In the fall of 1974, one particular day, I was washing windows down near the skid road area of Vancouver when all of a sudden, out of the clear blue, this thing got beamed into my mind. It was just as if someone was beside me whispering in my ear. And I started to get a poem coming into my mind. It was so compelling I had to stop work, and write it down. Now, I'd diddled around a bit writing some poetry before, but never anything like this. That day, I wrote down the "Prince of Hope". I didn't compose it; I just wrote it down like it was being dictated to me. It started;

One day, while I was walking by the sea, I met a man who's most different from others that I've seen. On his cloak he wore a star-like symbol that had more points than one we're prone to draw. You know, we're prone to draw the five pointed star and this was referring to the six pointed Star of David. And it went on;

And I saw this light shine from around him, and I asked if I could wear his coat.....

And it came out complete. It had a rather peculiar rhythm and rhyme, but there it was. And it goes on to describe how after taking the coat, the light didn't come as well; that the light came from him, not his cloak.

Then I asked him where he was from and why he had come, 'I am from shores so far away that ships of space which you possess will never touch. But yet so close that your heart can nearly see.'

I was just overwhelmed. It was just coming out of space, so to speak, complete, and all I had to do was write it down. Remember, I wasn't psyching myself up to write poetry. I was cleaning windows when all of a sudden, ZING! In came the piece. I got the complete first part right away, then the last part of it, then the middle parts just flowed in over the following couple of days.

In one instance, a waitress came up to me in the restaurant, and out of the blue says, "Why don't you write something on patience." Right out of the blue. But as soon as she said it... bang!... there it was, complete.

After I let it sit for awhile, I published it myself with the help of a few friends. We hand bound the copies and all. Over the years since, it has been requested by and sent to most English departments in universities across Canada. It's in the B.C. (British Columbia) Archives and so on. But of the 700 (copies) we've put out, I haven't sold a single copy. I just had to give them away. After all, it was given to me.

In 1975, I had three visions. I saw what was going to happen in the future. I also saw that these visions were tied in with these strange encounters I'd been having and the strange thoughts and inspirations that had been coming to me. It was as if someone had been trying to get through to me from another dimension.

In the first vision, I was standing in the mountains on a grassy slope. Nearby was a powerful being, sitting just off to my left. He was beaming a ray at me which tranquillized me so I wouldn't be frightened at what I was seeing. And what I was seeing was incredible.

I saw a mountain coming unglued. It was crumbling and the big rocks were just coming down like a waterfall. And as they fell, they turned into houses, buses, and other types of vehicles, all containing people. They were being crushed as they came down. I saw the people in anguish before they were crushed and killed.

The spirit guide who was off to my left interrupted my thoughts then with a command. "No! Don't look at that, look over here!". And out of this holocaust were tumbling some people. They were landing on the grassy slopes of the mountains unhurt. They were being thrown clear. I couldn't identify any of them, they were just people. Then the spirit said, "That's what you have to see. You will see that and you will see those people living."

Here I was, surrounded by mountains, all of them intact except for the one directly in front of me which was breaking up. And I was being shown that people would land on these green grassy slopes and be alright.

Right after that I had a second vision which showed another aspect of this whole thing where there were groupings of people. Some of them were already in place, and others were moving to B.C. from all over the globe. They were being drawn consciously and unconsciously to safe areas or pockets of protection in British Columbia. That was in 1975.

At the beginning of 1976, my next encounter with a guide occurred. The older chap, the one who'd appeared to me first in the restaurant, appeared to me one night in a dream. He had me by the shoulders, he shook me, and asked me three questions.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Well, I'm Menno Pauls, window cleaner," I replied. He didn't like that answer. He shook me again and asked, "Where are you going?" And I told him I was cleaning windows. He didn't like that answer either. He shook me again and said, "You should know by now who you are and what you're doing; or what you're supposed to be doing." Then he asked, "Where are you going?" And he answered that one. All of a sudden I was in a valley on an old farm, an old homestead. There was a barn on one part of it, and behind me, an old farm house. We were standing in a field of green crops of some sort. Maybe alfalfa, I don't know, but it was really green.

That was the last thing I saw and then `poof'. Everything disappeared. Then it dawned on me. "With everything that's been happening here," I thought "from 1971 to 1976, you should start to get the drift of what your role is, and what you're doing."

After that I started getting directions almost in the form of commands. They'd say, "Go and talk to so and so".

The first contact I made was with a couple who lived on a farm near Handy, up in the Fraser Valley. We had known them for maybe five or six years; they were very unique people. Only now did I realize why we were acquainted. When I went to see them, I knew exactly what to tell them.

"You know," I said, "one day you're going to come to in a green kind of a setting, a valley and mountain area. When that happens," I told them, "something awful will have happened in the world, but no harm will come to you. You'll be alright. It'll be very strange. I'm telling you now so you'll have a chance to think about it, let it soak in, so you can cope with what's going to happen and help others who will be there, but without the benefit of knowing why."

Message delivered and accepted. I was on my way. Now the real work had begun.

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES CHAPTER TWO

"I QUIT"

In my awakening process, and you must understand, it's not everyone's awakening process, I had to start with a few pieces and build the picture as I went. As I grew with it, adjustments had to be made; some from within and some from without. It wasn't without anguish. In fact, at one point, I was ready to chuck the whole thing and quit.

Early in 1976, I started to actively contact people and tell them the story. I wasn't too far into it, maybe I'd contacted twenty or so, when I got this feeling to take a trip into the Laden area of the Fraser Canyon and see for myself what the pockets would look like; check them out first hand, so to speak.

"It was an exciting thought. I figured that I'd run into others in the same cause, doing related work, aware of what was going on. I was looking forward to meeting these neat people, exchanging notes, you know, like progress reports, on how our various missions were progressing.

Well, I went to the areas, and I was stunned. The places were there alright, but where were the provisions? There were people in these areas too, but they weren't aware of what was going on. I figured that to go along with what I was doing, there's be people who would be aware busily getting things all arranged. Stock piling food, supplies and getting ready for all these people that would be zapped into the pockets.

My scope of things was pretty small at that time, and it was this trip, this great let-down that in fact helped to enlarge my view of what was taking place, and what was going to take place. But right then, out there in the country, I was one very disillusioned boy. I was thinking, here I am way out on a limb telling people the story about the protection, and the pockets and all and what I was expecting to be in place to receive them wasn't there.

I felt betrayed. And as I was driving home through the Fraser Canyon, I was talking away to whoever was in charge up there, "That's it, that's it! I quit!" I was feeling personally responsible for the whole thing. I'd gone way out on a limb on this thing and there's nothing there. There are going to be a lot of disillusioned people there when the time comes and nothing is ready for them. And I couldn't handle that thought. I was angry. I was disillusioned and quickly becoming very depressed about the whole thing. Right there I was saying, "Go find someone else, I want out."

There! I had my say, and I was all talked out. So I was driving along very quietly for a while, just like a long period of silence after a storm.

"Look!", the voice came right into my mind, "don't you realize that there's no need to stockpile everything there? When it's time, the material things will all be there." Then the voice said, "Are you blind to the fact that the CNR, the CPR and the Trans Canada Highway go right through there (the Laden area)?" Then I was told that any material goods that were needed could be supplied simply by arranging to have any quantity of commodities in the area when the event occurs. You know, trains of wheat and other foodstuffs, semi-trailers on the highway, they'd have nowhere to go anyway. There would be no east, no west, they'd be stuck right there. Later in fact, I found out that some areas are provisioned and waiting, but not in this dimension. There'll be more on that later.

They said they could even arrange for people to be stuck there, like the passenger train. And you know, what they were really telling me was to wake up. That if my end can be set up, then so can the rest of it. They can do whatever is needed, when it's needed. They were telling me that this part of it was not really my concern, that I wasn't to fret about that end of the operation. "You do your job," they said, "somebody else is looking after those aspects, don't you concern yourself with that." Then I was told about the person who would be looking after things there. I was told about a shoe store manager in downtown Vancouver, that had coffee in the same restaurant that I did. They told me, he would be the one, but that for all kinds of reasons he wasn't ready to be made aware of it at that time.

What I was also told was that I was trying to find limits, or put limits on the bank account of God, so to speak. They told me that when I was dealing with God, I had a blank cheque. That whatever I was moved to tell people, whatever scenario I was motivated to paint, would occur. In other words, whatever the bill I ran up, the cheque would be good for the amount. "You write the cheques, leave the accounting to us."

"Well, there I was rather neatly put in my place. I sort of humbly went back to work. After that, my contacting escalated to about one a day to the end of the year, and by the end of 1977, I was up to two hundred a week at one point. But that trip was a major turning point in the whole thing for me.

"I had a dream one morning. In fact, the dreams were coming with such regularity that you could set your watch by them. They always came at five o'clock.

In this particular dream, I was working at a building washing windows on the sixth floor. Then I see myself talking with a man who looked just like Sean Connery. When I woke up, I told Sharon about the whole thing, then tucked it away and got ready to go to work.

On this same Saturday morning as the dream, I went to work cleaning windows. Time for a break. I came in from the outside of the building, onto the sixth floor. The whole floor was one big open accounting office with a board room at one end. While I was walking through the office, a man looked out of the open doorway to the board room..... and it was him. Sean Connery. Well, he sure looked like him anyway. The same guy I'd seen in the dream. Then it clicked. "There he is, he's the guy. Talk to him."

I still had my safety belt and other paraphernalia on. But I walked into the office and started talking with the man.

"I got this funny feeling about you," I said. "I'm not a psychic, but I get a feeling to talk to certain people..." Then I told him the story.

"It's funny, people are different you know. I would sort of automatically be able to look into whatever level they were at, mentally and spiritually, and relate to that person. That's the way I got the message across. And he was listening to what I had to say.

Anyway, while I was talking to Sean Connery, I noticed a young woman going by the door, which was still open. She seemed to have an ear cocked to what I was saying. I was sort of getting the feeling that I should talk with her as well. But when I finished talking with the man, I went back to cleaning windows.

The next thing I knew, the same man is at the window. "There's a young woman in the office," he said, "and she was sort of over hearing us and she wants to hear the story too." I said I'd talk to her.

When we sat down to talk she said, "You know what astounds me about this whole thing?" she says, "I'm open to what you're saying, but what really gets me is you talking to that man in there. He's a sceptic. A real tangible, down to earth, third dimensional person. And it just got me how he was listening to you, and not laughing or kicking you out."

I told her it happens all the time. That I was guided to people when their door is open. Somehow, somebody sets it up that I rendezvous with them at the right moment, throw the seed in through the crack and get the heck out. Then the door closes, but the seed is left behind. When the temperature gets to the right point, the seed germinates and it'll take off.

Bizarre is the word you'd have to apply to the situation and circumstances surrounding who to see and when. My car wasn't running right, so I took it to the shop for a tune up. I left it for the day and went to work. When I came back the car was ready. They'd done a major tune up and even steam cleaned the engine. For their trouble they wanted ninety dollars. I complained that I didn't want done all of what they did, but what the heck, I decided to pay for it anyway rather than make too much of a fuss.

As I drove the car away though, I noticed that the temperature gauge wasn't working. Well, I got a little upset. Ninety bucks I'd paid for the work and I've got a temperature gauge that doesn't work. And it was working fine when I took it in.

I went back to the manager of the shop and complained about it. He claimed that they hadn't even touched the thing. I demanded that they fix it anyway since it was working when I took the car in. He mucked around trying to fix it, all the time saying that he can't understand it, that they hadn't touched it.

Now, with him still denying any funny business with the gauge, I was starting to get a little hot under the collar. When all of a sudden the gauge came back to life. I thanked the manager and left. But I was still suspicious, he was just too defensive.

Now, to add insult to injury, the next day the car started running rough, really rough. I was thinking, "The shop gave me a three month warranty on the tune up, but I really don't want anything more to do with that manager..." when a shot comes to me.

"It's not his fault." just like someone beaming into my head, I was being told, "You're supposed to talk with him (the manager). That's how we marked him for you. After the experience with him before, I wasn't anxious to go back, but finally I decided I would. So I said to myself, right out loud, "Alright, I'll go talk to him." As soon as I said that, the car ran smooth.

I went to see the guy, and I apologized about the hassle over the gauge, and I told him that I had something to tell him. Now, I couldn't really explain about the gauge and motor acting up, but in a round about way I did tell him the story.

I said that if he found himself in a mountain valley at some point, just like out of the clear blue, he would know why. I told him, "Around you will be people. They will all know you. And you will be extraordinarily calm about it all. You will be unnaturally calm considering that in the twinkling of an eye you've been zapped from one world into another. All around people will be in a kind of shock. They won't know what's happened.

"At that time," I told him, "all hell will have broken loose in the major world centers. But no harm will come to you. In fact, you'll calm down these people."

I didn't say that he would try to calm them down, I said, "you will" and that he'd be the source of peace and comfort to these people around him.

"They'll be looking to you. You'll be the main gathering point, the nucleus, you and your wife, or whoever you're with. They will all home in on you because you'll be the common denominator.

This was the main message that I delivered to those I contacted. I also told them that the areas that they'd find themselves in would be protected as if there was an invisible shield covering the valley, protecting it.

If ever I had doubts about a contact, you know, whether or not I had the right one, strange things would happen to show that indeed I was on target.

I had a dream that showed me that I'd be talking to a bank messenger. "You go to (such and such) branch in Vancouver. He's in the branch with four other messengers, but you'll know which one. Go in and talk to him."

So I went to the bank, and sure enough, there he was. So I told him what I had to say. When I'd finished, he said, "I don't believe in that stuff. I'm closed minded about that." I said, okay, maybe I got the wrong guy. I was told he's be tough to reach, but I just excused myself and started to walk away.

"Wait", he said. "I want to tell you something." He called me back even though I was trying to break the contact. "It's a strange life," he says, "you know, I was in the war, the Korean conflict", he says, "and I was in a valley with two hundred guys. It was an ambush. We were caught by the enemy and everybody was wiped out but twelve guys. I was one of the twelve," he tells me. He thought that that was a miracle that he was alive.

"Well", I said, "I just told you that you'll find yourself in a certain situation and no harm will come to you. And now I leave it with you. You tie the two together. Why are you telling me this stuff right now when I'm leaving, crossing you off?" All the while though, inside my mind I get, "check... you got the right guy".

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES CHAPTER THREE

W I L L T H E R E A L P O S T O P N U R S E
PLEASE STAND UP

In 1976, I went to hospital for the first time in my life. As if in preparation for what was to come, in 1972 I awoke in the middle of the night in excruciating pain, right in the kidney. As I tried to nurse it along, it got worse. And then, as quickly as it came on, all of a sudden the pain stopped and that was it. The doctor surmised that I'd passed a kidney stone. So they ran several tests on me, some of which weren't very nice. They turned out negative; all clear.

One evening, in the fall of 1976, I got a premonition that I would be going to hospital. My reaction was something else. "What?" I was really apprehensive, particularly because I'd never been in one before, at least as a patient. But there it was, just like someone telling me, "You're going to hospital."

I was also nervous about how I was going to come to needing a hospital. Would it be an accident? Would I get sick? How bad would it be? And why me? You know, I can really see why people don't want to know their future sometimes. With something like that hanging over my

head, I couldn't concentrate too well on other things. Always looking over my shoulder to see what was coming.

Well, I didn't have too long to wait for an answer. A couple of weeks after the premonition, I awoke in terrible pain. The worst I've ever experienced. And the answer was absolutely clear. It was another stone. Well, I tried to tough it out like I did the time before because I dreaded the thought of going to hospital.

Hour after hour, I hung on as the pain got worse, until finally I was told by my sister, a nurse, that what was going on with me was pretty serious and that I'd better get some help fast. I'd better get to a hospital.

So early that Saturday morning, I was checking into the Surrey Memorial Hospital. The pain was something indescribable. They gave me a shot of demerol and put me into a four bed ward. The rest of the day was a bit of a blur, just nursing the pain.

I remember though, even through the pain, that as they brought me into the room, I was attracted to two of the beds, which were empty, as if they were targets. At the time though, I couldn't have cared less.

The next morning I passed the stone, so I began feeling much better. I told the nurse about it, and at the same time I enquired if my doctor had been notified when I was admitted. I was assured that indeed he had been. I wasn't feeling right about it though because since I'd been moved from emergency, no doctors had come to see me, much less my own family doctor.

Later that morning, the bed across from me became occupied by a young man who's ailment they couldn't determine. I overheard the doctors talking about this mysterious case across from me, and that they didn't know what was wrong with him. He was in one of the beds I had been shown the day before.

Monday morning came and I was feeling even better than Sunday. In fact, I'd forgotten all about the feelings I'd had to make contacts. The only thing I was concerned about was getting out of there and going home. I was really feeling cooped up. So I phoned Sharon and complained to her about it. That I was feeling pretty good, that no doctors had come to see me, and that I just felt stuck in there. She came back, "Look, when the reason for your being in the hospital is over, you'll be out. Just go back to your room," she said, "and see what happens."

I went back to my room and shortly after that a woman about 25 came in. She was visiting the patient beside me. We got to talking, just about things in general. But I knew she'd been targeted, so I got her name and where she worked for a future contact. Then I linked up with the guy with the mystery ailment. Then I was shown some of the staff there. Some doctors, nurses, and so on. All targeted for later.

The next morning, this is Tuesday now, I just happened to walk out of my room into the hall, and almost literally into my doctor. He was surprised to see me and asked what I was doing in there anyway?

"I checked in on the weekend," I told him. "Didn't you know?"

In short, nobody had notified him. Then he asked how I was feeling. He checked my records at the nurses station and turfed me out saying, "You're on your way, no reason for you to be in here."

Now, that was just fine with me, but the usual procedure is to notify a patient's doctor on admission. And they're supposed to let him know when the stone is passed. Not only that, but several times I'd been assured that my doctor knew I was in. You figure it out. I was kept there long enough to make the contacts and the targets, and that done, I was released.

Almost exactly a year later, in November of 1977, I again found myself in pain from a stone, and again, it was a weekend. So Saturday morning I was back in the same hospital again. I was in for two days, passed the stone after the first day and spent the rest of the time making connections. That time around I linked with seven people.

Now here's the rub. This time when I passed the stone, I noticed it was totally different from the others. Usually they're rough shaped with sharp edges. But this time the thing was shaped just like a kidney. I couldn't help thinking about the guides and their peculiar way of getting messages through. I have to admit, the joke wasn't lost, even if I wasn't mightily impressed with their sense of humor.

Three weeks later, again on Saturday morning, I was back again. This time though the trip was to be quite different. I would spend a week in there.

Again, early in my stay, I passed the stone. But it was so small that the doctors just couldn't believe that it was the whole thing. They figured that only part of a larger stone had come away. They decided that an exploratory procedure was necessary to make sure they got the whole thing. "There's something still in the tube," the urologist told me, "we will have to go in and clean it out. I think we'll likely go in on Wednesday."

Now that was the last straw. Bad enough I have to come to hospital. But now they want to operate and I'd never had that done before, not even for tonsils. I didn't want the operation; most of all I didn't want to be put out with an anesthetic. The urologist explained that they insert a catheter type device that has a grabber on the end. They put it right into the tubes and if there's anything there, they just grab ahold and pull it out. Well, I wasn't very happy about it, but it seemed as if I had no other choice, so it was all arranged.

Meanwhile, in my guise of secret agent, I spent my time well, making more contacts. One of the people I hooked up with was the head chef for one of the major airlines.

One morning I was in the patient's lounge and I got to talking with a fellow. I thought, here's another contact, so I opened up to him. When I'd finished, I got my check mark form the story he told me in return. This man had been an officer on the British battleship HMS Hood. That's the one sunk by the Bismarck when a shell went down the stack and went off in the magazine. Fifteen hundred men died in one instant.

He told me that just hours before they were to sail, he was ordered to Plymouth. The captain was fond of him and offered to have the orders changed, but he turned down the offer. He felt somehow that he was supposed to leave the ship. Check!

Making contacts, it seemed, was really the lesser reason for my being in this time. On the evening before the operation I had a couple of visitors. The first was the 'post op' nurse. She came in and told me all about the operation, what the procedure was and all that I could expect. They sort of clue you in so you don't worry so much.

"After the operation," she said, "you'll find yourself in the recovery room. That's where you'll come to. Don't worry if the surroundings seem strange. Just take a few deep breaths and that should help clear away any after effects of the anesthetic."

Her visit didn't do very much for me. I was feeling pretty depressed about the whole thing. In fact, I sort of felt that the whole thing would be a waste; that they wouldn't find anything. But I was stuck; trapped sort of, and feeling very unhappy about it.

Midnight came and I was still stewing about it when my second visitor arrived. I had just closed my eyes, and there in front of me was one of my guides. I could see him with my eyes closed. As soon as I saw him through, he zoomed up and touched me on the forehead. It was all too fast for

me to react, but the next thing I knew, he took me somewhere else, like into another dimension. I don't remember much, but it was very, very pleasant.

When I came around the next morning, it was as if I'd been tranquillized. In fact, I was in such a state that I didn't even need the pre-op tranquillizer. I was already out of it, just naturally tranquillized, or should I say, supernaturally tranquillized.

So, off I went to the operating room, and the next thing I knew, I was waking up in a strange room. I wasn't alone. There were many others there as well, all unconscious. When the fog cleared away a little more, I realized that I was in the recovery room.

All that occurred within seconds, because in reality I came around pretty quick. In fact, I sat up on the gurney, bolt upright. The nurses had to talk me out of getting out of bed.

When I was back in my room, I was talking to the nurse and asked her what they had found during the operation. She said, nothing. They'd come up with nothing. You know, my first reaction was one of anger. After all, I knew they wouldn't find anything. I knew it. I guess the part of me that took the biggest bruising was my ego. I sort of considered myself rather invincible. I'd never before been put under, and I wasn't very happy about it now.

On the spiritual side though, things were really cooking. During the week I was in hospital, I managed about thirty contacts, doctors, nurses, patients, specialists, you name it.

One night, after I had come home, while I was still recuperating, I had a dream. In it I was told very clearly why I'd gone the route in the hospital.

"Look", the guide said, "you are like the pre-op nurse. You go around preparing people for the operation. But until now, you had never experienced an operation where you were put to sleep in one place, to wake up somewhere else in strange surroundings. That's what your contacts will have happen to them. Now you know how they will feel and respond."

They were telling me that I wouldn't be taken into the pocket areas that way, the way most would. So I had to have the experience ahead of time in order to appreciate what would be going on. It's quite a striking analogy.

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES CHAPTER FOUR

LAST WEEK I WOULD HAVE SAID YOU WERE CRAZY

One afternoon, our family stopped in at a restaurant and everyone else waiting for a table was seated by a waitress. When it came to our turn, the manager came over and directed us to a table. There didn't seem anything unusual in that in itself, but when he got us seated, he stood there for a few moments and told us a little about his life. Now it was getting a little peculiar. Then he took one of our menus and turned it over and pointed at a picture on the back. It was a picture of the restaurant when it was full of people.

There was the partial profile of a man in the one side of it, not enough to identify anyone from, but he pointed to it and said, "That's me." I, in the picture." Just as he said that, I got a flash sort of amplifying the phrase, "I'm in the picture" and it came to me.

"Yup! He's in the picture." After that he left us and went back into his office. He didn't bother with any other patrons. Sometimes I would be shown people without making the contact right away. I'd have to wait, to bide my time until I got the word that the contact was ready for the message. When everything was right the command would come, "Now".

Another delayed contact involved one of my neighbors in New Westminster. I really didn't know them except to wave hello as they passed down the street. Then one day I got the feeling that I'd have to talk with them. The feeling was clear, but so was the feeling that I was to wait for further instructions, as if it wasn't ready to happen yet.

Several times after, I'd think of them and wonder when, but there would be no response. No feeling at all. Then one day while I was driving home, I found myself behind this neighbor's truck, and the feeling came, "Now. Now is the time to talk with them."

When I got home I told Sharon I'd be gone for a couple of hours and went over and knocked on their door. He recognized who I was, but stood rather defensively in the doorway as I told him that there was something he had to know. I guess he thought I was a Jehovah's Witness or something. Anyway, I started to tell him the story of how something would happen to society and how he's be protected and so on. Then he stopped me and invited me into the living room, called in his wife and had me tell both of them.

I was telling them that they were being protected from harm, being looked after. When I had finished he said to me, "You know, if you had come last week, I would have said you were crazy." He said, "If you'd come three days ago, I would have said you were crazy. But today, right now, I can't say that because something happened within the last two days that I can't shrug off or explain. I'm having trouble believing it, but I can't shrug it off."

He then told me of two events, unrelated, that had set him up for me. The first happened when he was coming home from work, and he stopped at the corner grocery store. He was talking to the Chinese owner and telling him that he had quite a stomach ache. The grocer said that he could fix it for him. He made some motion with his hands, then reached over the counter and touched him on the stomach. Instantly the pain vanished. Just like magic, it was gone. That happened the day before.

"Last night", he went on, "in the middle of the night something very unusual happened. The oven timer went off, all by itself in the middle of the night. It started going, ding, ding, ding. That had never happened before. It just kept ringing and ringing." He checked with his wife and she hadn't been using it. So he got out of bed and went into the kitchen and shut it off. While he was doing that he noticed a light coming from the living room.

"I went in and found a candle burning on the window sill. My wife had forgotten to put it out when she went to bed. I also noticed that the window was open just enough to blow the curtain over the candle with every breeze and when I came along the curtain was ready to go up in flames." He told me that because it was an older house, he was sure that it would have gone up in a flash. "If I hadn't gotten there when I did, we'd have been cremated, you know. Then I snuffed out the candle and as I did, I just said, 'thanks'. I don't know who I was saying it to, but it sure seemed appropriate." Then he laughed, "Now you show up here and say somebody's looking after us. How can I say you are crazy?"

The timing had to be just right though. I was shown this fellow about a month before, and it didn't happen until he was ready to accept the message.

One day, our son Sean came home from school with an ear ache. He'd been in a fight or something and was hit on the ear. The pain got worse and the eardrum began to swell until around supper time, when we called the doctor. The doctor on call (not our own) said he'd see Sean that evening. So we took him in. He was really in pain now. The ear drum was swelling and the doctor thought it was on the verge of bursting. He prescribed a pain killer and penicillin for the infection.

On the way home though, the most peculiar thing happened. Even before we got the medicine, Sean fell asleep. We picked up the medicine, but since he was sleeping we didn't want to wake him up for that. We just put him to bed.

The doctor had warned us that he would probably be up most of the night because of the pain. But he slept right through the night. Next morning he awoke feeling fine; no problem with the ear at all. Sharon took him to the doctor's office and the man told her that, had he not seen the report from the previous evening, he's have a hard time believing there's been a problem.

The evening before, when we'd taken Sean to the office, just before we went in, I had a feeling that I was to speak to the doctor. As with the others the feeling came, "Him, you talk to him". I hadn't done anything that evening, of course, because of Sean. But I did pay him a visit a couple of days later, and he was most receptive. Sean was the link.

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES CHAPTER FIVE

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

After I'd served my apprenticeship in Vancouver, the guides started moving me around the country. They weren't ones for giving me much notice either. Generally I'd get just a couple of hours warning.

One Thursday morning, for example, I was eating breakfast when the thought came, "You're going to the prairies." I didn't really know whether to believe it or not, but my confirmation came in the form of a horoscope, of all things. I seldom look at the horoscopes in the paper, but just for the heck of it, right after the thought about the prairies, I turned to the thing and there under Libra, it said, "Travel plans are known by those in high places. It's time you should know." I just said "Wow!". I mean, there was somebody talking to me. When I got home that evening, I told Sharon, "I get the feeling that I'm supposed to go to Saskatoon." She agreed with me, that my feeling was right, then surprised me by saying she felt I should go to Regina as well.

So the next morning she drove me to the airport just as if I was going on a business trip.

I walked into the ticket counter, and you know, I really shouldn't have been able to get on, on such short notice, but there I was, ticket in hand getting on the plane. Now, the people I was sitting beside told me that this was 'the' flight to take, to get to Saskatoon. It had a meal and so on. Most people preferred this flight over the others.

"You're lucky to get on this flight," they said. And I agreed. I guess I got really lucky all right.

On the flight, I talked with a teacher from Saskatoon, and left her with the message. When I arrived I had a feeling that I should go get a car from Budget. So I walked up to the desk, thinking maybe I'd get one of those neat Monte Carlos. But a countering thought came in and told me to ask for a 'Cutlass' instead. So I did, and was told they didn't have one. I asked her to check again, and sure enough they did have one. But she said it was going back to Regina, and besides, it was reserved. Then she asked, "Is your name Pauls?"

Well, there it was. And you know, I hadn't reserved it.

When I left the airport with the car, I just drove around for a while. Then I asked out loud, "Why do I have this car?" And right away the answer came.

"There are two hitch-hikers just outside of town. Pick them up." Well, I countered that thought and asked again why I had the car. I could have taken the train, or the bus, or even flown to

Regina, so why the car? And again I clearly got, "two hitch-hikers, just outside of town. You are to pick them up."

So I checked into a motel for the night and the next morning I left for Regina. Just as I took the turn-off to Regina, there on the side of the road were my two hitch-hikers, pack sacks and all, and right on schedule.

They told me they were hitching across the country from Vancouver. One of them was from Nakusp, in the interior of British Columbia, and the other said he was from Montreal. They said that they hadn't planned to come to Saskatoon, but a ride the day before brought them northeast to Saskatoon, rather than straight east to Regina.

"Well, I was supposed to pick you guys up," I said. And we talked all the way to Regina and I told them the story. When I came to the Trans Canada highway in Regina we shook hands and parted company. End of mission, I was told, turn in the car and fly home.

These trips were like training flights. Sometimes there were contacts to be made; sometimes it would be a dry run in order to rehearse a new move, so to speak. Like I was being trained to accept direction as I went along. To go on faith without the whole itinerary layed out.

One of these dry run trips took me to Prince George. In fact, I got only a couple of hours notice that I would be going, and I was blissfully unaware that I was heading into one of the busiest periods that Prince George had seen. I arrived right in the middle of the B.C. Winter Games when there are thousands of athletes there from all over the province. But that wasn't all. The federal Liberals were having a meeting of some sort there too and the Prime Minister and many of his cabinet colleagues were there. Now, add to that the corps from the media and you've got a pretty busy time.

When I got off the plane, I got a feeling to follow one group of people as they got on the airport bus. They got off at the Inn of the North, the major hotel there. So I joined the line up waiting to check in. As the line moved, I could hear people without reservations being turned away, told that the hotel was booked. I persisted anyway. After all, it wouldn't cost anything to ask for a room.

When it came to my turn I asked for a room and the reply came, "Do you have a reservation sir?" I said that I didn't, but instead of turning me away, she just looked at me for a moment, then walked back toward the office. After a few moments, she returned with a key and asked me to fill in the register. I had a room.

After I settled in, I came back to the lobby and it was even wilder than when I'd left it. And they were still turning away people, some of whom had reservations. It was rather an incredible scene, and into it all marched the Prime Minister's entourage complete with cabinet ministers, press corps and all their paraphernalia.

Despite all this high powered talent around me, I had no feeling to contact anyone. I was told that I was simply on a trip to learn not to doubt direction no matter how impossible the odds seemed. Anybody could have simply walked away from the line up after over hearing what I had about the lack of rooms. But I was shown that even the most apparently solid barriers can evaporate if something has to be accomplished. I was told that what I had to add to the mix was faith, that everything would work out.

Another question I had about it all concerned the reason for my being in the midst of the governing powers of the land, and nary a contact. The answer back was that, "What you were shown was the government of the past, the government that will have once been." In terms of what I was dealing with, it was the system of the old age. That in my terms it was no longer a power.

These guides of mine would go to some pretty startling lengths sometimes to keep me on track, despite what I wanted to do. It happened during one of those weekend, whirlwind trips around British Columbia.

I had taken the train, day coach, from Prince George to Terrace. Only the day coach ride was overnight so I didn't get much sleep on the trip. I arrived in Terrace early on a Sunday morning and decided I'd check into a hotel to catch a couple of hours sleep. Then I planned to take the evening flight back to Vancouver. I'd been traveling for a couple of days up to this point and I just wanted to get home.

Following that plan though, I thought I could do whatever it was I had to do in Terrace, then make it home that evening. I should have caught the clue when I tried to call the airline and book my flight, but I didn't. I called three times, and three times they answered. But each time they couldn't hear me. I just figured it was the phone system, because it worked on the next call I made to Vancouver, to Sharon, to tell her that I'd be home on the evening flight, about six.

Next I called my brother, Pete, who lives in Terrace and arranged to visit with him for the afternoon, and bring him up to date on what I'd been doing lately. Well, he picked me up after I'd had a few hours sleep, and we spent the afternoon talking about all of this stuff. Around four o'clock, I asked him to drive me to the airport. I told him about the problem with the phone and that I would just buy the ticket out there.

The plane was due to arrive at five o'clock. We got out there about ten after four, and after I got my ticket we spent the rest of the time talking. Just about the time the plane should have arrived, it was announced over the loudspeaker that because of a problem, the plane was unable to land at Terrace and had been directed over to Prince Rupert. The plan was, they announced, to bus everyone to Rupert where they could board the plane to Vancouver. That would add about three hours to the trip.

Just as the buses pulled up to the terminal I said to Pete, "I really feel bad about this. I feel like Jonah on that boat causing all that trouble for the other people because he wasn't where he was supposed to be. I think I'll cancel my flight. Change it over to tomorrow instead. I feel to blame for all of this." So I canceled my flight and Pete drove me back to his house for dinner. It was now about a quarter after five. At about five-thirty I called Sharon to tell her I wasn't coming. She told me that moments before my call she'd checked with the airline which told her that the flight would be delayed half an hour to forty-five minutes, that's all.

That's strange. So I told my brother, who then called the airport to find out what was going on. When he hung up he said, "Guess what, the plane is on the ground here, right now, loading up for Vancouver." They had told him that one of the navigation beacons they needed for an instrument approach had suddenly quit working at ten after four. Not only that, but just as abruptly, it had come back on again at five fifteen. It wasn't as if it had been fixed, because it was in a remote location up on a mountain somewhere. Since the beacon was working again they decided to bring the plane back rather than bus all the way to Rupert.

Well, you should have seen Pete's wife. She was astounded. She said, "Now I'll believe anything." After all, this sort of thing was what we'd been talking about all afternoon, and now it had come home.

I had my brother drive me back to the hotel and I checked in again. I just had the feeling that there were people to see. And staying at his house wouldn't facilitate that. And that's what happened. I made three connections that evening. Then the next day, I connected again on the flight home.

Here's how complex it gets. The flight the night before was a direct flight, Vancouver to Terrace and back to Vancouver. The flight I was now on made the more usual triangle route, Vancouver to Terrace to Prince Rupert, and then back to Vancouver. It was on the Prince Rupert leg that I connected with a businessman from that city. Talk about circles within circles within circles, eh?

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES CHAPTER SIX

THE SPORTSMAN CAFE

The frequency of the trips away from Vancouver built up through 1977, as did the number of contacts, both in and outside the city. It became very clear as to why I had the occupation I did. As a window cleaner, I could operate 'undercover' very easily. I wasn't tied to regular hours. I could come and go wherever and whenever I wished. It literally opened doors for me since as a window cleaner I had a legitimate reason to be almost anywhere; from the homes of judges, to corporation executive's offices. I could infiltrate, so to speak, every level of society.

One place I could usually be found regularly during this time was in the Sportman's Cafe on Dunsmuir in Vancouver. It's not the same place anymore, new owners, new decor, it's totally different. But I used to go there every morning to have breakfast and generally I'd be there until about ten. Now, that might sound like a long breakfast, but with all the people I saw in that place it's a wonder I got my breakfast at all.

I could write a book just on the contacts I made sitting in that booth near the back. Through most of 1977 the cafe became a clearing house, of sorts.

One morning I was sitting there eating breakfast and reading the paper when all of a sudden I was compelled to look up and check out the door. Right at that moment a woman about twenty-eight years old came in. As I watched her, the command came, "Her". Well, I shrugged it off. You know, you run the gambit of your human emotions and sometimes you wonder if it's just your imagination. Anyway, I tried to go back to the paper, but it just wasn't working. "Her, you go talk to her"> I was still hearing that command. So I said to myself, okay, I've got nothing to lose.

I walked up to her booth and said, "Excuse me, I've got a feeling about you right now. I can tell you something about your future. I'm not really psychic. I just get this with some people." So she invited me to sit down and tell her.

"You're going to find yourself in a certain valley. You'll be there, and some of your friends will be there with you. You'll be safe from harm there." When I finished the story she had something startling for me.

"Look", she said, "this is really strange. You couldn't really do this to anyone else in this restaurant. Last night I had a dream; in fact, just a few hours ago. In it, I was sitting in my living room in my house just talking with some friends. All of a sudden a ball of light just comes through the wall into the room and hovers right in front of us." As they were looking at it she said, they all conked out and when they came to, they were in a valley, green grass, mountains, it's all there. Her friends are there. Then she said that a woman came up to her and told her that everything was okay, that her and her husband were looking after things in the valley, that they'd be alright.

She said that she had the distinct impression that the ball of light had something to do with their getting to the mountains. It was like two parts coming together. She had just had the dream. Now, here I was with the rest of it.

One morning, toward the end of 1977, I had quite a conversation with the manager of a shoe store in the area. He'd been coming to the cafe for years to have coffee. I knew him to see him, but I'd never spoken with him before.

I was aware that somewhere down the road I would be speaking with him. But the fellow had an alcohol problem and hadn't been in the right frame of mind. Anyway, this morning he walked into the place and without hesitation walked to my booth, sat down, shaking his head and saying, "I can't believe it. I don't believe it." Then he pointed at me and said, "Last night, in the middle of the night, I had this dream, powerful dream. So powerful that I'm awake and I'm still seeing it."

"I saw all these people in the mountains, and there was a lot of confusion and chaos. And there were all these people and they didn't know what was happening. Like a big revolution had occurred or something, in the cities, and all these people were in the hills." He said, "I'm there", and then he pointed to me, "and you're there and you knew what was happening. And I don't believe it. I mean, you look just like a window cleaner." I was sitting there in my coveralls. He continued, "Do you know what happened? I helped to calm down all of those people and they settled down and you were helping me."

"Look", I said, "It's true. It will happen and you will help to bring about a sense of order out of all this confusion when everything seems to be disintegrating." I told him, "I was told about you and your involvement in these matters. During a trip into the mountains I was told about you and your role."

Now, at the time I had been told about him and his role he was nowhere near being able to accept the message or deal with any of this. For one thing, he had a drinking problem. Anyway, I told him that now that he was coming to me he was finally ready for the rest of the material to correlate with his dream. So I told him.

At that time he was going through a pretty rough period in his life and was heavy into alcohol. But shortly after this event had transpired, he had sort of the crowning touch to get him straightened around. He almost died. You know, one of those near death experiences, only in this case he had a repeat performance of the dream, only showing him in an even more vital role than he was first shown. Since that occurred he's gone on the wagon, cleaned up his act and got it all together.

Now, back to the restaurant. A few days later I was in there having my breakfast when this old man came in. He'd caught my attention a couple of weeks earlier and I'd found out that he was eighty-two years old. I was wondering if he was one I had to contact. Well, as if to answer the question I was just formulating in my mind, I got, "No, he will be one who leaves. He's one of the people that has laid the ground work, the foundation on which you are building. He's done his work. When the event occurs, he won't be lifted into the pockets. He'll be taken to other planes, but he won't have to go through the death experience." This is what I was told about this old man. He'll go in a manner similar to the way Elijah, in the Old Testament did. He won't die, he'll just leave.

The old man came into the restaurant one day, still early in November of 1977. As he came over to me, he said, "I've got to tell you about this thing I have just seen. It was like a dream vision. It happened last night.." He continued, "I was shown as being on my knees and there was an angel beside me kneeling and in front of us was a powerful light. A really strong light. And there was a lovely feeling coming off of the light." Then he said he thought the light was Jesus and just kept marveling at how wonderful it was. Then he said, "the angel turned to me and said, 'you shall not be caught up from the grave'."

This is a literal thing that a great many people believe, those sort of biblical fundamentalists. They believe that those who will die before the rapture are like sleeping souls who are then called from the grave. Then there are these others who will be caught up from their body. Caught up alive, as it were, when the rapture happens, without going through death.

This old man thought that because of his age he would die like everyone else. But he said to me, "I always thought that this would happen after I'd died, that I'd be coming up out of the grave. But now I know differently. It's soon, it's going to happen soon.": He said, "I know because I haven't that far to go. And this angel is telling me that I'll be caught up from the body, not from the grave." He said, "and it will happen before I die."

As if to correlate the old man's experience, that very same week I received a letter from a man in the States with whom I'd been corresponding. I'll simply refer to him as an eminent leader of a foundation for the study of ESP.

I had written to him a couple of months before telling him of my experiences, and I asked him if he thought my experiences were coming from an objective source, or were they something I was conjuring up inside.

His reply came back that same week, the first week of November, and it said that I was right; that there was just too much negativity in the world to prevent what was going to happen. He said he was sure that what I was getting was from an objective source. He related that he'd had visions that were similar to mine. He'd been shown the light that would shine around the world when the event occurs.

This foundation leader is an old man as well, and in the letter he related a vision he's had when he was a boy back in 1912. His childhood was spent in peaceful surroundings both in his outside environment as well as in his home. There didn't seem to be any outside stimulus for the vision that he experienced.

In the dream he saw himself as an older white haired gentleman and the scene before him was one of horror. As far as he could see, the whole scene around him was of a landscape black and burned with just a few survivors picking around in the rubble. And all the time he felt like a young boy in an old man's body. He was really shaken by the dream, he cried for days after. He had the dream twice more. Once after World War One and again after World War Two, as if to tell him that the time of the vision was not yet. That it hadn't occurred yet. This man has spent his life as an advocate of positive thinking, but there he was telling me that it had gone too far. That the negativity was too great.

He is now eighty-three years old. He's not too active anymore, but now here he is, a white-haired old gentleman.

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES CHAPTER SEVEN

CHANGE OF LIFE

January first, 1978, was like stepping off into space. I sold my business for six thousand dollars, then waited for the guidance to tell me what I was supposed to do.

It wasn't long in coming. Every night until the eighth, I had dreams that showed me people, faces like, Japanese, Spanish, Black, and so on, many nationalities. I was shown destinations such as, Chicago, Winnipeg, and so on. Then, during the day, I spent my time getting ready to travel, cleaning up loose ends, buying suitcases, and the like.

January 8, 1978, the command came through. I was told, "Tomorrow morning, you go to the airport and get the flight that routes through Calgary and then to Chicago." So the next morning Sharon drove me to the airport and dropped me off. I told her I didn't know what was going to happen but that I'd phone here whenever I landed.

The clerk at the Air Canada counter told me that the flight I wanted had been booked since the previous Wednesday, with a waitlist. She said, "You're crazy. This is 'the' connecting flight for people coming home from hawaii, or wherever, and going on back east after the Christmas holiday.

Not only that, but it was the favorite for businessmen as well because it was the morning plane to Calgary. Anyway, I said I'd go standby, put my luggage on and waited. Sure enough, after all the regular passengers had boarded, they call my name and on the plane I go. It seemed impossible, particularly to some I talked to who'd been waitlisted for a week. But it was supposed to be.... and it was.

I made the trip to Chicago as the dreams had shown and I made my connections with the very people I'd seen in those dreams.

From Chicago, I went to Ottawa where I visited my brother Jake, and his wife Ellen, and told them the story. Then I met Ray Hudson and his wife Edna, and told them as well. Incidentally, Edna and Ellen are sisters.

The next stop after Ottawa was to be Toronto and it was on the train trip there that I had one of the most remarkable connections occur. Before I left Ottawa, my brother and I tried to get me a roommate because it's an overnight trip. Nothing doing. They told us that there were none available. So I ended up with a lower berth instead.

The next morning they got me up fairly early and the porter told me that he wanted to make the berth up into the normal seat for day use.

In order to do this, he took me along the car and put me into an empty roomette. He said he'd come and get me when he was finished.

Now, I'm not your most alert morning person, but it didn't take me too long to realize where I was. In a roomette... an empty roomette. And last night in Ottawa they'd told us that there were no roomettes available. Then I sort of had a hunch to check out the rest of the roomettes, and sure enough, most of them were empty as well.

How come? I'm figuring now that there must be a good reason for all this. But it wasn't apparent yet.

I was puzzled about it all when the porter came back and took me to my seat. Then within a few minutes he brought another fellow over to the empty seat across from me. He told him to wait there while his berth was being made up.

Then I started to add it all up. They tell me no roomettes on a train that's virtually empty. They put me in an empty one to make up my berth, but not so with the fellow across from me.

BANG! CONTACT! I realized, this fellow had been set up for me to make this connection. After all, if I'd had a roomette, it's not likely the porter would have knocked on the door of the roomette and asked to put someone else in with me while his berth was being made up. So, here it is. The connection.

I started to talk with the guy. I was just starting to open up to him when he interrupted me.

"I know," he said. "I know what you're doing. Now, Here's what you'll be doing in Toronto. You go to the Sheraton Center when you get to Toronto. Then move over to the Windsor Arms, and you'll meet your people."

Can you imagine my surprise when it dawned on me that he was contacting me. I wasn't contacting him. It was the other way around. Not only that, but in the process he told me that I would be going to London, England. Now, up to this time, I wasn't even aware that I'd go overseas with this thing, but what he said was to the contrary. He said, "When you're in London, England, you will be contacting a certain writer named David...." I'll leave his last name off. But he named the writer and said I'd be seeing him. Then we shook hands and the contact left. He seemed to disappear from the train.

Now, I had an extra element to deal with. Obviously I was going to go overseas, but that was a few months away yet.

In all of my travelling, as unbelievable as it may seem, every detail was taken care of. Every one. A month after I'd hit the road, February, 1978, I got my orders to fly to Edmonton, on a day's notice. This time though the travel instructions included a dress code. Usually I travelled pretty casually, in denim, with a sheepskin jacket, very casually. But this time I was told, "You put on a suit; get 'X' Air Canada flight to Edmonton. But PUT ON A SUIT." Boy, was that emphasised.

I don't like wearing a suit and tie at the best of times, but I'm told to put on a suit, so okay, I'll put on a suit. That's all I was told, except that I would get the rest of the flight plan when I got to Edmonton.

Eleven o'clock at night, I was standing in front of the hotel board in Edmonton International Airport wondering where to spend the night. Just as I was making up my mind on one certain place, I heard a voice beside me.

"Are you thinking about trying (such in such) hotel?"

Just like he was reading my mind, because the one he named was the one I was thinking about. I looked at him, noticed he was wearing a beard, but otherwise dressed in a suit. When he asked me about the hotel, he just kept talking to answer his own question.

"Don't bother, they're full."

So I tried another. I picked up the receiver and pushed a button, but it wouldn't ring. Meanwhile he picked up another receiver beside mine, pushed a button, then handed it to me.

"Here," he said, "you're staying at the Edmonton Plaza."

They answered, and in a moment I was checked in. Then I turned to say something else to the fellow and he was gone. He didn't call a hotel for himself, just for me, after he's read my mind, and then poof, he was gone!

Now it's coming clear as to why I was ordered to dress in a suit. The Plaza is a pretty posh place, a little conservative, and they wouldn't have been too fussy about me wandering in dressed as usual in jeans.

I spent the night there without further incident. But when I woke up in the morning I was feeling a little frustrated. I hadn't received anything as to what I should be doing, who I should see and so on. As the morning wore on I became even more agitated, so I decided to go for a walk, clear my mind out a bit. I wandered over to the library, just trying to relax. Still nothing was coming.

I walked through the main floor and then the second floor, and then..... wait a minute. Over in the corner was a fellow who looked a bit like a hobo.

"Hey, that looks like one of those guys, one of those guides." I thought. And right at that second, he turned and looked right at me, and he winked!

"No... it can't be! It's too cliché, it's too obvious!" Here I am again ignoring a sign. I walked to the other side of the library where they had some lounge chairs, and I sat down there to think.

Just like a flash, this guy is beside me. There's just no way that I could see, that he could come from the other side of the library that fast. But there he was just about ten feet from me, and he started thumbing through a magazine on a table.

"Is this Valentine's Day?" he asked the question without looking up, or without interrupting his thumbing through the book. All very James Bondish!

"Yes," I said, "it's February fourteenth."

"I have a valentine for a person in Calgary," he said, "there's a person in Calgary you're supposed to see."

He still hasn't looked up at me. Then he said, "Here, this is for you." And he gave me a piece of paper. It was a little poem titled, "Change of Life".

"There's so much good in the worst of us,
So much bad in the best of us,
Sometimes it's hard to say which one of us,
Ought to reform the rest of us."

When I looked up from reading it, he was gone. But my reaction was, "Wow!" The fog just started to lift right there.

It made me laugh actually because it solved the dilemma I had since arriving. What I was being told in the note was that you can't look at people and judge who's in or who's out of this whole project. Just like he was saying to me, "It's not up to you to say, you're in, or you're out, or you're part of the future but you aren't."

Then I got a message that just said, "Relax, flow, we'll pick you up. Just pretend you're a tourist. Go back to the hotel, order up a hamburger or something. Act like a tourist!"

So I did just that, and it all started happening. "Those people right there... that lady over there... this person.. now that person." And it was all flowing.

When I got to Calgary, I was guided to a young woman working as a waitress in the Calgary International Hotel. I wasn't staying there, but I got the feeling, "Go there" deliver the Valentine, so to speak.

After I told her the story, she comes back with the confirmation. She told me about a recurring dream that she is leading many people up into the mountains to safety. Far below the cities are burning, and above the sky is filled with lights that only she can see. She said that she was in communication with them and that they were helping her help the people. And here I was telling her that she would lead people in the future. That she would be a source for their safety and peace of mind.

You know, I've reflected on that note that I was given in Edmonton, quite a bit. And it sure fits the bill, "Change of Life". That's exactly what it's all about..... a big change!

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES CHAPTER EIGHT

IF IT'S TUESDAY, THIS MUST BE HOLLAND

On March 15th, 1978, we took off for Europe. We'd sold our house, realizing about ten thousand dollars after all the bills were paid. The money I'd received from the sale of my business had been eaten up by the travel to that point.

We travelled very fast, and sometimes very expensively. It wasn't for the luxury though I can assure you. It was so that we could be in the right places at the right time to make the contacts. We weren't tourists by any stretch of the imagination. In fact, when we left we thought the trip would be a month, at least. In three weeks it was all over. And so was the money.

What we were being shown was that the money wasn't important, the mission was. And if it took it all, then so be it. After all, it was only money. But for the trip. that money put us into areas to make the connections, and boy, did we make connections.

London turned out to be a major stop along the way. We were guided to about ten individuals during the four days we were there.

One afternoon we were walking down a street near Victoria Station. It was just a little street off to the side, you know, off the beaten path. As we were walking along a young woman came up to us and just mentioned something about Belgrade Square. I'm not sure what else she said, but she had clearly mentioned Belgrade Square. Then she walked on up ahead of us. We followed along behind because we were going the same direction.

Well, she reached the corner before us, of course, and when she got there she turned onto another street. When we reached the same corner a moment later, she was gone. It wasn't as if she'd disappeared into a crowd, because there was no crowd. The street was empty, and she was no where to be seen.

Later on that evening, I felt like going for a walk by myself. I walked for hours and hours through London by myself, sort of walking in a big circle. Finally I found myself in a large square. A big open area with a road around it, with a small grassy park-like area in the middle. All around the area were buildings that looked like embassies. In fact, that's what they were.

As I stood there taking it all in, a man got out of a red car and asked if he could be of any help to me. So I asked him where I was.

He replied, "You're in Belgrade Square."

There it was. The disappearing lady from earlier in the afternoon had said it, now, here I was.

Then the guy asks, "Are you doing anything in particular?"

I told him no and he suggested I go with him. He says, "I'd like to show you the best little pub in England."

It was right off of the square in an alley, and he took me in there. It's funny that I should do that anyway because I don't drink, but here's me going into a pub.

He took me to a round table where there were three others sitting, and introduced me around. This fellow that brought me in said he was an actor on the London stage, and his two sons, one was a student, the other an actor as well. And when I was introduced to the third man, you could have knocked me over with a feather.

Here at the table was the very man who had been named by my contact on the train from Ottawa to Toronto. His name was David so in so. The name was right, and he was a writer in the theatre. Imagine, a stranger on a train in Canada names a writer in London and says I must talk to him and two months later in a city of ten million people, while I'm walking aimlessly around London, or so it seemed, I'm taken directly to the man.

This to the average person would seem incredible. Yet it happened not just the once, but many many times. And I mention this to underline that I've gone out on a limb time after time, and I mean way out, but never have I been stranded. It's all been done on faith, and each time it's held up. I've never been left dangling! The guidance has been solid all the way through.

We connected with people from all over Europe. All nationalities, all races. On April 14th, Sharon and the boys flew home, and left me to wrap things up with a final high speed sweep.

I went to Paris, spent eight hours there and never saw the Eiffel Tower, or the Arc de Triomphe. I just rendezvous'd with a fellow, an American black writer in fact, laid the trip on him, and stayed over at his apartment. The next day he drove me to the railway station and I was off again. Stuttgart, West Germany, was the next stop. Overnighted there, then the next morning I was off to Cologne, from there to Berlin, and back again all in a matter of hours. All the time connecting, connecting, connecting!

The trip to Berlin was nothing short of incredible. I never ceased to be astounded at the inter-plays. When I was in the Cologne station, I was standing in front of the train board waiting for inspiration to strike. It's a big board too, not like here. There were maybe a hundred and fifty or more trains coming and going. Anyway, as I was scanning it, the Paris-Warsaw Express just seemed to jump out at me, with Berlin as one of the destinations. That's the one, I thought. So I decided that I'd be going to Berlin.

Now I had a couple of hours to kill, and for some strange reason I felt compelled to exchange my money. So I went to the exchange booth which they have in the stations over there, and exchanged my Swiss francs and German marks, converting them all into pounds sterling.

Now for one in the middle of Germany, and going further in, this may appear as a rather silly thing to do. I didn't think anything of it though, and off I went on the train to Berlin.

When I boarded the train I asked the conductor whether or not my Eurail Pass would be good for the trip to Berlin. He said it was. Something kept bothering me about it though, so I asked him again a little later, and again he assured me that it was fine. As a result I never bought a ticket.

When the train crosses the border into East Germany, as it must to get to Berlin, the train crew changes. All of them, engineers, porters, conductors, the works, change off with an East German crew. Then with the change made, off they go again through a rather intimidating barbed wire corridor.

Shortly after we'd left the border at Helmstead, the new conductor came through the train collecting tickets. Wouldn't you know, he told me that the Eurail pass is no good for the section into Berlin, that I must buy a ticket.

"You need a ticket, you must buy a ticket. I'll sell you a ticket now."

All I had to offer were my English pounds and American Express travellers cheques.

"No good," he said, it must be marks, German marks."

Naturally they'll accept West German marks and convert them on the spot, but nothing else.

"You go to second class. " he said, just like a reprimand, as if he's really saying,'you bad boy, you go to second class for punishment'.

So I gathered up my stuff and went back to the second class section, wondering what was going to happen next, would I get kicked off the train, or what?

I found a compartment that had one other man in it, and soon we got to talking. Now, I don't speak any of the European languages except a tiny bit of German. However, I found out that the fellow was a Greek businessman involved in pipelines, and he was on his way to Berlin. All this accomplished despite the fact we have no common language. Somehow we were communicating! Somehow I managed to get the message across as well, and I had my connection.

As if on cue, as soon as I had accomplished that, the conductor showed up.

"Now I sell you ticket," he says. "Go to dining car and change your money there, then come back and buy ticket."

The strange thing about it all was what if I hadn't changed my money in Cologne, I would have been able to buy a ticket from the conductor in the first place, and would have ridden into Berlin by myself. The first class car was virtually empty except for me.

I spent the night in Berlin, without making a contact, then on the train out the next day I connected with a priest and a school teacher.

Fifty hours it took me to travel from Berlin across Europe, back across the channel to London, then grab a Laker to New York, another flight to Chicago, from there to San Fransisco, then on home to Vancouver.

Around the world in eighty days? Would you believe eighty hours?

Another aspect of it all was language. I'm no linguist as I've already mentioned, yet somehow the communication occurs. It's as if the vibrations carry the message and are more important than the crude symbology of the words. Here's one example of how it seemed to work, even though it didn't occur in Europe.

In the fall of 1977, before I went to Europe, I was speaking with some people in a Katimavik group. I was talking with one young man from Montreal. Just sitting quietly in a corner talking to him at a normal rate of speed, when another young man from the group came over and joined us. He said that he knew the fellow I was talking with, and cautioned me that if I wanted to be understood, I would have to speak much more slowly because he knew very little English.

As soon as this was said the French-Canadian fellow chimed in, "No, no, no, him I understand," he said pointing at me, "You", he told the other fellow, "I don't understand!"

All the way along the difference in languages hasn't seemed to affect the communication. It takes place anyway and the message seems to be received in good order.

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES CHAPTER NINE

IT'S NO SHAME TO BE POOR,
BUT IT'S NO GREAT HONOR EITHER!

- Tevye

When we got back from Europe, we didn't have a cent. We spent what we had fulfilling the inspiration that we received. But there we were, staying at a motel in Richmond, near the Vancouver airport, wondering how we'd pay the bill at the end of the week.

We knew some people who had money, and who'd told us to come and see them if we needed a hand. I was thinking about taking them up on their offers, when I got a flash that said, "Be prepared for a surprise." Nothing more, just that!

Soon after, I contacted a friend of ours who wanted to talk to me. She was on a disability pension at the time. While we were talking in a restaurant, right out of the blue she says, "I've got a feeling I've got to give this to you. I just got a little inheritance from Ireland. It's not much, but it's two hundred and fifty dollars. It's for you. You need this for some reason." I was astonished. She didn't know about our financial condition, and she was barely making it herself.

I was shocked. And I guess my ego was involved somewhat as well. How could I take her money? But the inspiration had warned me to be prepared for a shock. But I didn't want to accept it; that's a pretty humbling thing you know.

It's sort of like being on the street with a cup in your hand, and the rich folks that have the means pass you by, while the ones who barely scratch out enough for themselves are the ones contributing. It was all she had, and she was offering it to me.

"No, don't worry," she said. "you need it."

Well, she was right about that! I did take the money, and that's what got us going again during our first week back from Europe.

A year and a half later, at that same restaurant, at the same table in fact, the manager of the shoe store I referred to earlier in the book, and I were having coffee, when all of a sudden he pulls out a cheque book and writes me a cheque for two hundred and fifth dollars.

"Hey, I've got a feeling I've got to do this," he said.

Usually money only comes like that when it's needed and I couldn't figure out why he was writing the cheque. Then it dawned on me. It was needed, but not by me. It was for the woman who'd helped us out of a jam earlier.

So I took the money to her, and she did need it at that time. She was crying, she was so surprised.

Who says someone isn't keeping track?

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES EPILOGUE - PART ONE

We are still on the case, Sharon, the boys, and I. We live by spiritual guidance every day. Many times since we "stepped out into space" in January of 1978, we found ourselves in positions where we truly didn't know how our needs would be met, from the next meal to the next roof over our heads.

Everytime we found ourselves in that position though, something miraculous would occur, and we'd be okay for another period. Our needs would be met. Neither had we had to live in conditions of poverty. It seems that we've had to walk the line but we've always been put on the right side of it. It's as if the Spirit of God wanted to lead us into situations where we couldn't humanly provide for ourselves, protect ourselves, fend for ourselves.

This has led to more than a few struggles within, as well as between, ourselves. We live in a very materialistic and security conscious society where it's what you have, what you can get and how, or who you are, that counts.

Many of the values of what you become in service to others, and what you give rather than what you take from life, have been lost. Not for long I expect.

Our struggle is between the lower self, and the higher self, and it's a struggle waged in the mind, not at the office, or at the bank, or with the bill collector. It's as if the spirit within is speaking to us saying, "Just because it appears that you are helpless, doesn't mean that the situation is hopeless."

The lessons learned by us to reveal to others, such as you, are lessons of positivity, the value of the good thought, the good word, or the positive action, instead of the bad or the negative.

The lesson of acceptance, the loss of the almost innate human necessity to judge others in our terms, when we can only judge ourselves by our terms. And most of all, the lesson of Faith. Having the faith to do what's required, and know that in doing the job, the material needs will be met. It's perhaps the hardest lesson to learn, and even harder to live. But these last ten years have given rise to ever increasing levels of Faith.

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES CHAPTER TEN

For The Harvest of the Earth is Ripe!

The tribulation, the holocaust, Armageddon, whatever you want to call it, seems to be almost upon us. Now, I don't want to come across as a doomsday prophet, but we are at the end of an age. The signs seem to be all about. Astrologically, it is the end of the Piscean Age and the start of that of Aquarius. For those less inclined to the so-called pseudo-science, the Israelites have a homeland. One solid sign from the bible that the age is closing.

We possess the means to annihilate all life on the planet through atomic weapons and now seem on the verge of it by actually talking about using them. There seems to be more and increasing moral corruption in all quarters of the affluent world, while the rest of it straves to death, and on and on and on. There are many publications that look in depth at supporting the arguments that the New Age is almost here.

It's not my role to convince anyone of that, nor is it my role to deal with the negative side of the event to any great depth. My role is concerned with the New Age, and the "seeds of time", the seeds of the garden of the new age.

But what of the autumn and winter which will precede the spring in this new garden? Briefly, here is what I've been given.

The things I have been shown run roughly along with the metaphors in the Bible, but not exclusively so. It would appear that the time of tribulation will occur in its beginning stages in North America, the new Babylon. In fact, given the economic crisis, and world wide humiliations that the United States have endured in just these past couple of years, it may already have started.

The main event, though, I believe, will be triggered by something catastrophic happening in North America. My best guess is an earthquake of unprecedented magnitude in the area of Southern California, more volcanic activity and so on. Natural events, so to speak. In fact, the sequence I saw was one of natural disaster followed very quickly by economic collapse, followed by a nuclear attack! And I was further shown that the attack would be precipitated by some action of the Pentagon. That was even alluded to in the writings of Nostradamus from the 1500's.

In August of 1979, I received a message, through a medium, that was so astounding I didn't want to face it. I was told that the period of tribulation that would start with the destruction of America, would end with the passing of a comet, such that the earth would in effect be sterilized by fire. That all life, except that which was sort of divinely protected, would be extinguished. To tell the truth, I'd been told about the comet in 1976, and I hadn't wanted to face it then either. So I blotted it out of my mind.

I was in an occult bookstore in Vancouver (British Columbia, Canada) one afternoon, just browsing around. In fact, I had felt rather compelled to go there. Anyway, not long after I was there, a strange looking fellow approached me and said he had something to tell me, and that we should step outside.

When we'd left the store he told me about the comet. That it would be sort of the exclamation point at the end of the age. He said, This will be the sign that the comet is coming. He said, "when there is a civil war in Iran, strange things will happen. A man with a funny name starting with "K" will come to power through this disruption. He'll be like a crazy man.... and that will be your sign that the comet is on its way."

It was so stark, so ominous, that I told Sharon about the encounter, then promptly shoved it out of my mind. Then, what was it, four years later we sat and watched as the news programs reported the arrival from France of the Ayatollah Khomeini, to take charge after the flight of the Shah! Sharon asked, "What did that guy tell you in 1976?" Well, it all came back with a bang!

At the time of the encounter in 1976, Iran was the west's keystone of defense in the Middle East. There was no country more stable, or so it appeared, than Iran. To talk about a revolution there was ludicrous, right?

...we refer to the last verse of Luke, Chapter 17; "And they answered and said unto him, where to Lord? And he said unto them, Wheresoever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together."

Do you know what the eagle is? It's a very high symbol. No matter what the culture, or where you come from, the eagle is always the highest symbol, excluding of course those cultures where the eagle didn't live.

In nature the eagle is the highest flying bird, the only creature in nature that can look directly into the sun and not destroy its eyes. From that you can draw the analogy to these certain people who are like eagles, spiritual eagles. They can look into the light of God, euphemistically, the sun, without being destroyed. You know, that analogy to the eagles has come time and time again when referring to the likes of you, to whom I'm speaking. THE CODE WORD IS EAGLES! And the eagles are being gathered together.

HOME!

High on a mountain
overlooking the valleys,
two men stand looking down
upon the place of refuge.
One of them,
the younger of the two asks
"Are the eagles all here?
are they all safe?"
The older one with weather beaten features
in farmer's clothes
raises his right arm and makes
a wave-like motion towards the sky.
The air is suddenly filled
with a multitude of shining figures
some so bright
they seem next to invisible.
Beams of rainbow colored lights
flash to the older one
and then he says
"Yes, my son
the Eagles are all safe
the Eagles are home
for the night.

My main role is with those eagles. Waking them up, making them aware. The 'body' of believers will remain totally unaware until after the event. Then it becomes the job of the Eagles to explain what has happened.

Again too, I'd like to stress that this discussion of the 'Christ' is of a spiritual, not religious nature. There are no boundaries here as far as religious dogma, one does not have it over the other, one isn't better than the other. For these purposes, those that have it, so to speak, over the others, are

those that have achieved the Christ Consciousness regardless of whether or not they're labelled it as such.

Speaking of waking them up, the Eagles that is, very strange things will occur preceding the holocaust. There will be a light that will be seen around the world simultaneously. It will be visible to the naked eye, everybody will see it, and it will occur right before the action. It is the sign of the start. It's really so hard to believe, but it's the sign that the final tribulations are about to start.... WITH A BANG! This is believed to be the vision that was given to those girls at Fatima. They passed on the information to the Roman Catholic Church in Rome and it was viewed only by Pope John XXIII, who is said to have paled when he read it, not revealing to the world its contents. Officially at any rate.

Fatima, however, wasn't the only place where this was revealed. Nostradamus writes of it. John the Revelator in Revelations saw it. The beginning of Chapter 18;

"I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power. And the Earth was lighted by his glory."

Then he goes on to talk about the destruction of Babylon, the U.S. many believe, about this most affluent place being destroyed by fire in one hour.

" . . . B a b y l o n t h e g r e a t i s f a l l e n . . . "
(then verse 8) "therefore shall her plagues come in one day. Daeth, mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the God who judgeth her."
"... for in one hour such great riches is come to naught."

So there it is. At the beginning of that chapter of Revelations John saw an angel having great authority come and light the world with his splendor. And it will be unnatural because we can't conceive of the whole globe being hit at the same time.

Then it goes on to talk about the sleeping souls being taken out just before all hell breaks loose. In verse four John says;

"and I heard a voice from heaven saying, come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Then comes the destruction, while the world watches;

"And the kings of the Earth who have committed fornication and lived deliciously with her, shall bewail her and lament her, when they shall see the smoke of her burning. Standing afar off for the fear of her torment saying, 'Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! For in one hour is thy judgement come.'"

Now, what does that describe? What is the wealthiest most affluent place on the globe right now? The Babylon of modern times? I would say that's a pretty vivid picture of North America.

As I've said before, my concern is with the counter-action that will happen with the 'seeds of time', the 'seeds of the future'. The positive people. When they are taken out of an area, that area will collapse on itself. It's as if these people are the keystones of the society of which they are a part. When every positive person is taken from Vancouver (Canada) that city will die. The negativity will just kill it. And that's why the reference to [Noah](#) and Lot. As soon as they'd departed.. the roof fell in. I think this shows that the world will continue as usual until those keystones are removed.

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES
CHAPTER ELEVEN
THE NEW GARDEN!

The Pockets

On a planet
going through a time of great change
it's magnetic blanket rewoven
it's continents and seas overturned
it's races of humanity
tossing to and fro
in a fever of annihilation
there are those places
protected
as if by divine intervention
wherein dwell
the seeds of the future...
"the seeds of Time".
Here a series of mountain valleys
will protect and nourish
the highest strains of humanity
against the harshness of this winter of humanity
just like acorns
lying snug and warm beneath a blanket of snow
holding within their core
the promise of
a "New Tomorrow".

It's as if there are seeds, or a species of people that are being brought into cocoons like caterpillars. Then, winter strikes the garden, everything dies in the harshness of it. In the spring time, the cocoons open up and the beautiful butterfly emerges. There is a metamorphosis going to take place inside the pockets; Inside these places of supernatural safety.

It will be unnatural, supernatural, how people will live. You know, when I was contacting people I was doing it on two levels. On one level I was delivering the message verbally, while on quite another level I was activating something that can only be described as a power circuit, a power source.

Everyone has, shall we say, one circuit that they operate on in this plane; just as if they are hooked into a power source of this plane. But the people that I contact, these eagles, have what is best described as a second circuit compatible with a power supply not of this plane.

When the power goes off in a city, certain places such as radio stations, police departments and hospitals switch over to an auxiliary power supply and carry on. Now with people, the evolution into the material and away from the spiritual can be likened to their going onto auxiliary power years ago, operating in the material and losing entirely their primary circuit. When the things I've been talking about occur, the power supplying that auxiliary level will fail and that'll be it, game over, so to speak.

Now with the sleeping souls, their primary circuits have been kept open unconsciously by themselves and their guides. The Eagles are having their primary circuit activated by contacts such as myself and they even now, are starting to draw power from that primary source. They will switch over to that primary source entirely when the power supply on the material plane fails.

These unique people, you unique people have your primary circuit tripped already and it's being warmed up now ready for the power failure.

When that power failure occurs, the transition to the pockets of protection will take place. In these pockets like the analogy of a cocoon, the metamorphosis will take place and a new race, more highly evolved will emerge into the new garden of the new age.

As I've said before the initial boost will be dramatic, then there will be a gradual and steady elevation in vibration rate. At first, except for the location, things will be pretty normal as far as life function is concerned. But even this normalcy will be peculiar. You'll eat and drink and require shelter as normal. Now some of those in the pockets won't be able to deal with the transition despite the help they'll receive as soon as they arrive. They'll be unable to accept that they can continue living through an atomic holocaust, or perhaps they'll return mentally to the material planes out of fondness for possessions they have left. They will die, even in the pockets. The sad part is that it will happen, simply because people won't be able to accept that they can live.

This is a very, very important task of the Eagles. They are the ones who must explain to the new kids on the block exactly what's happened, why they are still living and how to stay that way.

It's a job of healing of sorts. The magnitude of what is going to occur is one thing when you deal with it in the abstract, as we can only do without actually experiencing it. But dealing with it as a fact is going to be staggering enough for those of us aware and prepared, let alone for those who'll be taken totally unawares.

The healing comes in dealing with the shock they'll experience when it dawns on them what's occurred. And don't underestimate my friends, the impact it will have. Neither underestimate it's impact on you. You however, will be able to deal with it through meditation and prayer.

You'll have to teach these newcomers how to deal with it safely. Minds will be shattered through the dislocation of their world, everything they've known, held onto for security, gone. Only they remain, in a new and strange place. Certain people, such as yourselves, have been brought to the realization and acceptance that the world, life as it is now, will disappear. Others have not.

What they must realize is that the old image of life will change. Like an old tattered coat being sluffed off, the outer covering will change. There will be that evolutionary up-stepping going on in order to be compatible with the planetary up stepping which will be going on simultaneously to bring about this new garden.

NOTE: To Be Continued(p)

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES CHAPTER TWELVE

WHAT'S MINE'S MY OWN!

This chapter is going to be a very short one, but I feel a very important one to include. You know, there has always been it's a cliché, it's often the basis for jokes. But as never before, the pressure is being felt on this earth that indeed, that is just the case. Now, there are many who are aware of it, but are taking the negative path through it all, and will be mired in it as a result.

Earlier I talked about the elevation that will occur; how the frequency rate will increase to lift "the souls" above it all. The reference to Lot's wife turning back and becoming a pillar of salt I believe is allegorical to her lowering her vibrations to the level of the destruction that occurred, and perished as a result.

Many people are aware that things are not right in the world, and are finally convinced that there will be a major breakdown in society. But instead of turning toward the positive which will lift them away they have everything you could imagine. A year's supply of this, a ton of that, they've constructed underground shelters with water supplies, breathing apparatus, and they're gone to great lengths to protect themselves against the marauding hordes they are convinced will swoop down upon them to rape and pillage. It's a protection belt on fear, not foresight. Fear of the end, not a vision of the beginning.

You know, here it's most applicable to quote, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap". If these people are ready to kill others for their survival, then they will stay at the level of the destruction. They will realize their worst fears. They don't have the faith to rise above it. Their faith is restricted to the material, their material perceptions.

The ultimate insult is the taking of another's life. But if one expects to, then those expectations will likely be met. To expel those ideas is a step onto the elevator to the new age. In other words, what you sow, and these are your beliefs, your fears, your expectations, will surely come back in the harvest. If the seeds are of positivity and faith, that's what you shall reap. If not,

There is a good example of how protection will be provided in the old testament of the Bible. Elisha the successor to the prophet Elijah, was pursued into the hills by an army. He and his servant or assistant. And when things were looking bleakest, the servant told Elisha that all was lost, it was hopeless. At that point, Elisha calls upon God and says, "Open his eyes, that he might see," referring to the servant. He then saw all around them, in the sky, on the hills, a magnificent army facing the threatening 'real' army.

This extra vision restored the faith of the servant, the faith needed for protection. Then Elisha commanded that the army be smitten with blindness, which they were. And blind, they were led by Elisha into captivity, in Samaria, where their sight was restored. The king then wanted to kill the captives but Elisha intervened saying that that was the worst thing to do. Instead, they should treat them as guests, prepare a feast for them, then release them.

This was done and the result was that Israel was never again bothered by that nation. (Kings II, Chapter 6).

The important points of this story are how faith and positivity removed the threat permanently, and that by treating their captives as guests, then releasing this, they won a far greater victory.... a lasting peace.

Like begets like. Violence simply draws violence. Stay on that plane and you'll draw it to you. And that's why I've never advocated the gathering of weapons for protection in this thing. If you prepare for trouble in this way, on this plane, how can you possibly rise above it? Your only weapon need be faith. It's all you need, and will serve you well.

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE GUIDING LIGHT!

We all have guides. Some of us are aware of them and some are not. Nevertheless, they are there and are ready and quite capable to help you develop as long as that development is in the right direction. Most on this plane don't believe in them, and so they are dismissed as something that children can believe in.... for a time.

In fact, we've managed to ignore them to the point that we get along quite nicely on our own, thank you, up to a point. And that point only seems confined to this material plane. They still

hang on though, and when the time is opportune they may step in to help a person out of a jam, especially if it'll lift them onto a new path.

One thing is for sure however. They are only interested in the upward evolution of the human. And for that they can literally move mountains if necessary.

They've been described as angels, spirit helpers, devas, apparitions, spacemen (or space-women) what have you. They've appeared in the method by which they would be accepted... angels, balls of light, space travellers, or elderly gentlemen.

These spiritual guides don't appear unless it's important to do so. Only when all other avenues are closed to them do they make a brief appearance. Even then, they don't generally seek to give attention to themselves. The message is the thing. In this case the message isn't the medium! Rarely do people even realize what's occurred with a visitation until after the fact.

In 1975 I knew a young woman librarian who was at a crossroads in her life. And when I came to clean the windows at the office she worked at we would have lunch together. She would usually talk about the turmoil she was going through with her relationship with her boyfriend and so on.

This went on for months, when one day she announced that she now had two men on her mind and didn't know which one to choose. Not long after that meeting she told me of a further occurrence. She was in a garden of roses. Many of them looked rather sickly, but scattered here and there were some healthy beautiful flowers. A kindly looking old man wearing white coveralls approached her and said, "How do you like my roses?"

"Fine" she replied, "but how come some are sickly and the others are so beautiful?"

"I had some seeds," he said, "and I scattered them over the garden. Some grew like this, and some like that. Now, choose the most beautiful rose, and it shall be yours".

She said she couldn't make up her mind, that she was unable to choose. So then the gardener moved into the garden and picked a beautiful yellow rose and gave it to her. Then he went back into the bed and picked the most beautiful red rose and gave that to her. Then he walked away. Even while she related the incident, she was still confused about the choice. So I told her to think again about what the gardener had done.

Her eyes just brightened and she said, "Menno, I know, I know which one." The yellow rose had clearly marked out her mate, who, incidently was the blonde one of the suitors.

Then I told her that it was no ordinary gardener, she'd seen. Now, I'm not a gardener, but it's very unusual for roses to be seeded. They're generally grown from a cutting.

The yellow rose signified her future mate, the one she would choose, and the red one was the symbol for herself. You know, just as a matter of interest, when they were married, the weirdest thing happened. Just like a final exclamation point on it all, as they took their vows, and as soon as the minister had said, "what God joins together, let no man put asunder," there was a terrific clap of thunder, right at the very moment, right over the church. I'm telling you, there were more than a few eyes rolled up to the ceiling when that happened.

As for the guides though, they're with you all the time, but very rarely do they make an appearance in dreams or in the waking world.

THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE PEOPLE!

When I first became involved with this mission back in the early 1970's, I used to doubt, be sceptical. But what convinced me of it's validity was the people. The unique people I met. It really wasn't the bizarre things that occurred, the way money would arrive at the right moment, or out of nowhere, or even the way events would fall into place far beyond coincidence. It was the people. The spectrum of humanity that I touched and that touched me. All races, all regions of the earth, all religions of the earth, all creeds, philosophies, every one of them was unique.

If you're going to have a future, a new age, then this is exactly what you need. A full spectrum. You can't do it with only one kind of person. You need the whole range to avoid intellectual breeding. When I sit and look back at the people that have crossed my path, it becomes very very clear that someone, somewhere, knows exactly what they're doing.

When I get glimpses of the future, the way it's being assembled, these foundations of the future, these seeds of the new garden, it's apparent that there's a pretty powerfully charged group of people being assembled. Now, charge them with positivity and their accomplishments can be limitless.

The old world can best be compared to the S. S. Titanic, opulence and engineering. A masterpiece of her time. She died! She died because of the arrogance that captured those who were charged with her care. The sheer arrogance that the ultimate calamity couldn't happen. The arrogance that she could carry as many passengers as she wanted, they would never need the life boats anyway. Those at her controls arrogantly thrust her headlong into the iceberg strewn North Atlantic almost daring the gods to do something about it.

That my friend, is what's happened to us. The masters on the bridge have steadfastly ignored the cautions and the warnings and have just as arrogantly run the good ship earth into an iceberg.

Everyday, sadly I watch another 'guaranteed, fail-safe, water-tight bulkhead, buckle under the pressure. You and I realize she's going down and have taken to the boats. It's truly no matter for rejoicing that many are blissfully unaware that anything is wrong. The ship's crew aren't going to tell them.

There is hope though and it lies in the fact that the next time around, there'll be a new crew at the controls, devoid of the arrogance that blinded so many. We are that crew.

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