

In 1987 my grandmother told me that she had been watching an interview with Whitley Strieber about his new book "Communion" and she wanted me to go out and buy a copy of the book to read because she felt that it had something to do with me. At first I thought the content of the book must have something to do with the Catholics, because of the title and could not figure out why she would direct me to that system of belief. When I went to buy the book I froze in fear at the cover, started to cry and immediately left the store badly shaken. The next time I spoke with my grandmother I told her that the cover frightened me and asked her to tell me why she felt that it had something to do with me. She said that she had a story to tell me but would only tell it to me if I got the book and read it first.

A year passed and in March of 1988 I had a terrible horse accident leaving me with a broken neck, dislocated head and a very bad concussion. It was then in April that my grandmother again implored me read this book "Communion" so that she could relay a story of her own experience to me. I bought the book and read it cover to cover immediately and was astounded by the similarities of my own life long experiences. I called my grandmother laughing and crying at the same time about being able to finally speak about what had been happening to me all of life. I found a sense of relief that I wasn't the only one. As I told her after reading the book, it was like "A dam had burst in my consciousness".

Grandmother said that her story began in approximately 1950 when my mother was seven years old, she my mother was outside playing in the yard while my grandmother was busy in the kitchen. She said that she saw through the kitchen window a huge flash of light outside, heard a strange humming noise and when she tried to move to go out and check on my mother, she was completely aware and frantic but immobilized. She said that after what seemed like an eternity my mother came into the house completely pale and unable to speak. My grandmother felt that something paranormal had occurred that day and that my mother was in a state of shock because of it. A couple of years later when my mother was nine years old on an outing with my grandfather this time, she disappeared for several hours and again was unable to account to where she had been.

In either late 1959 or early 1960 when my mother was sixteen years old she came home very late from a date with a young man in Bodega Bay badly shaken up and recounting a story about a flying saucer that she said came after her and her date, my grandmother believed her. A few months later my mother discovered that she was pregnant. It was in Sonoma at the old family house that my mother, grandfather and grandmother all took a late evening walk to talk about what to do about the unplanned pregnancy. They talked about considering abortion which was illegal at that time and adoption as a solution. As they were heading back to the house they all noticed what appeared to be a star become increasingly bright and moving toward them at a high rate of speed. In the morning they all woke up inside the house, still dressed in their day clothes and laying in their beds but oddly in the opposite direction. Over coffee and breakfast they talked about what had happened the night before, all that any of them could remember was that the star was actually a flying saucer and that someone had impressed upon them that "This child will not be aborted or abandoned, this child will be born or there will be terrible consequences."

They all recalled and talked about a once prominent man in town, a successful CPA who a few years prior had been out fishing and encountered a flying saucer while on the lake. When he told people about his experience he was treated as if he had gone insane. He lost his business, wife and family. Sadly he became the town drunk and died on the streets a few years later. So

they made a pact between the three of them to never reveal to anyone ever what had taken place the night before. I was born in late September that year.