

## Chapter 1 - **Improbable Messenger**

"We'll get the little Holloman room for this event...It's all you'll need."

"Oh, no - we need the ballroom."

"But, that room is never used – except for very large and important events."

"This *will* be a very large and important event!"

"You've got to be out of your mind."

"No, we need the entire ballroom!"

"Well, the last time they filled the ballroom was when President Reagan was there!"

"Just get it! Do it."

"Okay - you won't listen to me... but I'll get it."

The room in question is The National Press Club ballroom in Washington, D.C. The verbal wrangling between myself – Dr. Steven Greer – and a press agent, proved worthwhile on May 9, 2001. She kept her word, and my instinct proved to be on target! We watched the ballroom fill to capacity: nearly two dozen television cameras and a battery of journalists assembled to hear and record statements offered by twenty-one witnesses from military, intelligence, government, corporate and scientific organizations.

The witnesses had stepped forward to relate their personal experiences with extraterrestrial vehicles (ETVs; aka UFOs) and extraterrestrial life forms. More than two hours of public testimony ensued, verifying the reality of ETV/UFO contact and a largely unknown outcome: the interaction with extraterrestrial intelligence has produced advanced energy and propulsion technologies. This information has been kept secret from the masses for years.

The event marked the launch of the Disclosure Project; an outgrowth of years of effort by the Center for the Study of Extraterrestrial Intelligence (CSETI). It was also a milestone in my personal journey, having moved from a career as an emergency room doctor living in Asheville, N.C into a new role - the unlikely courier of a message that is

insisting to be heard. It was one more step along the sometimes rocky path I'd stumbled upon as a nine-year old playing on the streets of Charlotte, North Carolina.

A sunny afternoon in 1965 saw me out roaming with the usual group of neighborhood urchins. We were typical Southern kids, wandering about in search of all manner of adventure - something to build, or see, or take home. Little were we prepared for what suddenly appeared in the southwest sky: a silver, oval-shaped, gleaming craft - obviously not an airplane or helicopter. It was seamless, totally silent - and unlike anything we'd ever seen. After hovering for a short time, it instantly vanished.

We felt this was something truly unusual. My family, predictably, passed off the incident as a childish musing. But my cohorts and I knew we'd seen something way beyond the ordinary. It was my first encounter with an "ETV," the term used by the National Security Agency for extra-terrestrial vehicles, also commonly known as UFOs.

Since that day, my sense of connection to that spacecraft has endured. Events over the next few weeks strengthened the tie: I experienced a series of lucid dreams and night encounters with beings who were not from the Earth. Because I was simply a young boy I was able to take it "all in stride" - it seemed a natural result of the incident with my three friends. I believe the ETs were focused on instilling in me an awareness and acceptance of things beyond the world I could see. My innocence allowed me to view this without prejudice, although I didn't speak publicly about it (due to the potential ridicule) until a few years ago.

But this early connection was life-altering. It was clearly the dawning of a larger search for truth that grew stronger as I matured.

My interest and curiosity about these matters intensified, although I didn't have another direct ET encounter for years. Until around the age of twelve, I would collect relevant articles from such magazines as "True", "Argosy" and "Life" as well as books about UFO encounters, and accumulated a large stash in my closet! The idea of knowledge of people from other planets enthralled me, and fed into the sense of wonder and joy I felt when looking at the night sky. Fear never entered my mind - it seemed as comfortable as home. So my approach to the idea of extraterrestrials was that their existence is understood, or a "given," and that these beings are aware of our evolution on earth. This sense of familiarity with the great expanse of creation has always induced a sense of joy and peace, even as a preschooler. When out in nature, I gained this sense of something awake and divine beyond everyday existence. I believe there was always something, like a hand on my shoulder, helping and guiding me toward a perception of awakensness, a mysterious conscious presence that would open to me when I looked at the sky or played outdoors. There is a Persian expression: "the best way to love God is to love His creation." I was blessed with this reality in a very innocent, elemental way.

It was an unconventional view of life, perhaps the natural outcome of an equally unconventional childhood. I grew up in a deliciously eccentric Southern family. Mother was like Scarlett O'Hara blended with Bette Davis in "Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte", mixed with a touch of Joan Crawford's "Mommy Dearest"! Father was half Native American, his mother a Cherokee.

But I was raised in a family that was extremely troubled. Children from such difficult backgrounds generally follow one of two life paths: they either succumb to self-destructive habits and addictions, sometimes to the

point of suicide, or find sufficient inner strength to build a meaningful and productive life. I took the latter course, through the grace of God and the intervention of the seen and unseen world.

In reality, I have perhaps never known of a more traumatic, dysfunctional family situation than ours. Most people are unaware of this background; they see me as a successful physician and public figure (albeit somewhat eccentric at times!) and assume a conventional, normal upbringing.

As a young adult, I once attended the movie “Mommy Dearest” with my twin sister. Afterward, we looked at each other and said, “My God, that would’ve been the best day of our childhood!” People are horrified to hear this. Because of parental alcoholism, and home conditions that often attend it, we children also lived with elements of abandonment, neglect and abuse. I remember, as a little pre-schooler, eating cigarette ashes, sand, and dirt when nothing else was around. As a medical doctor, I now realize this was at least providing some of the mineral supplements my body needed: one of those instinctual cravings demanded by the body to enable survival. I was frequently very sick, especially every winter, with terrible pneumonias and bronchitis. My lungs still have scar tissue from those bouts.

However, blessings often become apparent through hardship. The challenges made me one tough bird! Any bitterness I might have harbored from childhood has dissipated through the realization that this made me strong – a survivor. By the time I reached high school, I vowed to take hold of my life and turn it around, and did.

Through some of those years I was actually self-supporting, with my own apartment. I held down a job in a local restaurant, working each night until 1:00 A.M., then rose at 6 each day to bicycle across the city to school. I managed to maintain an A grade average, becoming an Honor Society student involved in numerous school activities.

My budding sense of responsibility extended to my three sisters. I often unintentionally referred to them as “my daughters”, so strong was my protective, caring instinct for them. Having parents who were anti-role models, I learned how *not* to do things. The challenges brought the realization that we all create our own future, and transcending the limitations of birth, poverty, abuse, or any other hardship is possible through the exertion of human will.

I was far too busy during high school to become enthralled with the stuff of pop culture that absorbed many teenagers from the late ‘60s through early ‘70s. I simply didn’t have access to the luxuries most middle class kids took for granted, and basic survival was a constant preoccupation. Carousing with drugs and alcohol was out of the question!

Instead, I began to read the Vedas (the ancient, sacred literature of India) and study Sanskrit. On my own I learned about meditation and the concept of transcendence, which fit quite comfortably into my psyche. I’d been raised outside the confines of formal religion. My

parents did not involve me in church as a child (in fact, they were emphatically atheist). The lack of attachment to an institutional doctrine left me open to ideas that might have been outside the comfort zone of someone growing up in a conventional religious tradition. The result is that I moved naturally into the realm of meditative experiences and higher consciousness, without tutoring from outside parties. I taught myself prayer and meditation, from reading as well as direct experience. These pursuits, coupled with my school involvement in environmental and peace issues, created a new layer of experience and growth in consciousness for me. It was at this point the experience I now call “non-locality of consciousness” made itself known. When I could find free time, I loved to bicycle out into the countryside seeking this connection.

I’d lie in a field, and practice those techniques that had emerged from inside me. I’d find myself traveling to observe other parts of Charlotte, or to see other areas of the Earth, or going out into space and seeing it clearly. This became routine. At the age of 15, a beautiful, unstoppable force was opening up inside of me, independent of any sort of tradition. It manifested completely from within.

And then, in the spring of 1973, I injured my left thigh. I had made plans to bicycle from Charlotte to the barrier islands on the North Carolina coast, a 200 mile trip. I neglected the injury and went ahead with my plans, traveling the entire distance to the coast in one day, then returning to my small efficiency apartment, in Charlotte. A horrible infection developed in my leg, and spread through my body.

I was so sick! Because of a too demanding work and school schedule I was run down even before this happened. I was also poor, so seeing a doctor was out of the question. As a physician, now I know what happened to me: I became septic, which means my bloodstream was infected, accompanied by a very high fever. There was also skeletal muscle break down, overloading my kidneys. All these are potentially fatal symptoms, and I was spiraling to that point: a 17 year-old alone without a phone, trying to nurse myself back to health, not fully understanding the severity of my condition. It brought me to a near-death experience, finding myself suddenly released from my body.

I was carried out into the depths of space, where I already felt at home. Then I experienced what I now understand to be God consciousness, where my individuality became faint as it merged with the effulgent, unbounded, pure, infinite Mind. There was no duality. It lasted for what seemed to be an eternity because a normal sense of time disappears in that state of being. I could see all of creation, the vastness of the cosmos, and it was beautiful beyond words. There was nothing frightening about it - only infinite awareness, joy, and the perception of an endless perfect creation.

Eventually, two brilliant, scintillating lights approached out of the stars. I now understand them to be Avatars: Manifestations of God. They were not anthropomorphic or anthropocentric, but appeared as

brilliant points of light - pure, conscious energy. These were the twin Avatars for our era.

As the Avatars approached me, I entered a state of oneness with them. It was incredibly beautiful. Then there was a conveyance of *knowledge* in a pre-verbal form; before and beyond words. It's as if when you say "apple," within the word is the actual image of the apple, which could be astral (a light form). And within *that* conscious image is the pure idea form of the apple itself - its essence. That is how information was being transmitted to me.

I have no sense of how long this union with God lasted. I was affected by the beauty of it all, yet very overwhelmed at the same time.

Eventually, the episode moved into more of a linear style of communication. One of the Avatars said, "You may come with Us or return to Earth." I had the presence of mind to ask, "Well, what is Your will?" And the Being replied, "Well, it's Our desire that you go back to Earth to do other things." With that, I became depressed, having no interest at that point in coming back to Earth. I would have been very happy to remain in that state of awareness, in that place of the placeless. But I somehow knew the highest response of human will is acceptance of the Divine will, and said, "Okay, then."

And with that, I acknowledged their reality and the very exalted celestial beings that exist and the existence of the Godhead and the oneness of creation and divinity. And that's what I experienced: complete, perfect oneness of unbounded mind and creation as one. Then I sort of lost consciousness, and fell back into my body, just sort of -- whoosh.

I was back in my body, but must have been out long enough to lose conscious connection with all of my neural centers, although my sensory input was working. I remember clearly, as if it's today, seeing the maple tree outside the little apartment, moving in the wind against a street light. But I couldn't move! I thought, "Oh, great. Here I am, back in this messed-up body, paralyzed." I truly thought that I had been so damaged from this severe infection that I'd been paralyzed from a stroke.

(As it turned out, that was a temporary phenomenon. Today, it is understood that in prolonged near-death experiences it takes some time to be re-connected to the physical body. )

I then felt a being in the room sent there to test my will to live. It was somewhat frightening, but perhaps a necessary experience that forced me to use my willpower to remain here. There was this force that seemed to be *pulling* me back out. So I would go back out of my body and then return. I had to exercise volition to remain in the physical body and keep my astral body of light and conscious body integrated with it. And after about half a dozen tries, I nailed it and remained here. I then became fully awake and regained my motor skills.

As they say in Britain, I was quite 'gob-smacked'! This experience altered my life like nothing before, changing everything I had been taught - that there was no Divine Being or conscious existence after

the death of the body. I now know from direct experience this is false. God does exist, as do His Messengers. For me, nothing would ever be the same. I'd learned that death is not to be feared, that, in fact, there is no death – only a transformation from one state into another.

As I got up and re-integrated with the world, I remained in this state of incredible bliss, a rarefied state of higher consciousness where the unbounded quality of cosmic awareness, was still awake in me. Enclosed in a room, I could be infinitely aware at the same time. The mystics call this cosmic consciousness – a state I continued to experience some time thereafter.

Interestingly, my diseased leg spontaneously healed. I didn't see a doctor or receive antibiotic medication during the entire episode.

## Chapter 2

### Coming Full Circle

I marked my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday by learning a structured form of meditation called Transcendental Meditation or TM. I was hungry for anything that would give me an ability to experience higher conscious awareness at will. It appeared that the TM course would be the avenue to take.

I quickly realized that without its ceremonial trappings, TM is a simple process. It consists of sitting with a thought mantra or sound in order to transcend conscious, linear thought and move into unbounded awareness.

Sitting next to my teacher, we began the technique. What followed seemed bizarre to him, but felt normal to me. I entered complete transcendental consciousness - full *samadhi*. So I was there once more - in the state of cosmic awareness. It was very beautiful, and the technique worked for me so easily because the channel was already open, due to my near-death episode the previous March.

The teacher looked at me afterward and said, "You went there, didn't you?" I said, "Yes." He said, "On the first time?" And I said, "Well, I'm not so sure it's the first time, but the first time with you!"

I began thereafter to practice the ability to experience cosmic consciousness at will. This opened up an even more extraordinary view of the world and of myself. I could now re-connect to the very pure state of Earth, nature, and divinity that exist untainted by human corruption. I was rediscovering the purity and innocence of that awareness I had as a young boy, but *understanding* it more fully.

I left the following summer to attend Appalachian State University in Boone, N.C. I selected ASU based purely on its wilderness location in my beloved Blue Ridge Mountains, for which I have a deep affinity. I believe this feeling comes from a genetic connection based on my Cherokee heritage.

I wanted to spend every moment possible out in those mountains, in every kind of weather, being totally connected like a spirit walker in nature. I was eager to practice my newly acquired meditation skills and to continue having the experience of connecting with Divinity. Thus, at the threshold of my adulthood, I'd gone from growing up in a home with no prayer - not even knowing about it or about the experience of communion with God to experiencing cosmic consciousness. I'd found all of this on my own.

The absence of religious upbringing was actually a blessing in disguise. I think there's an inverse relationship between religiosity and spirituality, with only a few rare exceptions. Having been spared the religiosity, I could simply search for the truth, without the baggage of embellished doctrines.

What happened that fall was an extraordinary amplification of that near-death occurrence about six months earlier. I was on Rich's Mountain, about 5,000 feet above the town of Boone. At the top, there was a fire tower at the end of a gravel road that was closed at its base.

One crystal clear afternoon, I decided to go to see the sunset from atop this mountain. I reached the top in time to sit in meditation at sunset.

Before starting, I glanced towards the southwest and saw an extraterrestrial vehicle. It was some distance away, but was just like the one I had seen as a nine year old. For some reason, my reaction at that moment was, "It's them again" - and I didn't really think much more about it - I simply accepted the fact that they were here. Then the ship winked out, just like the one I'd seen years before.

I then began meditating and had a beautiful, deep experience in unbounded Mind. Afterward, I opened my eyes and it was pitch dark, with the stars all visible. Imagine being at that altitude in the crystal clear dry air, viewing the Milky Way and countless stars! Standing there, suddenly a thought not my own came to mind: "Behold what a beautiful universe God has made."

With that, I went into the exact state of consciousness I had when I died, that God consciousness where I was fully awake, at one with the entire creation, and yet present standing on the mountain. It was magnificent.

When I began the walk down, I noticed a glow off the edge of the mountain and sensed someone was there. Suddenly, on my right, an extraterrestrial biological life form appeared and touched my shoulder so firmly that it was like a strong finger touching me. I looked down and saw the imprint on my jacket: every hair on my head stood on end!

Somewhat childishly, my first thought was, "What does this creature want with me?" I got down close to the ground (I hate to admit this!) in a fetal position, looking up - and he was looking back. Its gender was male. He was quite peaceful and non-threatening, with beautiful, deer-like eyes.

Then I suddenly found myself transported onto the craft. We were just out in space, sitting. I recall that the craft became completely translucent. It felt like I was floating in space with nothing around, as if the whole craft was made of fiber optics, and its shell could disappear. Space was visible all around us.

So I stayed there with these ETs, who were three or four feet tall, all with those appealing eyes. It appeared that we were there for one purpose; meditating together. They were interested in me because they wanted contact with a human being experiencing cosmic consciousness as we do, participating with them. At this point I taught them what that state is like for us. We shared it together - an incredible encounter, entirely different from stories usually circulated about extraterrestrial contact.

It was a very non-local experience, with time, space, and

relativity in a realm unlike what's normal for us. In that state of consciousness seconds, hours, or years no longer matter, because time and space have been transcended. This infinite eternity is the true nature of the mind, the awake self within all of us.

While with these beings, we co-created a code for humans communicating with them. This was actually the birth of the CE-5 - Close Encounters of the Fifth Kind – initiative. We utilized not only sounds and light but also non-local consciousness and directed, coherent thought to communicate with extraterrestrial beings and their electronic devices. This was October of 1973, during the time of the Yom Kippur war.

It was clear to me that the ETs wanted humans to move beyond mutually assured destruction and into a peaceful civilization that could co-exist with space in harmony. Earth needed to find people to be ambassadors for this objective. And so, I offered to do this, and to help teach the same to our fellow humans. Nothing more, just that.

Then very suddenly I returned to a "regular" state of awareness and found myself back on the gravel road near the fire tower, a little further down the path from my previous spot, but still at the top of the ridge. I thought, "Oh, my God, how wonderful." The experience of oneness with them had a key message: the conscious mind we are awake with at this moment is the same as that of the Divine Being, *and of all beings*.

Erwin Schrodinger was absolutely correct when he said the total number of minds in the universe is one. There is one conscious mind, and we are It. So, there are only one people in the universe, and we are they. No 'alien' or human; just an unbroken, perfect, seamless conscious life in the universe, and we are all a part of it.

I'm reminded of a saying from the Sufi tradition: "Thinkest thyself a puny form when within thee the universe is folded?" It's a rhetorical question. We're *not* just this puny form. The entirety of the universe *is* folded within us. And that's really what I experienced with the ETs.

They know that the only chance for peace on Earth -- never mind the cosmos -- is for humans to understand there's no real difference amongst us. It doesn't matter how we look- consider the variety in physical appearances that exists on Earth alone! What really matters is that within us lives the same singular light of consciousness, infinite, eternal and always present whether we're open to it or not at any given moment in time. It is the basis of our relationship with each other and with the universe. This is enduring and eternal -- and that is what we experienced in its absolute, purest form. It was beyond beautiful. And there was absolutely nothing frightening about it.

It didn't matter that I was only 18. They didn't care about such things as age, race, family of origin, or wealth. They cared about the fact that I was pure-hearted enough to see the truth clearly and unattached to the materiality of this world. I could discern the universal aspect of

teachings in various cultures that humans have learned through the ages, because truth is one and the same in any language. What we created together that day proved that humans can be, each of us, connected to each other and to the unbounded awareness of the universe, but also to these other civilizations, if we simply understand the fact that we're awake. If you are awake, reading this or hearing this right now, the awake-ness whereby you're hearing it is a singularity. And it isn't divided. We divide it into our own egos and intellect, but in reality, the light of awareness is the same in every being, in every star. And the entire cosmos is suffused in this same light of Being. There is this great Sun of awareness reflecting and refracting in everyone, yet still singular. So, if you return to that and if you experience it, none of these life forms seem far away or unusual-or alien - because they really are not.

So, it was on this occasion the CSETI concept of one universe, one people was conceived. There is really one people in the universe, and we are they. There is a single conscious being shining in all of us. It can never be divided, no matter how much we try. We may want to divide it, but it's always one. It's always a singularity, always perfect. The extraterrestrial beings that are here understand this, because they cannot travel through interstellar space without understanding non-locality. And understanding non-locality, necessitates a high level of knowledge and enlightenment.

In a real sense, then, the heart of compassion and the foundation of peace is found in the reality that we are all one. Without that experience, intellectualism is all that's left – and it never lasts. So, I came to realize at a rather young age that the world's problems are essentially spiritual, therefore the solutions must be spiritual as well. And so it has turned out to be.

I found myself back on the mountain under the beautiful, starry sky, only to experience another strange phenomenon. I was perhaps 100 yards further down the gravel road. As I started down the mountain, I found that with each step, I was in a state of near- weightlessness, as if walking on the moon!

My steps were actually leaps of 20 to 30 feet at once! It was more like floating than walking. There was a strange, magnetic, anti-gravitational effect around me, making me lighter. It wasn't a product of my imagination; my physical body *was* light.

I was just happy as a lark! Here I was, fresh from this experience on an ETV, and now bounding down the mountain, traveling in “boing, boing, boing” leaps across impossible distances with each step. It was incredibly blissful. As I got closer to town, the phenomenon faded, and my weight returned to normal.

Upon reaching the little town of Boone, it looked so deserted I thought there had been a nuclear war! I thought it was about 9 or 10 o'clock at night – everything should have been open. Remember, it's a little college town up in the North Carolina mountains. I thought to myself,

"What in the world is going on? I wonder if the Yom Kippur War got out of control and there was a thermonuclear war and I'm the last to know?" A check of the time told me, it was nearly 1:00 A.M! My cosmic experience had lasted three or four hours!

After this amazing evening, I decided to practice all I had learned, taught and shared with the extraterrestrials. Every night before going to sleep, I would lie down and put myself in a meditative state. I would enter unbounded awareness, then expand the sense of conscious mind around me, filling the room, knowing that it was omni-present. On the wings of that omnipresent sense of awareness, I would expand upwards into space, seeing the stars and space, filled with the sense that it was awake. And I was one with that awake-ness, which placed me out there, in space.

Then I would send a thought like a beacon to the extraterrestrial beings, to announce my presence. In a somewhat childlike way, I'd say, "I don't know if you remember me, but my name is Steve. And here I am - let me show you where I am." So, I would do the protocol I developed for the CE-5 initiative:

In this higher state of consciousness I would turn it around, and instead of seeing outward into the vastness of space, look back - and show the ETs my location on earth.

I would show them the Milky Way Galaxy and then zoom in from there to our Solar System, with the sun and the Earth. Then I would zoom to the Earth and North America, further in to the eastern United States and the Appalachian Mountains. Then I would zoom in to show them my location in Boone, North Carolina; then to my exact spot in that building. And with that, I would fall asleep.

For months my experiences were really quite extraordinary. From October '73 onwards, there began an unprecedented wave of UFO sightings in those mountains. I did this as a way of beta-testing the system, to see if what we had co-created and agreed upon on the ship would actually work. Well, it did. There were newspaper reports of forest rangers seeing these huge ships hovering over the mountains, down in Shining Rock Wilderness to the south, and over in the Linville Gorge area. . . here, there, and everywhere!

I continued to do this until one day, in the local paper, a story appeared about a guy driving nearby on a road outside Morganton, North Carolina. As ETVs travel, it was only seconds away from me. This boy, who looked a lot like me, was driving on that road, and the car suddenly stopped. There was a ship hovering by the road, with an ET at the boy's window! The driver was completely freaked out.

I saw this as an indirect way for the ETs to say, "You know, we're getting this." So I thought to myself, "Well I'm playing around with fire, here. I think, until I figure out what I'm supposed to do with this, this is enough."

I didn't tell anyone about this episode for a very long time. However, people need to understand why I gave up an established medical

career – and the quarter-million dollars per year that came with it - to make known what I know to be true. Certainly not because it's “only a theory”!

While still in this state, asleep, I continued to have some kind of ongoing dialogue with these extraterrestrial beings. My roommate told me quite some time later, that for a number of months he would awaken late at night, and would hear me speaking quietly in my sleep.

He said, "You were speaking, but with a language not of this world." And I thought, "Oh, my God. Somehow, I was in a state of consciousness where I could connect to the language used by the ETs. And he was hearing that very clearly. He said, "Absolutely, it was not an Earth language.”

After this, I pretty much decided that, until I had a specific reason to utilize these protocols I experienced with the ETs, it would be wiser to be just quietly aware of the ability, but keep it to myself.

In 1974, I left the traditional college at Boone to enter teacher training at Maharishi International University in Iowa. My experiences during the training there were really quite extraordinary, in part because I remained independent in terms of the institutional, dogmatic aspects of the group. However, there was an enormous amount of profound knowledge being discussed.

I immersed myself in the study of the Vedas and the Sanskrit language. I was enormously impressed with the amount of knowledge in the Vedas – how the experience of consciousness and universal awareness was articulated. This experience enabled me to have a time and place to be completely dedicated to my development of these higher states of consciousness.

One of the most profound things I absorbed was the unfolding of the cosmology. This came not so much from didactic learning as from direct experience, which included the astral or causal thought realms and the realms of light.

Once one understands the structure of creation and begins to experience it in detail, it becomes very understandable how people can have dreams of the future, alter their physical body to levitate, or to de-materialize and re-appear in another place. All the things you've heard about in what are considered mythological stories or so-called miracles become more comprehensible. They are also completely attainable by every single conscious human being. All beings will one day be capable of experiencing these things. The ability is our birthright- not just humans, but every conscious being in the universe. We are all children of God and all of these gifts and states exist within each of us.

That year, I began to have experiences that brought the infinite Being into this world. I could see a rock and know that it also contains pure awareness. Within the rock is the energy and the frequency of a light form, an astral form that gives it structure and its crystalline matrix form. And within that is the idea of it, and within the idea is the primal thought that created all things. And within that is pure, quiet conscious

mind. In fact, the totality of everything is nothing but pure conscious awareness, phasing, resonating and playing in different forms and in different ways.

Much of the knowledge that goes with this has to be realized from experience. The good news is that everyone, at some time in their life, has experienced that type of integration and oneness. They just have to remember it. My intention is to try to describe it in a way that will help you remember. If I could accomplish this from my personal background - having grown up with a total absence of exposure to the world of spirituality, then anyone can!

As all of this began to unfold, I dedicated myself for a number of years to teaching meditation and higher states of consciousness. During those years, I took an advanced course in the Catskills, in New York. On that retreat, I fasted and spent several hours a day in meditation, in a really beautiful, quiet state.

I began to awaken to an ability I'd had since childhood -- but then only beginning to emerge -- of being able to see things within consciousness that were not visible to the naked eye. Walking down a corridor, I would try to see what was around the corner. Almost every time, I would see what was there or who was coming. And I wasn't trying to guess until I got it right. It was like staying in a steady state of consciousness and actually *seeing* it.

Then I would attempt to see things happening at a distant point on Earth or at a distant point in time -- the next day or the next week. I practiced this a great deal. It became routine for me to be able to go to sleep and see a distant place or event, and know what was going to happen the next day.

Now, this is no mystery, if you understand the omnipresent nature of consciousness. Because it is omnipresent, it is beyond the restrictions of time or space, which means that you can break those bonds through entering this state of awareness. And when you do, you will find yourself able to see things one isn't "supposed to be" able to see. Space and time are obliterated, and you are free to *really* see.

One day during this retreat I wondered about some of the so-called siddhis (or spiritual powers) described in the Vedas. I thought it would be interesting to test the limits of this for the physical body. I began to think about the abilities we have- if we are all consciousness and our bodies are actually filled with the light of awareness. What might we really achieve? Well, one day I was in an enormously happy, joyful, peaceful state. I was out walking on a magnificent, clear spring day. Being so affected by Earth and nature, the moment was right for what followed.

As I was walking in the field behind the manor where we were staying, I spontaneously -- without effort or forethought -- levitated. It was reminiscent of that prolonged experience of bounding down the mountainside after my ET encounter in October of '73. This time I just lifted vertically, maybe two or three feet above the ground.

Instead of walking to my destination, I glided there in an

upright, vertical levitation experience. And then at the moment my intellect kicked in and I exclaimed, "My God, look what's happening. How can I be doing this?", I settled down to Earth. It was halted by my own intellect and ego!

One of the many lessons I learned from this is that there's a certain grace, along with faith, needed for such extraordinary experiences. I don't mean religious faith per se, but the *certainty of, or knowing* the capacity latent within. It is beyond self, ego, and intellect. If we can give ourselves freely to it, incredible things can be accomplished. And if it fails to flow, it's because we are stopping it. Ultimately, it is recognizing and embracing the power of God within each of us.

After this experience, it became increasingly clear that we have within us any capability, and that anyone can acquire and develop them. We're coming into an era where such things will become routine and accepted as "the norm."

There is sometimes a tendency by people involved in various spiritual and religious groups to put people who have this level of experience or knowledge on a pedestal, as if it's unattainably unique. It's *not*, and that's very important to understand. It is, in fact, a disservice to the nature and potential of humanity to idolize something that should be understood as the birthright of everyone.

In 1975 I went with some friends to Isola, France, up in the Maritime Alps, to become instructors of meditation. While on this particular retreat, I had a number of experiences with higher states of consciousness, what might be called unity consciousness and God consciousness.

One day, remembering what had happened two years earlier in the North Carolina mountains, I wondered if that same extraordinary experience could be repeated. So in the hotel room, I went through the protocol we'd created in 1973 on that spacecraft.

I then went into the state of unbounded consciousness, and then expanded awareness off the mountain, around the Alps, into space, and out into our Solar System. Seeing the vastness of space, I said to these craft and the ETs on board, "My name is Steve. I don't know if you remember me, but we met a couple years ago, and now here I am up in the French Maritime Alps, in Isola."

And so I showed them the beautiful spiral galaxy, the Milky Way, our star system with the sun and its planets, and the Earth. And then I zoomed in to Europe, to the Maritime Alps of France. I showed them our location in the hotel complex and said, "If you can come visit, please do." This occurred in an unbroken flow of consciousness for about 20 minutes

Later, after lunch, some friends and I decided to go for a walk in the mountains near the hotel. It was about 1:00 in the afternoon. I looked up in the crystal clear, Alpine sky to see a beautiful, huge tetrahedral-shaped ship, shining in the sun. It was clear and fully materialized, and drawing down towards us, silently.

A good friend in the group who knew of my experiences with extraterrestrial vehicles gasped, "My God, Steve, did you call them here?" And she just came unglued. "Oh, my God, I can't believe it." And I replied, "Yeah, I did. I did this protocol that I told you about." She asked, "My God, why didn't you warn me?!"

At the point this anxiety was shown by some of the group, the ETV stopped approaching us, hovered, and then backed off silently. Then this huge craft just completely "de-materialized," disappeared out of our space-time. I turned to her and smiled, "Well, I guess the protocol does work." And she says, "My God, next time, let me know. Warn me before you're going to do it!" But I was laughing hysterically!

This taught me that, in fact, we could contact the ETs and this could be experienced by others. It was the first time since I was nine years old that I had actually seen one of these ET craft in the company of other people. In this case, it was a true CE-5, where a human invited the craft and they came, witnessed by others. Clearly, the protocols worked. I began to feel that maybe this should be taught to people at some point, because everyone should learn that this is possible.

But as time passed, I began to question it again. When something this extraordinary happens, doubts always creep in! After a while, I was living back in the mountains of North Carolina, outside of Blowing Rock, with a friend who had been on the training course. We had become teachers of meditation together.

One day in late fall 1977 I decided to test the protocol again. That night I sat up in bed and meditated. I went into the expanded state of consciousness, felt it expanding into space, saw the fullness and infinity of space being filled with the light of awareness, and in that light I saw these extraterrestrial people and said, again, "My name is Steve."

But, thinking so much time had passed that maybe they didn't remember, I said, "Well, my name is Steve Greer and I was born in Charlotte, North Carolina on June 28, 1955." I then gave them an entire brief biography! I showed them Charlotte, and how to get to my location. From space, they could go to Charlotte, then up to the North Carolina mountains, about 100 miles away. After following this technique in a stream of consciousness, I fell asleep.

Suddenly, I awakened in the wee hours of the morning between 1 and 4 a.m. And here was this beautiful blue-white craft outside the window and about 30 feet above the house. And the consciousness of the occupant was being projected right into the room I was in! It was very palpable.

We were out in the middle of nowhere, totally surrounded by mountains and meadows and silence. And here was this ship silently hovering right outside my window! Suddenly my housemate woke up in his bedroom; jumped up, rushed into my room and exclaimed, "Do you see that?" I said, "Yes," kind of sheepishly, like, "Uh-oh." And he says, "My God, there's a space ship right outside our window." I said, "Yeah, I know."

I kind of invited them."

He became really unhinged and said, "Damn it, don't ever do that without telling me! You scared the hell out of me!" He could feel, also, that there was an intelligent being, de-materialized, but like a projection of awareness, from the ship inside the room.

We went into the living room, and the ship followed us around to that side of the house, to the big picture window overlooking Grandfather Mountain. By then, I think they sensed my friend's fear, and with that, the ship backed off, went out over the valley, and swoosh, streaked away - off into space over Grandfather mountain.

The very next day, we heard on radio and in news reports that two space ships were found on the radar at Douglas Airport in Charlotte, North Carolina. They were pursued by a police helicopter called Snoopy. I was stunned to hear that the area of the city where the sightings were centered was where I was born and grew up - the spot I'd shown them in my vectoring through consciousness.

One of the craft apparently got very close to the police helicopter, and also to an Eastern Airlines jet. This was all recorded by the air traffic control tower, and it confirmed the CE-5.

Years later, a man who had acquired the FAA audio tape of that event shared the tape with me. (We have it in the CSETI archives.) In the transcript, one of the craft just vanished, and the other one was seen and tracked going off towards the northwest: the mountains where I was located. And, in fact, it then appeared outside my window.

So, that was an interesting early CE-5 that not only had another witness - my hapless housemate - but also was tracked on radar, observed by commercial airline pilots, and chased by a police helicopter.

Frankly, I was stunned and a bit unnerved by the precision of the event. I thought, "Wow. This is serious! I really shouldn't do this anymore until I formalize a program for it." And, in fact, I didn't do it again- from 1977 to 1990- when I formed the Center for the Study of Extraterrestrial Intelligence, or CSETI.