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“A New Place to Stand: Extraterrestrial Communication”

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“There comes a time when the mind touches a higher plane of knowledge, but can never prove how it got there.” -- Albert Einstein

Sound asleep I woke up with an unexpected voice in my mind, a deep and compelling voice, one of such a strange appeal that it could not be dismissed, yet so strange that I was unable to believe it. Why would such a voice speak in this way? In my mind? I had just left a large corporation. I was thinking about communication with the public, innovative technologies that could change communication. Yet this unexpected voice. Making a compelling case for another kind of communication. A much more expanded human communication. Without boundaries.

I had been raised by an amateur astronomer; and I certainly knew the planets “up close and personal” as a child—to see them through a “magic” lens was not like looking at pictures of them. They were “right there” with me. I did not understand that that experience had a molding effect on my mind and life, until now—that simple personal act of peeking into the heavens and seeing Jupiter as a child, thinking, Jupiter is right there like I am right here; and I remembered the first poem I had learned as a child, ending: “I am just as big for me, you see, as you are big for you...” My father had inadvertently (or perhaps verterly...) made our experience of the planets *personal. Immediate. Real. If something happened on Jupiter at the moment I was happily looking at Jupiter, then I would see it “live...”*

60 years later. I awaken in the middle of the night – a question bugging me for a while as I was teaching my first class on consciousness studies, just playing around with new things and ideas, and it came to me that I was supposed to teach “extraterrestrial communication.” And I said to “no one in particular,” now, *how would you teach that?* Apparently “no one in particular” is a kind of “grid” or network, a “party line” (for those old enough to remember when you could pick up the phone and someone in your neighborhood might already be on it, talking away, surprise surprise.)

So that was my burning question. How do you teach extraterrestrial communication? How do you really *really* communicate personally with an extraterrestrial being? What would you say? Not in science fiction or hypothetical thought. How do you *actually* talk with an extraterrestrial being? Right now? Alone...

I woke up in the middle of the night with a voice in my mind that had been in my dream, and it was still ringing in my ears. Warm, pleasant, comforting—humorous. LARGE. It was just a few words. 11 words. But it changed everything for good. 11 simple words. Now it is a couple of years later; I figured out that was just the tiniest beginning. A fledgling encounter in present day. But it wasn't. It actually began with my father 60 years before, taking two tiny children up on a ladder to look through the lens of a giant telescope (to us) at planets and stars and other beautiful things that most other children in school weren't introduced to that way; as if he was introducing a personal *family* to us, a secret society of large and inspiring beauty that just ignited us with a sense of specialness and outshone anything else we were learning. And it was something *real*. Something real to him, and so it was something real to us...

He wasn't able to express affection easily. But at my age now, I would say that the passion he allowed to stream to us from the skies back then was an expression of affection that took 60 years for me to be able to translate; but wow...wow...wow ☺. A belated and profound *thank you* and a note to myself to start looking all over for other expressions of love that we miss, and just don't know yet what we have received. I'm so thankful to have gotten that message albeit 60 years late...

These were the 11 words, answering my question, how do you communicate with an extraterrestrial being, waking me in the middle of the night, from a lot more than sleep...; as if to say, you're late!, you're late!, you're late for a very important date!: With some humor, but very loud: **"I am the planet Jupiter, and I am an extraterrestrial being..."** Ironic. Profound. Way out of the box. Incomprehensible. *True*.

Many thousands of words, thousands and thousands of words, followed over the years. And I came to understand something about who we are, who I am, *in the sky*; something we think not of – that we are "in the sky." To us there is the sky above, and we are below on Earth; but no, we are in that sky, that sky of Jupiter's, that "eye" of Jupiter can see *us in the sky*. And it seeped in gradually that to try to communicate with other hearts that beat, with life from other star families of Jupiters and Earths...with consciousness that forms and projects them no less than the living consciousness of Gaia which we form and people every day...that we are all likely at some point to "wake" up to unexpected voices beyond this place. To greet someone who may be wondering the same "interplanetary" thoughts of wonder that we have, as one who lives in understanding of what we are all part of; open to voices and gestalts of consciousness that are far from dead rocks and gases we see in our nearby night. Filled and formed somehow with consciousness that we simply cannot see in all its forms in time and space, for we see only one time that we think of as Jupiter, only one space that appears in that large Red form, but we do not see the beginning, middle, and end, the Alpha and Omega of that large body which orbits as we do. Anymore than we see the Alpha and Omega of all that Earth is and will be and has been since its beginning, as we live and breathe and think AS Earth. And love AS Earth. It was an *Invitation* of sorts I seemed to receive in that moment, after 60 years, an adult now...to talk, to share consciously, to contact and connect not just as individuals but as planetary consciousness, thinking of ourselves in a new way, with a *new place to stand* as human beings; with the heart of a galaxy and eyes born in stars...

And in that place, in personal communication not abstract science, not new technology but new humanity, in real membership in a beautiful consciousness that must form this truly spectacular Solar family the same as we are part of forming Earth...in which we are full members of sisterhoods and brotherhoods beyond all senses... was a *new place to stand*. A new place to stand as *human* and communicate everywhere. Communicate with any beings, any life beyond Earth forming and becoming in its own galaxies of consciousness, beyond this space, beyond the size and time we feel compelled to live within but do not have to—nor do others from other spaces, other extraterrestrial places.

And when a voice says, *I am the planet Jupiter and I am an extraterrestrial being*, it is not impossible that that voice is speaking to a truth *of us* that we fear imagining; to a brother or sister we cannot imagine that we are, in a loving call that we cannot imagine might be for us, so small. Just one. I realized that the heart is not relative to time or space because my notion of time and space was altered forever with that voice. Yet I, with my heart beating loudly, was still *there*, and that voice was still speaking. *"If I am powerful and vast, am I any less loving...?"* I did not feel alone.

Thousands of words later, thousands and thousands of words later and so many decades after first being introduced, without awareness, to "life" beyond Earth, visible in the sky every night and every day, I finally suspected that it is not what we think, not inanimate and not without *inherent* life... And I put all the words online and feared the worst. *But you cannot quote the planet Jupiter on your website*, a business friend admonished. And I began to wonder just how far away websites might *truly* be read and finally decided that putting the words which seemed to come from the heart of an *unimaginable, personal* Jupiter, after all that time, might be one of my most memorable moments ever on this planet. So I did. And I began to try to teach the class and discover what amazing beings humans really are.

June of 2009 (it takes some of us so long...) I finally realize that the power is in that *intention to communicate*. That *personal desire* for extraterrestrial communication in itself, that reaching out for life beyond us; it might be a *fundamental, evolutionary "spark" of transformation*, conscious multidimensional interconnecting—and we

have the connectors for it!. That this development is ultimately about “the place you stand” as conscious beings and not what you say. That a most profound *movement* in human consciousness is taking place everyday in our personal, irrational desire to communicate beyond Earth and to communicate directly and personally. That *there is a response to it*. That the change in our consciousness *is centered in it*; it is not tangential, it is *primal; it is developmental*. Our passionate setting out, curious with wonder, to *personally* communicate with life somewhere, everywhere: Extraterrestrial life. Life not like us (but we hope secretly that it is and that it likes us). Life of all sizes and shapes. Life with hopes and doubts. Life trying to understand life. Life looking through telescopes for other life and not always knowing when you have found it... But being both thankful and hopeful that it may know that you are trying for that moment of Contact, that moment of Introduction, through a telescope or a voice in the night that perhaps we do not always interpret correctly in our misty, hoping minds. Not Close Encounters of the Third Kind. But Close Encounters of the Heart. Which open unexpected doorways to *star talk*...

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