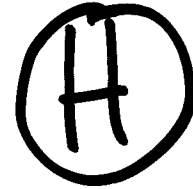


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# AN ANGEL UNAWARES?



by Allan W. Edwards

In our previous issue, Waveney Girvan suggested that a fruitful line of research might lie in seeking terrestrial evidence in support of the many claimants who allege that visitors from other planets are amongst us. The author of this article, who now lives in California, has come forward with his remarkable testimony.

**T**HE following events took place during the year 1946 and the early part of 1947. I wish to make it clear that I do not claim to have been in contact with beings from outer space, since the people described herein did not so identify themselves. I can only present the facts as I remember them and let the reader form his own conclusions. I have placed these people in the category of "extraordinary" due to the unusual powers that they possessed. It is quite possible that they are of this earth but have reached a higher state of development than the average. If this is so, then this account will be of little interest. I cannot help, however, but hope that my intuition is right and that there are those from other planets who are anxious to assist us in our present predicament here on this earth and who, being more spiritually inclined, may be able to guide us through the darkness that seems to lie ahead. In reference to this a verse from Hebrews in the New Testament seems pertinent: "Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Shortly before my discharge from the Army in June of 1946 I was in hospital suffering from a minor ailment; since the main ward in the post hospital was full I enjoyed the luxury of a private room, small but comfortable. I was admitted in the evening and after a night's sleep I shaved, put on the bathrobe provided and went down the hall to the main ward where I hoped to find someone to talk to. Many of the other patients were up, while others, unable to get out of bed, were either sleeping or eating breakfast.

An attendant entered and told the ambulatory patients to go into a small dining area where we were seated at a long table occupying the centre of the room. Trays of food were handed to us by

another attendant and we quickly devoured the half-cold food and the bitter coffee. Breakfast over, I wandered back to the main ward and, seeing no vacant chairs, I sat on the floor at the far end of the ward facing the hallway leading to the private rooms and the door to the dining area. On a chair between the two doors a man was sitting.

From that distance I could immediately see that there was something unusual about him. I am a portrait painter, academically trained in the strict English school of painting that required extensive anatomical training as a basis for drawing and painting. I have a reasonably good sense of colour due to years of studying the subtle variations of hue on the faces of countless sitters. Even at a distance of about fifty feet I could see that the coloration of this man's face was startling.

I arose and walked the length of the ward to get a closer look. The bed at the end of the room on my left was vacant and, assuming it to be his, I asked him if he minded if I sat on it. He smiled and said "Go right ahead." I perched on the edge and, trying not to be too obvious, I studied this amazing man.

### His description

Never in my life had I seen such beauty, yet there was absolutely nothing feminine about his features. They were perfectly formed. His forehead was extremely high, the fine veins showing faintly through the transparency of the skin at the temples. His blond hair seemed to glow with an inner light of its own; in fact, his entire head seemed to be radiant, whether from the beauty of his complexion or some mysterious factor I did not know. His eyes were softly blue beneath the pure whiteness of his brow and seemed, to me, to be filled with great compassion. His nose was

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perfectly shaped and the colouring of his cheeks had a freshness and purity that I had never beheld in any human being.

The extraordinary height of his forehead amazed me but the physical characteristic that I found even more unusual was the depth of his head from the forehead to the back. This was definitely an abnormality according to all rules of skeletal structure and yet, as I continued to stare, I realised that for the first time I was seeing perfection.

I became aware of a strange sensation. Somehow I seemed to be in two places at once, as though I were raised up into another dimension. The feeling of well-being was beyond description, almost in the nature of a spiritual experience, and I felt that in some way it was connected with the man seated near me.

I hesitated to question him, yet I wanted to know more about him, and I glanced at the bedside table hoping to get some clue to his identity. On it was a pitcher of water, a tumbler and a copy of a pocket magazine called *Pageant*. It was opened at an article titled "Easter in Oklahoma." Little did I realise at that time how this article was to influence my life after my discharge from the hospital.

A doctor entered the ward and my name was called, bringing me to attention. I was taken into a small office where I was given a thorough physical examination. Upon its completion I was instructed to go back to my room and rest. Lunch and dinner were brought to me and I turned in early but I could not sleep; my thoughts kept turning to the strange man I had seen in the ward.

Around midnight I heard a commotion in the hallway outside my door. I got out of bed and cautiously looked out. In front of me were two attendants struggling with a young lad who had obviously been horribly beaten. They dragged him into the room next to mine and put him on the bed where he lay groaning. Upon questioning the attendants I learned that the boy, who could not have been over eighteen, had been picked up at the P.X. by the M.P.s; apparently he had been involved in a drunken brawl and had got the worst of it. Both eyes were black and swollen shut and his forehead was badly bruised, but his nose seemed to have suffered the most, it was a bleeding pulp. I returned to my room and tried to sleep, but the groans from the next room kept me awake until, just as day was breaking, they finally stopped and I drifted off into a restless sleep.

In the morning, refreshed after a shower and a shave, I went into the dining room and sat

down at the end of the long table. The man I had seen the previous day in the ward was seated at the centre of the table on my left. No sooner was I seated than I realised that I had forgotten to put on the tops of my pyjamas and my robe. I arose and went back to my room, put them on, then returned. In the meantime my seat at the end of the table had been taken; the only vacant one was next to the blond man, on his left.

I sat down and watched him out of the corners of my eyes. Again I was amazed at the beauty of his head. I vaguely remember the conversation that he was having with one of the men across the table. They were discussing palominos, whether or not they had black feet. Not knowing what coloured feet palominos have, I was unable to join in the conversation and instead I looked around the table at the other men. My eyes rested on a young lad seated at my left at the end of the table. This was the same boy who had been brought in the night before, the one who had been so badly beaten—yet it couldn't be, there was not a blemish on his face!

I leaned over and asked him if he had come in the previous night. "I must have," he replied, "but I don't remember anything about it. I was a little drunk and I got into a fight at the P.X."

I did not question him further; I knew it was the same lad, yet here he sat, apparently happy and well with no sign of the black eyes, the bruised forehead or the smashed nose. I couldn't account for it and yet, somehow, I felt strongly that the man seated on my right had been responsible for this miraculous transfiguration. Again I felt the odd sensation of being in two places at the same time. Was no one else at the table aware of what was taking place? I looked about me at the others. Then I realised that an amazing thing had happened. Each one of the men seated at that table was changed. "Glorified" is an extravagant word to use and yet it explains best what had happened to these people. It was as though a grey veil had been lifted off my eyes and for the first time I saw true beauty of colour. I wondered if they were aware of their transfiguration or whether it was some strange trick of my own vision.

#### My awareness

I felt tears come to my eyes and I quickly took up my fork and picked up a piece of the pancake on the plate before me. I put it into my mouth and was startled to find that it dissolved and disintegrated seemingly without a trace. At the same time I had a strong awareness that this food was in some way alive and part of a larger body. This is difficult to explain and I cannot find

## “ . . . I find myself looking for him ”

words adequately to express it. I knew now that the blond man seated beside me was responsible for these miracles. I put my fork down and sat quietly, tears streaming down my face. In a few moments I got up and left the table and went to the privacy of my room. I was too overcome to finish my meal.

I did not see the blond man again until after my discharge from the Army six weeks later. Although I was in perfect health I was kept in the hospital pending my discharge; it was apparently simpler than reassigning me to my section. During this period I experienced a number of strange things. I suppose that they might be termed of a psychic nature and I was quite unable to explain them or understand their purpose. Along with these I was plagued by a repetitious dream about concrete. I seemed to be involved in mixing it, pouring it and even being buried in it. At no time did I doubt my sanity, for I seemed to have experienced a spiritual awakening and I had a strong sense of guidance. I was conscious of the suffering of many of my fellow patients and did my best to be as cheerful as possible even though the atmosphere of the hospital was, at times, quite depressing.

Soon the day of my discharge arrived and I walked out of the hospital in civilian clothes which my wife had purchased for me. One of the first things that I did was to purchase the copy of *Pageant* magazine and read the article “Easter in Oklahoma.” It told about the annual pilgrimage to Lawton, a small town in the southern part of the state. Every year at Easter a pageant is presented by the local townspeople depicting the last days of Christ. It is attended by multitudes who come from all over the country to see this beautiful and moving spectacle in the hills behind the town.

I wrote to the Chamber of Commerce of Lawton, requesting literature about the town. In a few days I received numerous brochures extolling the beauties and assets of this thriving community. Since my wife and I had no plans for the future we decided that we would move to Lawton, a decision based on nothing more than an article in a pocket magazine!

### **The blond man again**

A few days before we were due to leave I was walking down the main street of the small town of Petersburg, Virginia, where we had been living during my service in the Army. On the other side of the street, walking in the same direction, was the blond man who had been in the ward at the hospital. He was accompanied by another man

and both were wearing the uniform of the United States Army. I crossed the street and followed them. When they reached the corner they parted company and the man from the ward crossed the street. I caught up with him, a thousand questions on my tongue. I found myself looking up at him; I am fairly tall but he towered above me. I managed to stammer out “Do you remember me?” He smiled and said “Yes, you were in the hospital at Camp Lee.”

All the questions that I had wanted to ask him suddenly disappeared and I found myself saying “We are going to move to Lawton, Oklahoma.” Why I thought that this would be of any interest to him I do not know, but he said “I come from a small town near Lawton called Cement.”

Recalling my manners, I introduced myself and he informed me that his name was Suder. Whether this is the correct spelling or not I do not know. I cannot recall any further conversation. I remember watching him as he walked away until I lost sight of him when he turned a corner. I walked slowly home thinking of my dreams of concrete and Cement, Oklahoma, and wondering what the connection was, if any.

We moved to Lawton, arriving in the late afternoon. We managed to find a one-room apartment, a converted garage, and after a quick dinner we fell into bed, exhausted after the long, hot train ride. Early the next morning we ventured forth and looked at our new home. At nightfall we came back to our garage apartment, packed our belongings and took the next train to Los Angeles. The Lawton Chamber of Commerce had done a wonderful publicity job!

Several years later I returned to Oklahoma and went to the small village of Cement. No one there had ever heard of anyone by the name of Suder and although I searched the countryside I did not find any trace of him. In every city that I visit I find myself looking for him. I still have many questions to ask if and when I ever see him again. Is he of this earth and, if so, what power does he possess that he can change the things about him, heal a boy's disfigured face and bring life to food by his very presence?

In January of the following year I was in Seattle, Washington, and was again sent to hospital, this time with a respiratory ailment. During my stay in the hospital I became increasingly curious about two attendants; both were quite young, one tall and blond, the other short and dark. Physically there was nothing extraordinary about them but I quickly discovered that both had the ability to read every thought that passed

through my mind, an ability which proved quite disconcerting to me. To have a question answered before it is put into words is an intriguing experience and I must admit that I was quite awed by it.

Being ambulatory, I tried to make myself useful around the ward and helped with the trays for those who were bedridden. At times I seemed impelled, against my own will, to do things that would be helpful for those who were sicker than I. I had not had much experience with those who were in pain and yet I found myself administering to them with expert hands which did not somehow seem to belong to me. I regret, now, my reticence about questioning the two attendants although I truly do not believe that I was meant to.

Shortly after my dismissal from the hospital I was impelled, that is the only word that explains the sensation, to go down to the street from my room in the hotel where I was staying. It was a sharp, clear night with stars brilliant in the moonless night. My gaze was drawn to one star which was unusually large. I had never before seen anything so brilliant in the night sky. As I watched it started to expand and gradually grew brighter and brighter until it was about half the size of a full moon. It did not change position and after a few moments it decreased in brilliance until it was back to its original size. I was startled and perplexed. I had never heard of space ships or flying saucers and could only suppose that it was some strange phenomenon that had taken place upon a distant planet or star.

I forgot about the incident until some years later when a friend of mine gave me a book called *Inside the Space Ships*, by George Adamski. I read it and re-read it. Some of the events described by Mr. Adamski rang a bell and I remembered the man in Camp Lee, the attendants in the hospital in Seattle and the strange light in the night sky.

Shortly after this I was in Virginia Beach, Virginia, where nine "space-ships" manoeuvred over the coast one night while several of us watched, intrigued by their sharp, right-angle turns. Later, in Dallas, Texas, we observed one in the western sky. It appeared every night in the same position giving us a good opportunity to study it through a telescope. It exhibited an unusual conformation on what we supposed to be the underside of the craft.

A year later I met an airline pilot who told me of seeing six of these strange craft at close range.

We spent the night discussing the subject on the plane to Honolulu and two nights later I watched one circle the island of Oahu at a great height, then, minutes later, saw another, or possibly the same one, flying at a low altitude against the mountains behind the city.

That same year I was in Puerto Rico, where I observed another unusual phenomena in the night sky. It was a large, glowing, white object with a tremendous halation around it which slowly faded until it disappeared completely, leaving the stars shining brightly in the black sky. While there I met a man who, with several others, had seen a large, fluorescent object, about the size of a DC 6, on the landing strip of an abandoned military airfield on the southern side of the island one evening. It took off while they watched, accelerating quickly, and disappeared. They were particularly impressed by the strange vibration which they claimed they felt within their own bodies. They were only about 300 feet away and yet heard no sound. The sugar cane beside the road trembled with the same vibration and they made note of the fact that there was no wind.

I could no longer doubt the existence of these craft. I am quite sure that they are occupied and directed by intelligent beings. Who they are I do not know. Have I met three of them? Has George Adamski met them? If I could meet him perhaps I could answer my own questions. I made a trip to Palomar in southern California to meet the man who claimed to have not only been in contact with these people but who claimed to have been inside these ships. I came away impressed, not so much by what he said but by his gentle manner. Strangely enough, we did not talk about space ships and space beings, but about spiritual things, his love of nature and his belief that God exists in all matter and therefore there is nothing that is not holy. He is a man who has great humility, who believes in the brotherhood of man and who sees beyond all the turmoil and hostility of our earth today to a time in the not too distant future when there will truly be peace on earth and goodwill towards all men.

I believe that everything that he has written is within the realm of possibility. My own experience has taught me to keep an open mind. God works in mysterious ways and though, being human, I am inclined to question them I feel sure that what is taking place today will ultimately be for our benefit if we do not ignore the signs.