

The 2001 UFO Fact Finding Tour and Vacation

By David Ben Ya'akov

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Greetings friends and visitors. I want to take some time to share with you a trip that I made recently. I'll include graphics so that this page won't be too boring. Last October a couple of friends and I went on a trip to the Great Southwest of the United States. Actually, it was a motor trip that lasted a whole week, but that was what we planned and it was a blast. For my friends it was just a trip, but for me it was a trip and a UFO fact finding tour.

You see, a few years ago I found a site on the Internet that really sparked my interest, or should I say it reignited my interest in the UFO phenomena. That site is called *Alien Resistance* and it is an informative site that everyone; UFO fanatic, UFO skeptic, and those who don't know what to believe, should investigate. When I was a child and a teenager I was deeply involved in the study of UFO's. I didn't have a degree in the subject or anything like that, but I bought just about every magazine that came out, read many books and saw every movie that involved UFO's, extraterrestrials and other strange things. My father had gotten me interested in UFO's at a very early age and he was my mentor in the subject. I was so steeped in UFOlore that I even saw them a couple of times. Later when I became a Christian and realized what the phenomena really is I first resented that my dad had gotten my life so steeped in the subject. Later on though I realized that it was for a reason, so that when I came to faith in Christ Jesus, I could know what I was talking about when I did things, like make this website. Oh, and I hope you'll rejoice with me when I say that my dad came to faith in Jesus Christ not long after I did. He struggled with a lot of questions about aliens and UFO's and could never really make up his mind where they came from. He did however know Jesus, and where He came from. And finally, dad knew where he was going when he died, and he went there in a very peaceful way on the evening of July 21, 1999. I thought it was so neat that he landed in Heaven exactly 30 years to the day that we Americans landed on the Moon.

Day One:

Well, the day to depart had finally come. I could kiss work goodbye for a week and not think about patients, their medications or any of their sometimes-petty little complaints. The original plans had been to make it to Rachel, Nevada by nightfall, but we got off to a late start and got on the road close to eleven o'clock in the morning. We drove highway 50 from Sacramento to South Shore of Lake Tahoe. Of course, I can't pass Tahoe without placing some quarters in at least a few slot machines and Marie expressed a desire to eat at a casino buffet. We went to Caesar's and I did just that. It was a good thing too because I won enough money to eat at the buffet that they have there, and still had some money left over. We then took a small highway that connects South Shore, Nevada with Minden, Nevada. It was one of the scariest roads that I have ever been on. That, coupled with that fact that my friend Clint (who was driving) must have been practicing for the Le Mans really sent me into panic mode. You know what? There's no brake pedal on the passenger's side of the new Chevy Impala's!! I pressed it many times, but it just wasn't there. When we got to the bottom I silently thanked God that we didn't become a statistic at the bottom of some gorge.

When we got to Minden, we got onto U.S. 395 and took that in a southward direction. Clint started practicing for the Le Mans again but a female Nevada Highway Patrol officer thought it wasn't a good idea and gave him a ticket for his trouble. Clint didn't speed much the rest of the trip. We made it to Mono Lake right around four o'clock that afternoon and I began to realize that we wouldn't make it to Rachel that night. It was very dark by the time that we got to Nevada again and we proceeded to travel until we got to Tonopah, Nevada. After checking out a few motels (with highly inflated prices) we decided on a place called the Clown Motel. That's not a typo, it's really called that. The price was decent, but you get what you pay for. The owners were very nice people. The man even gave me a free bottle of TUMS when I asked if he sold antacid. Anyone that gives out free TUMS is A-Okay in my book.



Our first night's lodging

Day Two:

They say that it gets cold in the high desert at night and boy are they right. It was heavy coat weather for the first few hours. We packed up the car and Clint and Marie thought it might be fun to walk through the old graveyard that is right next to the motel. Clowns and graves...not a place for the squeamish. I knew that I was with good people because I have enjoyed reading gravestones ever since I can remember. Most of the stones were of people who died in mining accidents back in the 1800's and early part of the 20th century. There were a few children there and I do believe that there is a sheriff who was shot dead in a gunfight. We got some gas and headed out of town.

The Nevada desert is so neat, having little mountain ranges with deserted valleys between them. You come up to one pass and you can see right across the valley to where you will be on the next pass. We traveled on Route 6 and turned right on Highway 375, which is also known as the Extraterrestrial Highway. After traveling for some time, we came to the town of Rachel. Rachel is famous in the UFO realm because it is the closest town to AREA-51, a secret Air Force base. They say that the best way to keep a secret is to tell everyone about it and that's the case with Area 51. According to UFO-lore the government has real alien flying saucers and other alien technology at the base. Then there are those like myself who think that they have secret stuff there, but it is all manmade black technology stuff. For instance, this base is where the Air Force tested the Stealth Bomber and Stealth Fighter for many years before they made them public. Rachel really doesn't resemble a town too much, having only some mobile-homes, a gas station and a wonderful place called the Little Ale-Inn, a play on the words Little Alien. Normally I don't like to frequent places that have pictures of Aliens, which I consider to be of

demonic origin, but I swallowed my probable misdirected caution and went in. I was hungry and wasn't going to let a few little Grey buggers ruin what was a wonderful breakfast.



Rachel – Where I'd like to retire someday

I was really happy with what I saw inside. There really weren't too many pictures of the Greys at all. There were a multitude of pictures on the wall of UFO's, most of which I had seen before. Now, on to the breakfast. I decided to order biscuits and gravy, which I really like and I figured that since I didn't know when we would next eat that day, I needed something that would stick to my ribs. I was so contented with the meal. I have to say that it was the best biscuits and gravy that I had ever eaten. As I mentioned earlier, the proprietors were very nice people. They greeted us like we were friends or even family. The waitress at one point voiced her displeasure that a large crowd of locals who were leaving didn't give her any hugs. So, Clint and I went and performed our duties as hugmeisters which made her very happy. At the end of the meal I bought a few mugs and some literature and we left to continue our trip.



Earthlings Welcome

Your Hosts:
Joe & Pat Travis

HCR 61 Box 45
Rachel, NV 89001
775/729-2515
Fax 775/729-2551
www.littlealeinn.com

Business card from The Little Ale-Inn

I sadly bid farewell to Rachel. I really would have liked to have stayed longer and perhaps go up that dirt road up to the FORBIDDEN sign to snap a picture, but we had time restraints. Clint decided that he was tired of driving and I took over. About halfway between the end of 375 and Rachel I had the honor of killing a roadrunner with our vehicle. It walked into my path and I zapped it with the undercarriage of the Chevy. Wylie Coyote eat your heart out. We drove to the end of the Extraterrestrial Highway and caught Route 93, which we took south to Interstate 15 which took us into Las Vegas. I really don't like driving in cities, and Las Vegas was no different. It seemed as if for a short while on the trip we were in Los Angeles because the drivers have the same habits as those in La La Town. We stopped in Boulder City to get something to eat and then Marie took over the driving. After leaving Boulder City we went to Hoover Dam, which I found quite impressive. There were a lot of soldiers there and they were pulling over anything with a trailer and everything that looked like it could carry a bomb. It was less than 2 months after the terrorist attack of September eleventh and Hoover Dam was a prime candidate for attack. The rest of that day we drove down to Kingman, Arizona and then on to Flagstaff, where we stayed in another budget motel. This one was better than the Clown Motel but it had one peculiarity. There were large air ducts that ran through the room and it had two trap doors in its side that reminded me of the old days when we needed somewhere to hide our stash. My curiosity got the best of me and I had to open the doors. I didn't find anything in there, but in all the years that I was in construction I never saw something like that. Perhaps it's an Arizona Thing?

Day Three:

We set out from Flagstaff with our sights set on “Meteor Crater,” which is a short drive from there. The crater is quite impressive. Of course, the museum that accompanies the crater has a lot of info and it wouldn’t be a scientific exhibit without geologic columns with the myth of billions and millions of years thrown into your face. It would have been so much easier for them to just show the crater, some meteor fragments and leave it at that. The folks at the crater did the viewer the justice of leaving some things down at the bottom of the crater so that you can get an idea about the enormity of the hole. Life size human figures are even hard to see with the tourist telescopes that are mounted all over the place.



The Crater From The Highest Viewing Point



Clint, My Brother in Jesus and in Civil Disobedience!

The Meteor Crater was a lot of fun but we had to keep to a schedule, so after about an hour and a half at the big hole we got back underway. We hopped back onto Interstate 40 and drove east. I really fell in love with Arizona and New Mexico. The scenery is incredible, the people are wonderful and the air is nice and clean. We arrived in Albuquerque right at the evening rush hour. Still, the traffic was not too bad, probably because it is a small city or perhaps the people there act civilized, not like the vermin that infest California's highways.

We drove another hour and hopped onto Highway 285 south. By this time, it was getting dark and Roswell was still around 2 hours away. We amused ourselves by playing some of those games that kids play while on long journeys, word games and other association games. Marie was really good at putting us to this task and it seemed that she had thousands of games in her game bag. As childish as those games sounded, they really helped time to pass quickly. We got to Roswell and stayed at one of the first motels we could find, a Quality Inn. To us it was like the Taj Mahal compared to the two prior hotels. I slept so well that night, comforted in the fact that I would not be attacked by renegade clowns or some weird skin devouring bacteria that I wondered might be in those last two places.



Laboratory test of sign showed
unusual metallic properties?

Day Four:

We awoke well rested on day four. Breakfast consisted of a pack of those little donuts and a pint of milk. Ah, the two basic food groups, low and high saturated fats! One of the basic reasons for my trip to Roswell was to meet Guy Malone, one of the directors of Alien Resistance; a Bible based ministry that preaches to the UFO community and also enlightens Christians to the danger of the UFO cult. There were two problems that would have me kicking myself at the end of the day. First, although I told Guy I would be down in Roswell sometime in October, I didn't say when. Second, I assumed that Alien Resistance H.Q. would be open that day, but I didn't know that they had different hours during the cooler months. Well, those two things worked against me and I never did get to meet Guy Malone. Well, at least Marie offered to take my picture in front of the H.Q. as proof that I had been there.



Me Standing outside the hallowed halls of ARHQ

We walked around the streets of Roswell for a while, noticing how the town had given itself over to the UFO Delusion. Most of the streetlamps downtown had big black alien eyes painted on them. There were several souvenir shops that catered to alien stuff. I was not surprised to see that almost all the souvenir shops had occult articles in them as well as alien merchandise. Anyone who has seriously studied the UFO following knows that they and the occult are one and the same. It's like bread in the bread isle, different packaging but the same ingredients.

After a while of walking, we found ourselves just outside Roswell's International UFO Museum and we looked at each other and said, "why not?" We were surprised to find out that there was no admission charge, but they did accept donations. Now, my parents had brought me up to respect things and they would have insisted that I leave at least a small donation, but the way that I figured it, these people are fostering a faith that is totally set against Christianity, so I declined any donation. Sorry mom!



The UFO Museum in Roswell

The museum was your typical run of the mill museum, with many pictures, displays and a few oddball things to do. I put my penny in a machine and had it turned into a souvenir. I had not seen one of those machines since my childhood days at the Jersey Shore. I also got on the scale that told me my weight on the moon and on Mars. You know, I wish that my doctor had his office on the moon because I would only weigh 43.6 pounds there. No more of those “you have to lose weight,” lectures from Dr. Chang; that would be fantastic! I did find that they had a lot of items in the museum gift shop, but most of the stuff had those demonic little gray buggers on them, so that was out of the question.

We departed Roswell a little past noon and continued south on Highway 285. After what seemed like a short drive we arrived in Carlsbad. We stopped to eat and refuel and continued to Carlsbad Caverns. We bought tickets and descended into the cavern. If you have bad knees, I advise taking the elevator and don't learn the hard way like I did. The descent is a steady and sometimes steep path that seems to last forever. When you finally get to the bottom you think you've seen it all, but there is a couple mile path around the interior of the cavern. I was so glad that I didn't bring my SLR camera with me because it would have gotten in the way. I just bought postcards in the store back up at the top. Most of the stalactite and stalagmite formations look the same after the first half mile. I think what bothered me the most about the whole thing were the other people who were down there. You constantly have to get out of the way for those who want to speed-walk through and then there are those who stop to gawk or lollygag and don't

care that others want to get by. We took the elevator back up at the end of the path and prepared to sit and watch the bat flight at sunset. We were disappointed to learn that most of the bats were gone by the end of October. So, we hopped in the car and drove, leaving New Mexico and entering Texas. We drove to El Paso and then up to Las Cruces, New Mexico, where we stayed the night.

Day Five:

Day four had ended the UFO fact finding part of the trip. I have for some time had the desire to move to the New Mexico or Nevada areas and I wanted to see what it was like. I like Rachel, Nevada, but it is a bit too isolated for me. Roswell is nice (aside from the demonic stuff) and perhaps that is where God will settle me, but there is still more that I need to see of the southwest. On day four I would continue our adventure.

We left Las Cruces on Interstate 10, and headed back west. I remember pleading with God to be able to stay in New Mexico. I really hate living in California and have felt like a displaced person there for the past 28 years. But I guess it is just not His timing yet. We drove through nice little towns like Deming and then Lordsburg. I mused that it would be fitting for a Christian to serve the Lord Jesus in Lordsburg. Oh well, perhaps someday. We crossed back into Arizona and we set our sights on Tombstone. To our amazement none of us had ever been there. Between Clint, Marie and myself we had seen just about everything at least once, but Tombstone was an exception.

When we got to Tombstone it was so great. It greatly resembled my picture of the old west and it would have done so more had it not been for all of the modern cars parked along the street. If the people of Tombstone ever get the gumption to ban cars from the main street it will make the old west ambience much nicer. We walked around for quite a while, enjoying the stores and eateries. At one point I walked up to some guy who was dressed up in black garb, like your typical bad guy in the old west movies. I asked him how he was doing and he told me he was sore. He continued to tell me how one of the Clanton boys beat the snot out of him. His words not mine. He said that he was going to teach the Clanton's a lesson later and invited me to see it. It was just a ploy to get me to buy a ticket at the O.K. Corral for the gunfight. We looked all over for the corral. We finally found that it is inside a building now, just a couple of blocks from where the big guy in black and I had our conversation. We thought about going to it, but they charged too much so we declined. They even charged for a walk-through of Boot Hill which we also declined to do.

We left Tombstone and immediately noticed an Army checkpoint. Here again they were pulling over random vehicles to check for terrorists. I guess we looked like good Americans so they waved us through. We found Interstate 10 again and drove west once more. We drove through Tucson and then up to Phoenix where we stopped at a Walmart for supplies. Afterward we saw a Red Lobster restaurant and decided to splurge on dinner. The food there was so good, but I guess anything would be good seeing the diet of fast food that we had eaten until then. The waiter and I started to go back and forth after he found out that I was a Yankee fan and I was sitting in Diamondback country. It was really quite amusing and took the edge off of the trip, which was starting to get a bit monotonous after sitting in a car for 5 days straight.

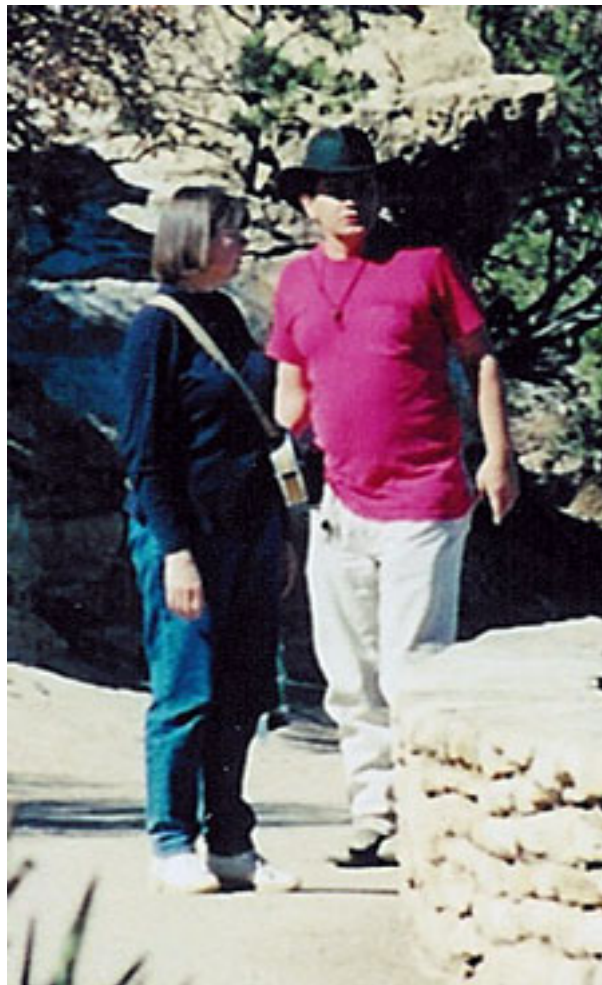
We left Phoenix bound for Flagstaff, which we reached that night around nine o'clock. Once we got to the motel I went for a nice walk, wearing my Yankee jacket proudly. Surprisingly I was not harassed once. We stayed at another budget motel, but it wasn't as bad as the ones at the beginning of the trip.

Day Six:

We woke up on day six with our minds fixed on getting to the Grand Canyon. After a wonderful breakfast at the hotel's restaurant we were off. After what seemed like a very long ride we got to Grand Canyon Park. We paid the ranger to get into the park, which theoretically belongs to us anyway. We found an area that had a lot of trails along the rim and we parted ways. Clint and Marie went left and I went right. You see, I'm sort of a loner and after being with people for five days I needed time by myself. I had a wonderful time, taking pictures and soaking in the sites. I'll tell you something! There's no way that the Colorado River carved that big canyon. I heard it for many years, but now that I saw it, it has to be a direct cause of the great flood. Only a sea's worth of water escaping at a fast rate could cause such a chaotic landscape. After the walk we spent most of the afternoon driving toward the exit of the park and stopping at every pullout that we found where a view could be seen.

One funny thing happened in a gift and visitor's center that we stopped in at the Canyon. I picked out a couple of items and decided that I should get out of there before I bought the whole store. I went up to the register attendant to pay for the items. I told her that we enjoyed the visit and that we were on our way back home. She asked where I was from and I embarrassingly told her that we were visiting from California. I made a point to tell her that there are in fact two California's and that we were from the north where things were a bit saner.

The statement had barely left my mouth when an attractive woman approached the counter and said that she was from California too. Then she went into a long spiel asking me if I had visited Sedona, Arizona. I told her that we never made it there. She went on to tell us that Sedona is where all of the energy is in Arizona, and she wasn't talking about power plants or nuclear electrical generation, but spiritual energy. Oh, she went on and on about every New Age thing you could possibly think about. After she was done, I asked her what part of California she came from. She replied that she lived near Los Angeles. I just looked at the cash register attendant, gave her the "there you have it" motion with my hands and said, "didn't I tell you there are two California's?" We both laughed and I walked away with my items, chuckling the whole way out.



Marie and Clint on The Trail

We continued on Route 64 till it came to Highway 89, which we took north. Our new focus was to make it to St. George, Utah and then travel to Salt Lake City, then take Interstate 80 back to Sacramento. So, we took 89 north until we almost reached Utah. I told Clint about a shortcut and we decided to take it. Highway alternate 89 took us to Highway 389 which took us to St. George. Not long after we turned onto alternate 89 Marie got a severe migraine attack. I've never seen anyone that sick and it really concerned me. Clint decided that he should assist her in the back so he asked me to drive. On the way to St. George I suggested that we stay at a nice hotel and that we head back home the next day.

We crossed the second to the last mountain range before St. George and my luck with animals in the road went sour again. No, not another roadrunner, but a deer. Thank God that the animal didn't freeze there but had the sense to get out of the way. Thoughts of Bambi-burgers, Bambi-steaks and venison stew went through my head, but I really didn't want to mess up Clint and Marie's car for a few steaks. We arrived at St. George and stayed at another Quality Inn. Marie started to feel better, probably because we weren't barreling down winding mountain roads anymore. I can only imagine that from the onset of her migraine till we got to the hotel she must have felt like she was on the roller-coaster ride from hell. We watched some television then retired for the evening.

Day Seven:

We awoke the next morning famished. We never ate a decent meal the night before because we concentrated on getting Marie to a comfortable place. The Inn served a continental breakfast and I'm not ashamed to say that I went back for seconds. We then gassed up the car and departed.

Although Marie looked like she had for the most part recovered from the migraine she still looked a bit ill. Clint had told me the night before that sometimes the condition could last a couple of days and I couldn't imagine putting her through what might be two more days of being on the road. So, I suggested, and both agreed that we make a beeline back to Sacramento, which would cut the rest of the trip by one day.

Nothing really eventful to note about the trip back long, except to say that it was very long. We went through Las Vegas again and then entered California, yuck! We passed through Barstow, Bakersfield and then took State Route 99 north to Sacramento.

Reflections:

I never expected to see any UFO's and I didn't see any. They really don't like to reveal themselves to the Sons of the Most High. After meeting the people of the Southwest, and enjoying their love and hospitality I have decided that whenever financially possible I will join their number. I have renewed my belief that the desert has a beauty all its own and that in my mind it rivals the rain forest or the thick woods of the northern states. And I know without any conviction that someday "The Delusion Resistance" will have a home in the Southwest.

It was sad to see how a city such as Roswell has given itself over UFO cultic ways. I'm sure that a lot of people associate with the UFO cult in order to get Roswell on the map, to make it a place for tourists to visit and to capitalize on the money that the tourism can bring. But in that effort to become popular the city has given itself over to the spirit of Anti-Christ. It is my hope and sincere prayer that ministries like Alien Resistance will others in the city will stand up boldly against that spirit and proclaim the name of Jesus Christ to all who can hear it.

All in all it was a great vacation and I would do it again in a heartbeat!

David Ben Yakov