

ROSWELL TRIP 2005

By Dave Ruffino

The following is an account of our attendance at the Ancient of Days Conference which was held in Roswell, New Mexico on the July 4th weekend of 2005. It is a diary, so to speak, of what happened to and through those who have formed the ministry Alien Abduction Crisis Centers of America. So, let us now begin.

Roswell is to UFO's what Jerusalem is to Christians and Jews, and what Mecca is to Muslims. But the fascination that we have toward Roswell isn't that we worship UFO phenomena or that we ever hope to see such a thing while we're there. Our sense of wonder about the place is that so many others consider it to be almost holy ground for the UFO community. Around the Fourth of July the town explodes into a frenzy of everything extraterrestrial. On every street you can find something that relates to aliens or some sort of occult theme.

But amongst all of the satanic revelry there are a group of Bible believing Born Again Christians who hold on to what God has given them; a mission to preach to those who are UFO thrill seekers. This is the base of The Alien Resistance; founded by Guy Malone, who lives in Roswell and also founded by Pastor Chris Ward; and Joe Jordan of CE-4 Research Group which is based out of Cocoa, Florida.

I had never been to one of their conferences and seeing that this year was being billed as the last in a series I just had to go and check it out for myself. Through a series of God ordained meetings between a member of the Delusion Resistance whose name is Bladei, and Joe Jordan down in Florida, Joe got the idea of contacting me via e-mail. Joe found out through Bladei that I had booked my tickets and made arrangements to attend this year's conference and he decided that we should pool both our financial and spiritual resources so that we could minister to the people of Roswell the weekend of the Fourth of July.

What you are about to read below is a journal about what happened for five days and nights in Roswell. You'll read about how the we came against the enemy and how the enemy tried to come against us; but we prevailed through the blood of Yeshua, the Lamb of God.

Thursday, June 30, 2005:

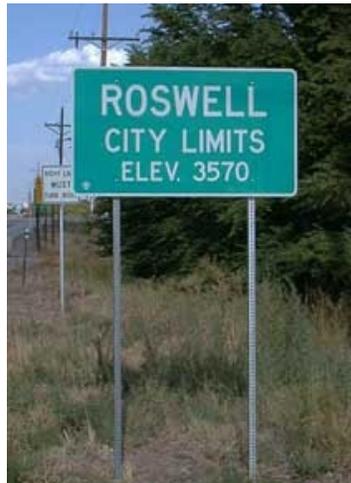
Frankly, I sort of envied the fact that Jim Wilhelmsen, who lives in Roswell didn't have to go through all of the prep work, the flight plans and the driving to get where Joe and I were going. From what I've ascertained by talking with Joe, we both left for our perspective airports around the same time. Joe was flying to Albuquerque from Orlando Florida and I was coming from the other direction, Sacramento, California. Joe had it a little easier though in that he somehow found a direct flight from Orlando to Roswell whereas I had to change planes in Phoenix. Joe got to Albuquerque three hours before I did and he waited for my flight to arrive. He wasn't hard to spot, wearing a bright yellow polo shirt that had his website's CE-IV research logo on it.

When I arrived at baggage claim Joe met me and we found my bags and headed for the front door. Joe informed me that we had a possible other rider who was flying in about an hour from then and asked if we could drive him down to Roswell too. We decided that he'd stay at the airport while I went to get the rental car. When I got to the car rental place the line moved pretty fast and when I got to the counter the girl that worked there said that with my discounted fare through AAA, I could get a SUV (Ford Explorer) for only three more dollars a day. I blessed the Lord and accepted the offer. You see, there was an extra reason to bless the Lord for the vehicle. Earlier in the week when Joe and I had talked on the phone he expressed doubt that I'd be able to make a trip that had been planned for a desert excursion to find the real crash site. He said that the pickup truck that had been arranged was already full and that I'd have to sit in back if I wanted to go bad enough. I had no problem with that, but now that I had an SUV to drive, I could go to the site in comfort.

I returned to the airport with the SUV and Joe informed me that the extra person was getting in a bit later than expected and that we could just leave as arrangements had been made to get the other fellow to Roswell. We weren't on the freeway for more than ten minutes when we hit a traffic jam. It took probably half an hour to get past what was causing the traffic troubles. We saw that a diesel truck had run into a recreation vehicle and it was quite a mess. The truck had caught fire and actually melted down to a molten mass in the center median of the freeway. We traveled probably another thirty minutes and ran into yet another traffic snarl. This time we

had to stop because there was a fire alongside the road. After about an hour of just sitting in traffic we started to move again. It almost seemed like the powers of evil were doing everything they could to discourage us before we got to Roswell. If that was their program, it didn't work because Joe and I took the idle time to get to know each other better. Before this time we'd never officially met except for some phone calls we made before the trip. And it was during this time that we first discussed putting together a website that would be dedicated to helping people who are victims of the alien abduction phenomena.

Now it's usually a three-hour trip from Albuquerque to Roswell, but with all of the accidents and such it took us over four hours. But at least during this trip it was daylight and we got to see all the scenery on the way there. It was a little after five o'clock in the evening when we arrived at the Best Western Sally Port Inn.



The temperature was in the low 100's and the air was dry; not unlike a summer day in Sacramento. There was one big difference though. In Sacramento we get a nice delta breeze in the late afternoon which cools things down nicely; but they don't get that in Roswell, so it rarely dipped below the mid-seventies at night, at least while we were there. Who's complaining though; we were in a nice cool motel room. We met Guy Malone, the webmaster of Alien Resistance and he directed us to a restaurant where he had arranged for many of us to eat that night.



Left to Right: Leah Haley, Guy Malone, David Flynn and Philip Nelson; missing, Joe Jordan who was taking the pictures.



Left to Right: Dave Ruffino, Mark Flynn, Fred Fredrickson, and Audio/Visual director.

We talked for quite a few hours that night. In the first picture is Leah Haley, author of several books related to the UFO field. She's a researcher that studies Military Abductions among other things. Next to her is Guy Malone, cofounder of Alien Resistance and the guy who

administered the whole conference. The third person in the first picture is David Flynn who runs the "Watcher Website," which I've followed for years. David is the one who figured out the sacred geometry that got us out to the real crash site the following day. The fourth person in the first picture is Philip Nelson. Philip is Guy Malone's right-hand man and is in charge of making the DVD's that Alien Resistance sends out. Philip has an uncanny sense of things and his prowess at getting things done way before schedule is highly recognized by the me and all he serves.

The first person in the second picture is me; Dave Ruffino, president and author of The Delusion Resistance. The person next to me is David Flynn's twin brother Mark Flynn. Mark was in charge of operating the GPS equipment the next day and got us right on top of the crash site. Next to Mark is Fred Fredrickson who is with David Flynn's "Watcher Website Team." Fred hiked in with us to the crash site and used his metal detector to look for artifacts. The man at the end of the table I will ask forgiveness for right now because I really don't remember his name. He was in integral part of Guy's team. He was the audio/visual person and shot all the video of the conference. If anyone reading this can give me his name, I'll amend this document to give him person credit for all his hard work.

We ended the night by returning to the room. I shared a room with Joe Jordan, the president of CE-4 Research Group. Joe and I discussed the trip to the crash site that we would be making the next day. Joe realized that he was really tired and decided to go to sleep. I stayed up because I felt the need to write a prayer that we could say the next day out at the crash site. I didn't think it proper that we go all the way out there and not dedicate the land to the Lord Yeshua and pray for Roswell too. The Lord had other things to add too. He gave me a poem for Roswell and it goes as follows:

COME BACK ROSWELL

There lives a story from back in 47

That alien beings fell to us from heaven.

And whether it happened, as many did say,

Gives Satan the glory, and from God strips away.

So many unwilling to service our Lord,

Conspiracy notions they'd rather afford.

It's so much more fun to believe in a fable,

Then to trust in the Lord, lay your cards on the table.

This alien craze brings the tourists around,

And brought again life to this sleepy old town.

It now is a Mecca for those so bizarre,

We draw them from near and we draw them from far.

But what have we done, have we sold our own souls,

For purse strings of silver and wallets of gold?

Corrupted our daughters, perverted our sons,

All in the name of some good harmless fun?

Now hear me O' Roswell, for God sees your plan,

And you surely know where the troubles began.

It started back yonder in old "47",

When you embraced evil and forfeited heaven.

But there's a solution, turn back to the Lord,

In blessed repentance, all in one accord.

And you will feel joy as you walk in His light,

The joy that one feels when one does what is right.

Copyright Holy Spirit via Dave Ruffino 6/30/05

FRIDAY, JULY 01, 2005

We woke on Friday in great expectation that we would be heading out to the crash site at an early cool hour so that we could beat the heat. I take after my dad who was always up before the crack of dawn and got an early start at things and there was every indication that Joe is the same way. So, I had to cool my jets and ask the Lord to give me patience while I waited for everyone to get ready for the drive out in the desert. Everyone seemed to wake sort of late, trying to eek as much sleep as they could, trying to recover from the flights and driving to Roswell.

As I sat in the restaurant eating my free breakfast, I wondered what the trip would show us. I wondered if we would pick up any artifacts that the military might have missed back in 1947 when they supposedly recovered wreckage from the site we would soon tread upon. I also thought about the possibility of running across rattlesnakes or maybe scorpions during our trek. Joe echoed this concern several times, warning us to be very careful about rattlers.

Breakfast ended and I wandered the hallways of the motel giving thought to banging on some doors, but my calmer side won out. It was after ten o'clock when any signs of our going finally came into fruition. I hooked up with Joe Jordan who told me that David Flynn and his team were preparing to go and I got really excited. Joe told me that the site we were going to visit was not the site that most people visit when they come to Roswell. He told me that there are actually four sites but I can't recount whether the one we would soon visit was included in that number or not. So, Joe and I hopped in the Explorer and started to follow Dave and his crew. We took 2nd Street which later becomes Routes 70/380 heading toward Ruidoso.

We drove for a few miles until we found a dirt road to turn onto, following Dave and his GPS crew. The road was quite dusty and I'm sure that the air filter of the rented SUV was getting pretty dirty.



Following the Flynn Mobile down the dusty dirt road

We drove for quite a distance in the desert. Man, it was so beautiful out there. To quote Buzz Aldrin from Apollo 11 when he described the moonscape, "magnificent desolation." We came to a fork in the road and Dave thought that we should stop and get our bearings. The picture below is of Dave checking the GPS unit along with Joe Jordan from CE-4 Research Group.



Joe Jordan and Dave Flynn check the GPS

We started to notice that the roads were getting worse and worse. As we followed behind Dave's car, we noticed that some of the rocks that he was running over were getting pretty close to the undercarriage of the car. I wondered when Dave would realize this and no sooner did the thought enter my mind that Dave decided to pull over. He suggested that we transfer all of his stuff to my vehicle.



Preparing to load all the equipment into my SUV

After a lot of driving on a lot of bumpy and rocky roads we finally got as close to the crash site as we could get by driving. We would have to hike in the rest of the way. The first

major obstacle was getting over a barb wire fence. Even in New Mexico all the land is spoken for, so there is no free range. I tried to think of ways to get over the fence; even thought about driving through it but that wouldn't have been right. So we went the old fashioned way and very carefully climbed over the fence, taking care not to injure any vital organs.



Dave Ruffino being helped over barbed wire fence by Gino Michaletti (left) and Mark Flynn (right)

When you look at the picture above you can know that we were all comrades in arms. One deliberate slip of the wire and I would have had to join the boys' choir at church. Actually, it was just a couple of younger guys doing the Biblical thing by honoring their elder in a kind deed. We had a nice time walking to the crash site. We had to lug a lot of stuff in there; both technical stuff and stuff that we were going to use for the ceremonial acts. We all took turns carrying all of the items and that really impressed me. We were all Christians in every sense of the word.

I have to say that our hike was a rigorous one. It probably would have been easier had we done it in early spring or late fall when temperatures are much lower, but we were there in July and nothing was going to stop us from finding our goal. We walked on flat land for quite a while and then came to a small hill. We got to the crest of that hill and we noticed that Mark Flynn had stopped. He had a perplexed look on his face, like something was seriously wrong. I approached him and asked him what the problem was and he replied that all of the satellites had just disappeared. It was as if someone had shut off the signal. Mark rebooted the GPS navigator and

after a minute or two some of the satellites reappeared on the LCD screen of the finder. We walked probably another five minutes and the satellites blinked out on us again. Mark had a bearing on general direction we needed to go and we continued. After a couple of minutes, the satellites were all back on the GPS contraption and we saw that we were on the right track. I was really starting to get concerned that we might have to walk a lot farther and I didn't know how long I could last. When I was about to ask yet again how far it was Mark motioned to me that we only had about five hundred feet to walk.



Mark Getting our bearing after the satellites came on the second time.

That five hundred feet brought us down into a area that I can't really find the words to describe. The only way I can think of describe it is like a three-quarter bowl. There was a ridgeline three quarters around and the fourth quarter was a gradual slope into a flat land far below. The area really didn't show any anomalies. I did notice something that looked like a deer trail; a sort of groove in the earth that extended from near the top of the ridge line and led toward the bottom of the sloping area. It looked (aside from the deer trail theory) that it could have been a long scrape, who knows?



GPS Readout of actual crash site

Latitude = 33° 28.195 North

Longitude = 104° 55.999 West

Altitude = 4,497 Feet

We looked around for any identifying landmarks. Believe me, there were very few. In the desert we were in everything looked the same and it would have been easy for someone to get lost if they weren't adept at directions. There was one identifying mark though; a place called Lewis Well which can be seen in the background of the following picture.



Lewis Well can be seen as a dark area in the center of this picture. It was the only landmark.

After a cursory sweep of the area we decided to get to the Spiritual matters that we came to perform. We took very few pictures of this event because we all participated in the matter at hand. It is however on DVD and can be obtained by writing to either Joe Jordan or Dave Ruffino. After Joe set up the video camera, we all stood side by side, all in one accord. I started with a prayer that the Lord had given me the night before. We thought it very important that we claim the land for Yeshua and His Kingdom. Here is a text copy of the prayer:

Bless this land Lord. Turn it again unto thyself. Turn around all evil perpetuated by this place and events that happened here, and bring about good. Sanctify this land so that only Your Name will be magnified by its remembrance.

For many years this place has been associated as 1947. We proclaim it to be a symbol of 1948, which is when your prophetic time clock started again ticking. We proclaim it as a sign of the coming of the Son of Man.

We pray for a renewal for Roswell and all the surrounding area. We pray for changed hearts and renewed minds. In the Name of Yeshua we claim Roswell for you. We place your banner over her residents. We claim her elected officials for you. We claim that her attraction toward Babylon will become an abhorrence of evil. We claim her occult businesses for you, that they may turn and become outlets of Holiness.

We stand here on this land in recognition that when two or more are gathered in your name, you are with us. We also recall your promise, that whenever we ask our Father anything in Your Name, we can rest assured that that purpose will become a reality...AMEN

After the prayer Joe Jordan read from the book of Psalms; the twenty third psalm to be exact. We thought that this psalm would be a fitting one to read over a place whose legacy has brought about so much spiritual strife. Joe then read the communion account in the Gospel of Luke and we shared communion; citing the blessings in both Hebrew and English. After that, Joe recited a benediction in Hebrew and he blew the Shofar to seal what we had done. Before he blew the Shofar though I felt that I should recount for those watching the video, the story of Joshua and the Israelites marching around the city of Jericho. It was a powerful time. After Joe finished blowing the Shofar, David Flynn came over to me and showed me that the sound of the horn caused the hairs on his arms to stand on end. We had definitely made an impact in the Spiritual realm. Joe even sprinkled anointing oil on the ground to consecrate it for Yeshua.



The Warriors who reclaimed the real crash site for Yeshua: left to right; Joe Jordan, David Flynn, Fred Fredrickson, Dave Ruffino, Gino Michaletti and Mark Flynn

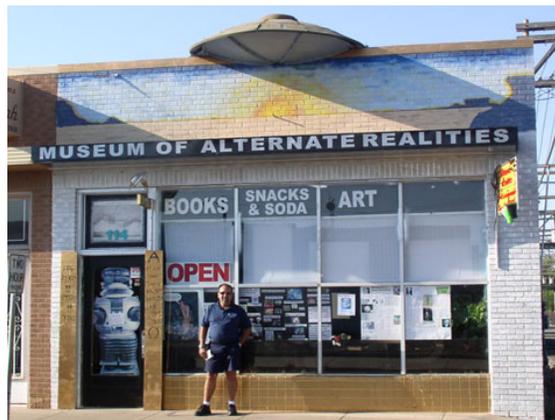
After the ceremonies everyone walked around and looked for artifacts of a crash and for any geologic anomalies that might have been made from a crash. Aside from what looked like a long scrape in the ground we came to the conclusion that after the crash the Army probably did a thorough check for materials. We also surmised that more than fifty years of wind and water erosion had probably removed any other evidence that might have occurred on the earth.

After being there for around an hour or so we realized that it was only getting hotter and that we should leave pretty soon. We packed up everything and started out. We were all thirsty, hot and hungry. It was encouraging when we got over a rise and saw the truck far out in the distance. So far in the distance that one had to really strain the eyes to see it. We were almost there and David Flynn and I were tuckered out. David's knees were bothering him and my back started to hurt really bad. My back cramped up so bad that I could hardly breath and the condition would bother me well after I got home. After returning home and having several lab tests it was ascertained that I had suffered from kidney stones. When we were driving back from the crash site it finally hit me that the pain was a result of the enemy of God lashing back at me for what we had done. The pain came out of nowhere, as if someone had stuck a knife in my back. But I really didn't care and I even laughed because I know that we did some serious damage to the enemy kingdom and we set some very important gears into motion in the spiritual realm; and if all I get out of it is a bad backache, then that's great. Funny thing too is that I had

never had stones before and further tests show me clear of any such things. It was a definite attack.

We rested when we got back to the SUV and drank some cold water, we had waiting for us. We talked about the satellite affair and one other thing that I pointed out to my fellow researchers. I noted that when we walked in, we had a cloud over us. It had gone away when we were at the site, but when we walked back to the truck, we had the clouds over us again. It was reminiscent of the cloud that went before the Israelites as they walked away from Egypt during the daytime. That was just another proof to me that the Lord Yeshua was with us and that our purpose was true.

When we got back to the highway Joe and I thought it would be a good thing to visit Jim Wilhelmsen at his store. Jim is a neat brother who runs a store called “The Museum of Alternate Realities.” Now, in any other setting that would be the name of a place to avoid, but in Roswell, alternate realities are what is normal to the rest of the world. We got to the store and it was decorated quite interesting. The doorposts have tablets on them, one in Greek and the other in Hebrew. Above the store is a UFO and the windows are decorated with all sorts of interesting things to draw one’s attention and whet one’s appetite so that one will want to enter and check the place out. Here is a picture of his place:



*Joe Jordan standing in front of Jim Wilhelmsen’s
“Museum of Alternate Realities”*

I have to say that if you get down to Roswell, you have to check out Jim's store. He makes a fantastic Italian Ice. He also has books that you can either read there or buy. Of all the places I've seen in Roswell, or anywhere else for that matter; Jim's store has the best collection of Christian UFO books I've ever seen. I highly recommend visiting Jim because aside from his store, he's a fantastic Bible believing brother and a great collaborator on this website. The real kicker is that his store is right around the corner from Roswell's UFO Museum, which I'm sure just titillated the owner of that place.

After our visit to Jim's place we realized that we hadn't eaten any real food since breakfast. We were famished after all the hiking and the probability of heat exhaustion. We drove past a Sonic eatery and pulled right in. Now, I had been on the Atkins diet for the month prior to this event but I felt so drained that I decided to throw all caution to the wind and eat a bunch of carbohydrates. I also figured that my back might heal faster if I were to eat normal for a change.

I have to mention that the Ancient of Days conference wasn't the only thing going on in Roswell. There was a competing conference going on in the Roswell Civic Center. It was a secular and New Age presentation on UFO's, aliens and just about any other strange thing that attract bizarre people. Joe and I decided to go there to check it out. Also, Leah Haley had a table set up there and we wanted to see her. Walking into that place sort of felt to me like what the angels felt when they walked into Sodom and Gomorrah. There was a demonic oppression in that place that was as thick as pea soup. While walking around the place I got the impression that we really weren't welcomed there. There were stares and looks and more stares. We talked with Leah for a while and checked out some of the other tables. One woman swore that she recognized me. I told her that we had never met and she came back with "it was probably in another life." Now, I've heard people say that many times in jest or just to make conversation; but this woman meant it. I got out of there before I went into my long diatribe about the Bible saying we only live once. Joe was happy that I didn't do that too.

Joe and I got back to the motel room and we each got cleaned up. We had to get all of that desert dust off of us. The cold water hitting my overheated skin felt so very wonderful. I could have stayed in that shower for several hours and it wouldn't have bothered me. But time was of the essence and we had to get to Walgreens to get some supplies. Before that though, we got out Joe's video camera and checked out the video he shot out at the crash site. It came out pretty well and we were very happy about that.

When we got back from shopping, we headed over to the conference room. They played the video of Joe's contribution to the conference the year before; the one about his testimony and how to terminate alien abduction as a life's pattern. Jim Wilhelmsen had showed up too and it was decided that perhaps we would do a question and answer period for the attendees right after the viewing. This sort of caught me off guard because I had not studied well because I thought we were going to do that on Monday in a small and informal round table discussion. But I just prayed that the Lord would take things over and give all of us the right words to say.

The Q&A session started right after the video and we were happy to see that all of those who had questions were friendly in nature. These were people who were genuinely hungry for answers. One gentleman brought up a concern. He stated that he was convinced that we were on the right track, but he stated his anger that churches and pastors won't address this issue. Joe talked to him about that and after a while I felt impressed to explain something too. I told him that the reasons why many pastors haven't addressed the issue of alien abduction being demonic is that they simply haven't heard it. I told him that it was not really fair to lump all pastors in with a group of people who have heard the message and for whatever reason have dismissed it. This calmed the man down. I did however admire his righteous anger in the matter; we just can't condone anger.

The time went so fast and the session was over before we knew it. The people left satisfied that their questions were answered. The neat thing was how the Holy Spirit really made us into a team during this period. No question went unanswered and all of the answers were in focus and on the mark. Only God can orchestrate things in such a manner.



Dave Ruffino, Joe Jordan and Jim Wilhelmsen at Friday Night Q&A Session

After the Q&A discussion we all went out to eat at “Whataburger” next door for a little more discussion. Then we left there and got a well-deserved sleep.

SATURDAY, JULY 02, 2005

I was really excited about Saturday for several reasons. First, I was really tired and sore from the day before. The back pains that I was feeling were incredibly severe and almost to the point of debilitating. So, sitting in a room all day listening to speakers really appealed to me. Besides, these were among some of the best minds in the Christian UFO community and I needed to hear what they had to say.



Pictured Left to Right: Bill Schnoebelen; Guy Malone; Patrick Heron; Michael S. Heiser; Stan Deyo and Norm Franz. Missing: David Flynn

The first person to speak was Guy Malone. Guy is the person who put this whole conference together. He started the conference with opening words. He talked about the prior year’s conference; both 2003 and 2004 and tied them in with this year’s theme, which was UFO’s in a prophetic setting. Guy also went into, what he titled, “Flexibility in your Eschatology.” He reiterated on the validity of some of the extra-biblical books as use for study in a historical sense and also in the use of filling in gaps that the Bible doesn’t make very clear. By the way, Guy is a really nice and mature single Christian man. If there are any nice single and mature Christian ladies reading this; he’s available! I’d like to take a little time to give recognition to Guy Malone. What a lot of people don’t know is that Guy really stepped out in

faith by putting together this conference. He put it all together (with God's help of course) and said in effect, "okay Lord, it's all set up, not you attend to the costs." Anyone who does something like that holds a great deal of respect in my book! Guy's main website is Alien Resistance which can be found at www.alienresistance.org

The second speaker was David Flynn. David is the guy who, with his brother Mark, got us out to the crash site that I mentioned in detail earlier in this document. David's talk was about the "Doomsday Clock," "Astronomical Precession and 2012." He talked about using mathematical constants as they relate to the Bible and how they relate to the future here on Earth. Basically, when it comes to David's talks, it's best to get the DVD's and watch them several times so that you can grasp his message. David's website can be found at www.watcherwebsite.com . The DVD's can be obtained by going to www.ancientofdays.net .



David Flynn – Picture from Ancient Of Days 2004

The third person to speak was Michael S. Heiser. Michael is an expert in ancient languages, especially Middle Eastern languages. His talk concerned, "The Sons of God and Biblical Prophecy." This year Michael expanded what he talked about last year. The difference was that last year he talked about the fallen angels who had sons via earth women before the flood. This year he talked about implications of these things happening again in the last days. Quite an interesting talk.

After Michael spoke, we took a lunch break. When we returned, we were treated to a talk and slide show by a man named Stan Deyo. Stan is probably one of the smartest people I've ever met. He worked on some black projects in earlier days and on programs that tried to find what is called "Free Energy." Stan's claims that our science has found the secrets of free energy and has even made flying saucers using special energy production. He also went on to explain that our science has even discovered how to make vehicles that can travel at thousands of miles per hour while making right hand turns without the occupants feeling the stresses of the immense G forces. He's another person that you have to get the DVD's to understand. You can check out Stan's site at: www.standeyo.com .

After a dinner break, we got to listen to Bill Schnoebelen. By far, he was the most intriguing speaker. In his younger day Bill was into just about every occult religion that one can think of. His talk was titled; "UFO's, Masonry and Satanism in the Occult Social Order." I learned more about Satanism and Witchcraft in his hour and a half talk than I ever learned in my many years of reading and study. Bill has two books that I purchased; one titled, "Lucifer Dethroned," and the other called, "Blood on The Doorposts," which is a book on spiritual warfare. He's written other books too, one of them being a fantastic expose' on Masonry, titled, "Masonry – Beyond the Light." I'm deeply indebted to Bill Schnoebelen because my father read this book a while back and the information in that book kept my dad from joining the Masonic Rites. Bill's website can be found by going to www.withoneaccord.org .

The last speaker for the evening was Patrick Heron. Patrick flew in all the way from Ireland. After Bill Schnoebelen spoke, I stepped out for a little while to make a phone call and do other things. When I returned to the conference room, I found Patrick Heron teaching the crowd the song "Molly Malone." I was really jazzed about this and knew that I had to sit and listen to this fellow speak. Patrick spoke concerning "The Great Pyramid and the Apocalypse."

I know that I've given you, the reader of this page, sort of a cursory story about the speakers and what they talked about. I did this partially because of time restraints, but the biggest reason I wrote so little is that you should go to www.ancientofdays.net and buy the DVD's of the

talks. I really can't do justice to the speakers that I heard by telling you a little here and there. It would be much better for you to get the DVD's. That way you can be at the conference (in a sense) and get the real flavor of all that was presented.

SUNDAY, JULY 03, 2005

We awoke early again on Sunday. Since we were pre-registrants and helped out with the conference, we were given tickets for free breakfasts each morning. The restaurant at the Hotel was great and served lots of favorites. So, I ate really fast and noticed that it was close to eight o'clock; it was time for the question and answer period to start.



The speakers for the panel discussion, left to right: Stan Deyo, Bill Schnoebelen, Michael Heiser, Patrick Heron, Jim Wilhemlsen, Joe Jordan, Norm Franz and Guy Malone. Joe Jordan was speaking about deliverance from alien abduction.

For those who are wondering, Guy wasn't napping on his feet, I just caught him in a blink. Sorry Guy. The panel discussion was wonderful. Questions were handed to Guy on paper and he moderated the forum. I was amazed at how these fellows all spoke in one accord. An interesting aspect about this talk was that the majority of questions that were asked of the panel concerned themselves with either the Nephilim of Genesis chapter six or how to get free from the abduction experience.

After the panel discussion was over the speakers, myself and a couple others went out to lunch. We had a wonderful time of discussion. I got to talk to Stan Deyo, which is something that I really wanted to do. I told him that I liked his talk and was aware of the importance of his subject matter. He was interested to know if I was able to understand it. I assured him that he spelled thing out so that anyone could understand it. I can understand his concern, because he's an extremely intelligent individual. Sometimes when I'm trying to explain Biblical things to people, I have to do what he did, and make sure that I'm not rambling on about things that people cannot understand. I got to meet Stan's wife and she is a lady in every sense of the word. She was very charming and she explained their mission to me. I pray for them and wish them the very best.

Another person that I got to know better during this lunch was Jim Wilhelmsen. This was good because since we were going to be working together, and have been ever since, it's nice to know the person you're working with. Jim has been a believer in Messiah for a long time. He formed one of the first Christian Bikers ministries in Michigan and has seen his share of persecutions. He has something that many of the speakers didn't have; that being street smarts. When you have street smarts and the Holy Spirit you are one valuable tool for the Lord.

After the lunch, Joe and I went to some stores and got some supplies that we needed. We just rested around the rest of the day. Toward the evening, when the 2004 videos had finished their airing, it was David Flynn's time to have a question and answer session. I felt that I should sit in on this, basically for two reasons. The first reason is that David's work intrigues me. The second reason is that I noticed that there were a couple of, shall we say, people with rough edges sitting in on the session. For some reason I felt that these people might be a challenge to David. Sure enough, the rough looking man started to ask questions of David, but he was also setting up a forum for himself. So, while this man talked, I prayed that the Holy Spirit would give David the things to say and that the man would remain calm and not escalate. The Lord heard me and all went well. I think that the things that the Lord had David tell this man really got through to him. David didn't treat this man like some sort of ignorant street person, but treated him like the lost sheep that he was. One of the attributes I like about Dave Flynn is that he's humble and contrite. Those are two things that God looks for in His servants. David Flynn will go far in the Kingdom because of that.

At the end of David's talk, I got sort of a surprise. I was aware that Philip had turned the video tape of our desert trek into DVD, and had even watched it, but I never thought they would play it on the large screen television in front of the people that remained in the room. To my

surprise, almost everyone in the room at the start of this stayed in the room. There was a couple sitting in front of me who got a bit disturbed when it started and I thought to myself, the woman will walk out first and the guy will follow soon afterward. No sooner did that thought enter my mind then the process started. Those who stayed actually clapped after the video ended. Praise God!!

Monday, July 04, 2005

On Sunday night Joe and I decided to take a ride to Carlsbad Caverns the next morning. Monday morning started out pretty warm, just like every other day we were there. We got the Explorer gassed up and started out for Carlsbad, which is about an hour and a half south of Roswell. On the way there Joe and I talked about our plans for websites and such. We decided that the three of us, Joe, Jim and I should combine our information, and pending Jim's approval I'd start to work on that when I got back to Sacramento. But of course, you know the result of that because you're visiting the site now.

We arrived at the caverns just before noon and it seemed like everyone else on earth did too. It was pretty deserted the last time I was there, but then it dawned on me that the last time I was there was at the beginning of October 2001, which was just after the terrorist attacks on New York and Washington. I told Joe all along that when we got to the caverns, I was going to take the elevator to the bottom. One can walk to the bottom, but it is pretty steep and long; and the last time I did it, it took my knees three months to recover.

The caverns greeted us with their wonderful coolness. We took the self-tour and walked around the whole "Big Room." We took a lot of digital pictures inside the cavern. The whole time I wished I had taken my SLR camera which has a much brighter flash. Thank God for Adobe Photoshop which allows one to lighten pictures up and bring out the darker shades. By the time we reached the end of the tour my back started to bother me again. I was glad that Joe is sort of like me. He saw what he needed to see and didn't want to hang around, like others I've taken tours with. On the way back down the road we stopped several times to take pictures of rock formations. I took some pictures of plants too. Plants tend to have a stark beauty all their own; even cactus and other desert flora that lives around the caverns.



Carlsbad Caverns

We got down to the bottom of the hill and we decided to check out some souvenir shops. I could have sworn that the shops down at the bottom were cheaper than the big shop up by the caverns, but I was wrong, My bad. At the bottom, and near the highway, there is what I would call a strip mall, and in that mall there's a motel, a convenience mart, an arcade and a museum. The museum had many things, or should I say something for everyone. I stayed away from the girlie stuff and concentrated on the gun exhibit and the fossil exhibit. Afterward, we checked out an Indian (excuse me, Native American) jewelry shop across the street. I didn't take a shine to anything there. They always have a lot of turquoise jewelry and I really don't like that stone. We found one other shop on the highway on the way back. This store had a lot of rocks and gemstones that I found interesting; and also, a lot of fossils. I just can't get myself to pay for rocks though, so I passed them up. I wanted to save money anyway because we were going to have to pay the hotel bill and the car rental bill the next day, so I didn't want to spend myself into oblivion.

On the way back we decided to stop at the old Roswell Army Air Field. Guy Malone somehow made connections with someone and because of that he was able to get Hanger 84 opened up to the public for one day. Guy had set up a small room at the hanger and was showing more of the DVD's there. Those of us who prepaid didn't have to pay to get into the hanger, but many who didn't prepay did pay to get in. Guy was really surprised at the turnout. As a matter of

fact, people were lined up to get in even before the hanger opened up. The hanger is important in UFOlore in that it is where the crashed saucer(s) were taken after they were recovered from the desert.



Hanger 84 at Roswell Army Airfield – view from south.



Looking north, inside Hanger 84. The photo is deceptive as hanger is a lot larger.

There were a lot of staff people at the hanger that afternoon. I feel that I should take some time to introduce the reader to a special couple. Their names are Free and Amy Ward. Without them I don't think that Guy Malone would have been able to put Ancient of Days 2005 together. They are an amazing couple. They were constantly working behind the scenes of the conference.

When chairs needed to be moved and rooms rearranged, Free and Amy were there. They ran the audio and video for several of the events. They took care of registration at the conference and took care of selling items. I know that there were many other things that this brother and sister did before, during and after the conference. My hat's off to them, my prayers are for them and they have my utmost respect and admiration.



Joe standing with Free and Amy Ward at Hanger 84



Joe Jordan

The hanger was a cool place to hang out, but we had other things to accomplish before we could feel satisfied that we finished what we set out to do. Joe thought it to be a good idea to add a lead-in and a couple of other things to the question and answer period that he, Jim and myself had done on Friday night. We left the hanger and went to Jim's store to make arrangements. So, at half past five that afternoon we met back at Jim's store to finish the video. Again, we sat at a table and Joe started the introduction, telling the viewers what we were about to do.

We started out with Jim talking about the spiritual authority that the believer in Messiah has through a relationship with Yeshua. He talked about how God had given Yeshua all authority and how we now have that same authority when we are Born Again in Him. After that, Joe introduced me and explained how I was going to expound on the 8 "R's" to Freedom. Joe had briefly talked about it during our discussion with the audience, but we felt that we needed to delve deeper in explanation about this. I have to admit that I was really nervous. I'd studied what I wanted to say, but for some reason I felt like it didn't come out like I had rehearsed it in my mind all that day. Joe and Jim told me that I did fine, so I rest on their critique. We went and had some dinner after that and then just hung around the hotel after that.

Toward the end of the evening Joe came back to the room and said that Guy wanted to have a drink with us at the lounge. Not being one for liquor, and since I took a strong pain pill for my back pains, I just settled on a tomato juice. I got to see a Guy Malone that I had not seen before. I saw a more relaxed Guy, one who looked confident that he had accomplished the course that the Lord had set him upon. We all had a nice talk for about an hour and then went back to our room, Guy came along to check out some website stuff and then left. We then retired because we had to get a fairly early start the next morning.

TUESDAY, JULY 05, 2005

I awoke very early on Tuesday. I tend to get wired when I know I'm going to be traveling, so it took nothing for me to be up at the crack of dawn. I was showered, shaved and dressed by the time that Joe awoke. We went to breakfast and Joe informed me that we would

have another passenger. Bill Schnoebelen was heading out of Albuquerque early that afternoon and needed a ride. This was great because I felt like I never got enough time to talk to Bill; and he really interests me.

So, we finished eating and got everything loaded into the truck. Before we left the restaurant, Guy prayed for us, for a safe journey and we all agreed in thanksgiving to the Lord for all He had done. We pulled away from the motel a little after nine o'clock that morning, driving north toward Interstate 40. About an hour out of Roswell we came upon an accident that looked pretty bad. It looked like one of the exhibitors from the secular UFO conference that they had in the Civic Center at Roswell. We were cleared to go around by a New Mexico Department of Transportation Worker and I think (from the silence) that we each said a silent prayer for the people involved in that wreck.

We had wonderful conversation on the road. We found out that Bill was quite informative about herbs and natural medicines. He told us about things that might help medical conditions, but the information was only informational and he told us that we should study these things on our own and check with our physicians before taking any action. Bill is like a walking Bible, Bible dictionary and information outlet. It was because of him that the long ride from Roswell to Interstate 40 seemed to take only a few minutes. We stopped at Clines Corners; a popular souvenir shop and tourist trap just to look around for last minute gifts for the folks back home. All I found, that was reasonable, was a postcard book of New Mexico.

We arrived at Albuquerque's airport just in time to get Bill's stuff off the truck and get him in line to check in his baggage. We cut it close in time, but we got him there; whew! Joe and I proceeded down to the Southwest Airlines check-in and that went pretty smoothly. My baggage was twice as heavy as it was when I got there, due mostly to all the books and DVD's I bought when I was there. They even had to put a "heavy" sticker on my big piece of luggage.

Before we even got to the airport, Joe had warned me that I might have trouble getting through the TSA check point. He said that they would probably give me a hassle about the three rocks that I was bringing from Roswell. I had them in my laptop computer case. Joe bought a couple of things down in Roswell that were delicate, made of glass and such and there was question if the box he had it packed in would fit in the carryon bin on the plane. So, we got to the TSA check point and I just put my stuff on the x-ray belt and walked through. No problems and the rocks passed with flying colors and no question about them at all. Joe on the other hand, was treated like some sort of suspicious person. Rings, watches and other things had to come off of

him. Then they had to wand him. He kept telling them about the plate in his wrist but they didn't seem to listen. Finally, they ran the wand over his wrist and bingo, they found what was making all the noise. It frustrates Joe because he tells them about the wrist every time and it's always the last thing they check. I can understand fully his frustration.

We sat around the airport together for a while. Joe's plane left I think around 4:30 and my wasn't scheduled to leave till 6:10. So, when it got close for his plane to leave we both split up and went to our gates. I made sure that I sat at the front of the "A" section so that I could get a choice of seats. I like to sit near the emergency door because there are only two seats there and I can stretch out a bit. We left Albuquerque right on time and before the hour was over we were landing in Phoenix. I walked briskly to the next terminal where I found my gate and got right in line. I only had to wait for ten minutes or so and we got boarded onto the flight from Phoenix to Sacramento. The flights went pretty fast because I got a short book, written by Bill and it kept my attention through both flights.

The plane got into Sacramento about fifteen minutes early; that's right, I said early. The baggage handlers at Sacramento are sort of slow. After waiting about twenty minutes they finally decided which of the 4 baggage belts they were going to use for our flight. Then, I realized I was missing a small bag that I checked in. What I didn't realize is that someone had taken my bag off of the belt and just let it sit there. I had the baggage lady looking all over for it, but I found it and apologized for wasting her time. I finally made it to the Blue Van taxi service and they shoved me and my stuff onto a van heading for the north area of Sacramento. Of course, I was next to the last one that they dropped off. I lugged my heavy bags up the stairs to my apartment, sat in the easy chair and rested, while reflecting on all that had gone on. It felt good to sleep in a real bed; the first time in nearly six days.

REFLECTIONS:

I cannot think of anything bad that happened on this trip. It was a true blessing from God Almighty. I got to meet people that I've wanted to meet for many years. I was blessed to hear some very fine lecturers and I learned a lot. I got to make some great friends, like Philip Nelson, Damon the news guy, David and Mark Flynn, Nikko Michiletti, Fred Fredrickson and many others.

There's some talk about doing another conference in 2006 and I don't care what I have to do to get there. I like Roswell and feel called to Roswell. Whether the Lord will ever see fit to send me there remains to be seen. Joe echoes that sentiment, but we both agreed that there would have to be so many miracles that would have to happen to make that a reality; but who knows. I praise God for Guy Malone; that he obeyed the Lord and stepped out in faith to put it all together. I'm thankful for the trip to the desert and finding the real crash site. I also consider myself blessed to have finally met Jim Wilhelmsen. Funny thing is that at the first dinner where I met Jim the Lord impressed on me that he was a brother that I had a lot in common with and that we'd be working a lot with each other. God put that one together quickly!

But the biggest blessing is that we (meaning Joe, Jim and myself) had come to the conclusion that we needed to start Alien Abduction Crisis Centers of America and get it up and going pretty fast. Time is of the essence if we're going to help people to become free. Since that time others have come on board too. Our prayer is that within a relatively short time the Lord will lead many people to us who will be able to counsel people as they write or call us. As of this writing, we have seven areas of America (and South Africa) covered and pray for many more.

My prayer is that these conferences have a wonderful effect in Roswell. Someday a large body of believers will be raised up in that city and they will lead many to Messiah Yeshua. I don't just speculate on that; I somehow supernaturally know it to be true. May His will be done.
Dave Ruffino