

ROSWELL TRIP AND RADIO SHOW 2006

June 28 thru July 02, 2006

By David Ruffino

In the middle of March 2006, I got a call from Jim Wilhelmsen, a close brother and associate, telling me that a benefactor had bought him time on Stardust Radio Network. This network is a web-based radio show with a couple of broadcast affiliates around the US. Jim invited me to participate on the show and before I had time to think about it, I had agreed. Below is an account of my trip down to Roswell and most of what transpired there.

Wednesday, June 28, 2006

I woke up at quarter past three in the morning and finished my packing, checking several times that I had my electronic plane tickets as well as the car rental information and money and other last minute things. I got in the Resistance Urban Assault Vehicle (RUAV for short) and drove to Sacramento International Airport, arriving there a little past four in the morning. Surprisingly, I found a parking spot in economy parking that was very close to the entrance of the lot. Sometimes I take things like this to be a sign that a trip is going to be great, and I found out later that this assumption was correct. As I walked to the bus stop I saw the bus rounding the corner and heading in my direction; another good sign. Southwest Airlines had implemented a new sign in feature since the last time I had been there. If someone has an electronic ticket you can actually check yourself in via a computer screen menu. Once done, an attendant comes and takes your bag, tags it and you're off to the Homeland Security nightmare. I travel with a laptop computer so that makes thing all the more difficult. Shoes, belt, wallet, keys, pocket change go into one bin, the laptop into a separate bin and everything else follows. Once they realized that I wasn't some terrorist they let me head to the gate and wait for the flight. As I sat there watching the light begin to appear in the eastern sky, I realized how tired I actually was. I'd only gotten a little over four hours of sleep before this journey started.

Well, the plane finally arrived and the previous passengers deplaned. We got onto the flight, me being one of the first to do so, and I was sort of disappointed that the flight was so full. We were flying to Phoenix and I wondered how many people were as crazy as I was to pick this

early a flight to desert hell. I have to admit though that I was pleased with my two neighbors. One lady was flying to Florida and the other was going to San Antonio, Texas. We talked during the whole flight and they were very interested in what I was going to do in Roswell. I gave them business cards and told them to visit us on the Resistance website. One thing I have to say for Southwest Airlines is that they have great coffee, and I availed myself to a lot of it. I arrived in Phoenix and was pleased to see that I didn't have to change terminals. I just had to walk down two gates and I could wait for the next flight; from Phoenix to Albuquerque. By the way, I can spell that name now without the use of a spell checker; aren't you proud of me?? The flight from Phoenix to Albuquerque is really nice. The minute that the plane appears to get to altitude it seems that it starts to descend into the destination. This flight wasn't as full as the one before and our row of three seats was only occupied by two people. The other person was a nice older woman who, like the last two took interest in what I was going to be doing down in Roswell. I gave her a business card and told her to visit us. Like the other two, she assured me that she would.

We arrived in Albuquerque and I was one of the first people off of the flight. When I got to the baggage claim carousel my bag was one of the first to come out onto that contraption and I grabbed it and headed for the bus that takes people to the car rental center. I got to the Alamo Rental place and was third in line but by the time I actually got to the counter it felt like I had been in line for half an hour. The clerk was slow and it didn't seem like he cared how fast he was; but in all fairness to him, he was very thorough. He told me to go out and look for a guy in a green shirt who would direct me to a car. The guy in the green shirt was named Larry and he asked me if I would like a free upgrade to a larger car. Since I had reserved a compact car this was a nice gesture on Larry's part. He pointed to a row of cars and told me to just get in any one of them I wanted and drive off. I picked a nice silver Pontiac G6. It had all the amenities and as I mentioned in my letter to all the Delusion Resistance members, it was like the car was designed by NASA, figuring in all the features. It also had a V6 engine which really came in handy, especially going over those mountains east of Albuquerque. I've been to Roswell so many times now that I actually feel at home down in New Mexico; so, I settled in for the three-hour drive to my destination. The only stop that I made was at a McDonalds restaurant to get something to eat. I don't like to eat or drink too much when driving long distances because I don't like to stop for bathroom breaks, but I hadn't had anything to eat since around three o'clock the previous afternoon and I needed a caffeine fix to stay awake. So, I stopped in Moriarity and after leaving McDonalds armed with a Quarter Pounder, a large order of fries and a very large Coke Cola I was on my way. It takes roughly an hour after leaving the airport to reach the turnoff for the highway 285 exit which heads one south into Roswell. The problem with that road is that it is

desolate, very desolate and the scenery all looks the same. There are only two towns on that highway and they're two sizes, small and microscopic. Anyway, after driving for another two hours and nearly falling asleep at the wheel two or three times I arrived in Roswell.

It was only two thirty in the afternoon when I arrived in town. I knew that Jim Wilhelmsen was working so I figured that I would just drive around town and shop in some stores before I would try to call him. Besides, I needed to get some supplies, like toothbrush, toothpaste and all the other amenities that it's easier to buy then it is to lug around. I visited just about every store I could think of; Walmart, Office Max and even some that I had never heard of before. Remember, we're talking about Roswell, New Mexico; with a population of only around 50,000 people as compared to the Sacramento area that has probably close to two million souls. Therefore, whereas if I tried to visit every worthy store in Sacramento it would take me three days, it only took a couple of hours in Roswell. I knew that Mike and Jackie Slack were moving to Roswell soon, but didn't know if they had gotten there yet and even if they had, I didn't have their phone number, so after a while I just sat in a parking lot, listening to local radio stations and leaving a message for Jim about every half hour.



A Cool Wall Mural Next to McDonalds

One place I did visit I did sort of hesitatingly. Although I like the conferences that Alien Resistance puts together, I'm not crazy about their ministry. Yes, there is some strife down in Roswell but I try to keep out of the line of fire. So, I put my armor on and drove to 2nd Street to visit with the folks at AR. I figured too that it would be a good way to waste at least half an hour.

Because I conduct myself in a clandestine manner when down in Roswell, the folks at AR received me warmly, with smiles and hugs. I'm sure that they have some idea of my affiliation with Jim and his ministry, but I don't think they know how closely affiliated I am with him. Of course, they asked if I would be attending their conference that weekend. I told them that I was just in Roswell on a whim, having decided that since I had some extra time off from work, I'd just fly down and visit the town. I never mentioned Jim once and they never asked, which was a relief for me. I did get sort of concerned when they started to talk about some strange doctrines that they were starting to explore and endeavor in. Talks about wanting to be abducted so that they could minister to fallen angels and lead them to repentance; and having some doing in the implementation in something called "the anti-church," really set off bells and whistles in my spirit and soon I found myself excusing myself right out the front door. Just another example of how a ministry can get off kilter if it's not built on the firm foundation of Yeshua Ha Mashiach.

About six thirty I was getting really tired and Jim hadn't called me back yet, so I made the decision to get a motel room at the local Motel-6. I walked across the street to a Sonic burger joint and got dinner and just got settled into the room when my cell phone rang. It was Jim who was very apologetic. That's what is nice about Jim, he's a real gentleman, apologizing when he really didn't need to. Anyway, I went down to his store and met him and we drove to a local eatery where we met Mike, Jackie and Jim's wife Debbie. We ate, fellowshipped and then we called it a night.

Thursday, June 29, 2006

The next day was Thursday and it was sort of a lag day. I visited Mike and Jackie and finally got to see what their new home looked like in the light. It is a nice old house in the older part of town. From what I could ascertain, their neighborhood was undergoing a renovation of sorts. A lot of the older houses were being restored and things were looking like they were on the mend. The lot that the house sits on is very large by Sacramento standards and the price that they paid for the whole deal would only be a down payment on a lot that size in California.

Mike gave me a key to Jim's store which was really neat because I needed to study and mark my notes for the show on Saturday. I spent most of the day (well, probably around four hours) there doing just that. It was a nice and peaceful setting; the only noise being the drone of the swamp cooler that kept the temperature in the place comfortable. I hooked into Jim's network and was able to access the internet. It was a relief to finally be able to get my e-mail. Funny how in this day and age we can't live without our e-mail; or should I say that it is sad?

When that four hours came to an end, I locked up the store and then headed to the Slack's house. We spent some more time just sitting on the porch and talking. We finished unloading their moving truck of the last remaining pieces of furniture and then sat around and talked more. Finally, out of boredom, we moved the remaining boxes that they had on the front porch into the house. Now that I think about it, it probably appeared to Mike that I was a little bit OCD. As it began to get dark the phone rang and I heard Mike talking to Jim, who had just gotten home from work and was on his way over after cleaning up.



Mike's Volkswagen Thing in Front of Jim's Store

Jim arrived not long after that and after a brief time of talking all three of us were off to get something to eat. We all decided on dining at Whataburger which isn't too far from Jim's house. We sat there for about an hour and a half, shooting the breeze and eating some fantastic food. I recommend Whataburger to anyone who can find one of their restaurants; you won't be sorry, I promise. After dinner we headed over to Jim's house where we watched Twilight Zone episodes till after one in the morning. Mike and I drove back to his house and after a brief time of visiting I hit their very comfortable couch and was out like a light. That couch was so comfortable that I don't think I moved from the moment I fell asleep till I woke up the next morning.

Friday, June 30, 2006

That next morning was Friday and Jim and I had to get things ready for the broadcast that evening. Debbie called me and told me that Jim was already at the store but he hadn't had breakfast yet, so off I went to McDonalds to get us some grub and then I went to Alternate Realities, his museum down on 1st Street. We ran another phone line to a computer desk that I use when I'm there. I set up my laptop and got a network connection and then started to investigate how I would record the show that evening. I installed some software on Jim's spare computer that would allow me to do that and did a few other things. Things were getting pretty busy outside. The police had cordoned off a block of Main Street and the vendors were setting up their stands full of alien trinkets while the food carts were getting their highly overpriced items cooked up and ready to sell. Jim's store is sort of off the beaten path and the way that the city had barricaded Main Street sort of made it so that not too many people would walk down in Jim's direction. Jim decided to print up some brochures which Mike volunteered to hand out down on Main Street. He probably printed up forty or so and Mike went out to do his thing. One of the many things that I like about Mike Slack is that he's bold; sort of the guy who is willing to go where no man has gone before. So, when he got back and told us that he had actually gone into the International UFO Museum and passed out the brochures there it didn't really surprise me. The year before they had actually kicked him out of there because he was telling people that Jim's store has the truth and that the secular museum was spewing lies. So, Mike was surprised when they didn't recognize him from last year and just went about and did his thing.



A Clear Perversion of The Truth – The Defiling of Michelangelo’s
“God’s Creation of Adam,” Painted on The Wall of The International
UFO Museum on the South Side.

Well, I figure that all the jobs that we needed to do to be ready for Friday night’s broadcast would have probably taken only an hour or so without interruptions, but even with his less than adequate location, Jim was getting a lot of visitors to the store. About half an hour before the broadcast we were ready, and that was 5:00 Mountain Time. Where Jim’s store is concerned, people are free to come in and look around and about eighty percent of them ask a question or two. Jim never lets an opportunity to share the Gospel with anyone slip by. There were many times when Jim would have a small audience in front of his desk. He would explain the tenants of the ministry and then go into preaching mode. I can’t think of one person or group of people who came in and didn’t hear the salvation message. When he speaks it isn’t with arrogance or some judgmental flair, but he speaks to everyone like he’s known them for years and cares about them like an old friend. I was surprised at how many of the visitors were Christians and how many of them were suspicious of the alien agenda for a long time. It is like part of Jim’s mission in Roswell is to confirm that what believers have suspected about all the alien hype is correct; it is demonic and they’re up to no good.

It would very unfair to go any farther without introducing someone who was so crucial in all of this. Her name is Trice and she’s a member of The Resistance. She bought the air time and did all of the arranging for the broadcasts to occur. She is the moderator that is heard on the mp3’s. About fifteen minutes before the air time of five o’clock Trice called and told us to get ready. When the hour had come, we didn’t get a phone call and we got concerned. We were listening to the radio station on the internet and they were playing an old interview by Mike Heiser and it was in no way sounding like it was close to being over. Trice called to inform us that she was trying to get a hold of the station owner and manager, a man named Jeff. About half past the hour we finally got word that Jeff had run into problems getting to the studio and that our broadcast would air at six o’clock instead of five, as originally planned. This sort of concerned Jim and I because it was a Friday night and being that it was Friday, we surmised that people would perhaps go about and do other things seeing that we weren’t on when they expected us to be on. Our fears were unfounded as you’ll see next.

Jim wanted me to be in on the phone with he and Tom Horn during the broadcast but I suggested that we should save the other handset just in case the battery on the main phone’s handset didn’t last the two-hour duration of the broadcast. We later found out that the two

handsets would not work at the same time so it was a good thing anyway that I didn't try to use it. My suspicions about the battery not lasting two hours came to light when Jim's handset's battery finally gave up the ghost near the end of the broadcast. Tom Horn is the webmaster and minister at Raider's News Update on the web. He wrote "The Ahriman Gate" which is a really good fictional book about a probable future event where angels come as alien benefactors and deceive mankind as they usher in the Great Tribulation. The first hour was Jim interviewing Tom Horn and the second hour was Jim's time to answer questions. Jeff, the owner of the station came back to us after the show aired and told us that there were upwards of twenty thousand people who listened to the show on the internet and that was a record for Stardust. He said that eighty percent of the people who listened to our show stayed online after the show, which was unusual to him too. He was also amazed that there weren't people who called in with negative comments; most of the talk was civil and ordered on the chat room board. It really blew Jeff's mind. After the show we were so happy that everything went so well that we piled into Debbie's van with Mike and Jackie Slack and went out to eat. We then went to a video store and rented a couple of movies and stayed up to an insanely late hour watching them. I stayed the night at Jim and Debbie's house, resting in the knowledge that our night had been a success, but also being a bit nervous knowing that I would be speaking the next night.

Saturday, July 01, 2006:

Saturday arrived and Jim and I went down to the store, after stopping at a local truck stop for their breakfast buffet. Although it was only nine in the morning the UFO Festival was starting to bustle. The vendors were all setting up their stands and some stores must have already been open because some people were walking around with little stuffed aliens and other things. I had an urgency to sit down and study what I would be talking about that night on the radio; so, I did just that for about an hour. People were already walking into Jim's store in what seemed like a nonstop pattern and Jim was ministering to them. A few times I would walk out of the store to get something from the car and when I'd see people walking down the street, I'd remark to them that Jim had a lot of interesting information in his store. Sometimes they would head in too. I felt like a barker in front of some city store, but mused that I was barking for righteousness sake. Earlier that morning we had gone to some stores to pick up a few things that we would need. One of those things was another phone because the phone from the day before turned out to be a piece of junk. We settled in and ministered to people the rest of the day while we waited for the radio show to start.

Well, five o'clock finally rolled around and about ten minutes before we got the call from the radio station. We spent that ten minutes getting sound levels correct and talking to Trice and Jeff about things. Things finally started at the top of the hour and it felt very strange to have someone introducing me to what I would later find out was tens of thousands of people. I silently prayed, telling Yahweh, "here goes nothing, please be with me." At this point I have to interject that I think that Moses and I are kindred spirits. I've never been able to speak in front of large crowds and I'd rather do anything but that. I can sit in a firefight with tracers whizzing over my head and mortars falling around me and even the enemy screaming in Arabic quickly advancing upon my position and I can maintain my composure, but put me in front of a group of civilians who can do me no physical harm and I clam up like, well, a clam. Moses was the same way. He was brought up in Pharaoh's house, was a skilled military man could take care of state affairs, but when it came to going to the Children of Israel, he tried to bargain his way out of the job. But the Lord was faithful and gave Moses a mouthpiece, that being Aaron. Well, he did the same for me on that Saturday night. Jim was there in the same room and his calm and cool demeanor helped me to get out the words that I felt led to say. Jim was my Aaron. Another similarity there in that Aaron was older than Moses and Jim is older than me. The parallels are uncanny to say the least. Sorry for calling you an old man Jim, but we deal in science, and science deals in hard facts (smile).



David Ruffino and Jim Wilhelmsen after the Saturday Night Broadcast

Jim asked the questions just like I had written them and even smoothed them out a little bit. I was so glad that I had decided to encapsulate my message because had I talked about everything that I wanted to talk about I could have been on for twice as long as I was. After

about forty-five or fifty minutes I ran out of encapsulated material and gave the format over to Jim. He talked the next hour. It worked out pretty good actually. My format was sort of a foundation for what he wanted to talk about. My talk about the God of Time and Space worked perfectly into his talk about the clouds of heaven and the enemy's manipulation of time as well as probable future events. All in all, I was satisfied about what happened. One interesting thing did happen that I know I have to relate. Telling you about this will also help you to understand why there was a period of dead air starting at around the 1 hour and 35-minute portion of Saturday night's broadcast. The dead air happened just after Jim mentioned something called "Project Paperclip." This name was given to a US Government scheme to bring several top Nazi scientists and other Nazi officials here to the States to gain knowledge and know-how from these people. We all know about the scientists, the most famous one being Werner Von Braun who was the father of our rocket program. Many profess that without his knowledge we would never have gotten to the moon back in 1969. What is not widely known is that other Nazi's were brought to America in the late forties. Some of those people (I'm being kind in calling them people) were the ones who created the CIA from what was called the OSS before the CIA existed. The OSS is an acronym for Office for Strategic Services. So, when we were finally able to reestablish contact with Stardust Radio, Jeff told us something like this: "you probably don't want to mention Project Paperclip on the air. We get cut off like this every time it is mentioned. I swear that someone has a red button somewhere and they push it whenever it gets mentioned." I've heard lots of conspiracy theories in my day and I've raised an eyebrow at most of them, but what happened that Saturday night made a believer out of me.



Dave, Mike Slack and Jim after the broadcast.

The Three Gray Bearded Men of Yahweh!

One thing that happened before our air time had to do with my departure the next day. I think it was one of the Slacks who asked me when I was leaving the next day. I told them that I had to leave around 7:30 the next morning because the drive was three hours and I wanted to spend some time at Clines Corners looking for souvenirs for people back home. I had to have the rental car back at the airport by 11:30 Sunday morning. Then someone asked me how much an extra day would cost and I figured it was around fifty dollars. Then almost in unison, Jim, Debbie, Mike and Jackie all told me to leave later on Sunday and that they would pay for the extra day that I would be charged. I agreed to the terms and relaxed the rest of the night. We watched movies at Jim and Debbie's house that night and retired at a late hour yet again.

Sunday, July 02, 2006:

I woke up Sunday morning and got showered and ready for the long day ahead of me. After a cup of coffee Jim and I got in my car and we went to the store, that is after we stopped for breakfast at guess where; McDonalds. Hey, maybe I can get McDonalds to endorse this ministry and flip the bill for some of the expenses? Anyway, it wasn't long before Debbie came down and so did Mike and Jackie. We spent the time talking and ministering to people who came into the store. Early in the day I had picked out one of Jim's rock sculptures and after I went to Home Depot to get some Verathane he finished it for me. I packed up my laptop and put the sculpture in my bag and just before two o'clock I said my goodbye's and left. I can't express how hard it was to leave. To me, I was leaving family, some very dear friends and it hurt inside. A couple of days later, Jim and I would talk and he would echo the same sentiments, telling me that the Wilhelmsen's and Slacks had felt the same way. Well, at least I can say that I have family in Roswell.



The Roswell Family: Mike and Jackie Slack in Front,
Jim and Debbie Wilhelmsen and David Ruffino, Back Row.

The drive back to Albuquerque was boring at first, but later became a bit harrowing. About an hour before I got to Cline's Corners, I noticed that there was quite a thunderstorm up ahead. The road played tricks on me, sometimes heading me right at the storm and sometimes away from it. It was a nasty looking storm from way back there and I prayed that the road would divert me away. When I saw that the final destination of highway 285 was going to put me smack dab in the middle of the storm I began to pray, and quite fervently too. It was so strange because one minute I was in bright sunshine and then I saw myself heading into a wall of rain. The rain was coming down in torrents and the road turned into what looked like a pond. I was concerned. I'm from New Jersey and I've seen this sort of road condition before. I've seen people hydroplane out of control in their cars and the end result was never pretty. So, I dropped the speed down quite a bit and made sure that I didn't cock the steering wheel one iota. It took about twenty minutes to get through that mess; the car aloud with my singing hymns about Yeshua, His blood, His mercy and His everlasting love. I figured that if that was the time that He had decided to take me home, I wanted to translate from this life to the next praising His name. He was gracious though and he got me through the storm. I stopped at Cline's Corners and did a little shopping and then got back on the road. I had to drive through another thunderstorm when I drove by Moriarty but it wasn't quite as severe. I got back to the airport right around five thirty. I have to admit that I tried to get a break on the extra day fee from the car rental place by telling them about the harrowing experiences with the storms, but they didn't buy it.

Waiting at the gate for the plane to arrive wasn't too bad. I called my sister and told her that I wasn't happy about having to connect to my next flight in Los Angeles. I really don't like southern California as almost anyone I know really well will tell you. I told her that I would rather change planes in Baghdad. Well, as fate would have it; and like I said about my mind tongue connection, I guess I angered the woman who was standing in front of me. She was probably from Los Angeles I surmised. We didn't exchange words or anything, but her eyes were daggers that I'm sure she wished she could use to rend my torso asunder. The two flights home were really uneventful except for the thunderstorm that tossed the plane about while we were departing the Albuquerque area. Just a lot of turbulence which I really don't mind, but it bothered others in the plane. The flight from L.A. to Sacramento was boring and I even caught a few winks as we sailed home. When we got to Sac, I got down to the baggage area and my bag was one of the first on the carousel. I beat it out to the curb and caught the bus back to economy parking. I pulled out of the lot after paying the 35 dollars for the parking fee and was home in no time. I was really appreciative to Glori who came over on her way to church and turned on my air conditioner; making it nice and cool by the time I walked through the door, close to eleven that evening.

All in all, there is no doubt that the trip was wonderful and very successful. Around twenty thousand souls heard our radio shows each night and as a result of the popularity, Jeff from Stardust Radio, with Trice's financial help is going to allow Jim to have an hour program each week on Stardust. Jim is already getting ideas for a conference next year around the Fourth of July. I want to thank everyone for their prayers and support. Thanks to Trice and Blade for their financial support and thanks for everyone who made sacrifices to make the trip a success. And thanks to Yahweh, the Author and Finisher of our Faith, because without Him, nothing would be possible. Perhaps next year some of you can go with me or meet me down in Roswell. We'll have a great time and minister to a lot of people. Start planning now because July 4th 2007 will be here before we know it.

Dave