

The Discernment

Written by Sarah

The following is a document sent to me by a lovely lady named Sarah. It is interesting reading and I truly believe all that she has written.

Hi Dave,

Thought you might like to read this. It's mostly my past, Today I'm doing everything within my power to expose the New Age Movement, and free those entrapped by UFO deception. Not easy things to do, but somebody has to. Write back if you'd like, it's always good to find others who understand the truth. There are not many of us.

The Discernment

I always felt different. I wasn't satisfied with the churches' explanation of truth. If God went to church, I didn't see him there. Faith wasn't logical to me. I figured man invented God in his own image to give purpose to his otherwise meaningless life. I didn't want a meaningless life. I knew that somewhere out there the Truth was buried and I was going to find it. And I did.....

I decided to study the occult. I felt like Alice in Wonderland. I began to read books on Astrology and Numerology it wasn't long before I was using the knowledge I'd learned to win horse races. From there I studied palmistry and the Tarot. Witchcraft came later. One evening as my friends and I were sitting on a hillside smoking a joint (well it was 1973 what did you expect) Marsha pointed to what I thought was a star. But this star moved, at first slowly and then in a blink of an eye it was gone. She explained that her cousin had previously pointed out a ship to her and now she sees them all the time, wasn't long before I did too. I was hooked, something

wonderful was happening and I was part of it. Having friends in high places was cool. It wasn't long before Marsha and I became a couple of space troopers. Knowing well that the ships would appear, we would take unsuspecting friends to desolate places in the middle of the night just to watch their faces when they saw the UFO. Some liked it, some didn't. One evening as we sat at a power plant, a huge silent glowing red ship hovered above us. Twinnie (one of Marsha's friends) got out of the car and ran off. We found her later, still running down the road and took her home. That was the last time she partied with us!

It wasn't long before I found out what goes around comes around. One of my grateful friends decided to return the favor and asked me if I'd like to party with a ghost. They took me to sharp bend in the road and parked the car. I soon felt a presence in the car with us; my flesh felt like it was coming off my bones and the hair on my arms stood on end. Richie said, "he's here." I don't know why, but a few nights later we went back. This time the spirit came into the car, passed through my body and looked out of my eyes, all while my flesh was coming off my bones and my hair standing on end. I remember thinking, be calm don't let it know your scared. After about a minute it left. God that was horrible. I was glad to get home that evening, I decided I wasn't going back there anymore. It was late, I decided to go to bed. I closed my eyes and thought about what had happened. I began hearing breathing at first faintly but then it got louder and louder, I reached for a picture of Christ that was on my dresser, just as I grabbed it a bottle which was beside the picture hurled at my face and struck me in the forehead. I saw stars. The breathing stopped and I went to sleep. The next day I had a perfect black and blue circle in the middle of my forehead.

While I was in the library, I came across a book on witchcraft. Spells were explained along with strange formulas for potions. I learned that to cast a spell all I had to do was call upon the name of a demon and tell him what I wanted. One evening I went with Marsha to driving school. (she had a point problem along with others) I sat in the back of the room. I decided to test the witchcraft, I said to the demon "if this thing is real, make that guy in the front seat twitch" Well he about fell on the floor. At that point it was pretty clear to me that I was dealing with a lot more than I could, or should have been. I never tried to cast another spell. But I did start to think about God, because if Satan existed than he obviously did also.

Of all the times Marsha and I had encounters with UFOs I never suspected that anything happened to us other than what we remembered. Sure, there were a lot of nights that we got home a lot later than we had planned, but you know when you don't have to be anywhere at any particular time you don't wonder where the time went, besides everyone knows time flies when

you're having fun. To this day, I couldn't say for sure if we ever had contact with anyone, or were abducted. Not together anyway, I was alone the night the ships landed.

One evening I was bored so I decided to hitch a ride to a friend's house. When I arrived, no one was home. I figured it better to wait for her than to try to hitch a ride back home. I sat down on a lawn chair with Mary's dog Corky. I loved Mary's house. It sat on a hill and the peace was wonderful there. Dusk was just settling in. As I sat there, I saw a ship silently landed about 75 feet in front of me in the field. "I thought this doesn't look right" This thing looked like it came from somewhere a lot closer than outer space. It was shaped similar to a top but the bottom flared out. From what I can remember it was probably 15 or so feet wide by not much more than that high. It was a rusty color the color of weathered steel. I could see a railing around the center of the craft and it appeared to be sitting on a tripod that elevated it from the ground. Across the center of the ship was writing I was not able to read. It reminded me of Greek. I think I recall a backward small "e" and an "o" with a line through it. Many more letters, ones I cannot type. I remember thinking again this doesn't look right. What was a ship from another planet doing with an inscription that looks Greek on it? It was at that point that I could hear the weeds moving towards me. I knew I was being approached but saw nothing. I thought the dog would have sensed trouble but he didn't. At this point I think I walked up to a tall rather handsome man in a tan jumpsuit type uniform. I remember reading a tag which was sewn to either his arm or over a pocket. Whatever I read; I remember again thinking this doesn't look right. What is someone from the Government doing in a UFO? The next thing I remember is standing back in the original position I first saw them from. I noticed that to my right was another identical ship, which didn't land with the first one. I remember feeling sorry that they were leaving. I was sad because I wanted to go with them. I was told that I was one of them, and that I was to help people to understand who they were, and to help others except them. (even though I don't remember speaking to anyone). I watched as the first ship lifted off. As it ascended, I could see what I thought must have been the power source. Three large red glowing circles one of which seemed to be sputtering as if it had difficulty. Again, I thought, this whole thing just doesn't seem right. I decided that maybe these were probe ships. As I watched the ship rise I said "bye" and for the first and only time, I heard a noise that went ""BLEEP"" as if saying good-bye. Then as I watched the two ships, they simultaneously flew side by side to form two brightly-lit triangles. They danced in circular motions around one another until the triangles became one. And again I thought, what are they doing? This just doesn't look right. As they circled one another the most beautiful display of rainbow colors were flowing from them and circling them. They then flew off together. Not more than a minute later my friend returned home. She was surprised to see me in her back yard. I tried to explain to her that I had been entertaining UFO's,

but she thought I was high. I wasn't high; besides there were times when I was, but I never saw anything like that!

All I could do was think of them, in the weeks that followed I began writing in journals. I was always a daydreamer, but it seemed that I had taken my daydreams to a new level. I would draw geometric forms and become lost within them. (Mandala's) I didn't understand then, but as I was spacing out in my artwork, I was being versed in what was to become new age philosophy. My mind was in communication with them; we were somehow telepathically linked. I drew pictures of aliens, and ships and other worlds. My journals were filled with philosophical questions and answers about why we were here and what our purpose was. I became very knowledgeable about a lot of things I knew nothing about. I became very aware of myself as I began to examine what I believed the Truth to be. I felt special. My friends were amazed when I'd show them the ships. Amazed that they followed me and appeared when I chose to be with them. At that time 1974, very little was known about UFO's and as I said if we were missing time than we figured it was because we just lost track of it. None of us ever suspected that anything happened to us that we didn't remember, Why would we?

Three years is a long time to have a relationship with UFO's. As far as I know I was never treated badly. I don't recall ever being forced to do anything against my will. I do know that just because I don't remember, it doesn't mean it didn't happen. I believe the purpose of our relationship was to teach me about them, so that I would bring others to them. And I did, I brought many others.

It was in 1974 that I graduated from high school and moved away. I never did see Marsha again. I made new friends, some of which I showed the ships to. I soon met Connie; she was married and had a 10-year-old daughter. We would drive around at night and eventually stop at a secluded area and wait. We did this a lot. I remember one evening we sat watching a UFO from her car. We then returned to her house. We'd left her daughter there with Connie's husband and my boyfriend. When we walked through the door two angry guys met us. They wanted to know why we were gone so long, and exactly what were we doing? We laughed it off, I don't even think we looked to see what the time was. We thought they were mad because we left them. I never gave it another thought. Maybe I should have. Connie began seeing the UFO's when we weren't together. She claimed that one evening she saw a woman looking out of a porthole as a UFO hovered above her car. Claims she left her car and ran. Her husband wasn't too happy; he had to walk to get the car she'd left still running in the middle of the road. He didn't believe in UFO's and he was beginning to believe we had some severe mental problems.

One evening as Connie, her daughter Jenease, and I sat watching TV I said, "Let's go out in the yard I think they're here." Connie said "No" but her daughter said, "I'll go." Connie lived in the country in a fairly secluded area. We walked to the end of her yard to a field, and I was right, the ship was above us. We watched as it brightly glowed and hovered silently. All of a sudden, we heard the roaring of a helicopter approaching very quickly. As it came upon us the UFO glided away. I pulled Jenease down so that we were hidden in the weeds. The helicopter hovered above us and shined a search light close to where we were hiding, and then shot off after the ship. I remember wondering who could have been flying the helicopter? I was glad they didn't see us.

I believe everything happens for a reason, and for that reason it was very good that I met Diana. Diana was a Christian, she asked me to go to church with her one evening and I excepted. It was a peculiar place, not like the church I'd grown up with. These people were different somehow. It felt good there, peaceful. After the service I began speaking to a woman who was walking beside me as we left the church. Diana and I told her about the UFO's. She stopped walking and said "That's Satan, it's a deception." At first, I didn't want to believe her, but I found myself realizing over the next few days that I'd been used. How stupid I was, I never saw it coming. I just didn't see that my friends in high places were carrying out an agenda to destroy me. For the first time I was seeing clearly or trying to. I began reading the bible. I didn't know what I was looking for but I did know that I was looking in the right place.

One evening as I was watching TV, I saw a ship in the distance coming towards my house. I walked over to the window and as I stared at it I said "I know who you are Satan." The ship flashed a blinding light in my eyes and left. That was the last I ever saw of them, they've never returned. Fifteen years went by. One day as I walked past my bookshelf and Erich von Daniken's book "The Gold of The Gods" caught my eye. I stopped dead and said "Oh my God, I know what you're doing." The revelation floored me. Satan was going to land UFO's on Earth disguised as aliens from space, and they were going to claim to be God. I was shocked; it all hit me out of the blue! At the time I didn't really understand his full agenda, but I knew the plan. Probably knew it all along.

For the next ten years I spent a lot of time reading the bible and anything that I could find about alien abduction and the New Age Movement. I knew exactly where the Movement was coming from. After all I used to be one of them. All the pieces soon fell into place. It was all such a perfect plan. I had to wonder, where I'd have been today if I hadn't seen the Truth. A

New Age Leader, hanging out with Sheldan Nidle and the rest of Satan's puppets. They had big plans for me, but I guess God had some bigger ones.

I found all too soon that just because I knew the Truth didn't mean anybody would believe me. After all, people have a hard-enough time accepting Satan exists. Tell them he pilots UFO's, and you're left talking to yourself. I've watched for years as we've become conditioned to accept them. Even today I see more and more religions becoming infiltrated by New Age beliefs. Why not, if you don't know what you believe then anything looks good. Christians don't give their faith the consideration they do to buying a car. Religion's going down because they never knew Christ. They worshipped a synthetic one but not the real one. And now they'll reap the rotten fruit they've sown. I know a lot of you believe you're leaving here, that you'll be raptured, before things get really bad. I don't think that's true. I'm afraid that when Jesus doesn't show up, the deception will become the truth, and the falling away will be complete. If this were God's plan, then I'd expect he owes a lot of Christian martyrs a very big apology. Besides, if we Christians are taken away, what would be the standard by which the Truth could be known? How could the remaining lost be found? What purpose could the tribulation accomplish if it were not to save the remnant? The God I know has a reason. He isn't amused by torturing souls; it's just not his nature. He is willing to turn us inside out though, if it means we'll ultimately accept the Truth and return to him.

What do you think people will believe when Satan's legion of demons disguised as aliens from space land on our planet claiming to be responsible for genetically engineering life? You have to admit that the Sons of God who cohabited with the daughters of men left some pretty impressive artifacts that have left scientists scratching their heads. Artifacts purposely planted to furnish credibility. Can you think of a better plan to deceive than presenting to us what we cannot dispute with our own eyes? What will we say when they present the new race of human hybrids, they've created from all that stolen abductee seed? Not only will these hybrids have super human abilities, but they will also provide a physical vehicle, which the demonic entities may enter to secure their existence in this dimension.

The New Age movement is calling for their Master to arrive. Through his guidance the New Age will become reality. It will be claimed that man lost the knowledge of his divinity, that God the Father was the product of our misinterpretation. A lie, which prevented our true awareness. It will be claimed that through Christ consciousness, (a new thought process) we will acquire the physical ability to pass through other dimensions and eventually become Masters. God the Father will be dead, and we'll become the masters of our own destiny. What more could

man ask for? Nobody's going to consider the fact that Satan just sat down at the throne and became the God he claimed he'd be. Satan Who?

Satan has twisted scripture to fit perfectly with his agenda. The scriptures will be used against us. The distorted word will become a huge stumbling block. If you don't already know the Truth, the lie is going to become the new truth. The religion of Mystery Babylon will be born, or should I say reincarnated? Satan has defiantly done his homework; he's deceived us up one side and down the other. He really gave Catholicism the snow job. Why not? They're a big reason we're in this mess. The Roman Catholic Church became the founding father of Christianity when Constantine conquered Rome and established a Christian empire. Christianity soon became a religion of Pagan influence. This influence is not only evident through the worshipping of Mary, but also in every custom indicative to Christian festivals. I'm not going to expound, but if Aryanism is the Truth, then we have a lot of explaining to do. When Christianity and Roman Paganism united, we got into bed with Satan, and now we have to sleep with him. The Christian martyrs of that time protested to the changes in doctrine which were decreed at the Nicaea Council, but their protests were denied, and they were either exiled or killed. True Christianity became obsolete. Today America sits upon the whore of Babylon without a clue. Our first clue should have been that any doctrine Catholicism had any deciding factor upon what so ever must be flawed. To assume that Christian doctrine is 100% accurate is a wrong assumption. If you don't question every word you believe then somewhere along the line you'll be deceived. Do a word search on Hell sometime; you may be surprised by what you'll find.

The Christians that remain true to their faith after the aliens' arrival will become scapegoats, and the religion will fail for lack of substantiation. Those still adhering to the faith will be persecuted. Failure to submit to the new way will cost the lives of many. The Tribulation will be blamed by our unacceptance of their truth. It will be claimed our negative vibratory rate is responsible for the delay in the arrival of the New Age. We will be hated for Christ's namesake, but those who endure until the end will be saved.

This is certainly not a pretty picture, and I wish I could say it's all a joke, but I can't, Because it's not. I understand why people walk away from the Truth; it's a startling revelation that few can bare to acknowledge. Whether we acknowledge the Truth or not, isn't going to prevent these things from happening, and our delay in understanding, places us in a very vulnerable position. God gave us the free will to believe whatever we choose. If we choose to believe a lie than we'll reap the consequences of that lie. I can't say for sure, but I think they're

coming soon. If I were you, I'd be getting my full armor out of the closet and shining up my sword.

Sarah