

# Meetings With Paul

## *An Atheist Discovers His Guardian Angel*

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## Synopsis

### **CHAPTER 1**

#### *A Telepathic Summons*

It was an evening in November of 2001 and I was reading a book while recuperating from a recent minor surgical procedure when I became distracted by a nagging sensation that I couldn't put my finger on. I got an itch to go outside, for what purpose I didn't know. The motion-detector lights flashed on and I spotted a figure standing in the gazebo. It was Paul, a mysterious stranger whom I had first met on Easter Sunday in 1999 and who I subsequently would learn some months later was my guardian angel.

After that initial 1999 meeting, I had seen Paul one other time under unusual circumstances, at which time I was told that he was my guardian angel. Nearly two years had passed since then; *Meetings with Paul* book begins with our third meeting. He now informed me that he had summoned me from the house telepathically, a concept in which I did not believe. But he was insistent that I possessed a rudimentary capacity for telepathic communications. I had experimented with telepathy previously and thought that I might have had some success, but the results were inconclusive.

### **CHAPTER 2**

#### *Our Paths Cross*

This chapter is a flashback to that Easter Sunday in 1999 when I first met Paul and the strange circumstances that led me to impulsively drive from the Los Angeles area to the San Francisco Bay Area where the encounter occurred. It was a day that would challenge many of my strongly held lifetime beliefs.

### **CHAPTER 3**

#### *A Paradox of Terms*

After assuring me that telepathic communication is within the grasp of most people—although the vast majority of them never develop the innate ability—Paul gets right to the point of the purpose of his visit: Like practically every other American, I was devastated by the events of 9/11 and Paul was here to help me. All across the land, people were deeply affected, but because of my unique circumstances as reported in my last book, I was especially facing danger psychologically—at least according to Paul. Though I disagreed with the full diagnosis, Paul believed that I was in serious trouble and he was

there to help me through it. He suggested that we meet regularly and just talk. He was throwing me a life preserver.

#### **CHAPTER 4**

##### *Angels Aren't Perfect*

Angels aren't God, which means they aren't perfect, which means they make mistakes. So, despite my belief that Paul was in error in thinking that I was treading dangerous psychological ground, I agreed to meet with him because I liked him and our conversations were certainly interesting.

Paul also hinted at a more intriguing purpose for his visit besides keeping an eye on me. He said he also wanted to guide me on a journey to help prepare me for important work at some unspecified time. I looked forward to our meetings and the potentially exciting times that lay ahead.

#### **CHAPTER 5**

##### *The Nature of the Job*

Paul has the ability to determine if and when others can see him, regardless of whether he is visible to me at any particular moment. And although most people have a personal guardian angel—if I understood him correctly—it is, of course, rare to have the good fortune to meet one's angel in any form. He went on to describe the various forms the angel assumes during such encounters, ranging from a spiritual linking of which the "observer" is vaguely aware, to an obvious apparition, to a full-blown incarnation.

#### **CHAPTER 6**

##### *The Big Question*

It had to be asked eventually: *Is there a God?* But shockingly I discovered that I was unable to pose the query. In that moment I realized, and I'm sure Paul did as well, that whatever answer he might give me, whether a definitive "yes" or "no," or a qualified alternative, I wouldn't accept it anyway. Paul didn't have to spell it out for me, but one of the lessons that I learned over the course of our meetings led me to the conclusion that he was not going to be providing me with a spiritual or religious education, and was not going to provide me with a quick study in theology.

I thought I understood. Someone who proclaims to believe—or disbelieve—in God because someone else said it is so has not found the answer. And so the question—*Is there a God?*—is meaningless unless it is asked of oneself. Realizing this was an epiphany of sorts.

#### **CHAPTER 7**

##### *My Hero*

Our discussions ranged through the whole spectrum of possible conversational topics, at various times chatty, somber, superficial, ponderous, and humorous, on a diversity of topics. I learned that Paul has been with me for a lifetime and yet nearly seventy years had slipped by before I became aware of him. But without his presence I would have lived but a fraction of that time, for he had saved my life on more than one occasion.

In addition, he also extricated me from innumerable scrapes that could have had devastating effects upon the quality of those years and also helped lay the groundwork for opportunities that allowed me to build a more rewarding life for myself and my family.

## **CHAPTER 8**

### *Times Were Good*

Paul and I have a poignant discussion about the misery and wretchedness suffered by so many in this world. I ask him why this is the case but he evades answering me, preferring to focus on my own responses to the suffering I personally have witnessed. Paul remarks that there is one category of suffering that he knows is the most salient in my own emotional reactions: the suffering of children, as evidenced in newspaper stories I sometimes edited while working at the *LA Times*. I am surprised by this observation, but quickly realize he is right. This issue is indeed central in my sentimental life, so much so that in the rest of the chapter I go on a light rant against child abuse.

## **CHAPTER 9**

### *Dirty Linen*

One day the conversation turned to families and I was inclined to express some rather unorthodox views on that subject, employing several anecdotes to illustrate my reasons for keeping myself mostly at arm's length from my extended family for the past several decades. This discussion was prompted by an invitation to a family reunion that I had recently received. Paul used the occasion to express some enlightening observations of his own, little homilies that on first consideration struck me as a bit mundane and obvious. But in his simple message was a revealing truth that would further enlighten me in the near future.

## **CHAPTER 10**

### *Shades of Rod Serling*

Paul showed up as mysteriously as ever one night as I was lounging in the back yard letting my imagination skip around the heavens from star to star. The night sky holds great fascination for most people, I feel certain, and I am no exception. Paul offered to take me on a journey to the stars—a journey of imagination. Although a bit nervous, I was game and he induced in me a relaxed, almost trance-like state during which I felt that I had exited my body. The journey had begun.

We were suddenly in a large room the size of an auditorium that was filled with several different humanoid-type species, including real human beings from earth, who seemed to

be socializing. Paul and I interacted with one of the non-human creatures, even as he quietly assured me that I was actually there, although my body was still at rest at home. He described the experience as an astral journey.

When the spell was broken and I found myself back on my patio lounge, I discovered that, unbeknownst to me, I had played the role of a student and had just been put through a grueling lesson.

## **CHAPTER 11**

### *Precocious Child*

There are certain schools of thought within the UFO community whose adherents believe in various theories concerning so-called *Star Children*. Some believe that extraterrestrial beings have long been experimenting with cross-breeding humans with other species to produce hybrid children. I never put stock in the notion. However, while waiting to meet Paul at a train station for a day's outing in downtown Los Angeles, I bumped into an acquaintance whom I had first met several years earlier when I was delivering a talk before a UFO group.

He introduced me to his son, who appeared to be about 12 or 13 but turned out to be only 9. He insisted upon sitting with me as we rode the train to L.A. and even though I had sighted Paul as we were boarding, he kept his distance. Dave was also on an outing with his son and there was little that I could do to shake him. We talked and walked for several hours, with Dave doing most of the talking.

He was an avid enthusiast of all things extraterrestrial. As we walked and talked, there was no doubt in my mind that Marco, the son, was an extraordinary kid, physically, psychologically, intellectually. But I was caught flat-footed when Dave eventually confided that the boy was a Star Child, the product of Dave's sperm and an alien woman's ovum which was transplanted into Dave's wife, who carried the child to term.

It was bizarre, but I remained stoic. When I later questioned Paul about the encounter and the claims about species cross-breeding, he took a strangely noncommittal stance on the morality of such a notion, but at the same time he confessed that he knew of Marco's abilities and that he, Paul, had actually arranged for the meeting. It seems that Marco is an accomplished telepath, or so Paul said, and that the boy would be my mentor as I attempted to develop my own telepathic abilities.

## **CHAPTER 12**

### *Testing Paul*

My wife wanted to attend the family reunion and, although I had little interest in it, I agreed to make the trip across country. Once there, I managed to hook up with a boyhood chum, who now lived in a nearby town, and we set out on a planned bar-hopping excursion that afternoon. Little did I know that I was on a path that would lead me to a

run-in at a bar with a town bully, renewing a fight that had taken place half a century earlier—and driving Paul right up the wall with indignation.

Paul's protestations and bleak warnings that he would not come to my aid if my provocative and ill-considered behavior resulted in another bloody beating held no sway with me. I defied his admonition to leave the bar and instead engaged in abrasive repartee with the bully until I had provoked a challenge to fight. The battleground would be the same one in which I had been beaten bloody years earlier, only this time it involved two aged adults. I took a stand that taught him a lesson of sorts.

Paul disappeared and didn't talk to me again for a month.

## **CHAPTER 13**

### *Opening Communication*

We finally reconnected in the Denver area, where I was scheduled to deliver a speech. I also met a fan of my books while jogging in a park near the hotel where the conference was scheduled, a quite handsome woman of mature age. We met later for dinner but the engagement somehow turned into a drinking fest with no consumption of food.

With Paul watching disapprovingly nearby, as little flirtations quickly blossomed into something more serious and my guest and I, with severely reduced inhibitions as a consequence of the alcohol, both understood where this tête-à-tête was headed.

And then a warning voice filled my head. It cautioned me with great urgency that I was headed for trouble and implored me to abandon whatever prurient thoughts I was entertaining. I was stunned by the suddenness and force of the words and I visibly winced. After some minutes of emotional turmoil, during which my face turned ashen, according to my woman companion, I was able to calm myself.

I abruptly thanked the woman for her company and the lovely evening, extracted my hand from hers, paid the bill and returned to my room. Paul explained it all then. I had been the recipient of robust and crystal-clear telepathic admonition from—Marco!

## **CHAPTER 14**

### *Contact*

After that episode, I devoted myself diligently for many long hours over a period of many months, painstakingly attempting telepathic communication, mostly with Marco as the target. I achieved what I considered some measure of success, and I finally received confirmation that Marco—from whom, I was fairly certain, I was receiving some messages—that even some of my thoughts were getting through to him. I considered that a major success.

Even later, I became convinced that I had somehow had a telepathic communication with a mysterious stranger. But then I lost the “connection” and that was as far as I was able to progress. I had reached a plateau, and it was finite.

## **CHAPTER 15**

### *Lonesome Journey*

I became curious about just how much influence a guardian angel typically has in the everyday life of the average person. I discussed this with Paul and he agreed to go along with an experiment that I wanted to conduct. I asked him not to intervene even in the tiniest way for a period of time to see if I would notice his absence. It would give me some measure of comparison.

There was certainly a correlation during that test period between Paul’s stance of nonintervention and a series of mishaps, mostly of a minor nature, that seemed to suddenly befall me. Yet I cannot say definitively that there was a cause-and-effect relationship between the two events. On the other hand, I don’t plan on ever conducting that experiment again. I was practically on my knees asking for Paul to return.

## **CHAPTER 16**

### *The Cargo Cult*

I reflect on the profound meanings of Paul’s presence in my life, and the privilege of having met him. I consider the case for whether Paul is indeed a divine being, taking a hard look at the evidence. I then speculate on the possibility that Paul is actually not a divine being of the heavenly realms, but instead a member of an extremely advanced humanoid species that chooses altruistically to enter into the lives of humans on Earth and assist them, largely unseen. I consider how far afield my experience of Paul is from my own paradigm governing such things, comparing my situation to that of the natives of New Guinea who initially interpreted the visitations of white Westerners to their island as visitors of “gods.”

## **CHAPTER 17**

### *Occasional Visitor*

The story winds down and Paul begins to melt into the background of my life again. I continue to experiment with telepathy and decide that I have reached a plateau of my abilities, still making occasional contacts, and wishing I could be a part of that elite on the planet that engages in advanced contact. I increasingly realize the profundity of my contacts with Paul over these many months. Paul still hasn’t related the “important work” I am to do.

## **EPILOGUE**

As I am putting the finishing touches on the manuscript for this book, a full three years after the events that I narrate in it, Paul suddenly appears in my study. It is quite startling to have him materialize again, but truly great to see him. He asks me a series of pointed questions, trying to assess whether I am truly up to the scrutiny and skepticism that will surely befall me once the book is published. I assure him that I am. In the course of the discussion, I finally come to realize that Paul's intervention, and his original diagnosis about my mental state in 2001, was correct, and very much needed.

## **POSTSCRIPT**

For the sake of the readers of my first two books, I update on the status of the "Contact Project" with the ET race I had encountered in the years prior to the events of 9/11, explaining that the Contact is still on hold. I also outline the story of one of my cohorts in that Project who had—in the period after 9/11 when the Contact was suspended—enjoyed a most extraordinary, four-year sojourn on one of the advanced planets of this ET race.