

## Postscript: An Update on the Contact Project

Although this chronicle is meant to stand alone and distinct from the author's two previous books, *The Contact Has Begun* and *The Challenge of Contact*, there is nevertheless a tangential link between them. With that in mind, this seems the right place and the appropriate time to present a brief update for the benefit of previous readers on what has been called the *Contact Project*. Many of them have raised questions and expressed keen interest in finding out what if any events or communications may have transpired in the long interim since the author's last book in 2001.

You'll recall that hundreds of humans from all races and nationalities of humankind were secretly contacted by the Verdants, a very advanced ET race, as part of the Contact Project; these contactees were known either as ambassadors or deputy envoys. As far as can be determined, 100 percent of the ambassadors and deputy envoys have remained publicly unidentified, although about a dozen or so people have approached the author claiming ambassadorial status. Most of them could not support their claims during routine questioning and/or vetting of their credentials. However, at least two have established themselves as completely authentic.

One of them personally delivered a momentous message to the author in March of 2001 at a major UFO conference in Laughlin, Nevada. This message indicated that,

after lengthy discussions between the ambassadors and the Verdants, a date for the contact had finally been set and that he, the author, would have the honor of announcing it. The publically available record shows that on August 25, 2001, my publisher pre-announced my keynote speech at the UFO Expo—which was to occur on September 16, 2001—during which I was to announce the good news. As is well-known to those who have followed the author's story, on the evening of 9/11 the ETs abruptly suspended the formal contact between themselves and the human species. Crisis conditions on Earth required that the Contact Project be put on indefinite hold. Readers of the Challenge of Contact will recall that the author reported on this entire drama in that volume.

Since those days, there have been no more face-to-face or telepathic contacts between the author and the Verdants. But one major development is pending that readers of the Contact books have a right to know about.

A second claimant who passed muster first contacted the author in April of 2006. He was an intriguing fellow who held prominent social and business positions and whose credibility turned out to be impeccable. The author, who approached all such correspondents cautiously and skeptically, began a two-week period of communication with him by e-mail and telephone. Eventually they met face-to-face and the author was soon won over; a mutually trusting relationship developed between the two. There was no doubt that the man was legitimate. He was an authentic ambassador who had undeniably been a guest of the Verdants aboard the *Goodwill*, the mother ship stationed in the vicinity of the Earth.

The man, whom the author refers to by the pseudonym Louis Winslow, was an integral figure in the Verdants' plans

for contact, designated to play a major role. Of course, this was a secret part of his life that he had shared with no one. After the postponement, Louis had some blunt discussions with the Verdants about the possibilities for an early resumption of the contact plans. Although the Verdants could not provide any specific timetable, they did provide him with a realistic assessment of the current human condition and the effects it was having on their mission.

Louis admitted to the author during one of their face-to-face sessions that he came away from the discussions with the Verdants in a deep funk. He was despondent and felt like someone who had suffered a terrible psychological whipping. In addition, he was convinced that humanity was doomed, that the world would not recover from its madness, and that the Verdants would ultimately give up on the human race. After all, it was no secret among the ambassadors that the Verdants had indicated having seen such meltdowns before in other civilizations.

In essence, Louis explained that he had been in a state of grief. Not only was he fearful for the future of the human race, but on a more personal and selfish level he was mourning his own lost opportunity, the chance to play a key role in the most significant moment in human history. His personal life also had been a mess, he admitted. And even if contact plans were renewed in his lifetime, it would be necessary to recruit almost a whole new slate of ambassadors because many original ones would have died while others would be too aged to take on the burden required, he said.

Hopeless, alone, unhappy, and dispirited, he accepted an offer by the Verdants to participate in a “sabbatical,” an offer tendered because of the high esteem and regard in which the Verdants held him. He had poured himself into his

tasks on behalf of the contact project with energy, enthusiasm, dedication, and plain old hard work. And it was appreciated.

After wrapping up his personal and business affairs one day in 2002, Louis ended a meeting with his lawyer, walked out into the sunshine, handed his expensive watch to a panhandler—he wouldn't need it where he was going—and disappeared from the face of the Earth—literally.

And then Louis dropped a bombshell on the author.

Louis revealed that he had just returned from a four-year odyssey in which he lived among the Verdants on two colonized planets in the Milky Way galaxy!

But if Louis had left our home planet full of despair and hopelessness, the man sitting before the author was light-years removed from his previous self. This new person was robust in every sense of the word in body and spirit. He admitted that he had been transformed, and he related a fascinating tale of hope and personal rejuvenation.

Despite the vast distances involved, and thanks to the flicker drive technology, Louis spent the overwhelming majority of time in those four years living among the Verdants and an insignificant time in transit. Yes, he experienced extreme culture shock as well as “future shock” in his new environment, but it would be better described as a stunning experience of pure joy and awe-inspiring discovery rather than of confusion and disorientation.

The astonishment of being among a race of people living in complete global harmony and peace touched him at the core of his being. Such a utopian civilization has been a wispy fantasy for human dreamers since time immemorial. Louis wondered if the contemporary human mind is even capable of evoking images of a world free of drug abuse, squalid poverty, suicide, violence, homelessness, hunger,

alcoholism, mental illness, and other diseases, and all of the other forms of wretchedness that afflict the human condition.

A civilization that is more than 200 million years older than ours is quite literally unimaginable. Understandably, Louis made no attempt to define it. He merely spoke soothingly of the little—but miraculous—things that he could comprehend and appreciate.

Imagine a bustling city of millions of people—and no noise, no sound beyond the low ambient hum of countless quiet conversations. No police sirens, no construction racket, no roar of traffic, no clatter of jackhammers, not a single blaring vehicle horn. No panhandlers, no raucous groups of rowdy street toughs, no trash-littered streets.

Visualize the breathtaking grandeur of magnificent architecture surrounded by unlimited open space framed by colorful plants and trees under a brilliant bluish sky. Envision the same city at night, softly lit by muted lighting and the heavenly illumination of two moons, one occupying ten percent of the night sky accompanied by a much smaller and fainter sister, marching high above across the firmament.

And he could barely fathom a society that had absolutely no need for prisons, insurance policies, locks and keys, police, food stamps, armies, battered women's shelters, juries, child welfare agencies, charities, ad infinitum.

As time passed during the four years that he spent living among the Verdants, he said that he actually could feel himself being quietly and manifestly transformed, finally becoming aware that for the first time in his life he was actually getting in touch with himself.

After many hours of marathon sessions over a period of several days during which Louis related his four-year

experiences, it came as no surprise to the author when Louis proclaimed that he had discovered his soul.

Louis also brought back news regarding the Verdant's considerations about renewing the Contact Project, including an item that directly affects the author's role if any new plan were to be carried out.

But that is a story for another time.