

**April 20, 1986, Sunday**  
**Channeling by Jeanne Love**  
**Respondents: Tom Love and Sam White**

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This is the transcript of the channeling of an astronaut on April 20, 1986.

Richard Scobee     (Dick)     [page 2]  
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Dick:  
This is Richard.

Tom and Sam:  
Good Evening, Richard!

Dick:  
Nam-Myoho-Renge-Kyo. I'm getting pretty good at it, aren't I?

Sam:  
Do you know what it means?

Dick:  
Something about karma and life.

Sam:  
It's fusing your life with the law of karma. The last word is Kyo which means rhythm. And you keep growing and unfolding. Whether you're on this side or that side, you're still affected by it.

Dick:  
Well, it's helped me quite a bit brother. I want to thank you.

I have kind of an ugly duty tonight. And I hope you'll bear with us. We're all here tonight, plus many others. I really thank you for allowing us to fill your living room. We have some more information that we would like transmitted. We'd hoped to do it in front of a larger group. But at this point in time we'll take it any way we can. And I understand that it's not always easy to pull everyone together. We do understand that. And perhaps this is the way it's supposed to be. 'Cause it seems that the most pertinent information comes through in a smaller group... I think we're more relaxed.

Anyway, (pause) (sigh) Jeanne's such a nice person, but I kind of have to push her out of the way sometimes. Now she's... when I get into her consciousness we meld so easily that I have to distinguish — sigh — I am having a hard time tonight, aren't I? Don't know why I always get stuck doing this. Guess it's because I still want to feel I'm Commander or something. I'm in charge of what I'm not sure anymore, but it seems to me that I'm still accepting that role.

Tom:  
You're the Leader.

Dick:  
(laughter) I've hardly been the Leader.

Sam:  
Sometimes you try too hard.

Dick:

Well, no, there's stuff that we need to get through tonight and I'm just getting myself ready for the roller coaster ride, if you know what I mean. Umm — do you guys have a sense of what I'm coming to tell you? Why don't you ask me a question? Do you know, I always do so much better under the pressure of the routine I've been most accustomed to. If that's OK, why don't you go ahead, Tom?

Tom:

You said you had some more information. Is it about your experiences then after the accident?

Dick:

No, it's more of before.

Tom:

Before? Your personal life?

Dick:

No, I'm talking still about the space flight but just before it... during and after I guess you might say, that whole twenty-four hour period. (sigh) It's not that it's been a hidden part of our personalities or consciousness. It's...

Tom:

Some of you have misapprehensions about flying?

Dick:

I don't think that's a fair assessment, really. I think that we were pretty cloudy as to how... how really dangerous... I mean, there's always a risk, an element of danger in a space flight. We all knew that. We all knew that there was probably more on this one. 'Cause we've had such a good record and time was running out 'cause of all the superstitious crud that goes on. (sigh)

A lot was kept from us. I think what I'm really getting to say to you guys is that we didn't know how much was kept from us until after we died. Your wife was picking up, very rightfully so, a lot of our anger and bitterness. I know that we have to get through it. We don't try to talk it or deny it away anymore. We know that it's part of our growth to be able to come in touch with it.

I guess that's why we're really here tonight... to go on record as saying that (sigh) that as evidential as all this information is becoming, we all wish to hell we didn't have to do this! We wish to hell that we had gone up and done our five day stint, six day, whatever the hell it was... I don't even know now... and came home.

Tom:

We wish you had too.

Dick:

I said before I was a little sorry about all the nit-picking that went on with NASA. I've changed my tune. Because we have been shown more than you have been shown in the last seventy-two hours.

Sam:

Is that what you wanted to present tonight?

Dick:

Well, I want to get through the emotional nature of it first, Sam. I tell you it's like... I'm like a time bomb right now and I got to get some steam off.

Sam:

Like when I was talking about the guy who had the experience out of his body and he came back... your enthusiasm changed because you remembered.

Dick:

I want so desperately for people who had known me to sit... I dare them to sit across the table from Jeanne! And look me in the eye!

Sam:

I'm sure that's all yet to come.

Dick:

The purpose being is... I don't know... the satisfaction that God Damn it! ... That tape recorder on? I want to make sure that...

Tom and Sam:

It sure is!

Dick:

That, God damn it... they played with us! We were political toys.

Sam:

Did you see "Capricorn One" the movie?

Dick:

Oh, hell yes!

Sam:

It's kind of like that.

Dick:

Worse, it's far worse. It's not as Mickey Mouse as that. It's not as simple as staging. This is representative of a whole fucking consciousness. Pardon me. She says pardon me; I say fucking. They played with us. We allowed it. I've learned enough in the last

three months to know we allowed it 'cause our egos were so hungry to go up into space. That we were ready to do it at the cost of our lives. That's pure idiocy. I mean I'm not going to take that away from what I've decided. And the decisions I've made leading up to my life.

If I had to give my life to get this point across, fine. But I don't want it to stop after a year of research and a nice little piece of paper comes out and says, well, it's those stupid little O-rings. BULL SHIT! O-rings, schmo rings. It's everything that's led up to this. It's the whole mentality. The whole crazy idea. Here we are shooting at Gaddafi. Why don't we stop playing games in other countries and start dealing with our own crap? We sure have plenty of it.

Tom:

Don't you realize that it's a smoke screen so people won't pay attention to our own crap?

Dick:

I know, I know. Well, I'm saying... and I'm going on record. And I said I dare any of those guys to sit across from Jeanne. I may not be able to give them intimate details of their livelihood like I used to know. But ENOUGH of me remains that I can shake my fist at them and say, "You tell me I'm not who I say I am! You tell me I don't exist! And you tell me I don't remember the HELL we went through dropping down through space!" You guys all said "Oh, you all died instantly." Bull shit!

We're remembering much more of it than we'd like to. But I guess we needed to, didn't we? To get angry. Because for a while there, we were feeling really weak in the knees about coming through you guys and about pushing this out. And we were thinking, "Well, we've done the initial amount of it, let's just move on our way." That's what we were thinking. We didn't want to say that, but Jeanne could feel us moving away. And now that this stuff has come out with NASA again, God damn it, it's just sparked the hell out of us! And Christa's sitting back there laughing on her can saying she can't believe how we're fired up. She was getting a little distressed.

Tom:

You're professionals and you expected everybody else in the program to behave that way.

Dick:

You're damn right! They played with us. And they played with the other people. They've played with many of us. Why the hell the thing didn't blow up the first time it went into space is more than I can understand. You can't tell me there hasn't been guidance and protection to keep us from ourselves! And it was inevitable that sooner or later some people had to go and I guess all of us subconsciously said, "All right, we'll do it! We'll go." Jarvis feels two ways about this. He got scrubbed twice, right? Imagine how he feels. But then he kind of consoles himself with, "Well I guess I'm a chosen one!" But it is bittersweet.

Sam:

Well, if anybody's going to do it, it is going to be you and Smith — a couple of Tauruses.

Dick:

Our Bulls are going. Our horns are going.

Sam:

By the way, today is Hitler's birthday. He was a Taurus, too.

Dick:

Isn't it wonderful great minds travel in the same dirty channels?

Sam:

I'm just saying greatly determined... you're determined. I know you're determined.

Dick:

Well, I hear from Jeanne talking. Both of you have a little Taurus in your charts. It's good for everyone.

Tom:

At least mine's rising, not sinking. (laughter)

Dick:

What it boils down to is this: we're committed! We're committed to our work on this side, whether it's through you or through you and others. However, we have kind of taken a vow amongst ourselves with the help of our teachers who have been very, very supportive, to not forget this, to not say, "Well, we transmitted information for the first three months. We got that." And then go on our merry way and do other things. Forget about it. You know it would be all too easy and all too tempting to forget about it. It's painful. It's damn painful. Every time somebody asks us a question and the memory comes back... it's very, very agonizing.

But I seem to have an ability to communicate through this medium. And if Joe Schmoe could sit in that chair and feel my agony, he'd realize it's not her playing tricks. It's my agony and I've come back to let them know and project it. Maybe they'll think twice about letting someone politically run all over them.

We'll start thinking for ourselves and making decisions. I'm not scared about us making crazy decisions. We've already done that. When people realize that they need to be responsible for their lives, their decisions will get a lot better. I am speaking for myself. But I'm also speaking for a group of people who are hungry to make their lives and their time here count. I'm glad I guess I have that stubborn nature within me.

Tom:

I'm glad you do, too.

Sam:  
Venting your wrath will keep you going.

Dick:  
Well, knowing how I've changed my emotional nature the last three months, I may wake up tomorrow morning feeling very idiotic.

Sam:  
No.

Dick:  
But you are good friends and you listen and you understand and you know. And I guess that's why I had to say it to you. Or perhaps I wouldn't have said it so vehemently to a group, a larger group of people. Maybe I would have in Charleston. I really like those people there. People are nice in Toledo. Like you say, they are a lot more reserved. But we're here and we're learning. It... it's not a pretty memory. Not so much what we went through as what our families went through. Right now that haunts me more than my own demise. It haunts me to think that my ego was so out of touch with myself that I was willing to put myself in jeopardy and forget the commitment I had made earlier to my family.

Now, granted we're supposed to be thinking that this is all in Divine Order, but right now what's pertinent to my situation is me, Dick Scobee, who had a family. But I was so hung up on my own needs for glory that I allowed myself to be put into a highly experimental program. And I allowed myself to not listen to what I was hearing inside of me. I overrode it. The override potential in me was so strong. Perhaps that was the way it was supposed to be. Obviously it has happened. I can't do anything about it.

But think of how many other people in this world listen to their ego so strongly that they forget the real reason for their being here and their real responsibilities and their real commitments because the ego says, "Oh, you want to be glorified. You want to be recognized. You want to be elite." I'm speaking for myself. My friends will have to speak for themselves.

I can see that all of us here at this table have gone through it and that's what makes us understanding people, listening people, reasonable people. We weren't always that way. And we've had to have some incredible experience to knock us down to size. You could say that ours was a real Big Bang experience. I get sick to my stomach when I think about that compartment rocking back and forth. Jeanne's felt me several times in the last seventy-two hours. I've been around her so strongly and there's this sick feeling in the pit of my stomach when I remember it.

I don't want people to feel regret. I want them to wake up. There's a difference. I don't want this information to come through and make people feel sorry for themselves or sorry for us or our families. That's not the point of this communication. It's to wake

people up. And I think that I may be damn frustrated along the way but I'm going to work at it and work at it and work at it.

Tom:

I think the message is enough to awaken the dead! (laughter)

Dick:

I'm not in the mood tonight, Mr. Love.

Tom:

I'm sorry about that.

Dick:

Anyway — that's my message. I came in to piss, to moan and to re-commit myself to the high energy of progress that you feel so committed to.

Sam:

This could lead to the enlightenment of the world. That's what Tom said the first or second night.

Dick:

Well, let's hope some people wake up, but it doesn't have to be all of them.

Sam:

Look at it in a selfish respect. It will be a better world for you to come back to next time.

Dick:

I'm sure the hell not going to be an astronaut! (laughter)

Tom:

Well, hell isn't sure, so maybe you will be.

Dick:

I think I'll be a nurse or a doctor or a CPA or something.

Tom:

Maybe by that time travel to the moon will be a Pan Am flight.

Dick:

2001

Sam:

They'll have flying saucers, anti-gravity devices where there's no volatile fuel involved.

Dick:

How about if we just think ourselves there? It's much nicer that way. Let's just think



ourselves where we need to be. It's much better. I can't wait to get on the other planets.

Sam:

By the way, there's going to be an ellipse of the moon in a couple of days.

Tom:

Eclipse.

Sam:

Eclipse?

Tom:

You said ellipse.

Dick:

Ellipse here are good for kissing but I don't get much work out of them anymore (laughter while pointing to Jeanne's lips). I really appreciate Jeanne's writing a letter and I think it's going to be a good one. I know she won't get it out tomorrow morning at nine but... within the week. You know I can't fire her! (laughter) I got to take what she gives me and I appreciate every bit of it. I really do... What's that?

Tom and Sam:

Siren.

Dick:

It gives me the "willies." It really does. (said very quietly) There's a strong sense of memory coming into me right now. No pun intended, flooding my consciousness. Don't really want to look at it. I still am not to the point where I want to expose myself any more than I have to or suffer any more than I already have. I realize it's an emotional thing. I have the choice to say... I have one helluva guide over here. Norm has been SUPER. He has stuck with me. He has sat up with me night after night explaining things to me. Helping me to remember.

We've traveled a lot. He's taken me to lots of different places where we can have mountain top experiences, be by ourselves and think and talk. He said to me, "You make sure you tell Jeanne that I didn't realize how much those guys knew when I knew them." And he said, "I really underestimated them!" And he says, "I think I'm kind of glad I did, otherwise I wouldn't have been able to handle how much I could have learned." He said, "I had to come over to do it." But he knows an awful lot! Well...

Sam:

Can I ask you one more question?

Dick:

Sure, go ahead, Sam.

Sam:

How do you think, knowing June the way you do, how do you think she's going... how will she respond to the letter Jeanne's writing to Houston?

Dick:

You know, I've asked that question of myself about a million times. And it may just be wishful thinking. I'm so personally attached to it. I don't know. It's something that as long as I've been married to that lovely lady... I don't know. I don't know how I would react if she was to go and come back and say, "Here I am." I know that June has felt my presence. I know that she has. And she admits to it because I hear her say my name. I know she feels me. But how willing she is to have somebody else tell her that I have communicated is another story.

Tom:

It's a matter of personal knowledge versus public knowledge, too. I mean it's a matter of what you're willing to confess perhaps having done to your best friend in confidence. But you wouldn't want the world to know about it.

Dick:

Well, I respect you all. I know that you're very discreet. And I know that what goes into a public book would be fitting for the public. I trust you implicitly. I'm really putting myself on the line with you here, but I do. And then, I don't tell you everything, either. (laughter)

Tom:

You have to realize that... Well, today one of the people at church was saying why don't you go with the National Enquirer about this.

Dick:

(laughter) Oh, God, I'd leave you in two seconds flat!

Tom:

I know! I know that. I know that! I don't want it to go there. But he was serious about it.

Dick:

Who was it? Or would you rather not say?

Tom:

Oh, what's his name? I can't remember... Virg.

Dick:

Oh, dear.

Tom:

Well, he was saying that one of the ladies of the church there had cast the seven horoscopes and they all showed that they would die a violent death. And I hesitate to believe that, because you look at a... a dozen people look at the same seven charts

and I don't believe that they would all come to the same conclusion. If somebody had done that astrologically before this happened, I would be impressed.

Dick:

Well, the thing with June is that...

Tom:

That wasn't June.

Dick:

No, no. I'm talking about my wife.

Tom:

Oh, your wife. I'm sorry. There was a June down there at the church, too.

Dick:

Oh, she feels my presence and I mentioned the thing about the soup and sandwiches to Jeanne. We lived off of a lot of soup... a lot of lettuce and tomato sandwiches. Put that in the letter, Jeanne. A lot of lettuce and tomato sandwiches on the cheapest white crappy bread you could get. And we moved and you know we had the typical furniture made out of orange crates and you know, every young couple does when they're starting out, and I wanted to achieve a lot and I went to school a lot.

Once things turned around for us, they turned around very nicely and rather quickly. A lot of hand-me-down clothes for the kids, which in my times was looked down upon that you couldn't provide for your family. Now it's the thing. That just shows you the difference in culture in a few short years' time span. We had an old jalopy of a car and it was the ugliest brown car you'd ever seen in your life. But it got us there. That old thing was near and dear to our hearts. When we finally had to give it up, 'cause it just wouldn't move anymore, we felt like having it bronzed. You know — building a monument in our backyard as a reminder of whence we've come.

You know we lived simply enough that when things did improve we respected where we came from. We knew that to get where we wanted to go we had to be willing to give something up for a while. My lady is able to make a mansion out of match sticks. Fortunately, she's kind of forgotten that a little bit as far as she doesn't need to do that anymore.

But she's always been very good managing things — managing me. Helping me through the rough times when I would get really down and I would get overworked and tired as I often did. No matter how rotten she felt she was always there for me. I could never stray. I had lots of friends who did stray from their wives. I remained loyal to that woman in every way possible. How she feels about me, I hope it's the same way. She's been with me too much and for too long. And I just never ever thought about having anybody else in my life.

I have a hard time now thinking about her and her youth still perhaps desiring being with someone else. I'm afraid I hold on to her more than I should. But she's meant so much to me. She stood by me and she's been loyal in more ways than I can name. And she took a buffer when we were attacked for various reasons from family members or conditions or if we did things that seemed to be a little less than the traditional pathway. There were times when we weren't well supported, emotionally or mentally... people we knew, decisions we had made. But she supported me, trusting my judgment. Sometimes it was real good. Sometimes it was real bad.

Tom:  
Isn't it that way with everybody?

Dick:  
Yeah. She could have left. She could have gone off. She could have thrown it back up in my face. She never did. She never did. That was the uniqueness of that woman. But there were plenty of times for her to have thrown junk in my face about who and what I am. And how I've been. She perhaps swallowed it, I don't know. That's what concerns me now because she was so good and loyal to me. And I'm gone.

All those years of helping me to go and to be and to achieve and now I'm gone. She was really looking forward to those years in the twilight of our lives together. I've kind of taken those away from her. I know her well enough to know she'll put this memory aside but she'll never let go of it. It will be with her till the day she dies... (pause and long sigh) That's why it's gotta work.

Tom:  
It will work! It's a chain reaction. In any generation you can only touch so many people. But you hope that those people touch the next generation. It's like Jeanne showed me a passage in this book I bought today. We don't have a civilization. It's a bunch of barbarians facing each other off for the moment. But we have planted the seeds of a civilization. We can hope that a few generations of those seeds grow. We can't expect to change the world with what we're doing. But we can plant the seeds for that change... (pause) I thank you for doing that.

Dick:  
Thank you. (spoken in a whisper, crying and visibly upset)

Tom:  
Love you.

Sam:  
Love you too, Dick.

Tom:  
And we'll be with you. So stick with us; we'll stick with you.

Dick:  
Can I ask you to do something?

Tom:  
Sure.

Dick:  
Can you guys touch me for a minute? (crying)

Tom:  
The Christa experience. (Christa always holds hands with those she's closest to while talking with Jeanne. For the most part none of the others, except for Judy, occasionally, would want to touch or be touched.) It's meaningful... It really is.

Sam:  
I'll be back. I want you to feel something for a second. (Sam leaves the table and comes back with a toy replica of the shuttle that one of the children had just gotten. Sam put it into Dick's hand.) Put out your hand and feel that.

Dick:  
Oh God! (crying and very distressed he threw it on the floor)

Tom:  
Why did you do that Sam?

Sam:  
I'm sorry.

Dick:  
I guess it just shows we all have a lot to learn, don't we Sam? (long pause) Good night.