

**May 28, 1986,**  
**Channeling by Jeanne Love**  
Automatic Writing

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This is the transcript of the channeling of the astronauts on May 28, 1986.

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**May 28, 1986 (1 pm, Automatic Writing)**

Christa:

Well, should we really try this out in the peace and the quiet of Tom's office? This is wonderful. Wait till that lady in the office finds out what you're really doing in here! Dick and El are here too. We all want to take a turn this afternoon if it is O.K. with you. My turn first. Ladies first. Ha!

Several days ago my parents took a trip up to New York to talk with a publisher about doing a book about me. My mom is really progressing in her quest for information to hit the media. It is important that your book hit first. I don't care about what their feelings are. This is far-more important than their silly old, "she did this when she was there" stuff.

Jeanne can we have Sam type up my writing so far and send it to Bob with the understanding that this info is needed to be verified, witnessed, documented by other witnesses? I'm afraid a book about me might spoil the weight of evidence given by me directly to you and I don't want that to happen. Perhaps I'm being a bit paranoid but I don't want this communication jeopardized and I'll do anything to protect it.

I never thought I would think of my parents as my enemy. They just don't know what they're doing. Steven isn't saying much. I can only guess that he's a bit overwhelmed by what they're doing. Maybe he feels there's nothing to be done. The people want to hear, so they'll do it. Perhaps it is my parent's only way of justifying my death. God, I hate to think that of them but I don't know what else to do.

Can you believe my mother talking about the space program? Why wouldn't she even question my death? If someone had shot me she would have prosecuted them! How can they be so blind? Do they really think this is what I want? Well, I don't.

And maybe this is what it takes to get me away from them and on to my own important work. I guess, as you would say, this is where you must let them tread their own karmic path, however unspiritual it seems to be. It is really difficult not to judge others - especially one's parents.

From time to time I tend to forget how important each one's own destiny really is. I forgot all the choices we make and how important those choices are for us to follow through on. I must remember. Perhaps they are rejecting my choices by perpetuating these lies about NASA and the government. Perhaps they just can't accept the harsh reality of my death and what it represents.

My sister Betsy is doing much better! I sometimes feel that she would love to break away from Mom and Dad and tell them what for. She was (is) a rebel of sorts - always challenging everyone. I think down the line, that she might be more responsive to me than anyone. My two brothers are cold and rigid and very much into their own family identities. The youngest, in particular, thrives on the family unit and relies on it heavily. Ron says he'll change his tune. He (Ron) says he sees a lot of himself in my younger brother. From time to time Ron and I really go at it about family and responsibilities to

them. I tend to hold on. Ron seems to rise above and paints an aura of "you will see me...you will see this side of life." It isn't really arrogance. It is sheer determination, a willing of ways, as it were to make an impression on his family and close friends.

Ron's helped me a lot lately. He had really been super about my mood swings and my craziness. He has stayed with me while I've felt the desire to run away and forget it all. He's stayed with me before during and after my daughter's birthday party. He's been such a good, loyal and understanding friend. There are times when I feel that I don't deserve all the support. I don't deserve all this attention.

I'm fearing, Jeanne, that many of your feelings about success are mutually shared, that you are picking up on my ideas. I've already had so much attention and for what? Certainly not myself. Certainly not for any major contributions given to the world before my death. Rather it is sensationalism - pure and simple. I'm surprised that the "Rag," National Enquirer, hasn't published some indecent absurdities about me or my family. (Maybe I shouldn't put that thought out.)

My mother always had a soft spot in her heart for what moved a nation. She always appeared to me to be one who loved a challenge. After all, she had five kids and that was a challenge. As we got older she encouraged us to participate in life and its fullness. She said that opportunities were made, not given. I've believed her all these years and yet now that I have the biggest opportunity of all she's closed the door. Jeanne, if you can do it, I can do it. We do have so much in common!

I'm going to end it for now. El gets to come in next and give you some evidential stuff. You know Jeanne, the only experience I have conscious memory of concerning this stuff is with you. And yet I'm learning that the ease with which we communicate is rather rare. Our personalities and family qualities and circumstances seem to flow out so easily for all of us. What a thrill it is going to be to watch a Nation be hit with this. I pray to God this gets national attention. I really do. But I guess I don't have anything to do with that. See you later.

Jeanne:

I have the sense of El sitting on top of the desk with his hand on his left leg by his knee. He's smiling that Cancer smile, but I know that there's something serious brewing deep within him...

Ellison:

Hi, gal! How are you? Quite a nice set up you have here. Do you see Jane? She is helping me to open so I can channel even better than I have before. I didn't realize that she was such a celebrity again. I feel very honored.

Thought I'd "chit-chat" a bit while I'm settling in. I enjoyed watching you dig through the pile on your desk. I can understand now more than ever how crowded a house can get when you do any kind of outside creative stuff.

My wife was pretty special in keeping things organized around me but it wasn't an easy challenge. I wasn't a typically neat person. I was fastidious about certain things but not very good about other things. This sure beats writing at midnight. Should we call you the midnight psychic?

Alright enough of that garbage! Now what is this I hear about you playing down the success of all of this? Can it be that Miss Positiveness and Light is selling herself short? How dare you, young lady, undermine yourself and us! We are success-oriented people and now it's your turn to feel some of our vibes concerning your success phobia!

Remember, we may be new at this but we are success oriented. It may not happen right away but it will happen and all of us back you up! We will never let you down. We will stick like glue! Rah, team! (Don't we already stick to you? Do you need us to haunt you any more than we already have?)

So now on to more serious matters. Oh-hum! Dick is waiting patiently for me to translate my important message so that he can come through. Just wait till it is his turn...

Jeanne, my mother and I have been spending a lot of out-of-body time together. I'm doing this for two reasons: 1) I'm working to prepare her for her transition into the spirit realm, and 2) to help her feel my influence out of death so that she remembers my essence and remarks about it to family and friends.

She's very positive about my spirit being rewarded. And she knows that I'm being provided for. But she's insecure as to how much of me she is allowed to think about. In other words, did I go over completely to the Light and God, or is there an essence left of me for them to feel and touch in with?

I'm trying to help her organize her thoughts and to feel more secure about what she's getting from me. On the other hand, my wife is blocked concerning me and that's fine for now. There's no way she could handle me standing right next to her while she's cooking dinner and yet I stand next to her all the time, reassuring her to feel good about herself... to feel warm and caring towards the children and to take care of herself. I'm not expecting a return acknowledgement. It wouldn't be proper for her at this time. Yet, I do frequent the house, quite often.

I've visited several friends as well. One is a civilian named Todd - last name. First name begins with E like me and seems like a last name. He and I were recent friends, since my youngest daughter was born. He's white, older by about seven or eight years and smokes cigars. Yuck!

We used to tease him all the time about the smell of him. We could always tell when he was coming to visit because his odor would precede him by at least ten minutes prior to his walking in the door. From what I understand, he lost a son, a child that I remind him of not in looks obviously, but in desire and temperament. We get along pretty well for the

most part. He's taller than me and slender built and loves to wear Bermuda shorts with bright colored tops. Plaids are a favorite of his. He's quite a character.

His home was originally closer to McNair's diggings in South Carolina, but he came out to Houston after Viet Nam. He felt the need to get into some kind of government agency so that he could change things. You might call him a vocal silent minority. He tried to work internally within the agency but was quite frustrated and his wife began to worry about his health.

He is one person I wish you could hug for me when you meet my family. It would do more than blow him away but then maybe he could feel how I grabbed on to a part of him in wanting to have things change in the world for the better.

How's that? Pretty good, huh?! Boy, does it feel good to do this. Are you going to set a record in the volumes of information coming out? How about The Encyclopedia Brit-Challenger Volumes 1 - 7. I'll go door to door for you. I'll be the first ghost salesman. Maybe we can levitate the books through the front door! Ha!

Well, thanks, Jeanne, this was exciting. Wait till Sam reads all this. And Tom will appreciate not having to stay up so late so that he can spend more time with you!!

See 'ya, honey.  
Ellison

Dick:  
Dick here.

Hi! My, everyone is doing well today. You are really a dedicated soul, aren't you, spending your summery afternoons inside!

I am excited about all of this, most definitely. I can't believe how suppressed this kind of information and understanding has been. As John says, "What's the karma? What are we working through? There is a reason for it." He's right about that. I can see it with my own family, especially with my kids.

Isn't my wife lovely? We were sure looking forward to our retirement. We both had worked so hard. We both worked towards the future. I wish we had paid more attention to the now of our relationship. My daughter is growing up, I think. She's been real rebellious when it came to my involvement in the military. I think all the moving around really got to her.

She's quite sensitive and senses now that she never understood why I had to be up in the sky all the time. I think she felt that I was running away from things in the "real world." Maybe I was but I can't now. Reality has hit me square in the face. My daughter said something about me at my funeral that really incensed me — that all I ever cared

about was myself, really. That if I had cared about her — and the rest of the family — I wouldn't have subjected them to all the pain they've had to go through “because of me.”

Wow — if I hadn't known about karma I would have really been blown apart. I'm realizing slowly how important our karma is at shaping our lives. My daughter and I have always had a hot and cold relationship... two real strong personalities clashing on one thing to the next. She's dropped the boyfriend I didn't like but I really wonder if I'll ever like any of her boyfriends. I sound like a jealous lover!

On the other hand, I've seen her fondle, quite regularly, a picture of me taken when I was in pilot school. Her teddy bear was perched on my shoulder. We were outside, somewhere, and I was being silly! My wife took the picture to keep for our family album. She thought it was a rare moment of beauty coming from me. I was so preoccupied with my pilot training. God, if we could only see BEFORE...

Jeanne thanks. You remind me of K.S. in some respects, even though you're older.. She's headstrong and so are you. You've shown me how, in the long run, that kind of willfulness can pay off when put in the right direction. I'm realizing, too, the potential for influence here and I'm a willing partner in the work it will take to put this out on all levels.

It IS terribly frustrating at times and then Jane or Norm or John or you or Tom or one of the hundreds of helpers — angels here — will remind me that "Patience is a HEAVENLY virtue." I wonder who wrote that? At any rate, my humanness still shows many times and at many places in the consciousness of my life. I OFTEN wonder if it will be any different and then I'm instantly taken back to a few months ago when I didn't even know about the existence of this communication potential. And I remember that there is a season for everything in my life. What I put out now will come back to me later on. So, how's this for you today? It sure feels good in here. It is just wonderful. May your day go as well for you as it already has for me.

See you.