

Oct 5, 2017, Dick Scobee

That is the song ["It's All About the Heart." by Jeanne Love <http://jeannelove.org/tag/all-about-the-heart/>]. I wanted this one to get it out of her head. She is a hard one to stop and really take time for our messages; however, that said, she is with me now. Or better, I am with her, inside her.

I feel sorry for all the women who have to wear so many contraptions. I feel like I am harnessed into a seat when having to sit with women. (You know, it is the bra thing.) That said, I think now I can let you know what is going on here.

I know that you have been wanting to hear from me for a bit of time; yet I felt it was necessary to let the others speak first.

I am Richard Scobee, once Commander of the Space Shuttle. That disastrous one, I just cannot seem to remember the name of the STS or code. I guess it has been too long.

But that isn't important anymore. Just the fact that we are all still with you, the team that first brought our voices to the mass. A small mass, but nonetheless, more than just the two who were doing the channeling.

There have been a few questions that have been brought up lately. A revisited question from those on your side of life: why you? Meaning why did the crew pick you: Jeanne Love and Regina Ochoa to make their voices heard?

Simple answer: We did not choose these two. In fact, they were not even on the proverbial radar of choice to contact. Others were out there listening for our "psychic signature" but they were being monitored by the government.

Some were individuals who had been trained by the government for just this type of communication. Others were involved, or contacted by members of the NASA program and their extensions to find psychics or communicators to listen in on what may have been discovered.

All that to let you know, we – the Challenger Crew – were frantically searching for those individuals who might have a connection to those we left behind.

I shared this with you to let you know that, although we really did not think this communication was probable when we were alive, we suddenly became like scared mice in a labyrinth with shifting walls and blocks when we realized we were dead! We, of course, saw the reality of it coming, upon the the impact of the explosion, and then the fiery descent back to earth. But once we REALLY knew we were dead, oh no! So although our bodies lay at the ocean's demise, we were rescued by some "energy."

It whisked us away from our horrible state of burnt flesh and trauma. Our watery grave – what a mess. We were put into a quiet state, and given an opportunity to communicate with each other. To try to figure out what to do now. How to proceed? We are all scientists who really did not, up to this point, give death a real thought except to calm our loved ones and reassure them that we would be right back once the shuttle landed safely on the ground. “It is all routine.”

“Don’t worry, June.” I said to her before I left to join my crew. “I will be back in no time and we will do all those things together.” I assured her. All those family times that we had been putting off while I was in preparation for this flight. I had made her wait after my previous flight too. When I returned from that one, I never took the time I should have with her. I truly disappointed her.

All routine, that is what we all thought, and believed. Christa and the others, they did not worry, if they did, there was no sign. Their trust was in NASA. There was no way that NASA would endanger the crew just for their own self worth. Funny to say this now. But it is true. That is how we believed. And that is what we told our family. This trip would be routine. All worked out. All in order. We would be back in just a few days. No big deal. Being that it was my second round trip, I was, naturally, the expert. And the rest of my team looked up to me for assurance.

Was I surprised when we felt the “big bang” effect under our bodies! The shock wave of terror and disbelief. That would be to say it mildly. I am revisiting this event, since now I can; without the anger, hatred and frustration that accompanied my earlier transmissions to the “channels back home.”

Well, to get back to what happened when we died. The “energy” I speak of; well that was rather indescribable. It still is. I can say this – there was no comforting words of emotion from it, or real thought, or compassion. No good or bad, no tisk tisk, or “sorry this happened” feeling from it. The “energy” had the sense of an undertaker, that is the nearest way for me to describe it. The way the undertaker took my grandfather away from his home. There was no emotional content, just an obligatory, “Sorry Ma’am.” And then drove away.

So I refer to this energy as an ‘undertaker’ because of its non-judgment of the situation, or of our bodies. Funny, now that I think of it, it wasn’t touching our bodies, they lay a mess in the ocean, but it took our energetic bodies.

Anyway, once our energetic bodies were moved away from the scene of the accident, then we were able to communicate amongst each other. We tried to figure out what to do next...

The “Now what?” process, I call it. That was when Greg told us that since he was dead,

he could let us in on his “little secret” which he had been instructed never to share. But since he was dead, who would really know anyway? And he wasn’t sure if it would really work.

Well, if that didn’t get our curiosity up, and I would say, our hopes too. It is funny that I should be saying all this since we were dead you know, and that did not even matter, because we were still thinking like a bunch of science nerds and problem solvers. I have to also tell you that Christa was a wreck, just a mom going crazy about what just happened. Her tears flowed freely, uncaring about what we were trying to solve. In all reality, she was probably the only normal (emotionally) member of the group. We really were just a bunch of science guys, including Judy, all trying to figure out what to do next.

Back to Greg Jarvis and his little secret. He tells us that he had been training in secret with psychics contracted by the military to communicate with POWs behind enemy lines and other agents who were working around the world for the US government. Some of these communicators, as they were called, were highly skilled in getting messages back and forth without use of radio, or other wave length related operatives. “Just through their mind,” Greg had shared. He said he was trained with some of these communicators as a precautionary, the Space Agency would say. You know, in case the Shuttle communication board happens to malfunction and we needed to let Mission Control know what was going on with us. It really had not been said, to use in case of death. But what the heck, Greg thought, Why not. So that is how we came to communicate.

We first tried, really Greg first tried, to contact the one communicator he liked the best of trainers. But he could not seem to make the connection. Then he tried one by one, the others that he knew were in the “business,” but each time he tried, the process failed. He said he only remotely believed or thought it might work, with his limited skills, but had seen it be successful once in a while when he tried when in training. He thought maybe he just did not have the skill. They turned to me and asked me to try. Maybe someone would more likely listen if it was coming from me, the Commander. I really didn’t believe it, but we did not have a whole lot of options of touching back with the living.

So I, too, went through the same channels that Greg tried. All failed. Christa, by now, was in heavy trauma, and we wanted to settle her down a bit. Judy asked me to see if any of us could try; I assured them that this was way beyond my scope of learning or even belief system, and to give it a try.

Just then, the undertaker energetic showed itself to us. It was an intangible sense of itself, so showing itself really does not cover this, but that is besides the point. What happened was we found ourselves suddenly in the presence of Jeanne and her husband Tom, and another male. Jeanne and Tom were talking and laughing, and then

Jeanne got quiet. That was when we realized, whoa, wait a minute. How did we get in this house? And more important – can they see us? Christa pushed herself right past us and the next thing we knew, she had found her voice in Jeanne. The rest of the crew and myself were, needless to say, in a state of shock, AGAIN!

That was the beginning, and it just kept happening. We were brought to individuals who could really feel us and let us inside so that we had a voice. At the time, we thought it rather strange that we were communicating with people who were outside our circle of education, but we were so thankful someone was listening that we just kept coming back for more. We really were going through a debriefing. We had to debrief; it was part of our training. Just these women – Jeanne and Regina – were not part of our thought realm or training. Yet they were so willing to listen to our story and our trauma.

As the days progressed and the connection strengthened with these women, we became more comfortable. That is why the Foundation members were brought into the circle. It was time for the truth to be heard, and those members could ask the questions that the untrained individuals could not. Bob Schacklett, Edie Fischer, Bill Gough, Marshall Pease, John Fuller, John Klimo. Their questions were calculated and scientific. We were among our peers, and we were not going anywhere until we had said our peace.

Yes, trauma was abundant, and so were the signs of grief: the anger, disbelief, rage, resolve, and then trying to move forward. The group of individuals who helped us move through this were never our choice, and we know that without a doubt. All of these individuals who brought our voice to the public were chosen for us by the undertaker energetic. We needed a safe space – no pun intended – to release our story and trauma, and to tell the truth without the agency of military or NASA or NSA to shut us up. So the individuals who helped us through this process were unknowing players of a plan much greater than any of us could have known then or foreseen.

It has taken more than 30 years – your time – to bring this knowledge forward. Unfortunately, many of the individuals who helped us through so much, have since left your world. But let me assure you – they are so happy here with us. We were there – all seven of us – to bring each of your friends and partners over. They helped us when we had nowhere to turn, and so we too have been able to be there for them. I assure each and every one of you, that we will continue to work with you as you move toward our “side of the moon.”

I will tell you this too: What we have seen from our vantage point has only fed us with a greater incentive and passion to bring forth the truth about what happened on that accidental flight disaster. What a mess, but since much of the truth has come forward, so have all the little minds that have been set into action to discredit anyone who knows or speaks the truth.

Sally Ride, she understands that more than ever.

Even though she knows on the physical she died of cancer, she never quite thought it was how she would really end her life on earth. That is because she wasn't supposed to go via cancer. Her illness was a direct result of psychic warfare on the individuals who were – and still are – determined to get out the truth of our government and their warring tactics. There are many who have suffered until death, others who have been victims and sought shelter, by hiding, going under the radar or disengaging in the truth completely in order to save their life or that of their family. I don't blame them, especially for all that we know and have been shown.

I am truly sorry for the loss, the damage, the pain, and the hurt that our communications had on those who were willing to put us first before their own safety. We know now that any individual who wishes to communicate with us must be willing and understand the risks that follow.

The undertaker energetic assured us – once we understood these dire consequences of our communications with individuals – that the persons whom we were to continue to communicate – if we so choose – are now well aware, and highly prepared to keep not only themselves, but those nearby in protection at all times. I do know now that through the time that has passed since we first started working with both Jeanne and Regina, we have watched them and learned from them and their guides through extensive training. Some of this training has come with great cost to those close who have had to witness the darkness that travels with some of these lesson plans.

Regina is fighting me on the accolades I want to give out to both of the women.

But she is at my mercy as I am the one on the keyboard. My fingers will keep typing whether she wants me to or not. So that said, I would like to finish here with the thought for all of you who are reading this communication. I am proud to call Regina and Jeanne our crew members. Because, as I look back and see us as fortunate to have been able to step over to the other side, the two of them have had to endure an inordinate amount of discredit and disbelief. They have been judged harshly, and lived their lives quite silently and without fanfare or success on the levels that we see so many experience when psychic phenomena is involved. They have kept their noses to the grindstone to help others and us tell the truth to those few who would hear, let alone listen.

So why did the energetic undertaker bring us to them?

Because they were willing to hear us, listen to our story, without any preconceived or contrived notion or agenda. They were unbiased and open to learn our story. They were willing to put themselves second so that our story, and our voice could be heard. I – we – are so very grateful for not only being saved by that unusual energetic, but also for having been brought to Jeanne and Tom and then Regina so very long ago. The women

call us their friends, and we are. We travel with them, fly with them, and just hang around their homes. We have had the joy of second families, by being able to participate in their lives.

As energetics that we are, it is so wonderful to be able to be a part of so many, any time. To be able to be in more than one place, to feel the human spirit and give them our “guidance” when we can. That is joy.

If I am to leave you with anything today, it is to experience your quiet to the maximum. You just never know who might be out there trying to be heard. And their story may just change your life.

Thank you for hearing me today.

Richard Scobee. Just another energetic.