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UFO UpDates Mailing List

Alfred's Odd Ode #254

From: Alfred Lehmborg <Lehmborg@snowhill.com>
Date: Wed, 08 Jul 1998 09:18:58 -0500
Fwd Date: Wed, 08 Jul 1998 17:39:15 -0400
Subject: Alfred's Odd Ode #254

Apology to MW #254 (For July 8, 1998)

The conundrum that we face is like a boil, or a pustule, and the cause of it's neglect we should decry. Those that push away the truth to prove their profit motive we should vilify -- respectfully, despise.

The pustule skin is very near to breaking -- don't you think? The skin of it is hot and tight and dry. Any little touch could have it blow up in our face, but I'd like to clean it out -- at least, I'd think that we should try. . .

I stood alone with many, there were twenty five or so -- on a Sunday evening flying model planes. Some were gas, but few were flying, and were muffled when they were, it was rubber models folks would fly, for time.

Pastoral was the evening -- no alcohol or drugs, a simple breeze was blowing; and was silent as a slug. The ladies fixed the finger food while the old men flew their dreams; the sky a blue and crystal clear so sharp it leaps and gleams.

I see it 'cause I'm looking, but I do not jump or shout -- I nudge my nephew Mason, "Hey there, Mace . . . what's that about"? He looks, his mouth falls open, and he nudges at his Mom, who gets right up, and takes a step, to see it closer, Tom <g>.

It's flying slow, too slow my guess, to be a jet or plane. It floats along, majestically, bewitching watching brains. Like a BB held at arms length, but make it flat -- bright white. It coasted by cigar like, and then drifted out of sight!

There was general amazement. There was "what the hell was that"? No one mentioned UFOs, and I was silent as a cat. Someone filled in -- "Aircraft"! Other's offered "Blimp." I soto-voiced to Mason, "That's facetious, scared, and limp."

The **thing** flew by again, my friend, for the second time of FIVE, and fewer people watched it -- it is that I now confide. The third time fewer still looked up to wonder what it was; the forth was even less than that -- the fifth, just me, because <g>.

Call them up and ask opinions of the ones that would not look. I doubt that they'd remember, for their peace of mind it took. It reminded them that models are contrived to paint our sky with **things** WE built to fly up there -- not the ET's I surmise. The craft that flew that fateful day they did not glue together.

They didn't sand the fuselage, or build it, strong as leather.
They did not spin the prop they'd bought with what they could
control; they could not point out proudly their invention
they'd extol.

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June 28, 18:00 on a sanctioned model airplane flying field
outside of Anderson, California. A collection of professional
people, and a few scientists <g>, put wonder behind them, and
fixed their attentions on their own comforting, and familiar
contrivances. They had forgotten that the simple model planes
they held in their trembling hands would be perceived as a
similar magic not all that far into their own recent past.

Maybe Tommy Lee Jones was dead on right. In conversation to Will
Smith, an aside to one another in MIB, he said, "They don't
want to know." Even if "K" crapped out to traditional
sensitivity. Zed and Jay didn't mind knowing -- WANTED to know!
I want to know. I know of others who say they want to know . . .
finally, YOU will want to know.

Restore John Ford!

--

Explore the Alien View? <Updated 6 July>

<http://www.fortunecity.com/roswell/arecibo/46/>

"I cleave the heavens, and soar to the infinite. What others see from
afar, I leave far behind me." - Giordano Bruno, while burning at the
fundamentalist's stake.

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