

## *Incident At Kitty Hawk, NC*

Carl had a natural curiosity and was always seeking new adventures. In his early life, Carl decided to learn to fly an airplane. For a number of years he even owned a small plane, and enjoyed flying to different destinations with a friend of his. I remember Carl talking about flying from Connecticut to go have breakfast in Atlantic City, New Jersey. He even took longer trips.

One Christmas, Carl decided that he wanted to get out of the cold weather and fly to Florida in his small plane. He and a friend began their flight and flew down to the Virginia area. They landed at an airport because they needed to refuel.

After they refueled, the airport officials were concerned. Fog was rolling in and flying would become quite dangerous. Back in the early 1950's it was easy for a pilot to become disoriented flying in the fog, and fly off course.

Carl was insistent that he wanted to continue his trip. Disregarding all the warnings he and his friend got back into the plane and took off. Within a half an hour, the fog had rolled in and Carl was not sure where he was. Carl decided that he should land the plane, despite the fact that they did not know exactly where he was. In the fog, Carl was not sure of the elevation of the plane. Meanwhile, Carl's friend was really scared, and was furiously praying. Suddenly Carl saw a pair of hands put their hands over his on the steering wheel.

Slowly, the plane was descending, and after what seemed to be an eternity, the plane's wheels were on the ground and the plane slowly came to a halt. Carl remembered hearing the sound of waves breaking on underneath the plane. He opened the door of the plane and climbed down, and collapsed in the wet sand. He pulled himself up, and tried to walk away from the waves. It was difficult since Carl felt so exhausted he was staggering as he walked.

Carl's friend also climbed out of the plane, and collapsed on the ground. He too was completely exhausted, and was staggering in the sand. The two men only got a very short way before people were running towards them. "Did you see the plane crash," they asked?

Carl responded, "There was no plane crash. I was flying a plane but I landed it."

"That's impossible!" the strangers said. They saw how weak and shaken up Carl and his friend was, so they ceased that line of conversation, and accompanied them back to the houses, which were near by.

They were taken to the nearest house, and the couple who lived there lent Carl and his friend a brand new Cadillac, which the husband had just given his wife for Christmas. Carl and his friend drove off and found a motel to spend the night.

The sun was shining brightly next morning. Carl and his friend drove back to Kitty Hawk, where the plane was. They returned the Cadillac and then walked on the beach towards the plane. As they approached the plane they saw an incredible sight

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It was then that they saw the plane had landed between two steel piers, they understood why the local people were convinced that the plane had crashed. It would have been virtually impossible for the plane to land between the piers without crashing.

Years later, Carl understood what had happened. It was a combination of Carl's Spirit Control, Lone Eagle and Awan who had managed to land the plane in the fog. To do this they had to dematerialize the plane, so that it could go through the first steel pier. To accomplish the dematerialization Spirit tapped into both Carl's and his friend's energy. Spirit used this energy to increase the frequency of the plane and its two passengers, so that they vibrated faster than the molecules of the steel pier. This way the plane could go through the piers. Then Spirit decreased the frequency to return to its natural vibration. The dematerialization and then materialization would have left Carl and his friend total exhausted. This is why they were so tired; they could barely walk when they got out of the plane.

This was another example of where Spirit protected Carl, and kept him alive, so he could be the instrument or medium between the two worlds.

Some towed the plane up the beach to the main road. Carl convinced the police chief to close down the main road, so Carl could use it as a runway to take off and continue their trip. It took much convincing, however, Carl soon had the plane back in the air, and he continued the flight to Florida.

On the return trip from Florida to Connecticut, there was another incident. When Carl finally landed the plane in Connecticut, he sold the airplane and never flew a plane again.