



# *Time Travel and Memory Wiping: My Real UFO Experiences*

“Um, aren’t we having a briefing tonight?” I walked into the main department. It was 11:00 PM but the conference room had been eerily empty. Usually other members of my team were sitting around drinking coffee or catching up on the news before our shift started.

The looks on my colleagues’ faces were as confused as mine. “What do you mean? Of course we had a briefing.”

Morgan, my supervisor, walked over. “Glad you’re here. I was worried when you didn’t call in.”

What on earth are they talking about? I wondered. I’d arrived exactly on time. In fact, I’d verified what time it was when I parked, right before turning off the ignition: 11:00 on the dot. “Are you playing a joke, trying to pull some prank? Funny.”

By this time, several of my teammates had pooled around me, but everyone else stayed hunched over their computers. No one showed any signs of getting up to make their way to the briefing room. “Here, get these flights handled,” Lisa shoved a report in my face on her way from the

printer and back to her desk. “I need you on the phone the instant the Milan office opens.”

*I guess there’s some sort of emergency tonight.* “Guys, what’s going on? And are we doing the briefing later?”

“Are you joking? You’re late,” Morgan looked half-concerned, half-confused, and sounded as if he wasn’t sure whether to yell at me or take me to the emergency room.

“It’s twelve o’clock.” Shannon, Jen, and Lee all pointed at the clock hanging on the wall behind me.

I turned around. 12:06 AM. “*What the. . .* It can’t be twelve o’clock. I just walked in from my car. My clock said eleven.”

Rick, at the computer station closest to me, swiveled his chair around. “What, you got caught in a time warp?” He chuckled. Everyone else burst out laughing.

Holy fucking shit. That’s what happened. Did I lose time? What the fuck?!

For the next twelve years, I sought an answer. What had happened to me during that missing hour of time? Until that night, I hadn’t believed extraterrestrials existed. One of my friends believed she’d been abducted by aliens and would tell me stories about her experience. I’d thought she was just a crazy Californian hippie. I believed her now. But unlike her story of horror, I didn’t feel that anything nefarious had happened to me. My “abduction” felt benign. What had they wanted with me? And where did I go?

At the time, I didn’t believe in anything that

couldn't be proven to me. I did, however, know just enough about quantum physics that I started wondering how a lost hour could be explained by time travel, memory wiping, and other theories. "A good hypnotist could help you recover some of those memories," a NASA insider told me.

I was too poor to afford hypnotherapy sessions from a credible practitioner. So I shelved what had happened until the day when I'd be rich enough to pay for hypnosis.

I stood on the second floor and gazed out over the solar system. This, the Rose Center for Earth and Space, was my favorite wing of the American Museum of Natural History. I felt a tap on my right shoulder. Not a gentle tap. More like a finger jab. Polite but a little too hard.

Slightly annoyed, I looked over. But no one was there. *Weird*. I looked left, wondering why the person hadn't just stayed on my right after poking me. Again, no one. *What the fuck? Is he behind me now?*

I did a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree turn and still, no one. At that point, I began freaking out a little. *I know I felt that. There's no way this person could've disappeared.* I looked up and down the hallway in both directions but it was completely empty. The fact that the entire corridor was absent of people—not a single person but me—was unusual. This was New York City and one of the largest museums in the world. How could this section be empty, and in both directions?

Not knowing what to make of what just happened, I resumed my contemplation on the stars.

With no warning, the tears started flowing. *I just want to go home*, the thought looped through my head. *And home isn't here, not on Planet Earth*. I buried my head in the corner of my arm and tried to muffle my sobs.

I felt a presence next to me. No one was there, but it was “him”. The person who’d tapped my shoulder.

That presence stayed with me and less than a year later, he gave me some answers into the mystery of the missing time. My mind almost exploded. It took me days, weeks, months to process.

I still have more questions than answers.

And I still don’t know where home is.

## Music for the Soul

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*Here are several selections that helped me get through the events or period of this chapter, or reflect musically what I felt during this time. I understood very little of most lyrics—even today my ears don't process most words—but the melodies and instruments fed my soul. Had it not been for music, I wouldn't have survived until I finally got to therapy at age twenty-nine.*

- Moby. "We Are All Made of Stars." 18, 2002.
- Snow Patrol. "The Planets Bend Between Us." *A Hundred Million Suns*, 2008.
- Johann Strauss II. "The Blue Danube."
- David Bowie. "Space Oddity." *Space Oddity*, 1969.