



The Unveiling

The story of open contact

3/22/2021

Dennis Gilmour

www.theoriginofgod.com

www.theunveilingbook.com

www.theoriginofgod.com/groupchatlink.html

Copyright © 1993 by Dennis Gilmour

All Rights Reserved

This book is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters, incidents, and organizations either are created from the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or any person, living or dead, is completely coincidental.

Except for brief quotations in articles or reviews, no part of this book may be reproduced, in any form or by any means, currently in existence or that might come into existence in the future, without written permission from the publisher.

Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication

Gilmour, Dennis, 1969-

The unveiling / by Dennis Gilmour.

ISBN 978-0-9784144-0-5

I. Title.

PS8613.I5U58 2009 C813'.6 C2008-907748-2

WritePharma Parable Publishing

10 Cook Court SE

Medicine Hat, Alberta

T1B 3Y3

780-932-9105

dennis@theoriginofgod.com

Illustrator Brent Orenchuk: <https://www.facebook.com/brent.orenchuk.1>

Table of Contents

Copyright.....	0
Table of Contents.....	1
Preface.....	2
Introduction.....	3
Chapter One.....	5
Chapter Two.....	17
Chapter Three.....	24
Chapter Four.....	37
Chapter Five.....	45
Chapter Six.....	56
Chapter Seven.....	62
Chapter Eight.....	67
Chapter Nine.....	83
Chapter Ten.....	97
Chapter Eleven.....	114
Chapter Twelve.....	136
Chapter Thirteen.....	152
Chapter Fourteen.....	171
Chapter Fifteen.....	177
Chapter Sixteen.....	188
Chapter Seventeen.....	195
Chapter Eighteen.....	205
Chapter Nineteen.....	220
Chapter Twenty.....	233
Chapter Twenty-one.....	249
Chapter Twenty-two.....	266
Chapter Twenty-three.....	274
Chapter Twenty-four.....	286
THE END.....	304
of the fiction story, but.....	304
beginning of the truth ... please read on.....	304
Afterword.....	305
Interaction with readers.....	306

Preface

Even credible source pentagon admits the UFO phenomenon is real, and STRONG evidence we are not alone, as no man-made craft can do the things these UFOs can do. Excerpt from <https://www.cnn.com/2020/04/27/politics/pentagon-ufo-videos/index.html> below:

Nevertheless, Luis Elizondo, the former head of the classified program, told CNN in 2017 that he personally believes "there is very compelling evidence that we may not be alone."

"These aircraft -- we'll call them aircraft -- are displaying characteristics that are not currently within the US inventory nor in any foreign inventory that we are aware of," Elizondo said of objects they researched. He says he resigned from the Defense Department in 2017 in protest over the secrecy surrounding the program and the internal opposition to funding it.

The pentagon is not known for hoaxing, and the United States military is still best in the world, and very capable/competent to assess craft violating their airspace as either human threats from another nation, or something non-human. This whole UFO phenomenon directly relates to the origins debate, as there can be NO doubt these things are real, and since there are only two credible options for how we all got here, the only question is: are these beings really our highly evolved ancient alien-gods (evolution answer), or demons out to deceive us (creation answer)? Obviously, we are being conditioned for open contact, and everybody will have to decide this issue for themselves.

Introduction

When confronted with the mysteries of existence, those who don't believe in some sort of personal God generally subscribe to the modern scientific view that the universe came into existence at a cosmic "big bang" explosion billions of years ago, and everything (including life forms) subsequently evolved slowly through natural processes spanning these many billions of years. In his book *The Origin of Species*, first published in 1859, Charles Darwin was the first to successfully popularize this concept of evolution in relation to organic life, although the concept has been philosophized for millennia. Ever since evolution's growing acceptance began in earnest after 1859, Darwin's biological evolutionary beliefs have been hotly debated between two general camps: those who believe in a personal Creator and those who don't.

If evolution is true, then it is logically possible that other beings exist in the universe farther along the evolutionary scale than humans, the veritable "gods" humans have always worshipped, and in fact, humans are evolving to such a state as well. If these beings exist, they might have interacted with ancient man and influenced our beliefs about God for some grand great purpose that humans were too immature to comprehend at the time. Mankind has technologically advanced greatly in the last 100 years or so, but are we advanced enough in our consciousness to fully assimilate information aliens might bring us about our concepts of God? Are aliens going to openly show themselves one day soon and help mankind understand the mysteries of our and their existence?

On the other hand, many people would be fearful and suspicious of open contact with aliens. The Bible and other ancient religious texts speak of the existence of dark forces of evil that oppose a very real and personal God, and also speak of a great cosmic struggle between a devil and this God. If open contact occurred, would you believe these aliens to be "demons in disguise" trying to deceive mankind for some evil purpose? Or might there be good evolutionary

explanations as to why our cosmic "parents" led mankind to believe in the existence of a devil and demons, as well as a God and angels? Read on to help you discover the truth on this matter and prepare you for the future, for like it or not, [*The Unveiling*](#) open contact is coming, and the aliens will be able to explain [*The Origin of God*](#), and the [whole world will be talking!](#)

Chapter One

The digital readout on the DVD player indicated 3:55PM, only five more minutes before the time scheduled for the special telecast. Valerie Saunderson and her children, Nick and Stephanie, clung to each other on the living room sofa and watched the TV. They were as still as statues, as their senses of sight and hearing strained to funnel every bit of information into their minds and make sense of it, as if they tried hard enough they'd come up with an answer for all of this madness.

When Valerie had first heard the news several hours ago, she had doubled over from the shock of the words, her head spun, her heart pounded. She'd since reclaimed some composure for the sake of the children but didn't feel much better. The knot in her stomach clenched tighter. She tried to be strong and reassured Nick and Stephanie with words of comfort but all the while struggled to control her own emotions.

Reports had poured in all day about unprovoked attacks on individuals worldwide by close associates and family members or sometimes complete strangers. The attackers had no coherent explanation for their actions and it was mostly being written off as stress. And then suddenly people just disappeared! The latest count put the number of people who had vanished in the millions. Some experts were speculating a time distortion might have flung people into a different space-time continuum. Some had other theories but nobody knew for sure. The affected people were from every country on earth—young, old, rich, poor, famous, unknown, black, white. The reports kept pouring in so fast they couldn't tally accurate figures fast enough. One reporter speculated that by the time they were done counting the world's population, perhaps as many as a half a billion would be reported as missing.

The reporter also speculated that perhaps the disappearances were due to some new secret weapon that had malfunctioned in the growing tensions in the

Middle East. It had only been several years since Iran had proven to the world that they had the nuclear bomb by a test detonation on their own soil. The United States had immediately tried to push a resolution through the United Nations and called for severe sanctions and threatened force if noncompliant, but Russia and China had vetoed the resolution, tabling a motion instead for an intensive diplomatic effort and tough sanctions, though far less crippling to Iran than what America had wanted. At this the U.S. had threatened unilateral invasion of the Muslim country, but Russia and China had boldly sided with Iran, promising full-scale war if she tried, gambling the U.S. would back down—which she did. Israel was similarly constrained by the same bellicose retaliatory war talk from the two communist nuclear powers.

So years dragged by peppered with talks, sanctions, periodic threats of war from the United States and Israel, more talks, U.N. resolutions...but no real action. America's colossal failure in the war on terror, especially the debacle known as the Iraq war, pretty much guaranteed that the world no longer trusted America's leadership on the international scene and the U.S. was pretty much hated universally, exceptions only amongst most of her English speaking brother-nations and Israel. The rest of the world seemed determined to band together to prevent another Iraq situation, and the U.S. just couldn't muster enough support to risk lone military action against Iran, which only served to embolden the Muslim country into openly continuing nuclear tests.

Now, just last week, Iran announced that it was finally ready to use the arsenal of nuclear weapons that it had been stockpiling. Iran held the world hostage, as it set a one week deadline for Israel to agree in principle to vacate the Holy Land and relocate elsewhere or face nuclear annihilation. Most of the Arab countries quickly united around Iran's leadership and formed a fragile coalition, but Israel refused to be intimidated, openly admitting what the world always suspected. The Jewish nation also had an arsenal of nuclear weapons and would fully retaliate against any strike. The rest of the world tried to mediate through the United

Nations, but as Iran's one week ultimatum neared without even a hint of resolution, the situation seemed to quickly spiral out of control, as the major world powers took sides.

The U.S., Britain, Canada and most other English-speaking nations stood firm behind Israel while Russia, China, and Europe sided with the Arab coalition. The U.S. increased military alertness to Defcon One, Maximum Force Readiness, and Russia countered. Both nations promised full release of their nuclear arsenals in support of their respective partners in the Middle East and in defense of their homelands.

People all over the world started to panic and Marshall law had to be implemented virtually worldwide. Even Valerie's hometown of Star City, Louisiana had seen an increase in some looting and a strict curfew had been implemented. The town's population was only about seven thousand, mostly employed in the oil and gas industry, usually a docile town of mostly middle class working families where everybody knew each other, reasonable average people trying to deal with the sudden stress of the world situation.

Valerie's husband, Jeff Saunderson, a pharmacist at one of the local drugstores, had told her of the massive increase in use of anti-anxiety medication and anti-depressants over the past week. Valerie had also eventually succumbed to the pressure to medicate and suddenly felt the need to do so again. She rose from the sofa and went to the washroom.

She opened the cabinet and retrieved the prescription vial from Armstrong's Pharmacy for the anti-anxiety medication Valium 10mg. The doctor had initially given her Ativan but it hadn't been potent enough. She went back and insisted on something stronger and longer acting. The directions said three times a day as needed, but she found herself taking as much as six a day. As she opened the vial and put the round blue pill in her hand, she recoiled a bit from her frazzled look in the mirror, bags under her deep blue eyes, shoulder length flame red hair matted and sticking to the sides of her head from nervous sweat, looking more like the

unkempt mane of a wild lion than the hair of a late thirties mother of two. She poured a glass of water and swallowed the pill before trying to put on a comforting face for the kids and returning to the sofa.

Pressure had seemed to lift somewhat when all of the leaders in the growing world conflict suddenly inexplicably agreed to a meeting at a secret locale for discussions. But it was several days past Iran's deadline and the tension in the world was palpable. Everybody felt like something was going to happen soon, but nobody expected that that something would be millions suddenly disappearing worldwide. Valerie agreed the most likely explanation was that some new secret U.S. or Russian weapon had misfired. They were likely the only two powers with the capability to make such a device. Otherwise a targeted strike would have only affected one country or group of countries in the conflict. But the disappearances seemed to be totally random.

So far only a handful of people from Star City were unaccounted for. Word had been leaked to the press that the special telecast from the world leaders would explain everything. Valerie had grabbed the first opportunity she could to check with her husband, Jeff. She called the drugstore and was very glad to hear his voice, quaking though it was. She learned that he had been one of the victims of an unprovoked attack by a longtime customer. Jeff said he was coming home early to be with them, and she hoped he'd make it in time for the telecast from the leaders of the world.

Valerie held her children tightly, not saying much, waiting. She clenched her teeth in a vain attempt to remain patient and willed the time to pass quicker. Stay calm, she reminded herself. All her questions would soon be answered. They'd promised.

It was all she could do to contain herself, but finally it occurred.

The TV screen suddenly went blank.

After a few seconds the picture came back. It showed the president sitting at a long table with various world leaders. Valerie recognized leaders from Canada,

Russia, Europe, and several other nations. A tall handsome man with short black hair sat in the center. He was wearing a sharp looking gray suit.

Mesmerized by the TV screen, they watched the President of the United States get up and stand behind a podium filled with clusters of microphones and wires. The camera zoomed in on him.

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen of the world," the president said. Flashes of light and clicking noises danced around his head as reporters took pictures. "While I speak, this message is being simultaneously broadcast world-wide on all channels and translated into all languages." There was a slight pause before he continued. "As most of you undoubtedly know, we are here to discuss the world situation and very strange events that have occurred lately. We won't explain it ourselves, for our special guest is far more capable. We only ask that you try to listen to everything with an open mind before you react."

There were several seconds of silence as he looked at his prepared speech, presumably reading a line or two, and shuffled some papers around. Then he looked up. "Ladies and gentlemen of the world, for many years mankind has seriously pondered the possibility of intelligent beings, other than humans, in the universe. But today we have undeniable proof of the existence of extraterrestrial life."

The president turned slightly and faced the man at the center of the table. "I—along with the rest of these world leaders as representatives of the governments of earth and the human race— would like to formally introduce you, the citizens of the world, to Khur-ak, the Balazon, and leader of the Balazon race of beings."

A stunned moment of silence fell over the press room.

"Is he serious?" Nick asked. "Is our president really that brain dead that he thinks a man in a gray suit is alien?"

A gasp of incredulity filled the press room, as crowds of reporters jockeyed for position in front of Khur-ak. Random clicking noises filled the air as camera flashes streaked across Khur-ak's face like strobe-lights.

"Just wait and see what they say," Valerie said.

At fourteen years of age, Nick liked calling everybody brain dead. But Valerie couldn't help worrying that this was real and that the aliens were intent on conquering the world. The president wouldn't say something like that if he couldn't prove it. Perhaps the broadcast was to formally declare earth's surrender. On the other hand, the president didn't seem to be apprehensive about Khur-ak's presence. His speech, tone of voice, and manner seemed to convey a positive outlook.

The president began again after a suitable moment of silence. He explained that the aliens had a message to bring humans about God many might not welcome—perhaps even causing world-wide uncertainty about everything people thought they had known to the point where humans might collapse as a race of intelligent beings.

However after much deliberation, the leaders had decided the world needed to know, as the world situation was becoming untenable anyway. He also tried to reassure the viewers with the revelation that the aliens had helped all parties in the nuclear showdown to agree to an immediate stand down of all military readiness and that further help would be forthcoming. He then talked for a few minutes about the Balazons and the benefits to mankind of contact with them, such as enormous leaps forward in science, technology, and medicine. As he started to close, a reporter jumped in with a question.

"We will answer all questions in due time," the president said. "Please be patient. There are many things we would like to say, but we have agreed to limit ourselves so Khur-ak himself can give a special introduction. I would like to close by assuring everyone listening that the Balazons are a benevolent race of beings who have my utmost trust. They are not—I repeat—are not out to harm anyone and

there is absolutely no reason to fear or mistrust them. Please stay calm. We will soon address all of your questions."

When it looked as if the president were about to sit down, another reporter started to ask questions but the president insisted on patience until the end of the session. He sat down and for the next forty minutes each member of the international delegation got up and said a few words at the podium. Mostly they expressed their appreciation of the aliens' help and affirmed their belief in the goodwill of the Balazons.

"This is boring," Nick sighed as he rolled his eyes. "I want to see this guy prove he really is an ET. How much longer are these politicians gonna keep babbling?"

Valerie wasn't so eager. The longer the leaders talked the safer she felt. As long as humans directed and controlled the program, the aliens could not be thought of as bad. If the creatures willingly submitted to a well-controlled, well-thought-out human plan of revealing themselves on a familiar household device, she figured they must be courteous enough to allow humans freedom in other areas of life.

Stephanie didn't seem too optimistic either. She turned to her mother and asked, "Mom, are the aliens friendly?"

Valerie imagined her face must be pale; she sweat and licked her lips. She hoped her physical appearance didn't give away her true feelings. After she paused for a moment, Valerie took a deep breath and tried to talk in a soothing voice but it still sounded shaky. "It appears they are friendly."

It was the best she could do. She wanted to comfort her children but didn't want to lie either. When it looked as if Stephanie might ask some more difficult questions, Valerie said, "Khur-ak is going to talk now. Let's see what he has to say."

Stephanie reluctantly turned her head to see more.

"It's about time," Nick blurted out. "I was beginning to wonder how much longer we had to listen to this stupid preamble."

The camera zoomed in on Khur-ak's face as reporters snapped photos. "People of earth, I bid you greetings in the name of the Balazon race."

"He speaks English!" Valerie said with amazement.

"I am communicating to you telepathically. My thoughts can travel the wavelengths of the transmission you are receiving and your mind can interpret them as verbal communication. My mouth movements will even appear to coincide with the words of your native tongue."

"Cool," Nick said.

"Quiet!" Valerie commanded. "I don't want to miss anything."

Nick defiantly huffed once and then made sure he kept silent.

"I come from a planet called Nerovan, many light years away. I am the leader of an innumerable multitude of beings like myself. We have many natural abilities humans do not possess. At will, we can selectively bend light rays and phase shift our bodies' molecules to become invisible and untouchable. We have an existence that never ceases—what you call immortality—and have been influential on earth in our wraith-like forms for millions of years: studying, observing, and guiding mankind's development as best we could.

"We can also assume human form, which I am doing now so as not to unduly frighten you. But in order to prove my legitimacy, I will now cause some objects in your vicinity to levitate."

The unoccupied love seat in the corner of the room started to rise. Stephanie screamed and Valerie had to grab her and hold her tight.

"Ok," Nick said. "I'll accept that as proof."

Khur-ak took a deep breath as if he intended to ramble off a whole list of statistics but abruptly stopped short and closed his eyes for several seconds. "I am sensing a massive tide of thought-fear pulsating throughout my body. Please, we mean you no harm. Though we are highly evolved compared to yourselves, you

need not fear us. Our minds are so advanced we could destroy this planet with a mere thought if we so desired but we will not. Does this not demonstrate we are sincere? Why would a superior enemy come to you peacefully?"

Khur-ak closed his eyes again, took a deep breath and held it, as if analyzing the aroma of some fine fragrance. Then he opened his eyes. "I can sense many are still suspicious. Let me tell you more about ourselves. Without need of mechanical devices, we travel the universe in search of life with the potential to evolve into higher forms such as ourselves. Once found, we help such life overcome the obstacles to their development so they can ultimately reach their objective—total freedom from physical constraints, what you call a spiritual existence or immortality. This is the highest form to which any race can evolve. With the attainment of such development came freedom, peace, and joy I can't even begin to express."

Khur-ak stopped speaking and his face took on a contorted expression. "Oh, how I wish I could make you fully understand the joy we too experience helping other life-forms attain their awesome potential. You see, we discovered your planet millions of years ago when the dinosaurs reigned supreme. Upon using our abilities to look into the future, we predicted a ninety-six percent chance the dinosaurs would continue to dominate the planet and cause the extinction of many species, including the rudimentary beginnings of man—the ape. But the dinosaurs had no evolutionary potential and wouldn't develop higher consciousness. So we destroyed them by redirecting a large meteorite to hit the earth, which hurled dirt and debris into the upper atmosphere, blocked the sun, destroyed plant and animal life, and lowered the global temperature. But as we predicted, numerous warm-blooded mammals, including the ape, survived the harsh climate. Many eons later, you evolved sentience and entered the *dark stage*."

Khur-ak turned his face violently to his left side as if some invisible foe had struck him. "I have just felt the pain of your rejection. In time I hope to make you understand. The dark stage is that evolutionary period which we have found

intelligent beings inevitably go through as they slowly evolve beyond their bestial natures and progress towards the fullness of virtual godhood. But they must battle against their animalistic tendencies during this time, a predisposition towards violence, selfishness, intolerance, and hatred. It is a time marked by wars, lying, stealing, cruelty, greed, and many other forms of what is generally termed 'evil.' The conduct of the evolving race becomes so reprehensible that in virtually all cases they eventually destroy themselves. My people, the Balazons, were a rare exception to survive."

Khur-ak stared into the camera and shifted his eyes back and forth as if searching for some understanding from his viewers. "One of the principal ways we helped you was to implant a conscience- bubble into every human born, a type of mind implant that tries to make one believe in 'God,' right and wrong, and life after death in a good place such as 'heaven' or a bad place such as 'hell,' based upon one's behavior in this present life. Many humans believe they have no religious tendencies whatsoever, as the implant exerts a very subtle effect on their minds; yet it is usually a sufficient hindrance, for most evolving beings, to inhibit unrestrained reprobate actions."

Khur-ak stopped talking and stared at the camera hopefully. Then he added softly, "Now do you understand? We chose not to openly reveal ourselves to mankind at large until humans had progressed intellectually to the point you have. Most will soon be ready to accept that there is no such thing as God. We are, in fact, the closest thing you will find in the universe to the Almighty."

Khur-ak gasped and jerked backwards in his chair. After a few seconds, he regained his composure. "Unfortunately, many people are presently unable to accept this. I sense many are hurt, confused, and feel betrayed by their belief systems. But I hope the majority will accept us in time. Please let us help you. We have prepared a way to make this possible."

Khur-ak leaned forward and, with as much earnestness as he could muster, said, "We are prepared to counsel privately each and every individual on the face

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

