

Fields of the Nephillim: A 'Nephilim' Experience

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Chapter 1 - IN THE BEGINNING

What I am about to tell you in this article is probably going to be disturbing, controversial and for some, ludicrous and unbelievable. But everything that you are going to read is the truth to the best of my knowledge as I remember it. I want to make it clear now from the start to those who refuse to believe this. You have a right to believe what you want and have your opinion. But remember this, you are a Christian a child of the living God, and you have an enemy. His name is Satan, he will do all in his power to drag this world to hell, and he will go to the utmost lengths to achieve this. Some of the things which I have witnessed with my own eyes, are beyond a doubt, the most terrifying experiences I have had to date. They are not bad dreams, hallucinations, figments of my imagination, spiritual attack, or just outright lies. No, what I am about to share with you is most definitely, and undeniably real.

I hope that through this article, you will see UFOÆs in a completely different light from what they are portrayed. They are not peaceful space brothers waiting till man is ready to accept them. Rather they are demonic creatures, wishing to deceive and manipulate mankind. We must not be biased by our fanciful thinking influenced by science fiction such as star trek and star wars, regarding life on other universes. We must take an honest look at the true nature of UFO's. This article will be broken into five chapters, In the Beginning, Personal log, Abduction, Crossover, and Bloodline Pollution. The first four will be a personal testimony, whilst the last will be a theological discussion at the nature of UFOs.

My story starts when I was between three and four years old. It was late, cold and the sky was crystal clear, it was a typical cold Scottish night. The date, approx. 1975. My dad was in the navy and at that time was away at sea. My mother was driving us back from some friends. I remember looking up at the starry night sky. It was so deep and beautiful, enormous and truly awesome. My gaze then averted to an orange star. It was much, much larger than any other star, and it was a rich amber. There it was, completely still, inanimate. Yet even as a child, I remember a chilling feeling that this star was somehow watching me. From that night on, my life would never be the same again. I have no idea what time it was, but I was awoken by a loud noise coming from outside the house. It was a noise unlike anything I had heard before. A loud swishing noise, the sound of a pan frying something, with a deep bass hum. Being so young, it scared me whitless, I knew nothing else but to hide under the bed covers and hope that it would go away. Everything went black, and I forgot of this incident until six years later when it would happen again.

That night set events in motion, that would open me up to a whole new world which I didn't want to know about; the demonic spirit realm. They say it is unusual to have clear memories from such a young age. But due to my experiences, my childhood was snapped short. I can remember my third birthday as though it were yesterday. I can tell you what I had to eat and what I did on that day. I still remember the scent of certain trees that I was playing on. It is all so clear. Because of my forced development, and consciousness of my surroundings. I began to see, there was more to life than what could be perceived by my natural five senses.

Every night at six o'clock, I would receive a visitor in my bedroom. It would start with a quiet rhythmic banging noise. Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang. Louder and louder it would grow. To start with I used to hide under my bed clothes and then it would go away. But after a time, I became curious as to the cause of the noise. I became more brave, and thought I would face this thing, what ever it was. Again every night without fail, the banging would return. Louder and louder it grew, until a spinning object would materialise. It spun in time to its own rhythmic pulse. Larger and larger it grew, slowly spinning towards me. One particular night, I let it spin right up to my face, before I hid under my bed clothes.

Something which I thought odd, was no one else heard the banging, not even my own parents. Some would say that all this was in my mind, I would have agreed with you, except that one day, I had a witness, my mother. The banging noise came during the middle of the day, whilst I was playing with my toys. Feeling fear and panic, I screamed out for my mother. She ran upstairs, into my room and heard what I heard. She cried out to my dad, who, when he decided to come, heard nothing, as the noise had long gone. Something I remember very clearly at this time, was the dreams I was having. They were very frightening, and beyond anything I have ever experienced. I can only describe it, as having a drug trip in your sleep. I would be in a corridor made entirely of aluminium. the floor was straight, but the walls went up a little way, then curved over into an archway. This seemed to be the shape of all the rooms in these kind of dreams. I remember walking around from room to room. Some of the rooms would have people in. "Normal" people sat at a table as though they were going to be fed something. I remember seeing my mother in there once.

In these dreams, I was always taken to this one place. Where there were creatures who had a dry leathery skin. It felt like an old dried up leather handbag. The thing that always stood out in these dreams was the texture of their skin. The touch of them evoked such strong powerful imagery, I cannot describe it. I would then be subjected to tests. I would see objects spinning in front of me, and I could comprehend everything about them in my mind. I could even feel the physical weight and dimensions of these objects in my head, as though I were holding them in my hands. A common image I was shown was the wheel of a car. This may all sound very odd and cryptic, but two things remain true. Firstly, these are not the kind of dreams a healthy three year old boy has. Secondly, these dreams are in fact pieces of a puzzle that eventually fit together to show a frightening revelation which will be looked at in chapter three.

Chapter 2 - PERSONAL LOG

After some time, we moved from the naval estate to a house in Alexandria. All was relatively quiet here for about two years. Although I noticed some shocking aspects in my behaviour. I seemed to lack a conscience. I did not understand the difference between right and wrong, politeness and rudeness. My behaviour at infant school was not commendable to say the least. I was very often in trouble with the teachers and the head mistress. I would steal, bully, have teachers chase me around the room, and was quite often smacked, strapped and slapped by the teachers. Something in me would not yield to human authority, and this became more apparent the older I grew. My behaviour grew steadily worse by the day, as did my psychological health. As each year of my childhood passed, I seemed to lose my grip on reality. My state eventually grew so bad, that I had to see a psychologist on a regular basis, but this was not until I was a teenager.

After two years, we moved again, this time to Balloch. I would just like to point out, that at this current time, Scotland and Wales were having massive waves of UFO phenomenon, and unfortunately for me, all my parents' relatives lived in south Wales, right in the thicket of it all. I was now attending Haldan Primary school, and had made some good friends, who stood by me, despite how weird I had become. My behavior was still slipping, I was getting the strap at school on an average of twice a week. My attitude to the teachers was changing. What they had to say was boring me, maths, English, it meant nothing to me. I knew there was more to life than what could be seen with my natural eyes. When we first moved to Balloch in Scotland, everything was fine, I made some good friends and I was again enjoying my childhood, despite my behavior problems. I occasionally saw some strange lights in the sky, but nothing more than that.

A few of my friends also witnessed what I saw, which was good for my sanity I guess. However my life took a further dive-bomb, when my parents sent me down to my grandma in Pembroke, Wales for several weeks. I loved Wales when I was a child, so this was going to be an excellent holiday for me. Little did I realize what was going to happen to me on the night of my ninth birthday in Wales. It would be the night that would begin the most hideous nightmare that ruined my early life. It was a good day, I had got lots of presents from my friends and my grandma. My favourite being a book on astronomy. It must have been quite late when I went to bed, as it was dark and the sky was lit up by multitudes of stars. I remember dreaming about being a movie director, when suddenly my dream was smashed short. I woke up suddenly, wondering what was going on. I heard a strange swishing noise with a deep resonant bass hum. Memories started flooding my mind. I had heard this several years before when I was about three, but had forgotten. I know that I had developed an insane braveness, to face anything that challenged me, and this challenged me. I sat up, resolving that this was all in my mind. I would conquer my fear.

Slowly the noise grew louder and louder. It rasped, pulsed, swished and hummed. Louder and Louder it became. The volume became so intense that the windows were rattling, by which time, I was very frightened. This was not my imagination, this was for real. I decided that now was the time for some action, hide, run, what ever, just escape. As I tried to move, a horrid realization flooded my mind with terror. I was paralyzed. I could not move, nor speak, nor scream. The bass hum grew louder and louder and louder. My head was vibrating in the force of the sound; when suddenly everything went black. When I came round, I was no longer in the bed, rather on it. My head was forced to one side with one eye shut. I knew with all my being, that this was a deliberate ploy to stop me seeing what was going on. I was fully conscious, and they knew it.

Again I tried to scream for help, only breath came out of my lips, a mere whisper. The bass hum started to lift, the noise shifted away from the house slightly. There was a loud explosion or bang, and then the sound of jets whooshing past the house. The room went dim in darkness, and there I was alone. I ran into my gran's bedroom, woke her up and told her what happened. Well she said it was just a bad dream, but I know that it was not. I have had dreams, where you are half asleep and paralysed. But this was no dream, this was as real as a slap in the face! This experience, haunted me through my whole childhood, little did I realise that this was my second abduction experience.

Over the next few weeks in Wales, I saw some very strange things. One night on going to bed, I looked out of my Gran's bedroom window. And there in the sky was a red light and a green light. They just sat there in the sky, quite far apart, but shining with intensity. I was perplexed, I knew it meant something, the red and the green. It reminded me of a traffic light. These lights just hung in the sky for a good five minutes. As I was about to turn away, the lights moved with smooth speed. They arced up into the sky, joined together and flew off at an incredible rate of knots.

My dreams started taking a weird turn. I kept meeting these horrid grey looking creatures, which painfully tickled me. It was horrible. I could not escape their examining. When waking up, it was quite normal to feel physical pain all over my body, where I had been touched and pushed so much. My dreams were also filled with Mannequins, especially grey ones. When I used to go shopping with my parents, they would quite often go through clothes shops filled with mannequins. These things gave me the creeps, they had the form of a human, but they lacked something, they were hollow and empty. I realize in hindsight, that this was my early recollection of my abduction experiences. Creatures which were living, yet lacked something. I could only describe them as the living dead. They are alive, but have no soul.

Chapter 3 - ABDUCTION

I guess the most offensive issue with UFO's is that of abduction. It challenges all logical reason, it defies the normality of our secure, and insular life's. Causing insecurity to one's individuality and perception of the universe as we would like to see it. What I am about to disclose is disturbing, and shocking. It's something I don't like to admit, it's most definitely something I wished I had never gone through. Only now am I coming to terms with my experiences.

Only now, do I have peace and understanding. Something which many abductees will never have, unless they know the saving power of Jesus the Messiah.

A classic experience of abductees is amnesia, or missing time. Whether this is deliberately induced or whether the brain rejects the experience is not known. I suspect its a bit of both. Many people who have experienced missing time, tend to go through hypno-therapy to unlock hidden memories. I know hypnotherapy works, however I believe it opens people up to demonic spiritual forces, as does yoga, and transcendental meditation. I have heard many stories about hypnotism, yoga and TM that would make your hair stand on end. It is quite clear that these sort of therapies are not an option to the Christian. In trying to unlock my hidden memories from missing time experiences, I have sought God's help and revelation through prayer over the years. It has taken a long time to get where I am with my memories, but they came through without the fear, the pain and the scars. I have a very matter of fact memory of my experiences. Something which no hypnotist could achieve.

My memories are short, some are vivid others are not, some are from powerful flash backs, some others are from dreams, and some I can just remember. These memories, I have pieced together, (some are chronological, some are not) to form a whole encounter. I can only remember snippets from each abduction, however when put together, they form a complete abduction experience. Hence why I have chosen to write it in this manner. To my knowledge I have been abducted five times, but something inside tells me, it was a lot more. It was about 10.30 pm, I was staying the night around my mum's boyfriends' house. (my parents had now divorced, my dad married again, and I visited mum at weekends, I was about 17 years old at this time).

Every one had gone to bed, so I decided to listen to some music through my headphones. The tape was a long play album, and starting playing quite happily. Bang, it was the end of the album. I had just lost about 30 minutes of time. I was sat there wide awake, listening to the first ten minutes of the album, and then suddenly, I was listening to the last two minutes of the tape. I knew immediately what happened. I put on the tape, and sat there listening. After about ten minutes, I felt a strange sensation of being watched. Some creature appeared and forced a needle under my chest bone into my heart. My ears pounded with the sound of my Pulse getting slower and slower, the room around me filled with stars as I was losing consciousness, a black cloud filled my vision, till I saw nothing but darkness. I passed out.

I awoke in a room, it was not very large, but it was made from what looked like aluminum. It was definitely metal whatever it was. The ceiling arched down to the floor on one side, as though I were in a room on the side of a semi dome. I knew that I had been here before. There were times previous when I was not alone. I can remember shrieks of pain and terror, coming from another room somewhere, it was a female scream. There was no hiding in this place, no corners where one could conceal themselves. They knew where you were, they could sense your presence. Nothing was hidden from them, they could get whatever they wanted out of you. Even if it took a while. My emotions about this place were unusual. In one sense I felt obliged to be there, I knew it was my duty, and that I must endure my treatments. I felt affection from them, like a master loves a pet. I knew that I was important to them in some way, yet what they did terrified me. I was always nervous as hell about being tested and treated. I tried to be helpful to them, but that was never enough. They were cruel and merciless.

I knew that I was free to walk around the craft as I pleased. There were some places where you could not go, but you never knew what they were. I remember walking into one of the examining rooms. It had white polished steel flooring, the walls curved up to the ceiling as in all the other rooms. Some strange bright light illuminated the room from over head, but it had no distinct source. Near the door way was a metal looking bin which was molded onto the wall. I walked over to it and looked inside. Thereat the bottom, in a small puddle of blood, was a heart. On the far side of the room, stood the examining table. The bottom half came waist high, on which the abductee would be examined. The upper half came down from the ceiling. It was filled with dials and displays amidst other things that I cannot describe. One thing is for sure, it was very advanced technology.

Other than the examining table, the rooms were all the same, very bland and no obvious hint of technology. When they came to get me, it was always suddenly. It was as though they just appeared. There were two types of creatures, one type had brown leathery skin, with deepest black eyes. Whilst the other was grey, a face like a skull with huge black angled eyes. They too were deepest black. Their eyes hinted no emotion, no feeling, just blackness, infinite, non emotional blackness. These creatures lacked something, it were as though they were lifeless bodies somehow animated from within. They seemed to be alive, yet lacked life. They were intelligent, yet lacked a soul. They were puppets with no strings. To meet a creature like this, has to be the most horrific experience I know. I can only describe the feeling like this. Imagine a friend of yours has died, or a relation. Imagine if that person was resurrected but without a soul or a spirit. They would just be an animated dead body, with hollow lifeless eyes. That's as close as you could get.

When they took me to be examined, I was not always co-operative. I was quite rebellious from time to time, playing them at their own game. It was fear and terror which made me do this. I remember kicking and screaming, drooling, running, panicking. The more I screamed and kicked, the more angry they became. They had a power of force beyond any natural strength. Once they caught you, you were caught, and there was no escaping. But I always thought it was worth a try. Quite often they forced me to eat this stuff, which tasted of flavorless water melon. I don't know what it was supposed to achieve or why they fed it me, but they made me eat it from time to time.

They would grab me and force me onto the examining table. I would writhe and kick all the way. But they could hold me tighter than any vice. When they touched me, it was a strange tingling sensation that burned into my fear and often paralysis. It was a nightmare, but I knew it would end soon. They only ever took me for short spaces of time. Bang!!! they would ask me questions with their mind, their hollow black eyes boring into my soul. Forcing me to tell them things. Asking me questions in some three dimensional way. Oh it wearied me when they did this. It made me so, so, tired. I cannot remember what they asked, but it felt like an interrogation.

Chapter 4 - THE CROSS OVER

My behavior and attitude became worse by the day now. Anxiety attacks would be common place for me, as was delusional paranoia. Suspicion was my middle name. I had no respect for those in authority, and deliberately defied them. As far as I was concerned, there was a greater authority than man, and that was the aliens. But that would soon change. The day was coming when I would have authority over them. As a teenager, I was very mixed up. The question 'Why Me?' was forever my tormentor. I could only conclude that I was special in some way. An attitude which caused me and others much grief.

The only good thing that came from my abduction experiences was that it gave me a thirst and hunger to discover the meaning of life. This thirst became my obsession. I studied any book that I could get my hands on which would lead me on the right path. I read about eastern religions and cults, trying to find an answer. But my search led me into a cult called the Rosicrucians, into the occult, and then into witchcraft itself. My bedroom was a den for devils. On every corner of the walls were occultic symbols hidden over by posters. I made a several-mile wide pentangle, using my parents house which I lived in as the center point. Each end of the pentangle was a piece of metal, enchanted over and then buried. I practiced brown and Runic magic. Runes made by my own hand and with each creative stroke I enchanted the relevant words over them. I astral projected, did Ouija boards, Transcendental Meditation, practiced psychic abilities, and quite often allowed a familiar spirit to take over my mind and body. (i.e. become a medium) What ever was going in the world of the occult, I was there to use it.

One day, when out in a local Coppice, my life was about to be turned around forever. I had just finished a ritual in the woods and decided to head home. The weather was getting very moody and a storm looked set to come. I slung my Runic wand, spell book and incense sticks into my back pack and started home. As I cleared the edge of the wood, a voice spoke to me. It was a voice beyond description, it had authority and creative power. Every spoken letter and syllable reacted with my whole soul and spirit. No voice has ever made me feel this way before. The uncanny thing, was that I knew who was speaking to me, He didn't need to introduce Himself. I just, knew that the creator of the universe, Jesus Christ, was speaking to me directly.

'Stop what you are doing and come to know Me', He said. My mind was confused and baffled. God had just spoken, yet I didn't understand what He was talking about. 'Come to know Me?' what could that possibly mean? After pondering for a few seconds, I decided that this had gone completely over my head, and so it was decided that I was going to ignore it. A week later, I was in my bedroom, drawing up some more occult symbols to add to my collection, when Jesus spoke again. He spoke the same words as last time. 'Stop what you are doing and come to know Me.' Yet again I rejected Him, and decided to carry on as normal; down my slippery road to hell. Another week had passed, and I was carrying on with the occult as normal. It was my life, it was my answer to the question of my existence. SLAP!!! SLAP!!! SLAP!!! hard across my cheeks each side. I was stunned and felt as though I had been wakened from some half awake state. Again Jesus spoke to me, but this time He was shouting, and His voice was desperate and urgent. (I can only assume, that if I did not answer the call this time, that my life would be taken by the very forces which afflicted my childhood) 'Please stop this, and come to know Me, you can be forgiven for all this.'

Suddenly I understood. My consciousness of sin had long gone, but I had a faint inkling, that witchcraft was evil and wrong. I fell to my knees and repented. But deep inside, I knew that I was not going to yield just yet, and so continued my practices the next day. I know now that my life was months away from being terminated by demonic forces. A few weeks prior to hearing the voice of Jesus, I had a demonic vision. It was mid evening, and I was sat reading a book. I shut my eyes, to rest them from a prolonged reading session, when suddenly I was not in my room. I saw a book case, full of books. One of the books fell out and I slid through the gap into a huge black chamber. In the middle was a winged creature lit up by a white shining light. It turned around, facing me and said, You young man are about to be killed, A vision crossed my mind of where and how it would happen. Being a defiant pain in the neck, I told the demon that there was no way I was going to die. Bang!! I opened my eyes and found myself back in the bedroom. A few weeks later after committing my life to Jesus the vision came to pass, except I survived.

After hearing the voice of Jesus three times, my interest in Christianity grew somewhat. About a week later, a friend from school asked me if I would like to go to church. I jumped at the idea, I could now go see what all this God stuff was about. The night I went, was another life changing one. After the service was over, I was invited to a youth group. Being arrogant as I was, I proceeded to tell these Christians what I thought about God, how He was an alien from another civilization. The Christians listened to me, but somehow I knew that what I was saying was a load of garbage. In looking around the room, I sensed a powerful force, which I recognize now as the person of the Holy Spirit. These people all seemed complete, they had that missing link which I had been searching for. The hunger and thirst for the meaning of life was answered, and it was here. Jesus is the answer to the meaning of life. He is our creator, and we were made for Him.

I continued going to the group for a few more weeks, got an understanding of what Jesus did on the cross. How He bore my sins, took my mental, spiritual and physical sicknesses upon Himself, that I may be free from the power of sin which leads to death and Hell. A few weeks later, the demonic vision I had earlier came to pass. I was riding my bike down the road which was the same in the vision. A friend of mine, shouted to me from across the road. I turned round, greeted her, then turned back. I noticed that I had veered a little too far to the middle of the road. Then from nowhere this black Carlton car, with black windscreens, black lights, black everything, swerved out from the right side of the road, to the wrong side, heading straight at me. I don't care what anybody thinks, I knew that who ever was driving that car, had only one intention; killing me.

By some miracle, the car never hit me, and what was even more weird, my friend did not even see the car. As far as I remember, the car came from nowhere, and vanished as quickly as it appeared. Something I know from hindsight, was

that I was being conditioned by these so called 'aliens.' They made me lose my ability to know right from wrong. I literally had no conscience. When I did things that were wrong, it confused me when I was told it was so. I was being used and manipulated. God knows what I would have become had Jesus not intervened.

The only reason why I was going to be terminated, was because God was interfering. There was a time, about a year or two previous from my conversion, when I took gas, passed out and had a vision of Satan and God. God was telling me to quit this stuff, whilst the devil was telling me to continue. The so-called 'Aliens' have a master plan for their abductees. I don't know what it is, but I know the abductees have been conditioned to do some atrocious things. I can only describe it as brainwashed. Let me tell you now, there is nothing peace-loving, about these creatures. They have one primary goal. Bring havoc to humanity. The question to be asked, is how did I come to the realization that 'Aliens' were in themselves demonic. Well, there is another story behind that revelation.

I was due to fly to Guernsey to meet a Christian friend. But the plane was delayed till the next day. I had no way of getting home, so prayed that someone would put me up for the night. Well a few minutes later, a Christian family asked if I would like to stay with them for the night. I jumped at the opportunity. That night whilst in bed, I was awake thinking. It was about three in the morning. I noticed that the ceiling of the room seemed unusually dark. I looked up, to find a black cloud floating above me. I immediately became transfixed by fear. I knew what this was, it was a demonic spirit. I wanted to shout to it to go in the Name of Jesus, but my fear caught the better of me. The more scared I became, the stronger this spirit grew. This went on and on, till I got to the place of terror. Eventually the Name 'Jesus', came out of my lips. In the bat of an eyelid, Jesus appeared, the demon left, and then Jesus left.

I felt immediate peace sweep over me, then came the voice of God. That terror and oppressive feeling that just went through you then, was the same as that which happened to you when you were abducted." I replied, "Yes, that's right. "Chris", He said, "Satan can disguise himself as an angel of light." Suddenly I understood. Aliens were not peace loving space brothers, no, on the contrary, they are the very agents of Satan. But I want to point something out here which is very important. Christians think that every thing Satan does is just spiritual. Not so. Flying saucers are as real as your car. The technology they use, is as real as your home computer. Alien looking creatures and their craft are not illusions, or spiritual manipulations. No, they are absolutely real. That's what makes the deception so real and powerful. If I were to take today's technology back to an ancient backward tribe, and told them I were a god because of my technology. Its very likely they would believe me. Its the same with UFO's. The technology is very real, the creatures are very real. But they lie about their true identity. They are not from another planet on the other side of the cosmos, looking for a nice planet to live on. They are demonic beings, with a purpose. They serve Satan, and like him, they are creatures of deception and lies. In actual fact they have been on planet earth with mankind for a long, long time. This will be discussed in the next and last chapter.

Chapter 5 - 'BLOODLINE POLLUTION'

To say life became a bed of roses when I turned Christian would be a lie indeed. If anything life got harder. There was now a war waging for mastery of my spirit. Satan wanted me back big time, and God was not prepared to let me go. Meanwhile, I had to decide what to do, one way or another. I had to decide to one last time, who I was going to serve. Satan or Jesus. I knew the consequences of my actions were simple, follow Satan, be used by him for a short period of time, and then die and burn in hell. Or I could follow Jesus, be used by Him and live for eternity in heaven. It was very black and white. But I ultimately chose Jesus. However Satan started using a different approach. On several occasions I tried to take my own life, by overdose and driving my car off a cliff. Both times God saved my life, the second time He sent an angel to protect me from the crash. After some prayer, God healed me of depression and the anxiety attacks. I was literally a new man. I went into a room depressed and suicidal, and came out completely healed. I have never since been afflicted by that problem.

I still had abduction experiences after becoming a Christian, but there were very clear reasons for that. One night in a dream, Satan appeared in my room. He was taunting and teasing me. I told him to go in the name of Jesus, but it didn't work. He would then touch me, just to show, that the name of Jesus had little effect on him. I woke up, knowing that Satan still had legal rights to me which had not been handed over to God. Within a few months of prayer, the devil had very little left to call his own. I know this shocks people. Some just assume that when you become a Christian that all is ok. Not so! You have to apply the power of the cross into your life, and yield it to Jesus to know true freedom. That which does not belong to Jesus belongs to someone or something else.

So here I am, many years later from my conversion to Christianity, healed, well and set free from the power of Satan. I no longer get abducted, and have not done so since I yielded those areas of my life to Jesus. Is it not strange how the so called peace loving space aliens now no longer want to come near me, since I have turned to Jesus? Now, its high time we looked to the Bible to discover the reality of UFOs and Satan's' master deception. It started a long, long time ago, when Satan tried to pollute the blood line of Adam, from which would come the Messiah. (the Christ)

The first prophecy given in the Bible regarding the coming Messiah, is found in Genesis chapter three, verse fifteen. 'And I (God) will put enmity between you (Satan) and the woman (eve), and between your seed and her seed; He (Jesus) shall crush your head, (Satan's) and you shall bruise His (Jesus') heel.' Here God foretells to Satan, that from the bloodline of Adam, a mere man would come, One so powerful that He would destroy Satan and all his kingdom. Satan knows, when God speaks, He means business. So Satan came up with a clever plan. Infiltrate the blood line of Adam, so that the Christ (the Messiah) could not come. Satan wanted to pollute mans' genetic code with that of his own. The combination would be lethal and deadly. Nothing good could ever come from such a union.

The bible speaks of this Union is Genesis 6:1-9. 'And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the SONS OF GOD saw the daughters of men, that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. And the LORD said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for

that he also is flesh; yet his days shall be a hundred and twenty years. There were NEPHILIM (GIANTS) in the earth in those days; AND ALSO AFTERWARD (i.e. the flood), when the SONS OF GOD came unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men (Nephilim) which were of old, men of renown. And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented (grieved) the Lord that He had made man on the earth and it grieved Him at His heart. Vs9 ‘...Noah was a just man and PERFECT in his generations.’

Now I know that this passage is a real hot potato amidst Christian circles, but we have to take the Bible in the FULL context. In a moment, I will show how the New Testament backs up this point in Genesis 6. Before that, I want to look at the titles, ‘Sons of God, and Daughters of Men.’ Firstly the wording used in the Hebrew for Sons of God, which is also used in the book of Job, in chapters 1:6 & 2:1, are only EVER used in relation to angelic beings. People have said that the Sons of God were the righteous men, whilst the daughters of man, were the little heathen girlies of the day. Well that are several obvious flaws here... 1) These sons of God took many wives, the verse implies that they all had more than one wife. This is not something a Godly man would do. (exception of course for Jacob etc) 2) How many marriages are there where Christians are married to non Christian partners. Well when they have children, they most definitely do not produce budding Nephilims, they have Normal kids like the rest of us.

Ok, lets see what the New Testament says about Genesis chapter six. Jude verses 6 & 7... ‘And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, He (God) has reserved in ever lasting chains under darkness unto the judgement of the great day. (judgement day) EVEN as Sodom and Gomorra and the cities about them IN LIKE MANNER (to the angels), giving themselves over to fornication and going after STRANGE FLESH, are set forth as an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire.’ Here, Jude shows how the angels of long ago were like Sodom & Gomorra. They left their natural abode, and went after strange flesh, i.e. human flesh. As to how angels had intercourse with woman, I have no idea. But scripture seems quite clear that it happened.

2 PETER 2: 4 - 6 ‘For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to Hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgement; AND spared not the old world.....’ Here again, we have another reference to angels who did something to the old world (old world, i.e. pre-flood). There is no other reference in the whole bible which would reveal what the sin was which they committed in the Old world, except in Genesis chapter six. The quote I have given from Jude, is actually taken from the book of Enoch. This book also tells of angelic beings leaving their heavenly abode, infiltrating mankind and teaching man about science, agriculture etc. So it seems, that the first century church new of this story and how angels infiltrated the bloodline of Adam. Jude knew it, Enoch knew it, Peter knew it, and probably most Jews of the time.

So what are the Nephilim? They are a hybrid of celestial and terrestrial bodies, i.e. demon and man. The word Nephilim means giant. The word giant does not just refer to size, but also to their reputation, their strength and their ruthless might. From Genesis narrative, they corrupted mankind to such a degree, that every thought of man was evil. Noah, was said to be a man Perfect in his generation. the Hebrew word for perfect here is not used in regards to moral perfection, rather physical perfection, i.e. he was without physical blemish and imperfection. Noah was not corrupted by Nephilimic blood. He was of the pure Adamic line. Thus God chose him and his family to carry on the blood line, from which would come Jesus. The rest of humanity which was corrupted either in their lifestyle or their physical makeup were destroyed by a cataclysmic world flood.

Gen 6:9 ‘...There were Nephilim in the earth in those days, and also after...’ It seems from the above verse, that although the Nephilim were destroyed in the flood, they somehow existed after the great flood. Now what I am about to say, is just my personal opinion, it is not a Biblical point. I believe that the aliens I have encountered are Nephilim, they are not giant in size, but they are ruthless creatures with tremendous powers. I have seen demons, and how they can filter between the physical and the metaphysical. Yet UFO’s do not seem to operate in the same way. The creatures I encountered were limited by their bodies, and did not on any occasion that I can remember, do anything typical of a spirit. They have spiritual power to manipulate, but not in the usual manner for a typical demon. Now whether you agree on this point or not, one thing is true. These creatures are evil, and demonic. Whether they are Nephilim or not, they most definitely are agents of Satan, and that as far as I am concerned is that. Before ending this article, lets take a quick look at what the Bible says about Satan...

- 2TH 2:9 = Satan inspires lying wonders...
- REV 2:10 = Satan preys upon mankind.
- JOH 12:31; 14:30 & 16:11 = Satan as the prince of this world.
- 2CO 11:14 = Satan can appear as an angel of light.
- MAT 12:24 = Satan is called Beelzebub i.e. lord of the flies or lord of those that fly.
- 2CO 4:4 = Satan is the God of this world.
- MAT 12:24 Satan is the prince of demons.
- EPH 2:2 = Satan is the prince of the power of the air.
- EPH 6:12 = Satan is the ruler of darkness.
- ISA 14:12 on = Satan the fallen one.
- EZE 14:12 on = Satan the fallen one.

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