

# MY CONTACTS, ABDUCTIONS & CHANNELLING: Janet Kira Lessin & T.J. Morris interviewed by David Saeed Farman

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## Roddenberry's Alive - Dream 12/06/12



My dreams are becoming more vivid as we approach the end of the year and the dawn of a new year, hopefully a year that respects consciousness more than the previous ones.

Last night I was on a plane of some strange, alien design which flew quite slow and was very low to the ground. As we added passengers the plane moved slower and slower. The seats were fashioned more like those in a car and I was sandwiched somewhere towards the middle and the rear, so couldn't see a thing. I got very little light let alone view, so when they announced it was time for lunch I was delighted that something was going to happen.

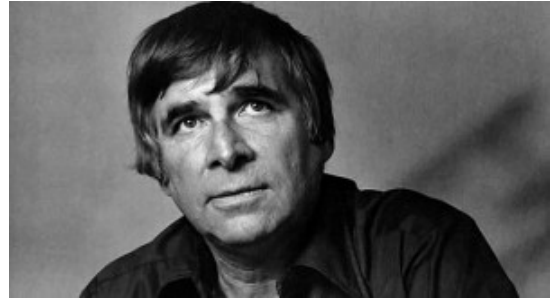
They asked (telepathically) if everyone liked green beans and I replied yes (now that I think of it, I didn't speak it, just said yes in my mind). I knew upon responding that meant they were going to serve **only** green beans and nothing else. I felt hungry for protein so I asked to be let out at this stop to see if I could find another restaurant or something else with food that was more comforting and a greater variety than simply green beans.



One other passenger, a man, got up and followed me, asked if he could accompany me. I replied "sure", but in thinking back on the dream, no words were spoken. We communicated telepathically and that felt like the normal way to converse here

(wherever I was).

I found a restaurant that looked pretty homey, like a remodeled Victorian building exterior with the interior circa mid to late 20th century New England, America, antique style. I went up to the counter and placed my order, then took a seat in a booth. The man did the same and followed me to the booth where I was sitting after placing his order.



We hadn't introduced ourselves to each other nor had I taken a good look at him as he seemed to stay slightly behind me while we walked and I only got a glimpse of his form from my periphery vision.

A newspaper was sitting on the table when I arrived so I started to read it to entertain myself while waiting as I didn't have my iPhone here in this dream.

The man sat down across from me and before I could raise my eyes to get a good look at him, the page in the newspaper flickered and changed (like something out of a Harry Potter movie) and suddenly the words resembled an advertisement I had seen back in the 1960s about Gene Roddenberry's new television show, Star Trek.



I looked up to see if the man witnessed what I had just seen and I felt genuine shock that rippled through both my dream and physical bodies and souls as I realized Gene Roddenberry himself was sitting across from me and he was alive and looked like he was about 30 to 35 years old.

At that point I knew I was not dreaming, that somehow I had truly traveled beyond time and space and that a reunion I had never expected was happening in real time, here in this now.



Unable to contain myself, I magically dissolved the table between us, jumped up and hugged Gene, tears rolling down my face and I sobbed, "Oh you did it! You came back from the future and here you are, now! Oh Gene, I love you so much. I love you, I love you, I love you. I know you don't know me personally, but I've known you all my life. I loved you since I discovered

you when I was 12 years old back in 1966 and you have changed my world and this planet to the positive, have been such a great influence on this reality."

I went on an on for a while, gushing, bubbling, endless words of love, gratitude and appreciation spilling from my soul to this man who gave us so much to believe. He, like no one before or since, has done so much to prepare so many for first contact and to enable us to take our rightful place and join the Federation of Planets.



He said that while he was unable to know me individually when he was alive in human form he was able to connect with me spiritually and ever since, in his more evolved form that one assumes after death, has been watching over me. He supports my efforts for conscious evolution and is working with others on that level to create first contact with extraterrestrials.

He's encouraged me, has seen my potential and has great appreciation for me and my work, what I've done to build on his contributions. There are others, of course, involved in the work on many levels throughout this planet and galaxy, but since this conversation was between us and this was my special, personal time with Gene, we focused on our soul relationship and significance with one another and exchanged true, unconditional love for one another at human and soul level alike.

We felt complete with our exchange and were about to get back on the plane/train when in real life my husband woke up with a loud sneeze which broke the spell of my dream. Normally I have to travel a far distance in my dream state back to





waking consciousness when I've been in such a deep, theta state where I made contact with my higher selves, guides and other dimensions, beings, incarnate and discarnate, alien, human and beyond.



My dream life is a rich. Both my dream life and real life are quite exciting and most interesting. All levels of my existence are magical and complex, full and complete allowing me to maximize my potential

and contribute fully to the continuum and the development of a conscious, civilized society, encompassed of beings of all designs and humans of all species/races.

Gene and I, now reconnected after all these years (he died in 1991). We'll be working together from here on creating more opportunities for human, aliens and inter-dimensionals to establish contact and create peaceful interactions that will serve all beings, all life. We've only begun to access the full potential of humanity. Our future is bright and soon we'll connect (reconnect?) with the Federation of Planets and take our place among the stars.



Space, a frontier soon known to us, beckons us. We long to go where no human has gone before. We know others are out there and they patiently wait for us.

