

## Barbara Smith

(Name changed by admin)



Oscar Magocsi and Barbara Smith at the landing spot of the UFO in Muskoka, north of Toronto, Canada

### **The Oscar (UFO-)stories**

(from memory)

#### **Federation reconnaissance tour in Agartha**

Oscar once was on his way (via UFO shuttle) to South America as part of a Federation reconnaissance tour of inner-earth tunnels and under-continent speed-train rides (at 3,000 mph) accessed through energy-portals known to the Federation.

On one of these trips (*to Mato Grosso, Brasilia*) they were fired upon out of the blue by the opposition. Federation protocol requires ship's captain to do evasive manouvers and retreat so that no crew is endangered. This time however, the ship - Oscar was on gave chase - went on the counter-attack. In a flash they found

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themselves veering away from South America and charging out over the Atlantic, over Africa, right to Madagascar at which point the enemy ship dropped down into a base there and disappeared from sight. So on Madagascar there is (was at that time) an alien base belonging to the dark forces.

(Federation protocol did not allow Oscar to tell me everything. What he did share week by week covered 1995 to 2002. What I'm writing here are highlights of most interest).

### **The Dark Side uses remote controlled aircrafts for their attacks**

Oscar also tells a "story" of one time being away on assignment and was scrambled - he and other Federation craft - by the Ashtar Command, because the planet was on red alert, with opposition forces threatening to drop nukes on Paris, London and New York (year? '97 or '98). Had they succeeded, Ashtar Command ships and the Federation fleet would have instantly initiated massive evacuations of cities and outlying areas.

Dark side has technology capable of bringing down commercial airliners (today as we speak using scalar waves) and "back" in 1997/98 Oscar told also of pilots whose minds were taken over (by dark-side technology manipulation) while at the controls, would become completely disoriented, lose control and planes would crash without the pilots being able to make one move to stop it. Planes would often be picked at random to practice-test the killer technology. (Planes that hit the WTC towers Sept.11, 2001 were guided by remote. I was told that the Federation rescued up to 25% from the towers and the Pentagon).

### **Federation rescue efforts on Earth**

From about 1999 to 2001 Oscar's tour of duty was always directed toward disasters of some kind - there were plenty them, ongoing, and today's news shows they're on the increase. Examples: typhoons in Malaysia, mud slides in Nicaragua, people getting caught unprotected without provisions in raging snowstorms in eastern Europe. There would be lone Federation operatives living in some remote villages; they'd be told to show up at a certain location, and Federation ships would leave supplies at those drop-zones, like blankets, medicine, water, some form of quick-energy food like perhaps power-bars. Then it would be the job of that earth-based person to battle the winds and blinding snowstorms to rescue the stranded.

In the case of "missing persons" after some cataclysmic event like hurricane or tidal wave, things are not always as reported. Missing can mean dead, but not always. According to Oscar, many are rescued by Federation forces, transported in an altered state to other locations, then put back on the surface when the danger has passed and then we read, "oh, these people were later found alive and well" or "found on high ground" or "found high in a tree" and no one knows how they ever got there.

Sometimes there are even cases where someone has lived out their chapter on earth and the cataclysm sweeping them away is the moment the Federation selects and recruits them for immediate Federation duty.

These would be very hardy, durable individuals able to do just about anything physical, have loving hearts and given a chance to join ongoing Federation rescue efforts on this planet (perhaps other planets too). Meanwhile the poor relatives left behind think their dear one is dead and gone forever. Not true. Perhaps in dreams they are told their beloveds are alive and well.

(Nothing mends a broken heart but such dreams help to mitigate the pain at least a little). In Nicaragua Oscar was once "accidentally" caught up in a huge mud-wave that came thundering down a hill sweeping him away, almost suffocating him but in the nick of time his people beamed him out and up into the ship straight into "sick bay" for immediate attention. Very scary he said. But he'd always add, "goes with the territory".

### **Meeting with dolphins and whales**

Same time period still, around 1996,7or8 he was taken off to Hawaii in a UFO shuttle for what seemed to be routine, although he wasn't given all the details. (Operatives work on a need-to-know basis to ensure clear focus on their task at hand, and mostly always when there is a wonderful surprise included, never is it revealed up front for that would ruin the surprise! Briefing would always take place right in the craft itself en route to destination. This was one of those times).

Travel-time by ship anywhere on this planet is almost instant - roughly just a little over an hour from Toronto to Honolulu as the crow flies. All Oscar knew was that he was to make contact with one of the Federation's human operatives whose identity was being kept secret from public knowledge; someone who lived fairly isolated from "civilization" on a remote and very large ranch-estate. Purpose for contact was to confirm that person's continuing commitment to serve the Federation, and that's the kind of thing that is best done through courtesy of a personal visit. Oscar was chosen to be the one, but why drag someone all the way from Toronto when there were plenty of other personnel nearby? Read on, all shall be revealed!

Let us back up a bit. Part of the Hawaii caper was by ship, the final leg in a manmade light-aircraft operated by a Federation-chosen human pilot. No problem with that. The plane took off and Oscar sat back, relaxing into a doze. Soon they'd be there, and...all of a sudden he was jolted awake. They'd hit a vicious lightning storm.

The light-aircraft shook and bounced like a cork on a stormy sea. It was one of Oscar's worst moments for he told me later he was certain that was it. His time was

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up. When your number's up, there's nothing you can do. He gripped his seat and held on for dear life through the torrential rain, the nauseous ups and downs, and, then in a final searing blast of lightning and crashing thunder, the next thing he felt was the thud of solid ground as the plane lurched to a landing on some remote airstrip. Badly shaken and unable to move for a minute, he felt better when he heard the pilot's voice sing out cheerfully, "well, we're here!" Where was here?

Oscar had no idea. But he was soon reoriented at the little outpost, given directions and an old jeep which he was to drive to the remote ranch. It was quite a journey, bumpy, rough, at times unknown whether he was on a main road or had taken a wrong turn into some field. Ultimately he found his ranch and his man, the meeting was successful, and then came the surprise a day or two later.

Oscar was taken to a remote beach, told to wear bathing gear because a short swim was on the agenda. Why not? He could use some relaxation after that crazy plane trip. He had no inkling what was really in store - he was to swim a short distance to what looked like strange rock formations all clustered together not far from shore, appearing like some sort of rock-castle. There he'd see an underwater entrance which he was to swim through, which he did.

Surfacing from the water he came up into a cathedral-like rocky cavern whose structure held glistening violet-turquoise waters like some divine inner sanctum or pool of Aphrodite. The calming waters were warm, soothing, wonderful, magical and then he felt a stirring all around him. He looked in amazement into many pairs of dancing eyes - dolphin eyes! They had gathered to play, to boost his energies, to heal and chortle with smiles and clicks of their strange beautiful voices. So this was why Oscar had been brought from the other side the planet, to swim and dance with the dolphins in "Blue Hawaii" and return to Canada transformed to yet a higher light-level, opened up by the experience to enable the cells of his being to hold more joy on a permanent basis.

**He also experienced:**

-many encounters with opposition forces in outer space where battle actually broke out and escaped unharmed while others did not.

-many navigation training exercises where he was left completely alone in the middle of „nowhere“ - some strange spot in a distant universe - with the test being to see how well he could find his way back on own ability, including how to pilot his craft using thought-projection alone. In one such experiment he had to reach Betelgeuse, Rigel and Hercules, which he did successfully, of course.

Once there was a surprise. All this testing was to gauge how well one can read

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energies and energy signatures. One week he returned to say he was out there piloting hither and yon and met me.

I said, "say **what?**"

"Yah!" he said, and smiled. Made sense to me because we do exist throughout the universe with just a percentage of our entire being manifested here in physical form.

-being thrown out into wild dense no-man's land somewhere in Ontario in scorching heat with a deliberately heavy-loaded backpack, and told to find his way back to civilization all by himself. Oscar never had any trouble with his 6th sense, inner guidance system taking him from point A to B, but he never enjoyed the physical suffering that came with temperature extremes. Yet it was part of his training because every single winter he'd be out somewhere right here in Ontario rescuing stranded motorists in ice-cold deadly conditions, or in the Gobi desert doing similar stuff.

(However there are Federation bases there and elsewhere where operatives can be taken for rest, food, shelter etc as required).

-many trips over Jerusalem doing nothing but beaming down positive energies because under the city lies an installation of vicious dark-forces beaming energies of rage, violence, hatred (to keep people angry and killing one another).

-on one occasion he was deposited on the ground there on an "away mission", when this weird tiny black fly flew out of nowhere and lodged right in his skin. It was no fly but a tiny nano-sized piece of dart-technology, a weapon designed to look like a fly. That was the fastest beam-back to the ship in his whole career straight into the hands of the medics - two seconds later he'd have died for sure, the poison was so fast-acting.

-during one massive rescue operation when split-second decisions had to be made as to whom to evacuate/save, whom not, Oscar witnessed one of the processes used. Two very evolved light-Beings materialized aboard with gizmos that resembled tricorders which register lifesigns, but far more sophisticated, actually capable of soul-energy read-outs of finest essence imaginable. People were or were not lifted out based on those readings. The Beings could not have had this authority unless reporting directly to Creator Himself or one of the angelic hierarchy one with Creator.

-a visit over King City near Toronto where the Bilderbergers had their meeting, I believe in 1999. Oscar reported that the energy-signature tricorders activated by Federation crew hovering over the house where members were gathered, showed no lifesigns at all!

-standing in a circle with others of high psychic bility beaming positive energies into a major Indian-military standoff in Quebec so that it would not explode into all-out

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battle/killing.

-sitting in a bar in Quebec City at the Chateau Frontenac he got a surprise visit from Quentin, but Q stayed only about 5 minutes to deliver a message, have a drink, then had to go.

-being at a New Year's Gala in some major hotel and beamed to a ship between the ballroom and the washroom! One of the best times was when all three friends showed up, Quentin, Argus & don Miguel and made sure they had his favourite cognac (Remy Martin) for a truly warm, heart-moving toast.

One day Oscar returned to Toronto via commercial airliner, disembarked and made his way to airport parking where he'd left his car, suddenly sensed a sinister energy somewhere nearby. Up went his guard, and in the next moment spotted some nasty type lurking behind one of the cars and aiming something at him. He ducked in time to avoid a lethal blow but the energy beam pierced his sleeve.

Again he escaped with his life but with usual wit and humour talked only about how some idiot had ruined his brand new jacket!

### **Driving around with Oscar in and around Toronto**

(Ann - the following is for you: Just want to give you a few more nuts&bolts details of how much routine is required of an operative that can be tedious, often tiring, yet must be done as each tiny thing fits into the importance of the whole and no balls can be dropped. It is a life of strict discipline, high-training, impeccable timing and must be covert for lives depend on it).

It was no big deal having me along on some "small-potatoes" (another Oscar expression) assignments he had in between the bigger ones. Examples: driving around certain areas just sensing energy of the area; meeting contacts briefly in hotels (he'd leave me in the car, vanish for about 15-20 minutes, then return and off we'd go again). He was even allowed to show me some of the safe houses in Toronto and tell me the names of Ontario towns where the Federation had established safe houses. This information may no longer be valid. Oscar also introduced me to an unusual friend north of Toronto in a house on an isolated rural property. I have had ' flashes of black-clad lean & fit male ETs running through that house which tells me the day is coming when ETs will be living there as a base from which to operate and help people through this all-important transition time. The flashes I saw were from the future. I have a hunch that future starts in 2006!

A Federation base exists at Grimsby, Ontario, underwater. Oscar used to drive there,

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pick up recent ET arrivals and deliver them to towns in this province, also across-border to New York, Illinois and other places. Sometimes he'd make one of them drive the vehicle for "earth" experience! I suspect the base is still operating.

Oscar was also asked to be present once at the bed of a dying friend through whom the Federation could beam loving energies to assist the passing. On another occasion, Oscar rushed out to help a fellow ET who had a traumatic reaction to something on this Earth - neither the air quality or the food - a medic had to be called and possibly the ET was declared incompatible with Earth and might have been sent back to his homeworld. He could no longer breathe and was actually turning blue. So coming here is not a bowl of cherries for acclimatization is critical to being able to function in this dense plane.

By happenstance I was in telephone communication for awhile with one of the other 6 cosmonauts who accompanied Oscar, unknown to one another, on his trip through the Chaos Barrier to the realm of The Guardians. I was sorry to sever the contact but that was the year (2004) I broke from everyone, left Toronto, with no intention of returning, ever. She is a lady, perhaps still alive, in Germany and is connected to the beings on the planets APU and METARIA in the Alpha Centauri "Proxima" System. The saying Senti Kamaru Eue (last word pronounced You-Ee) means "May the Light of God Reach us All".

Last but not least, many intergalactic conferences Oscar attended in outer space were held in a hollowed-out asteroid somewhere between Saturn & Neptune.

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