

[20] The Plan

When Leighton returned to his office, he found Del Sasso in a relaxed and affable mood, sitting in an easy chair deep in conversation with Carla and Viktor. They had been probing him with pointed questions about the dangers of the incredible psychic power they had just seen him display. What if it got into the wrong hands? And how could that possibility, after all, be prevented if psychic power was simply a normal human potential and thus available equally to everyone? What a frightful world it would be if every person had such dangerous capabilities—a world of sorcerers zapping one another with unlimited powers of the mind!

Del Sasso had laughed at their fears and assured them that, contrary to popular misconceptions about unlimited human potential, psychic power was a gift to mankind from higher intelligences—the Archons. A failure to recognize and honor the true source of this force was, in fact the reason for the slow progress and frustration that had plagued the field of parapsychology worldwide since its inception at the end of the nineteenth century. The breakthrough came when this secret research center, directed by Frank Leighton, had been willing to enter into an agreement with the Archons to become, under their direction and control, the distributors of this power to the world. That partnership had catapulted the Americans light-years ahead of the Russians and everyone else.

It all made sense to Viktor. In fact, the critical questions that had loomed so large for him seemed to be in the process of being answered without even asking them. Del Sasso's explanation of the role played by the Archons was in perfect agreement with the conclusions Viktor had arrived at in Russia, and filled in most of the missing gaps in his theory. The reason for the repeated warnings, and the horrifying events in his laboratory north of Moscow when they persisted in pursuing their research along forbidden lines, now seemed clear.

For Carla, however, who knew nothing of what had happened in Viktor's lab, Del Sasso's statements were too revolutionary to accept without further proof. Of course, she had little doubt about the staggering power he had

displayed, but to attribute it to mysterious nonphysical intelligences seemed to raise more questions than it answered. Who were these *Archons* that Leighton and Del Sasso spoke of in such familiar terms—and that Viktor seemed to have known about and feared? What was their intent and motive? It also reminded her, uncomfortably, of some of the things Ken had said in the hospital. While she could no longer believe in *demons*, yet if there were highly evolved nonphysical entities out there somewhere, was it not possible that some of them could be *evil*? She resolved to keep an open mind, but not to surrender the skepticism that every journalist had to apply continually to each story being investigated.

“How did that lunatic get in here?” demanded Del Sasso the moment Leighton walked through the door.

Leighton shook his head in embarrassment and disbelief. “It’s my fault for inviting him. I’m sorry, Antonio. I had no idea.”

“Don’t even think about it,” replied Del Sasso contemptuously. “He’s a fundamentalist fanatic completely paranoid about demons. I met dozens like him when I was on lecture tour for the Society of Jesus. They’d confront me at my talks, quote Bible verses that ‘proved’ the pope was the Antichrist. When I’d agree and say, ‘Maybe he is,’ they’d be speechless. You know, of course,” he added conspiratorially, “that the Jesuits haven’t gotten along too well with the pope for years.” Then his eyes narrowed. “Don’t let me see that maniac in here ever again!”

“You’ve got my word on that,” said Leighton with conviction, seating himself casually on the front of his huge desk. “Now tell me, what *really* happened in there?”

Del Sasso leaned back comfortably and laughed as he looked from one to the other of his admirers. He obviously enjoyed his celebrity status, but he exuded a winning sincerity as well. His charm, when he wanted to turn it on, seemed almost supernatural. *Keep your feet on the ground, and your head out of the clouds!* Carla reminded herself.

“I was in Omega,” said Del Sasso, “with my eyes closed, waiting for the starting signal from Kay. Then you all came in. The moment he entered the lab I *knew* he was there, even though we’ve never met. The Archons identified him as an *enemy*.”

Del Sasso let that sink in for a moment, then continued. “I tried to ignore him and carry on for their sake.” He gestured toward Carla and Viktor. “But I was so tuned into the collective unconscious that his negative thoughts were like

radio static jamming the frequency on which I was receiving the energy. It infuriated me. Finally I just had to call a halt and get him out of there.”

“He told us he shut you down,” said Carla. She wanted to hear from Del Sasso a direct response that would lay to rest Ken’s fundamentalist fantasies once and for all.

Del Sasso’s warm, brown eyes instantly ignited in a blaze of anger. Carla found the sudden transformation too Jekyll and Hydeish for comfort. Yet what he said was persuasive enough. “What makes a man lie like that? I knew every thought he was thinking—pitiful, archaic superstitions about *demons*.” He rolled his large eyes in contempt then turned to Viktor. “How did the little you saw—before I stopped it—compare with the level you’ve reached in the Russia?”

“There’s no comparison. You’re so far beyond anything we’ve achieved—well, it’s obvious that your explanation about the Archons is accurate.” Viktor leaned forward and nodded his head slowly in awed assent. “It certainly confirms my own research, and explains some mysterious events in my lab that I suspect you know all about.”

Such confirmation from Viktor made a strong impression upon Carla, but she still didn’t know what they were talking about.

Leighton could not suppress a smug expression. “So Antonio has been explaining about the Archons, has he?” Seeing Carla’s puzzled look, he suggested to Viktor, “Now that you’re reunited under, shall we say, more relaxed conditions than when you met in Paris, it would be a good idea, when there’s time, to tell Carla some of your past experiences with the Archons.”

“You’ve been in contact with them, too?” asked Carla, turning to Viktor in surprise.

“We’ve been *chastened* by them—severely,” he replied somberly. “I’d like to see further evidence, of course, but so far, everything Dr. Del Sasso—”

“*Antonio*, please, or *Father* Del Sasso, if you prefer,” interjected the psychic graciously.

“—Antonio has said rings true,” continued Viktor. He turned to Leighton. “Perhaps I could show Miss Bertelli—Carla—” His cheeks flushed slightly as he corrected himself. “Perhaps I could show her my video.”

“A great idea!” responded Leighton, looking suddenly like a man who had just remembered he had some extraordinary surprises up his sleeve. “That would give her some insights. And that’s important, because eventually the power that the Archons are training us to use must be shared with the world.” He turned to Carla. “That’s where you come in, if you’re willing, of course. We’ll discuss that

later. It has to be planned carefully.”

Looking questioningly at Del Sasso for confirmation, Leighton suggested, “I don’t think Antonio wants to go back to the lab and start over after that rude interruption.”

Antonio glanced at his watch and shook his head. “I’ve got to get over to lab four. It’s almost time for the daily transmission, and I have to get wired up.” Standing to leave, he shook the outstretched hands of Carla and Viktor. “It was a pleasure to meet you. I’m looking forward to working with you both.”

“I would be highly honored,” said Viktor enthusiastically.

“Well, you’ve certainly impressed me,” added Carla. “Do I understand that you’re willing to give me complete freedom as an investigative reporter?”

“We wouldn’t want it any other way,” Del Sasso assured her instantly, looking her directly in the eyes with an expression of childlike innocence that encouraged total trust.

As Del Sasso left the room, Leighton walked around and seated himself in the oversized executive chair behind his huge desk. The very few papers on top of it were neatly arranged. He obviously ran a tight ship and was well-organized himself. Clasp his hands behind his head, he leaned far back in evident and justifiable satisfaction. “Well, you just got it from the horse’s mouth. Antonio’s something else, isn’t he? In case you’re wondering, he’s still an active Jesuit priest but not a narrow-minded adherent to Christian dogma by any means, as I suppose you can tell. His doctorate’s in Oriental languages. When I first met him he was already a top psychic—developed his powers while studying Buddhism in Japan shortly after the Korean War. I knew immediately he was a natural for the Psitron. So when Ken had his accident and dropped out, I brought in Antonio. He made almost immediate contact with ‘the Nine,’ and it’s been an incredible adventure ever since.”

Leighton paused dramatically for a moment then added, “Instead of just talking about it—since you got cheated out of seeing what Antonio can *really* do—why don’t I just boggle you a bit before we break for lunch. Okay?”

“*Boggle?*” asked Viktor.

“Astonish, amaze, astound,” explained Carla. “Sounds good. Let’s go for it.” Then she leaned over and patted Viktor’s arm. “That’s a highbrow word. I wouldn’t worry about it. Your English is so much better than my French or German. And as for my *Russian*, about all I can say is ‘Good morning,’ ‘How are you?’ and ‘Good bye.’”

Leighton pushed a button and spoke on the intercom to his secretary in an

adjoining room. “Hold all my calls—I won’t be available until after lunch.”

He selected a videocassette from among several stacked neatly in one corner of his desk, walked over to a VCR connected to a huge, curved television screen nearby, and inserted it. Picking up a remote control, he came over to join his two guests on the long sofa. As he started the video he reminded them, “If you have any questions, just let me know and I’ll stop it.”

The video began with Del Sasso seated in an office, eyes closed, a thin wire in his hands, which he was moving slowly in a circular motion, holding it horizontally about six inches above a large-scale map spread out on the desk before him. Suddenly the wire twisted in his fingers and pointed directly at the map. At the same instant, with his eyes still closed, his hands stopped their motion and seemed to hover. An assistant appeared from the side and put a calibrated magnifying device on the map in the designated spot. The camera zoomed in on a nearby computer where the precise latitude and longitude appeared on the monitor.

Leighton pushed the pause button. “This is one of the first practical applications of the Archons’ powers. The coordinates you saw on the computer were obviously changed, but otherwise you witnessed it exactly as it happened. Army engineers are still mapping out the area, but already it promises to be the largest pool of oil ever discovered. It’s in a wilderness location within the continental United States, a site that would surprise any geologist—which may be why it remained unknown. They’ve drilled a number of wells, tested, and capped them. The location, of course, is secret at the moment.”

The next scene that came on the screen was the interior of a huge hothouse shaped like a pyramid. It was filled with a wide variety of vegetable and melon plants. Del Sasso could be seen walking slowly up and down between the long rows, stopping to hold his hands briefly over each plant. That scene merged into another showing several workers in the same location harvesting astonishing quantities of cabbages and cantaloupes the size of basketballs, as well as huge tomatoes, carrots, beets, and other produce, all of prodigious size and superb quality.

Again Leighton paused to comment. “This is another practical application that will benefit the world. Everything you just saw was grown in about two-thirds the normal time and with half the usual amount of water in very poor soil, yet with a vitamin and mineral content far higher than anything being presently produced. The secret is a conversion of psychic energy innate in space, even in a vacuum. The same results can be had in the Sahara, or anywhere. I don’t have to

tell you what this will mean for the world.”

“Now that’s something worthwhile that I could get excited about!” exclaimed Carla. “Is it being done now?”

“Not yet. We need thousands of Del Sassos. They have to be trained, and that can only happen when the Plan has been revealed and accepted by the world’s leaders. That will bring the dawning of a New Age beyond imagination—paradise on earth!”

“The Plan?” asked Viktor warily. “What plan?”

“We don’t have all the details yet, but the Archons have a definite Plan for implementing their solution to the crises we now face. We’ll get into that later. I want to show you one more example of what the Archons can do. It’s something I think you’ll agree could guarantee lasting peace among all nations—and even among individuals.”

Leighton started the video again and Viktor gasped. The scene was now inside his laboratory in Russia. The quality of the image was almost as good as if it were being transmitted live over a clear TV channel. Yakov was being strapped into his chair by Dmitri. Viktor saw himself busily directing the operation from the control room above. The whole traumatic episode unfolded again before his eyes exactly as it had happened. He saw Yakov ripped out of the apparatus and thrown across the room to his death. Viktor groaned and looked away.

Unconsciously, Carla put a comforting hand on Viktor’s arm.

Leighton stopped the film. “I’m sorry,” he said. “I should have warned you beforehand. I guess I got carried away wanting to surprise you.”

“No, it’s okay,” responded Viktor solemnly. “I needed to see it again. Sometimes it seems so unreal—like a nightmare, or something I’ve fantasized.” He turned to Carla. “I guess you could tell that was inside my lab near Moscow?”

“That actually happened?” she asked in astonishment.

Viktor nodded. “That was the third psychic we’d lost.”

“You brought the film with you?”

“I brought some film, but not that.” He turned to Leighton. “Now I know what you mean by ‘boggle.’ I don’t know what to say. So you actually knew everything we were doing?”

“Everything,” said Leighton matter-of-factly.

Carla still did not understand. “How could you get an agent inside his lab?” she asked Leighton. “And how could he take that film without anyone knowing

it?” Before he could respond, she turned to Viktor in bewilderment. “Did you ever suspect that one of your own men was doing this?”

“That’s not how it happened,” replied Viktor. “I know what Frank is going to tell us because we did somewhat the same thing, but our results were Stone Age in comparison.”

Hitching around on the sofa so that he could look directly into their eyes, Leighton leaned in close. It was a gesture of confidentiality toward these two who were being taken into the inner circle. “Del Sasso took that film *with his mind*, sitting right in that lab where you saw him today.” He spoke calmly, but the expression on his face was a crescendo of triumph.

“I can’t believe it!” exclaimed Carla. She looked over at Viktor. He was nodding in awed confirmation.

Leighton’s eyes reflected an excitement that he could hardly contain. “In our vaults here we have thousands of feet of film of secret Russian experiments, not only from Viktor’s lab, but from other labs of various kinds—even films of top-secret, high-level Kremlin meetings.”

Leighton lowered his voice and leaned even closer. “What I’m telling you is highly classified information. It’s not to be shared with anyone until the Archons give the word. You could count on one hand the people outside of this base who know about it. None of the film I just mentioned—and I mean *none* of it—has been seen by anyone in the FBI, the State Department the Pentagon....Such knowledge and power will not be used against the Russians, or against any other nation, so long as they go along with the Plan when the time comes—which will be very soon.”

Leighton let that information sink in for a few moments. He stood and began to pace the floor in silence. At last he began to speak with passion. “Can you see what this means? War will be impossible. Peace will be permanent, and even crime will be no more. In the New World no one will be able to hatch secret plots. There’ll be no subversion, no terrorism. It will be impossible to hide any thought or deed from those in control. Paradise will be restored.”

“Those in *control*?” asked Viktor pointedly. He suddenly looked apprehensive. “Who will that be?”

“The Archons at first, of course,” declared Leighton without hesitation. “Then those who have been chosen by them as channels of their power.”

“And if some nations refuse to accept this new order?” suggested Carla.

“What’s the alternative?” shot back Leighton. “They’d be insane not to go along. The rewards for cooperation are virtually unlimited. Every nation will

have its own psychics—thousands and even millions of them—with powers like Del Sasso's. For the average person, this will bring about an entirely new way of perceiving themselves and the world around them—a transformation that will follow naturally from the daily and routine display of what used to be thought of as impossible. I think you can appreciate from even the little you've seen on the video that such power as this creates a radical change in consciousness, an entirely new way of looking at reality that removes the illusion of limitations that have needlessly enslaved us as a result of our past conditioning. The new conditioning process will come about through the very display of this power. That in itself will produce a new worldview and, as a result, a new world."

Viktor had scarcely heard their exchange. He was still so stunned by what he'd seen that he could hardly find words. "This is absolutely staggering," he murmured, more to himself than to the others. "I thought it was the Archons that killed Yakov, and my superiors insisted it was the Americans. Who was it?"

"It was both," replied Leighton simply.

"Why?" interjected Carla. "Why would they help Del Sasso, and kill the Russian psychics?"

"For the same reason that Viktor defected to the West: Marxist materialism still dominates. It refuses to admit the existence of entities without bodies. The Archons—well, you have to believe in them to work with them."

"I still don't understand the favoritism," persisted Carla. "What's their purpose?"

"They want to help us, and that means the whole world eventually. But at this stage they're working through the Americans because we're the ones who made contact and have faith in them." He looked at Carla sympathetically. "That was Ken's problem. He wouldn't trust them."

"But who are they?" she asked.

"That's almost like asking what is gravity or energy. I don't have a complete answer to that question, and we probably never will because they're so far beyond us. Basically, as I've already said, they're highly evolved beings who have advanced beyond the lower states of bodily dependence. From their higher dimension they've been guiding mankind's evolution for thousands of years. There's no death or time in their dimension, and they say we've reached a critical phase that requires their direct intervention to prevent us from destroying ourselves."

"I don't doubt the need for their intervention," murmured Carla, not entirely convinced. "But I'm not sure I like the way they're going about it."

“You won’t question their wisdom or ability once you’ve worked with them. I guarantee that.”

Viktor still seemed stunned. “Such staggering power. How does it work? Why do they need to channel it through humans—not just one, but thousands and even millions of Del Sassos?”

“They haven’t explained that. I don’t think it’s so much that they *need* to work through a human channel. I think it’s more a case of wanting us to be responsible for ourselves.” Leighton began to pace back and forth again, pondering his words as he spoke. “The impression I get is that they don’t want to do everything for us. We’ve got to learn to do it on our own so we can be independent of them eventually. So they do need Del Sassos. Millions of them have to be trained. That’s our only hope for survival. Time is short, and they must have the cooperation of the world.”

He stopped in front of Carla and stood looking down into her upturned face, studying her carefully. “That’s where you come in. It’s a very delicate situation. If we don’t break this news just right, it could cause worldwide panic or skepticism. One is as bad as the other. We have to generate belief and genuine trust, or it won’t work. Right now Del Sasso is our one link, our one hope. If something should happen to him—well, I don’t even want to think about it.”

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That night Ken and his mother attended, as they regularly did, the weekly prayer gathering at the large home of Hal and Karen Elliott. There were, as usual, a number of “praise items” that were enumerated at the beginning of the meeting by the leader of the group, Roger Andrews, a local attorney. It was considered no less important to give thanks for prayers that had been answered than to make new requests, of which there were always several important ones.

When Ken’s turn came to make his prayer needs known, he stood to address the group. “We’ve had Carla Bertelli and Frank Leighton, as you know, on the prayer list for a long time,” he began earnestly. “I’d like to update you so you can pray more specifically. Carla is back in town and may be getting involved with Frank’s psychic research program—the same one that got me demonized and almost killed. Praise God, that what Satan meant for evil, God turned into good. And that’s how I came to the Lord, as most of you know.”

“Thank you, Lord! Praise God! Thank you, Jesus!” The short expressions of thanksgiving were murmured softly around the room. Most of those present had prayed earnestly the night that Hal and Karen had gone to the hospital to cast the demons out of Ken, and they had watched with joy and excitement his rapid

growth in the faith.

“The psychic who took my place,” continued Ken solemnly, “is heavily demon-possessed. I don’t think there’s any doubt about that. I’m afraid Carla is so impressed by what she thinks are psychic powers that she’ll be sucked right into the whole delusion. She needs to have her eyes opened to the truth. Please pray specifically that she will become disillusioned—that the mask will slip enough for the real evil behind this to become obvious to her.”

He started to sit down, then remembered Viktor. “Please pray also for the top Russian scientist in psychic research who has joined Leighton’s team. I think he has some doubts. Pray that the Lord will deliver him also.” After a moment’s pause, he added thoughtfully, “Of course, they’ll both have to be willing. It’s a choice they have to make. So just pray that God will do everything possible to confront them with the truth so they can at least make an intelligent choice. Right now they’re under heavy deception, which can only get worse as long as they remain under the influence of Leighton and his team.”

There were, of course, many other prayer requests, and the meeting, as usual, went on until nearly midnight. These people had come to the firm conviction that prayer involved more than briefly stating a string of casual requests. There was a fervent earnestness and persistence in their prayers as they not only laid before God the many needs, but appealed repeatedly to Scripture and God’s grace and love in support of their requests.

Though the hour was late, the participants lingered when the meeting at last broke up. Don Jordan, the FBI’s West Coast Director of Counterintelligence and stationed at the local office, shook hands warmly with Ken. “Good to see you again, brother. I’ll sure be praying daily for those requests you mentioned.” He took Ken by the arm and said in a low voice, “Could we step outside for a moment?”

When they were away from the house in a corner of the dimly-lit backyard, Jordan said, “I wonder if I could ask you something. You said a Russian scientist has joined Leighton’s team?” Ken nodded.

“No Russian that would qualify for such a job has been in the country that I know of,” added Jordan, “which means he’s got to be a high-level defector—and a very recent one that I don’t even know about. Is that correct?”

“That’s right. Carla didn’t give me any details. She only mentioned that it happened in Paris two weeks ago at the First International Congress on Parapsychology. She apparently played a key role in helping him make his break.”

Don shook his head in disbelief. “That means only one thing: Leighton’s operation must be under some government agency, and I suspect it’s the CIA. Nobody else could have a top-level defector that quickly. It usually takes months, and even years, for clearance. You’re sure about this?”

“Absolutely. I was there and saw him myself.”

“There’s nothing like bureaucracy,” said Don with a resigned shrug. “The left hand never tells the right hand what it’s doing. You’d think *somebody* would have told us that a brand-new Russian defector was going to be working in our area. The Russians may very well make an attempt either to recover or to kill this man. But does anyone tell me? No, I just happen to find out by accident!”

“Do the Russians normally go after defectors?” asked Ken in surprise. “You don’t read about that sort of thing.”

“It rarely gets into the news. If he’s a big enough fish—which this man sounds like—they’d go after him if they knew where he was. That’s precisely why defectors with high-level classified information to give, or covert ties, are given a new identity and disappear at least for a few years, until they’re not ‘hot’ anymore. I don’t think there’s any doubt that the Russians will find out where he is—and that means we’ve got problems!” He shook his head again in disbelief. “I can’t believe the CIA wouldn’t tell us.”

“Maybe they planned to tell you. He just got there last night. Anyway, it’s like a fortress out there,” added Ken. “I don’t think the Russians could possibly get at him.”

Don smiled and shook his head. “The Russians have an elite corps that handles just such jobs, and they’re very efficient. I’m going to call my office right away.”

“The CIA must know what they’re doing.”

“I wouldn’t count on it—not if *my* life depended on it.” He put a hand on Ken’s shoulder. “And you’re sure your ex-fiancée helped this defector escape?”

Ken nodded. “That’s what she said.”

“If the Russians know that—and they probably do—then she’s in big danger. Revenge is a powerful motive, even for the FSB. Do you know where she’s staying?”

“At the Hilton, as of last night.”

“I’ll have someone check on her now and then. That’s the best I can promise. The CIA should really have someone assigned to her day and night.”