

Blessing from Venus  
to  
Dana Howard

# MY FLIGHT TO VENUS

by

DANA HOWARD



*This book is based on a true, mystical experience heralding the coming of interplanetary spacecraft long before the advent of the "flying saucer."*

(Cover design by—Norman Yeckley)

WILLING PUBLISHING COMPANY

P. O. Box 51  
San Gabriel, California

1.954 , 89 PAGES

IN 1938

and a writer of real ability, some fifteen years ago had a profound mystical and psychical experience concerning spacecraft and the Venusians. The details of that experience are set forth in the pages which follow.

Some readers will at once object that it all sounds too "imaginary." I have the word of Dana Howard that the substantial elements of her narrative are genuinely true, that is, the mystical experience was definite and veridical.

Of course, one cannot argue profitably about the subjective experiences of others. It is all too easy to dismiss them as imaginary or fanciful. One of the principal values of this book, I believe, is the light it sheds upon Venusian ideas and culture. I hope Dana Howard will be encouraged to expand her visions and give us much more detail about life and civilization in "other worlds" than suffering planet earth.

Surely the coming years and decades will turn the attention of earthlings—even our vaunted and hardy materialists—to life on other planets. The atomic age will see to that. Ere long we shall fly to the moon, and then to more distant bodies. "Space" now challenges us in every way, and we need to compare and evaluate information from all sources, including the supernormal, mystical and psychical.

Metaphysically inclined readers will sense at once the worth of this book, and will read many thoughts between the lines.

\* The etheric planes in the final analysis are dimensions of consciousness, and the most ready approach we have to these is through our own higher modes of awareness.

\* So Dana Howard is among those pioneering the New Age consciousness. I wish her success and God-speed, and trust that this good book will reach with its many inspirations the thousands who hunger for food that is "not of this earthly vale."

GILBERT N. HOLLOWAY, D.D. Ph.D.

FOOTNOTE:

In an addendum attached to the back of this book the reader will find the answers to many profound questions frequently asked the writer. Many of these answers reveal startling facts that might in a large measure help to clear up some of today's Saucerian mystery.

1.

IN 1938

Our tiny Taylorcraft plane munched sloppily along through a labyrinth of tangled air currents, the nose of the sleek yellow job pitched downward at a dangerous angle, as if sniffing the earth for a safe place to land.

Stephen, my fiance, knew the dangers of flying too low over Superstition's unpredictable mountain, but I had urged him on that I might catch a glimpse of the deep and lonely interior, said to be still untrodden by the footprints of man. All my life I had loved adventures in danger, and the accompanying thrills, and this to me was a grand adventure.

Suddenly, Stephen's face went pale and the muscles of his neck stood out in taut knots. Automatically, an unsteady hand reached for the throttle.

"We're caught in a downdraft," he yelled hysterically.

I sat rigid in my seat, experiencing that first terrifying emotion of fear, which turned just as quickly to courage. It was an endless moment for the light weight craft, now trapped in the rushing tide of space, seemed to be turning a succession of somersaults. Every cell in my body jammed in a whirling, swirling motion. It was a ghastly feeling, one moment upright, the next on my head. All about us the canyon walls were careening dizzily, the space between us and terra firma literally alive with angry little demons, each one assigned to the job of our destruction. I'm sure in that moment both Stephen and I caught a glimpse of that ever present Eternity.

Stephen finally cut the switch:

"Hold tight dear," he yelled. "I've got to make a crash."

I gripped my safety belt and braced my body for the fall. There was still a blind chance we might make an upright landing, but it seemed so hopeless. If only the dancing walls would stand still. But they sped past us faster and faster, revealing strata after strata of volcanic earth that in the days long ago had been forced up from the bottom of the dark, canyon floors.

I knew that only a miracle could save us from being dashed to pieces on the swaying rocks, but I still believed in miracles.

The cosmic clock ticked off its final toll. Beneath me I felt a violent jolt . . . a crash . . . then a rip and a tear. The light in my mind went out. It was midnight at high noon. Though my eyes were open, they were unseeing. My lips went through the motions of articulation, but no words came forth. Locked in a grip of numbness, I sat frozen with dread uncertainty. The moments passed, but they were only agonizing dots in time where nothing seemed real in a world of reality. I wasn't sure whether I was still a part of the mortal world, or whether I had taken refuge across that evanescent borderline of death.

At the end of what seemed an indeterminable length of time, awareness returned. My first thought was for Stephen. He seemed to be all right. Next my mind flew to our little yellow buzz-bird. Poor thing! She had dropped her fuselage. The left wing was ripped off. The landing gear was washed out, and the motor loose from its mount, had dropped to the ground. Only the tail group was left intact.

Moreover, we were trapped in the dense interior of Arizona's Superstition Mountain. I knew the dangers that lurked over every inch of the cactus-carpeted mesas and the precipitous rugged cliffs. All about us there was evidence of terrific volcanic upheavals. In some places there were heavy layers of basaltic slag that through the eons of time had been thrust up through the sedimentary formations. In other places the pounding of the elements had made narrow, dangerous gorges dotted with stagnant water holes, the home of death-dealing wild life and poisonous reptiles. But, more virulent than all was the age-old curse of Superstition, for no man had ever lived to tell the true story of this monolith's fabulous gold.

I managed somehow to crawl out of the plane, then dragged myself over the hot sands, coming to rest finally beneath a patch of

shade temporarily loaned by a sprawling creosote bush. How long I lay there I do not know, but I was suddenly aware of sounds like the roar of an earthquake beneath me. Simultaneously with these sounds, my body became alive with a peculiar tingling glow. In an instant the feeling permeated every cell and atom of my being, and I seemed to be dancing to the ecstasy of strange, polarized currents. The door to my mind opening and closing caused my consciousness to swing back and forth between reality and unreality.

I leaped to my feet as if to herald in, some cosmic drama. Then *IT* came, starting at my ankles like a gorgeous display of lighted fireworks . . . a transcendent violet flame that fanned out until it enveloped my body like an aura of sacred fire. As the flames grew in intensity, extending over a wide periphery, it raced through every cell, cleansing and purifying as it went. Channels of my mind that had been tightly closed before, opened up like an enchanted lotus flower. I was vibrant, magnetic, and I could feel the effervescence of an enthusiasm I had never felt before. My heart, beating in rhapsodic rhythm was tuned in now with the heartbeat of the universe. I was no longer a citizen of a little inhibited world, but a guest in the World Universal. I was no longer a separate entity, a human personality, but a part and parcel of every inch of God's glorious creation. In that moment I knew as others before me have known, the true meaning of the UNITY and ONENESS of ALL.

The sacred flame grew into a holocaust of splendor, continuing for an indefinite time. It finally died away leaving only an essence. Alive with the fire of creation, everything within my range of vision had changed. The landscape, the wild flowers, the trees . . . they all fairly scintillated with an array of gorgeous hues that had nothing to do with the Arizona sunshine. They were not something apart now. I was ONE with them. They were ONE with me. In those sacred moments I came to know the meaning of life. With the opening of the channels of perception, the living reality of all things, I understood with clarity. Being no longer bound to the bondage of earth, my mind and my soul were free to travel at will.

Again my attention was captured by the rumbling sounds. Now, interspersed with the vaporings of my mind, came bits of conversation . . . fragmentary sentences about temples of pure gold, interplanetary spaceships, people from other planets. Then, coming to-