

while I sought to watch the treacherous roadway. He spoke of having come from a remote place to visit persons under his jurisdiction in the Philadelphia area. He complained that his superiors had not given him sufficient advice on how much money to bring and what sort of clothes to wear and had even given him an initially incorrect destination. He noted that he was normally not allowed to talk so much and marvelled that I would hear him out. The storm worsened and we actually had to take refuge at a motel for the night. I paid for his accomodation and while we waited for a late meal he told me more incredible material. He was actually from another planet in another galaxy (having spoken at many prophecy conferences, I am not shocked at anything). People travelled from his planet, not by slow things like rockets or space ships but by transference tablets...an ingested material that dissolved one where he was and reconstructed him where he should be (or was going to be)...the elements never really leaving any place but concurrent elements reassembling at the other place. Persons on his planet who were guilty of some error were given one tablet and transferred to some other place with no means of coming back! Earth, it developed, was a favorite transfer dump. And most of the people sent here, he noted, were model citizens since they hoped by good behavior to be returned. He was not sure this ever happened but since he was an inspector and collected fines paid by these people on earth, he encouraged the idea. I listened politely...having had to listen to a lot of similar sounding stuff in the teaching of Seminary all these years...and eventually excused myself and retired. Oh, yes, the planet he was from was pronounced Koosbane and spelled Kuisbeighn. That is the fabled planet sought on the Muppet show in the segment known as "Pigs in Space". My rider noted that many of his people looked like the picture on the "smiling porker" package and he suggested that the creator of such a program might be an exile...hoping by good behavior to get home.

To my amazement when I awoke in the morning, he was gone and even more to my amazement was the fact that the motel clerk denied having seen him with me the night before. I drove off bewildered...perhaps a very bad dream caused by the storm. Try as I would I could not dismiss the matter from my mind and even after getting home was deep in thought about it. Dumb ideas that people have. My wife was away for a few days and I went about the normal chores and later in the evening removed such things as might be left in the car after a trip of snacking, etc. Suddenly I was dumbfounded to find a paper sack

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