

My Out of Body Experiences, by Woodrow M. Riley 8/12/2008

My out of body experience did not happen like we all think they happen, lying on a hospital gurney and all that TV play dough stuff. Actually, I had two, several years apart. The first was back around 1992. But why should you know about it or care? Well, I suspect many people and most Americans must be having my experience and we need to tie up this knowledge gap.

My accident was on March 27, 1989. Some of my treating physicians later decided -based on their level of reasoning which was grossly incomplete and therefore flawed- that my accident was a failed suicide attempt... but I did not know that for years yet to come. It took time to pass for me to begin unraveling the damning case they would build against me.

My legs (calf muscles) had been squashed by 8,000 ft-lbs of force in the form of a large bale of crushed paper from grocery stores which fell across them as I was projected away, having already had the bale glance my shoulder blade. So my torso was blasted forward like a rocket. But by that time the speed of Gravity had the bale going even faster than that, so it caught me in the legs just below the knees... that were pile-driven into the asphalt.

The staff of Williamsburg General Hospital and Dr. Charles Wilhelm moved quickly to help me but since I was an out-of-town truck driver there was not any relatives to sign for me to go directly into surgery, as my right foot had been squashed forward and bent up to the shinbone. The ankle was demolished. There was need for a Consent Form to be signed, so without relatives I had to sign it myself, except there was a lawful waiting period imposed of 4 hours.

During that time I was pumped with morphine, of course. But they brought me out of sedation once to sign the form then I was back out, but then they woke me again later and told me in my fog that something about they had me sign the form too soon and another 4 hours would have to pass for my signature consent to be legal. Despite killing 8 hours waiting time the doctor and staff did a great job I guess. (I am laying the foundation for my first out-of-body experience so it takes a few pages.)

My torso was going out thataway at the speed of light, yet my head turned back to where I caught a glimpse of the bale as it smashed my legs. It was a blur it was falling faster than anything. A few years later I would be researching Force and acceleration and whatnot as I began my inventing, and found out that my forward torso speed -and direction- added to the downward speed and direction my legs were pulled had added up to what is called a "Vector Force". So my chest was whipped into the asphalt as if riding the tip of a whip.

All I got treated for at the hospital was my ankle damage. My swollen stomach and organs, the shock I was in from such an awesome couple of blasts hitting me 4 times (the 4th time was the bale bounced off my legs and dropped on them again), crushed circulatory system, to my knowledge none of these multiple courses of shock were addressed other than what the double dose of 8 hours worth of morphine did, followed by more morphine.

I came out of it several nights later as the morphine wore off. I was in some serious agony that was excruciating, so I asked for a painkiller. The night nurse seemed to have an attitude towards me, which was crazy and weird I thought, but the agony continued and still nothing from the nurse. So the phone next to the bed, I called my wife 180-some miles away, and then I did something they really got ticked off about. I called the hospital's own Emergency Room and asked them to send someone to my room to help me.

The night nurse was not laughing then. Over the next year, into April 1990, I was to remain high as a kite but in the summer of 1990 there was a massive hurricane in the Gulf that hit around Louisiana and I felt it bad. Must have been the change in air pressure; I felt it all the way up to Roanoke VA, a deep aching inside, so I called Dr. Moskal. He issued me Tylenol with Codeine as he thought I was a jokester. His laughter rang in my phone and in my soul.

As I began to understand the pervasiveness of this attitude toward me I began to become rather appalled because **these people giving me so much attitude had never met me before.** But this was only the beginning. After I came down finally off the high in April 1990 (after finishing the novel I had written full of inventions and other ideas, like how to get massive amounts of Gold from the Pacific Ocean using the intense heat of Death Valley~Badwater and getting electricity from lightning), my spine began twisting, contorting in two different directions both left and right.

My lungs and heart began to fail. I was breathing little gasps of air at a time and began to realize I was about to die, so I went to a chiropractor who had treated my wife, Dr. Paul Cronk. Dr. Cronk saved my life. It took him 9 and 10 months to stop my spine from twisting so much it was about to kill me. Worker's Compensation of Virginia refused to pay this doctor's \$1,000.00 in charges... for saving my life. I later realized the chest impact had caused endometriosis.

Which was Step #2 toward my out-of-body experiences, a period when I began waking up and smelling the coffee of just how many people were beginning to do some really out-of-character stuff from what I thought should be happening. Like, I thought doctors cared, or hey, I thought Worker's Comp paid for needed medical treatment. I was messed up and yet my eyes were opening up too. The smell of napalm coffee was in the air and it was my life starting to burn down to the ground like a Vietnamese hut filled with children.

Somewhere in this garbled mess, which I think was after seeing Dr. Cronk but maybe during, I began getting really depressed. Since I had never been assigned a proper main physician, which was why Worker's Comp had refused to pay Dr. Cronk by the way, that I did not have a proper referral to him, I had obtained the services of Gentry Locke Rakes and Moore, a local Roanoke law firm I got their name from a successful newspaper article, but on the way to the Worker's Comp meeting I was informed my lawyer was not coming. I was very ill and hardly able to know what to do then, because after all, I had gotten a lawyer because I knew I did not know what to do...

So his young stand-in gave me the option of getting another appt or going in with him instead. Driving to the meeting was a hardship on me. I was barely able to walk and using a cane, so I decided to go on in and get it over with. The result of this fiasco was that Worker's Compensation of Virginia took away my family's disability check. It is difficult for me not to fault the Gentry Locke Rakes and Moore missing-in-action lawyer who left me to defend myself and lose.

My family suffered that summer for 5 months. We lived like beggars. Anything my sons would ask for they had to be told no, we can't afford that, so from their childhood perspective it was one crummy summer. Perhaps that was 1990 or 1991, maybe even 1992. My memory of Dates has begun to fade but the actions of these people will never fade. [The only thing the Riley Family was missing for was for each of us to be strung up beside Jesus and nailed to a cross|stauros.](#)

Over an honest **On-The-Job accident?!**

So the depression set in real bad and I went to see a psychiatrist for help, Dr. William Clarkson whose office was beside Lewis-Gale Hospital in Salem VA. Maybe I saw him before the Worker's Comp hustle or after, but no matter, not really. He diagnosed me as being Bipolar and Lithium Carbonate was started that after 12 years began destroying my stamina (motor cortex). My condition was really bad. I had a problem with balance. Being shot like a rocket from a cannon had affected my inner ears. So we tried another lawyer whose name I forget right off. Anyway, my body was bloated by excess fluid. I was in fact swollen from head to toe. That too was handled badly but I figured out something from that failure and it was becoming crystal clear too, that all these people having this attitude about me seemed to have decided my accident on the job must have been a failed suicide attempt... so that no matter who I would see from then on, whether a night nurse, an orthopedic specialist, a shrink, the members of the Worker's Compensation Board of Virginia here in Roanoke, and finally whew, **even my own lawyers were all deciding and agreeing with my opposition that I was a suicidal casualty deserving to lose.**

Drip, drip, drip I hear Christ's blood hitting the ground.

I had been rolled over by an Angle-Saxon-owned [Chinese tank in Tiananman Square Virginia](#) manned by all these people who in fact barely knew anything about me. Disconnected people, yet somehow a thread of continuity began to emerge even to the Blind, Deaf and Dumb clear enough to see. We were getting trampled by a herd in a hurry to get to Big Sur.

It was at that time I first began feeling like a third person, **floating as if dead looking down on my corpse**. We were being systematically extinguished. And yet, I made a decision to remain an optimist. After all, surely this kind of treatment was a fluke, a mistake. I had not done a thing to harm any of these people and, point of fact, they were getting paid off of my accident, so why should people I am paying be stomping me in the ground for? **My next out-of-body experience was not that group endeavor lasting many years** (nor was it really out of body. I will explain later, below.) I have written about it before now but this time I want to go into more detail. **It's important people know**. I had found a new doctor at Carilion on McClanahan here in Roanoke. His name was Dr. Donald Steinweg.

I went to him for close to 18 months ending around 2002 I think it was. While I have no need to bash Dr. Steinweg this is involving him. I had gone to him with **GREAT HOPES HE WOULD HELP ME**. I was still unable to walk for the same awesome pain I had in my feet and had told Dr. Workman about in 1993... so I couldn't even work Part-Time to help my sons or do much of anything but watch TV (leading into circulatory diseases I knew would come later if I didn't get some real doctor care). But I had a good feeling about Dr. Steinweg, that he was going to take my medical needs to heart and help me get out of this "ill health prison" I had been relegated to since 1989.

My last doctor visit with him I was sitting on the exam table/cot and he was typing, seated directly opposite the cot as I was telling him my medical issues. So then everything went black and I mean everything. I had a total cessation of awareness that I was even alive, and yet somehow I knew it was the blackest black I had ever experienced. Not from the time I jumped my bike in the air and landed full force on my forehead with my neck bent completely backward I had never seen it this black before. The bike jump well, heh heh heh, I admit I saw plenty of stars and should have by all rights died instantly from a broken neck...

All my senses had shut off. No hearing, no seeing, no feeling my heartbeat in my chest, no smell of the doctor's pressed white robe or the smell of a linoleum tile floor. I could have panicked but this was not exactly the first time something like this had happened to me. I had died from drowning as a 12YO child, but much more recently in 1983 I had went into a Lyme's disease coma on the couch when we lived in Knollwood, off Rt. 460 in Blue Ridge VA.

I decided to wait instead of panic.

My eyes opened up. The doctor was gone from his seat. As you can imagine, closing your eyes with someone seated in front of you and opening them with them gone well, it's something you never forget. So my eyes were set forward when he spoke to me, so I looked to the left and there he was! He had moved to another chair and I had not heard him move, which if you understood my hearing is exceptional, that I hear frequencies from the nearby Roanoke Airport probably few people can hear, then you would better understand my surprise I hadn't heard him move to the other chair.

He was calm. He looked casually down to his watch then looks up, **telling me I had been "gone" for exactly 3 minutes.** I can't even tell you if my heart was beating those 3 minutes. Jesus was dead for the better part of three days. **Who can miss a connection like that?** I had experienced what Jesus Christ experienced, being dead in a tomb, except that my tomb was my own dead body and nonfunctioning dead brain.

Did Dr. Steinweg check me? No, he patted me on the back as was his usual manner and wished me a safe drive home See ya on yer next visit Mr. Riley. But there would be no next visit because after getting back home I realized he had sent a comatose man to drive 8 miles down the interstate & highways besides other people after I had died. He has not seen me since that day. My trust in him, my belief in him, was all an illusion I was choosing to believe was real. He was like all the others before him, believing all the lies.

My Dates by now may be slightly off, but what happened remains with me to this day. I was desperately wanting his medical expertise and he had strung me along for 18 months pretending to help me while apparently believing all the junk the previous doctors and lawyers and nurses had bought into... except of course Drs. Cronk, Workman and later, Malinchak. They knew the truth, the real extent of my injuries plus having both bipolar and a rare thyroid disorder that the two conditions seriously mangled my mental ability to make good judgements to where I would let a bale fall on me on March 27 1989.. Nothing was set up or faked. It all just happened while I stood watching in amazement a parade of do-nothing medical care I knew long ago in 1993 was taking me toward serious circulatory diseases **a direct result of 37 years never having had anything approaching real healthcare, even much less after 1989 including now.**

Since my "doctors" were falling so short of doing their job, to the point they could throw me into a catatonic state in Dr. Steinweg's office from suddenly realizing what they were all doing and more specifically, that this man here claiming to be "my doctor" had **cost me another EIGHTEEN MONTHS OUT OF MY LIFE by his pretending to be trying to help me...** this all hit me straight between the eyes like a brickmason's fist. All these dis-connected people purposely leaving me all crippled up in so many various ways, they were connected. They were doing Satan's bidding to try and stop me. **But from doing what?**

Well, I had been baptized early as a child, not by water baptism but a baptism of accepting Christ Jesus nonetheless. After surviving the car crash that scarred me down my forehead when I was a few months old, then after being flung from a moving car when I was about 3-4 years old, sailing through the air flipping over to smash the back of my head, when I was about 5 years old at Sunday school I accepted Christ Jesus.

I did not know who I was to be, that I would invent some glorious engines and discover something called "Imitation/Artificial Energy", but Satan the Devil knew exactly who I was. But he didn't have to mess up my life because it was already messed up. I had fallen from a barrel when I was 11 years old, which cracked a lower vertebrae, so that plus the bipolar and thyroid not warming me up in the cold (anything under 86 degrees putting me into hypothermia), Satan's job should have been done and over with.

hehehe Except for the accidents in 1986 and 1989 that destroyed some of my brain cells, allowing new ones to come in... uh-huh... So then it started in earnest, this smashing of my psyche to a point where he hoped I would be a nice little bipolar and commit suicide, to a point where a doctor could throw me out of my conscious brain into a death state limbo. Anger from figuring out lightning?

The pattern seen in all this is unmistakable: Satan has been killing me over and over all my life and Jesus has been bringing me back to life. It doesn't get any plainer writing on the wall than that. The more the Devil killed me [the stronger I came back](#). But like most people will do, I tried to avoid this conclusion from 1989 til 2002, and even avoided it longer than that too. I did not fully accept these conclusions as even being possibly true til after I figured out getting electricity from lightning in 1989, assuming I figured it out, and even then I said NO WAY.

But in 2003 when I saw how to make the failed "air-powered car engine" built by Dr. Abraham Hertzberg work really well by adding steam as a catalyst, making the liquid compressed air explode rather than just lackadaisical expand... I began to consider the idea more, that my life of pain had a larger purpose. And yet I still doubted. However, in February 2005 I suddenly came to understand how to make a **back to back "dual waterwheel" that substituted metal balls for water molecules**... and realizing this engine makes it possible to live anywhere, on any planet, having full electrical power... well, that brought me to my knees then.

Many has been the time when I thought all my inventing was done. Like when I released the Millennial Dawn system on November 14 2005 to show everyone the world over that no people after any hurricane like Katrina would ever have to die from their refrigerators stopped for lack of power, or die from their life support in the hospital stopping for lack of power, I had to see God's Hand in all of it. I had to accept that God was using me much as **Christ chose the 12, then the 120, then the 144,000. God through Christ can choose any of us to be his vessel to accomplish certain deeds, sometimes also using angels.**

You see, when the Devil tempted Jesus, Jesus had a lot going for him. When the Devil used Pharaoh against Moses, Moses had everything. So the Devil had to finally in desperation say to God: yeah, they kept their faith; Job too. But they had noble birth and some even wealth. Give me a child from before he was born. Let me use nuclear bomb testing radiation to mess up his parent's sperm and egg so his thyroid makes hormone his body can't use. Let me stomp the kid over & over, drown him, have a car run him down, get him blacklisted by the US government so they'd never use his ideas or inventions and **stuff a pillow over his face for 12 years with untreated sleep apnea and if he survives that, try a few years of water+boarding**. We will see if he stands up then because I know he will fall. I haven't & I better not. You might need me (last 3 sentences).

I've lived under this lash all my life and no matter how many lookalikes they roll out on Coast-to-Coast AM telling various versions of my story in hopes of tricking you into a dazed See Miracles Everywhere state so you will not believe my testimony, keep you believing in aliens and any other satanic lies, the proof is in the pudding. I have shown what no other person on Earth has shown you, one engine after another that produces no air pollution, zero emissions power.

I have shown you all what Jehovah God our Creator wanted you to see, that He has designed this universe with an incredible bounty of energy and power believers can have for eternity.

I solved cancer to a large extent with powerful nutrition products filled with antioxidant 10-berries powder, carrot powder and shitake mushroom powder and more (Oxy-Nectar) and that taking some Ibuprofens along with it relaxes the cell membranes so the super-hungry & -thirsty cancerous cells sops it up and burns up from an internal acid burn death by gluttony... and even further, that the nutrition flooding even **enabled my body to overproduce my own stem cells to regrow or rehealthy my right side that was dying in mid-August 2006**.

Lazarus walked from a tomb and got away with it but the Devil learned from it, so this time I have walked from multiple tombs and his trick on you is to roll out as many imitations as he can on late night radio stations who refuse to acknowledge my e-mails... that has been happening a long time now with many people, few of whom reply once they know I am the real article of confederation carrying God's Blessings to Man not man's We Can Solve it We Can Make him whole again chant.

Why is that?! Is it they can sense my spiritual strength as they sensed Jesus', crying out to him "Have you come to afflict us before the appointed time?" I have no power but by the Grace of God giving them through me ~a highschool graduate who could not attend college because **MY THYROID QUIT AND I COULD NOT PROCESS INFORMATION**~ I have all the engines mankind will ever need, from God not me. From God, who has shown through healing me how to defeat cancer no laboratory stem cell melanoma cancer researchers required.

Some months ago in the News they told of a young boy who had swallowed some water while swimming then had died later after getting home. They call it a "dry drowning". I went down 3 times at Traveltown Swim "Club" in Cloverdale Virginia. I breathed in a vast amount of water that had me waterlogged at home til I passed out. A lifeguard pulled me out I suppose. I came to on the concrete sidewalk by the pool. That's all it was anyway, a swimming pool. They called it a "Swim Club" so they could exclude Blacks. No one knew CPR; it hadn't been invented yet. Dragging my body scraping it over the pool side concrete must have helped keep me alive. My eyes opened to the bright sun. I was surrounded by people who knew I was dead, waiting for somebody to make the call. There wasn't any "dry drowning" later either. But, this Devil-Satan keeps rolling out imitations to try and dissuade you by bringing more people into the lineup claiming to have had my experiences. They are being rolled out like more shells in the shellgame because the government and the false prophet is scared to death you might become one of Jehovah's Witnesses like me and stop fighting: **Peace might break out!** A world full of fakes popping up like Jack in the Box restaurants, people who love this world without a God and want this world to continue on out into Outer Space godless to a man. They'll lie their own mother into the grave to do it. Anything to stop a true testimony.

That isn't all, not by a long shot. They have their people taking my peaceful inventions and turning them into yet more weapons of war. One day they might turn them on you. Why not; they turn them on anyone else they want. About 2 years after inventing the Millennial Dawn system they rolled out a new railgun that fires a million bullets a second using magnetism. Whether they got stimulated by my inventions is debatable but isn't it interesting the same time I am making the best engine mankind has ever had there they are deploying the best killing machine super Gatling gun ever built? **Would any truly "God-fearing nation" do that? There are many claiming to be "God's People", but are they?**

How much more evidence do you need anyway? We are living inside a shellgame of a very real Satan's structured lies, and the one person who has been greatly blessed to improve your lives beyond anything you have ever dreamed possible, even to two systems for [anti-Gravity flight-space travel](#), has had 20 years and a lifetime of seriously missing medical care for multiple illnesses and several real deaths, and here we are you still do not have them [5 years later?](#) [3 years later?](#) [19 years later?](#) They just keep piling up. Then this year I was slyly holocaust poisoned with repeated cans of freon for 3 weeks in my own apartment into severe cardiac distress on **May 2, 10 days before Pentecost**, Satan's usual last big push to off me. There's real and there's Memorex => I'm the real; not a radio voice from a sound studio's staged phone calls trying to keep you [confused about God's Plan](#). It's time you see that this artificial reality is being imposed on us by an alien named Satan => [unmasked at last](#). Call me, not the radio show, when the cluster of killer asteroids get here. I may be the only one who knows how to deflect them to another path. I am the correct choice from the lineup.

[I am](#)