

Into the Light

by Sharon Rose Poet

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This book was written in the back seat of an Oldsmobile, when I was trying to figure out who had targeted me. . . before I realized that I was a long term "Targeted Individual" and all that this entailed. Into the Light was originally entitled, "Out of the Dark" and is an example of what a victim of microwave weapons and covert harassment can go through as we try to figure out what is happening to us and why.

I have let go of the public sharing of this book, until I can do the edits that it has needed from the start. It was never intended to be publicly shared the way it was. I had uploaded it, in 2010, out of a fear for my life, literally, and had not thought about all that was in it.

I have not had the freedom to completely comb through it and figure out all of the reasons why I have gotten so much flack about the book being on the web. Apparently many different people have had a serious issue with it. But I have re-read enough of it to understand how parts of it could have offended some people.

I think that some of those who target me wanted this book shared the way it was. I am not sure why. Parts of it may have even been altered by those who have had my computers infiltrated. Its all too much for me to fully figure out and deal with, at this point. So, after much going back and forth and wondering what to do and attempts to explain it, (while still being targeted) I have decided to just let it go until my heart is free to do the proper edits and explanations.

I am deeply sorry for any distress that my publicly sharing this book caused other people, as well as myself.

Below is the first chapter – a little introduction.

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- Introduction -

Into the Light is a unique story, which shines a light into some of humanity's darkest closets and is sure to test our ability to listen to our hearts and remain open minded.

It is a true story about a woman who is lifting her pen in an effort to pick the shattered pieces of her life from trenches of adversity, while fighting against unbelievable odds. Her old rusty car is the home she writes in and her faith is all that keeps her going as she ventures out onto the fragile ends of limbs to share her story.

WARNING: This book is filled with depth and rushed, unedited writing. Please do not consume it with your mind. For best results, read with your Heart. When ingested properly, it offers countless opportunities for growth.

- Chapter One -

Sharon reluctantly woke, after just a couple hours sleep, as February's frosty New Hampshire morning crept into the rusty 1989 Oldsmobile she slept in. She stretched her cramped legs, quickly shoved her blanket aside, climbed into the front seat and quickly drove to a nearby gas station, in order to use the restroom.

After relieving the pressure, which had been causing discomfort in her abdomen through half the night, she rushed back to her car, cranked the heater up and tucked her cold hands under her legs. Her long brown hair, which was streaked with grey, fell forward and helped keep her face warm as she rested her forehead on the steering wheel and shivered, while impatiently waiting for warm air to rise from the floor vents.

As she began warming up she pulled a small green cooler from the floor in front of the passenger seat. Her hands still quivered as she unzipped the top and pulled out a loaf of bread, an old plastic knife, a jar of peanut butter and a sticky container of honey. She jabbed the knife into the jar of honey, finding it too hard to use.

After making a plain peanut butter sandwich she licked the knife until it was clean, and tucked it back into the cooler for use on her lunch sandwich. Sanitation was not one of her primary concerns, these days.

Deep, rumbling sounds echoed from her lungs as she coughed. If she had the money and time she'd do a bit of research and make an herbal remedy for herself, like she used to in the days when she'd owned her own home and had more resources available to her.

But what affected her lungs was not a normal illness. And there wasn't much she could do about it at this point, except the Reiki, which did seem to be healing them.

This morning was similar to most others since the Alstead flood in 2005. But this February of 2010 was delivering the coldest, most challenging winter to her homeless plight.

She'd stuffed her pride in her pocket to aim for a welfare office on a couple occasions, but because she has no young children and is not permanently disabled and has no home, there was no real help available to her. She was on her own.

Sharon was feeling hurt by the lack of care in the people around her. The chips were down - had been down for a few years, and she was finding out who her friends were. Actually, she'd already found out that she had no true friends in the people she'd been closest to in past years. They had faded into the past as she climbed into her writings and then crashed financially.

She had faced so much tragedy in the past decade that some of her friends had found it too painful to continue witnessing; Some looked down on her because she no longer had the money to own her own home. Some resented her courage, her strength, her heart; and most of them added to her pain through obvious lack of care for her. She'd written this poem for one of these friends who had heartlessly turned her away with expressed disgust for her homeless plight.

Final Mile

*Life is not about smiling and pretending all is well.
We can still feel the good times, while comforting the hell.
When I dance the joyful part, you love my cheery smiles.
But then you turn away when I wade the teary miles.
I must walk them both, until my work is done.
And I don't want to cry my final mile alone.
But can I be for you all that I need for me?
Can I hold your hand until your heart is free?*

There was a time when Sharon owned a large, comfortable, country home. But she's been through so much since then, that her memories of comfort and safety seem to drift in through a thick fog and arrive in such a faded state that she sometimes wonders if any of it was real, even though she knows it was.

After washing her sandwich down with a few sips of water from a plastic gallon jug, she drove to a quiet spot next to a bridge, which spanned the narrows of a small cove near Rye, New Hampshire. She locked her doors, pulled a box from her back seat and hugged it while sending a silent thank you to her daughters for pitching in to buy her this new lap top for Christmas. She pulled it out of the box, popped the battery into it, plugged the cord into her little 400 watt power inverter and pushed the power button.

"Thank God I can still write," she said out loud as she glanced around to be sure no one else

was there. The coast was clear. So she climbed into the back seat, covered her legs with her blanket and pulled the lap top onto her legs.

This was a difficult step for her to take. It would have been much easier to head in another direction. With her writing she was mounting a road, which wove through some of the most painful times of her life.

Part of her didn't want to look back - didn't want to deal with any of it. But her need to write it burned like a fire in the depths of her soul. This is something she HAD to do. And, on this day of February 11th 2010, she aimed to start.

She leaned her head back onto the rear window and took a few deep, slow breaths - summoning up the courage to re-visit the events that lead her to this state of devastation in her life. She wasn't sure if she could bring the shattered pieces back together. But she had to try. She had to give it her best shot.

*My heart is wrapped in pain as I walk through the past again.
I hope to write out the day when I'll come out the other way,
The way of peace, Love and care, the way that I will need to share
With other struggling souls like mine who need a world that's far more kind.*

She'd been writing for about an hour when a police officer pulled up behind her. As the officer approached her car she lifted her lap top and struggled to move forward in the cramped back seat. When he saw her computer he stopped and waved her off while calling out, "just wanted to be sure you were OK." Then he yelled to someone who waited on the road, "She's just using her computer," before climbing back into his car and backing out to the road.

About an hour later Sharon was startled by the sudden angry, blaring of a horn from a slowly passing car. Was someone trying to disrupt her by calling the police and this horn blaring? Yes. They were. But this was nothing compared to what she'd already experienced. She pretended it wasn't happening and continued writing.

Through the past few years she had struggled to follow her heart into her writings while a group of people fought to prevent her from doing so. This had been happening since the year 2005, as she started producing a bi - monthly publication called, "The Personal Journal". She wasn't sure who these people were or if it was more than one group of people. But they seemed to be part of some sort of dark occult, which also used spiritual methods in efforts to harm her aside from invading her homes, vehicles, computers...etc. They had even attempted to kill her in ways that would make it look like an accident or a natural death.

She wonders why this is happening to her - if it is all "just in her head," as most people seem to assume. Unfortunately it REALLY is happening. But, BECAUSE it is, there've been times when her fears have run away with her.

The truth is that more has happened than even Sharon realizes. She has escaped many snares, through subconsciously listening to her instincts. Examples of this exist in the times when she's caught herself aimlessly driving in circles, wondering why she can't make up her mind on where to go. . .without even realizing that she'd been being followed and was losing the stalker.

There have been countless times when she's breezed past their traps like a comical female version of Forest Gump - oblivious to what might have happened. This must have exasperated the people who target her, which is why they're approach has become more direct and obvious.

But she wonders how long her luck will hold out, especially since her car is stumbling through the cold as much as she is. If she loses her car she'll most likely end up in a homeless shelter or

on the streets. And she's afraid that she won't survive long in that sort of environment, especially if people keep foolishly assuming she's "just paranoid" when she tries to get help or protection from the police.

In recent months she wakes each morning not knowing if she'll live through the day. She stays in populated areas, in order to keep herself safer, even though she deeply needs the solitude of the country, which she'd been accustomed to before all this started. To her, being constantly surrounded by people is like being in a prison. And being stalked and harmed is more difficult than even these words can imagine. She's becoming too overwhelmed. Her faith, is all that keeps her going.

Sharon has a lot of inner strength, but her plight has been taking its toll on her. Its been too much for her to handle on her own. And its been going on for over five years now. She's almost completely crumbled a few times. But she keeps rising back up into the faith that there is a higher purpose for what she's going through and that it will end, somehow.

However, she fears that time may be running out - that they may succeed at killing her the next time they try. So she digs deep into her heart and gathers up the remnants of her strength with a prayer that what's left of her courage can write a path through the mess she's trapped in. . .for the sake of her own sanity and that of others who may experience similar things.

*God, as I write my way through let my hand be guided by You.
Then let courage post it's page before I pass beyond this age.*

Slowly, she fills page after page with the types of poetic writings that have naturally flowed from the depths of her heart since she was a young child. Each day she parks her car in a different place. Each day, horns blare next to her and people harass her. At one point, at a beach-side parking lot, in Rye New Hampshire, a couple of college age girls stood behind her car loudly talking and laughing - trying to get her attention. She'd ignored them, thinking they were just inconsiderate kids, until they hit her car and laughed as Sharon turned and shot them a scornful look, which ended up in the cell phone they took her picture with.

They think she'll crack. They think she'll give up, because she almost has several times. But these delinquent harassments are making her more determined than ever to share her story before it gets worse again. She continues writing.

There are times when she tries to write from an objective perspective. There are times when her heart opens to cry out the pain, which oozes from the depths of her wounds. And there are times when she savors rare moments of peace, because she doesn't know how long it will last.

Sharon is not as alone as she often feels - she is sometimes blessed with the presence of birds that gather around her to sing love into her broken heart.

As she writes, she begins to see, with more clarity, what had been happening to her and what mistakes she'd built into the courses of her life. As she writes she reaches deep into the wisdom of her soul.

Lady by the Sea

*I wonder if I'll grow to be
A wise old woman, walking with the sea,
Letting courage dip more than just a toe.
Finding the depths as soothing as they are cold,
And every wave as youthful as it is old.*

*Noticing my footprints in their long crooked row,
Seeing each stumble as wisdom's chance to grow,
And every single step. . .the right way to go.*

Sharon was born with a depth of wisdom, she'd not been able to live up to, and this has made her feel like a failure. She was born with a deep yearning for more love in the heart of humanity and a relentless desire to help it come to be. Through her writings she has tried to reach this aim, over and over and over again.

But her life has been filled with unusual levels of challenges. Its been like a series of obstacle courses. . .each one more difficult than the one before. And she's stumbled more times than not. There've even been times when she's completely fallen off the path she was born to be on. Though she's always climbed back on, lately, her strength is running out. But she digs deep into the corners of her soul to find the courage to comb back through the most difficult parts of her life, starting from the beginning, with the hope of making some sense of it all.

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**The rest of this book will be published  
after I have the freedom to do proper edits.**

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