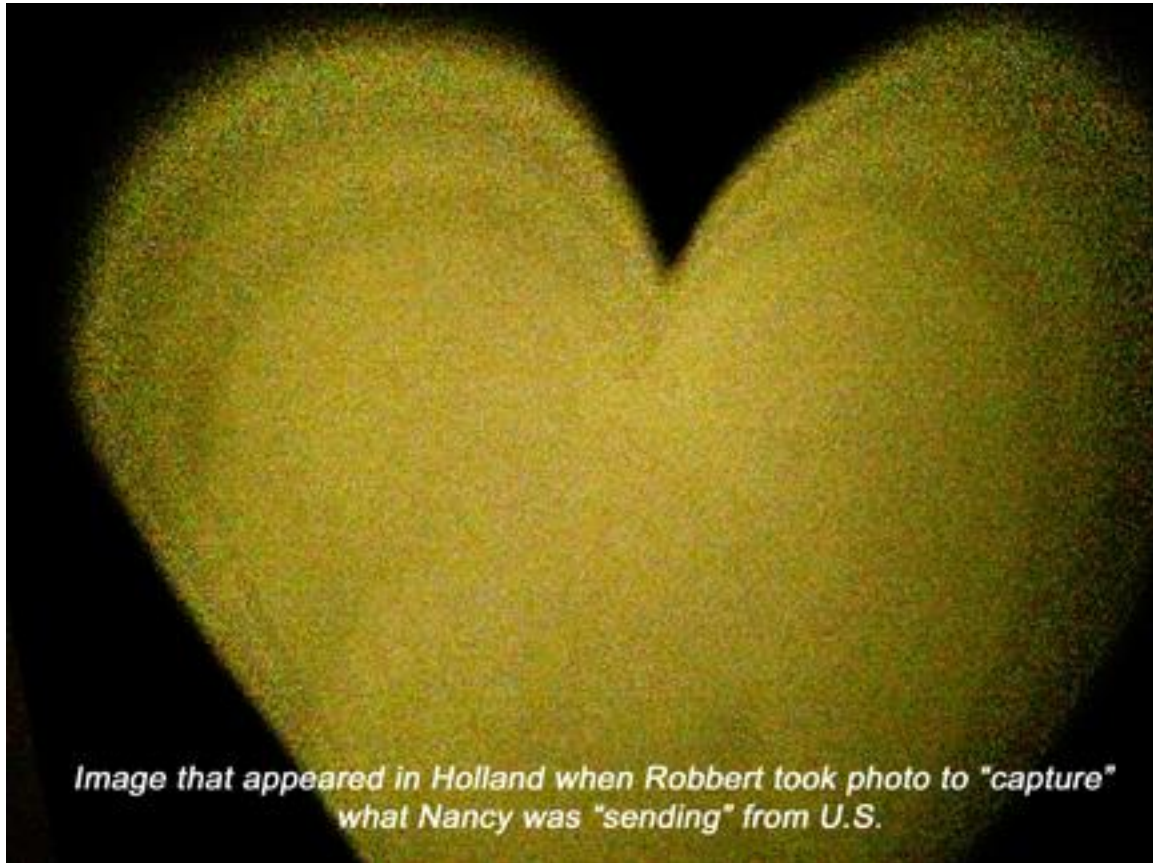


**“PSYCHIC” PHOTOGRAPH OF IMAGE RECEIVED  
FROM 3,000+ MILES AWAY  
(February, 2014)**

by  
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Using his friend Stan's iPhone, Robbert v/d Broeke took one photo after telling Stan "Nancy is sending me a heart."  
(February 14, 2014)

During the week of February 10th Robbert had been working with U.S. filmmaker Dan Drasin in an effort to demonstrate yet again (and hopefully very thoroughly) solid proof that Robbert employs no "magic" tricks of any kind during his photo and video sessions which, for more than 20 years, have resulted in thousands of anomalous photos and videos. Mr. Drasin's primary purpose on this trip was to get footage he could use in the "Visual ITC" portion (segment #10) of his ongoing documentary, currently entitled "*Calling Earth*."

As has occurred repeatedly in the past with other videographers and filmmakers (and for going on 19 years now, me also), Mr. Drasin's time and efforts were not wasted—and the events which transpired will be available to the public, for free, on YouTube when the "Visual ITC" portion of "*Calling Earth*" is completed in a few month's time.

In the meantime, since Mr. Drasin's focus was primarily on the technical aspects of the events which occurred, I knew that Robbert would be more concerned with the "meaning," behind those events. And since I thought the filming had been completed and Robbert would be free, I sent an SMS asking if he wanted to talk later on the night of Feb. 13<sup>th</sup> (U.S. East Coast time)?

Robbert SMS'd back "yes," but before we contacted each other for a skype talk I got the idea to try to "send" him an image of some kind that would support what I knew would be on his mind—the loving "cosmic" consciousness he is certain is utilizing him as a "medium" through which to manifest a wide array of anomalous images and events (several of which had occurred during Mr. Drasin's visit).

So I sent another SMS simply telling Robbert that I was going to try to "send" him something before we spoke. I made no mention of why, or what sort of thing it would be—in fact I hadn't figured out what to "send" myself.



Brilliant light ring Robbert had photographed after feeling "the consciousness" around him out in the fields in 2000.

At first I thought about a whole series of brilliant light rings that Robbert had photographed first in 2000 (above) and then in 2007 with both my camera and my German colleague Andreas Muller's cameras. These images had been so stunning (see Part 4 of the "Light Phenomena Photos" report on Robbert's BLT page: <http://www.bltresearch.com/robbert/photoanoms4.php>) they were easy for me to visualize and concentrate upon.

Then I suddenly remembered a little experiment Robbert and I had carried out in his living room one night in 2008, when we decided I should silently focus on any image I wanted—which Robbert would then try to photograph.



2008-Robbert captures pinkish light ring as Nancy thinks of 2007 light ring, below.



Light ring Robbert had photographed in the field in 2007, using Andreas' camera.  
(Small dot in photo is the moon.)



During this 2008 “experiment” I had said nothing to Robbert about what I would try to visualize and yet both times the single photo Robbert took looked like the image in my mind—particularly when you consider it could have been anything.



2008-Robbert takes one photo as Nancy focuses on a different 2007 light ring.



One of another series of light rings Robbert had captured with Nancy's camera in 2007 at the Zavenbergen field.

During the Zavenbergen trips Andreas and I were both watching Robbert and never saw him move our cameras around in the air or hold anything in front of the lens—and there was absolutely no light source in or near those fields which could have facilitated the “light ring” effect being deliberately created.



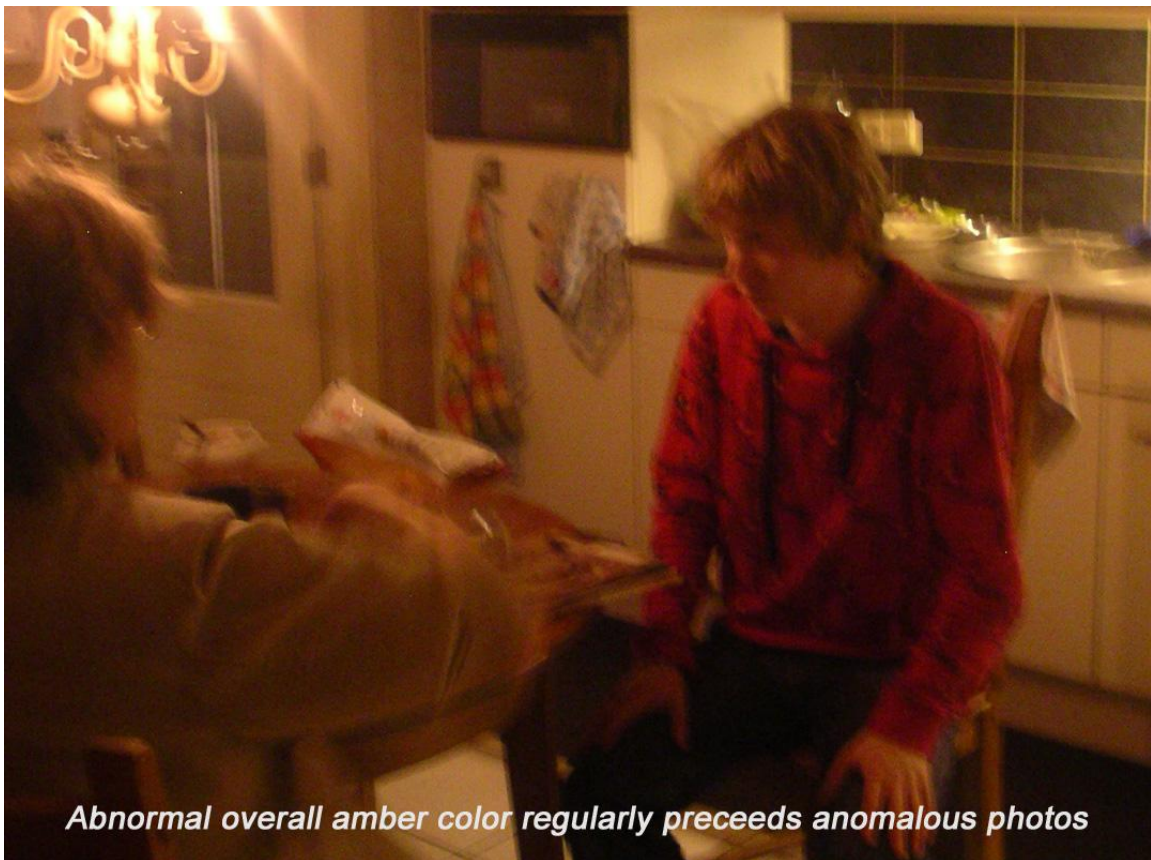
Andreas & Robbert at “Woodenhead” checking Andreas’ LED screen. Photo: N.Talbott



German crop circle colleague Andreas Muller and Nancy one afternoon in the “Woodenhead” field.

Robbert and I would probably have tried to extend the 2008 experiment in his living room with me focusing on one image or another and Robbert then trying to capture whatever was in my head in a photo, but we had already spent several nights that summer carrying out a previous experiment which included his friend, Stan—and which had been exhausting (mostly for Robbert), but very productive.

It had involved Stan and me drawing totally random images on separate pieces of paper, with neither of us knowing what the other had drawn and with Robbert upstairs while we did this. Then, in a variety of conditions, either Stan or I (or both) would pull out one of the pieces of paper from the pile, sometimes so we could see the image, sometimes with it being face-down....while Robbert, still upstairs (and with a time limit), was tasked with drawing the images which were on those pieces of paper. Now that I am reminded of this experiment, and the rather incredible results, I'll get it written up with all the images and posted soon.



Nancy & Stan in kitchen, just prior to another interesting 2008 event.

There was another event in 2008 during which both I and Robbert's friend Stan witnessed Robbert taking photos of images that were "in our minds." On this occasion, though, there was one difference from the light-ring trials—which, in regards to the image in my mind probably didn't matter, but may have in Stan's case.

We were all three just hanging out in the kitchen very late one night, probably trying to think of something fun to do. We must have been talking about birds because I said out loud that I liked "shore birds" (I was thinking of the long-legged



waders I'd watched as a child, repeatedly poking their beaks into the sand at the water's edge of a friend's farm on the Eastern Shore of Maryland)--and Robbert then immediately picked up my camera and turned around to face the living room to take just one photo—in which there was just such a shore-bird, a “Greater Yellowlegs” I think (although Robbert had absolutely no way of knowing what sort of “shore-bird” I might have been thinking of).

A few minutes before, Robbert had taken a couple of shots of Stan and me in the kitchen and, as we had so often observed in the past when anomalous photos were going to appear, those first photos (see above) were abnormally yellowish or amber in color, and “fuzzed” as if out-of-focus. My camera was set in “auto” as it always is and these effects never occur except when inexplicable images are subsequently going to appear.



What looks very much like a “Greater Yellowlegs” appears in photo immediately after Nancy says she likes “shore birds.”

Stan and I both watched Robbert as he took the shore-bird photo and, as always, saw him do nothing other than point the camera toward “the energies” and take the shot. I remember he held the camera this time with both hands, but we’ve often seen him take anomalous photos holding whatever camera with only one hand, often with it held out in front of his face several feet.

As soon as we all saw the shore-bird image on my camera’s LED screen Stan announced that he liked “pigeons”...and although I think the chances that Robbert had any normal way of knowing the species of “shore bird” I was thinking of are close to nil, it **IS** possible that he knew what sort of bird Stan (who is Dutch, also) meant by “pigeon.”



The two "pigeon" photos Robbert took right after Stan said he liked this bird. Robbert took these photos so quickly after Stan's statement that neither of us were watching him take them.



All of these incidents flashed through my mind late that night of Feb. 13<sup>th</sup>, while I tried to figure out what to “send” Robbert that would reflect my support of the fact that, for Robbert, the most significant thing about all these strange events is the loving source he so clearly feels is behind them—and the positive message this consciousness represents. And then I remembered the incredible brilliant hearts which had appeared at Zavenbergen in 2009, the last night I was there that summer when Robbert and I went for our final visit to the field.



The largest of the first four hearts (without the UFOs) which Robbert photographed at Zavenbergen, when we went to say “goodbye.”

For people who haven't seen the BLT “UFO Photos” report, these beautiful heart images—all that Robbert took that night with my camera and me standing right there watching—are in Part 5: <http://www.blresearch.com/robbert/ufophotos.php>. The first four images taken at the end of that night showed only the hearts and I was overwhelmed with their appearance, since I was silently thanking Robbert's “energies” for my dozens of personal experiences of them while in Holland and how these totally inexplicable, truly phenomenal, events have opened possible aspects of reality I had not previously even imagined.

So it was this heart image I finally decided to try to “send” to Robbert. I focused as hard as I could, but then suddenly realized that I didn't need to “work” at this. That I already had no doubt that the “energies” were real, that I had experienced their presence so many times I couldn't possibly tell myself otherwise. And because of the consistent character of my multiple direct experiences of their presence I also now interpret their presence and/or “intent” as, at the very least, gentle and completely respectful.

Robbert would tell you he has repeatedly felt this consciousness “knows” him better than he knows himself. And now I, too, cannot avoid this feeling--which would certainly give me the creeps if I were not also aware of the simultaneous gentleness and absolute respect associated with every instance I’ve had of the “energies” being present. Remembering all this I realized that all I had to do was trust what I know and, of course, a heart could be sent to Robbert. At that instant the “tingling” we regularly experience started all around my head.

Before I did finally skype Robbert ten minutes or so later, it turns out that he had suddenly said to Stan that he knew I was “sending him a heart,” and had picked up Stan’s iPhone and taken one image--this “Valentine’s Day” heart.

It had not occurred to me that it was, in fact, Valentine’s Day....it never crossed my mind. And it never occurred to Robbert, either. We both knew (as did Stan) what the heart meant...and that “Valentine’s Day” can be any day you’re lucky enough to remember and allow contact with what’s really going on.



***All photos in this report were taken by Robbert van den Broeke unless otherwise indicated.***

More about Robbert in English: <http://www.bltresearch.com/robbert.php>  
Robbert's Dutch website: <http://www.robbertvandenbroeke.nl/home>

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