

Noah's Ark – Part 2: My Trip to Noah's Ark from the Beginning

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Noah's Ark
The Journey begins

June 2, 2007

Shabbat Shalom, Family, Brethren and Friends,

I want to welcome those of you are receiving this News Letter for the very first time. I have added your name, or you have just signed on after meeting me in Turkey. Those I have added are from the United Church of God and other COG's.

You are all welcome to unsubscribe at any time. The reason you are on this e-mail is due in part to your interest in the Noah's Ark story in the Bible.

In 2005 we had a Mr. Menendez from New Mexico United Church of God come to Toronto and give a sermon on Noah's Ark. Because of those things he said at that time I have added those who attend UCG to this list. I do this with great trepidation, due in part to the many mean-spirited e-mails I have received from UCG members. Those I have loved and considered friends. If you unsubscribe after reading the News Letters I have planned to send out over the next four weeks or so, then I wish you well.

As you may know by now I have just yesterday May 31, 2007, returned home safely from Eastern Turkey where on May 21, I began my journey to go and see the boat shaped object in the Mountains of Turkey. This site has caused many controversial messages to be published about the findings there.

Again, I say to you, who have been reading these News Letters (for past Issues you can go to https://sightedmoon.com/sightedmoon_2015/forum/viewtopic.php?t=30) that you are to judge Angels. If you are to judge angels then you should be able to judge this matter, once the facts are laid out in front of you. Before we get to the facts though I must relay to you the journey.

This Journey begin in 1974 when I was doing a high school project and came across the 1960 Life Magazine that had on the cover a picture of a boat shaped object in the mountains of Turkey. Little was said and less was known about this thing, and as such it got dropped from my attention.

In 1982 I began to attend the World Wide Church of God. In the 1990s we were told that much of Mr. Armstrong's teachings were false. In 1994 I left the Church and was on my own for seven years before attending again with the United Church of God in Sept. 2001.

During these seven years (1994-2001) it came upon me, to reprove one way or the other whether or not I was indeed misled by the WWCG, and HWA teachings. I did this by using encyclopedias and other sources other than HWA's booklets. It was during this searching time that I tried to search for information on Noah's Ark. In 1995, I came across Ron Wyatt's web site about Noah's Ark and many other things he had found. His information was so incredible, I could not believe it all. Yet I could not prove it false. I read all I could find on this boat shaped object both pro and con.

I finally called Mr. Wyatt on the phone in 1997. He was very modest and very kind and answered all my stupid questions that he had already answered many hundreds of times to many other curious and unbelievers alike. I appreciated his taking the time to talk to me, whom he did not know. Ron died the following year.

Mr. Wyatt did let me know and has written about the dangers of traveling in this part of the world. I still hoped to go though, one day.

After his death Bill Fry took over and started up Anchor Stones. <http://www.anchorstones.com> Bill was offering tours to the site and I really wanted to go, but finances prevented this from happening. There were also disruptions to going during this time due to many other influences. Kurdish kid-napping's and Turkish relations with Iraq and Iran.

As I continued to look for information on this ark site I came across David Deal and subsequently talked to him via e-mails. His site is <http://www.noahsark-naxuan.com/> and <http://www.noahsarksearch.com/davedeal.htm>

Mr. Deal has brought to his site all the articles in favor and those against this ark site. It contains a lot of information as well.

Bill Fry died a few years ago, I am not sure when, and Jerry Bowen took over anchor stones. In association with anchorstones.com Jerry has contacts with www.arattrek.com run by Zapher Onay, and Ilhan. These two have many of the needed connections with the locals in Eastern Turkey. This is very important to have, in order to get to the site and on it and above it, as well if you want to visit the anchor stones themselves, you will need their help. As well they are up to date on the political scene as to the danger risk involved as I will soon explain.

In 2006 I had decided to go to Turkey with Jerry and at the same time to visit the Garden of Eden site in Iran, doing two of my life goals in one trip. Unfortunately, I had to back out at the last moment.

About one month later Mr. Menendez was invited to our UCG Congregation and gave an excellent presentation on the Neanderthal man. It was most informative. But, when he went on

to explain Noah's Ark it was most disappointing. He reverted to the typical Protestant view and gave a presentation full of clichés, and myths which were presented as facts.

When I questioned him about this Durupinar site (named after the Turkish pilot who first photographed it, in 1959 Ilhan Durupinar) Mr. Menendez stated that this site has nothing to offer and is full of false hopes. Noah's Ark is on Mount Ararat he said. When I asked Mr. Menendez privately if he had ever visited the site he said no and when I invited him to go he said it was of no interest to him. He also said he got his information from those who were discrediting the site.

It was at this moment that I determined, I was going to go and see for myself what was fact and what was fiction.

But before I go I wanted to have all my information lined up. I began to once again look at the facts and re-investigate the information that was being offered by those who had written books and been to the site.

I began to build my case. A case I could present in any court of law and say here is my proof that this is or is not the Ark of Noah.

Then in the winter of 2007 Jerry Bowen offered once again the opportunity to go and visit the Ark site. I wrote him and asked specific questions as to whether or not I could go on the site, whether or not I could go up to the supposed upper or first landing site, up to the Iran – Turkish border and see the stele, that Only Ron Wyatt had seen containing the pictograph of the Ark and the Mountains. I asked if I could up to the Wall of Heaven or Heroes Anchorage Bed, to the first city of Naxuan and the second village of Seron. I asked if we could find the Amomum which Josephus says is the root of life.

To each of these questions and I am sure there were others Jerry said we should be able to do them all. I was excited and then I asked about the danger with the army and the Kurds and kidnapping. Jerry said we should be OK and relied on Zapher and Ilhan to be the eyes and ears on the ground.

So, I paid my money and counted down the days. I kept it very secret compared to the year before in which I told everyone and then did not go.

Finally, Monday night arrived in which I left at midnight thinking the border crossing was to be long and slow due to the Long Holiday weekend. I drove from Orangeville Ontario Canada to Buffalo New York, Airport. What was expected to be 6 hours was done in two. I waited for my departure time of 8 AM. Then flew to New York where I waited until 5 PM before meeting Jerry Bowen and His Daughter Sara, and our other adventurer Devan Roberts. We boarded JTU airlines from JFK to Dusseldorf Germany a 6 ½ hour flight, waited 4 ½ hours before transferring to our flight to Istanbul which was again another 4 hours.

As you go from one country to another you can get a bit of the flavor as to the type of people there. At JFK it is the melting pot of the world and you do see and meet and hear every nation on earth as they pass by you. Dusseldorf is an example of German organization and order.

Istanbul is confusing and everyone pushing and rushing to be first and then waiting. But at least they are waiting in front of you. Then when that gate is open they rush to the next one to once again wait. But again, they can say they are waiting in front of you.

In Istanbul we stayed right beside the Blue Mosque, which is across from the Saint Sophia, in front of the Topkapi Palace. So, we were reminded when prayer time was at night and early morning.

Next morning, we left our hotel in a Taxis which thought it was in a race for the Inde 500. Exceeding speeds of 150 km in 50 km zones was a quick way to be woken up first thing in the morning as we go down these very narrow streets.

When we boarded the plane from Istanbul to Van in Eastern Turkey, this was when you really notice you are no longer in Kansas. Men were ogling Sara in her western dress. Which up until now I had not paid much attention to. Where most women are covered from head to toe, in bulkish attire and scarfs, Sara's tight fitting western blouse and tight blue jeans clothing attracted the attention of every Turkish man where ever we went.

It was in Van that we learned there was a difference in the way the west goes to the bathroom and the way the locals do. This was an hysterically funny experience as we in our ignorance asked as politely as possible, how do we go to the bathroom. You squat over a porcelain hole in the ground and wipe yourself with a little rubber or sponge thing on a stick and hose the area down and then off you go. Trouble is the thing you use to wipe yourself with is also the same one the person before you used and the same one the person after you will use.

This is going to be a trip of many new experiences.

We took a short break in Van to visit an ancient Monastery. Then we were driven to Dugubayazit in Eastern Turkey just miles from the Iranian border. Along the way we could see many look out towers that both Turkey and Iran had along the border to keep a watch on each other and for smugglers and PPK Terrorists . It makes you appreciate what we have here between Canada and the USA. The longest unguarded border in the world.

Then suddenly we were told to pass forward our passports, we were coming to an Army security check point. This was different for me to see this, but we were ushered on, in no time. We were told not to take any pictures at this patrol post or the next one which we came to in about an hour's drive.

We had much more difficulty in getting past the second one. Zapher and the Driver Mehmnet both got out and were promptly frisked for guns. It was at this point that I felt we could be turned back. After traveling these past three days, I was now realizing that we could be sent home. I prayed. So, did Devan I found out later.

After what seemed like an eternity we were allowed to go on to Dugubayazit. And I do mean allowed. The Army has total control here. We are in a military zone. At this check point are tanks and barracks dug into the ground, all point towards where the enemy is believed to come from. The road we are about to go down. Beside this road is a huge lava field which is impossible to traverse. The rocks are extremely jagged and sharp, which makes the only way accessible, through this valley, is by the very road we are going to travel on. Knowing we are in the cross hairs of a tank is not something I thought I would be doing.

It is a wondrous and awesome drive from this point on. Volcanic fields are everywhere. Earth crust are shooting straight up out of the ground thousands of feet all over the place. Around the next bend is another volcanic mountain and lava field. Then you see flocks of sheep and goats interspersed between these lava flows in green valleys. The shepherds are from three years old to young teens. They go into the fields as soon as they can walk. They also start at the crack of dawn taking the flocks down the road to their own respected fields.

It was amazing to watch the young shepherds yelling at the sheep and the dog and the donkey. All obeyed the voice. We occasionally saw one animal killed on the side of the road but not very many. On one occasion I watched a group of sheep on the median between two road ways (the main road to Iran). The sheep would not get off that median until the shepherd said to go and cross the road. These animals keep the medians and sides of the road well groomed in comparison to the many lawn mowers going all over back home.

As we near Dugubayazit we see more and more of the houses that these Kurdish people live in. Stone and masonry with a flat poled roof covered in dirt. They more often than not are built beside a structure that was knocked down in the last Earth Quake. Adjoining the houses, there are stone walls about two to three feet tall and on top of these pens for the sheep are piles of dung in square blocks which are stacked and dried on the wall or in other bigger piles. These are then used for heating and cooking in the homes during the winter. When they are burnt they smell as burning garbage, and yet are nonpolluting to the air.

After three days of flying and driving, we arrive at the Golden Hill Hotel in Dugubayazit. It is a four-star hotel and has no women working there. Only men. The owner is on site 24 hours a day, and I got to know him and like him even though we could not speak together in the same language. My working on construction sites with many nationalities was going to come in handy for communicating.

I was ready to go the Ark site right away, but we went around Dugubayazit and visited the office of Zapher and Ilhan. The streets in town are awful. Very bumpy, with sections washed out and most of the curb area of the road never finished. The road is done with what we call interlocking stone. Once the rain finds an opening in which it can get under then the road is undermined and the sand is all washed away, causing the stone to fall out of place. Or sink down.

Downtown we are stared at by the locals, as we are the only foreigners in town. It is a bit unnerving at first. At the restaurant we are catered to as someone very special. Not many tourist come here.

On the TV in the lobby of our hotel I got the jest of something that had happened a day or two ago. The Kurdish PPK had gone to Ankara, and set off a bomb killing 6, and wounding 13. Security was being beefed up everywhere. This may have been why we were given a tough go at the second sentry point. I was wondering how this would affect our being able to go the Ark site. Would we be allowed up to the site?

After supper we walk past another soldier post in the middle of the town. In the shadows I could make out many soldiers on guard as they protected every gate and entry point along the roadway. They are on full alert. AK-47's at the ready. I was becoming more aware of how potentially dangerous this place might be. I wondered to myself just what had I gotten myself into by coming here. I again wondered if I would be allowed up to the site.

It was now Friday and we were going to go to the Noah's Ark site. I awoke at 4 just before the Muslim call to prayer. I could see the young ones taking their sheep down the road ways and out to the fields outside of town. Dogs are barking and running lose all over town. These dogs are ferocious. They are very territorial. It is because of the fact that I might startle a dog or come upon a group of them, that I did not walk the streets of Dugubayazit. From our roof top I could see the local men who would stop, when they came up to a dog and wait till the dog got out of the way before proceeding. Trucks would slow down and allow the dogs to get out of the way before proceeding. I have a picture of a dog attacking our van which will be in the Gallery section when I get more settled. They truly are fearsome to intruders and protective of the shepherds and sheep.

Our roof top restaurant looked over the valley of eight also called the Aras Valley. On the other side was the infamous Mount Ararat, where the world believes is the Ark of Noah. Today we will be looking at the Ark on another Mountain. Mount Ararat was beautiful to behold. Snow still on the upper portions. Lava fields at the base. I took many spectacular pictures from this roof top. Lesser Mount Ararat was to the south east of Ararat, and just as enticing.

As I watch the sun rise over Mount Ararat I am enthralled at the peace and serenity of the town. For it is very quiet. No trucks or engines running, with just the occasional dog barking in the distance. It is in direct contrast to the cacophony of the airport and chaos of Istanbul. Smoke from a dung fire place where breakfast is being cooked wallows up here and there, and the smell of burnt garbage wafts through the air.

After my sleep this past night, I now realize I am in a very different world than the one I left three days before.

Jerry and Sara and Devon finally come up and join me for breakfast. It was the first time we could talk all together without interruption from announcements. Then after what seemed to take forever, for me, we were finally on our way to the Ark site. Along the way we stopped to take pictures of the Wall of Heaven where Gilgamesh says the Ark came to rest.

The four-lane road we are on leads to the Iranian border and our driver Mehmnet is going from one side to the other in order to find the smoothest route. Pot holes out here are big and very rough. We then turn onto a single lane dirt road and stop to have our pictures taken beside the sign that reads Nuhun Gemisis 5. Noah's Big Boat 5. We drive through this small village then once again we come to another Army post with the road blocked. Zapher and Ilhan were to have made arrangements with the General for us to go up the Ark site. They let us through without problem.

We wind our way over drainage ditches cut through the road and up and up we climb on this steep winding road with many hair pins turns with steep cliffs on one side then the other and through one place where the road was just wide enough for the wheels of the van to pass over.

I call this a goat's path, it is so narrow, rough and winding.

Then we turned what was the last corner and suddenly there it was. Noah's Ark.

The van stopped and we all got out.

I had been watching Hero's Bed or the Wall of Heaven for most of the way up looking for the Ark, that I had not even seen it until Jerry said there it is, when we stopped.

I had flown on four different airplanes in three days and had had little sleep due to my excitement. I asked Jerry to pinch me to make sure I was not dreaming this. It was surreal. I could hardly believe it.

After reading all the books and web sites on the Ark, to actually be standing here was AWESOME. Was I going to get emotional or be disappointed.

To avoid getting emotional which I could feel the tears tearing up in the corners of my eyes I moved away from the group. I began to put on my business face and began to take pictures. I was here after all to prove this site true or false. What a charade I was putting on. I had long ago concluded this to be the Ark site. Or else I would not have spent so much and traveled so far to see it if it was not. I had to keep from tearing up, so I moved further from the group. I didn't want someone else to spoil this moment., for I was emotional.

Here in front of me was something that Yahweh had preserved for 4288 years now in 2007. It had carried 8 people and saved them from drowning with the rest of mankind. Here was something that forces you to deal with the fact that the bible is real, that Yahweh was real, that those things spoken of, in that book are real. Here it was right in front of me. If Noah's Ark was real and it starts in Genesis 6, then everything after it must also be real.

Here it was in front of me after 12 years of research, which began for me in 1995

; after being told HWA was wrong

;after talking to Ron Wyatt in person

;after talking to David Deal

;after reading David Fassold's book

;after trying to come in 2006 and failing
; after taking the teasing and ridicule from deacons and elders over this site
;after the many problems with my wife and other family members over religion
;after three days of arduous traveling.

After all this to be standing in front of this Boat shaped object on this mountain in person was about as much as I could handle at this moment without weeping. It was real, and I was here. I was finally here. How Awesome!!! How great this was!! How unbelievable!!! How... the words escape me. There are no words to describe this moment. I was speechless, so I just stood there and soaked up this moment quietly with no else around me to disturb my thoughts at this time.

I just stood there in awe absorbing this all to brief moment in time.

If you want to see Googles Earth Coordinates, Go to <http://earth.google.com/> and download the program then type in these coordinates for NOAH'S ARK 39 26 26 N, 44 14 5.3 E

Next week I will share with you the measurements. This is the first proof. It will also clear up some misunderstandings.

I would like to recommend a book by Henri Nissen. Noah's Ark Uncovered. You can buy it at <http://www.anchorstone.com/shop/index.php> Tell Jerry I sent you. This book covers all aspects of the Ark.

Shabbat Shalom
Joseph F Dumond